

The Completest Goon Show Transcripts Of All

Well, 99-and-a-bit% accurate, anyway.

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S2 E01 - Untitled

Transcribed by Paul Winalski, adjusted by Peter Olausson. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

(INTRODUCTION MISSING)

SECOMBE:

There!

INSPECTOR:

[SELLERS]

You fool, you've wiped all the dust and fingerprints off. Why?

SECOMBE:

I'm just house-proud, that's all. Oooh, [UNCLEAR] hmmm! Inspector, this is obviously the work of that sinister criminal, Lo-Hing Ding.

INSPECTOR:

Let's try this door here.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SECOMBE:

Ah, you, sir, excuse me.

LO-HING DING:

[BENTINE]

(UNINTELLIGIBLE CHINESE-LIKE RANTINGS)

SECOMBE:

Inspector?

INSPECTOR:

Yes?

SECOMBE:

This man is Chinese.

INSPECTOR:

How do you know?

SECOMBE:

You can tell by his eyes.

INSPECTOR:

His eyes?

SECOMBE:

Yes. Didn't you hear the way he pronounced them? But don't worry, Inspector, I speak the language.
(UNINTELLIGIBLE CHINESE-LIKE RANTINGS)

LO-HING:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE CHINESE-LIKE RANTINGS)

SECOMBE:

Alright, then, Friday. And don't forget to starch the collars.

INSPECTOR:

Wait a minute, Mr. Secombe! This man is a murderer, Lo-Hing - er - Ding.

SECOMBE:

What!? You'll hing, for this, Lo-Hang. Now, you can't get away with this! I'll get you as sure as... aah! ooh! As sure as... Aah! Oooh! As sure as... Aaah! Oooh! Oooh! As sure as I'm tied to this barrel of gunpowder. Oh, well, that's show business for you.

INSPECTOR:

Secombe, look out. He's lighting a fuse. He's going to blow us up.

ORCHESTRA

DRAMATIC CHORD UNDER...

SECOMBE:

What? Lo-Hing, how long does this fuse take to burn? Tell me, man, quickly, how long?

LO-HING:

Sixty seconds.

SECOMBE:

Sixty seconds? Thank heavens for that. Then I've just got time.

INSPECTOR:

What for?

SECOMBE:

For one chorus of... (SINGS "LONGING FOR YOU")

FX:

EXPLOSION

TIMOTHY:

That *was* Harry Secombe. Yes.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

TIMOTHY:

Yes, it's the Stargazers.

THE STARGAZERS:

"I NEVER WAS LOVED BY ANYONE ELSE UNTIL I WAS LOVED BY YOU"

TIMOTHY:

Triumphs of Engineering. Our next item concerns itself with the building of the Suez Canal. So let's clear the stage for Michael Bentine, the creator of Britain's leading scientist and engineer, the inventor of the bald toupé, the stringless violin for non-playing violinists, Captain Osric Pureheart.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

OSRIC PUREHEART:

[BENTINE]

Ah, good evening!

MILLIGAN:

Ah, good evening, captain, glad to have you with us again.

PUREHEART:

Glad to have me with you, yes.

MILLIGAN:

Now tell me, captain, is it true that you built the Suez Canal?

PUREHEART:

Oh, yes, Mr. Milligan, yes, oh, yes. I built it. It took me a long, long time, though. First I had to get some permissions from Cleopatra.

MILLIGAN:

But Cleopatra's been dead for 2000 years.

PUREHEART:

I told you, it took me a long, long time.

MILLIGAN:

Yes, I... I'm not doubting you, captain, but for the benefit of the listeners, let's hear how *you* built the Suez Canal.

PUREHEART:

Ahhh..! How *you* built the Suez Canal.

MILLIGAN:

No, no, no. *You*.

PUREHEART:

Oh, *me*. Oh, well now, it all started many, many years ago in the Houses of aaah... Parliament where I was making my maiden speech to the masses... (FADES)

PUREHEART:

And so, gentlemen, you see that all our ships have to sail right round Africa to get to India.

MP:

[SECOMBE]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) But, cannae we travel over land?

PUREHEART:

We've tried that but it ruins the bottoms of the ships.

MP:

You mean... you mean you've been dragging ships overland?

PUREHEART:

Oh, yes, yes. I was on board one recently and as we were dragging it across the Sahara Desert, it - er - fell to bits.

MP:

But wasn't that dangerous?

PUREHEART:

Of course it was. But we managed to escape.

MP:

How?

PUREHEART:

In a lifeboat.

MP:

Lifeboats!

PUREHEART:

Well, I mean, we couldn't swim.

MP:

Swim! But... but, you were in the Sahara.

PUREHEART:

I know. Who ever heard of anyone trying to swim in the Sahara?

MP:

Touché. That's all very well, but have any honourable members have any ideas for a new route?

PUREHEART:

Don't worry about that, I have. You know that Africa and Asia are joined by a narrow strip of land?

PM:

[MILLIGAN]

(ECCLES-TYPE VOICE) Duuuuh... Are they?

PUREHEART:

Yes, Mr. Prime Minister.

PM:

Oh.

PUREHEART:

Now... now, it is my intention to - ah - cut a canal right across that strip of land.

MP 2:

[MILLIGAN]

(WELSH ACCENT) Oh! Cut Africa off from Asia?

PUREHEART:

Yes.

MP 2:

Oh, but if you do that, Africa will float away.

PUREHEART:

(LAUGHS) Africa float away? (LAUGHS) Oh, you silly man, of course... (PAUSES) I never thought of that.

MP 2:

Oh, well, what are you going to do?

PUREHEART:

I'll nail it down with carpet tacks.

MP 2:

Oooh, you're cleverer than I am. Come to think of it, anybody is.

PUREHEART:

Well, gentlemen, I shall call this canal the Suez. And, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer?

DISRAELI:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH VOICE) Yes?

PUREHEART:

You're going to pay for the Suez.

DISRAELI:

Who is?

PUREHEART:

You is.

DISRAELI:

Alright. Frank?

FRANK BOGGS:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, Mr. Desraili?

DISRAELI:

Get the lolly.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

TIMOTHY:

A few months later, Pureheart arrived in Egypt, set up camp and work began on the Canal. Of course, there were certain obstacles to be overcome.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING, KNOB TURNING, DOOR OPENING

FAROUKH:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH VOICE) What do you want, fish-face?

PUREHEART:

Sholem Aleichem, Mr. Faroukh. I'm building... I'm building a canal and I'm afraid it's going to run right through your house.

FAROUKH:

What? Do me a favour, yokky boy. You think I'm going to run downstairs and open the front door every time a ship wants to go through?

PUREHEART:

Well, of course. You silly old thing, you don't have to do that, now. You can leave the key under the mat. (ASIDE) What a low-life!

SECOMBE:

Take no notice, captain. Just turn a deaf ear.

PUREHEART:

Well, it so happens I do have a deaf ear.

SECOMBE:

Really?

PUREHEART:

I found it on the floor of a barber shop in Acton.

De LESSEPS:

[SELLERS]

Excuse me, captain.

PUREHEART:

Yes, Mr. De Lesseps?

De LESSEPS:

One of the workmen's just dug this out the ground.

PUREHEART:

Ah, let me see. Ooh! Great Scott! Most valuable! It's an ancient Egyptian urn. Ooh, and look, there's an old manuscript tucked into the neck.

SECOMBE:

What does it say, captain?

PUREHEART:

Well, in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, it says, "plars liv du acta peent."

SECOMBE:

And what's that mean?

PUREHEART:

"Please leave two extra pints." Now, let's proceed to the work. We've very nearly finished. Where is my super-speed Bentine excavator? Flowerdew?

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Yes, oh, genius.

PUREHEART:

Bring me... I say, Flowerdew, you're looking very, very young today. You never seem to get any older.

FLOWERDEW:

Well, captain, you know what they say. A thing of beauty is a boy forever.

PUREHEART:

Yes. Well, get my super-speed excavator ready, will you?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes.

PUREHEART:

Now, gentlemen, this new excavator of mine will move thirty tons of earth in exactly one minute.

SECOMBE:

That's impossible!

PUREHEART:

That's impossible... No, no, look I'll prove it. I'll time it for you to the very, very exact second with my wristwatch. Ready... (INHALES) Go!

FX:

OIL CAN, GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP TO RATTLING, FOLLOWED BY ALARM CLOCK RINGING, THEN PLUCK OF GUITAR STRING

MILLIGAN:

You know, captain, that's possibly the strangest sounding excavator I've ever heard.

PUREHEART:

Excavator? That was my wristwatch.

SELLERS:

Er, captain, this telegram's just arrived from Mr. Detroit.

PUREHEART:

Well, let me see. (GASPS) What!? Oh, no! Oh, me scotches! Ruination! All my work, ruined! I resign!

SELLERS:

Why, captain?

PUREHEART:

After all that digging, do you know what they want to do with my beautiful canal?

SELLERS:

What?

PUREHEART:

Fill it with water!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

That was Max Geldray, Holland's gift to British radio. In return, we're sending Sandy McPherson. Revenge is sweet. The BBC has presented many radio scrapbooks of years gone by and innumerable recordings of our old historic broadcasts. But what of the future? The Goons have decided to look forward some 40 years or so and present a glimpse of broadcasting in the year 1999.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

RADIO NEWSREADER:

[SELLERS]

This is the BBC Home Service, here is the news and this is citizen 7638/J reading it. Conservative and Socialist MPs made farewell speeches at Southampton docks today when Mr. Jack Fields, the last British Liberal, was deported in chains.

SECOMBE:

Now for sports. An announcement from the Silverstone racetrack states that Mr. Charles Moss, great-great-grandson of Mr. Stirling Moss, is hopeful of a British victory this afternoon, if only the BRM will start.

MILLIGAN:

The BBC Debating Society, which was founded in 1952, over 40 years ago, met last night for its usual weekly debate. The subject under discussion was, should Ted Ray retire?

SECOMBE:

Last night, radio's top quizmaster, Stuart McGaiman was warned for the 38,000th time about being rude on television by the BBC's new Director General, Sir Gilbert Harding.

TIMOTHY:

So much for the news in 1999. But what of other programmes? With trans-Atlantic influence even stronger than it is now, will our programmes in 40 years time sound something like this?

ORCHESTRA:

HOLLYWOOD-TYPE FANFARE

SECOMBE:

This is the ACBBC, the American-Controlled British Broadcasting Corporation.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK INCORPORATING "THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND" AND "YANKEE DOODLE"

HOLLYWOOD VOICE:

[SECOMBE]

We present that dynamic drama...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

HOLLYWOOD VOICE:

...breathtaking epic...

ORCHESTRA:

HIGHER CHORD

HOLLYWOOD VOICE:

...that vital, heart-rending story...

ORCHESTRA:

YET HIGHER CHORD

HOLLYWOOD VOICE:

...that soul-searing saga of human emotion...

FX:

MOANS AND GROANS, FOLLOWED BY GUNSHOT EXCHANGE AND SCREAM

SELLERS:

Mrs. Dale's Diary.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP CHORDS, ALA MRS. DALE'S DIARY

MRS. DALE:

[SELLERS]

I'm worried about my husband, Jim. This morning at breakfast I was covering my toast with a 16th layer of Sludge, that vitamin spread with the extra rich, golden flavour, when I looked up I noticed Jim. I wasn't sure it *was* Jim, he looked so different.

AMERICAN ADVERTISING VOICE:

[SECOMBE]

And why does he look so different? Because Jim that morning had shaved with his new Bono-Hagenbecker hydrostatic electric razor. The razor with the power-lock, safety-precision angle.

MRS. DALE:

Yes, I hardly recognised him, his face was so covered with blood. But worse still, I noticed something that froze my veins with horror... he hadn't drunk his Poofermilk!

AMERICAN ANNOUNCER:

[MILLIGAN]

You may laugh, ladies and gentlemen. You may not think it important, but let us bring you the case of a man who had never heard of... Poofermilk!

FRED BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, my name is Fred Bogg. I was an office clerk, but I never got promotion because I was always so tired and listless during the day. Finally, I decided to see a doctor.... (FADE)

DOCTOR:

[BENTINE]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT, FADE IN)...and you say that you're tired and listless during the day. Do you ever suffer from insomnia?

FRED BOGG:

Oh, no, it's just that I cannot sleep.

DOCTOR:

What you need is Poofermilk.

FRED BOGG:

So every night I prepared a steaming hot cup of Poofermilk. There was only one trouble.

MILLIGAN:

And what was that?

FRED BOGG:

I couldn't drink the filthy stuff.

MILLIGAN:

And so Fred Bogg got the sack and took a job as a billiard-marker.

FRED BOGG:

Yes. I always wanted to be a billiard-marker, so now I'm quite happy.

MILLIGAN:

(SOTTO VOCE) Thinks to himself...

FRED BOGG:

Thanks to Poofermilk.

MRS. DALE:

Well, you can see why I was worried. There was I, sitting down to breakfast every morning with Jim and fourteen advertising agents. For instance...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP CHORD MUSICAL LINK

JIM DALE:

[MILLIGAN]

Dear?

MRS. DALE:

Yes, Jim?

JIM DALE:

Could I have another slice of bread-and-butter?

ADVERTISING AGENT 1:

[SECOMBE]

(AMERICAN VOICE) Bread-and-butter? Come now, Mr. D, You mean Lurgi Loaf, the new whole-meal vitamin loaf. Eat Lurgi Loaf and you will never grow another leg! Yes and what better to go with it than Crunge, the luminous paint-resisting butter, the only butter that will take away the taste of that filthy Lurgi Loaf.

ADVERTISING AGENT 2:

[SELLERS]

Filthy Lurgi Loaf!? Why, why, I have a good mind to knock you down with this jar of Slozo Marmelade, available in the two-ton economy size, at all grocers.

ADVERTISING AGENT 1:

What? I'll strangle you with this length of Chocko Spaghetti, three shillings a pound, just pop in boiling water for five minutes and bingo! Your supper's ruined!

ADVERTISING AGENT 2:

Why you filthy...

FX:

TWO AGENTS START SHOUTING AND FIGHTING. FIGHT ENDS WITH TWO GUNSHOTS. AGENTS GASP IN AGONY AND DIE

JIM DALE:

Dear?

MRS. DALE:

Yes, Jim?

JIM DALE:

Could I have that slice of bread-and-butter now?

MRS. DALE:

Of course, Jim.

JIM DALE:

It was you who shot them, wasn't it, dear?

MRS. DALE:

Yes, Jim. I shot them with my Jones and Schlessinger .32 handy pocket-sized automatic double-shot action pistol. Also available in large economy sizes at all...

JIM DALE:

(INTERRUPTS) Shut up.

MRS. DALE:

..And what better to go with it than Zingo bullets, the only bullets that...

JIM DALE:

(INTERRUPTS) Shut up!

MRS. DALE:

Use Zingo bullets and you'll never...

JIM DALE:

(INTERRUPTS) SHUT UP!!

FX:

JIM AND MRS. DALE ARGUE SIMULTANEOUSLY, FOLLOWED BY FX OF FOUR GUNSHOTS

MILLIGAN:

Thanks to Poofermilk!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK BASED ON "THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND" AND "YANKEE DOODLE"

TIMOTHY:

And now we present The Ray Ellington Quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WHY DID MY HEART GO BOOM?"

TIMOTHY:

We conclude the first of our new series with an adventure of that extraordinary creation of Peter Sellers, Major Bloodnok, in The Quest For The Abominable Snowman.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Yes. My name is Bloodnok, Major Bloodnok, late of the First Knitted Cummerbunds. We were at Balaclava, you know, yes. I have a fine military record, 'Colonel Bogey' on one side and 'Stars and Stripes' on the other. At the time when the story starts I had a nice little house on Clapham Common. One day my batman Abdul Milligan rushed into my study in a state of great excitement.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Major Bloodnok! Major, sir! Major Bloodnok!

FX:

DOOR OPENING, FOOTSTEPS

ABDUL:

Major Bloodnok! Major, sir!

FX:

DOOR CLOSING

ABDUL:

Major Bloodnok!

FX:

DOOR CLOSING

ABDUL:

Major, sir! Sir! Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok! (FADES INTO DISTANCE)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I was out. However... however, Abdul knew that when I wasn't at home he could always find me at one of my old haunts and sure enough, he did.

ABDUL:

Ah, Major Bloodnok, sir, long rule Britannia, send a gunboat, hooray!

BLOODNOK:

Hello, Abdul. What is it?

ABDUL:

Letter for you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Letter? Let's see.

GUARD:

[SECOMBE]

Here, stop that! Visitors ain't allowed to pass objects to the prisoners!

TIMOTHY:

Yes, Bloodnok was in jail. The news that he'd been sentenced to six months hard made me very sad. I had hoped he'd get life. On his release he was welcomed home by his faithful butler, Ellington.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

ELLINGTON:

Oh, blimey! You again? Come in, Major. Sit down.

BLOODNOK:

Why, thank you, Ellington, thank you. Ah, that's better. Now, take my boots off, will you?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major. Uhhh... that's one. Uhhh... and that's the other.

BLOODNOK:

Right – now, don't let me catch you wearing my boots again. Good. Abdul, now where's the letter you had for me?

ABDUL:

Here you are, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Hello, what does it say here? "Dear Major Bloodnok, we would like you to take charge of the new weather stations on Mount Everest. We realise that you have no meteorological experience, but in these troubled times we believe that you are the ideal type of Englishman to be sent abroad." Hmm... ooh... "Yours sincerely, the Metropolitan Police." Ooh. Mount Everest? Where's that?

ELLINGTON:

Ah, that's India.

BLOODNOK:

Is it, dear?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, dear.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Talking about India, let's have a look at the map. By Jove, you're right.

ELLINGTON:

What, sir?

BLOODNOK:

There is a place called India. Forward!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

TIMOTHY:

A few months later found the Major and his team of incompetants in a little weather station on the slopes of Mount Everest.

FX:

COLD WIND

BLOODNOK:

Ooh. Brrr. Let's check the instruments. How's the wind gauge working?

SECOMBE:

Perfectly, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Is the barometer OK?

SECOMBE:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

How's the weathercock?

SECOMBE:

Pretty cold, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Captain Pureheart?

PUREHEART:

Ah, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Climb down to the base camp at the bottom of the mountain and see if they've got any supplies in.

PUREHEART:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, WIND IN BACKGROUND

ORCHESTRA:

DECENDING MUSICAL LINK

PUREHEART:

Have you any supplies down there?

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye, lots of 'em.

PUREHEART:

Ah, thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING MUSICAL LINK

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, WIND IN BACKGROUND

BLOODNOK:

Well, did they have any supplies?

PUREHEART:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, see if they've got any milk, will you?

PUREHEART:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, WIND IN BACKGROUND.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME DECENDING MUSICAL LINK, A BIT SLOWER

PUREHEART:

Any milk?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

PUREHEART:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING MUSICAL LINK

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, WIND IN BACKGROUND

BLOODNOK:

Well?

PUREHEART:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, ask them if I can have any.

PUREHEART:

(GASPS) Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING WITH WIND IN BACKGROUND

ORCHESTRA:

SAME DESCENDING MUSICAL LINK, EVEN SLOWER

PUREHEART:

Well, can we have any?

SECOMBE:

No!

PUREHEART:

Thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING MUSICAL LINK, MUCH SLOWER

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING WITH WIND

BLOODNOK:

Pureheart! What the devil's all that noise?

PUREHEART:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) It's not me, sir, it's that blasted orchestra that keeps following me.

ELLINGTON:

Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Ellington. What is it? You look beige with fright.

ELLINGTON:

Well, there's a Bedouin porter saying there's a huge hairy monster that roams the camp at night.

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen, I can't keep the truth from you any longer. That is the Abominable Snowman.

PUREHEART:

The Abominable Snowman? But the Tibetans call him the Lah-poo-magna-charta-viaya-maria-poo-poo-la-coo-por-coo-bazong-goo- zong-toopa-tzo!

BLOODNOK:

And what does that mean?

PUREHEART:

The Abominable Snowman.

ABDUL:

Sahib, sahib, the porters told me they've seen him!

BLOODNOK:

Seen who?

ABDUL:

The Abdominal Snowman. He's twelve miles from here on the other side of the mountain, hooray!

BLOODNOK:

What? Splendid! Now, who'll go and capture him, eh? Well, Ellington, eh? Secombe? Milligan? Bentine? Come on, all of you, he's only twelve miles away. Are you coming or aren't you? Alright, you lousy yellow-livered cowards, I'll go myself. Give me my gun! Twelve miles, eh? Ha, ha! Goodbye, you cowards.

FX:

DOOR CLOSING, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY DOOR OPENING

BLOODNOK:

He got away, but I'll get him tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

TIMOTHY:

And got him they did. They nailed the Abonimable Snowman in a specially-constructed box and flew it back to London. There, before a distinguished gathering of anthropologists, zoologists and Mrs. Braddock, Bloodnok opened the box.

FX:

POLITE APPLAUSE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. And now, gentlemen, comes my proudest moment. I shall open the box and show you the result of three years research and hardship in the frozen Himalayas. The first of its species ever to be brought back alive. The Abonimable Snowman.

FX:

BOX BEING OPENED

BLOODNOK:

There. And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the... Ooh... Ooh...

SECOMBE:

What is it, Major?

BLOODNOK:

(CRYING) The Abominable Snowman...

SECOMBE:

What's happened?

BLOODNOK:

He's melted!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME, FOLLOWED BY CLOSING THEME

TIMOTHY:

You've been listening to the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the Stargazers. The BBC Dance Orchestra was conducted by Stanley Black. The script was written by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens and edited by Jimmy Grafton. The programme was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

S2 E03 - Untitled

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net and Paul Winalski. Final corrections by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

Orchestra:

OPENING MUSIC

THE FIRST PART OF THE SHOW IS MISSING AND GOES STRAIGHT TO...

AMERICAN:

[MILLIGAN]

...Uncle Sam's country! Have a cigar, complements of Milo J. Fringe, straight from the dollar country.

PUREHEART:

[BENTINE]

(LAUGHS) You can't fool me. You're an American!

AMERICAN:

Er... Now, captain, what we Americans would like to know is, will the Crystal Palace make money?

PUREHEART:

Money? What's that?

AMERICAN:

Oh, just an old American word.

PUREHEART:

Well, I hope the Crystal Palace will help do away with our poverty.

AMERICAN:

Poverty? What's that?

PUREHEART:

Just an old English word. Now, gentlemen of the press, you've come here for a story.

VARIOUS REPORTERS:

Yes, yes, yes, we have indeed, yes.

PUREHEART:

Right. Now, once upon a time there were three bears. A big bear, a little bear and a teeny-weeny...

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

TIMOTHY:

And so the Crystal Palace project was started. Pureheart spent the first few weeks playing around with a model.

PUREHEART:

Yes. The frontage is very good, but these sides should curve a little more and this bit here needs attention. There...

MODEL:

[SELLERS]

Oooh! You artists are all the same.

PUREHEART:

Yes.

TIMOTHY:

Yes. Construction on the Crystal Palace soon commenced. Hyde Park was chosen as the site. A large grassy space was cleared, despite the protests of several guardsmen and nurses. The huge steel foundation was laid and for three days Pureheart never left the spot.

WORKMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Well, captain, that's that. You'd better get home and get some sleep.

PUREHEART:

Yes, but first we'll have to move the whole Palace about four inches to the right.

WORKMAN:

Whatever for?

PUREHEART:

It's on my blasted foot!

WORKMAN:

(GULPS) Good! I say, captain, look! There's a man and woman wandering about the Palace!

PUREHEART:

What! I say, you two! Come over here. How dare you come poking around? It's all out of bounds! Who do you think you are? Your conduct is most un-British! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! What have you to say, eh?

QUEEN VICTORIA:

[SELLERS]

Young man, we are not amused. Come, Albert!

PUREHEART:

There goes my chance of a knighthood! Well, gentlemen, I must say this huge steel framework looks magnificent. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Duuuh, yuh?

PUREHEART:

Run inside... run inside and ask them when they're going to start to... ah... put in the glass.

ECCLES:

OK. Yumpa dum de dum de dum...

FX:

BREAKING GLASS

ECCLES:

Uuuh, captain?

PUREHEART:

Yes, Eccles?

ECCLES:

It's in!

INSURANCE AGENT:

[SELLERS]

Excuse me, captain?

PUREHEART:

Yes?

AGENT:

I'm from the LPC. We want to know if you've insured the Crystal Palace.

PUREHEART:

Insured the Crystal Palace? Against what?

AGENT:

Against fire.

PUREHEART:

Against fire? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Did you hear that? Whoever heard of a palace made of glass and steel... ah... catching fire? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I've never heard of such a thing! Ho, ho, ho, ho! The Crystal Palace burning! Ha, ha, ha...

ORCHESTRA:

PUREHEART THEME

TIMOTHY:

Yes, it's the Stargazers.

STARGAZERS:

'MY LIBERTY BELLE'

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

SELLERS:

And of course, that fanfare heralds another installment in the adventures of...

MILLIGAN:

That great lover of the silent screen!

SELLERS:

He also loves the talkies.

SECOMBE:

Handsome Harry Secombe. Thank you, thank you. My story starts last week. I was holidaying in Italy in a place called... (SNAPS FINGERS) called... heh, heh, funny, I can't remember what the name of the town was. Anyway, one morning I stepped out into the street and...

FX:

HUGE SPLOSH

SECOMBE:

Yes, of course, it was Venice. Luckily, I was picked out of the water by Signore Pietro Sellerzo, who took me to his home.

SELLERZO:

[SELLERS]

It was nothing.

SECOMBE:

Anyway, thank you, signore. You... you saved my life.

SELLERZO:

Well, we all make mistakes.

SECOMBE:

Yes, I know, I saw your wife. Ha, ha, ha! Bully for Secombe!

SELLERZO:

Now, signore, you can do something for me.

SECOMBE:

I can?

SELLERZO:

Yes. You see, I am the conductor of the Orchestra di Sinfone di Milano. Today we are recording symphony. We complete the beginning, but we cannot finish.

SECOMBE:

Why not?

SELLERZO:

Our drummer's disappeared. And I want you to find him for me.

SECOMBE:

A drummer? What's his name?

SELLERZO:

His name is...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM PLAYED ON TIMPANI

SECOMBE:

Hmmm. Unusual.

SELLERZO:

Not really. No, no, no, not really. In actual fact, it's...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM AS BEFORE ON TIMPANI FOLLOWED BY KNOCK OF SINGLE HIT TO COWBELL

SELLERZO:

But the...

FX:

KNOCK ON COWBELL

SELLERZO:

...is silent.

SECOMBE:

How do you spell it?

SELLERZO:

Well, it's... let me see, oh, yes. You spell it...

FX:

COMPLICATED SERIES OF DRUM SOUNDS

SELLERZO:

...but you pronounce it...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM, AS BEFORE

SECOMBE:

Of course, of course. Don't worry, signore Sellerzo. I'll find him for you.

SELLERZO:

Thank you, Mr. Secombe. Good bye.

SECOMBE:

Good bye.

FX:

DOOR OPENING, FOLLOWED BY SPLOSH

SECOMBE:

Swimming briskly across the street to the steps of the concert hall, I chanced upon a citizen loudly arguing with the captain of police.

BOOM-BOOM and POLICE CAPTAIN:

LOUD ARGUMENT IN ITALIAN

SECOMBE:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen! Please, please, please, please, please! What's the trouble, capitano?

CAPTAIN:

[BENTINE]

I ask this man for his identity and he say his name is...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM

CAPTAIN:

...which is ridiculous and impossible. No-one can have a name like this.

SECOMBE:

Oh, but it's true, capitano. And if you'll give me your name, I'll see that you're rewarded for finding him.

CAPTAIN:

Oh, please, thats-a very kind of you signore. My name is...

FX:

THUMP-A-CROAK; TWO DRUM HITS FOLLOWED BY A CROAK

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes. I know your sister,

FX:

SQUEEK-CHIRP-CROAK; SQUEEZE TOY SQUEAK, BIRD CHIRP, CROAK

SECOMBE:

My quest thus over, I took Signore...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM

SECOMBE:

...back to Signore Sellerzo who was delighted, for he was then able to finish the last movement of his symphony.

SELLERZO:

You all ready? Right. A-one, a-two...

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL CODA OF A SYMPHONIC PIECE, ENDING IN "SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT, TWO BITS", THE LAST TWO NOTES BEING THE SAME TIMPANI BOOM-BOOM AS BEFORE

SECOMBE:

Bravo! Bravo!

SELLERZO:

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Secombe. And now, in payment for your work, we accompany you in a song, no?

SECOMBE:

But my fee for a day's work is fifty guineas.

SELLERZO:

So, because we listen to you sing, that leaves you owing us 450 pounds.

SECOMBE:

Touché! Play the introduction.

SELLERZO:

A-one, a-two...

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA, DA-DA-DA-DUM MUSIC HALL INTRO, FOLLOWED BY SECOMBE AND ORCHESTRA IN ARIA, 'RIDI PAGLIACCIO'

SELLERZO:

That was very, very fine, Signore Secombe. Very, very fine. But for now, goodbye.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

FX:

DOOR OPENING FOLLOWED BY A SPLOSH

SECOMBE:

Oh, well! That's show business for ya.

TIMOTHY:

What a pity he can swim.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

TIMOTHY:

Introducing Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

That was Max Geldray. Mr and Mrs Geldray have been married just over a year and next week, yes, you guessed it, they're expecting a little visitor. Wee Georgie Wood's coming to tea. And now it's time for Peter Sellers' Goon military historian, Major Bloodnok.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, ooh. Thank you. I'll have that later. My name is Bloodnok, Major Bloodnok. I'm one of the Whitehall Warriors. Of course, during the War, I was a brass-hat. Yes, made me a fireman, they did. Now then, you crummy lot, if you stop shuffling your boots, I'll proceed. My story tonight concerns the time many, many years ago when I was in India. I was called one day to HQ... (FADES)

CORPORAL:

[BENTINE]

Major Bloodnok to see you, sir!

GENERAL:

[SECOMBE]

Thank you, corporal. Come in, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, good morning, Harold, good morning, good morning.

GENERAL:

Good morning. Now, Bloodnok, you're a brave man.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, sir, yes.

GENERAL:

You're courageous.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, sir?

GENERAL:

Daring.

BLOODNOK:

Yes? Why?

GENERAL:

Well, we want you to go on a very dangerous mission.

BLOODNOK:

Dangerous?

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GENERAL:

Corporal!

CORPORAL:

[MILLIGAN]

Sir?

GENERAL:

Try and catch him before he gets to the bus stop.

CORPORAL:

Right, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, I'm back, I'm back.

GENERAL:

Why, Bloodnok, for a moment I thought you were turning coward!

BLOODNOK:

For a moment I was. Once outside that door, though, I realised that I had to come back.

GENERAL:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I'd forgotten my hat. Goodbye.

GENERAL:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, alright, very well.

GENERAL:

Now, about this mission. You know that once a year we send all our wives to the hills for a rest?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, hmm.

GENERAL:

Well, this year they're having trouble at the Manipur Hill station.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

GENERAL:

The Senapati and his savage tribesmen are creeping up on the place at night and taking prisoners!

BLOODNOK:

They are?

GENERAL:

Yes. Only the other night they took Captain Sandwich and my wife completely by surprise.

CORPORAL:

'Bout time those two were caught!

GENERAL:

Corporal!

TIMOTHY:

One night some weeks later Major Bloodnok, accompanied by his faithful servant, arrived at the Manipur residency and addressed the officers of the garrison.

OMNES:

MUMBLES OF OFFICERS

BLOODNOK:

Now, gentlemen, my name is Bloodnok. You've all heard of me, Major Bloodnok?

OFFICERS:

[OMNES]

No.

BLOODNOK:

What's that? Nobody heard of me? Quite sure of that?

OFFICERS:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well in that case I'll appoint myself mess treasurer.

GENERAL:

Now, Major Bloodnok, what are you going to do about Senapati and his savage tribesmen?

BLOODNOK:

What am I going to do!? If they show their faces round here, I shall kill every man-jack of them and throw their bodies to the jackals. And as far as the Senapati fellow, I'll pick him up with his throat and my own bare hands I'll strangle him and...

CORPORAL:

The Senapatis are coming, sir!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GENERAL:

Milligan?

MILLIGAN:

Sir?

GENERAL:

Try to catch him before he gets to the next rickshaw stop.

MILLIGAN:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ooh. I'm back, now don't worry about me I'm a soldier and I'm going to die with my boots on.

GENERAL:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I've got holes in my socks. Anyway, never fear, men. As soon as the tribesmen attack, I shall be out there shouting the Ikka-Tikka war cry. Ikka-tikka! Ikka-tikka!

CORPORAL:

What does that mean, sir?

BLOODNOK:

"Let's get the hell out of here."

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Major Bloodnock, sir, Major! Long live Rule Britannia, American admirals never shall be slaves, hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Abdul?

ABDUL:

A message just arrived with this letter, sir. Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, a letter, let me see... Great Scott! Oh, quick! Switch all the lights off!

ABDUL:

Why, sir? What is it?

BLOODNOK:

Electricity bill.

ABDUL:

Right.

ELLINGTON:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

I'm tired of being just a butler. I wanna help in the fightin'.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, splendid, Ellington. You know that bloodthirsty, savage monster, Senapati?

ELLINGTON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I want a volunteer to go and fight him single-handed.

ELLINGTON:

You do?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

Well, I sure hope you find somebody.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, then, I shall go myself. Alone.

CORPORAL:

You're a brave man, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

I know, Bentine, I know. You see these medals?

CORPORAL:

Yes. What did you get them for?

BLOODNOK:

Ten bob the lot. Now, give me my gun. Stand away from the door. Goodbye, men!

MEN:

Goodbye, sir!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

Ellington!

FX:

SOUND OF METAL POUNDING ON DOOR

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major?

FX:

MORE POUNDING

BLOODNOK:

Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major!

BLOODNOK:

For goodness sake, open this door and turn the gas down!

ELLINGTON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I'm in the oven.

ELLINGTON:

Oh. Wait a minute, Major, someone's coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CORPORAL:

Great curry, sir, it's the Senapati himself, sir!

SENAPATI:

[MILLIGAN]

Now! Where is this Major Bloodnok? I, Senapati, will kill him!

ELLINGTON:

Major Bloodnok? Er, he ain't here.

SENAPATI:

No? Then what are those feet sticking out of the oven?

ELLINGTON:

Oh, that? That's, um, oh, that's a chicken.

SENAPATI:

Oh, a chicken, eh? Oh, well, we must turn the gas up and cook it well, mustn't we? Like this!

FX:

HISS OF GAS

SENAPATI:

That's it. Ha ha! Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Now, now, let me have a look inside.

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENING

SENAPATI:

Aaah! So, Ellington, what have you to say now?

ELLINGTON:

Erm... Dinner is served!!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

TIMOTHY:

And so we leave a rather browned-off Major Bloodnok to stew in his own juice. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Members of the Andrew Timothy Fan Club will be pleased to know that old Tim is in form, as usual. And now once again, Ray Ellington brings you favourite songs of your favourite singers. And this week, it's Al Jolson.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I'LL STILL HAVE YOU, SONNY BOY'

TIMOTHY:

Usually at this point in the Goon Show, a long explanatory announcement is required. This week, however, we need only tell you that there follows the story of the World's Greatest Film. It begins quite simply with a telephone call.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS ANSWERED

MORRIS:

[SECOMBE]

Hello, this is the Bank of England here.

HARRY CHALKHAM:

[SELLERS]

(COCKNEY VOICE) Hello, Morris?

MORRIS:

Yes?

CHALKHAM:

This is Harry Chalkham, the film producer. I've got a smashing new idea for a film. Now, it's all about the Ancient Rome and Nero and the lions eating the slaves.

MORRIS:

But won't that upset the vegetarians?

CHALKHAM:

Don't be funny, they'll get eaten the same as the rest of 'em. Now then, Morri, will you put up the money for it?

MORRIS:

Well, that all depends on the star of the film, Mr. Chalkham. You'll need a good dramatic actor, you know, none of your variety crew.

CHALKHAM:

Ah, don't worry about that. The geezer I've got in mind's strictly Third Programme.

MORRIS:

Really? Who is it?

CHALKHAM:

Ted Ray. I'll tell you what, I'll send my agent round to see him right away.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

FX:

DOOR KNOCKS AND IS OPENED

AGENT:

[SECOMBE]

Ah, Mr. Ray. I should... well, before I say anything, could I have your autograph, please? I thought your performance was wonderful, Mr. Ray. What acting! And I've always wanted your autograph. Thank you, Mr Ray. Thank you very much. You're a good boy, Andrew. Now, where's your father, Ted?

ANDREW:

[BENTINE]

I'll call him. Dad!? Where are you, dad?

TED RAY:

[SELLERS]

What's that you say? Where am I? Hello, boys and girls. I'm here in the back garden, digging for gold and Ray's-a-Laugh.

AGENT:

What? You expect to find gold in your back garden?

RAY:

Yes. Why shouldn't I? Because...

ANDREW:

Here it comes.

RAY:

...that's where I buried it!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

OMNES:

CRIES OF "HOORAY"

MILLIGAN:

In desperation, Mr. Chalkham rang up the brain, the pulse, the nerve centre of British films.

FX:

PHONE LIFTING OFF HOOK

CHALKHAM:

Hello, Hollywood?

MILLIGAN:

But they were no help. There was only one thing left to do. Having scraped the bottom of the barrel with no result, he was forced to go to the bottom of the barrel itself, the BBC Variety Department.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CHALKHAM:

Yes, cock, you with the big head. You the head of the BBC?

TIMOTHY:

No, I'm Andrew Timothy.

CHALKHAM:

What? Ooh, the famous Home Service announcer? Oh, I'm terribly sorry, sir. Oh, I really, I, permission to speak, sir? Please sir?

TIMOTHY:

Well, if you insist.

CHALKHAM:

Well, it's like this, sir. I'm making a film, you see and I can't get any straight actors, so I'm going to use variety people, you know, comedians and all that lark, you know.

TIMOTHY:

Well, why don't you get hold of people like Bob Hope or Jack Benny, or...

CHALKHAM:

What? Use Americans? Use Americans when right here in the BBC there's perfectly good English comedians like Bernard Brayden, Ben Lyon, Barbara Kelly, Baby Daniels. Bebe Daniels, that's right.

BENTINE:

Finally, however, Mr Chalkham succeeded in casting the main role... (FADE)

CHALKHAM:

...or what ever his name is, yes, he's the star part. He's a big handsome fellow, steely grey eyes and bulging with muscles, all that lark, ya see. So, my son, I think you're just the man for the part, see?

BILLY COTTON:

[BENTINE]

Oh, thank you. And a jolly good morning to you.

CHALKHAM:

Yes, well, hang on a sec. You see, the female star's going to be Gladys Laverne.

BILLY COTTON:

Gladys Laverne? But she's terrible.

CHALKHAM:

I know, I know, but my wife says Gladys Laverne's gotta be the star and if my wife says Gladys Laverne's going to be the star, then Gladys Laverne's going to be the star.

BILLY COTTON:

And who's your wife?

CHALKHAM:

Gladys Laverne.

TIMOTHY:

Well, the film was finally cast and is now com...

(PART MISSING)

SECOMBE:

...and the savage band from ancient Britain with an ancient leader, Billy Cotton. Yes, come next week to see Hugh Barrett and the magnificence of Nero's palace. Hear the gentle, lilting melodies of the Roman court musicians.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO, ACCOMPANYING CAST IN SOME UNINTELLIGIBLE MUSIC HALL NUMBER

SECOMBE:

And listen to the brave war song of one gladiator as he hurls the British slave across the arena to another gladiator.

MILLIGAN AND SELLERS:

(SINGING) Over to you... over!

SECOMBE:

See the dramatic scene in which Nero chooses one of the slave girls to be his wife.

NERO:

[SELLERS]

Yes, I'll take that one there with the long wavy blonde hair.

SELLERS:

(IMITATING SOME VARIETY COMEDIAN OR OTHER) Now, Jimmy, you know I only washed it last week and I can't do a thing with it, Jimmy.

SECOMBE:

Or the scene when Nero sees Rome in flames and cries...

NERO:

(SELLERS, COCKNEY ACCENT - IMPERSONATING TONY HANCOCK) Aargh. Flippin' kids!

SECOMBE:

Or the scene in which Nero reads the letter from Hannibal and says...

NERO:

What is this drivell? This rubbish? This utter nonsense?

CHALKHAM:

Well, whose is the next line? Here, c'mon, Timothy, you're supposed to say it. Go on.

TIMOTHY:

I'm not an actor. I'm an announcer. The BBC only allows me to say one line.

CHALKHAM:

Well, say that, then. Go on, start again. Nero.

NERO:

Alright, then. What is this drivell? This rubbish? This utter nonsense?

TIMOTHY:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

Hurray!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

TIMOTHY:

You've been listening to the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the Stargazers. The BBC Dance Orchestra was conducted by Stanley Black. Incidental music by Wally Stott. The script was written by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens and edited by Jimmy Grafton. The programme was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

SECOMBE:

Next week, the Goons present 'The Merchant of Venice', featuring, "Good day to you, Mr. Shylock."

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SPLASH

ORCHESTRA:

"GOON'S GALLOP" TO END

S2 E25 - Untitled

Transcribed by Helen

SECOMBE:

Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And here's another of those even better than that last one. This starts, 'When when did I [UNCLEAR] set out for the Rio Grande?'

TIMOTHY:

That's enough of that, Secombe. Last show in the series, you can't get away with that. Music, quickly, Stanley.

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

TIMOTHY:

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show! (MUSIC ENDS, AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Well, Timothy, we've come to the last programme of another series.

TIMOTHY:

Yes, 24 weeks of failure for Secombe.

SECOMBE:

What do you mean? I... I think I've done... rather... rather well.

TIMOTHY:

You've proved a failure in everything you've tried, Secombe. Every week you've made an idiot of yourself. Look at that private detective business. Don't you remember when you went out in Chinatown in search of a criminal with Inspector Thud looking for that house?

THUD:

[SELLERS]

This is the house, Secombe. Li-Ing Tea Shop.

SECOMBE:

Yes, I... I'll see if there's anyone in.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

CHINAMAN:

[BENTINE]

Yes?

SECOMBE:

Are you Li-Ing?

CHINAMAN:

No, I'm telling the truth. (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH).

SECOMBE:

Inspector?

THUD:

Yes?

SECOMBE:

This man is Chinese.

THUD:

How do you know?

SECOMBE:

I can tell by his eyes.

THUD:

His eyes?

SECOMBE:

Yes, didn't you hear how he pronounced them?

THUD:

Oh.

TIMOTHY:

You see, Secombe? And then there was that other time when you were in your office and a man entered.

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes. He was a giant of a man. He burst in holding a revolver in each hand. I quickly opened one of the drawers of my desk and tried to shut it again. But it was too difficult.

TIMOTHY:

But Secombe, shutting an ordinary desk drawer isn't difficult.

SECOMBE:

From the inside? But back to the story. My visitor spoke.

MAN:

[BENTINE]

You are... um... Harry Secombe?

SECOMBE:

How do you know?

MAN:

I can tell by your legs.

SECOMBE:

My legs?

MAN:

Yes. I was told to look for a man who could sit down and walk about at the same time.

TIMOTHY:

Another display of stupid incompetence, Secombe. But one of the biggest pieces of nonsense in this series I can remember is that case of yours when you were in Europe.

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes. When I was on holiday in Italy. In a place called... er... (CLICKS FINGERS) Can't remember the name of the town. Anyway, one morning I stepped out to the street and...

FX:

DOOR OPENING, SPLASH

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes, of course, it was Venice. Luckily, I was picked out of the water by Signore Pietro Sellerzo, the greater the Italian conductor, who took me to his house.

SELLERZO:

(COMIC ITALIAN ACCENT) Here we are.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Señor, you... you saved my life.

SELLERZO:

Well, we all make mistakes.

SECOMBE:

Yes, I've seen your wife.

SELLERZO:

Yes. (SHUDDERS) Anyway, Mr Secombe, I need your help. You see, I have a big orchestra and my drummer, he's-a disappeared. I want you to find him.

SECOMBE:

Your drummer? Hmm. What's his name?

SELLERZO:

His name is...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM PLAYED ON TIMPANI

SECOMBE:

Hmmm. Unusual.

SELLERZO:

Not really. In actual fact, his name is...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM AS BEFORE ON TIMPANI FOLLOWED BY KNOCK OF SINGLE HIT TO COWBELL

SELLERZO:

But the...

FX:

KNOCK ON COWBELL

SELLERZO:

...is silent.

SECOMBE:

Well, how do you spell it?

SELLERZO:

Well, it... let me see, now. Oh, yes. You spell it...

FX:

COMPLICATED SERIES OF DRUM SOUNDS

SELLERZO:

...but you pronounce it...

FX:

BOOM-BOOM, AS BEFORE

SECOMBE:

Ah, well. Don't worry, senor, I'll... I'll find him for you.

SELLERZO:

Thank you, Mr. Secombe. Good bye.

SECOMBE:

Good bye.

FX:

DOOR OPENING, FOLLOWED BY SPLASH

SECOMBE:

Swimming briskly across the street I chanced upon a hairy [UNCLEAR]. I didn't stop to shake hands, I'd have been there all day. A-ha, ha, ha.

TIMOTHY:

I have never heard such rubbish in my life.

SECOMBE:

You haven't heard the rest of the show yet. But, er, any more happy memories?

TIMOTHY:

Yes, I do remember your first meeting with your agent, the intelligent Mr Black. You remember when he said...

BLACK:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH ACCENT) 'Ullo, 'Arry boy. 'Ere. That's a good show o' yours but my life, that there Coon Show. I like that. That fella Max Geldray and, er, that Eskimo with his quartet. You know, Duke Ellington. 'Ere, 'ow many blokes 'e got in that quartet?

SECOMBE:

Four.

BLACK:

Only four? Thought he could afford a bigger quartet an' that, wouldn't yer.

TIMOTHY:

Yes, the brilliant Mr Black. An even bigger nincompoop than you. By the way, did he ever get you a job as a singer?

SECOMBE:

Yes, didn't you know? I've made a record. Listen to this, Timothy. I'll prove to you that I can sing.

ORCHESTRA AND SECOMBE:

IF I HAD THE HEART OF A CLOWN

SECOMBE:

Well?

TIMOTHY:

Allow me to present you with this brick.

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

TIMOTHY:

Not at all. Let me open the door for you.

SECOMBE:

That's jolly decent of you, Timothy.

TIMOTHY:

Not at all. Goodbye, Secombe.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

FX:

SPLASH

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God. There was a poem that thrilled our Victorian forebears. What a gallant yet tragic figure was the hero, Captain Mad Jack Carew. It was therefore with a touch of nostalgia that the Goons present 'The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God'. But first, let me introduce Mr Yogot Newboot.

NEWBOOT:

[BENTINE]

How do you do? I am Yogot Newboot. I am the man who left a cigarette burning by my bed, as a result of which the whole of my father's ancestral home, the YMCA, was burnt to ashes. Thank. You.

TIMOTHY:

Mr Newboot has nothing whatsoever to do with our story, we just thought that listeners would like to hear what a real idiot sounded like. And now... And now for the story of The Green Eyed Little Yellow God. It was Poona in nineteen hundred and three. Major Bloodnok sat in the company office of the Third Filthmuck Horsedrawn Whitechapel [UNCLEAR].

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh! Ahh! Abdul! Abdul!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Coming, sir, coming! Long live Frank Sedgman, Poor old Rodney of Egypt, hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ahhh, yes, yes, yes. Now... now listen, I'm selling my wife's house in Bombay.

ABDUL:

Yes?

SECOMBE:

The Aga Goon's made me an offer for it.

ABDUL:

But... But what about your wife, Sir?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he made me an offer for her, as well, but... I don't think I shall sell, just yet.

ABDUL:

Ohhh! Good for Major Sahib. Sahib is a white man.

BLOODNOK:

What! Me a white man? How do you call me a... Ah! Ho, ho, ho, yes, of course, I... I... I am a white man, aren't I, yes. It's no good, I must have a bath soon. Ellington!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Yes, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Run my bath and don't forget, put a live snake in my bed tonight.

ELLINGTON:

Whatever for?

BLOODNOK:

Well, it... it... it's lucky.

ELLINGTON:

A snake in your bed, lucky?

BLOODNOK:

Course it's lucky. What other snake has a bed to sleep in? Well, if I'm going to have a bath I may as well reform altogether. Abdul, you know that whiskey under my bed?

ABDUL:

Yes, Sahib, hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I'm going to get rid of the whole damn lot, every filthy bottle.

ABDUL:

How, sir?

BLOODNOK:

How? Drink it, of course! Think I'm mad? Come in.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I came in a bit too soon, there. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CAREW:

Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

CAREW:

I'm Captain Mad Carew. I've been posted here, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Mad Carew? You're not the man who held off 30 natives and won the VC?

CAREW:

You're absolutely right. I'm not.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid. I'll fix you up with a batman. Eccles?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, now this is your... Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLOODNOK:

You're covered in mud and earth.

ECCLES:

Oh, yer. I've been watching two men fill in a slit trench.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, now... Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLOODNOK:

If they were filling in a slit trench...

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLOODNOK:

How did all that earth get on top of you?

ECCLES:

I just crawled out in time!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, this is Captain Carew.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

FELICITY:

[SELLERS]

Hello, daddy.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, er, Felicity, my dear. Carew, this is my daughter.

CAREW:

I kiss your hand, Madam. Because candidly, it's better looking than you.

BLOODNOK:

Now, now, now, Carew. Now, now, Carew. Remember she's very young. She still carries the marks of the cradle, as you can see.

CAREW:

Yes. But why on her face?

BLOODNOK:

Because that's where I hit her with it.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS COMING IN

BLOODNOK:

Well? Who are you?

NEWBOOT:

My name's Yogot Newboot. I'm the man who let the cigarette burn on the side of my bed...

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here! You boulder, get out!

ORCHESTRA:

BUGLE BLAST

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, that's the alarm. Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir? Yes? Coming.

BLOODNOK:

Here, listen. That's the alarm, what's it for?

ABDUL:

Oh, the... the... the Fort has been attacked at Parandar by the chief of the Chunder[?] Tribe, [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

What? Carew, we... we must march to the relief at once. Forward!

ORCHESTRA

BLOODNOK THEME, SEGUES INTO MARCHING MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Left, left, left. Pick 'em up, there! Left, left, left...

CAREW:

Major.

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

CAREW:

Why do you only say left?

BLOODNOK:

One-legged regiment.

CAREW:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

By the way, Carew. Is there anything between... is there anything between you and my daughter?

CAREW:

Only the clothes we wear.

BLOODNOK:

Hmmm. Just like me and my wife - always something between us.

CAREW:

What's that?

BLOODNOK:

About 5,000 miles, thank heavens. We're getting nearer. That's Kathmandu over there, the town of the yellow idol.

CAREW:

You mean, lazy Chinaman?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no, the yellow idol made of stone. It has a ruby for an eye which is worth a million pounds.

CAREW:

A million? Let... let's forget about the relief of the fort and get that ruby. We'll be millionaires!

BLOODNOK:

But we can't leave these troops to die in the fort.

CAREW:

But Bloodnok, you've got a whole battalion here. Can't we split the men in two?

BLOODNOK:

We could, but it would be very painful.

CAREW:

But this ruby, a million pounds! We *must* go to Kathmandu.

BLOODNOK:

Never, sir, never! You'd have to stick a gun in my back, first. (WHISPERS) Abdul, lend the captain your gun. (NORMAL) Now, then. Oh! What's that sticking in my back?

CAREW:

A gun.

BLOODNOK:

Who gave it to you?

CAREW:

Abdul.

BLOODNOK:

The traitor! Is the gun loaded?

FX:

GUNSHOT

CAREW:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Forward to Kathmandu!

ORCHESTRA:

MARCHING MUSIC AS BEFORE

BLOODNOK:

For three days we travelled. We would have died of thirst if there hadn't been any water to drink. And then suddenly, in a clearing we saw it.

CAREW:

Look! The Temple of the yellow idol!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, let's go in. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Er, yah?

BLOODNOK:

Stand by the cannon. If we're attacked, you know what to do?

ECCLES:

Yah. Hide inside it.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR]. Now, leave room for me. Now come on, Carew. Follow me in here.

FX:

FIRE BURNING

BLOODNOK:

Come on, Carew.

CAREW:

Wait! Wait, Bloodnok! Look! The whole inside of the Temple is on fire.

BLOODNOK:

What! The ruby! Oh, we've lost a fortune. Who did this? What idiot started a fire? Who?

NEWBOOT:

My name is Yogot Newboot. I'm the man that left a cigarette burning...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME TO PLAY OUT. SCENE CHANGE MUSIC.

TIMOTHY:

Presenting Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

During the holiday season traffic on the roads to the coast is very heavy. And every possible precaution should be taken by motorists and pedestrians. Here is Chief Inspector Bowser of the Metropolitan police to give listeners a word of warning.

BOWSER:

Look out!

TIMOTHY:

Thank you, Inspector Bowser. And now we take listeners over to our commentator at the annual BBC Bridge contest.

COMMENTATOR:

[SELLERS]

Now, here we are at the BBC's bridge contest. The four participants at the table next to me are Mr Michael Standing, Head of Variety, and three of his junior producers. The bidding is just about to start. The first junior producer bids.

PRODUCER 1:

[SECOMBE]

Five hearts.

COMMENTATOR:

The second producer.

PRODUCER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Six diamonds.

COMMENTATOR:

The third.

PRODUCER 3:

[BENTINE]

Seven spades.

COMMENTATOR:

And now, Mr Michael standing.

STANDING:

[?]

One club.

PRODUCERS:

Pass, pass, pass.

TIMOTHY:

Thank you, Raymond Glendening. And now we take you over to our ace up-to-the-minute commentator, Peter Sellers. So that he'd be there well on time he set out very early this morning in his fast car for the Groinswether dog show where he'll give his commentary. So over to Peter Sellers.

SELLERS:

Well, hello, listeners, Peter Sellers speaking. And the view from here is absolutely wonderful. Looking above me I can see the oil sump, the crank case and the back axle. If only I can find out what's wrong with the blasted thing we'll soon be there. Thank you, ah, Peter Sellers. By the way, listeners, later in the program we shall be taking you over to a hotel in Chelsea Bay to let you meet three of the, ah, typical couples who are staying there for the weekend. Mr and Mrs Smith. Mr and Mrs Smith. And Mr and Mrs Smith. Interesting.

TIMOTHY:

One sporting event now in progress is the rifle shooting competition for the Army cup at Bisley. So we now take you over for a short report from Bisley.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SELLERS:

Thank you. Our next call is Chelsea Bay fairground where Michael Bentine is waiting to interview the Human Cannonball.

BENTINE:

Well, hello, listeners, Michael Bentine here. Now, Mr Bass, you are the Human Cannonball, here.

BASS:

[SECOMBE]

Aye, that's right, I'll tell thee, boy.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

BENTINE:

Ah, would you like to explain your stunt to the listeners?

BASS:

Aye, I would, that, and all...

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

...I'll tell thee. Ha, ha, ha.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

[UNCLEAR], you know, I tell thee. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

You see, cannon faces out to the sea, you see.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

I [UNCLEAR] barrell. Light the fuse. Cannon goes off. I crash out the barrel and land in the water. It sort of goes... Bang! Smash! Crash!

BENTINE:

And then?

BASS:

Splash. Like that, it's very simple, you know.

BENTINE:

Thank you.

BASS:

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BENTINE:

Yes, ha, ha.

BASS:

One of the funniest things you've ever seen in your life.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

Over the promenade, right out to sea.

BENTINE:

Yes. I can...

BASS:

Ha, ha!

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

Over the seagulls. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

I'm very friendly with the seagulls, now. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BENTINE:

Yes. Thank you.

BASS:

I'll tell thee, aye. 'Ere! 'Ere! I'll tell... 'Ere! 'Ere! Look, look, look, look, 'ere, 'ere.

BENTINE:

Yes.

BASS:

I'll... I'll... I'll show you how it works, you see?

BENTINE:

Yes, thank you.

BASS:

Aye.

BENTINE:

Thank you. Well, Mr Bass is just getting into the barrel of the cannon, now. And I'm lighting the fuse for him and...

END OF EPISODE MISSING

S3 E16 - The Search for the Bearded Vulture

Transcribed by Helen.

(BEGINNING OF EPISODE MISSING)

SCRONGLESHOTT:

[BENTINE?]

That must cause some embarrassing moments during the nesting season.

HANDJUNK:

[SECOMBE]

Never mind about that [UNCLEAR], Scrongleshott. Now get packed. We're starting as soon as possible!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME SEGUES INTO SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

And so Handjunk and his brilliant assistants Scrongleshott, Eccles and Fussbottle... Brilliant? Huh. Oh, well. And so, they set sail for Java. Land of the polar bear, the Kangaroo. Land of vodka and the Can-Can. Not much is known of Java. As the idiot who wrote this will bear witness. Anyway, on the explorers sailed in their little ship to unknown dangers, yet always on the alert. Wide awake lookout at the masthead.

ECCLES:

(SINGS A SILLY SONG)

TIMOTHY:

Until one day...

ECCLES:

Oooh! Land ahead!

HANDJUNK:

How far?

ECCLES:

What? Um... I... er...

FX:

CRASH

ECCLES:

Mind if I go ashore? Ho! Ho! Ho!

TIMOTHY:

Yes, it was Java. The small group of intrepid explorers went ashore. And were greeted by a gentleman of evidently savage origins who knelt at their feet and, brandishing the sacred implement of his tribe, said:

ELLINGTON:

Shine, sir?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

HANDJUNK:

Fascinating, this native music. Who is the leader of these musicians?

ELLINGA:

Me. Chief Ellinga.

HANDJUNK:

Oh. Tell me, what inspired you to sing and play?

ELLINGA:

We play for the great music god.

HANDJUNK:

Music god?

ELLINGA:

Yes. Mau-rice Wi-nik

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Mau-rice...? Oh, ha, ha! Maurice Winnick! Aha, ha, ha, yes! Yes. Well... well, chief, you'd better come along as my servant. Now, what time is it?

ELLINGA:

Ta-hi.

HANDJUNK:

What?

ELLINGA:

Ta-hi.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

He said it's Ta-hi time.

HANDJUNK:

Oh, well, you'd better put the kettle on! Now, next we must check the stores. Fussbottle? Read out the list of stores.

FUSSBUTTLE:

[SELLERS]

(EARLY BLUEBOTTLE VOICE) Righty-Ho. 50 pairs of snowshoes. Six icepicks.

HANDJUNK:

Snowshoes? Icepicks? Those are no use in Java.

FUSSBUTTLE:

No, this is the list of stores we're leaving behind.

HANDJUNK:

I'm not interested in those. You and Scrongleshott read out the list of the *useful* stores, the ones we're taking with us.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Oh, righty-ho. 400 water-cooled Naafi pianos.

HANDJUNK:

Right.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Six hundredweight of partially assembled Hittite [UNCLEAR] stone ducking stools.

HANDJUNK:

Mmmmmmmm, yes?

FUSSBUTTLE:

One tarpaulin nightshirt. With glossy swabbler and cerebral hammer folio.

HANDJUNK:

Yeeees?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

10,000 starling traps, unused.

HANDJUNK:

Mm-hmm.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Four quarters of rare Hyderabad sari gas boots in Whirlitzer [UNCLEAR].

HANDJUNK:

Rrrrrrrrrright.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Three cases of light skinned bald idiots bound in aardvark shading and groove support lane foot mouldings.

HANDJUNK:

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees?

FUSSBUTTLE:

And one 200 foot hollow grit-filled statue of Gilbert Harding with inflammable massage and bamboo dipstick.

HANDJUNK:

Splendid. Everything's here. Now, to work!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

For months they searched but without success. As we see from an entry in Lord Handjunk's diary. June the eighth.

HANDJUNK:

So far we've had no success in our search for the bearded vulture, despite the fact that we have left no stone unturned.

TIMOTHY:

June the 9th.

HANDJUNK:

This morning, a sudden thought struck me. Perhaps the bearded eagle doesn't live under stones.

ELLINGA:

Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Ellinga?

ELLINGA:

If you want to find a bearded vulture, you'll have to go into the heart of the jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Into the jungle? But how?

ELLINGA:

Well, I could drive you there.

HANDJUNK:

Drive me there? You have a car?

ELLINGA:

No, but I have whip.

HANDJUNK:

Splendid idea. Gentlemen, we're going to march into the heart of the jungle.

FUSSBUTTLE:

No we're not.

HANDJUNK:

Why not?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Well, sir, it may be dangerous.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Yes, and I've got bad legs.

HANDJUNK:

Come, gentlemen, this is for England's sake.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Who cares about England?

HANDJUNK:

But it's for the glory of your country.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Ahhh, fiddle to the country, I say.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

And me.

HANDJUNK:

I'll pay you £1,000 apiece.

FUSSBUTTLE AND SCRONGLESHOTT:

(SINGS) There'll always be in England.

HANDJUNK:

Come on, now. We must get our stoves and clothes ready.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Yes. Ellinga. Don't forget to pack my white ducks.

ELLINGA:

Your white ducks? Why?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Well, I've got to have *something* to play with in the bath.

ECCLES:

What are we going to do about water?

HANDJUNK:

Well, there's no water on Java so I'm having it imported from Bali.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, I hate Bali water.

ELLINGA:

(OFF) All ready, Lord Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

Right, quiiiiick maaaaarch!

ORCHESTRA:

MARCHING MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

For weeks, these intrepid adventures marched on through the steaming tropic jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Keep going, men. Only a few more miles.

ECCLES:

(SINGING STUPIDLY)

HANDJUNK:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

HANDJUNK:

Didn't I see you with one of those Javanese girls last night?

ECCLES:

Yer! Ho hum! Yer, she took me into her hut and... and she blew the candle out.

HANDJUNK:

And then?

ECCLES:

(SINGS STUPIDLY)

HANDJUNK:

Well, what happened after she blew the candle out?

ECCLES:

Well, half an hour later she slapped my face.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

ECCLES:

She thought I was dead. Ho, hum!

ELLINGA:

Lord Handjunk! Look! There's a big river ahead.

HANDJUNK:

So there is. Men, spread out right and left and see if you can get a way across.

OMNES:

MURMURS OF AGREEMENT "YES, RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR", ETC.

HANDJUNK:

We'll stay here, Eccles. If the others find some natives we may be able to trade with them these strings of beads we brought along.

ECCLES:

Oh, I've traded my string of beads already. I gave them to those Javanese in the last village.

HANDJUNK:

And what did they give you in exchange?

ECCLES:

A television set.

HANDJUNK:

Huh! Ah, well.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Sir, oh, sir.

HANDJUNK:

Scrongleshott, what happened?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Oh, it was terrible. I met some fierce-looking cannibals.

HANDJUNK:

Whatever did you do?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Oh, it was terrible. Luckily, I had the idea that some white man's magic might scare them...

(BREAK IN RECORDING)

ECCLES:

(OFF) Hey, look at me! I'm across the river!

HANDJUNK:

Acr... How did you get across, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I walked across on that log.

HANDJUNK:

That... that's not a log, it's a crocodile.

ECCLES:

Ooh. I wondered why my legs kept getting shorter.

HANDJUNK:

Well, come back. We're setting up camp here.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Yes. Yes, this looks an ideal spot. Shall I set the cage out for the vulture?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. And set the trap on it, will you? We may have some luck tonight.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

The following morning...

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC CONTINUES

ECCLES:

Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

(WAKING UP SOUNDS) What is it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Look! Look what's in the cage!

HANDJUNK:

What?

ECCLES:

Me.

HANDJUNK:

You idiot. How the devil did you get in there?

ECCLES:

Well, I got in to shoo this thing out, it was eating all our bait.

HANDJUNK:

What thing?

ECCLES:

This vulture.

HANDJUNK:

Vulture?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

He's right, Lord Handjunk. And I think it's the bearded vulture.

HANDJUNK:

Let me see. Grey claws. Aha, that's right.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

And green wing feathers.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, and... and white tail feathers.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

No, wait a moment, sir. This *isn't* the bearded vulture.

HANDJUNK:

It isn't? How do you know?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

It hasn't got a beard.

HANDJUNK:

It has... Curse it, you're right. It hasn't. Its chin is perfectly smooth.

AMERICAN SALESMAN:

[SELLERS]

And why? Because it uses Goon Stick, the wonder shaving foam. Goon Stick guarantees...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon show...

S3 E17 - The Mystery of the Monkey's Paw

Transcribed by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

TIMOTHY:

Good evening, listeners. We begin tonight's programme with The Mystery of the Monkey's Paw.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SECOMBE:

The monkey's paw. Huh! I remember how it all started. It was an unusual day. The 42nd of April. Everywhere, the English summer flowers were blooming - under six feet of snow. As I said on the fire, reading a book and smoking a haddock, cork-tipped, of course! Aha, ha, ha! Ahem. The phone rang.

FX:

PHONE RINGING

SECOMBE:

Odium! Odium!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

You called?

SECOMBE:

Yes. Answer the phone, will you?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE)

FX:

Phone Picked Up

ODIUM:

(CLEARS THROAT) (UNINTELLIGIBLE)?

MORIARTY:

Hello. Is that Filthmuck 6784?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

MORIARTY:

Good! This is Moriarty. I want to speak to Mr Secombe.

ODIUM:

(INTELLIGIBLE). (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Who is it, Odium?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Who does he want?

ODIUM:

He wants to speak with you on the telephone.

SECOMBE:

Oh. Give me the phone.

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Hello?

MORIARTY:

Hello?

SECOMBE:

Who's speaking?

MORIARTY:

Moriarty speaking, why do you ask?

SECOMBE:

Why? I just want to find out what the blazes this idiot's been talking about.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, Secombe. Now, how would you like to make a lot of money?

SECOMBE:

Money? Do you think that's all I think of?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

What a splendid judge of character you are.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR] I'm pretty hard up.

SECOMBE:

You are?

MORIARTY:

Yes, things are so bad I'm having to sew collars on my wife's bloomers and wear them as shirts. Anyway, this is the plan. I have lots of forged francs. We take them to France and do business with the British tourists. The safest way to go there is by yacht. Now, do you know where we can get one?

SECOMBE:

A yacht? Let me see. Who's got a yacht? (LAUGHS) No, He would lend me His. Besides, by the end of the week he might have to flog it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Ah, but wait! I know there is a yacht hire firm on the dockside at Dover.

SECOMBE:

Right, I'll get down there right away.

MORIARTY:

(SPEAKS FRENCH).

SECOMBE:

What's that?

MORIARTY:

That's French.

SECOMBE:

What's it mean?

MORIARTY:

How should I know? I'm Greek.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

SECOMBE:

Ah, here we are. 'The Poor Man's Yachting Hire Service'.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Come in, Errol[?].

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Good morning! I am Harry Secombe.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

I spit in your face, sit down.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. I want to hire a yacht.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Right. Here's a picture of one of our fleet of two. The SS (GIBBERISH), taken some time ago.

SECOMBE:

Mm-hmm. Who's that standing on the bridge?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Nelson. The crew, they're all French.

SECOMBE:

Oh, but I don't speak French.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Don't you worry, the French speak it fluently.

SECOMBE:

Ha, ho. What a bit of luck!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Then there's the woman doctor on board.

SECOMBE:

Is she good?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Unfortunately, yes.

SECOMBE:

No, I mean, is she any good as a doctor?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Well, the... the Captain swears by her.

SECOMBE:

He does?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Yes. Of course, she puts her finger in her ears.

SECOMBE:

Now, this yacht. How fast can she go?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

As fast as you can say to the crew, 'In, out, in, out'. Oh. What does that remind me of? Oh yes, of course, Wally Peterson. Yes, well, that's the yacht you can see through the window, the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE). So, goodbye.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

See you at Bow Street.

FX:

SEAGULLS

SECOMBE:

Ahh. There's the yacht the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Pardon me. Are you Harry Secombe?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Follow me. Mr Moriarty is waiting for you on board the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Good. And, er, who are you?

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

I am the King of Blonxiphon.

SECOMBE:

The King of Blonxiphon?

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

But there's no such place as Blonxiphon.

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

I know. But if ever there is, there's a King already for them. Ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! A-ha, ha, ha, ho. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ho. Ahem. Well, here's the captain's cabin.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CAPTAIN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ah, Secombe. I spit in your face. we are ready to sail. Here, put these overalls on.

SECOMBE:

Overalls? Why?

CAPTAIN:

They'll hide that filthy old suit of yours. Cast off! Full speed ahead!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

SECOMBE:

And so we arrived at Cote d'Azur. That's a famous resort for rheumatism – everybody who goes there gets it. Ha! Ha! Ha! We went ashore with our pockets crammed with counterfeit money, looking for tourists.

CAPTAIN:

Seen anybody?

SECOMBE:

Hey, look! Here comes a British tourist now.

CAPTAIN:

How do you know he's British?

SECOMBE:

He's selling matches. Leave him to me. (CLEARS THROAT) Pardon me.

MacDOUGAL:

[SELLERS]

Aye?

SECOMBE:

You're British, aren't you?

MacDOUGAL:

No, I'm from Scotland.

SECOMBE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, yes. The old £25 allowance doesn't go very far, does it?

MacDOUGAL:

Aye, you're right, there. (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) Aye.

SECOMBE:

Would you... would you be interested in a few thousand French francs?

MacDOUGAL:

Interested? Aye. Very... interested.

SECOMBE:

Good. Now, er... Let's have your name and address in England.

MacDOUGAL:

Inspector MacDougal.

SECOMBE:

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees?

MacDOUGAL:

Scotland Yard.

SECOMBE:

Scotland Y... Sc...? Heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp! Heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

ORCHESTRA:

END OF SKETCH MUSIC. MUSICAL INTERLUDE INTRO MUSIC.

TIMOTHY:

Presenting Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

That was Max Geldray, of whom it has often been said. Now, the goons bring you a documentary drama, a true story based on documents discovered in an abandoned wash stand near Arnos Grove.

SECOMBE:

Translated into English by Agnes Fitzroy-Club. And adapted for radio by [UNCLEAR] Charlie.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

The Quest for Brigadier Winchmole!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

In 1940, Brigadier Bernard Winchmole led an archaeological expedition deep into the heart of the Brazilian jungle, and never returned. Sometime later, at a meeting of the British Archaeological Society in London...

OMNES:

VARIOUS MURMURINGS

McSECOMBE:

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Gentlemen, gentlemen! Quiet, now, quiet, please. It is quite evident that we must take some action to find Brigadier Winchmole. Surely, with so many excellent minds present we can think of a plan? The best brains among us must be brought to bear upon this problem. And so I shall now call upon our president to say a few words.

OMNES:

VARIOUS MURMURINGS

McSECOMBE:

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

FX:

GAVEL ON WOOD

McSECOMBE:

The president!

ECCLES:

(SINGS STUPIDLY)

McSECOMBE:

Er, excuse me, sir.

ECCLES:

(STOPS SINGING) You want me?

McSECOMBE:

Yes, it's about this explorer, Brigadier Winchmole. He's lost in the Amazon jungle. What do you suggest we do?

ECCLES:

Um. Send him a map?

McSECOMBE:

Aye, aye, I will. Surely, someone has some idea of how to find him?

ECCLES:

Well, you can search me.

McSECOMBE:

Don't be silly, sir. Surely you don't carry explorers around in your pockets?

ECCLES:

Oh, no. Ha, ha, ha, ho. Oh, no, no, no. Spoil the shape of my shoes. Ah, huh-hum!

McSECOMBE:

Yes, well.

ECCLES:

[Unclear]. Spoil the shape of the shoe.

McSECOMBE:

[unclear]. Aye. Aye, well, can – we'll leave it at that for the moment. Meanwhile, there's a gentleman waiting outside for an interview who has, I think, the qualifications to be made a fellow of this society. I'll call him in. Mr Crun!

FX:

Door opens

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk? Mnmn....

McSECOMBE:

Ah, Mr Crun. Now, is it a fact that you are an expert and learned archaeologist?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, and are you versed in the [UNCLEAR] dynasties?

McSECOMBE:

And are also fully acquainted with exploratory archaeology concerning the deciphering of Babylonian tablets?

MILLIGAN:

And the chronological [UNCLEAR] periods of Toltec, Aztec and Mayan origin?

McSECOMBE:

And all types of prehistoric anthropological excavation? Mmmmmm?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... mnk... Merry Christmas.

McSECOMBE:

Merry Christmas, Mr Crun? But it's January the 1st.

HENRY CRUN:

And a happy New Year!

MILLIGAN:

Well, Mr Crun, we of the Archaeological Society feel that you have the necessary qualifications.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes.

MILLIGAN:

And we are going to make you a fellow.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. What do you think I am now, a girl?

McSECOMBE:

Well, gentlemen. Any questions?

SELLERS:

Yes, I've got one, big 'ead. Yer finished with Mr Crun, what about this geezer, Winchmole? Ain't nobody got any ideas or nothing?

HENRY CRUN:

Well, what is the problem?

SELLERS:

Well, he's lost in the Brazilian jungle.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, well, well, why don't you go and look for him?

SELLERS:

A good idea... (OMNES IN UNISON) ...Crun!

McSECOMBE:

Yes, I think Britain should send out a team of jungle experts.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, but we sent out a team last year.

McSECOMBE:

Really? What was the result?

HENRY CRUN:

Seven-nil. Aha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha!

McSECOMBE:

But do you realise that if we adopt this suggestion it means not only going to Brazil, but travelling inland by train for at least 10 days.

ECCLES:

Ohhh? Ohhh! Oh, that's nothing. I was on a train journey once that lasted for *six months*!

McSECOMBE:

Really? And what line was that?

ECCLES:

Um... The Inner Circle.

HENRY CRUN:

Eccles, you're out of your mind.

ECCLES:

Of course I am. Who'd be in a mind like mine? (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) They're laughing. I use my head, you know.

HENRY CRUN:

Mm. You got a point, there.

ECCLES:

Yes, all my family have pointed heads.

McSECOMBE:

Now the question is, who will lead the expedition?

ECCLES:

I think we should send Mr Clunkenboot.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, don't be ridiculous. There's no such person as Mr Clunkenboot.

ECCLES:

No?

HENRY CRUN:

No.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. Who's going to break the news to *Mrs* Clunkenboot?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, we shall need a man with brains. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

HENRY CRUN:

Er... um... No.

ECCLES:

No, no.

HENRY CRUN:

No, I think the ideal person for the job is my nephew, Lord Handjunk. I'll get in touch with him right away.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

HANDJUNK:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, uncle Crun phoned me that afternoon and explained the whole affair. The following morning I was up bright and early. The moment I heard the cock crow...

COCK:

Cock-a-doodle-dooooo....

HANDJUNK:

I leapt from my bed and...

COCK:

Cock-a-doodle...

FX:

GUNSHOT

COCK:

Urgh!

HANDJUNK:

And leapt back into bed again.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR HANDLE

ABDUL:

Ahhhhhhhh, good morning, sir. Wake up, sir. Wake up, there, wake up, hooray.

HANDJUNK:

(WAKING UP NOISES) Oh! What is it, Abdul?

ABDUL:

Time to you to get up, hooray, sir. Long live Rule Britannia. Hooray for Blackpool. Poor old Arsenal.

HANDJUNK:

(YAWNS) Have you brought the papers?

ABDUL:

Yes, here you are, sir. Cup of tea and the papers. And ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
Ohhhh, the papers are very sad this morning, sir. Make you cry.

HANDJUNK:

They will?

ABDUL:

Yes. They're all call-up papers.

HANDJUNK:

Oh, I... I can't be bothered with that nonsense. We're going to Brazil to look for a lost explorer.
Now, up we get. Well, what shall I wear today?

ABDUL:

Well, sir, under the circumstances I think you should wear the brown suit with the leather elbow and the patch on the trousers.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

ABDUL:

The only suit you've got.

HANDJUNK:

Well, help me on with it. Ahhhh, what a beautiful morning, eh?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir. Make me wish I was alive. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Don't talk, they're still laughing. Okay, go ahead now.

HANDJUNK:

Now, I must go and see the wife of this lost explorer. Has my chauffeur brought the car round?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir. It's outside. This way, come on, hooray.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HANDJUNK:

Thank you. Ahhh, good morning, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Mornin', sir.

HANDJUNK:

I want to go to 18 Hindenburg Villas.

ELLINGTON:

Right, sir. In you get.

FX:

CAR DOOR

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING OFF

HANDJUNK:

I say, Ellington. You're going rather fast, aren't you? You know I always worry about the brakes.

ELLINGTON:

Lord Handjunk, on this car, you ain't got nothin' to worry about.

HANDJUNK:

I haven't?

ELLINGTON:

No. It ain't *got* any brakes.

HANDJUNK:

But what shall we do when we get to this corner?

ELLINGTON:

Just do what I *always* do.

HANDJUNK:

What's that?

ELLINGTON:

Jump out!

HANDJUNK:

Look out! We're heading straight for a brick wall! Ellington, stop! You can't go through it! Ellington!

GRAMS:

CRASH

ELLINGTON:

Thick, wasn't it. Ah, here's the place.

GRAMS

CAR STOPS, DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

I'll, er, I'll ring the bell for you, sir.

FX:

DOORBELL

ELLINGTON:

(SINGS IDLY) The night that I found you...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MRS WINCHMOLE:

[SELLERS]

I'll take two hundredweight of selected nuts, please.

ELLINGTON:

No, ma'am. I ain't a coalman. Lord Handjunk here has come to see you.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh, come in, Lord Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

Thank you. It's about your husband, ma'am. Brigadier Bernard Winchmole.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh, Lord Handjunk. Since my husband left, the warmth has gone out of my life.

HANDJUNK:

It has?

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Yes. He used to keep the boilers in.

HANDJUNK:

Well, I'm leading an expedition to try and find him, Mrs Winchmole.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh! Wonderful, Lord Handjunk. You know, he used to give me the most wonderful presents. And you know, when I was naughty... Oh-ho! Do you know what he used to do?

HANDJUNK:

No. What?

MRS WINCHMOLE:

He used to belt me with a meat axe. Oh! But why... why did he leave me? Oh, Lord Handjunk. Look me in the face and tell me - *why* did he leave me?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Well, I must be going. Come on, Ellington.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

A few months later found the brave explorers aboard the expedition ship, and nearing the Brazilian coast.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, we shall be landing in a few moments.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, uncle. But I daren't take any risks. Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer?

HANDJUNK:

Blow up the rubber escape raft.

ECCLES:

Okay.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

HENRY CRUN:

Splendid! Now then, make fast forrard.

ECCLES:

(CALLING) Okaaaaay!

HENRY CRUN:

Make fast aft.

ECCLES:

Why don't you make up your mind?

HANDJUNK:

Come on, everybody ashore!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, we're just going down [UNCLEAR]...

ECCLES:

Oh, yer, [UNCLEAR], oh, yes...

HANDJUNK:

I say. This is sinister-looking jungle, isn't it? Listen to that.

ORCHESTRA

SOFT JAZZ-TYPE DRUM RHYTHM

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes. Ellington, I don't like the sound of those drums.

ELLINGTON:

You don't?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I don't, you'd better send them back to England and have them tuned.

ELLINGTON:

They don't need tuning, Mr Crun. Listen...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... mnk... mnk... Ellington, I don't like the sound of those drums. Yes, I still think you'd better go back to England.

ELLINGTON:

But why? There's nothin' wrong with these drums.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, to see a throat specialist.

HANDJUNK:

Well, come on, everyone. We must get moving. But be careful. Remember, we're foreigners. And I know that here in Brazil there are men who would be willing to drive us out of the country.

HENRY CRUN:

Who?

HANDJUNK:

Brazilian taxi drivers. Now, have you checked the map, uncle?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. And unfortunately I find that we have to pass through the country of the Mack-bar-lig-lig-mmm-weh-akaka-choo-choo-lika-koo-koo tribe.

HANDJUNK:

Is that difficult?

HENRY CRUN:

Have you tried saying it?

HANDJUNK:

Well, come on. Let's not waste time.

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

(VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

What's going on there?

HENRY CRUN:

No.

HANDJUNK:

What's going on?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh... erm...

ECCLES:

Ohum, here! (VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

Where's Eccles and the gun bearer? What are you arguing about? You're in a terrible temper.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh, I shall stamp my foot in a minute.

FX:

FOOT STAMP

FLOWERDEW:

I will.

HANDJUNK:

Come here, you two. Let's have none of this mamby-pamby stuff. You'll settle this like two Englishman. Now, form a circle, men.

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

(VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

You two, strip off to the waist.

ECCLES:

Okay.

HENRY CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

HANDJUNK:

Now, put up your hands. Ready? Go!

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

Patty-cake,
Patty-cake,
Baker's man...

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC BASED ON 'PATTYCAKE, PATTYCAKE, BAKER'S MAN'

TIMOTHY:

Finally, however, the long march inland began. Thirty days later, Lord Handjunk's party were still on the march and nearing the area where Brigadier Winchmold had last been seen, deep in the heart of the jungle.

FX:

TROPICAL BIRDS CALLING, MACHETES CUTTING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH

HANDJUNK:

Keep up, men. I say. Uncle Crun. Where are we now?

HENRY CRUN:

We're nearing the M'Gaga territory.

HANDJUNK:

The M'Gaga?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, haven't you heard of the M'Gaga?

HANDJUNK:

M'no. I say! I say! Look at that elephant coming towards us.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Mnah! Mn...

HANDJUNK:

Hasn't he got a thin trunk!

HENRY CRUN:

No.

HANDJUNK:

No?

HENRY CRUN:

No, and he isn't coming, he's going.

ABDUL:

Oh, Sahib, look, look!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Abdul?

ABDUL:

A notice board, sir. It says, "Do not going past here because of the Mahlu-Pahli".

HANDJUNK:

Mahlu-Pahli?

ABDUL:

Mahlu-Pahli.

HANDJUNK:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Nonsense. I don't believe in these native superstitions. Mulgraven[?]?

MULGRAVEN:

[SELLERS]

Ooh, yes?

HANDJUNK:

Ooh, lead the way.

MULGRAVEN:

Ooh, right. Forward, men!

FX:

MARCHING BOOTS

MULGRAVEN:

(SINGS THEN FALLS DOWN HOLE) Ahhhhhhhhhhh.....

HANDJUNK:

Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir?

HANDJUNK:

What does Mahlu-Pahli mean?

ABDUL:

"Two thousand foot drop", sir.

HENRY CRUN:

Anyway, I think this is about the right spot. We may as well set up camp here.

HANDJUNK:

Right, uncle. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Duh, ya?

HANDJUNK:

Pitch the tent, will you?

ECCLES:

Dum, okay.

HANDJUNK:

And then make sure the men are issued with the special vitamins.

ECCLES:

Um... vitamins?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Surely you know what they are? Vitamins A, B, C, E.

ECCLES:

That's a funny way to spell vitamins.

HANDJUNK:

Now, what time is it?

ECCLES:

Duh, just a minute. I'll get my calendar.

HANDJUNK:

Calendar? That's no use.

ECCLES:

Oh, it is, it's a very good calendar.

HANDJUNK:

It is?

ECCLES:

Duh, yeah. It's been right every month so far.

HENRY CRUN:

(SCREECHES) Oh! Look! Look! A native watching us from the jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Where? What tribe is he?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! There! And I think he's one of the matabul-lig-lig-yama... tig... mnk! La.... (FALTERS) It doesn't matter, he's gone now.

HANDJUNK:

Well, let's get settled in and prepare some defences. These M'Gaga natives are reputed to be terribly fierce and war-like. What? Eccles! Where did you...? Aha, ha, ha. Be careful how you answer this, Eccles. Where did you pitch the tent?

ECCLES:

Ummmmm.... In the river.

HANDJUNK:

You idiot. Now we shall have to...

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING) Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

I was looking for a waterhole over there and I ran right into a bunch of natives.

HANDJUNK:

What happened?

ELLINGTON:

They just turned and ran away.

HANDJUNK:

Really? I wonder why.

ELLINGTON:

Well, I suppose they've never seen a white man, before.

HANDJUNK:

You may be right. (CLEARS THROAT) Nevertheless, we must issue guns and ammunition immediately.

FX:

GROWL

HANDJUNK:

Listen! A tiger!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Mnk... No, no, no. These tribesmen are very clever. That is a native imitating a tiger.

OMNES:

RANDOM NATIVE CALL

HENRY CRUN:

That is even cleverer.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

HENRY CRUN:

That's a tiger imitating a native.

HANDJUNK:

No, you're wrong. It's a M'Gaga. And a girl, too. She's coming over.

M'GAGA GIRL:

[MILLIGAN]

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH – SOUNDS LIKE MINNIE)

HANDJUNK:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

M'GAGA GIRL:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HANDJUNK:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! I didn't know you spoke the language, Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

I don't.

HENRY CRUN:

Then why are you answering her?

HANDJUNK:

I've got to be polite, haven't I?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk.... Mnk... Let me talk to her. (RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

M'GAGA GIRL:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HENRY CRUN:

All right, then. Eight o'clock outside the Astoria.

M'GAGA GIRL:

Ohhhhhh!

ELLINGTON:

Lord Handjunk? Look, Lord Handjunk! Here comes a male native. Perhaps it's her husband.

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Let's see if we can get any sense out of *him*. Er, you! You um-M'Gaga. You-um guide us um-white men quick chop-chop to King of M'Gagas, or else we um-white men get killed chop-chop, fall dead.

NATIVE:

[TIMOTHY]

(UPPER CLASS ENGLISH ACCENT) Oh, I say, what a frightful bore.

HANDJUNK:

Oh. You speak English.

NATIVE:

Yes, do you?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Well, can you guide us to the village of the King of the M'Gagas?

NATIVE:

Certainly. Just through the trees, there.

HANDJUNK:

Just through...? Let me see. You're right. What's that large white building, there?

NATIVE:

That's his Majesty's prison.

HANDJUNK:

And who's inside?

NATIVE:

His Majesty.

HANDJUNK:

Anyone else?

NATIVE:

Yes, some English chap called Winchmole.

HANDJUNK:

What! Did you hear that, uncle?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, we must rescue him at once. Come along.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, forward, men!

OMNES:

HOORAY!

HENRY CRUN:

Forward, this way!

FX:

SHOTS

HANDJUNK:

We're being fired on. It's that man on the roof, there.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, don't you worry. Mnk... Give me the lurgi rifle. "Dead shot Crun", they call me. Mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk. Now, then. Take aim!

FX:

SIX GUNSHOTS

HANDJUNK:

Shall I try, now? Thank you, I... I'd better reload. Ooh! Ooh! These magazines are red hot.

HENRY CRUN:

I know, I've been reading some of them.

ECCLES:

Ah! Look! Look! They're all running away!

HANDJUNK:

You're right! Quick! To the prison! Now, force the door open.

FX:

BANGING ON DOOR

OMNES:

STRAINING AGAINST DOOR

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY CRUN:

There!

HANDJUNK:

Now... now, where is he? Winchmole! Brigadier Winchmole!

Winchmold:

[SELLERS]

Ohh! Ohhhh! What is it? What is it?

HANDJUNK:

Brigadier, as last! We've come to take you back to England.

Winchmold:

Take me back to England? Not likely! Come here. (WHISPERS)

HANDJUNK:

Oh, ho, ho. Oh, no, sir. There's been a coronation amnesty.

Winchmold:

What? You mean, all deserters are pardoned?

HANDJUNK:

Yes.

Winchmold:

My dear fellow, nice to see you. Back to dear old England!

HANDJUNK:

(TALKS OVER WINCHMOLD) and the very best of luck in that.

Winchmold:

Yes, yes, [UNCLEAR]...

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With Max Geldray and Ray Ellington And His Quartet. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. The script written by Larry Stephens and Spike Milligan, edited by Jimmy Grafton. Announcer, Andrew Timothy. Producer, Peter Eaton.

S4 E02 - The Man Who Tried To Destroy London's Monuments

Transcribed by David Saltmer. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

...we present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

FX:

FAST KNOCKING ON DOOR

MORIARTY:

Ah, Secombe, there you are.

SECOMBE:

What do you want?

(PART MISSING, 2 -3 SECONDS)

SECOMBE:

I'm not interested I'm too busy.

MORIARTY:

Too busy? Too busy? Saprستي. You English are all the same.

SECOMBE:

Oh, no we're not.

MORIARTY:

How do you differ?

SECOMBE:

Some of us are women.

MORIARTY:

Ah, women women, that's what I came to see you about.

SECOMBE:

I'm sorry I haven't any spares.

MORIARTY:

Silencio! Today Miss Gingold is starting a week's holiday in Brighton.

SECOMBE:

I'm not interested.

MORIARTY:

She's a millionairess.

SECOMBE:

I'm interested.

MORIARTY:

Good. It is known that she has a weakness for lifeguards.

SECOMBE:

And?

MORIARTY:

If perchance you were to rescue her from drowning, well, she has money and she likes men.

SECOMBE:

But Moriarty, I'm married.

MORIARTY:

We must not let little things stand in the way!

SECOMBE:

But the little things *do* stand in the way. I should know, I've got twelve and the wife tells me there's another one on the way and...

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Then the money will come in handy won't it? (SNIGGERS) Now first, this is the plan. You get down to Brighton and there you join the lifeguards.

SECOMBE:

Right. I'll catch a train from Victoria, at once!

ORCHESTRA:

HANCOCK-ESQUE SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

SECOMBE:

Ah, here we are. Let me see... platform three, Brighton Belle.

WILLIUM:

That's right. This way, sir. Can I see your ticket, sir?

SECOMBE:

Well, it's in my back pocket.

WILLIUM:

I shall 'ave ter clip it, sir.

SECOMBE:

Aiiiiiooowwooooh! I say! Couldn't you have waited til I got it out?

WILLIUM:

I'm impulsive, yer know. They calls me the Eva Bartok of the ticket collectors.

SECOMBE:

Well, here's my ticket.

WILLIUM:

Ah. 'Ere, this is only a platform ticket!

SECOMBE:

Yes, I'm travelling by platform.

WILLIUM:

Oh, well, that's alright, then. For a minute I thought you were tryin' to do the British Railway.

SECOMBE:

I was.

WILLIUM:

I knew yer was, that's why I was 'elping yer.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, comrade.

WILLIUM:

Yes, well, 'urry up, she's leaving. Get in the guard's van, that's 'ow most of 'em dodge it.

SECOMBE:

Thanks. Brighton - here I come!

ORCHESTRA:

SIMILAR SCENE CHANGE MUSIC TO LAST TIME

SECOMBE:

Now this is the place, Brighton Lifesavers Association, Chief Life Saver, Peter Sellers.

FX:

DOOR KNOCK

SELLERS:

Come in, waterlogged.

FX:

DOOR OPEN

SECOMBE:

Good morning!

SELLERS:

Have it your own way. Sit down.

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

SELLERS:

Now, what do you want?

SECOMBE:

I wish to become a life saver.

SELLERS:

Have you ever saved a life?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

SELLERS:

Whose?

SECOMBE:

Mine.

SELLERS:

I see, no sense of values.

SECOMBE:

None at all.

SELLERS:

How did you save your life?

SECOMBE:

Simple, I didn't do anything to stop it.

SELLERS:

I can give you some hand grenades to play with.

SECOMBE:

Ha, ha, ha. I see you're a man with a sense of humour!

SELLERS:

Madly gay! Now then shorty, a caution. To become a member of the Brighton Life Guard's exclusive club you pay a subscription of one hundred pounds.

SECOMBE:

What do I get for that?

SELLERS:

A receipt.

SECOMBE:

Is that all? A receipt for paying you one hundred pounds?

SELLERS:

Ah, but we give you a receipt for three hundred pounds.

SECOMBE:

So?

SELLERS:

Well, you're saving two hundred pounds.

SECOMBE:

Ohoho well, (LAUGHS) that's better!

(BOTH LAUGH TOGETHER)

SELLERS:

Yes. Of course, I knew you'd see it my way. Now then, a few particulars. When did you first take an interest in swimming?

SECOMBE:

The day I was christened.

SELLERS:

Why?

SECOMBE:

The vicar dropped me in my... (FLUFFED LINE) in the font. Hence my name 'Harry Splash Oh You Wet My Cassock Secombe'

SELLERS:

Yes. Mr Secombe, if you'll pardon me calling you by that disgusting name. Mr Secombe, you interest me.

SECOMBE:

I'm sorry, I'm promised to another.

SELLERS:

Heh heh. You misconstrued my meaning. What I meant was, are you Harry Secombe the famous radio failure?

SECOMBE:

The same.

SELLERS:

Well in that case I offer you the job as Chief Life Saver at a salary of two pounds per week.

SECOMBE:

Hmmm. Offer me a larger figure.

SELLERS:

Very well, forty shillings.

SECOMBE:

Done.

SELLERS:

Now your duty is to save people from drowning, but first I want you to go down and stand by the sea.

SECOMBE:

Why?

SELLERS:

Well, that's where they usually drown, you know.

SECOMBE:

Where does Miss Gingold usually swim?

SELLERS:

That strip of sands west of the pier.

SECOMBE:

Thanks. I'll get down there, at once!

ORCHESTRA:

SAME SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GRAMS:

WAVES AND SEAGULLS

MORIARTY:

Ah, Secombe, you're here at last. Now look, there's Miss Gingold going into the sea, now.

SECOMBE:

She's beautiful, in a horrible sort of way.

MORIARTY:

Right, dive in and save her.

SECOMBE:

Here goes!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOLLOWED BY LARGE SPLASH)

SECOMBE:

Mo.. Moriarty? I've... I've - cough - I've... I've just remembered something!

MORIARTY:

What is it?

SECOMBE:

If I die, please don't bury me at sea.

MORIARTY:

Why not?

SECOMBE:

I can't swim! 'Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeellp!!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

TIMOTHY:

Presenting Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we now present the prize winning Goonitzer play based on a true fictitious story. Listen, then, to...

SECOMBE:

The Man Who Tried To Destroy London's Monuments.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - ADVENTURE)

SECOMBE:

Or The Man Who Tried To Destroy London's Monuments!

ORCHESTRA:

MORE ADVENTURE

SECOMBE:

Let us hear the dramatic narrative from the lips of the author, the great poet and tragedian, William J. McGoonigal.

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS?]

Ooooh!

T'was in the year of 1901,

and in the month of June,

In London a terrible crisis arose,

t'was due to a crazy Goon.

This Goon had made some large black bombs,
and kept them locked... a-way,
until he decided to use them,
one early closing day!
And Ooooooooooooooooooh.....!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - DRAMATIC

FX:

4 KNOCKS, DOOR OPENING

LADDIE:

[SECOMBE]

Oh, good mornin'.

ANTHONY:

[ELLINGTON]

Er, Good morning, laddie.

LADDIE:

Are you number 10 Downing Street?

ANTHONY:

I'm not but the building is.

LADDIE:

Alright, are you the Prime Minister?

ANTHONY:

Er, no, I'm not, laddie.

LADDIE:

Oh, sorry.

ANTHONY:

That's alright. It is a mistake that any idiot could have made. Actually, I'm the Foreign Secretary.

LADDIE:

Oh, ha ha ha ha! You look a bit foreign like. (LAUGH)

ANTHONY:

My, you delightful old tease, you. Now what do you want?

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye, it's a telegram for the Prime Minister.

ANTHONY:

Thank you, laddie. Goodbye.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

PRIME MINISTER:

Who was it, Anthony?

ANTHONY:

This telegram for you sir.

PRIME MINISTER:

Let me see.

FX:

PAPER UNFOLDING

PRIME MINISTER:

Good heavens - listen to this. 'Dear Mr Gladstone, tonight I will commence to destroy the following ancient London monuments: Nelson's Column, Albert Memorial and Anna Neagle. Finally, I shall blow up Greater London!'

ANTHONY:

I say, naughty fellow.

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes. This is... this is terrible! Look he.. he's spelt my name with a small g!

ANTHONY:

Oh, Mr. Gladstone? If London is blown up at midnight, hadn't we better have some dinner earlier?

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Anthony. This is the work of a practical joker. No man would dare...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. SOUND OF BOMB DROPPING FOLLOWED BY GLASS SMASHING AND DESTRUCTION

PRIME MINISTER:

What was that?

ANTHONY:

Nelson's Column just landed in the garden.

PRIME MINISTER:

Then this telegram is no idle threat!

ANTHONY:

You clever fellow, sir. (ASIDE) The man's no fool.

PRIME MINISTER:

We must warn the British public. We can't ignore the British public.

ANTHONY:

Why not? We always have.

PRIME MINISTER:

Anthony! Jump on this carrier pigeon and take this message to Whitehall.

ANTHONY:

I'll do that little thing.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK - LIGHT

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooooooooooh!

So the news was rushed to Whitehall,
to Bloodnok the chief of the army,
for all the politicians trusted him,
which was proof that our Government were barmy.

The officers in Whitehall are gentlemon,
but when the telegram was read,
instead of paying attention,
this is what happened instead.

GRAMS:

SHOUTS ROWDY CROWD

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Officers, gentlemen, please! Please! Please! (QUIETER) Officers, gentlemen. When you've finished fighting over that Marilyn Monroe postcard we'll continue. (CHUCKLES)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, well I've got the... the best half anyway, if you think about it.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Seriously, sir

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Do you realise that this bomb maniac has already blown up Nelson's Column and is now threatening Anna Neagle?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Captain Seagoon, the position is serious. London's in mortal danger.

SEAGOON:

In view of the threatened explosion what action are you taking?

BLOODNOK:

Me? I'm packing!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you're a coward!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, me a coward? You surprise me!

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I didn't know you knew. But fear not, lad, the... the public are safe. I've informed the BBC and they're sending out a special bulletin at 9 o'clock.

SEAGOON:

It's that now. I'll switch on.

GRAMS:

RADIO TUNING, WHISTLE BETWEEN STATIONS

TIMOTHY:

And here now is an urgent warning from Whitehall. It is imperative that the instructions we give are executed with all possible speed. This is a matter of life and death. Time is vital. But first, here are the football results. Chinese Wanderers 200, Arsenal nil.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - SCENE CHANGE

McGOONAGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooh.

And so the evacuation of London began,
every man woman and child left by train,
and at ten at night not a soul was left...

SECOMBE:

(SILLY HIGH VOICE) Yes there was.

McGOONAGAL:

Where were you?

SECOMBE:

Down a drain.

McGOONAGAL:

Meanwhile at Whitehall, oooooooooooooooooh.

GRAMS:

PEOPLE TALKING AND MUTTERING UNDER FOLLOWING)

SEAGOON:

Now gentlemen, now gentlemen. This map on the wall shows you how we intend to search for this bomb maniac.

SELLERS:

(POSH) Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

You see those little green pins?

SELLERS:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Well they represent the search parties

SELLERS:

I see.

SEAGOON:

All these little green pins here, here, here and there...

SELLERS:

Yes? Yes?

SEAGOON:

Represent search parties.

SELLERS:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

So in fact, whenever you see little green pins stuck in the map, they represent search parties.

MILLIGAN:

I see.

SEAGOON:

Now, any questions?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What are all those little green pins for?

SEAGOON:

The little green pins represent search parties.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, captain. If you never ask questions, you never learn anything, I say.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha, (CLEARS THROAT) Now, next. Here are photographs of the bomb maniac, so take one each.

SELLERS:

Yes, thank you. Now - I'll have one here.

MILLIGAN:

(WITH SELLERS) Well thanks very much. Righto.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, I want you to study the photograph carefully, so that you will recognise this man.

MILLIGAN:

But sir, my photograph shows a picture of a pair of old army socks.

BLOODNOK:

And mine shows a lamp post.

CHURCHILL-TYPE VOICE:

Mine shows a coal miner's shovel.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, this man is a master of disguise! But, don't be put off. Search every house. Now, any questions?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. What are all those little green pins for?

SEAGOON:

The little green pins represent search parties. I've told you that for the last time, understand? The last time!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You sure?

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

Positive!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaaaaaaah! I'm dying! Farewell, I say. Exits to hospital.

SEAGOON:

Good luck! Now gentlemen it's...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

One moment Seagoon, this may be important.

FX:

LIFT RECEIVER

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

MAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Is that Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Er... yes?

MAN:

Major Bloodnok of the third mounted NAAFI?

BLOODNOK:

The very same!

MAN:

Why, you filthy swine!

BLOODNOK:

What? Who is that speaking?

MAN:

Your laundry man!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, well, er... er... carry on, Captain Seagoon, search the city! We've only got two hours left, so we'd better fit the Ray Ellington Quartet in right now!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ANY OLD IRON'

FX:

FOOTSTEPS ON STONE

SEAGOON:

Gad, Lieutenant Sellers, how ghostly London looks without anybody in it.

SELLERS:

Yes. Trouble is there's no sign of this bomb maniac yet.

SEAGOON:

Er.. no and it's just gone 11 o' clock.

SELLERS:

Curses, that means every pub's closed for the night.

SEAGOON:

Shh, there's a light in that window.

SELLERS:

But I never drink light.

SEAGOON:

Fool. Yes, there's somebody in. We must evacuate them at once.

SELLERS:

Right sir. I'll knock.

SEAGOON:

Lieutenant, I'll knock, I'm senior to you.

SELLERS:

Sorry, sir.

SEAGOON:

Remember, I'm a guards officer.

SELLERS:

Yes, sir!

SEAGOON:

Now, lift me up to the knocker!

SELLERS:

Right! HUP! Knock away, sir!

FX:

KNOCK ON LARGE DOOR - PERSISTENT OVER NEXT LINES

MINNIE:

(IN DISTANCE) Henry! Henry! Henry!

HENRY:

Yaagh, naaagh mn...

MINNIE:

Henry.

HENRY:

Naagh...

MINNIE:

Henry Crun. Can you hear me?

HENRY:

Naagh naaagh...

MINNIE:

Henry! Henry Crun.

HENRY:

Yes, er... Minnie. Are you calling?

MINNIE:

Yes, I am.

HENRY:

Yes. What do you want?

MINNIE:

There's... there's someone knocking at the door.

HENRY:

What, what, I... I can't hear a word!

MINNIE:

(LOUDER, MORE AGITATED) I said there's someone knocking at the doooooor!

HENRY:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

(NEAR HYSTERICS) *Whaaat?*

HENRY:

I can't hear what you're saying.

MINNIE:

There's somebody knocking at the doooooor! Doooooor!

HENRY:

It's no good I... I can't hear what she's saying. Just a moment Minnie, just a moment.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, good evening sir, we're sorry but we...

HENRY:

(INTERRUPTS) Yeah, well, could you stop knocking a moment only I can't hear what Miss Bannister is trying to tell me.

FX:

DOOR SLAM

HENRY:

Heh! I wonder what they wanted? (SHOUTS) Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

HENRY:

What was it you were saying?

MINNIE:

(CALMER) I said, there's somebody knocking at the dooor

HENRY:

No, no, there isn't.

MINNIE:

Well, er... there was.

HENRY:

Yes I know, but I stopped them.

MINNIE:

What for?

HENRY:

Because I couldn't hear what you were saying.

MINNIE:

Henry, it's alright for them to start knocking again, now.

HENRY:

Yes, I... I... I'll tell them. Goodnight, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, Henry.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Ah, good, you're back sir. Now we've come abou...

HENRY:

(INTERRUPTS) Yes. It's alright for you to start knocking again. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS. KNOCKING RESTARTS AND CONTINUES OVER NEXT DIALOGUE)

MINNIE:

Henry!

HENRY:

What? What is it this time, Minnie?

MINNIE:

There's someone knocking at the doooooor!

HENRY:

Speak up, Minnie, I can't hear you!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh! He's at the dooor!

HENRY:

Fiddle, Fiddle Fiddle! I can't hear a confounded word! Just a minute!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Now look here sir! We...

HENRY:

(INTERRUPTS) Was that you knocking again?

SEAGOON:

Yes! You...

HENRY:

Well, I've answered the door once to you, already!

SEAGOON:

But this is urgent, you don't understand.

HENRY:

Could you... could you stop knocking again 'cos my aunt Bannister wishes to have words with me?

SEAGOON:

Oh, well, tell her I haven't got all night.

HENRY:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yees?

HENRY:

He says that he hasn't got all night.

MINNIE:

Who hasn't?

HENRY:

What is your name, sir?

SEAGOON:

Captain Seagoon.

HENRY:

Er... Captain Seagoon.

MINNIE:

I'm sorry, I've never heard of him.

HENRY:

She's sorry, she's never heard of you.

SEAGOON:

Listen, man alive, this is vital!

MINNIE:

(OVER SEAGOON) Goodnight, Henry.

SEAGOON:

(CURT) Goodnight!

MINNIE:

Goodnight.

SEAGOON:

Listen... This is vital. In an hour's time London will be blown sky high. Why weren't you two evacuated with the rest of the people?

HENRY:

They said that we wouldn't last the journey.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, they have ice boxes.

HENRY:

But tell me, how is London going to be blown up?

SEAGOON:

There's a huge bomb hidden somewhere and we can't find it.

HENRY:

Oooh, then I can help you there, you see I'm a bomb diviner. I just hold a little twig in my hand and when it quivers I know where the bomb is hidden.

SEAGOON:

Then... then you can save London?

HENRY:

If I had my special little twig.

SEAGOON:

Well, where is it?

HENRY:

I've lent it to the Imperial War Museum for their exhibition of unusual items, such as money.

SEAGOON:

The Imperial War Museum? We must hurry! We've only got 40 minutes.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - TENSE)

McGOONAGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!

And so to the Imperial War Museum they ran,
they were stopped at the gates by a sentry man,
but the sound of his voice was not normal I fear,
for as Seagroon drew close, this is all he could hear...

ECCLES:

Yumpadumpadumpadump. Way dumpdump

HENRY:

Aha! That must be the sentry there, Captain.

SEAGOON:

Yes, he sounds like a regular. (SHOUTS) Hi there, sentry, let us in!

ECCLES:

Eh? What? Oh, oh, erm erm... Halt! Oh, hey, stop! Who are you? Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Halt! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

SEAGOON:

I've stopped!

ECCLES:

Oh, I haven't stop! Stop! Erm, friend or foe? Wait 'til I think of what's next, now. What's...? Oh, yeah, name the password!

SEAGOON:

The password is Zanzibar.

ECCLES:

Oh, is it? Oh, I'd better write it down in case I... Now then, erm... where's your army identity card?

SEAGOON:

Here, now let us in.

ECCLES:

Ar ar ar ap ooh ye ooh ooh ooh ee, first I've got to ask you a few questions. Now, are you married?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Any children?

SEAGOON:

38.

ECCLES:

Do you and your wife get on well?

SEAGOON:

(CHEEKILY) We have our moments.

ECCLES:

Any... er... any money in the bank?

SEAGOON:

Four pounds. Now look here man are these questions necessary?

ECCLES:

Well, erm, well, erm, no, no.

SEAGOON:

Then why are you asking them?

ECCLES:

Hahem. I'm just lonely. Hahem. Now, here's your identity book back and you're very lucky to get it back so soon.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I can't read. Ahoo.

HENRY:

Hurry man, hurry! I must get into this museum.

ECCLES:

Oh, I don't think we've got a glass case to fit you!

SEAGOON:

Man alive!

ECCLES:

Correction, man dead.

SEAGOON:

Well, man dead. Don't you realise that in thirty minutes London will be blown to bits?

ECCLES:

Well yeah, yeah I know it will, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Aren't you worried about it?

ECCLES:

No, ahem. Ain't my place, ahum.

SEAGOON:

Ooooh, out of my way.

ECCLES:

What? Ooh.

SEAGOON:

C'mon Crun

HENRY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

In here.

FX:

DOOR OPEN

HENRY:

(SHRIEK) This is the room. Nyah! And this is the little twig in this glass case, here.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, I'll open it.

FX:

RATTLE OF LOCKED DOOR

SEAGOON:

Curse. It's locked. I'll break the glass with my fist.

ECCLES:

Oh, oh, no need for that, I got the key.

SEAGOON:

Good.

FX:

KNOCK AND BREAKING GLASS

ECCLES:

There. That broke it just as easy. Oho!

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

ECCLES:

Yeah. Brilliant. It it proves the slogan that you're somebody in the modern army today.

SEAGOON:

And what are you?

ECCLES:

I'm somebody in the modern army today.

HENRY:

Aaaah, look, Captain! The special twig is quivering. And it's pointing towards Westminster.

MINNIE:

(OUT OF NOWHERE!) Ooooooh!

HENRY:

That means the bomb lies in that direction.

SEAGOON:

Westminster? Quick, to the jeep! Eccles? You drive.

ECCLES:

Right, I drive, okay.

FX:

STARTER MOTOR SLOWING DOWN

HENRY:

Steady now.

ECCLES:

Right, I'm doin' it.

HENRY:

Steady.

FX:

CAR REVVING, BACKFIRING, GEARS GRINDING

ECCLES:

Oh, there you go. Uhoh, Oh.

FX:

CAR HORN - OLD TYPE 'AROOGA'

SEAGOON:

By heavens, man, you're a dangerous driver.

ECCLES:

I know, but it's not bad for the first time! Ha ha.

HENRY:

Good heavens, Captain Seagoon, the twig is pointing towards the houses of parliament.

SEAGOON:

That means the bomb's inside the house. And there's an all night sitting on.

ECCLES:

Oh, here's a chance of getting rid of all of them! Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Unpatriotic swine. Step on it! We've only got 5 minutes left!

ECCLES:

Okay.

ORCHESTRA:

RUSHING LINK ENDING IN DESCENDING NOTES)

McGOONAGAL:

Ooooooh, ooooooh, ooooooh, ooooooh (SUNG TO NOTES OF ORCHESTRA).(NORMAL OOH) Ooooooooooooooh!
And when they reached the Houses of Parliament,
they searched for the bomb in vain,
for all they found was a man in a hole

SECOMBE:

(SILLY HIGH VOICE) It was me, I was still down the drain!

McGOONAGAL:

Oooooh! And then on the stroke of midnight,
by the light of a candle flare,
they found the devilish time-bomb

SEAGOON:

Look! It's under the speaker's chair.

FX:

SLOW TICKING

HENRY:

And it's started to tick.

SEAGOON:

That means it's about to explode. (GULP)

ECCLES:

Ooop.

HENRY:

Naaa... explode?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

Did you hear that, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(FAR, FAR AWAY, SHOUTING) Yes! I heard it!

HENRY:

Don't panic, I know how to neutralise it.

SEAGOON:

Well, hurry, Crun, it's on the stroke of midnight.

HENRY:

Now don't rush me, I know what I'm doing. I just of all... first, I remove the hairless thurbiliser.

SEAGOON:

Good man, that's it.

HENRY:

Yes. Now, I just lift out the (STRAINING) four hundred ton thumb screw.

SEAGOON:

Good work, Crun!

FX:

METAL HITTING STONE FLOOR

SEAGOON & HENRY:

(NERVOUS AND STRAINING NOISES)

HENRY:

Next, comes the quadruck meerhatz blun detonator.

SEAGOON:

You genius, Crun!

HENRY:

Yes I...

FX:

MORE METAL CLANGING

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING AGAIN)

HENRY:

Must get the words right. Aaah!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

There! It's safe! It's safe!

SEAGOON:

Safe! Oh! Alright, Eccles, you can come back now! It's safe!!

FX:

LONG EXPLOSION

ORCHESTRA:

HEAVENLY HARP GLISSANDO)

ECCLES:

Oh, oh! Where am I?

ANNOUNCER:

[TIMOTHY]

Mrs. Dale's Diary.

ECCLES:

Where?

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Er... I mean er they er they er.. I mean, yer in hospital, Ah'm the doctor whose attending you.

ECCLES:

Oh.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid yer'll be on yer back fer three years.

ECCLES:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Ah'm a slow worker.

SEAGOON:

(DRAMATIC) What... what about me, doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, oh, you.

ORCHESTRA:

(FADE IN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' SOLO VIOLIN)

DOCTOR:

Lieutenant Seagoon, yer a brave man. But would yer mind laying doon.

SEAGOON:

What for?

DOCTOR:

You're deed! Well, almost. Anyway, before you go there's a... there's a young patient wants ta speak to yer.

SEAGOON:

Send him in.

DOCTOR:

Aye, ah will. This way, lad. Here he is, Lieutenant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Come closer, lad, come closer. Well, lad, you... you want to know something?

BLUBOTTLE:

Yes. What was all them little green pins for?

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaagh (HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike...
(FADE OUT)

Notes:

Dame Anna Neagle was a very respected actress, actively making films at the time of this Goon Show.

S4 E03 - The Ghastly Experiments Of Dr Hans Eidelburger

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

(OPENING MISSING)

ORCHESTRA:

"MARCH OF THE GOONS"

FX:

APPLAUSE

TIMOTHY:

That applause was especially recorded for our new serial, for that fantastic cast from The Boys' Bullseye Man, featuring:

SELLERS:

'The Adventures of Fearless Harry Secombe'!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY MUSIC: "I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY"

TIMOTHY:

And that music was played by The Gruber Quartet who've been especially engaged...

SELLERS:

Direct from The Seaview Hotel...

MILLIGAN:

...residency lounge...

TIMOTHY:

...to play all the theme music for this thrilling new serial:

MILLIGAN:

'The Adventures of Fearless Harold Secombe'!

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CORNY MUSIC

SELLERS:

Part one.

SECOMBE:

Section one.

SELLERS:

Instalment one.

SECOMBE:

Chapter one.

TIMOTHY:

But first, for the benefit of new readers, here is a synopsis of...

MILLIGAN:

What has gone before:

TIMOTHY:

Nothing.

MILLIGAN:

Now... read on!

TIMOTHY:

Chapter one: The Ghastly Experiments of Doctor Hans Eidelburger and his sinister Oriental assistant, Yakamoto.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY GONG

EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

(FADE IN) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Just one more cut, here, so – ha!

YAKAMOTO:

[MILLIGAN]

Honourable doctor has completed another ghastly experiment.

EIDELBURGER:

Ja, Yakamoto, only a few more now.

YAKAMOTO:

Only one drawback – we have run out of honourable victims.

EIDELBURGER:

Hmm. You didn't order another dozen as I told you?

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, no. Today, early closing.

EIDELBURGER:

Oh? Never mind, our trusty agent Headstone is at this moment collecting a special victim for me. One, he assures me, is the ideal body.

ORCHESTRA:

CHEERFUL LINK

SECOMBE:

(MERRY SINGING)

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SECOMBE:

Coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Mr Secombe?

SECOMBE:

That is my name.

HEADSTONE:

(COUGHS) Have you somewhere I could hang up my top hat and shovel?

SECOMBE:

Certainly, hang them on the coat rack there. Here, let me take your trowel as well.

HEADSTONE:

Thank you.

SECOMBE:

Here, who are you?

HEADSTONE:

My name is Headstone, although I'm known as "The Digger".

SECOMBE:

Oh, you're an Australian.

HEADSTONE:

No.

SECOMBE:

Well, what are you exactly?

HEADSTONE:

I'm a mortician. Naturalised British, of course.

SECOMBE:

You're an undertaker? Nonsense. Can you prove it?

HEADSTONE:

Yes!

FX:

FAST NAILING

HEADSTONE:

Well?

SECOMBE:

(MUFFLED) I'm convinced. Take the lid off!

FX:

CRATE OPENS

SECOMBE:

Phew! Thank you. Now, what do you want to see me about?

HEADSTONE:

A very grave matter, Mr Secombe, your health. How do you feel?

SECOMBE:

Me? Fine, fit as a fiddle, brim full of health, bursting with vitality, A1, top of the world, in the pink, hail and hearty and crammed with vim, virile vigour!

HEADSTONE:

Then I know just the doctor for you.

SECOMBE:

Splendid, I'll go and see him immediately. If you'll let me have his address.

HEADSTONE:

Certainly. Doctor Hans Eidelburger, 10A Massacre Street, East Acton.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you, goodbye.

HEADSTONE:

Goodbye.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SECOMBE:

10 Massacre Road, East Acton; I must get there as soon as possible!

TAXI MAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Taxi, sir?

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CHEERFUL MUSIC, BUT AT HALF TEMPO

TAXI MAN:

This is it.

FX:

CAR DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

FX:

CAR DOOR CLOSES

SECOMBE:

Now, what's it say on the clock?

TAXI MAN:

Ah, a quarter to four.

SECOMBE:

Oho, bother. I've only got a five past five.

TAXI MAN:

Oh, that's alright, sir. I've got change here.

SECOMBE:

Thank you and here's a couple of minutes for yourself.

TAXI MAN:

Thank you very much, sir. Cheerio.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES AWAY, UNDER:

SECOMBE:

Goodbye. (CLEARS THROAT) Now let me see, number 27A? Ah, yes, Doctor Hans Eidelburger. Please give two rings. Right...

FX:

TWO HITS ON TATTY GONG. DOOR OPENS.

YAKAMOTO:

Aaah, honourable sir, good morning. Pray enter, Mr Secombe.

SECOMBE:

Oh, thank you. I wish to see Dr Hans Eidelburger.

YAKAMOTO:

Honourable Dr Eidelburger making experiment in next room.

SECOMBE:

Oh, is he?

GRAMS:

TERRIFYING SCREAMS

SECOMBE:

What... what on earth was that?

YAKAMOTO:

(PAUSE) Scream.

SECOMBE:

Funny, I - it sounded exactly like someone in pain.

YAKAMOTO:

Not all experiments successful.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

EIDELBURGER:

Achtung! (MORE GIBBERISH GERMAN CURSES) Yakamoto?

YAKAMOTO:

Honourable doctor?

EIDELBURGER:

Experiment 266 kaput! I have failed with experiment 266. Ooh! Who is this?

YAKAMOTO:

Experiment 267.

EIDELBURGER:

Ah, Mr Secombe. Welcome.

SECOMBE:

Aaaaaah! Why are you sticking that needle in my arm?

EIDELBURGER:

I haven't got a pin cushion.

SECOMBE:

Oho, oh, that's alright then.

EIDELBURGER:

Come this way.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

EIDELBURGER:

Perhaps this time my experiment will succeed. There must be a man somewhere who can take the weight of a steamroller on his face.

SECOMBE:

Wait! Wait, I heard that. And I warn you I'm not paying for any fancy Harley Street treatment. Do I get everything on the National Health?

EIDELBURGER:

Everything except the steamroller. That, you get on your face.

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CHEERFUL MUSIC AT HALF TEMPO

YAKAMOTO:

Apologies. Honourable listeners are wondering perhaps how experiment is progressing. One moment, please. I will observe.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

(TERRIFIED SCREAMS MIXED WITH "OH NO!")

EIDELBURGER:

(ANNOYED GRUNTS UNDERNEATH)

YAKAMOTO:

Experiment proceeding satisfactorily.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

EIDELBURGER:

Yakamoto, come in here.

YAKAMOTO:

Coming, sir. Experiment another failure.

SECOMBE:

Let me go, you scoundrels! Release me at once from this ordinary wooden chair to which you have bound me hand and foot, thereby rendering me helpless. Little does he know that I am sawing through my ropes on a rusty nail in the wall.

EIDELBURGER:

Little does he know that it doesn't make any difference as I have nailed his boots to the floor.

SECOMBE:

Little does he know that I have a spare pair of boots concealed in my ear and at any moment I shall leap up, brandishing my revolver!

EIDELBURGER:

Little does he know that I have taken his revolver.

SECOMBE:

I wonder how Arsenal got on today.

EIDELBURGER:

Enough of this, Secombe. The time has come for you to die.

SECOMBE:

Why?

EIDELBURGER:

Well, you're so old! Yakamoto, hand me my gun and...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

TAXI MAN:

Oh, there you are, sir.

SECOMBE:

Oh, hello, cabby!

TAXI MAN:

Sorry to bother you, sir, but that 5 past 5 you gave me was a forgery. It's 10 minutes slow.

SECOMBE:

Never mind that now, man. Help me distract these two criminals. That is, if you don't object to a bout of fisticuffs?

TAXI MAN:

Object? Oh, no.

SECOMBE:

Right. Put up your dukes, [UNCLEAR] Eidelburger. And you, Yakamoto!

TAXI MAN:

Here, you dirty foreigners, take that!

FX:

WHACKS, UNDER:

OMNES:

FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN

YAKAMOTO:

Would explain to anxious listeners that fight not going in our favour. Now please excuse whilst receive honourable Secombe's fist in honourable left eye.

FX:

MORE WHACKS, UNDER:

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

TIMOTHY:

Will Fearless Harry overpower the villainous pair? Will Eidelburger succeed in opening the flood gate? Will Kensington, the cab driver manage to stop the oncoming train in time? Will Yakamoto...

EIDELBURGER:

Aaah, shut up!

FX:

THUD

TIMOTHY:

Ow! How dare you? Take that!

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment! Order your copy in advance! A free bag of [UNCLEAR] given away to everyone! Who will win? The forces of good or the forces of evil? Hooray for the forces of good! Hooray!

SECOMBE:

Oh, shut up!!

FX:

THUD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough!!!

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

ORCHESTRA:

"I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY", SEGMENTS INTO EPIC FINISH

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

The most electrifying moment this year was a dramatic message flashed to London and the message read:

SELLERS:

Everest conquered.

MILLIGAN:

Everest conquered! This could only mean one thing: Everest had been conquered.

SECOMBE:

Yes, finally conquered!

TIMOTHY:

But we, The Goons, question the authenticity of the Everest expedition's claim to have climbed that great mountain. We give you now the story on which our doubts are based. Here then is:

SELLERS:

The Mount Everest Project! Or:

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING CHORDS

SELLERS:

The Mount Everest Project!

ORCHESTRA:

BEGINNING OF EPIC-TYPE MUSIC

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES

MILLIGAN:

India. It is about this country and Mount Everest that young Lord Hairy Seagoon in 1887 made a speech in the House of Lords.

(THIS SCENE HAS ECHO)

SEAGOON:

My Lords, Britain has now reached a peak of [UNCLEAR]. We have the world's largest navy, the world's largest army and... the world's finest plums.

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

SEAGOON:

But one thing we have not got on this island...

SELLERS:

What is that?

SEAGOON:

...is the world's highest mountain.

OMNES:

VARIATIONS OF "WHAT?"

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes! Yes, my Lords, it is a bitter realisation. But I intend to rectify this geographical discrepancy.

MILLIGAN:

In what manner, my Lord?

SEAGOON:

Simple: bring Mount Everest here.

MILLIGAN:

Wait! Is the Honourable Lord seriously suggesting that the whole of Mount Everest be brought to England?

SEAGOON:

I am.

MILLIGAN:

Does the Honourable Member know what he's talking about?

SEAGOON:

I'm not supposed to, I'm a politician. I want to bring Mount Everest here for one reason and one reason only.

MILLIGAN:

What is that reason?

SEAGOON:

To make England the tallest country in the world!

OMNES:

APPLAUSE AND SHOUTS OF "HUZZAH!"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. By the volume of your applause, I take it we're all in agreement. Therefore, here to explain his method for moving Mount Everest here is Mister Crun!

CRUN:

Aaaaah. Aaaaamaaaam...

SEAGOON:

Are you ready to answer questions, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Amaammaa...

MILLIGAN:

Mr. Crun, how much will it cost to move this mountain?

ELLINGTON:

(POSH) Will it go by land or sea?

TIMOTHY:

How will the cost be met?

MILLIGAN:

Have you a definite plan?

CRUN:

Mnk... Yes, I'm ready to answer questions.

SEAGOON:

Good. Mr. Crun, how will the mountain be removed from its base?

CRUN:

Yes [UNCLEAR]. Well, first, the whole mountain will have to be chopped down. Next, it will be sawn into several 12 and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch blocks.

SEAGOON:

Why 12 and $\frac{3}{4}$? Why not 13?

CRUN:

Because 13 is an unlucky number.

MINNIE:

Rubbish! Utter rubbish! Rubbish! Aaaah! Pooooo!

CRUN:

Say what you like but let me assure you, madam, that 13 is a very, very unlucky number.

MINNIE:

Rubbish! I have 13 million pounds in the bank. What do you say about that?

CRUN:

Marry me. Marry me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHANGE OF SCENE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

Lord Seagoon's idea was passed and soon an advanced survey party under Major Bloodnok arrived in India to measure the great mountain.

BLOODNOK:

Heough, haeiough! Well, Lord Seagoon, this is the Himalayan Range. Which one is Everest?

SEAGOON:

It's the, ah... tall one.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Look, it's been specially marked with a cross.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, our chief surveyor did that. Here he comes now.

ECCLES:

(COMES IN SINGING SOMETHING DOPEY)

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mister Eccles. I see you've marked the mountain with a cross.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I write my name everywhere. Ho ho!

BLOODNOK:

Now, Eccles, let us get to work, shall we?

ECCLES:

Ok, ok.

BLOODNOK:

Right now, you take this end of the tape measure.

ECCLES:

Ahum.

BLOODNOK:

Good, yes. Now, run around the mountain and measure the circumference.

ECCLES:

OK, here we go. (GOES OFF SINGING)

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Hug me, hold me, kiss me in your arms and...

ECCLES:

Hoh, hoh.

BLOODNOK:

Aaah! Oh, dear, dear, dear. Well?

ECCLES:

3,050 miles.

BLOODNOK:

Wonderful! Now... now we'll see how tall it is, shall we?

ECCLES:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Well, up you go while you're still fresh.

ECCLES:

(PUFFED OUT) I... ah, I hate admitting it, but... I'm tired.

BLOODNOK:

Up you go, you malingerer!

ECCLES:

Ooookay, I'm fine...!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, you must be mad. Climb to the top of Mount Everest? No human being can do that!

BLOODNOK:

I know, that's why I sent Eccles.

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Hello, down there! I've reached 40,000 feet!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you'd better come down a bit!

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Why?

BLOODNOK:

It's only 30,000 feet high!

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Ooh, oh, thank you, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Incidentally, how far can you see?

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Ooh, it's a wonderful view. I can see right across France towards America. I can see right across the Pacific. Right across Japan. Over China. And hey! Guess what I can see in India?

BLOODNOK:

What, lad?

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) I can see the back of a man standing on top of a mountain! Oooh, hey, it's me! It's me! I can see the back of me!

BLOODNOK:

I wish we all could. Now, Lord Hairy, while we've a moment to wait for Mister Crun's party to arrive, what about having the – ah – Ray Ellington Quartet?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SECTION MISSING

CRUN:

Ellington, I... (SILENCE)

ELLINGTON:

Right!

CRUN:

Was that you making all that noise when you should've been working?

ELLINGTON:

Me? Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. Ooh, no – no – no – no – no!

CRUN:

Don't be elusive, answer yes or no!

ELLINGTON:

No!

CRUN:

Ellington, are you telling me white lies?

ELLINGTON:

Man, that's the one kind I couldn't tell!

CRUN:

You'd better dig your frantic gang and start chopping Mount Everest down at once. And put some mattresses down, we don't want to crash it when it falls.

ELLINGTON:

(GOES OFF) OK. Come on, you lot! Let's get chopping...

FX:

WOOD CHOPPING

OMNES:

VARIOUS RHUBARBS

ECCLES:

Ooh, ooh, here, here. Hello, Mister Crun.

CRUN:

Aaaaaaeooooouuuggghhh!!!!!!! Oh, Eccles. Oh, you... you gave me such a fright.

ECCLES:

Fright? But you told me come in.

CRUN:

I know, but just seeing you always gives me such a fright.

ECCLES:

Well I... uh, know [UNCLEAR] you can't have brains and beauty. I should know, I ain't got either!

CRUN:

Don't you worry, Eccles. After all, beauty is only skin deep. Underneath it we are all the same.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Skin deep? Without my skin on I'd look like Diana Dors! Oho ho!

CRUN:

Hahahaha! Oh, what a naughty thought! Oh, naughty Eccles! Hoho! Oh, naughty, naughty. That's enough, Eccles. Put your skin on again.

ECCLES:

Ok, I was getting a bit chilly. Ahum.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Mister Crun, before I leave for Government House, could you help me check this list of crated stores?

CRUN:

Certainly, Lord Hairy.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now in crate number one we should have the following: 6,000 articulated hairless [UNCLEAR] nightshirts.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

10 volumes in Abyssinian on how to use inverted self-propelled Melanesian emergency knife, bucket and spoon. Four hundred weight of assorted concrete trombones with trombones attached to the [UNCLEAR]. 50 tins of fortified high altitude senna pod tea with portable thunder sheets.

CRUN:

Stop that, Harry. All correct. Yes, now, what's in crate number 2?

SEAGOON:

Crate number 3.

CRUN:

Well, what's in crate number 3?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

CRUN:

What's the idea of that?

SEAGOON:

To make it lighter.

CRUN:

Oho, oh, jolly good. Now tell me...

ELLINGTON:

Hey, look out, you three. Mountain coming down. Stand clear.

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

ELLINGTON:

Tiimberrrrrr....!

GRAMS:

VERY LONG CRASHING OF OBJECTS

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! This way, Ellington, hurry, hurry! Bring your shovel with you. Mister Crun's been buried alive.

ELLINGTON:

Coming, I'm coming!

BLOODNOK:

Ellington, dig here, dig in this spot here for him.

ELLINGTON:

OK, right, here goes.

GRAMS:

EARTH BEING MOVED

BLOODNOK:

Oh, this is terrible! What a thing to happen to him. And on his birthday too!

ELLINGTON:

Er, how old is he?

BLOODNOK:

98. Oh.

ELLINGTON:

Man, he's not worth digging up.

BLOODNOK:

What? You horrible man, you! You've got to dig him up! He's got my wages in his pocket!

ELLINGTON:

Ooh, I got him! I got him! In fact, I got all 3 of them. Now, give me a heave...

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

CRUN:

Naaaa naa, mnka. Oh! Ah. Now, what's in crate number four?

SEAGOON:

Oh, my head!

CRUN:

What's your head doing in crate number four?

SEAGOON:

Oho, I say, look, Mount Everest is down! Mount Everest is down! Huzzah!

OMNES:

MORE "HUZZAHS!"

ELLINGTON:

Yes, it sure is.

SEAGOON:

Then, Major Bloodnok, it's up to you now. Get cracking!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, well, Lord Hairy, in a week, Mount Everest will be packed, ready for shipment to England!

OMNES:

REJOICING RHUBARBS

ORCHESTRA:

ENGLISH NAVAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

But the shipment was delayed. I was called to Government House, New Delhi. When I arrived there, this is what I was told:

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

TIMOTHY:

Lord Hairy, there's a delegation of foreign gentlemen waiting to see you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, heavens, who are they?

TIMOTHY:

They refuse to say.

SEAGOON:

Tell the Russians I'll see them.

RUSSIANS:

(COME IN MUTTERING)

RUSSIAN 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Lord Hairy Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

RUSSIAN 1:

My government have taken an exception for your removal of Mount Everest.

SEAGOON:

On what grounds?

RUSSIAN 2:

[SELLERS]

We will tell you what grounds! A portion of Mount Everest was in Russia. Therefore Britain has violated the Anglo-Nordic agreement of 1873.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of it.

RUSSIAN 2:

WHAT? You mean you don't believe us?

SEAGOON:

No, I don't believe there is any such agreement.

RUSSIAN 2:

Oho, there's gratitude for you! After we spent all the morning forging it! Oho!

RUSSIAN 1:

That's the trouble with the English, you're filthy, uneducated, ill-mannered, uncouth, unhealthy, incompetent, moronic, idiotic and unflattering!

SEAGOON:

Everyone has their little weaknesses. Mine is my nose.

RUSSIAN 1:

Nose?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Thompson?

TIMOTHY:

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Would you take these two gentlemen's camels outside? I find them a little overpowering.

RUSSIAN 1:

Overpowering? Huh, insult!

RUSSIAN 2:

Insult!

RUSSIAN 1:

Insult!

SEAGOON:

Outsult.

RUSSIAN 1:

Our camels are clean and white. Everyday in [UNCLEAR] They don't smell!

RUSSIAN 2:

Of course they don't smell!

RUSSIANS:

It's us! It's us!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHANGE OF SCENE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

The following day, I returned to Bombay, by which time Mount Everest had been wrapped in brown paper and lowered into the hold of HMS Regurgitant. With this precious cargo we set sail for England!

CRUN:

But then, aeough, bad luck. Four days out we ran into a freak storm.

GRAMS:

THUNDER AND CRASHING WAVES

SEAGOON:

By gad, Crun! What a storm.

CRUN:

Yes, we're leaking badly!

SEAGOON:

Were the holds flooded?

CRUN:

I couldn't tell, they were full up with water!

SEAGOON:

Bitter luck.

ECCLES:

Ooh, here! Here! Here! Here! Ooh, oh, Hear hear! Lord Seagoon! Lord Seagoon! O'Malley the cook has been washed overboard.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. When?

ECCLES:

About three days ago.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't you report this before?

ECCLES:

I don't like him, ahum!

SEAGOON:

This is terrible! Where the... ah, here comes the captain.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahoy, there! Stand by! We're sinking [UNCLEAR] in the sea, alas! [UNCLEAR] Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, captain?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Anything that's not needed, throw over the side!

ECCLES:

OK! Hwup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM A DISTANCE) You rotten swine, Eccles! Help! Heeeeellp! I drown, I die, I sink, farewell! Exits home...

ECCLES:

Oh, here here, here! Catch!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Thank you!

SEAGOON:

What did you throw him?

ECCLES:

His hat - don't want him to catch cold, hahum.

CRUN:

Aaaahm! Seagoon, we're sinking! Mnk, mnk. Do something!

SEAGOON:

Well, there's only one thing for it. Heave!

OMNES:

HEAVING SOUNDS

GRAMS:

LARGE CRASH MIXED WITH WATER SPLASHES

TIMOTHY:

And so it happened. Mount Everest was sunk and to this day, has lain on the bottom of the sea. The question is what did Hillary and Tenzing climb?

SEAGOON:

The answer is simple. They climbed the highest space in the world!

TIMOTHY:

What do you think? Send your solution to us on a postcard addressed to Mount Everest Salvage Fund, care of Professor Thickide. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

FIRST TWO BARS OF "MARCH OF THE GOONS"

CRUN:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Mnk, mnk, mnk. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

"MARCH OF THE GOONS", UNDER:

TIMOTHY:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan...

CRUN:

Yes, yes...

TIMOTHY:

...with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray.

CRUN:

Oh, yes.

TIMOTHY: The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer...

CRUN:
Aaeiiioo!!

TIMOTHY: ...Andrew Timothy, produced by Peter Eton.

S4 E13 - The Giant Bombardon (fragment)

Transcribed by Helen.

FX:

WASHING UP BEING DONE

CRUN:

Oh, dear, must get the plates washed up.

FX:

BANG

CRUN:

Oh! Oh, dear, dear, dear. (SINGS) This is my lucky...

FX:

BANG

CRUN:

Oh! (SINGS) ...day. This is the...

FX:

BANG

CRUN:

Oh! Curses, I've dropped another one. (SINGS) This is the...

MINNIE:

Henry!

CRUN:

...day I will remember. The day I'm...

MINNIE:

Henry!

CRUN:

...I'm dying.

MINNIE:

Are you dying, Henry?

CRUN:

(SINGS) They can't take this...

FX:

BANG

CRUN:

...away - Oh!

MINNIE:

Henry? Henry Crun?

CRUN:

(SINGS) They can't take this - oh. (SPEAKS) Are you calling me, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Henry?

CRUN:

You calling...

MINNIE:

Calling you up [UNCLEAR], Henry.

CRUN:

Are you calling...

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

Were you calling...

MINNIE:

You...

CRUN:

You...

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

You calling me, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Making a noise, indeed.

CRUN:

You were...

MINNIE:

Henry, I...

CRUN:

... calling me, Minnie...

MINNIE:

...can hear [UNCLEAR]...

(PAUSE)

MINNIE:

I can hear you [UNCLEAR]...

CRUN:

Yes, I... I heard you calling me, Minnie.

MINNIE:

...[UNCLEAR]...

CRUN:

Minnie.

MINNIE:

...[UNCLEAR]...

CRUN:

I heard you [UNCLEAR] calling me, Minnie.

MINNIE:

...[UNCLEAR]...

CRUN:

What? I... dear, dear, dear. (SINGS) They can't take this away...

MINNIE:

Henry?

FX:

CUP DROPS AND BREAKS

CRUN:

Ohhhh! Oh.

FX:

THREE CUPS DROP AND BREAK

CRUN:

Oh, dear. What is it, Minnie?

MINNIE:

I hear somebody downstairs. Somebody singing.

CRUN:

Who, Minnie?

MINNIE:

It was a man.

CRUN:

What song was he singing?

MINNIE:

(SINGS) This is my lucky day...

CRUN:

Minnie.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

I can hear it, Minnie. You were right. Someone is singing. But it's upstairs, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Oh!

CRUN:

It was a woman's voice, Minnie.

MINNIE:

No, no, it was a man's voice.

CRUN:

No, it was a woman.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

It was a man's - woman's voice.

MINNIE:

A man's voice. [UNCLEAR] (SINGS) my lucky day...

FX:

LOTS OF CROCKERY BREAKING

CRUN:

Oh! It was a woman's voice.

MINNIE:

Good night, Henry.

CRUN:

Good night, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Good night. (SINGS) Lucky day...

CRUN:

This is the day I... (FADE)

S4 E15 - The Missing Prime Minister

Transcribed by unknown. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

(BEGINNING MISSING)

SECOMBE:

I just want to thank the Chelsea Pensioners for the Christmas pudding you sent us and the instructions on how to use it.

ECCLES:

Ahow. A Happy New Year!

SECOMBE:

Why, it's Viscountess Boyle!

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SECOMBE:

Ha ha.

ECCLES:

No, it's no good, I can't tell a lie. I'm not Countess Boyle. This beard is false. Ahoo ow ha ha.

SECOMBE:

Welcome, Michael Bentine.

ECCLES:

Ha ha, thank you. Hee, hee, hee, hoh, here. Here, guess what I got in my piece of Christmas puddin'?

SECOMBE:

A threepenny bit?

ECCLES:

Yeah, it tasted delicious! Oh, I was havin' a good time den, ho hum.

SECOMBE:

Yes, thank you.

ECCLES:

Yep?

SECOMBE:

Get away, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

Now, ladies and gentlemen and other denominations, as a special treat for listeners on the Mongolian Overseas Service we give you... The Man In Black!

FX:

GONG

ALEC GUINNESS:

[SELLERS]

Thank you. Actually, I'm not The Man In Black. I am The Man In The White Suit. But on my way here I fell down a coal-hole. Oh, and this is my secretary.

SECOMBE:

Mm... you fell down the coal-hole, too, then.

ELLINGTON:

Man, I never did!

ALEC GUINNESS:

Oh. Pray silence while I tell the you story of The Missing Prime Minister.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - DRAMATIC

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon, Inspector Gladys Seagoon. At midnight on Christmas Eve, 1953...

FX:

BOOTS WALKING

SEAGOON:

...I was checking with the policeman on duty in Downing Street.

WILLIUM:

Ah, evenin' Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Sergeant. Everything alright in Number Ten?

WILLIUM:

Yes, Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Constable, where's your helmet?

WILLIUM:

Well, Inspector, a Christmas reveller whipped it for an ashtray.

SEAGOON:

Now, we... we can't have that sort of thing going on, you know.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Sergeant, here's your helmet back. And a merry Christmas to you all. Not a word to Lady Astor about this.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

That occurred about midnight. Then at two in the morning...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

SECOMBE:

(WELSH) Hello?

SELLERS:

(ON PHONE) Who's that?

SECOMBE:

This is Bow Street Police Station speakin', 'ere.

SELLERS:

What a clever Police Station.

SECOMBE:

Ah, what's your name, sir?

SELLERS:

It's Mr. Avery T. Deacon-Harry.

SECOMBE:

(WRITING) 'Avery T. Deacon-'Arry'. (NORMAL) What's the 'T' for?

SELLERS:

Tom.

SECOMBE:

Oh, I see, Avery Tom Deacon-'Arry.

SELLERS:

You know me?

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes, my sister's always runnin' after you. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Now, ahh... what's the trouble?

SELLERS:

Ten Downing Street has gone, laddie. It's not there.

SECOMBE:

What do you mean 'gone'?

SELLERS:

Well, in between number Nine and Eleven there is a blank space.

SECOMBE:

Nothin' there?

SELLERS:

Nothing, save a man who's just pitched a small tent.

SECOMBE:

Who's the man?

SELLERS:

An itinerant Egyptian named Ali Bevan.

SECOMBE:

I think you've been pullin' my leg.

SELLERS:

Why?

SECOMBE:

It's just dropped off.

GREENSLADE:

That was at two a.m. At two-fifteen, Inspector Seagoon received a report of the mysterious phone call.

SEAGOON:

Mm. It says the man claims Ten Downing Street is missing. Ha ha ha. Eccles, we'd better take a drive up to Downing Street.

ECCLES:

What for?

SEAGOON:

I want to look round.

ECCLES:

But you already look round. Ho ho hum.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha. Constable Eccles, remember it doesn't pay to be rude.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? You seen Gilbert Harding's new Rolls-Royce?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Is your squad car handy?

ECCLES:

Yep, I tuned the engine myself and now I can get an extra two miles an hour out of her.

SEAGOON:

How fast did she go before?

ECCLES:

Oh. Ain't never been before. Aha ha.

SEAGOON:

In that case, I'll walk. It'll be quicker.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah? Well, I'll drive my car round dere. You walk and we'll see who gets dere first. Ha.

SEAGOON:

OK. Goodbye.

ECCLES:

Goodbye.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING AWAY

ECCLES:

(OVER, CALLS) Oh, and Inspector?

FX:

BOOTS STOP

SEAGOON:

(OFF. CALLS) Yes?

ECCLES:

When you get dere wait for me!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

GREENSLADE:

On arrival at Downing Street Inspector Seagoon was horrified.

ECCLES:

Yeah. I got dere first. Ho hum.

GREENSLADE:

Number Ten Downing Street *was* missing. The area was soon alive with CID men. The Duty Constable was closely questioned.

WILLIUM:

Well, I was, er... I was, er, tied up, Inspector, an'... oh... then they gagged me with this. They got it from 10 Downing Street.

SEAGOON:

Ah. A hand towel.

WILLIUM:

Yes, they stuffed it in me mouth.

SEAGOON:

I see. These initials in the corner must mean 'Winston Churchill'.

WILLIUM:

I 'ope so.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Yes, now... ahem... your report.

WILLIUM:

Well, sir. At twelve-thirty, a monster lorry pulls up outside. Ten men jumps out an' wallops me on the 'ead. I turned round to see who it was, an' wallop, wallop on the 'ead again. As I stood up, wallop, wallop, wallop, wallop. All on me 'ead and then as I was takin' me notebook out - wallop, wallop, wallop, wallop... wallops on me 'ead all the time, I...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, but did you notice anything about these men?

WILLIUM:

Yars.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

I noticed they kept wallopin' me on the 'ead.

SEAGOON:

And to your knowledge the Prime Minister was in the house.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. When I come to, the 'ouse was gone.

SEAGOON:

The Prime Minister gone?

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

He's got to be found, quickly. Otherwise England's cigar trade is ruined!

POLICE OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Inspector? I found these laying in the road, sir.

SEAGOON:

Ah. A pair of gloves, eh?

POLICE OFFICER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

These may help us.

POLICE OFFICER:

Good.

SECOMBE:

Right, there. Oh, curse!

POLICE OFFICER:

What's up, sir?

SEAGOON:

They don't fit me.

POLICE OFFICER:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(CALLS) Bluebottle! Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me. I heard you call, my captain, I heard you call-ed me. Give your command and it will be done-ed. I will not flinch from my duties, I stand ready! Moves left, remains silent.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle? Have these gloves analysed at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It shall be done, my captain, it shall be done-ed. With all speed I go, farewell. Salutes badly, exits left.

SEAGOON:

Stout lad. Very stout lad, yes. (CALLS) Sergeant Max Geldray? See what you can make of this small blunt instrument. Exit Secombe, pursued by a cow.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought, Geldray, a lethal weapon. Report to Sandy McPherson for foreign service with Anna Neagle's Dancing Bears.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, my captain, I return. I am back, I've arrived and to prove it, I...

SEAGOON:

Sshh! Bygraves might be listening.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. These gloves have been thoroughly analysed and tested at a laboratory.

SEAGOON:

Oh. And?

BLUEBOTTLE:

And we have ascertained the exact type that they are.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! What type are they?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're the type you wear on your hands.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I am proud to here and now give you the rank of Constable, First Class.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(JOY) Oh! Constable First Cl... (STOPS) (ANGER) You rotten swine! I was already a Sergeant! Oh! You have demoted me! Oh, the disgrace! I'll just throw myself in the river... when the weather gets warmer. Oh! Farewell, cruel world! Farewell! Exits left, on workmen's tram.

SEAGOON:

He's upset about something, Sergeant. Ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Still, Inspector, while the police force have men like Bluebottle, what have they got to worry about?

SEAGOON:

Men like Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

(PROFOUNDLY) Yes. Men like Eccles.

ECCLES:

Women like Eccles, too. Ho ho, ho ho.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Eccles. What's the exact time?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's gettin' on.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Now... gather round, everyone.

OMNES:

(MURMERS)

SEAGOON:

Men... now listen, chaps. This is the position. Someone claims that they saw a large lorry with what looked like Ten Downing Street strapped to the back.

ECCLES:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes indeed, so... so we intend to set up police and military roadblocks on all main roads.

SELLERS:

Of course.

ECCLES:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

Flying Squad cars will stop all...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP FLOURISH

GRAMS:

CAR ENGINE CRUISING, FADE AND HOLD UNDER

SEAGOON:

Slow down at this corner, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right ho, my captain.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Eccles callin' Inspector Seagoon's car.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Eccles. Seagoon answering. Over.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Inspector, I think I'm on to something. I've been tailin' a car on da road for the last thirty miles and it looks suspicious.

SEAGOON:

Overtake him at once.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) But he's doin' over eighty miles an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, try and pass him.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) OK, but he's got the advantage over me.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) He's in a car, I'm runnin' behind.

SEAGOON:

You've got boots on.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Yah, I got boots...

SEAGOON:

Well, none of these silly excuses. Get that car!

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) OK. Over.

SEAGOON:

Right, now. Constable Bluebottle? How's the time going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's goin' tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

SEAGOON:

Must be the same make as mine. Mine goes tick tock, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mine does not go tick tock too. Mine goes tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

GRAMS:

BREAKING GLASS, CAR STOPS

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Ooh, ah. Ah. Ooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! I'm hitted with a brick. Someone's hitted me with a brick. Ohh. Clutches badly injured bonce. Ohhh. Ohh. Falls to floor of car, writhes in agony. Ohh. Sweat pours from brow, blood. Ohh. Face turns green, ear falls off. Ohh. Legs turn to jelly, screams, falls forward on gear lever, faints. Oh.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, are you hurt?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Hello? Callin' Inspector Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast! Hello, Eccles, what is it?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Good news, sir. I managed to stop dat car.

SEAGOON:

How?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) I threw a brick at the driver.

SEAGOON:

What? You...

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Just a minute! Just a minute! (EFFORT) Ooh! OK, I just threw another brick at the bloke in the car with him.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you idiot! You...

FX:

TEMPLE BLOCK

SEAGOON:

(PAIN) Ooh!

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Hello? Inspector Seagoon? I got his mate as well. (PAUSE) Hello? Hello?
(REALISES) Ooohhh.....!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

SELLERS:

At five in the morning there was still no news of the Missing Prime Minister or Number Ten Downing Street. Finally, the BBC, after high level consultations, decided to broadcast the following bulletin to the nation.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) Owing to frost, the swimming gala at Lord's has been postponed. In its place you can hear Twenty Questions On Ice, which has been...

BLOODNOK:

(OVER LAST WORDS) Switch that radio off, switch it off. Ohh, that's better. Ohh. Stuck out here at five in the morning in charge of a road-block. What a life! Still, duty before pleasure. Now men, I'll pay pontoons only, let's be havin' you.

OMNES:

CRIES OF 'NO, NO'

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lads, another round.

BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Not for me, Major Bloodnok. I'm skint.

BLOODNOK:

No Money? Grapple me gronkers! Get outside on guard, you bounder. How dare you play cards when you should be on duty. To your post! Quiiiiick march!

FX:

PAIR OF MARCHING BOOTS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Left, left, left, right, left. Come on! pick 'em up!

FX:

BOOTS STOP

BLOODNOK:

Now, put 'em down again.

FX:

MARCHING BOOTS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Left, left, right...

BOGG:

(CALLING) Major?

BLOODNOK:

What?

BOGG:

I've just found ten bob.

BLOODNOK:

About turn. To the card table... dismissed.

FX:

BOOTS STOP

ELLINGTON:

(WAY OFF, CALLS) Hello there!

BOGG:

(SCARED) Sir? There's somebody creepin' about outside.

BLOODNOK:

What? Quick, give me my pistol. Now my sword.

BOGG:

Here y'are.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me that rifle, lad.

BOGG:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Now me steel helmet and that hand grenade.

BOGG:

Here we are.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Private Bogg... take this stick and go and see who it is.

BOGG:

Right you are, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BOGG:

Ahem... Hello? Ahem. Hello? Anybody there? Ahem. Hello? Hello? Ahem. Anybody out there in the dark?

BLOODNOK:

Well, Bogg, is there anybody there?

BOGG:

No, sir, not a soul.

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come out and fight, you cowards! (NORMAL) You're sure there's nobody there, are you?

BOGG:

Sure, sir.

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come on, you cowards, come out of there. Come and fight. (NORMAL) That's scared 'em away. Aho. (CALLS) You've run away, haven't you.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF, CALLS) Oh, no, I ain't.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES, BANGING ON DOOR, CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING

BOGG:

(OVER, CALLS) Major! Open the door!

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) I can't, I'm in the bath!

BOGG:

(OVER BANGING, CALLS) Please let me in!

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Never!

BOGG:

(OVER BANGING, CALLS) You can 'ave this ten bob!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BOGG:

(OUT OF BREATH) Thank you, Major. I was frightened out there.

ELLINGTON:

Man, so was I!

BLOODNOK:

What? Hands up or I shoot!

ELLINGTON:

Hey, don't you point that thing at me.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry - it's not loaded, I... now, who are you and what do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Me? Oh, I just dropped off a lorry.

BLOODNOK:

You're not a spare tyre?

ELLINGTON:

No. It was a lorry with a large building strapped on the back.

BLOODNOK:

What? I must contact HQ at once. That might be Ten Downing Street on the back. Bogg, go and try and find a telephone and you... you'd better earn your dinner money.

ELLINGTON:

Well, all right.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'WOE IS ME'

GREENSLADE:

At six in the morning, Private Bogg approached a house in hopes of using the telephone. Inside, all was asleep.

FX:

CLOCK TICKING LOUDLY, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY:

(SNORING) Mnk. Dear, dear, dear, dear. Mm, Ah. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Ah, dear, dear, dear. (GRUNT)

FX:

CLOCK ALARM SOUNDS - RINGING CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY:

Oh. Oh. Oh, dear. What what, what what what? What? Oh. Drat. Diddle diddle. Mm. Alarm clock's gone off too early, I... better turn it off, I s'pose. Now where are my spectacles? I... think I put them on the mantelpiece. Mm. Just feel along. Steady does it, Mr. Crun. Oh.

FX:

OBJECT FALLS TO FLOOR

HENRY:

Ohh!

FX:

OBJECTS FALL TO FLOOR

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

HENRY:

Oh, dear, I mustn't wake Minnie up.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

HENRY:

Ah.

MINNIE:

Henry Crun?

HENRY:

(CALLS) Are you awake, Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

FX:

ALARM STOPS. CLOCK CONTINUES LOUD TICKING

HENRY:

(CALLS) Are you calling, Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) The alarm's gone, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It's stopped now, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Turn... turn it off, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It's stopped, M... the alarm...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Turn it off, Henry, it... it... I can't hear it stop...

HENRY & MINNIE:

(BOTH PAUSE,
THEN CONTINUE TOGETHER,
THEN BOTH PAUSE)

FX:

ALARM SOUNDS AGAIN AND CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) There it goes again and you didn't hear it.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It... it's stopped now, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) It's stopped now, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) No, it's started again, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) It's... started... it's stopped, Henry, no need to bother.

HENRY:

It started, I tell you.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I tell you, it stopped when...

HENRY:

(CALLS) Minnie...

HENRY & MINNIE:

(PAUSE, THEN CONTINUE AS BEFORE)

FX:

ALARM STOPS, CLOCK CONTINUES LOUD TICKING, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I know when it stopped, I... quite right. Mm.

HENRY:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Merry Christmas... what?

HENRY:

(CALLS) I... where's my spectacles, Minnie? I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) In... in... in your trousers.

HENRY:

What? I... I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) In your trousers.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

HENRY:

No, it's... who's that at the door? I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Your trousers.

BOGG:

(OFF, MUFFLED MURMURS)

HENRY:

(CALLS) Whoever you are, speak through the letter box.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Is that better?

HENRY:

Yes. Who are you?

BOGG:

I've come to ask you...

FX:

ALARM RINGS, CONINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY, MINNIE & BOGG:

(ALL TALK AT ONCE)

BOGG:

If I can use the telephone.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Rubbish. It's not the telephone, it's the alarm clock.

HENRY:

(CALLS) Minnie, there's some... there's a man at the door.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Did you hear what I said?

HENRY:

(CALLS) I didn't hear what you said, Minnie.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) I said, could we borrow your telephone?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) There it goes again, Henry. Why don't you stop it?

HENRY:

I can't see it, Minnie, I can't find my spectacles.

MINNIE:

They're in your trousers, Henry.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Hello? Can we borrow your telephone, please?

FX:

ALARM STOPS

HENRY:

(CALLS) Did you say in my trousers, Minnie?

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) No - I said, could I borrow your telephone?

HENRY:

(SCREAMS) We haven't got a telephone!

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I know we haven't got a telephone!

BOGG:

But I heard it ringin'!

HENRY:

(SCREAMS) That was the alarm clock ringing.

FX:

ALARM RINGS, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) You're right, there it is again, Henry.

HENRY:

Oh, my spectacles.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Could we borrow the telephone, please? I want to make a phone call, please. Could we borrow the telephone?

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

BLOODNOK:

Five-thirty and Bogg hasn't returned yet. Still too dark to see a thing.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING, SINGS) I travel the road, I'm comin' to oil my pledge.

BLOODNOK:

Strangle me stroggle! Who's that? Hands up!

ECCLES:

Hands up? But I...

BLOODNOK:

Hands up!

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

CRASH

BLOODNOK:

What's up?

ECCLES:

I was on a bike.

BLOODNOK:

Come near here, will you.

ECCLES:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, flourish me fabula! Who are you, you... you ragged-looking Goon?

ECCLES:

I'm... I'm a policeman.

BLOODNOK:

And I'm Marilyn Monroe.

ECCLES:

(LUST) Oohh!

BLOODNOK:

Put me down at once! Oho.

ECCLES:

Hey! You... you ain't Marilyn Monroe.

BLOODNOK:

What a bitter disappointment for us both.

ECCLES:

It's agony!

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Now, hold out your wrists.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

(OVER) Holdin' out, yep.

BLOODNOK:

Now your ankles.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

There's the ankles.

BLOODNOK:

Now your necks.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

(OVER) There's my necks.

BLOODNOK:

Now, into this hut.

FX:

WALKING WHILE DRAGGING CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Come along.

ECCLES:

(OVER CHAINS) OK.

FX:

CHAINS STOP

ECCLES:

Here. Tell me somethin'.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

Am I a prisoner?

BLOODNOK:

No, of course you're not.

ECCLES:

Then why did you put all these chains on me?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you see, this morning I lost a piece of the chain.

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLOODNOK:

But the moment I saw you...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

...I knew you were the missing link!

ECCLES:

Ohh. Thank you. Thank you.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come in. I surrender!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Eccles.

ECCLES:

Inspector.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in here?

ECCLES:

I'm havin' a good time. Ho hum.

SEAGOON:

There's no time to waste.

ECCLES:

Oh

SEAGOON:

Ten Downing Street and the PM are in France. Last reported travelling towards Paris. Follow me.

ECCLES:

Oohh.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

SELLERS:

By seven on Christmas morning, Seagoon was in France. French police supplied Flying Squad transport.

FX:

SLOW CLIP-CLOP OF COCONUT SHELLS, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ECCLES:

I'm not drivin' too fast for you fellers, am I?

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. The French police have been most uncooperative.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Very secretive.

ECCLES:

These Parisians are always tryin' to hide somethin'.

BLOODNOK:

Not at the Folies Bergeres, they're not. Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, this is not the time to think of women.

BLOODNOK:

Isn't it? Well, let me know when it is, will you? I... I can think of...

SEAGOON:

Stop the car, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Stop the cars. Ecc...

SEAGOON:

The trail leads into that wood.

ECCLES:

OK. Whoa! (PAUSE) Whoa, there. Whoa, boy, whoa. Stop. Good horse, there, good horse. Whoa, stop, boy. Whoa, whoa back. Whoa boy.

SEAGOON:

Try shouting 'stop' in French.

ECCLES:

(CALLS) Stop in French! (PAUSE) Stop in French! Stop in Chinese! Stop...

BLOODNOK:

What a big stupid lumbering idiot he is!

ECCLES:

Don't speak to da horse like dat.

BLOODNOK:

What? I was speaking to you!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

There, look! In the woods there. A house.

BLOODNOK:

Struttin' me knobkerrie with a sledge-hammer! It's Ten Downing Street!

SEAGOON:

Off the cart, together, jump!

ECCLES:

Oohh!

BLOODNOK:

Ahh!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS FADE AWAY

SEAGOON:

Are you hurt, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No. Shall I jump again? Aho ho.

SEAGOON:

Save it for the Eiffel Tower, ha ha. Bloodnok? Keep your gun ready. I'll knock.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

FRENCH MAN:

[SELLERS]

Bonjour. Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm an Inspector.

FRENCH MAN:

Oh, of course, the drains. This way, please.

SEAGOON:

Police Inspector!

FRENCH MAN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Tell us - is this place Ten Downing Street?

FRENCH MAN:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Oui? Oui what?

FRENCH MAN:

Oh, oui... er... oui... er... (SINGS) We want Muffin...

ECCLES, SEAGOON & FRENCH MAN:

(ALL SING) Muffin the Mule, we want...

SEAGOON:

Stop! You can't have him, you foreign devil.

FRENCH MAN:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

(MIMICS FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Answer me. Is this Ten Downing Street?

BLOODNOK:

Answer. Remember, this sword is loaded.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

(OVER RINGING) Eccles? Answer that phone.

ECCLES:

(OVER RINGING) Hello? Hello. Hello?

SEAGOON:

(OVER RINGING) Pick it up first, you fool!

ECCLES:

(OVER RINGING) Oh.

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP

ECCLES:

Ah. Dat's better. Hello? (PAUSE) Ooh. Ooh. Oohh. Yes, sir. OK.

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP

ECCLES:

Hey. That was the Prime Minister.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

ECCLES:

He'd been kidnapped by the French an' they've given 'im a job.

SEAGOON:

But we need him back in England.

ECCLES:

Don't worry, it's a very short job.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

ECCLES:

Prime Minister of France. Aho ho ho. Here! An' guess what?

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

He's havin' a good time!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE

SECOMBE:

And that, Mr. Man in Black, is your story.

ALEC GUINNESS:

[SELLERS]

Yes, that is the true story of the Missing Prime Minister.

SECOMBE:

Have you anything else to say?

ALEC GUINNESS:

Yes, I have.

SECOMBE:

What?

ALEC GUINNESS:

Just this.

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE

ALEC GUINNESS:

(OVER, MADNESS WARBLE) Hellppp!

GREENSLADE:

(OVER SIGNATURE TUNE) That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. Produced by Jacques Brown.

ORCHESTRA:

(SIGNATURE TUNE TO END, THEN PLAYOUT)

Notes

The “[Wallop! Wallop! Wallop!](#)” routine was also used in The Case Of The Mukkinese Battlehorn” (1956) where Dick Emery played Willium.

S4 E18 - The History of Communications

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

(OPENING MISSING)

GREENSLADE:

...Nevertheless, we shall now proceed to labour the point with:

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE

SECOMBE:

The History of Communications!

SELLERS:

Man's first communication with man was made, naturally enough, through the medium of the human voice. For instance:

TWIT:

[SECOMBE]

Hey, Fred?

MILLIGAN:

Allo.

SELLERS:

But this was only... only practicable at close quarters. For long-distance communications, man developed this method:

TWIT:

(SHOUTS) HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYY! FRREEEEEEEEEEED!

SELLERS:

Centuries past and then:

MILLIGAN:

(SHOUTS) HEEEEELLOOOOOOOOOOO!

SELLERS:

The first important method of communication over long distances was the runner.

GREENSLADE:

The most famous of these messengers was the Greek Goonican who ran 300 miles to Athens bringing news of a great victory.

GRAMS:

RUNNING, SLOWS AND STOPS

ECCLES:

(PUFFS) My lords, greetings. I come from the great warlord, Arnold Prindopoles. Three hundred leagues have I run! Over the Ionicous, down the plains of Olympus, through the snowy wastes of Sabina, across the arid deserts of Xerxes and I did swim the boiling waters of the Hellispont and over...

SECOMBE:

Yes, yes, yes, but the message?

ECCLES:

Ooh. Ooh, then I'll nip back and get it.

GREENSLADE:

In the 19th century came the innovation of the first penny post. Thus, after nearly 2000 years, finally dispensing with the runner.

ECCLES:

(OUT OF BREATH) About time, too.

SELLERS:

The first stamps issued for the penny post were only very weakly adhesive and so a new issue was made.

MILLIGAN:

Letter for you, Dai.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Hey, looks like this new glue is too strong.

MILLIGAN:

Why, boy?

SECOMBE:

There's somebody strung underneath the stamp!

MILLIGAN:

Oh?

GREENSLADE:

At first, the average Britain did not take to the penny post as it was very infrequent.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. I haven't heard a word since John left.

CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

He took my ear-trumpet.

GREENSLADE:

But, after a time, the post became universal and deliveries were made to the most outlandish spots.

SELLERS:

Such a place was the lonely Isle of Lurgi where only one family lived. To reach their house the postman had to row three miles across the straits of Lurgi and proceed on mule-back up the rugged mountain side and finally tramp for eight miles across the plateau, until...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

POSTMAN

[SECOMBE]

Mrs Jones?

MRS JONES:

[SELLERS]

Yes?

POSTMAN:

Nothing for you today!

MRS JONES:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

A few years later came the parcel post and, for the first time, people were able to send appropriate gifts to loved ones far away... (FADES)

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

MRS SMITH:

[SELLERS]

Yes?

POSTMAN:

Parcel for you, Mrs Smith, from your son-in-law.

MRS SMITH:

From 'im? Parcel?

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. RATTLING PAPER UNDER NEXT LINE

MRS SMITH:

That good-for-nothing. I wonder what he sent me.

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

And, somewhere in London, an unknown man is seated in a tiny workshop. Before him on the table, almost completed, is the greatest invention of them all - the wireless set. He looks up, weary and haggard, as his wife comes in... (FADES)

WIFE:

[SELLERS]

Darling, you'll kill yourself working like this.

MAN:

[SECOMBE]

I must go on! I must go on! Don't you understand?

WIFE:

What?

MAN:

I feel... I feel I'm nearly there.

WIFE:

Oh.

MAN:

Wireless. That's what I'll call it - wreless! Yes, Wireless! Ohoho. If only I could unravel the secret of the baffled coiled balance.

WIFE:

But darling, you must relax for a while.

MAN:

I can't.

WIFE:

Why don't you sit down with me and watch the television?

GREENSLADE:

Apart from its entertainment value, radio soon became used for a number of practical purposes. For instance, in helping to combat crime.

POLICE RADIO OPERATOR:

[SELLERS]

Hello, hello. Calling patrol car 7B. Hello? Catrolling patrol car 7B. Turn left into 52nd street. Turn left into 52nd street. Ooooouuut. Calling patrol car X2. Turn right into 52nd street. Turn right into 52nd street.

GRAMS:

CARS CRASH INTO EACH OTHER.

POLICE RADIO OPERATOR:

Calling ambulance 17.

GREENSLADE:

With the war came internal security and the problem of devising special secret methods of communication.

FX:

TAPPING ON A CUPBOARD DOOR.

AMERICAN WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Elmer? Elmer?

ELMER:

[SECOMBE]

Yeah?

AMERICAN WOMAN:

You can come out now, honey, he's gone to work.

GREENSLADE:

And so we come to modern times, when our system of communications is well-nigh perfect. When, if you wish to be heard by a person hundreds or even thousands of miles away, you merely lift up your phone and say:

SECOMBE:

(SHOUTS) HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYY! FRREEEEEEEEEEED!

MILLIGAN:

(SHOUTS) HEEEEELLOOOOOOOOOOO!

ORCHESTRA:

'INTRODUCING MAX GELDRAY' LINK

GREENSLADE:

Introducing Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

BUCKETS AND SPADES

GREENSLADE:

The Goons have felt for some time that these programmes lack colour and...

ELLINGTON:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Aaeooouugghh!

GREENSLADE:

...lack colour and drama. And so tonight we present our idea of how education should be handled on the air, under the title:

SELLERS:

For the Gools!

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND INTRO MUSIC INTO STIRRING "BRITISH EMPIRE" MUSIC INTO...

GREENSLADE:

The subject this week is history. The time: 1884. Place: The Sudan. The story: 'The Siege of Khartoum'. But, let us hear this stirring tale in the words of that immortal poet and tragedian William McGoogal.

ORCHESTRA:

MCGOONIGAL LINK

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooooooooooooooh, aaa-answer me, ooh.

'Twas in the year 1884 and in the month of June,

That Major Bloodnok and his gallant men were besieged in Khartoum.

Besieged by the Mardi's savage men, they formed a thin red line,

But the Mardi did not care at all, for he was 'Mardi-fine'.

And when the news reached England, the news of this tragic thing,

In parliament Mr Gladstone called an emergency meeting.

And ooooooooooh...

OMNES:

RHUBARBS FADING IN, UNDER:

GLADSTONE:

[SECOMBE]

Please, please! Please, please! Honourable members, please!

OMNES:

RHUBARBS STOP

GLADSTONE:

Now, are we all here? Conservatives?

MP1:

[SELLERS]

Yes.

GLADSTONE:

Aha. Socialists?

MP2:

[SELLERS]

Aha.

GLADSTONE:

Mhmm. Lib... Where's the Liberal Party?

MP3:

[ELLINGTON]

He'll be back in a minute!

GLADSTONE:

Oh. Right. Now, gentlemen, the position is serious. Australia is being overrun with rabbits. Every year the rabbits increase by millions.

SELLERS:

(GAY) Well, they've only got themselves to blame!

GLADSTONE:

Quite, quite. But that does not alter the fact that we must get rid of these rabbits.

MINNIE:

What about poor Major Bloodnok in Khartoum, eh?

GLADSTONE:

Madam, madam, he is perfectly safe.

MINNIE:

(JABBERS) By the pooh bah, yar.

GLADSTONE:

He is perfectly safe. There are no rabbits in Khartoum.

MINNIE:

I don't wish to know that.

GLADSTONE:

But Australia is overrun with them!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have an idea, my captain! How about separating the males from the females?

GLADSTONE:

We tried that but we had thousands of complaints.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who from?

GLADSTONE:

The rabbits.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I did not know that rabbits could write.

GLADSTONE:

They can't. They dictated them to the kangaroos.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. I see, yeah. Finishes speech, sits down next to lady wearing boxing glove, turns out to be Lady Astor, thank you.

GLADSTONE:

Yes, yes. Now, any questions?

MINNIE:

What about Major Bloodnok in Khartoum?

GLADSTONE:

Madam, kindly do not waste the time of this house with trivial matters when we have important business to discuss.

MINNIE:

Pooh, pooh! (CONTINUES UNDER)

GLADSTONE:

Now about these rabbits in Australia, I think we should... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

MCGOONIGAL LINK

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooh!

Yes, Gladstone spoke of rabbits,

while in a distant land,

For Bloodnok was surrounded

by a savage Arab band.

And ooh, how the battle did rage, ohhh it... (FADES)

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS AND EXPLOSIONS, UNDER:

OMNES:

GIBBERISH ARAB CALLS

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaaahhh! Aaeoouugghh! And a dash of soda.

CARSTAIRS:

[SECOMBE]

At once, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

CARSTAIRS:

Here we are.

BLOODNOK:

What?

CARSTAIRS:

How's the battle going, Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

How should I know? I've been hiding in this cupboard since it started.

CARSTAIRS:

I know, sir. Some of the officers are saying you're a coward.

BLOODNOK:

Which ones?

CARSTAIRS:

The ones hiding under the beds.

BLOODNOK:

What? Me a coward? You see these medals, lad.

CARSTAIRS:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You know what I got them for?

CARSTAIRS:

No, sir, what?

BLOODNOK:

Ten bob the lot! I'm no coward.

CARSTAIRS:

Then why are you hiding in a cupboard, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Why? Because there's no room under the bed, that's why. You can't say things like that about me.
Me, Major Bloodnok M.C.

CARSTAIRS:

M.C? I didn't know you were an M.C, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I am - listen...

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL, FOLLOWED BY SYMBOL CRASH

BLOODNOK:

Take your partners for a slooowwww fox trot!!

CARSTAIRS:

Congratulations, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Raaahh. Blast these mosquitos. Do you hear me? Ahh. Carstairs, blast those mosquitos, blast them.

CARSTAIRS:

Right, sir.

GRAMS:

SHORT PAUSE. EXPLOSION.

CARSTAIRS:

Mosquitos blasted, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BURKE:

[MILLIGAN]

Aeough! Aeough! Whaaha! Aaahh! Oh! Major Bloodnok! Oh, Major Bloodnok sir!

CARSTAIRS:

Great Scott! It's Captain Burke Snail of the Third Athlete's Foot.

BLOODNOK:

Burke Snail of the Third Athlete's Foot?

CARSTAIRS:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Doesn't it get in the way?

BURKE:

Aeough! Sir, listen, listen, sir. I've run all the way from Fort Alababa and I've come for the...

BLOODNOK:

You... you... you... you poor fellow.

BURKE:

Yes, I know, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You must be absolutely all in.

BURKE:

I am, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Here, lad, drink this.

BURKE:

Oh! (SWALLOWS) Thank you, sir...

CARSTAIRS:

Here, try a leg of this chicken.

BURKE:

(TUT TUT TUT) Thanks...

BLOODNOK:

Now swill it down with this coffee, lad.

BURKE:

(OUT OF BREATH) Thank you, sir. (FOUR PANTS) Thank you. (NORMAL) Well, goodnight, sir.

BLOODNOK:

I say, wait a minute! Haven't you forgotten something?

BURKE:

No, sir, I... I left it under the plate.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

I say, have a look will you, Carstairs?

CARSTAIRS:

Yes, sir. Oh, it's an envelope and there's a message inside.

BLOODNOK:

A message in side?

CARSTAIRS:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Curse it and I don't speak a word of Side.

GRAMS:

MORSE CODE SIGNAL UNDER:

SERGEANT:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) Major, Major Bloodnok, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Sergeant Docker?

SERGEANT:

There's a wireless message coming through from England, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Quick, take it down, man.

SERGEANT:

Right, sir.

CARSTAIRS:

I say, sir, this is marvellous. News from England after all these years.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. At last we'll know about the relief column.

GRAMS:

SIGNAL STOPS

BLOODNOK:

Well, have you got it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Well read it out, man.

SERGEANT:

Right, sir. "Arsenal 1, Sunderland 4."

BLOODNOK:

Football results? Football results at a time like this? I shall report this to her majesty Queen Victoria.

SERGEANT:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Signaller, send this message.

SERGEANT:

Yes, sir.

GRAMS:

SPED UP: MORSE CODE SIGNAL, UNDER ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA:

"BRITISH EMPIRE" TYPE MUSICAL LINK...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

PALMERSTON:

[ELLINGTON]

Your majesty!

QUEEN VICTORIA:

[SELLERS]

Yes, Lord Palmerston?

PALMERSTON:

This news has just been received from Major Bloodnok.

QUEEN VICTORIA:

Pray read it.

PALMERSTON:

"Arsenal 9, Sunderland 14"

QUEEN VICTORIA:

Herbert?

HERBERT:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, Anna?

QUEEN VICTORIA:

Check your pools!

HERBERT:

Yes, Anna.

QUEEN VICTORIA:

Is there anything else, Lord Palmerston?

PALMERSTON:

Yes, ma'am, this:

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

KISS ME AGAIN / 'S WONDERFUL

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. The part of Ray Ellington was played by Herbert Wilcox who is now appearing in 'Anna Neagle Has Two Heads'. We now continue with our educational documentary, "The Siege of Khartoum".

ORCHESTRA:

MCGOONIGAL LINK

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!

But the situation in Khartoum was getting very grave,

And was essential to send out a relief force,

Bloodnok's men for to save.

And realising that something was very much amiss,

Field-Marshal McNaaft called a conference in the Whitehall war of seats.

And oooooooooooooh...

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

McNAAFI:

[SECOMBE]

Now, gentlemen. Now, gentlemen. Are all the senior army officers here?

OMNES:

Yes. (RHUBARBS)

McNAAFI:

Splendid, splendid. (CLEARS THROAT) Now... Lieutenant Churchill, for the last time, put that cigar out.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

What? What did you say?

McNAAFI:

How many times must I tell you? Oh, I see... I see - twice. Now to business. The situation in Khartoum is grave. Bloodnok's force is completely besieged and we must send out a relief force immediately and I have here the ideal man to lead this force. (CALLS) Mr Crun!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

Aaaaah. Nga niaaa... (CONTINUES UNDER)

McNAAFI:

Ahh, Mr Crun, would you sit down?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, take a seat, Mr Crun.

McNAAFI:

Now, Mr Crun, are you familiar with camel transport and desert warfare?

MILLIGAN:

And the anti-tank precautions of the Mk II Norton Gatling gun?

McNAAFI:

And also the tactics and deployment of infantry in open and field warfare?

MILLIGAN:

And close combat?

McNAAFI:

And infiltrations?

CRUN:

Rather stand up, thank you.

McNAAFI:

Splendid. Now, any questions?

MINNIE:

Yeeeeesss!

McNAAFI:

What?

MINNIE:

What about the rabbits in Khar... (FLUFFED LINE) ...Australia?

McNAAFI:

Please, please, madam.

MINNIE:

I don't think I can...

McNAAFI:

I don't wish to know that.

MINNIE:

And neither do I.

McNAAFI:

Now, Mr Crun, have you ever worked for the government before?

CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes. You know the Royal Mint?

McNAAFI:

Yes.

CRUN:

Well, I used to drive! Ha ha!

McNAAFI:

Yes, thank you. (CLEARS THROAT) I see and have you had any experience of life in the tropics?

CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes, I have. I used to be a forestry commissioner in North Africa. I chopped down every tree in the Sahara Forest.

McNAAFI:

You mean the Sahara Desert.

CRUN:

Aah, that's what they call it now!

MILLIGAN:

Have you any idea, Mr Crun, what stores you will need for this operation?

CRUN:

Yes, yes. I've brought a list of the stores we shall need.

MILLIGAN:

Splendid. Would you care to read them out?

CRUN:

Yes, I'll read them out now.

MILLIGAN:

Good.

CRUN:

Have you got a pencil?

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

CRUN:

Right. Two thousand pairs of purple creosote bathroom socks with reinforced concrete knees and secret sliding panels.

MILLIGAN:

Absolutely vital, vital.

CRUN:

One octogenarian fruit dancer. Twelve trained Moldavian nut lions.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

CRUN:

One slightly soiled film test of Raymond Navaro.

MILLIGAN:

A must.

CRUN:

Paul Adams.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

CRUN:

One life-size statue of Jane Russell made of jelly inscribed, "It must be jelly 'cause Jane don't shake like that".

McNAAFI:

Mr Crun, you're a genius!

CRUN:

I'm a genius...

McNAAFI:

The relief force sets sail tomorrow!

MINNIE:

What about the rabbits in Australia?

ORCHESTRA:

MCGOONIGAL LINK

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!

And sailed they did the next day,

And now Major Bloodnok had no fears,

For Crun was marching to the rescue

with the third filth-muck Whitechapel fusiliers!

GRAMS:

MARCHING THROUGH SAND

OMNES:

(SINGING) 'We're soldiers of the Queen, my lad...'

TRICKLEOVSKY:

[SECOMBE]

(IRISH ACCENT) Mr Crun! Mr Crun, cease and begorrah! Will you listen to me for a minute?!

CRUN:

What is it Trickleovsky?

TRICKLEOVSKY:

We're approaching a big river!

CRUN:

Approaching a river?

TRICKLEOVSKY:

Yes! You'd better give the order to halt.

CRUN:

Yes, alright, just a minute... Company... Nya... Company...

GRAMS:

SERIES OF SPLASHES

CRUN:

Halt! Company, tread water!

ORCHESTRA:

MCGOONIGAL LINK

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!

And meanwhile in Khartoum,
the siege went on because,
Major Bloodnok fought like a tiger,
like the true British officer he was...

BLOODNOK:

(SNORING)

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Marilyn Monroe, come back to me, dear. Where are you? Where are you gone?

FX:

FURTHER KNOCKS ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What? What? Who is it? Who is it?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah... (DOPEY SINGING) It's me!

BLOODNOK:

And who are you?

ECCLES:

Um... I'm the intelligence officer. I... er... I got a message for the Major.

BLOODNOK:

A message? Oh, well, slide it under the door.

ECCLES:

OK, but it 'aint going to be easy.

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

ECCLES:

It's in my head.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Oh, alright then, come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ECCLES:

Right, there it is.

BLOODNOK:

Now, let me have a look at this. Ah... "Enemy shelling increasing"? Oh, yes, I don't think this old fort is going to stand much more shelling, you know.

ECCLES:

You're dead right, look at those nasty cracks on the wall.

BLOODNOK:

Nasty cr... Carstairs?

CARSTAIRS:

[SECOMBE]

Sir?

BLOODNOK:

Who wrote those nasty cracks on the wall?!

CARSTAIRS:

I did, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You did? Well, rub 'em off at once!

CARSTAIRS:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Now we must find out whether the... whether the Mardi intends to attack or not. Have you found out anything from the Arabs in the town here?

CARSTAIRS:

Well sir, last night I questioned the chief's daughter for four hours.

BLOODNOK:

Did she talk?

CARSTAIRS:

(CHEEKILY) I hope not.

BLOODNOK:

Lot of use that was. Eccles, I hope you did better?

ECCLES:

Ooh, yeah. I questioned her for twenty-five hours.

BLOODNOK:

What? So you know her as well!

ECCLES:

I was having a good time. You know what she said?

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

She said I bring out the maternal instinct in her.

BLOODNOK:

The maternal instinct?

ECCLES:

Yep, I remind her of her mother.

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, you're a stupid, ignorant idiot.

ECCLES:

Well I say this.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

I... I don't say much but what I do say don't make sense.

CARSTAIRS:

Major...

BLOODNOK:

...him away.

CARSTAIRS:

Major, Major, we might be able to get some news on the wireless.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid idea. Where's my batman? Ellington!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major?

CARSTAIRS:

This is your batman, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Why?

SECOMBE:

But... he's not English.

BLOODNOK:

Not English? Of course he is. I say, Ellington, you are English, aren't you?

ELLINGTON:

No, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you?

ELLINGTON:

I'm a white Russian.

BLOODNOK:

Well, you certainly had me fooled, I don't mind telling you. However, switch on the wireless set, will you, lad?

ELLINGTON:

Right sir!

RADIO:

[GREENSLADE]

...and news from reliable sources states that the Norman forces under William The Conqueror landed this morning.

BLOODNOK:

What? That...

(MISSING)

ELLINGTON:

...set major takes a long time to warm up.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, we must...

CARSTAIRS:

Major Bloodnok! The Mardi's men are advancing on us.

BLOODNOK:

What? The Mardi? We must do battle! Abdul!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Coming sir, coming. Long live Rule Britannia. Hooray for Johnny Williams. [UNCLEAR] bang, wallop, crash, bang, ten, out.

BLOODNOK:

Now strap on my sword. Cartridges. Pistol. Aaaah!

ABDUL:

There sir, how's that?

BLOODNOK:

Abdul, you look magnificent! Off you go, lad!

ABDUL:

Hooray for England, long live Battersea Dog's Home, hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Now, is the Gatling Gun working?

CARSTAIRS:

Yes sir.

BLOODNOK:

And what about the mortar?

CARSTAIRS:

Mixing it, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid. Ellington? Prepare to fire the Howitzer.

ELLINGTON:

Right sir.

BLOODNOK:

How much ammunition have you got left?

ELLINGTON:

Well, Major, I'm afraid this is gonna be the last round

BLOODNOK:

Last round? Why?

ELLINGTON:

It's closing time.

BLOODNOK:

In that case, I shall...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MARDI:

[SECOMBE]

Haahaahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!

BLOODNOK:

Who... who are you, sir?

MARDI:

Me, I am the Mardi himself. Bloodnok, your time has come. And remember, I am a prophet.

BLOODNOK:

You're a dead loss.

MARDI:

I challenge you to a duel. Swords or pistols?

BLOODNOK:

What? Neither swords nor pistols. I am an Englishman, sir, and I choose the weapons of my country.

MARDI:

Name them.

BLOODNOK:

Conkers!

MARDI:

Conkers? I, the great Mardi, would never descend to the level of fighting with Conkers.

BLOODNOK:

You refuse?

MARDI:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You coward, you! Mardi, we must settle this like men. I ask you to step outside.

MARDI:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

Quick, now he's outside, bolt the door.

ECCLES:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Phew. That got rid of him. Ha ha. Oh, I'd like to get my hands on one of those Arabs.

SECOMBE:

Which one, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Chief's daughter, she's a smashing bit of stuff.

SECOMBE:

Sir, how can you think of women in times of danger?

BLOODNOK:

You find out yourself, took me years of study. Ooh, I don't care what I say. Now it's time this relief column was getting near.

OMNES:

Hooray!!

BLOODNOK:

What's all that?

ECCLES:

It's the relief column. We're saved.

BLOODNOK:

What? Let's get outside!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

OMNES:

Hooray!!

FRED NURKE:

Alright, lads! Settle down, lads. Quiet all you men and stand to attention. Mr Crun, the leader of the relieving troops has brought us a special message from Her Majesty the Queen.

OMNES:

Hooray!!

FRED NURKE:

Alright, quiet, then. Silence for Mr Crun who will now read the message.

CRUN:

Nya. "Arsenal 1, Sunderland 4"!

OMNES:

Hooray!!

ORCHESTRA:

'MARCH OF THE GOONS'

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer: Wallace Greenslade, the programme was produced by Peter Eton.

S4 E20 - The Toothpaste Expedition

Transcribed by Helen.

BBC ANNOUNCER:

This is the BBC Home Service. We present Viscountess Genevieve Sellers, Dowager Gladys Secombe and Lady Minnie Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME FOLLOWED BY "BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY..."

GREENSLADE:

Britain has always been famous for her high standard of education and every effort is being made to maintain this standard. As the Minister Of Education remarked only the other day...

ECCLES:

Yup, I'm all for that learnin' stuff! A, B, L, Q, Z. Two and one! Ho ho! Yeah!

GREENSLADE:

To prove this, the Goons open to you the gates of England's oldest school, Rottingdean.

SELLERS:

(OLD) Yes, Rottingdean. This ancient school was built in the 16th Century by its founder, the Dean Of Murdle, whose body lies buried in the grounds. Hence the name, "Rotting Dean".

GREENSLADE:

In the classroom the old oaken desks have carved on them names of pupils who have long since become famous. Names like...

MILLIGAN:

Crippin.

SELLERS:

Jack The Ripper.

SELLERS:

Geraldo.

SECOMBE:

Then there was Dr. Arnold Fringe, the brave Headmaster who lost his life in the school fire. Heroically, he dashed through the flames into his study, picked up the phone and was last heard saying:

SELLERS:

(COCKNEY) 'ello, 'ello, Prudential? I wanna take out a fire insurance as from yesterday.

SECOMBE:

The school has ideal accommodation for its boarders - 100 luxurious bedrooms, 1 boy per bedroom.

MILLIGAN:

The other 500 sleep on the floor.

SELLERS:

In the great yard there are the school stables.

MILLIGAN:

Another 700 kip down there.

SELLERS:

This sleeping in the stables has, of course, fostered a love of riding, as the Head Master of Riding will testify.

MASTER OF RIDING:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Aye, I will that. Every morning 230 lads get astride their saddles and gallop over the downs. It's an amazing sight.

SELLERS:

Amazing? Why?

MASTER OF RIDING:

We 'aven't got any 'orses!

SELLERS:

Of course, all is not play. Let us take a look at the arithmetic class where Mr.Secombe is teaching.

SECOMBE:

Now Jones, let's see what you've got.

OMNES:

(PUPIL COUGHING IN BACKGROUND)

SECOMBE:

2, 7, 3, 8, 9. Mm-hmm. And you, Westing? Let's see – 10, 7, 3, 2, 4. Hm. Well, I've got 3 queens, Jack, 10 so you've both had it!

SELLERS:

In a modern school like Rottingdean the use of the cane as punishment has, of course, been done away with. Oh, yes, yes. The pupil is simply made to put on the Dunce's cap, stand with his back to the wall and...

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL

MILITARY VOICE:

Take aim! Fire!

FX:

GUN FIRE

VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh!

SELLERS:

The school has a magnificent carpenter's shop where the woodwork classes are held.

CARPENTRY MASTER:

[SECOMBE]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Now, lads, the next thing is to place the two pieces of wood in a vice. Now, er, you there. What is the best type of vice?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Women!

CARPENTRY MASTER:

No, no! the best type of *carpenter's* vice.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Carpenter's women!

CARPENTRY MASTER:

Good lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Thank you!

SECOMBE:

The school is equipped with a very fine gymnasium and many of the boys are keen gymnasts. You can see them any day swinging on the trapezes high up near the ceiling. This is not as dangerous as it sounds for should a boy fall he lands on the safety net.

MILLIGAN:

(APPROACHING)oooooOOOOOOOOWWWWW!

FX:

BODY FALLING ON HARD FLOOR

SECOMBE:

Which is carefully laid out on the concrete floor.

GREENSLADE:

Rottingdean is co-educational and, as in any other mixed school, little boy and girl romances tend to spring up. Always, however, under the benevolent eye of the Headmaster.

HEADMASTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh, ho ho ho hoo! Now, Smith, how old are you, lad?

SMITH:

[Sellers]

Twelve, sir.

HEADMASTER:

Errr. Well, I've heard about your little romance and in this case I... I can't really say that I approve, lad.

SMITH:

But sir, all the other boys go out with members of the opposite sex, sir.

HEADMASTER:

Yes, yes. But not... WITH MY WIFE!

SECOMBE:

The school has a fine tradition for sport and the pupils are almost fanatically persistent in their pursuit of it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, you mustn't.

GRUFF ADULT MALE VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, go on, be a sport, go on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no. No...

SECOMBE:

And in times of danger the Masters of Rottingdean were the first to don uniforms and in moments of great danger, faced by overwhelming odds, would heroically cry the old school motto:

BLUEBOTTLE:

We surrender, don't shoot, we surrender....

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC INTO "BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY" INTO END OF SKETCH MUSIC

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE INTRO MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Introducing, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, as you stand before your bathroom mirror in the morning, brushing those pearly white teeth, do you ever stop to consider where that tasty hygienic toothpaste comes from?

SECOMBE:

Do you ever think of the men who are slaving underground in the deep shafts of the toothpaste mines, hacking out the crude toothpaste ore with pick and shovel? You don't?

SELLERS:

Then, beware...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

...a world shortage is threatened. At this very moment two expeditions are searching for fresh deposits of toothpaste. The first, under Commander Burke, has gone to investigate a report that a rich lode lies beneath the sands of the Sahara.

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW DRUMS INTO "SAHARA MUSIC"

BURKE:

[SECOMBE]

Headby! Headby!

HEADBY:

[SELLERS]

Yes, Commander?

BURKE:

What's our location on the map?

HEADBY:

Just nearing the centre of the Sahara desert.

BURKE:

The middle of the Sahara, eh?

HEADBY:

Yes.

BURKE:

You sure we haven't come too far north?

HEADBY:

Oh, no, darling.

BURKE:

Right. Well, we'll.... we'll make camp here. Tell the porters to clear a place in the snow and build igloos.

HEADBY:

Right-oh, darling.

BURKE:

Oh, and they'd better make holes in the ice for fishing.

HEADBY:

Yes.

BURKE:

Brrrrr! I... I.... I've never known it so cold in the Sahara before.

JULES:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, Commander, sir?

BURKE:

Yes, Jules?

JULES:

I believe you're right, sir, we're not in the Sahara at all. We're on the ice caps near the North Pole.

BURKE:

The North Pole?

JULES:

Yes.

BURKE:

That means we're 24,000 miles off our course

JULES:

Gad!

BURKE:

However did that happen?

JULES:

I think our compass was faulty, sir.

BURKE:

That compass I gave you, faulty?

JULES:

Yes.

BURKE:

I can't understand it, it was a perfectly good Christmas cracker I got it out of.

JULES:

I know.

BURKE:

AND there was a printed guarantee with it.

JULES:

What?

BURKE:

Look... look, here it is, it says, "Q: When is a door not a door? A: When it's ajar." A guarantee like that cannot easily be dismissed.

JULES:

I agree, sir.

BURKE:

And besides, Sir Flatly Borman and Captain Thund also used a compass like this on their polar expedition.

JULES:

Oh, really? And what did they have to say about them?

BURKE:

We don't know, they... never came back.

JULES:

But sir, this is absolutely terrible – look! The ice is melting, we shall be marooned. How are we going to get back to England? I....

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN SOUNDS

BURKE:

What was that?

JULES:

It's a ship, sir. Look! A ship crowded with people!

BURKE:

You're right! (CALLS) Ahoy, there! Who are you?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

[SELLERS]

The Woolwich free ferry, who are you?

BURKE:

An expedition. We were heading for the Sahara desert.

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Oh, ho! You bought a box o' them Christmas crackers, too, did ya?

BURKE:

Yes. But can you take us back to England?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Got any tickets?

BURKE:

No, where can we get them?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

From the feller on Woolwich pier. Ask for Charlie.

BURKE:

Right! I won't be a moment. Hold my coat will you, Jules.

JULES:

Right.

BURKE:

Thank you. And my collar and tie.

JULES:

There you are, sir.

BURKE:

Right.

JULES:

Good luck, sir.

BURKE:

Thank you. 1.. 2... 3...

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

Three years later.

FERRY CAPTAIN:

I'm tellin' yer, if 'e ain't back in the next 10 minutes I'm not waitin' no longer. My dinner will be stone cold.

JULES:

Yes but look... wait! Look! Here he comes now, swimming strongly.

BURKE:

Give me a... give me a hand out, will you? Hurhhh... thank you, Jules.

JULES:

Alright, sir. Did you get the tickets off Charlie.

BURKE:

No.

JULES:

Why not, sir?

BURKE:

He was at lunch.

JULES:

Curse!

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Never mind. On board, everybody. Full steam aheeeead.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN BLOWS.

ORCHESTRA:

"OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE" INTO SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, the other expedition, a rather more efficient group which is searching for the lode of toothpaste believed to be in the Artic region has already covered nearly a thousand miles of their journey to the North Pole.

GRAMS:

NATIVE MUSIC, DRUMS AND SINGING

BARTON:

[SELLERS]

Jock? Snowy?

GREENSLADE:

So that's what happened to them.

SNOWY:

[MILLIGAN]

Here we are, Mr.Barton.

JOCK:

[SECOMBE]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Right behind you, Mr.Barton.

BARTON:

Good, keep moving. Jove, I've never known it so hot at the North Pole before. Blast these mosquitoes.

JOCK:

I don't understand it, sir. All these burning sands.

SNOWY:

And these date palms.

BARTON:

And the camels.

JOCK:

And the pyramids.

SNOWY:

And the river they told us is called The Nile.

BARTON:

And the huge Sphinx carved from stone.

JOCK:

And that monument to Cleopatra.

SNOWY:

And them men diggin' for Tutankhamun's tomb.

BARTON:

Yes, I wonder where we are?

SNOWY:

Yes, I wonder.

GREENSLADE:

(SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) They are in Egypt. They are in Egypt.

SNOWY:

Do you know, Mr.Barton. I don't think we're anywhere near the North Pole.

BARTON:

What? Are you mad, man? Pass me that compass, Jock.

JOCK:

I can't find it, sir.

BARTON:

Oh, well, never mind, get another one.

JOCK:

Right. Snowy? You hold the other end and pull.

SNOWY:

Right.

FX:

CHRISTMAS CRACKER SNAP.

JOCK:

Ah. So, let's see. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

JOCK:

Mr.Barton.

BARTON:

Yes?

JOCK:

The phone's ringing.

BARTON:

Well?

JOCK:

Well, we haven't *got* a phone.

BARTON:

In that case don't answer it, it's probably a trick.

JOCK:

Sir, I... I think I'd better, sir.

FX:

PHONE BEING PICKED UP.

JOCK:

Hello?

ECCLES:

April fool! Oh, ho ho!

BARTON:

April fool? Great jumping jehosophat! You see, it *was* a trick!

JOCK:

What do you mean, sir?

BARTON:

Well, it's December, you idiot.

SNOWY:

Don't be [UNCLEAR] Mr.Barton, there's no sense standin' here and dyin' of starvation and thirst.

BARTON:

You're quite right, come on, lads. Oh, we're lost!

SNOWY:

Lost!

BARTON:

Lost!

SNOWY:

Oh!

BARTON:

Lost under the burning sand in the middle of the desert with no sign of human life for over a thousand...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

BARTON:

Jock? Answer the door, will you? If it's the milkman, tell him we'll pay him next week.

JOCK:

Very well, Mr.Barton.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

JOCK:

Yes, sir. OK.

BARTON:

What?

JOCK:

It's a fierce lookin' native tribesman!

BARTON:

What? Quick, hand me my violin.

SNOWY:

Here you are, sir.

BARTON:

Now my bow.

SNOWY:

Right.

BARTON:

Now my arrows.

SNOWY:

Right.

BARTON:

Now, you native devil – hands up!

ELLINGTON:

Ohhh, I come in peace, sir. You white men lost in desert here?

BARTON:

Well, what of it?

ELLINGTON:

My master, the great Raj Tardeechay, he send me here to guide you safely back to your own country.

BARTON:

That's very decent of him. Anything we can do in return for this... this great Raj Tardeechay ?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, white man. You can join me in singing the praises of my master.

BARTON:

Right.

ELLINGTON:

Ready? One, two.

ORCHESTRA:

BONGOES START

ELLINGTON:

(SINGS) I've been and gone from rags to richeeeees,

OMNES:

(JOINS IN WITH SONG AND FADES ON THIRD LINE)

GREENSLADE:

And there the matter rests for present. Both the expeditions returned safely but they failed to find any fresh lodes of toothpaste.

SELLERS:

Indeed, the world shortage of toothpaste grows more acute every hour. Already, even in the BBC, people's teeth are becoming weak and unstable and they are likely to drop out at....

FX:

TEETH FALLING OUT.

SELLERS:

(TOOTHLESS) ...any moment of the day. Then.. mnk... nahh.. (ALMOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE) We now... have the pleasure..... to present to you..... (VOICE MORPHS INTO HENRY CRUN) Ray Ellington... and his quartet!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

GREENSLADE:

This week marks the close of the annual Canadian moose hunting season. From New Brunswick to Alaska, hunters gather for the sport of moose calling. Among those who have hit the trail this year is that eminent sportsman, Mr. Henry Crun. On entering the hunting area his first visit was to the local equipment store.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP DOOR BELL RINGS.

SECOMBE:

(TEXAS ACCENT) Ah, mornin' stranger. Sam Secombe's the name. (SPITS) What can I do for yer?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnmmm..l.. ermmm... I want.. mnmmm...

SECOMBE:

Sorry, ain't got none o' them left.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, no, no. I'm going moose hunting and I want to buy a gun.

SECOMBE:

Here, try this one. Made in England.

HENRY CRUN:

In England? Haven't you anything less expensive?

SECOMBE:

Less expensive? Sure, how about a packet of cigarettes, 30 cents.

HENRY CRUN:

You silly man, you can't kill a moose with cigarettes.

SECOMBE:

With this brand you can! (LAUGHS AND COUGHS) Anyway, what do you want to go huntin' moose fer?

HENRY CRUN:

Because I want a pair of antlers for a hat stand, that's why.

SECOMBE:

If that's all you want that indian over there will sell you a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, I think I know his tribe. I say, my dear man? Are you a Black Foot Indian?

ELLINGTON:

Are you kiddin'? If white man want antlers, I got 'em. Ten dollars a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars.

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Do me a favour!

SECOMBE:

Ok.

ELLINGTON:

Huh?

SECOMBE:

OK, that's enough, that's enough. I got all the equipment you need, Mr.Crun. But you want someone to help you carry it.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, don't worry, I left my friend Eccles outside, he was taking the car to the garage to have the brakes mended. He should be back any moment.

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHING

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Listen....

GRAMS:

CAR GETS NEARER THEN CRASHES

ECCLES:

The garage was closed! Ah, ho ho!

HENRY CRUN:

Never mind, never mind, Eccles. Are you ready for the moose hunt?

ECCLES:

Ooh, yeah, I'm ready, ready!

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good.

ECCLES:

Bang! Bang, bang! Down goes a moose. Bang! Bang! There goes another one. Take aim, fire, bang! Bang! Bang! Down they go. Ho! Havin' a good time. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bangbangbang! Click! Click! Click! Click! Click! Oooh!

SECOMBE:

What's up?

ECCLES:

No bullets. Oh, ho ho!

SECOMBE:

Ok, I'll sell you some. Twenty dollars.

ECCLES:

Oh, but, ah, I was only pretending to shoot, you know, I...

SECOMBE:

Ok, I'll sell you some pretendin' bullets. Here y'are. That'll be twenty dollars.

ECCLES:

Ok, here's fifty pretendin' dollars, but I want thirty dollars real change.

SECOMBE:

You want real change? Why?

ECCLES:

I've stopped pretendin'. Oh, ho ho! Ahum!

HENRY CRUN:

Come, come, come.

ECCLES:

What? Havin' a good time.

HENRY CRUN:

Let's start getting our hunting kit together.

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes. Now, see.. er... first, you need snow shoes. Thirty dollars a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Isn't that expensive?

SECOMBE:

(WHISPERING) Oh, no, no, no. Very cheap.

HENRY CRUN:

What are you whispering for?

SECOMBE:

I don't want the other customers hear me over chargin' yer.

ECCLES:

Hey! What... what's this thing?

SECOMBE:

Oh, you'll need one o' them.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SECOMBE:

That's a moose horn. It attracts any moose in the area. (LAUGHS) When yer blow it, the moose answers back. I'll blow it and show you.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you.

FX:

MOOSE HORN BLOWING. PHONE RINGS.

SECOMBE:

Hello?

FX:

MOOSE HORN BEING BLOWN DOWN A PHONE.

SECOMBE:

Y'see?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, what a very clever moose answering the phone.

SECOMBE:

He's cleverer than ya think.

HENRY CRUN:

Why?

SECOMBE:

He reversed the charges!

HENRY CRUN:

Never heard of a moose doing a reverse charge. What does he do, take his antlers off and put them on the other end? Very nasty, my dear sir.

ELLINGTON:

For ten dollars he can have antlers *both* ends.

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars.

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars!

ELLINGTON:

Ten! Ten! Ten! Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

I said five dollars.

SECOMBE:

Hey, come on, come on. Let's load the car up and get away from Ellington. I'll come with you.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, alright.

ORCHESTRA:

HAPPY, CHIRPY, SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Fully equipped at last and with new brakes, the intrepid party set off in the heavily laden car, Eccles at the wheel.

ORCHESTRA:

HAPPY, CHIRPY, SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

ECCLES:

Ohhh! I've had enough of drivin' this car, my arms are achin'.

HENRY CRUN:

But you've driven a car before?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but not from the back seat.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, well, never mind, we'll soon be there.

SECOMBE:

Heyyyy, mighty purdy country round here. Purdy houses as well.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes. Look at that one ahead, Eccles. Isn't that a nice house from the outside.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GRAMS:

CAR CRASHES.

ECCLES:

And the inside!

HENRY CRUN:

Did you.... did you see that fellow in the bath reaching for a towel?

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Would you mind turning back so I can get it?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Specially sorry, sir. Eccles, stop the car.

ECCLES:

Ok, but hold tight!

GRAMS:

CAR SKIDS AND CRASHES AGAIN.

LONG PAUSE

ECCLES:

Hey, those are strong brakes, ain't they? (OFF) Let's get 'im again.

SECOMBE:

No need to get 'im again, partner, the car's broke down. We better proceed on foot.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, but what about all this heavy baggage?

SECOMBE:

Oh, we'll have to carry, that's all. Right now, everybody pick up somethin'.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ooooh!

SECOMBE:

Hey, hey... hey Crun?

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SECOMBE:

You ain't carryin' nuthin'.

HENRY CRUN:

Well I'm... so old, you know.

SECOMBE:

Never mind about that, get this on yer head. Now... (STRAINS) you got it?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, ooooh... yes sir, I've got it. Oh, dear...

SECOMBE:

Steady, eh now, ok?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Dear, dear, I never knew a car could be so heavy.

ECCLES:

Will it help if I get out?

HENRY CRUN:

No, you'd better stay up there, Eccles, somebody's got to steer, you know.

SECOMBE:

Well, it ain't much further now. Ok, forwaaaaarrd..... halt! Ok, we're here. Told you it wasn't far!
(LAUGHS) Ok, now. This is moose territory.

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SECOMBE:

So, you gotta be quiet.

HENRY CRUN:

You mean, they don't like...

SECOMBE:

Shhh!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

SECOMBE:

You'll frighten them away. They don't like noises.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't they? What kind of noises?

SECOMBE:

Noises like, eh..... (SHOUTS) HELLOOOO THEEEEERRRREEEE..... YOOOOWWWW... BAAAANNNGGG...
(WHISPERS) Noises like that, they don't like.

HENRY CRUN:

But you just made a...

SECOMBE:

Shhh!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SECOMBE:

You'll frighten them away.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

A moose can hear a pin drop.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes I know, but you just shouted very loud and...

SECOMBE:

Oh, they can't hear that, they can only hear pins droppin'.

HENRY CRUN:

All most confusing, most confusing, I... Wait! Wait! Oh, look! Look! There's someone behind that bush! Hand me my gun, horn toad.

SECOMBE:

Steady now. Hey! Hey! You behind that bush! Come out! Heh, heh, thought so, it's a man. What are you doing behind that bush?

GREENSLADE:

I was looking for a towel.

ECCLES:

Oh. We thought you were a bear.

GREENSLADE:

(FUMING) In a sense, I am.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, let's get on with the moose hunt and... the moose hunt, I mean. I must get a pair of antlers for a hat stand, I must get them. Hand me that moose call horn.

SECOMBE:

Here y'are.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you. Now I shall blow it and try and attract a moose.

FX:

MOOSE HORN BLOWS. ANOTHER MOOSE HORN SOUNDS FAINTLY IN THE DISTANCE.

HENRY CRUN:

There! It came from behind that tree. I'm gonna have a shot at it. Right – NOW!

FX:

GUN BANG.

HENRY CRUN:

Gottim! I got one!

SECOMBE:

You got a moose?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I got one of those hunters blowing one of their moose horns!

ECCLES:

Hey! Can I get out of the car now?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

CAR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

FX:

ECCLES FALLS DOWN.

ECCLES:

Oh-ooooohhh. Ooooooh, oooo-oooh....

HENRY CRUN:

Well, now you're down here Eccles, help me get this car off my head. I forgot all about you...

SECOMBE:

Ho hup! There's a moose over there. Give me the gun.

HENRY CRUN:

Shoot, Secombe, shoot!

FX:

BANG!

ECCLES:

Ok, I've shot Secombe, what now?

HENRY CRUN:

You stupid horn toad! I missed the moose. Give me the gun. (WHISPERING) Sh! There it is, behind the bush.

ECCLES:

Oh, yah! Look at them big antlers, make a good hat stand.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Quick now... fire!

FX:

BANG!

HENRY CRUN:

Got 'im! He's down!

SECOMBE:

Hey, that's funny, don't look like a moose now. Looks more like a man carryin' antlers.

HENRY CRUN:

Nonsense, nonsense, it's moving. Finish it off!

FX:

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

HENRY CRUN:

I WANT those antlers! I must have those antlers!

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Ok, you win! Five dollars!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

S4 E23 - The Greatest Mountain in the World

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

ORCHESTRA:

'ONLY A ROSE'

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

[SELLERS]

(SINGS) I bring along, a smile and a song, for anyooooonnnnnnnne...

SECOMBE:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, it's song time with Webster Smogpule.

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(SINGS) Only a rose, for youuuu...

GREENSLADE:

Once again welcome to 'Your Song Parade'. Half an hour of glorious musical boredom with songs that your mother loved and everyone else hated.

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(IRISH ACCENT) Thank you, Dennis Main. Tonight I am includin' in my repertoire Schubert's violin sonata, guest soloist Billy 'uke' Scott. And now, request spot. My first request comes from Jack Blonger, a two-headed Mongolian criminal tram driver who is under treatment for the dreaded emulsion of the legs and the green lurgi. Cheer up Jack, I'm alright. And here is your song and it's called... (SINGS)

One alone, to be my own, alone my love, to find your caressing songs divine and you are mine, I wonder how my love...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY METAL HITTING GROUND

GREENSLADE:

We regret to announce the sudden death of the well-known BBC tenor... the well-known BBC tenor Webster Smogpule. The programme and the death were recorded. The next programme follows in one second.

SEAGOON:

Here is the next programme.

SELLERS:

With Patrick Sellers, Isaac Secombe and Tom Milligan we present:

SEAGOON:

The Greatest Mountain in the World, or...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

I knew Fred Crute, or...

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Greatest Mountain in the World!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION

GREENSLADE:

This story opens in the basement of a disused fish-squirting factory. There, during a meeting being held by the Royal Geographical and Archaeological Society, a member is concluding his speech...
(FADES)

SIR MORTIMER:

[MILLIGAN]

(FADE IN) He's got one digging, one covering up and one looking for fresh places. And that's how King Tutankamun's Tomb was discovered, I thank you.

SELLERS:

Thank you, Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

SIR MORTIMER:

I don't wish to know that.

SELLERS:

And now pray silence for the right and left honourable Sir Hairy Seagoon, President of the Yong-Tid-Tiddle-I-Po, Honorary Parole Prisoner and twice winner of the Dartmoor Escape Medal.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, gentlemen. Members, in view of Sir Edmund Hilary and Tiger Tenzing's great achievement last year, I have decided to go one better. I intend to climb the highest mountain in the world.

SELLERS:

(POLITICIAN VOICE) But it's already been climbed.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha, haaa. You're thinking of the one Hilary and Tenzing climbed. Well now, I have news for you.

ECCLES:

Ooh?

SEAGOON:

I have discovered a higher one.

SELLERS:

What is its name?

SEAGOON:

Well, I can't keep this mountain a secret for ever, it's bound to leak out eventually. I'll tell and you're the first men to hear it. It's called (DRAMATIC VOICE) Mount Everest!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon, pardon sir. But the mountain has already been climbed, hooray.

SEAGOON:

Climbed? Climbed? By whom?

ABDUL:

Hilary and Tenzing. Hooray.

LAKAGEE:

My goodness, man.

SEAGOON:

So, they've climbed Mount Everest as well. What a dirty trick! Never mind, I'll not be defeated by this dishonest stratagem. I will find a higher mountain.

POLITICIAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(LAUGHS WILDLY PRONOUNCING EACH LAUGH INDIVIDUALLY) And where are we going to find this higher mountain?

SEAGOON:

Where? Well, er... I... er...

ELLINGTON:

Boss, boss.

SEAGOON:

What Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

Why don't we build a higher mountain?

SEAGOON:

Build our own mountain?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

What rubbish, get out!

GRAMS:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Has he gone?

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Gentlemen, I have a brilliant idea. Why don't we build our own mountain?

MINNIE:

Bravo, buddy. Yeah, buddy!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, buddy.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Now where... where will we build this mountain?

CRUN:

(INCOHERENT UMMMMMS)

SEAGOON:

Yes, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

I think we should build it in Hyde Park.

SEAGOON:

Why Hyde Park?

CRUN:

Well, it's handy for the buses and shops.

SEAGOON:

Hyde, er... yes... Hyde Park... er... ummm... Any objections?

McGOONIGAL:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh, yes! If we build this mountain on England, England would sink under the weight.

SEAGOON:

Sink? In that case, this mountain would be invaluable. People could climb up the side and save themselves from drowning.

McGOONIGAL:

Mercy, you're right. Hurry and build it, before we all drown!

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Who will second Mr. Crun's idea?

CRUN:

I will.

SEAGOON:

Anyone else?

CRUN:

Yes, me.

SEAGOON:

Excellent. Mr. Crun, your idea has won support.

CRUN:

I thank them. (SINGS) I walk in the shadow.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I can see that. On Monday, then, we start clearing Hyde Park. Failing that, we'll start on Monday. If not, in Hyde Park on Monday. Meeting adjourned.

ORCHESTRA:

(DRAMATIC LINK)

GRAMS:

(BULLDOZER SOUNDS)

GREENSLADE:

Work began and a great area in the park was cleared. The method was very simple: one digging, one filling in and one looking for fresh places.

SEAGOON:

Foreman Scrumply!

SCRUMPLY:

[SELLERS]

(JOVIAL LAUGHTER, COUNTRY FARM FASHION)

SEAGOON:

Glad to hear it. Now, did you drain the water from the Serpentine?

SCRUMPLY:

Arrrr, an' we filled it in with solid concrete.

SEAGOON:

Concrete, good. That's very good!

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, de dum de dum de dum, be my love, then would your kisses set me burning, oh, what a beautiful morning...

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing?

ECCLES:

Having a good time. Oho ho!

SEAGOON:

Having a good time? How did you get that lump on your head?

ECCLES:

I just dived in the Serpentine.

SEAGOON:

Dived in? Didn't you know it was solid concrete?

ECCLES:

No, but I know now. In any case, I wouldn't dare dive in a pool with water in it.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

Can't swim.

CRUN:

Oh, hello Lord Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Hello.

CRUN:

Look, look what I've got in this little box.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's a little lump.

CRUN:

Yes, a lump. I'll put it on the ground, there. Now, I'm going to make a mountain out of that.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

CRUN:

(LAUGHING) A mole-hill!

(ECCLES AND SEAGOON JOIN IN LAUGHTER)

GRAMS:

LORRY NOISES

ELLINGTON:

Anyone about here?

CRUN:

Yes, us.

ELLINGTON:

What are you three laying down for?

CRUN:

A very good reason.

ELLINGTON:

What's that?

CRUN:

You just ran over us.

ELLINGTON:

Er... are you Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Only just.

ELLINGTON:

Well, this parcel on my lorry is for you.

CRUN:

Oh. That will be the mole for my mole-hill. Come on, help me lift it down.

FX:

BOX BEING MOVED, CRUN AND ECCLES STRUGGLE WITH IT

ECCLES:

I got the old belt on. Good luck! Ooh!

CRUN:

Good grief, it weighs a ton. Now, let's get the string cut. Eccles, the scissors.

ECCLES:

Okay, here we go.

FX:

STRING BEING CUT BEHIND ECCLES SPEAKING

ECCLES:

Oh, de dum de dum de dum, a snip there, a snip there and a bit there and a bit there and a bit there and a bit there and one there. How's that?

CRUN:

Very good, but I didn't want a haircut!

FX:

BOX BEING OPENED

SEAGOON:

Ah, here he is. The mole.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, look at him. He must be hungry.

CRUN:

Yes. Here boy, here's a nice worm for you.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Thanks, any more?

SEAGOON:

You idiot, Eccles. That was for the mole ya...

GRAMS:

LION ROARS

SEAGOON:

I say, are you... are you sure he's a mole?

CRUN:

Of course he's a mole. Look, here's the letter: "With Love to our dear British friends from your pals, the Egyptians". There!

SEAGOON:

Hmmm.

GRAMS:

LION ROARS

CRUN:

If you don't believe me, read the label around its neck as proof.

SEAGOON:

Alright, yes. It says: "L. I. O. N.". Mm. "L. I. O. N."? Mole? "L. I. O..."

CRUN:

Well, what does it say?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS IN FEAR FROM A FAR DISTANCE) Lion! It's a lion!

CRUN:

Oh, you silly man, you. Ellington, do you think it's a lion?

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTS IN FEAR FROM A FAR DISTANCE) Yes!

GRAMS:

(LION ROARS DURING FOLLOWING SPEECHES)

CRUN:

Ahhhhhhh!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooooh.

CRUN:

Nice pussy! Pussy, puss, puss! Pussy, wussy, puss, puss! Here pussy, eat this, it's all for you.

ECCLES:

Put me down! Help!

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE

GREENSLADE:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, end of Part One. Ices, chocolates and Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

'CARNIVALITE'

SELLERS:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, part Two. Now, read on.

GREENSLADE:

Having escaped from the lion, work went ahead on building the mountain. Then, when it had reached a height of ten thousand feet, disaster. At midnight, Crun was awakened.

FRED BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, is this your mountain, sir?

CRUN:

Yes, I am part owner of it.

FRED BOGG:

It'll have to come down, you know.

CRUN:

What?

FRED BOGG:

It'll have to come down. It'll have to be dismantled.

CRUN:

But... what... who are you?

FRED BOGG:

Sex: Male. Name: Bogg F. Superintendent, Ministry of Works and Housing, section 9: "No mountain weighing more than 8 pounds 10 ounces and measuring more than 20 feet may be built within a radius of Nelson's Column."

CRUN:

What are you going to do?

FRED BOGG:

Well, I'll just put these little sticks at the base of the mountain and light the fuses, so.

FX:

MATCH BEING LIT

CRUN:

Is that all?

FRED BOGG:

Yes, that's all, thank you. Well, I'd better be going now.

CRUN:

Well, goodnight and a Merry Christmas.

FRED BOGG:

Thank you and a Happy New Year to you.

CRUN:

What a nice fellow. Now, what are these two red sticks he's stuck in here? Mm? Oh, there's writing on them. Er.... Aaaaaaaaah! Dynamite! Heeeeelp! Heeeeelp! (FADES AWAY INTO DISTANCE)

GRAMS:

(DYNAMITE FUSE SIZZLING)

ECCLES:

Hello? Hello ho ho ho? Did I hear someone calling? (SNIFFS) Hmmm, something burning around here. Oooh, what a bit of luck! Two big cigars and they're both lit. Hmmm, let me see, what brand are they, now? TNT brand. Hmmm, must be a new make. I'll take a puff on one. (SUCKS) Hmmm!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Ummm, strong! I'd better nip the other one out and save it for later.

CRUN:

Ahhh! The mountain's all gone! Ooooooh, Ellington!

ECCLES:

I ain't Ellington.

CRUN:

Hmmm? Oh, no, you're not. Yours wipes off.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

Oh, it's Eccles! You're Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeahh, oh, pleased to meet you, Eccles.

CRUN:

But the mountain, blown to pieces!

SEAGOON:

Oh, what's happened? Where's my mountain?

CRUN:

Gone! Destroyed! Smashed to pieces by the Ministry of Works.

SEAGOON:

We'll call an immediate meeting of the Royal Alpine Society.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK AND ALPINE SOCIETY THEME TUNE

LORD ELPUS:

[MILLIGAN]

(INCOHERENT SPEECH, SUCH PHRASES AS "I HAVE NEVER... HAVE NOT THE TIME...")

OMNES:

Bravo! Bravo! Hear! Hear!

SEAGOON:

Well gentlemen, Lord Elpus has made it quite clear. We have no option. We have to start building another mountain in another country. I therefore call upon Major Bloodnok for advice.

BLOODNOK:

Ah Ha Ha! Ha Ha Ha! (GRUNT)S Ha Ha Ha! And other disgusting noises! Gentlemen, I have the answer to this problem.

MINNIE:

Bravo, buddy!

BLOODNOK:

Silence, Miss Bannister, or I'll muggle your crampons with me griff club.

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Now to biz. Mount Everest. It's 5 miles high, isn't it? Yes?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

But it measures 12 miles across the bottom.

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLOODNOK:

Well? All we need to do is tip Mount Everest on its side and we'll have a mountain 12 miles high.

SEAGOON:

How do you intend tipping Mount Everest on its side?

BLOODNOK:

Well, isn't it obvious?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

(SHORT PAUSE) Then I have another idea. Why don't we saw the top off Everest, insert a portion of some other mountain underneath, thus raising Everest another hundred feet.

SEAGOON:

Uuuuum, no. That would be cheating and against the International Alpine law.

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen.

SELLERS:

Ooooooh! Might I interpose? (HARRY DOES A RASPBERRY) Thank you. I know of a mountain that is *higher* than Mount Everest.

ECCLES:

Ooooooooh!

SEAGOON:

Well said, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Thank you.

SELLERS:

This mountain is 33,000 feet high.

SEAGOON:

And it's name?

SELLERS:

Fred. Mount Fred. There is, however, one snag. It is under the sea, 300 kilguri fathoms down.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's worth a try. Hands up those in favour. Well now, gentlemen, it is decided we sail on an expedition ship to locate the sunken mountain. Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

(LANGUID POSH) Er, yes, dear boy?

SEAGOON:

Clear the decks.

ELLINGTON:

At your leisure.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I GOT A GIRL IN KALAMAZOO'

SELLERS:

The Mighty Mountain, part three. Read on.

SEAGOON:

We fitted out a magnificent expedition vessel. To make the ship safe, we sent it by boat. And soon we hove to above the mighty Mount Fred.

GRAMS:

OARS IN WATER

CRUN:

Lower the anchor.

ECCLES:

Okay.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

CRUN:

Shouldn't it have had a chain attached to it?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. But it couldn't have been a very good anchor.

CRUN:

Why not?

ECCLES:

It sank, didn't it?

GREENSLADE:

Ah, Major, sir. Your secret deep sea observation bathosphere, the X9, is ready to be lowered over the side.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I'm afraid we can't use it. You see, there's a slight technical fault.

GREENSLADE:

What's that?

BLOODNOK:

The whole thing's useless. However I found another method of making forced meat balls.

SEAGOON:

Forced meat balls?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, we have not come 6,000 miles out here with all this ultra-modern submarine equipment and diving apparatus equipped for deep sea mountain climbing to make forced meat balls.

BLOODNOK:

And why not?

SEAGOON:

Because we've come to climb the highest undersea mountain in the world.

BLOODNOK:

Slice me dongler and hell me iron thudders! What blasted idiot thought of that?

SEAGOON:

You did, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What a brilliant idea!

ELLINGTON:

Er, may I interrupt you for a second?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, what do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Nothing, I just want to interrupt.

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here, you naughty little boy, you!

SEAGOON:

Major?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you naughty little thing!

SEAGOON:

Mage?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

According to our calculations we're almost above Mount Fred.

BLOODNOK:

Then... action!

OMNES:

MUMBLES AND TALKS AMONGST THEMSELVES.

BLOODNOK:

Men, to climb this under water giant we shall need the following: Alpine stocks, skis, rope, crampons, crevices, grappling irons and tents.

SEAGOON:

Tents? But this climb is under water!

BLOODNOK:

Thud me, you're right! Include umbrellas, raincoats and Miss Myrtle Penelope Dimple.

SEAGOON:

What's she for?

BLOODNOK:

I *like* the woman.

SEAGOON:

How are we going to carry all the heavy equipment?

BLOODNOK:

Camels.

SEAGOON:

Camels? Camels live under water? That's mad!

BLOODNOK:

Of course, only mad camels could live under water. We're in condition tonight. Do you think I'm crazy?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

What a splendid judge of character this fellow is. Now, what next? Ah! Yes! Provisions. Most important, paraffin cookers for cooking paraffin.

SEAGOON:

You can't cook under water.

BLOODNOK:

Of course not, we shall surface for all meals, you understand. And now, how far is it to the base of the mountain? Er, get ready all you climbers!

MILLIGAN:

(GURGLES)

SEAGOON:

Er... how do you intend getting down to the mountain.

BLOODNOK:

Quite simple: one digging, one filling in and one - no, no, no, I mean, er, I mean my famous fireman system. We lower a greasy pole over the ship's side and we all slide down to the mountain top and plant the British flag.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Hooray.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. That will never do.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

That would be a foul. You can't climb down to get to the top of a mountain. The International Alpine Club state categorically that all mountains must be climbed up to get to the top.

BLOODNOK:

Flood me cistern with galloping crabs! You mean we've got to climb to the bottom and then climb up again?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) Thud. How far is it to the very bottom?

SEAGOON:

Approximately 3 miles. To be exact - 3 miles.

BLOODNOK:

Much too far to walk. Everybody in the car, we'll drive down. Ellington, away we go.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS AND ZOOMS AWAY FOLLOWED BY SPLASH AND BUBBLING

GREENSLADE:

To enable the story of the underwater epic to be continued, the BBC have installed microphones at the base camp of Mount Fred on the North Col and at the summit. Now, read on.

MINNIE:

Bravo!

GRAMS:

CAR RUNNING SMOOTHLY AS BLOODNOK SPEAKS

BLOODNOK:

Stop the car!

GRAMS:

CAR BRAKES AS CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT

BLOODNOK:

We're lost, lost! Lord Seagoon, ask a native where we are.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir. I'll knock on this oyster.

FX:

KNOCKING FOLLOWED BY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

GRAMS:

OYSTER OPENS LIKE A RUSTY DOOR

MINNIE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Oh. Is Pearl in?

MINNIE:

No, no, no. Pearl isn't in, but I'm her mother.

SEAGOON:

Of course, you must be Mother of Pearl! (MINNIE AND SEAGOON LAUGH) Mother of Pearl!
(CONTINUES TO LAUGH)

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, that's it, yes, yes. What do you want, buddy?

SEAGOON:

Could you direct me to Mount Fred?

MINNIE:

I'm a stranger down here buddy.

SEAGOON:

You'll regret this, buddy, (MINNIE ARGUES DURING THIS SPEECH) you can't trifle with the British Empire buddy... (BOTH GO ON ARGUING ENDING EACH SENTENCE WITH 'BUDDY')

BLOODNOK:

Come on, Seagoon, stop arguing, don't argue. Get in. Drive on, Ray.

ELLINGTON:

Okay.

ECCLES:

Hey, look what I met, an octopus.

BLOODNOK:

Well, don't stop to shake hands or we'll be here all day. Drive on, Ray!

ELLINGTON:

Okay, again.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS AND ZOOMS OFF INTO DISTANCE FADING AWAY

BLOODNOK:

He should have waited for us!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now we're hopelessly lost.

BLOODNOK:

Lost? Rubbish! I know exactly where we are.

SEAGOON:

Where?

BLOODNOK:

Here.

SEAGOON:

I do believe you're right, I do believe so. Nevertheless someone must surface and see where we are. Now let me see, who shall it be... (CALLING) Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. England expects. Sticks hand up jumper in Lord Nelson pose. Moves left, stage way.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I want you to get to the surface.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And surface it shall be, I shall sur-face. Quickly puts on Elsie Seamen's night only bathing drawers. I am ready, captain! Pray tell me, how do I get to the surface?

SEAGOON:

Just grab the horns of this submerged mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, jolly good. (STRUGGLES AND GULPS) 'Ere, do not mines go off bang?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. Do your duty, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew it was safe for me to do my duty, Bluebottle. Moves forward over to mine. Grabs hold of horns, very gently. Ahhh, it is safe. I did not believe you at first, but now I know that...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY TELEPHONE RINGING

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ON OTHER END OF PHONE) You rotten swine, you! Oh, you have deaded me again. Oh, I die in my prime. Farewell, I say. Pushes button B, gets money back, exits to NAAFI for tea.

SEAGOON:

I've... I've deaded him.

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooh!

SEAGOON:

I'll have to tell his mother.

ECCLES:

Yeah, that will cheer her up, yeah.

CRUN:

Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's Marilyn Monroe!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooooh! Here, here! Oooooh!

CRUN:

Take your hands away from me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun! How can I mistake you for Marilyn Monroe?

CRUN:

I got air bubbles in the seat of my trousers.

SEAGOON:

I see.

CRUN:

Now, I've come down to tell you that the explosion has blown Mount Fred to bits.

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, curse! The only mountain taller than Everest and wee Georgie Wood! Oh, that's ruined our chances. (SOBBING)

ECCLES:

Oh, never mind. Never mind. Never mind. Here, here, here, oh, steady, have a cigar.

SEAGOON:

Thanks.

ECCLES:

It's one I got from that Ministry of Works fellow.

SEAGOON:

Hmmmm, strong aren't they?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

We regret to announce the death of Lord Seagoon, Mr. Crun and Eccles. The programme was recorded. Good night.

ECCLES:

Yep, good night, folks. Have a good time.

GREENSLADE:

You're supposed to be deaded.

ECCLES:

No, I'm not deaded.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hurry up and be deaded then you can go home for tea.

SEAGOON:

Yeah, come on Eccles, be deaded.

ECCLES:

No, I'm not going to be deaded!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are deaded!

ECCLES:

I'm not deaded!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(ARGUE FIERCELY UNTIL THE MUSIC OVERPOWERS THEM)

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray, the Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

It is now proven that the cast were all deaded. The London Palladium is now appearing in Argyll Street. Argyll Street is also appearing there. Philip Harbon has not been properly deaded, neither has Kay Hammond. Now read on.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

NOTES:

Sir Mortimer Wheeler was a well-known archaeologist of the day.

S4 E24 - The Collapse of the British Railway Sandwich System

Transcript by unknown. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

Good evening, listeners.

MINNIE:

Oh.

GREENSLADE:

Worker's Playtime tonight comes to you from a head and foot mangling factory at Bill Gates. Among the artists are those three sons of fun, fresh from their triumphant Palladium failure, Sellers, Secombe and Milligan in...

HARRY:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, Arturo Toscanini. The solo violin part was played by Vic Oliver on the drums. Maurice Winnick's 'Book of Party Games' is now on sale, priced two shillings at all good chemists.

MILLIGAN:

Listeners are possibly wondering what all this has to do with the great saxophone shortage in Tibet. (PAUSE) Well, we shall see.

SELLERS:

Yes, we shall see as we present...

HARRY:

The Collapse of the British Railway Sandwich System, or...

ORCHESTRA:

RISING CHORDS

SELLERS:

I was Mrs. Dale's Chiropodist by John Bunion, or...

HARRY:

The Collapse of Mrs. Dales's Saxophone System on the Tibetan Sandwich Railway, or...

FX:

SMALL GONG, PEA WHISTLE, ACCORDEON, SQUEAK, POP, KLAXON, TINGLE, RASPBERRY.

MILLIGAN:

We shall see.

GRAMS:

EASTERN MUSIC SETTING.

SELLERS:

(AGONISED) Our story opens in hell, the hell that drives many a normal person sane. The hell that we Londoners know as... Clapham Junction Tea Buffet. Ah, ha ha. (FADES)

MILLIGAN:

Into that den of vice strode a man. Ragged, tattered, torn. His appearance told us what he was. Middle-class Englishman.

GREENSLADE:

With a pounding heart he approaches the counter and speaks.

MAN:

[SECOMBE]

Can I have some service, Miss?

GREENSLADE:

There was courage for you.

MAN:

Miss, did you 'ear?

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Just a minute, can't you see I've only got one pair of fingers?

MAN:

But I've got a train to catch.

FX:

BANGING ON COUNTER.

MAN:

(OVER BANGING) Hey, Miss. Miss, did you 'ear?

WOMAN:

Do you want to buy a sausage roll?

MAN:

No.

WOMAN:

Well stop bangin' it on the counter.

MAN:

I want to complain about this sandwich. It tastes like muck.

WOMAN:

Muck? Let's see. Of course, it's a muck sandwich.

MAN:

Well, I wanted a mustard and cress one.

WOMAN:

Capitalist. I'll get you one. (SURPRISE) Ohh! Ooh, 'ere. Someone's pinched all the mustard and cress out of the sandwiches.

ORCHESTRA:

SUSPENSEFUL CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

That was the first sign of the great mustard and cress shortage which was to cause havoc to British Railways. In other stations there were similar disappearances.

SELLERS:

Investigations were commenced by your favourite midget, Captain Gladys Seacombe, sometimes called by the same name.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Captain Seagoon. Magdalen (PR. "MAUDLIN") College, Oxford. Caius (PR. "KEYS") College, Cambridge. Trinity College, Dublin. I know where they all are. To investigate the mustard and cress disappearances I called at several station buffets.

GRAMS:

CUPS AND SAUCERS CLATTER, BACKGROUND MURMURS.

ELLINGTON:

(OVER) I was with him.

SEAGOON:

The Man in Black. Together we approached the counter.

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Yes, Constable?

SEAGOON:

I'm no Constable, I'm Seagoon, plain clothes man.

WOMAN:

What are you dressed like a policeman for?

SEAGOON:

I'm in disguise.

ELLINGTON:

Me, too.

WOMAN:

Mm, I can see that, yes. You're well disguised. Now, what do you want?

SEAGOON:

A mustard and cress sandwich.

WOMAN:

You want bread with it?

SEAGOON:

No. I don't like luxuries.

WOMAN:

Oh. Well, you've 'ad it, I'm afraid, we ain't got no mustard and cress.

SEAGOON:

How much will that be?

WOMAN:

Well now, let's see. Mustard and cress sandwich with no bread. No bread with no mustard and no cress. One and six.

SEAGOON:

One and six for nothing?

WOMAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

That's very cheap. Have you change of a hundred pound note?

WOMAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Marry me!

WOMAN:

Who to?

SEAGOON:

Well, er...

ELLINGTON:

Goodbye!

SEAGOON:

Come back. Ellington, this waitress, I'm suspicious of her.

ELLINGTON:

Man, you're right. Her moustache has fallen off.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was false. She isn't a woman, she's er... she's um... er, what's the other sex?

ELLINGTON:

Man.

SEAGOON:

Man, that's it. Man. You, madam. You're an imposter. You're not a woman.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are right, Captain, you are right. 'Tis I, Bluebottule. Arch criminal and master of the Teddy Tale Junior Disguise Outfit. Price two shillings at all good chemists.

SEAGOON:

You devil incarnate! What's your part in the mustard and cress shortage?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I play the part of Bluebottle. Ah, ha hai. I have destroyed every mustard and cress place in the world. Aha hai. Moves drama-tically up to the counter, strikes pose.

FX:

CLATTER OF DISHES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Also strikes cheese dish.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I arrest you in the lim of the law, er, the... the nim of the lee. I arrest you in the num of the loo.

GREENSLADE:

M... may I help?

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

He arrests you in the lom of the knee.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, John Snagge.

JOHN SNAGGE:

[SELLERS]

Make sure you get it right.

SEAGOON:

Now, Bluebottle... are you going to come quietly or do I have to use earplugs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You shall not capture me. Hands up.

SEAGOON:

Look out, Ellington! He's got a Flash Gordon cardboard ray gun. Price two shillings, obtainable at all good chemists.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You will not take me alive.

SEAGOON:

I'm perfectly willing to agree to that arrangement.

ELLINGTON:

But... but boss, that's a real gun.

SEAGOON:

Don't get frightened. Ha ha ha ha. Hide behind me.

ELLINGTON:

Where are you going?

SEAGOON:

Behind you.

ELLINGTON:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And now, I destroy myself. Points gun to head as done by Alan Ladd in The Red Beret. Bang-ged, bang-ged. Shoots head. Bang-ged, bang-ged. Shoots heart. Bang-ged, bang-ged. Shoots left earhole. Bang-ged, bang-ged, bang-ged. Dies. And exits left to draw danger money.

SEAGOON:

He's escaped us. We must report this. And England must be told that British Railways mustard and cress is no more. But first, let us hear Saxophones for Tibet by Max Geldray, priced two shillings from all chemists.

MUSIC:

MAX GELDRAI PLAYS...

GREENSLADE:

Crazy, man, crazy. Ahem. Sorry. Next day a stunned nation heard the dreadful truth.

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

The old mustard and cress has had it, I fear. Down with Billy Cotton.

GREENSLADE:

But Captain Seagoon knew of one man who might save the situation. So to this man's farm he did journey, because this man was a farmer.

MINNIE:

Oh.

GREENSLADE:

He was very fond of animals. In fact he ate nothing else.

GRAMS:

BIRDS TWITTERING - KOOKABURRAS

HENRY:

(OVER) Ah. Chick chick chick chicken. Nice chicken. Yes. Chicky chicky chick chick. (SURPRISE) Ohh!

(CALLS) Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) What is it, Henry?

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear. The rooster's ill, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Why?

HENRY:

He's just laid an egg.

GRAMS:

KOOKABURRAS

HENRY:

Come down and see him, Minnie.

MINNIE:

I can't do it, Henry. I'm mending my saxophone.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

I think there's someone at the door, Henry.

HENRY:

Do you? I'll just see, Minnie.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, good afternoon, I...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

HENRY:

Ooh! Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

HENRY:

You were right. There was somebody at the door.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

There it is...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Ooh, you've come back.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, will you stop opening and closing the door.

HENRY:

What else can one do with a door?

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Now, may I come in?

HENRY:

As you're already lying on the couch, yes.

SEAGOON:

Now to business.

HENRY:

Before you start, would you please mind taking your feet off the table. That's my place.

SEAGOON:

Now to business, Mr. Crun. You're a farmer, yes?

HENRY:

I grow anything.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you've got green fingers.

HENRY:

And green feet. I'm going mouldy all over, you know.

SEAGOON:

Just the man the British Railways need. Now I...

ORCHESTRA:

LONE SAXOPHONE MELODY

SEAGOON:

What was that?

HENRY:

That's Miss Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Oh. It sounded just like a saxophone.

HENRY:

(CALLS) Minnie!

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Yes.

HENRY:

(CALLS) Don't play any more, please.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I must practise, Henry. After all, Ivy Benson can't live for ever.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean she can't, she has. Aha hah ha. (AHEM) Now, Crun, British Railways want you to grow them six thousand acres of mustard and cress in the Amazon.

HENRY:

Oh. (CALLS) Minnie? I'm just going to the Amazon. Minnie? I shall bay... be away for...

MINNIE:

I don't understand what you're talking about.

HENRY:

I'm going to the Amazon.

MINNIE:

(OVER) What's it all about?

HENRY & MINNIE:

(BOTH PAUSE)

HENRY:

I know what...

MINNIE:

(OVER) Leave your dinner in the oven.

HENRY:

What did you say?

MINNIE:

Merry Christmas.

HENRY:

Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

LONE SAXOPHONE MELODY, THEN ORCHESTRA MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in that distant land which Crun and Seagoon were bound for, the British Ambassador went about his duties.

ECCLES:

Hello darlin'. Hello, my love. Nope, I'm sorry, Marilyn, I'm ah... I'm busy tonight. Aho. No, love, I'm goin' out with um... Jane Russell tonight, yep. Oh, sorry, sorry, ha hum. Can't help bein' handsome. Now then... no, I'm sorry, honey, I um... after that I'm goin' out with Betty Grable, yep. Yep.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF, CALLS) Eccles.

ECCLES:

Just a minute, Major Bloodnok. I'm on da phone to Marilyn Monroe. Carry on, darlin'. Now den, what were you sayin', darlin'?

BLOODNOK:

Thud me grit club! We haven't got a phone.

ECCLES:

I know we haven't.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you doing?

ECCLES:

I'm havin' a good time. Ha ha hum. Ho ho hum. Aha ha ha ha ha hum. Aha ha ho. Aho.

BLOODNOK:

You idiot.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

In any case, Miss Monroe wouldn't be interested in *you*. She's married to Joe DiMaggio.

ECCLES:

I know. I was heartbroken when I heard the news. You see... I wanted to marry Joe DiMaggio.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, you... you poor fool.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Joe DiMaggio is a man.

ECCLES:

(SURPRISED) Oh! Oh. Ah, well... well, that's different.

BLOODNOK:

I hope so.

ECCLES:

Aha ha ha. Aha hum.

BLOODNOK:

Never mind all this rubbish.

ECCLES:

Mm?

BLOODNOK:

I say, any signs of the river steamer yet?

ECCLES:

No. No.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh. Thirty-five years out here in this grass hut. Thirty-five years and no milk or papers delivered from England. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Do you think Gladstone's forgotten us? Ohhhh! Oh, brandy, brandy. Oh, I'm in a shocking state. I'm not in condition any more. Ohhh, poor old Bloodnok, Ohhh. (FADES)

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) I think the Major is mad.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I am perfectly sane and that it's Eccles who is really mad.

ECCLES:

Ahum. (ASIDE) Little does he know that he is sadly mistaken in his estimation of me as I am perfectly sane and he, poor fellow, is off his nut.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that if he calls me mad just once more I shall put a bullet through his head.

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) That doesn't frighten me because little does he know that I unloaded his gun because I know he's mad and I knew he might shoot me. That is why even now, as he points his gun at me, I'm not flinching because I'm sane.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

(PANICS, LOUD) Okay, I'm mad, I'm mad! Pax! Pax!

BLOODNOK:

Pax, non.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF, CALLS) Ahoy there!

ECCLES:

Ooh! Here, look! There's a man just come out o' that bush.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, yes. He's dressed like a shepherd.

ECCLES:

Must've been Shepherd's Bush.

BLOODNOK:

Aha.

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING) Hello there. Are you the British Ambassador?

BLOODNOK:

I am, I am. Gad, you're the first white woman I've seen for thirty years.

ELLINGTON:

Mm. Mm. Well, there's an expedition due here in a few minutes, comin' to grow mustard and cress. In the meantime, gentlemen...

FX:

SHAKING OF TAMBOURINE

ELLINGTON:

Be seated!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RUB A DUB DUB"

BLOODNOK:

Well played, Ellington, well played. Fred Handel's Largo never sounded so good. Now pardon me while I retire and change into my Mr. Crun outfit. Price two shillings from all good chemists.

MILLIGAN:

Wait, here comes Captain Seagoon with the expedition.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, yes, he's a sight for sore eyes. It's a pity I haven't got a pair handy.

SEAGOON:

Ah, good day, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, pleased to meet you, Captain Seagoon. Welcome to... er... where are we?

SEAGOON:

South America.

BLOODNOK:

Welcome to what you said. And to you, by gad, you must have walked all the way.

SEAGOON:

What makes you think so?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you... you're like a midget.

SEAGOON:

There's a very good reason for that.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I can't stand heights.

BLOODNOK:

Spoken like a pygmy. And talking of pygmies, have you any brandy with you?

SEAGOON:

Crates of it.

BLOODNOK:

(EXCITED) Welcome to South America, lad!

SEAGOON:

You said that before.

BLOODNOK:

I know, but this time I really mean it. Now let's get you settled.

SEAGOON:

Yes. (CALLS) Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF, CALLS) Boss?

SEAGOON:

We'll camp here for the night. But as a safety precaution we must light large bonfires all around the camp.

ELLINGTON:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Lions.

ELLINGTON:

Man, if the lions want fires let 'em light 'em themselves.

SEAGOON:

Silly lad. The fires are to prevent the lions entering the perimeter.

ELLINGTON:

Okay, bonfire it is.

SEAGOON:

That night we slept safely in the trees as the lions warmed themselves by our fires. Then at dawn, Eccles awoke.

ECCLES:

(FALLING) Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.

FX:

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

ECCLES:

Forgot I was in a tree. Aho hum.

BLOODNOK:

Get up, man. Stand on your own three feet.

ECCLES:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Are we ready to move off, Major?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we've got to head inland. The first danger will be crossing the dreaded River Carpa-tee. And that's very cold, you know.

SEAGOON:

Yes. There's nothing worse than a cold carpa-tee!

BLOODNOK:

Ahh. (SINGS) Chestnuts roasting by an open fire. (NORMAL, CALLS) Pick up your luggage and sideways to the wind, forward!

GRAMS:

NATIVE CHANTING.

FX:

MANY FOOTSTEPS TRUDGING THROUGHT THE SAND

ECCLES:

(OVER) Hey, it's getting hot, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Are you tired already?

ECCLES:

Yeah. I ain't very strong, you know.

ELLINGTON:

Okay. I'll take some of your load. Now, give me one of your pianos.

ECCLES:

Okay. Thanks. (STRAIN) Ooh. There, that's better. Thank you, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

That's okay, I'm not too heavy for you, am I?

ECCLES:

No. I'll put you down when I'm tired.

BLOODNOK:

Keep up there, you lazy devils. I say, I'm not too heavy for you, am I Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

No.

SEAGOON:

Major, I'm not too heavy for you, am I?

BLOODNOK:

No.

ECCLES:

I'm not too heavy for you, am I, Captain Seagoon?

GREENSLADE:

(PAUSE) We pause here to give listeners at home and in the street a recap of the situation. If you remember, Eccles was supporting Ellington, Bloodnok and Seagoon on his head. Suddenly, Mr. Eccles has appeared on top of Mr. Seagoon. Thus leaving all of them suspended in mid-air.

SELLERS:

Listeners, write down on a piece of paper what you think will happen. Have you done that? Good. Now listen to what actually happened.

GRAMS:

CRASH, BAGPIPE MELODY, WHISTLE, GALLOPING HORSES, SKIDDING VEHICLE, GLASS BREAKING, BLUE DANUBE WALTZ, STEAM TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN PASSING, LOGS FALLING, SEIG HEIL CHANT, ROCKET WHOOSH, SPLASH, BIG BEN CHIMING THEN EXPLOSION.

SELLERS:

Yes, you guessed it, they all fell down. Now, read on.

SEAGOON:

That night, for safety, we slept standing up. Some slept standing down, which is standing up sideways. Priced two shillings at all good chemists. Then, as the sun came up, it started to get light.

ECCLES:

Oohh.

SEAGOON:

Before me lay a vast, stark, arid waste.

BLOODNOK:

It was me. Seagoon, this is where we start planting.

SEAGOON:

Right. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Ah, ha ha ha ha hum?

SEAGOON:

Where did you leave the box of mustard and cress seeds?

ECCLES:

Um... ohh, I remember. (PAUSE) (OUT OF BREATH) Ah, ah ah, here we are.

SEAGOON:

Where was it?

ECCLES:

England.

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING) Boss. Boss. There's a tribe of strange natives approachin'.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ELLINGTON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Leave them to me. Savage natives, are they? I shall show them. Hand me the white flag. Now, where is my batwoman?

SEAGOON:

You mean batman.

BLOODNOK:

Those days are gone for ever, lad. Ah, here she comes. Miss Plunger.

MISS PLUNGER:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, Major Bloodnok, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Miss Plunger, remember when we were sinking in the Atlantic and there was no room in the lifeboats. I said 'women and children first'.

MISS PLUNGER:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, remember what you did?

MISS PLUNGER:

Yes. Made you up as a woman.

BLOODNOK:

Aha. Stand by to do the same again.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I think you're nervous.

BLOODNOK:

What? Say that once more.

SEAGOON:

You're a yellow-livered coward.

BLOODNOK:

That's better.

SEAGOON:

I knew you'd like it.

BLOODNOK:

Anyone for tennis? Oh, what am I talking about. I don't...

ECCLES:

Ooyooohh oohhahh hahum hahum. Here...

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

Ellington's gone after dem natives with his gun.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Ellington's a dead shot.

ECCLES:

He is now, somebody shot 'im.

BLOODNOK:

What? I'll not stand here and see my men slaughtered. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yep?

BLOODNOK:

What time's the next train out of here?

SEAGOON:

No, Bloodnok, you must stay here and fight.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, very well. Your example has made me stay.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

What time's the next train out?

BLOODNOK:

I heard that! Lit me thudders with a smothercidnud! You...

ELLINGTON:

Hey, if you're runnin' away, I'm comin', too.

BLOODNOK:

(DELIBERATE) Ellington, are you turning yellow?

ELLINGTON:

Man, does it look like it?

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) What? I've always been colour blind, what?

SEAGOON:

Wait, Ellington. You were shot, You're dead.

ELLINGTON:

Mm. Oh, I wondered why I didn't feel well.

HENRY:

What about the mustard and cress plantations? I'm not waiting here all night, you know.

GRAMS:

GUNFIRE, RICOCHETS.

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohh! Those natives are attacking.

SEAGOON:

Everyone into the wooden hut.

BLOODNOK:

We haven't got a wooden hut.

SEAGOON:

What? To work, men!

FX:

HAMMERING

OMNES:

(OVER, MURMURS)

SEAGOON:

Hup!

FX:

FINAL THUD

SEAGOON:

Right. Everybody inside.

OMNES:

(MURMURS)

BLOODNOK:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah. Ah.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Good work, men. Now we'll...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

MILLIGAN:

(ON PHONE) Have you any rooms to let?

SEAGOON:

No.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

SEAGOON:

Now then... Bloodnok? Get outside and fight.

BLOODNOK:

Fight? Oh, my back and legs! Oh, my poor legs. Ellington, you go. (PAUSE) Ellington!

SEAGOON:

Where's Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

(PRETENDING TO BE A WOMAN) I'm afraid Ellington's gone home, kind sir.

SEAGOON:

Ellington, take all those women's clothes off at once.

ELLINGTON:

Curse, I'm exposed again. How did you know it was me with all my disguise on?

SEAGOON:

You made one mistake.

ELLINGTON:

What was that?

SEAGOON:

Blonde wig.

ELLINGTON:

Mm.

SEAGOON:

It was a man's.

BLOODNOK:

Duck, men, duck!

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

There's a native at the window.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

BLOODNOK:

Get down, get down.

GRAMS:

GUNFIRE, MACHINE-GUN FIRE

BLOODNOK:

Gad, that native was clever.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

He only had a spear.

SEAGOON:

Men, there's only one chance for us. The river-boat. Keep your ears open for the hooter.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Ah. About time they installed it.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? Yes, we are in a tough spot. Pardon? No thanks, no, we'll... we'll see it through by ourselves. Yes. Yes, I know you could, but we'll make it alone this time. Thanks.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

SEAGOON:

Alan Ladd.

BLOODNOK:

Alan Ladd? Yankees, eh? Ha ha. We didn't... don't need their blasted help...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT, TWICE

BLOODNOK:

Hello, Alan Ladd? We accept your offer, there's...

ORCHESTRA:

LONG LOW SAXOPHONE NOTE LIKE BOAT HORN

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, never mind, Alan. The river steamer, we're saved.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME NOTE ON SAXOPHONE

SEAGOON:

Outside, everyone. Look at those natives run. And here comes the steamer round the bend.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME SAXOPHONE NOTE, INTO SAXOPHONE MELODY

SEAGOON:

Oh, no! It's Miss Bannister!

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Hello, buddy!

HENRY:

Alan Ladd, we accept your offer, Alan. Yes, get us out of here.

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE

GREENSLADE:

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

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE CONTINUES, STOPPING 4 NOTES FROM THE END

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will ask what happened to the great mustard and cress shortage.

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Nothing. It still exists.

SEAGOON:

If you doubt it, next time you go into a railway buffet, prise open a mustard and cress sandwich and there you will find... nothing.

GREENSLADE:

Obtainable at all good chemists, priced two shillings. Now, read on.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS, THEN FINAL FOUR NOTES OF SIGNATURE TUNE, THEN PLAYOUT.

S4 E25 - The Silent Bugler

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Any questions?

ECCLES:

No.

GREENSLADE:

Very well then, we present secret agents Sellers, Secombe and Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show. (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, today in the American Senate, Senator Vanderschmidt said:

VANDERSCHMIDT:

[SELLERS]

(DISTORTED AS ON OLD RADIO)...what is more... ..the House of Un-American activities... mumble... mumble... ..wide screen... multicolour... garble... garble... the Russian attack on East Acton... garble... garble...

GREENSLADE:

He continued by saying...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

...mumble!

GREENSLADE:

Which concluded his speech. Then on March the Third in our house of commons at four o'clock the Prime Minister said:

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Tea up, lads! Down with Billy Cotton.

ORCHESTRA:

STIRRING MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

These everyday exchanges in our political circles are made known to us by all the daily newspapers. But what of the secret services?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, what of them? Unknown to us the secret services of the striving powers are in constant battle. Move and countermove, plot and counterplot.

SELLERS:

We give you now the story of only one minute fragment in this mosaic of political intrigue. Take the case of Agent X2... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

I am X2. My mission started when I was called to HQ MI5. I'd hardly got on board the train for London when I had the uneasy feeling I was being watched.

FX:

SLIDING DOOR.

CONDUCTOR WILLIUM:

[SELLERS]

All tickets please.

SEAGOON:

Tickets? Oh. Ha ha ha. Oh, yes. Oh, well I... There we are.

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere. This is a platform ticket.

SEAGOON:

That's right, I always travel by platform.

CONDUCTOR:

Come on now, where's your ticket?

SEAGOON:

Of course, just joking. There!

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere, this is from Piccadilly to Green Park.

SEAGOON:

Yes I know, it's a very easy journey, I often make it.

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere sir, don't mess me about, I only want yer...

SEAGOON:

My ticket, of course, my ticket. And you shall have it, lad. There! There you are.

CONDUCTOR:

'bout time, too. 'Ere, wait a minute. This was issued in 1902.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Running late, aren't we.

CONDUCTOR:

But it's for the... for the Brighton / London stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well.

CONDUCTOR:

This ain't a stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

You mean this train isn't horse drawn?

CONDUCTOR:

Nah.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRY) I demand my money back! You charlatan! You blind fool, you!

CONDUCTOR:

Just a minute, you can't lumber me with all that clever talk. You gotta pay for yer ticket, now where did yer get on?

SEAGOON:

Curse, the game's up. Well now, what was that last station?

CONDUCTOR:

Thund Junction. (SELLERS ALMOST CORPSES)

SEAGOON:

That's it, that's where I got on.

CONDUCTOR:

But we didn't stop there.

SEAGOON:

Do you think it was easy?

CONDUCTOR:

No. Now then, where're you going to?

SEAGOON:

The next station.

CONDUCTOR:

Well, that'll be 18 and thruppence.

SEAGOON:

Right, well, there we are.

CONDUCTOR:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Fool. Little does he know that the real fare is not 18 and thruppence but 32 and 6.

CONDUCTOR:

Little does he know that I'm nothing to do with the railway.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Thus I arrived at HQ MI5.

FX:

DOOR.

'M':

[MILLIGAN]

Aaaah, come in X2.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir.

'M':

Now, X2, you know what we want you for?

SEAGOON:

No.

'M':

Oh, don't go away, we'll think of something. Ah, yes, X2, have you ever been to Russia?

SEAGOON:

No.

'M':

Hm. Ever been to Moscow?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

'M':

That'll do. Colonel Headstone, you'd better explain to this lad.

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Well. X2, we have.... we have reason to believe that the Russians have perfected a time machine. With it they could go forward into the future. Once there, they build planes that will travel faster than the speed of light. They have got to be stopped doing that. You are the man for the job.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on you!

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

Thank you. Now a few particulars - are you married?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

Understandable. I would go on this mission myself but for one thing.

SEAGOON:

What sir?

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

it's too darn dangerous.

SEAGOON:

You mean I might get killed?

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

With a bit of luck, yes.

'M':

(LAUGHS) The Colonel is joking. Now X2, folloooooow... me!

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR.

'M':

Now then, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Yes?

'M':

This is X2. Mr Crun, would you gen him up on the Russki intelligence.

CRUN:

Now X2, what...?

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon at your service sir.

CRUN:

(CORPSING THROUGHOUT) Captain Seagoon at your hairy service, now here is a photo of the Russian master spy Igor Blimey. He's escaped from every prison in Europe.

SEAGOON:

But sir, there's nothing on this photograph.

CRUN:

(CORPSING THROUGHOUT) Oh, he's escaped again! Never mind. Next, there is the most hated man in Russia.

SEAGOON:

Who?

CRUN:

Charlie Chester!

SEAGOON:

They too! Ah, poor wretches.

CRUN:

Yes, they, too. But aahhhh! Now the most deadly agent of them all. They call him the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

The Silent Bugler?

CRUN:

Yes, nobody has ever seen him but here is a rare record of him. Listen.

GRAMS:

SILENT RECORD.

SEAGOON:

I can't hear anything.

CRUN:

That's him! That's him! The Silent Bugler. If you ever hear nothing like that, look out!

SEAGOON:

With that warning ringing in my nose, I spent the next three days and two weeks training under Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaah! Oh, deaaaaaahhh! Eeeeeooohhheemmmleeeeeeaaahhh! And if you like: meeeooohhh!

SEAGOON:

(FAST) You can stand by me to rely on you!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, lad, training.

SEAGOON:

They tell me that during the last war you were taken prisoner.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but I escaped.

SEAGOON:

Where from?

BLOODNOK:

Dartmoor. Now first, disguises. Here, black your face with this burnt cork. That's it, lad, now, now, now put on this straw hat. Yes, wonderful. Now take this banjo. There, you look marvellous.

SEAGOON:

You think it'll fool the Russians?

BLOODNOK:

Russians? You idiot, you'll never fool 'em with that lot! Get it all off! Good job you came to me.

SEAGOON:

You can stand on me to rely by you.

BLOODNOK:

Thud! Oh, thud, thud! Russians, you say? Well, well, well, well. In that case you... you must appear inconspicuous. I have the very outfit. Stand by to check.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One scarlet beard with detachable bells.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of reversible plastic socks, *easily* convertible into dog cardigan.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

BLOODNOK:

One rubber dagger.

SEAGOON:

What's the use of a rubber dagger?

BLOODNOK:

We don't want to shed blood needlessly, lad.

SEAGOON:

You're... (GIBBERISH) ...Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

(GIBBERISH) Now, finance. Three thousand lira in rupees payable in pesetas at any Mongolian bank whilst wearing tennis shoes in a thunderstorm.

SEAGOON:

You've thought of everything.

BLOODNOK:

Next, the sensitivity test. I just blindfold you. Now then, have it on there around the eyes. Now you can't see a thing, can you?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

I want you to tell me what I'm doing. Right?

SEAGOON:

Thud!

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Er, you're taking my gold ring off my finger.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Now you're removing my gold watch. And my fountain pens from my pocket.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, wonderful, lad. Keep it up.

SEAGOON:

Errr... now you're taking my wallet. And... aha... you've taken my money belt.

BLOODNOK:

Good lad, keep going.

FX:

DOOR.

SEAGOON:

No, I can't feel you doing anything now. No, I....

FX:

PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Your call from Paris, you're through.

SEAGOON:

Right. Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Hello Secombe, the lesson's over, lad.

GREENSLADE:

End of the Silent Bugler part one. At the organ, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part two.

MILLIGAN:

But first, for listeners who have just tuned in, here is a rapid synopsis. (MAKES NOISE LIKE SPEEDED UP TAPE RECORDING)

SELLERS:

Now, read on!

SEAGOON:

Before my departure for Russia I took one final test.

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon we want you to identify objects that will be held up in rapid succession by the sergeant here.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me... (GIBBERISH)..

COLONEL:

Good. Sergeant Eccles, do your duty.

ECCLES:

OK. Now the first object I hold up is this. What's this?

SEAGOON:

Ummmm.... a banana.

ECCLES:

Good, good, good, good, good. Ohhhh, good.

ECCLES:

Now then, what's this?

SEAGOON:

Errr.... pencil.

ECCLES:

Good. Good, good, good, good. Now then, the last one. (STRAINING) What's this? What's this I'm holding up?

SEAGOON:

Ah.. let me see now, um...

ECCLES:

Come on! Look at... look at the shape!

SEAGOON:

Er... It's um....

ECCLES:

Come on! You know it! You know it!

SEAGOON:

Er...No no, I'm not sure, I've seen one before.

ECCLES:

You've seen one of these....

GRAMS:

FLOOR COLLAPSES.

ECCLES:

Aaaaaaaahhhhh. Ow o wow ow.

FX:

KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Oh, you're back.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, what was it?

ECCLES:

An elephant.

SEAGOON:

Of course, I should've guessed.

ECCLES:

Den why didn't you??? I was holding it up....

COLONEL:

Steady Eccles, steady Eccles. Eccles 'shun!

ECCLES:

Ok.

COLONEL:

Just one more small test

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on me!

COLONEL:

I'm sure I can. Eccles? Call the arms expert.

ECCLES:

Ooooo-k. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, my Eccles! I heard you call meeee! Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. Continues act, strikes "Stand Easy" pose.

SEAGOON:

I understand you have a secret weapon for me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have it it! I have! I have it. Unscrews false kneecap, takes out secret gun. I am in agony as I have not got false kneecaps. Puts on bold face. Laughs. Eeeeeh! Still hurts, though.

SEAGOON:

What is this remarkable weapon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is... it is my backshot pistol. My backshot pistol, it is.

SEAGOON:

You mean, whoever fires this pistol gets killed himself?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You just give it to an enemy, he aims it at you and he gets deaded his self

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! How does it work?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll show you. You shall... I show youuuuu. I just point the gun at you, then I pull the trigger and...
ahaaaaaa no, no, no. You point it at me and *you* pull the trigger.

SEAGOON:

I see, thanks, yes? I point it at you like this?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no, do not point it at me, point it at yourself.

SEAGOON:

But you said....

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful you.....

FX:

BANG!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, you rotten swine, you! You have deaded me, oh, you...! You have shotted meeee! You have punctured my guaranteed Flash Gordon bulletproof space vest with cardboard lapels, price one and nine at all good chemists. Ehiheee, dies! Exits left to register for next year's radio awards.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part three

SELLERS:

In a dark car with a hat pulled well over its eyes, Secombe was next driven to a submerged airport.

SEAGOON:

Once there I was given a spoonful of air linctus for my nerves, which I had unfortunately brought with me.

GREENSLADE:

(ON TANNOY) Will passengers with the disguised MI5 tickets for mystery flight X to undisclosed destination please inflate their false wigs and crawl as inconspicuously as possible to the isolated black plane standing in the shadow of the barbed wire. Thank you.

ELLINGTON:

Mystery flight X this way, please. Passports, please! All passports, please. Er... name, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster

ELLINGTON:

Right. Next!

ECCLES:

Er... I'm... um...woof woof!

ELLINGTON:

Next!

GREENSLADE:

Madame Fifi La Bonbon, male impressionist.

ELLINGTON:

Good luck. Next!

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Sir Arthur Rockhamton.

ELLINGTON:

Right, ma'am. Next!

WOMAN:

Little does he know that I am not Sir Arthur Rockhamton but only his son, Prunella.

ECCLES:

Little does he know.... little does he know that I'm not woof woof but two other dogs of a different breed.

BLOODNOK:

Little do they know that I am not as I said Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster, but MISS Gladys Murgatroyd, bachelor.

ELLINGTON:

And.. er..you sir?

SEAGOON:

I'm X2, Captain Hairy Seagoon, secret British agent.

ELLINGTON:

Hahahahaha.

SEAGOON:

Plainly, he didn't believe me.

ELLINGTON:

Close the doors and fasten your safety belts, please.

MINNIE:

Everybody take your seats. All belts to be fastened. Come on Captain Seagoon, you must fasten your belt now.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MINNIE:

Your trousers are coming down

CRUN:

Is everybody in, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry!

CRUN:

Put the hat on and start taking the money.

MINNIE:

Fares, please.

SEAGOON:

Tuppenney, please.

CRUN:

I'm at the controls, Minnie. Hold fast! Contract!

ELLINGTON:

Contract!

CRUN:

Give it the gun, Hellington.

ELLINGTON:

Hold tight!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF PLANE TAKING OFF MERGING INTO:

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

By now I was deep in enemy territory. Very deep, I was dropped without a parachute. But all the other occupants of the plane were also dropped. I was suspicious at the secret police at all around me. Walking along the Fredstrasse in Berlin I was halted by two men heavily disguised as Englishmen.

MILLIGAN:

Good morgen

SEAGOON:

I said. And they replied:

BLOODNOK:

Ach! Marlene Dietrich. Achtung, presstung, Spitfiren, Rommel, Geshundheidt.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He speaks Russian fluently. I must reply. Hmm. Si Si, Senor. Poor Russian fool. Little does he know that I'm not really a German but I speak the language fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Poor German fool. Little does he know that I am not a poor Russian fool, but Major Bloodnok, a poor English fool. Nay – idiot.

ECCLES:

Ahum! Pardon my Herrs, um, yeah, ich, ich haber ein guten tag. Little do they know that I'm saying I'm having a good time in German. Ahaha!

GRAMS:

CLOCK CHIMES.

SEAGOON:

Ten to one. I must open my sealed orders at once!

BLOODNOK:

Ten to one? I must open my sealed orders at once.

ECCLES:

Ten to one? Ditto ditto ditto at once.

FX:

ENVELOPES BEING OPENED, ALL THREE MUMBLE IN THEIR OWN WAYS.

SEAGOON:

Now, what do my orders say? 'The man standing before you is Major Bloodnok'.

BLOODNOK:

What do mine say? 'The man standing before you is Captain Seagoon who has just been informed who you are'.

ECCLES:

Let's see what mine say: 'Mix two eggs... add sugar...' 'Ere! I picked up the wrong envelope! I got Philip Harben's act!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Philip Harben!

BLOODNOK:

Shh! We must disperse. We'll meet here when the clock strikes one.

SEAGOON:

Right. When it strikes one.

FX:

BELL TOLLS ONCE

SEAGOON:

Hello Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Hello, fellers!

BLOODNOK:

You're late, where have you been?

ECCLES:

I was held up....

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Don't answer that phone! It's ringing in Russian

SEAGOON:

What? Then I'll put on this false beard. There! Now!

GRAMS:

PHONE IS PICKED UP, STOPS RINGING.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Who is speaking?

HEAD MI5:

[GREENSLADE]

If you take that darn silly beard off I'll tell you. Now listen, this is HQ MI5 orders. Orders are these: Find the Silent Bugler, he knows where the time machine is. His location, the Dresden Opera House.

SEAGOON:

Right!

HEAD MI5:

Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Yes

HEAD MI5:

What?

SEAGOON:

Goodbye.

HEAD MI5:

Thank you!

SEAGOON:

Men, the Dresden Opera House, hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, here we are. Today's symphony concert featuring... what's this? Relgub Tneliseht?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That spells 'The Silent Bugler' backwards! Inside!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's an empty box!

BLOODNOK:

Ah! And we're just in time to miss the first sixty movements.

SEAGOON:

Just look at the Orchestra. They must be over a hundred and fifty

ECCLES:

Oooh, they look much younger!

GRAMS:

ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I wonder which one is the Silent Bugler.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

That's him!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

RESUMES MUSIC.

BLOODNOK:

Curse! He's stopped playing!

SEAGOON:

I didn't hear him!

BLOODNOK:

Well listen, you'll...

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

There he is, now!

SEAGOON:

Where? Where?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Blast! He's gone again!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

STUCK NEEDLE ON RECORD

SEAGOON:

What was that?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The music seemed to repeat!

BLOODNOK:

I didn't notice anything and I know my Wagner backwards.

SEAGOON:

But they're not playing it backwards.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! That accounts for it.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC SLOWS DOWN

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The whole orchestra are phoneys! They're miming to a gramophone record!

BLOODNOK:

Then the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK:

You mean...?

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK:

I thought that's what you meant.

SEAGOON:

The whole orchestra are secret Russian agents. We must get out of here immediately!

ECCLES:

Yeah, aah, ooh, how we gonna find the time machine?

SEAGOON:

We must split up and search under the theatre.

ECCLES:

Ok, lets gooooo.....

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Oohaaaaugh...

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

What that?

SEAGOON:

How do I know you're not enemy agents? Prove your identity.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, my card, Major Dennis Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

My card. Captain Hairy Seagoon

ECCLES:

And here's my card.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, the two of clubs!

SECOMBE:

Pontoons only!

GREENSLADE:

For listeners who have been asleep, of whom I am one, here's a short resumé of what's gone before...

SELLERS:

(WOMAN'S VOICE) Helen Lovejoy, beautiful heiress to the Halibut millions, has been jilted at the altar by Villion de Paprikon, the legitimate son of Louis the... ecks one vee. Peter, Villion's Eton boating friend, has heard this, but being in Tibet has embarrassed Mary, his fiancé who, being the only cousin of Sir Raymond Ellington has past the title on to Baron Geldray, also heir to the Halibut millions. Now read on.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a disused underground boot stewing factory, two Russian agents are talking. Ivan Itchybonce and Vladimir Shotitoff.

RUSSIAN 1:

{MILLIGAN}

(PSEUDO RUSSIAN GIBBERISH)

RUSSIAN 2:

[GELDRAY]

(SPEAKING DUTCH) Maar ja, als ze nou maar eens even een keertje zouden ophouden dan, want als ze niet ophouden dan word ik natuurlijk gek.

(TRANSLATION: "But yes, if only they would stop for a while, because if they don't stop, then of course I could go mad.")

ELLINGTON:

Yeah!

GREENSLADE:

And so, as you have heard, they were well aware of the British agents' threat to steal their time machine and were laying a trap.

BLOODNOK:

Has he finished?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Good! Now, for listeners without television, we are alone under the theatre and you are about to speak.

ECCLES:

Oh, me? Oh, yeah, ok. Oh!

BLOODNOK:

What, lad?

ECCLES:

Look! The time machine!

BLOODNOK:

What luck! Quick, put the bomb inside.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

BOMB BEING PLACED

ECCLES:

All done.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good. Now then, any idiot who opens that lid is a goner.

ECCLES:

Yup yup!

BLOODNOK:

You're sure it's gonna work alright?

ECCLES:

I'll just try it.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Ok!

BLOODNOK:

Right, right.. come on... what are you looking for?

ECCLES:

My legs! Oh, here they are, ok!

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Bloodnok, Eccles, what are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

We just destroyed the time machine.

SEAGOON:

Fools, I have the time machine, that was a fake. I put it there to fool the Ruskies. The real machine is next door. Shh! Someone's coming!

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Ah! Too late!

RUSSIAN:

[SELLERS]

Hands up!

SEAGOON:

Quick, through this door!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

Ah, safe!

BLOODNOK:

No we're not, someone's coming. Quick!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

Through here.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

And here!

(SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK OPEN MULTIPLE DOORS UNTIL...)

SEAGOON:

Just one more!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

Taxi!!

GRAMS:

TAXI PULLING UP, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Right, everybody in.

GRAMS:

TAXI PULLING AWAY, EXHAUST BACKFIRING, OLD HOOTER HONKING, FADES INTO DISTANCE....
...FADES INTO FEET RUNNING.

SEAGOON:

Quick, quickly, into this river, lads.

ECCLES:

The river?

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

(ALL THREE REACT TO THE COLD WATER – CRIES OF “OUT THE OTHER SIDE!”, “RIGHT!”)

BLOODNOK:

Now then, onto these horses.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPING.

ECCLES:

Nice horsey...

SEAGOON:

Giddyup boy...

ECCLES:

Ooh, watch it! Steady now...

BLOODNOK:

Right, dismount.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Into this racing car!

ECCLES:

It's not a racing car, it's a racehorse.

(CONFUSED SHOUTING BETWEEN ALL THREE STILL ON HORSEBACK UNTIL...)

ECCLES:

Right everybody off! Everybody off!

SEAGOON:

Now quick – into this racing car this time...

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF... FADES INTO DISTANCE.... FADES IN AGAIN... GRINDS GEARS... HALTS...

BLOODNOK:

Stop!

FX:

ALL GET OUT OF CAR.

(MORE CONFUSED SHOUTING “IN HERE!” “WE GOT AWAY!”, ETC)

SEAGOON:

We’re safe.

ECCLES:

We got away from him.

SEAGOON:

Yeah.

RUSSIAN:

[SELLERS]

So! You have come back!

ECCLES:

Nooo!

RUSSIAN:

Hands up! Down! Up! Down! Up! Down!

SEAGOON:

What’s all this for?

RUSSIAN:

We believe in keeping our prisoners fit. You fools, you did not get our time machine. Pah! That was just a disguise. And now, for you it is the end.

SEAGOON:

Quick, Bloodnok, Eccles – into the time machine.

FX:

A STRUGGLE.

RUSSIAN:

Please, do you mind if I get out?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry.

BLOODNOK:

Well, what now?

SEAGOON:

Isn't it obvious, we have but one avenue of escape. We must go forward in time!

BLOODNOK:

Ohoh!

SEAGOON:

Here are the controls. Stand by.

GRAMS:

TIME MACHINE STARTING UP.

SEAGOON:

That's it! Now we're off! Now all we have to do is sit tight and we'll find ourselves in (SPEECH SPEEDS UP... FADES...)

GREENSLADE:

And so, since our friends are speeding into the future we have to abandon this edition of The Goon Show. Those who would like to hear how it ended listen again on March 15th 1984

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

GREENSLADE:

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

Notes

Philip Harben (17 October 1906 – 27 April 1970) was an English cook, recognised as the first TV celebrity chef.

S4 E26 - Western Story

Transcribed by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

(AMERICAN ACCENT THROUGHOUT SHOW) The Goons bring you an epic of the Wild West. A story of a lead-swingin' badman who hung up his guns and tried to reform. The notorious, ruthless, cold-eyed gunman called...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC NOTE

SELLERS:

Drain.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-SETTING MUSIC

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

This drama is based on the story 'Shame'. Which was originally published in that well-known American magazine devoted to culture and the arts...

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) 10 cents, dime true[?] and six-gun cowboy rootin', tootin', bang, bang... (SPIT)

FX:

HITS SPITTOON

SELLERS:

...Western story yet.

MILLIGAN:

Page one.

MAN IN ADVERT:

[SECOMBE]

(WHINY VOICE) A few months ago, I was a seven stone weakling. And when I sat on the beach with my fiancé, a 17 stone bully would come along and kick sand in my face. Sand, in my face. Right, I said, a course of [UNCLEAR] body-building exercises, / am now a 17 stone bully myself. And things are very different on the beach, now. Ha, ha, ha! Yes. Now a 30 stone bully comes along and kicks sand in my face!

MILLIGAN:

Page two.

GREENSLADE:

Before commencing our pulsating, gripping western yarn, let us introduce the characters. First, the hardened killer himself. Henry "Drain" Crun. A lone wolf married to his gun.

Henry Crun:

Yes, it's been a hard life.

GREENSLADE:

Next, the law enforcement officer. An honest, dedicated man.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yep. Mah name's Sheriff Secombe and I'm married to mah job.

GREENSLADE:

And lastly...

ECCLES:

My name's Joe DiMaggio, and I'm having a good time! Aha, ho! Ain't I! Ain't I?

GREENSLADE:

But let us commence our story. The story of Drain.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE SETTING MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Chapter one.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

(HEAVY COUGHING) Well?

SELLERS:

Said Sheriff Harry Secombe.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Time to get to work.

SELLERS:

He pulled on his boots and spurs, stepped onto his gun belt. And with one bound, leapt onto his...

MILLIGAN:

Continued on page 63.

FX:

PAGES TURNING

SELLERS:

Horse.

FX:

SLOW HORSES HOOVES

SELLERS:

Like most true Westerners, the Sheriff treats his horse as a personal friend.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Cigarette?

HORSE:

[MILLIGAN]

(NEIGHS)

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Match?

HORSE:

(NEIGHS)

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

HORSE:

(STARTS TO NEIGH BUT COUGHS.)

SELLERS:

Which is only natural. After all, what is a Westerner without his horse? Well, for one thing, he is much shorter. (DEADPAN) Oh, hey, hey. Will you get me with them snappy gags. The Sheriff a-rives bright and early at the courthouse and jail. Reins in his steed at the horse trough...

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Holey, woah, gere, ho!

SELLERS:

And dismounts.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SELLERS:

He swims across to his office.

GRAMS:

SWIMMING SOUNDS

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

(STRAINS)

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

DEPUTY MILLIGAN:

Mornin', Sheriff.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Mornin'.

DEPUTY MILLIGAN:

A new deputy's here to see you. Shall I send him in?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Uh-huh.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

DEPUTY MILLIGAN:

Wild Bill? Eeeee, now here.

WILD BILL:

Thank you. Well, good morning, Sheriff.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Wild Bill? New deputy? Then... then you're the famous Wild Bill Mortoncock.

WILD BILL:

That's right, cock.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Well, I hope you're as tough as they say you are.

WILD BILL:

Oh, yes.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Well, as you probably heard...

WILD BILL:

What?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

This town is terrorised by one of the worst gangs in the far West!

WILD BILL:

Oh, yes, yes. Yes.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

None other... none other than dangerous Earnest McGrew and his bar X rustlin', ridin', rope-twirlin', guitar-strummin', fiddle-playin', old-singin', male-voice close-harmony bull-punchers.

WILD BILL:

Goodness gracious.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Watch your language, son. May be sailors listening.

WILD BILL:

I... I'm sorry but you see I'm afraid I... I have even worse news.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

What's that?

WILD BILL:

Well, Drain and his gang are on their way here.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

What? Drain Crun, the scourge of Leamington spa?

WILD BILL:

That's right.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Jumpin'... Gee, wait. This may be the answer!

WILD BILL:

Do you mean, get Crun to deal with dangerous Earnest and his gang?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yeah.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Hello? No, this is Sheriff Secombe. Huh? No, Secombe. I tell you, this is *not* Julius Caesar. What? How do I know where he is?

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Dang fool. How do I know the name of every tinpot bum in town? Ha, ha, ha. All right, Wild Bill. Bring in the first prisoner.

WILD BILL:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

WILD BILL:

This way, Geldray.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

WILD BILL:

The first prisoner, Sheriff. Max Geldray.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Geldray, huh? Oh, I see. Charged with, er... sabotage. Mmmmm, very... Larry Adler's harmonica. Mmmm, yeah, one and a half pounds o' garlic? Oh, it's very serious. However, Geldray, the judge'll be here in a moment and... and you will receive a fair and just trial with every opportunity to defend yourself.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Mornin', judge.

JUDGE:

[MILLIGAN]

Morning, scum, morning.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Judge, this is Max Geldray.

JUDGE:

10 years.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Hard luck, Geldray.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

JUDGE:

Hard labour, Geldray.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

But Judge, 'fore you sentence him, don't you want to hear his record?

JUDGE:

All right, if you insist, if you insist.

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

JUDGE:

Right. Simmer down, there. Simmer down. That was Max Geldray's record?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yeah, judge.

JUDGE:

There was him actually playing on that record?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yeah.

JUDGE:

Smash it over his head.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, the desperate gunfighter Crun and his equally desperately lieutenant were rapidly approaching Dead Springs Creek.

CRUN AND ECCLES:

(SINGS MOSTLY NONSENSE) [UNCLEAR].

We're riding along on the crest of a wave.

Melody [UNCLEAR].

Sweet [UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, hum. Ha, ha, hum. What was that?

CRUN:

I don't know but it sounded good.

ECCLES:

Wonderful.

CRUN:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

CRUN:

To think we've come all the way to Arizona from London. Oh, which reminds me. How much did you tip that water at wa... the porter at Waterloo? (SELLERS ALMOST LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Um... Um, I, er... I... I... I was...

CRUN:

I hope you didn't over-tip him. You know what these railway porters are.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

They expect a fortune. Insults. Grumble about your suitcases. Every...

PORTER:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) One more word and I won't... I won't carry 'em any further.

CRUN:

Good heavens! You're still with us.

PORTER:

Well, I... I think I am.

CRUN:

And still carrying all our luggage. By the way, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ha, ho?

CRUN:

Did you remember to pack everything? You did, didn't you?

ECCLES:

Yer. Oh, oh, ah, oh, ooh, yer, yer. Oh, oh, except I didn't bring the big reading lamp of yours on account it was broken.

CRUN:

What are you talking about?

ECCLES:

Yer, the... the lead, it... the light kept flickering on and off.

CRUN:

Yes?

ECCLES:

And you know what? I was looking in at it one night and I found out why.

CRUN:

Why?

ECCLES:

There's a man inside the light!

CRUN:

Eccles, you're mad.

ECCLES:

I'm mad, yeah. But don't change the subject. Now, listen. I... I even found out the name of that man inside the lamp.

CRUN:

What was it?

ECCLES:

Sylvia Peters. Aha, hum!

CRUN:

Sylvia Peters? Ha, ha, you idiot.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

That's not a reading lamp. That's my television set.

ECCLES:

Television?

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, what do you know? Before we know where we are, dey... dey'll be... dey'll be inventing gunpowder. Bang! Bang! Boom! Bang! Boom.

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

What do you think of television programmes in general?

ECCLES:

Well, I... I think it's about time that they did.

CRUN:

Did what?

ECCLES:

Invented gunpowder! Aha, ho!

CRUN:

Yes, I'm inclined to agree with you.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

And that's why we're heading for the only place in America which still hasn't got TV. Bed Springs Creek.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

ECCLES:

Ooh. Woah, back there, woah. Woah, woah, woah. Now den, let's see what it says up there. 'The Last Chance Drinking and Gambling Saloon'.

CRUN:

Yes, we should be able to get a drink in here. Come along.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SALOON CROWD

CRUN:

Here's the bar. Now, what I would like...

PORTER:

'Ere!

CRUN:

What's the matter?

PORTER:

This isn't platform seven.

OMNES:

LOUD SHOUTS

FX:

GUNSHOTS

ECCLES:

Woah!

PORTER:

It's the refreshments buf-fit.

BARMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

[UNCLEAR] me, what'll it be, strangers?

PORTER:

Tea and a rock cake, please. What about you, Mr Drain?

CRUN:

Well, I'd...

BARMAN:

[SELLERS]

Drain? Hey, Sheriff!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yeah?

BARMAN:

These are the men. And this one is Drain!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Ooh, howdy, I'm Sheriff Secombe. (SPITS)

CRUN:

Howdy, partner. And yippy. Buddy. Bang, bang, partner.

MINNIE:

Yeah, buddy.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Now, listen, Drain. We know your reputation as a bad man and a gunfighter. But I'm prepared to make you an offer. Rid this town of dangerous Ernie McGrew and his gang, lock up McGrew himself, and you can name your own price!

CRUN:

No, thank you. You see, I've given up all that shooting and killing. I've reformed. We've all reformed. Eccles has even given up smoking. Haven't you?

ECCLES:

Ooh, I... I... I... I have, yup. 40 cigarettes a day, folks, for the last 30 years. And now! I'm giving it up!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Why?

ECCLES:

Didn't like it. Aho, hum! And, um, apart from that, you know what they say?

CRUN:

No, what?

ECCLES:

They say, 'Help! Help! Help!'

CRUN:

Who says that?

ECCLES:

People who are drowning. That's true, isn't it? Isn't it? Yeah? Think so, yeah.

CRUN:

You're being an idiot again.

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

CRUN:

Don't be an idiot.

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah.

CRUN:

And, er, Bogg, here, has given up gambling.

ECCLES:

Oh.

PORTER:

Aye, that's right.

ECCLES:

He... he... he... he's a gambler?

CRUN:

Yes, oh...

PORTER:

I were that, you know. I was a gambler. Ee, by... I even went to Monte Carlo, once. To the famous Monte Carlo casino. 2,000 francs on the black. I cried, 'Spin the wheel, crooper! Spin!' 5,000 on the red.

ECCLES:

No!

PORTER:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! 'Banco!', I cried. 'Spin the wheel! Let Dame Fortune smile on whom she will!'

ECCLES:

No!

PORTER:

'Banco!' Half a million on the black. Half a million francs. All my fortune on the flashing wheel.

BARMAN:

And what happened?

PORTER:

They wouldn't let me in.

BARMAN:

You know, I'm not surprised.

PORTER:

'Ere. May I ask a question?

BARMAN:

Sure.

PORTER:

You know them people playing roulette over there?

BARMAN:

Yeah?

PORTER:

They're only betting on the black. Why doesn't somebody back the reds?

BARMAN:

What? With McCarthy's committee in the town?

PORTER:

The senator's committee? They're 'ere?

SHINE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, sir, yes, sir, yes, siree, sir. We're here, sir. Thank you, sir. We certainly are, sir. Morning, Sheriff.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Morning Mr Shine.

SHINE:

Oh, yes. Pardon me.

FX:

PICKS UP PHONE

SHINE:

Yes? No, this is not Julius Caesar, this is the senator's legal adviser and assistant.

ECCLES:

The senator's legal assistant? I didn't know you were out here in the Wild West.

SHINE:

Neither do the army. Now, er... what's going on, Sheriff?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Well, sir, this man, this man is Drain, the gunfighter.

SHINE:

Uh-huh.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

I just made him a proposition to get rid of dangerous McGrew and his gang.

SHINE:

Yep.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

But he won't. He... he... he says he's reformed!

SHINE:

Oh, he does, does he? Well, gentlemen. If you won't cooperate with us, we can't cooperate with you. We can't, that's all there is to it. No co-operation.

ECCLES:

But Mr Crun can't, he... He's reformed.

SHINE:

Silence, I say. The three of you will be investigated immediately by the committee for probing un-American activities, already. Yes.

PORTER:

Buuuuut we're not engaged in any un-American activities.

SHINE:

You're drinking tea, ain'tcha?

ECCLES:

Oooh.

SHINE:

All right, then. 9.30 tomorrow morning in the courthouse.

ECCLES:

But listen here... (FADES)

SHINE:

I'm sorry... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

OMNES:

CROWD MURMURS

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Quiet! Quite, everybody! Quiet! Settle down.

SHINE:

Silence!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Silence.

SHINE:

Silence in court. The court will now stand for the chairman of the committee, Senator Charlie McEllington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Silence! Silence!

SHINE:

Quite, everybody, quiet.

CHAIRMAN:

I shall commence by calling the first witness. Eccles?

SHINE:

Why, Senator?

CHAIRMAN:

'Cause that is his name.

SHINE:

Oh, I see, sir, yes, sir, right, sir, thanks to your answer, thank you. Right, sir. Call Eccles.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Call Eccles!

CRUB:

Eccles!

CHAIRMAN:

Eccles!? Where is that man? Hey, say, you there.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

CHAIRMAN:

Go and find Eccles.

ECCLES:

Okay. Eccles? Eccles? Eccles! Ecclllllles! Hallooooo! Ooooh, what-hooo! Yeah. Ha, ha, ha, hum! Need I say any more?

CHAIRMAN:

Have you done?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CHAIRMAN:

Have I offended you?

ECCLES:

Nope.

CHAIRMAN:

No? Well, raise your right hand.

ECCLES:

Okay.

CHAIRMAN:

Now, clench your fist.

ECCLES:

A-hum.

CHAIRMAN:

Photographers? Quickly!

FX:

THUDS OF THREE OLD-FASHIONED FLASHES

CHAIRMAN:

That's it. Perfect. Caught in the act of givin' the communist salute before this committee.

SHINE:

Why, that's excellent. [UNCLEAR] yes, sir, you're really great, sir. I can see this is going to be one of your better days, sir. Thank you, sir.

CHAIRMAN:

Yeah? Well, that's nice. Now are there any documents here that, er, we should see pertaining to this Mr Eccles? Ah, this one? Thank you. (LONG SCREAM) Callin'[/] Shine?

SHINE:

Thank you. (LONG SCREAM) Sheriff?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Thank you. (LONG SCREAM)

ECCLES:

Can I have my passport picture back, now, please?

CHAIRMAN:

Sir, you certainly can. Well, Eccles, the committee have now inspected your passport photograph.

ECCLES:

Ooh, yeah. It's a... It's a... nice likeness, ain't it.

SHINE:

Yeah, yeah, yeah, the photograph's...

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Horrible, dreadful, yeah.

ECCLES:

Well, it was taken without a camera, you know.

SHINE:

But it's all blurred, you see, it's all blurred, you musta moved.

ECCLES:

No, I didn't, I'm still living in the same place.

CHAIRMAN:

Er, have these men being medically examined?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Oh, yes, now, then, here y'are. Eccles medical report. Jasper Vast, medical report. And Henry Crun, findings of post-mortem.

CHAIRMAN:

Huh? Crun is dead?

ECCLES:

Shh! Ooh! Shhh! Quiet. He might hear you.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

You mean, he doesn't know?

ECCLES:

Well, we never had the nerve to tell him. And if he suddenly heard he was dead, well, you know.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

What?

ECCLES:

The shock might kill 'im.

CHAIRMAN:

Yeah. Well, the only thing that, er...

FX:

PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CHAIRMAN:

Yeah? Who? No, this is *not* Julius Caesar.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN

CHAIRMAN:

Now, then. Who's next?

CLERK:

[MILLIGAN]

This man, Senator. Jasper Vast, railway porter, English man. I believe.

CHAIRMAN:

Jasper Vast? Er, you have a nickname?

PORTER:

Aye, 116874.

SHINE:

Where d'ya get that nickname?

PORTER:

In the nick.

SHINE:

Vast, you're a feeble-minded nitwit.

PORTER:

Ohhh, come now, you mustn't go by appearances.

SHINE:

I'm not. The whole thing is mixed-up crazy, already, I like you, yet.

CHAIRMAN:

Yeah, that's it, I don't wanna know about that.

SHINE:

Come on, Vast, confess. What's your line?

PORTER:

What's my line! Ha, ha, ha! (MAKES NOISES LIKE CHICKEN, COW, SHEEP, BLOWS RASPBERRY, SHOUTS INCOHERENTLY, SCREAMS, FALLS DOWN)

FX:

THUD OF BODY ON THE FLOOR

CHAIRMAN:

(HUMS) He ain't well at all.

SHINE:

No, the trouble is he's got the dreaded parlour game-itis. Television madness. That's why we're here in Dead Springs Creek.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

You mean...

SHINE:

Wrong voice, wait a minute...

(SELLERS CHANGES TO CRUN VOICE)

CRUN:

That's why we're here in Dead Springs Creek, that...

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

You mean...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) The voice of them all. Yes, carry on.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Because we have no television here?

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

But Crun! Don't you realise why dangerous Ernie is terrorising us?

CRUN:

Why?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Because he wants [UNCLEAR] for a new TV station. Right here. Now, will you fight 'im?

CRUN:

(SCREECHES) Get me my gun!

GRAMS:

APPROACHING HORSES

ECCLES:

Here, listen! That sounds like them now.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Who?

ECCLES:

Dangerous Ernest McGrew and his bar X thrashin', rope-ridin', twistin', fiddlin', singin', and rope-twiddlin', guitar voice harmony, all the fiddlin', (mumbles)... Who started this?

CHAIRMAN:

You did.

ECCLES:

Then my daddy was right! I *am* an idiot!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Now, let's see who's...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

He's right! It's McGrew's gang!

CRUN:

Quick, men! To horse! After them!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Come on, gang! [UNCLEAR]...

ECCLES:

Ooh, come on, oh, ohh, here...

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

A large posse of unreliable men were formed, and were soon thundering along the trail.

FX:

SLOW HORSES HOOVES. PHONE RINGS

CRUN:

Hello? Who? Julius Caesar? I'm afraid you've got the wrong horse.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN

CRUN:

Any sign of McGrew yet?

POSSE MEMBER:

[MILLIGAN]

No. Maybe we'd better ask somebody, eh?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yeah, hey, old timer!

OLD TIMER:

[SELLERS]

Yerrrr?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Seen the McGrew boys pass this way?

ZEKE:

[MILLIGAN]

(SNORES THROUGHOUT)

OLD TIMER:

Nope. I say. You looked down the [UNCLEAR]?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Yup. And we searched the canyon as well.

OLD TIMER:

Mmm. Been up the creek?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

All mah life!

OLD TIMER:

Reckon yer'd better ask Zeke, here. Zeke?

ZEKE:

(SNORING STOPS) Uh? What?

OLD TIMER:

Zeke? Zeke? Come on, Zeke.

ZEKE:

What? I...

OLD TIMER:

Come on. Wake up, there, wake up.

ZEKE:

What? What? What? What? What? What's it? What?

OLD TIMER:

Zeke? You... you seen the McGrew boys pass this way, Zeke?

ZEKE:

Oh. Oh, yeah, yeah. Let me see, now. Er, let me see. Let me see, now, er...

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Now which way'd they go?

ZEKE:

(CONFUSED MUMBLES)

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Come on, Zeke.

ZEKE:

(SNORES – WAKES UP) No! Yeah! Oh, yeah! They... they... they went thataway!

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

They went thataway! Come on, fellers, on your horse, quick as you can!

FX:

HORSES GALLOPING AWAY, SILENCE, SPLASH

ZEKE:

I *think* they went thataway.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Finally, however, news arrived that the McGrew outfit were hiding out in the Last Chance Saloon. Quietly, Mr Crun and his posse re-entered town (HUSHED) and surrounded the building.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Alright, McGrew, give up! We got Drain, the gunfighter, out here. You might as well surrender.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never! Never, I say! Even though you have the place surrounded, I will never surrender! Even though you have it surrounded with a thousand men, I will never surrender! I wish I could exit left.

POSSE MEMBER:

[MILLIGAN]

Okay, then, McGrew. Come out a-fightin', you skunk!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will! I will, I say! On the count of three, I will step out, guns blazing. Voice trails off with fear. Bangeddy-bang. Blatt. Zowie. Thun. Blun. And other science-fiction fight sounds. Blam. Blam. Blatt. Blun. Are you ready? Blatt?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

We're ready.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Righty-ho. A-one. A-two. A-three.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nahhhh. [UNCLEAR] there. Moves there, too. Who dares move? This gun is loaded.

ECCLES:

Loaded? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hom! Aha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa, ha, hom. Ha, ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is! It is, I say! I know it is cos I loaded it myself this morning.

ECCLES:

Loaded? Loaded? Loaded, my foot!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I did. No, it cannot be. I loaded my gun, I tell you! I did not load your foot!

ECCLES:

Oh! You don't believe me, eh? All right, then. Take my boot off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will. Just to prove that I'm right, I will take your boot off. There.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Aie-oh! You have shotted me! You have kill-ed me with your footsoes! Oh, I'm shotten, I'm blown open, I am!

ECCLES:

You should see my big toe.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, the good die young, I say! Perforated, I die! Farewell, au revoir, goodbye! Auf Wiedersehen, so long, arrivi-delo, ta-ta! Exits left with home-made cardboard radio [UNCLEAR]. Exit, I say!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC PLAYED SOFTLY

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Well, Mr Crun. You and your men certainly rid us of McGrew. And the threat of TV. And we hope you'll all settle down here.

CRUN:

Well, we certainly decided...

FX:

PHONE STARTS RINGING

CRUN:

...to stay here as long as... Oh, er, answer that, with you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP

ECCLES:

Hallo? Speaking. Mm? Oh, yeah, Brutus is fine, yeah. What? Yeah. 'E's havin' a good time with Cleopatra, yeah.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Here! Here!

ECCLES:

What?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Let me take it!

ECCLES:

Okay.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

Hello? What? Uh-huh. Huh? Hey! Hey, Mr Crun!

CRUN:

Yes?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

This is the Videophonic company.

CRUN:

Ohh.

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

They've been holding a competition. And for being the first person to answer the phone and... and say that he *is* Julius Caesar, Eccles has won the first prize!

CRUN:

What is it?

SHERIFF SECOMBE:

A television set!

ECCLES:

Goodbyyye! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

FX:

HORSES HOOVES RIDING OFF

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the goon show, a recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eaton.

S4 E29 - The Great Bank of England Robbery

Transcribed by unknown. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

(BEGINNING MISSING)

GREENSLADE:

...Home Service

GRAMS:

ANGRY COMMOTION.

SECOMBE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Yes, it's the Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME.

GRAMS:

CHEERS.

NARRATOR:

[SELLERS]

Stop! We present Open Casebook.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

NARRATOR:

Those of you who can afford newspapers will have seen the headlines. Those of you who can read will know what they meant. And if you knew what they meant...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SECOMBE:

Good luck! Every day sees new progress in the march of crime.

NARRATOR:

Every 24 hours averages 367 robberies, 824 assaults, 942 murders and three repeats of "Life With The Lyons."

SECOMBE:

But only once in a hundred years is there the crime of the century. And what could the crime of the twentieth century?

ECCLES:

The Goon Show?

SECOMBE:

Idiot! No, the crime of this century was...

BLOODNOK:

The Great Bank of England Robbery!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

SECOMBE:

My name is "Fingers" Secombe. Now they call me that because of my hands. I've got four fingers on each. Because of this deformity I wear boots. For several years I had been the mate of a small boat smuggling sand from Fez to the Sahara. But things got too hot, especially during the summer, and I returned to Huddersfield. I'd hardly time to drop anchor when...

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

MORIARTY:

Secombe?

SECOMBE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Pick up the telephone.

SECOMBE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

I want to speak to you on it!

SECOMBE:

Right!

FX:

PHONE RINGING ENDS

SECOMBE:

(BLOWS ON RECEIVER) Hello?

MORIARTY:

Is that you, Secombe?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

I'm glad you were in! This is Moriarty. Now listen. I'm arranging to burgle the Bank of England. My men are all ready. My plans are laid. Your instructions await you in a sealed samovar.

SECOMBE:

The address?

MORIARTY:

In the street of a thousand dustbins.

SECOMBE:

How do I get there?

MORIARTY:

Go to a railway station, buy a workman's cheap day return to an unknown destination.

SECOMBE:

Right!

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SECOMBE:

Within days I had arrived at the mysterious unknown destination.

ORCHESTRA:

XYLOPHONE MUSIC STARTS

GRYTPYPE:

Grimsby.

FX:

TICKET PUNCHED

GRYTPYPE:

The Bournemouth of the Orient. Here on the dreaded eastern coast of Britain, Secombe groped his way through the fog that swirled across the eerie walls and lapis lazuli fish piers.

FX:

FOGHORN

SECOMBE:

Yes, by the dim light of an unlit candle, I finally found the street I sought and entered the most notorious of all the waterfront dives... Fred's Cafe.

FX:

SOUND OF BEADED CURTAIN

GRYTPYPE:

Pushing through the beaded curtain, Secombe stepped inside.

ORCHESTRA:

XYLOPHONE MUSIC ENDS

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening.

SECOMBE:

Looking round, I saw beside me a tall, handsome, attractive cross-eyed man with eczema, a bald moustache and wearing a mink vase.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been watching you.

SECOMBE:

Have you?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. You're horrible, aren't you?

SECOMBE:

In a fascinating way, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

You're from... uh... you're from Moriarty.

SECOMBE:

How did you know?

GRYTPYPE:

I listened to the start of this program.

SECOMBE:

You mean we're being overheard?

GRYTPYPE:

Overheard?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

On the Home Service? Ha, ha, ha. You know about the job?

SECOMBE:

Yes, the Bank of England.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Now Moriarty will contact you with further instructions in a cellar beneath the Bank.

SECOMBE:

Splendid.

GRYTPYPE:

Now here is the first part of the plan. You go to London tomorrow evening. At midnight precisely, Big Ben will go "oom, oom, oom" twelve times.

SECOMBE:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

It always does.

SECOMBE:

Continue.

GRYTPYPE:

I shall. As the last stroke fades away, an inconspicuous fish van with yellow mudguards, orange wheels and a French number plate will draw up at the back of the bank.

SECOMBE:

Who will be inside?

GRYTPYPE:

Nobody. It would be spotted right away...

SECOMBE:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

...it's only a decoy, you understand.

SECOMBE:

Gad, what a narrow escape.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. Now while the... the attention of the police is attracted to this van at the back, at the front...

SECOMBE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please don't interrupt. At the front will appear eight men in straw hats, alabaster feet, black faces and carrying thirty Wurlitzer organs.

SECOMBE:

Will they play them?

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens, no. Do you think we want to arouse suspicion?

SECOMBE:

You've thought of everything!

GRYTPYPE:

Hm-hmm.

SECOMBE:

What part do I play?

GRYTPYPE:

Second banjo. Now meanwhile, unobserved, a tram will be lowered from a helicopter through the glass roof of the London School of Economics. Inside will be Major Bloodnok and two accomplices.

SECOMBE:

How shall I tell them apart?

GRYTPYPE:

They'll all be wearing black masks on their wrists.

SECOMBE:

Brilliant!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad you appreciate the subtleties of the plan. One of them will admit you through a plastic coal hole. Got everything clear in your mind?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Shall we dance?

SECOMBE:

Of course!

GRYTPYPE:

Good!

SECOMBE:

Pick up, thar!

MAX GELDRAI:

"HOT TODDY"

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES TWICE, FADES

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Midnight and that blasted Secombe hasn't turned up! We shall have to start the robbery without him.

SECOMBE:

Psst! Psst!

BLOODNOK:

Aeorgh! What's that? What's that?

SECOMBE:

It's me, Secombe!

BLOODNOK:

Where the devil are you?

SECOMBE:

I'm inside the pillar box!

BLOODNOK:

Bravo, so you were here all the time! Come on, lad, let's be having you.

SECOMBE:

I can't, it's locked!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! And what time's the next collection?

SECOMBE:

Ten minutes ago.

BLOODNOK:

Curse it! Do you mean to tell me that you didn't get out when the postman opened the thing?

SECOMBE:

Well I... I couldn't see him, you see I'm in a brown paper parcel.

BLOODNOK:

But why didn't the postman collect the parcel?

SECOMBE:

I made a fatal blunder.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SECOMBE:

I'm insufficiently stamped.

BLOODNOK:

Dear, dear, this is going to need a genius to solve.

ECCLES:

I got the answer.

BLOODNOK:

Obviously I was wrong.

ECCLES:

Oh. Well, I got a key.

BLOODNOK:

Bravo. Open it up then, get inside and give Secombe a shove-up.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay! Let's see now, the old key in the lock.

FX:

KEY TURNING, METAL DOOR OPENING

ECCLES:

Ho! There it goes, open the door and in we go!

FX:

METAL DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Oooh. Oh, done a wrong thing, there. Let me see now, where am I? Don't want to stamp on a stamp, oh, ho ho! That's a joke. Oh, yeah. Oh, it's dark in here, isn't it? Mr. Secombe? Where are you?

ECCLES' ECHO:

Where are you?

ECCLES:

Hello?

ECCLES' ECHO:

Hello?

ECCLES:

Who's that?

ECCLES' ECHO:

Who's that?

ECCLES:

I'm Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHO:

I'm Eccles.

ECCLES:

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHO:

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

ECCLES:

I'm Eccles, I tell you!

ECCLES' ECHO:

I'm Eccles, I tell you!

ECCLES:

I tell you I'm Eccles!

FX:

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING START

ECCLES:

(REGULAR AND ECHOES) I'm Eccles! I'm Eccles! (GRUNT)ING NOISES)

FX:

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING STOP

ECCLES:

Ok, you win, *you're* Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHO:

Ok, you win, *you're* Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's better, uh hum. That taught him a lesson, folks, uh hum. Well, now, then, I've got to find Mr. Secombe, now let me see. Hello, Mr. Secombe?

ECCLES' ECHO:

I say?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

ECCLES' ECHO:

Have you finished with me?

ECCLES:

Yeah!

ECCLES' ECHO:

Goodbye!

ECCLES:

Goodbye! Hello? Hello? Hello? Where are you?

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Hello sailor!

ECCLES:

Sai... ooh! Pardon me, a... a lady, oh, ho ho, I think! Here, have you seen a brown paper parcel in here?

WOMAN:

Ho ho, you cheeky boy! Ha ha ha!

ECCLES:

Ho ho ho! Ha ha ha! What ha ha!

FX:

BANGING NOISE

BLOODNOK:

Weargh, Eccles, what are you doing in there?

ECCLES:

Having a good time! Ha ha!

SECOMBE:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Oh!

SECOMBE:

Oh, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Oh, Mr. Secombe.

SECOMBE:

There you are.

ECCLES:

Ooo, ya.

SECOMBE:

Well, I managed to smash my way out of that parcel.

ECCLES:

What strength!

SECOMBE:

Ha ha! Nothing at all. Never mind. Now, bend down and I'll climb on your back and reach the mouth of the letterbox like that.

ECCLES:

Um, ok. (STRAINING NOISES)

SECOMBE:

(SOMEWHAT DISTANT) No, no, it's no good, I can't reach.

ECCLES:

Well, you stay where you are and I'll get on *your* shoulders.

SECOMBE:

Right!

ECCLES:

(MORE DISTANT) Nope, no good, not high enough yet.

SECOMBE:

Well, keep there and I'll climb on *your* back.

ECCLES:

Okay!

SECOMBE:

(MORE DISTANT) Nearly there

ECCLES:

Keep it steady, now.

(DISTANT VOICES OF SECOMBE AND ECCLES)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, may I draw your attention to this problem. Seagoon gets on Eccles's back and Eccles, half-way up a wall, stays where he is while Seagoon mounts on his back and so on. What's the distance between Seagoon, Eccles and the ground? I'll tell you, it's, um...

SECOMBE AND ECCLES:

Wahhhhh! (CRASH)

GREENSLADE:

...exactly.

ECCLES:

Why don't you keep your big mouth shut?

SECOMBE:

Help, we can't get out!

ECCLES:

Help!

BLOODNOK:

(SOMEWHAT DISTANT) Wait a minute, I'm throwing a length of rope through the aperture. (GRUNT)

SECOMBE:

Right! Got it!

BLOODNOK:

Good. Now grab on and I'll pull you through. Take the strain...

ECCLES, SECOMBE, BLOODNOK:

Heave!

FX:

SOUND LIKE CORK POPPING

BLOODNOK:

(NORMAL) You blasted idiots! Now we're *all* in it!

ECCLES:

Oh, ho, ho! Right in it, aren't we?

SECOMBE:

Shh! Shh! Listen!

ECCLES:

What?

SECOMBE:

Listen!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS

SECOMBE:

Hear it? It's the postman.

ECCLES:

Ooo.

SECOMBE:

Now, now, watch. Now, as soon as he opens that door...

ECCLES:

Ya

SECOMBE:

...everybody make a noise like a registered letter. He'll collect us and put us in his sack. Then we can cut our way out.

ECCLES:

You sure it will work?

SECOMBE:

Of course it will.

ECCLES:

Okay.

SECOMBE:

Everything clear?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SECOMBE:

Good! Now shh!

FX:

SOUND OF POSTMAN SINGING LIGHTLY AS HE WALKS, OPENING PILLAR BOX, GATHERING LETTERS, CLOSING PILLAR BOX AND WALKING OFF... FADES

ECCLES:

Well, didn't work, did it? Haha!

SECOMBE:

Of course not! Some idiot was making a noise like an unstamped postcard.

ECCLES:

Oh!

ORCHESTRA:

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" ON VIOLIN.

GREENSLADE:

Nine bitter months later.

BLOODNOK:

We've got to get out of here! We've eaten all the food parcels and all the brandy's gone.

ECCLES:

Yep and I want to sell my collection of stamps, ho ho!

SECOMBE:

Ha ha. Admit it, lads, (CLEARS THROAT) we've never had it so good.

BLOODNOK:

That's not the point. We've set out to do a job and...

SECOMBE:

And?

BLOODNOK:

You're quite right, you know, we *have* never had it so good. Any more parcels of whisky or brandy left?

ECCLES:

Nope, none.

BLOODNOK:

Curse it.

ECCLES:

Oh. Oh, there's one parcel left, yeah!

BLOODNOK:

What what?

ECCLES:

From a fellow who signs himself "Jack."

BLOODNOK:

What's in it?

ECCLES:

A rubber dinghy. Ho ho!

BLOODNOK:

Then he must be all right.

ECCLES:

I suppose so, yeah.

SECOMBE:

A rubber dinghy? A rubber dinghy, we're saved! Now we can sail out of here.

BLOODNOK:

But we haven't got any water, man.

SECOMBE:

Eccles, any parcels of water?

ECCLES:

No, I drunk the last one.

SECOMBE:

Hmm, then we'll have to dig for it.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, Secombe.

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes, they don't call me an idiot for nothing.

BLOODNOK:

You mean you pay them?

SECOMBE:

Only by cheque.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

Quick! Hand me that pneumatic drill!

ECCLES:

I ain't got a new one.

SECOMBE:

Then hand me that old-matic drill.

ECCLES:

Okay, hah!

FX:

SOUNDS OF DRILLING

GREENSLADE:

For the benefit of listeners without radio sets, it should be explained that although they are unaware of the fact, Major Bloodnok and his confederates are drilling for water straight through the base of the pillar box, down to the bed of one of London's famous underground rivers, the Wallbrook. Will they be successful, will they find it?

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Ohh! Greenslade, why don't you keep your big mouth shut?

ECCLES, SECOMBE, BLOODNOK:

(ALL SHIVER)

SECOMBE:

Up, lads! Now, ah, are we all in the dinghy?

ECCLES:

Yep, we're all in there.

SECOMBE:

Right!

ECCLES:

Right!

SECOMBE:

Now...

ECCLES:

Ooh, dear.

SECOMBE:

...we must keep a listening watch for police submarines. Eccles? Eccles? Switch on the ASDIC.

ECCLES:

Righto, Fred.

SECOMBE:

I'm not Fred.

ECCLES:

Well, I ain't Dick.

BLOODNOK:

This is mutiny!

SECOMBE:

Do as I say, Dick, switch on the ASDIC!

ECCLES:

Okay, Dick.

GRAMS:

BEEPING SONAR MERGES INTO THE OPENING PIANO NOTES OF...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PERFORMS "SUCH A NIGHT"

GREENSLADE:

Changing course in order to avoid the music you've just heard, Bloodnok and his buccaneers soon found themselves on the upper reaches of the underground river -- see chapter two -- and directly beneath the Bank of England.

SECOMBE:

Shh, shh.

BLOODNOK:

All ashore, now. Splendid, splendid.

SECOMBE:

It's very dark, Major. Shall I strike a match?

BLOODNOK:

Certainly not, I know the way perfectly! Follow me.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Argh, strike a match! Get me out of here!

ECCLES:

Steady now. (COMMOTION, STRAINING NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

Now, now. Now we must proceed up this secret tunnel. It leads straight to the vaults. But remember, for the next fifty yards, not a sound.

SECOMBE:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Right?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

FX:

25 SECONDS OF SILENCE, JUST OCCASIONAL AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, we admit that this lengthy period of complete silence cannot be regarded, properly speaking, in the category of entertainment. But as silence is necessary to the safety of these three men, we hope you will bear with us for another few yards.

FX:

27 SECONDS OF SILENCE, JUST OCCASIONAL AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Oh! Woah! Looks like the end of the tunnel!

BLOODNOK:

Is it a cul-de-sac?

ECCLES:

I don't know, it's got a wall built right across the end of it.

BLOODNOK:

Curse it.

SECOMBE:

Don't worry, don't worry, I've got Moriarty's instructions on me.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, strike a light.

SECOMBE:

I can't, we've lost all our matches.

BLOODNOK:

So have Arsenal.

SECOMBE:

Ha ha. Chin up, laddo. Moriarty cunningly foresaw this exact situation.

BLOODNOK:

You mean...?

SECOMBE:

Exactly.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhh.

SECOMBE:

He's made a two-sided, short playing gramophone record of the entire plan. Eccles? Prepare the hand-wound phonograph.

ECCLES:

Oh, gonna have a dance? Hoho.

SECOMBE:

No, you fool. Give it to me! Now, listen closely.

GRAMS ANNOUNCER:

"Polynesian Bells, played by London Regimental Band, Edison-Bell Records." (MUSIC)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you fool, you put on the wrong record.

SECOMBE:

It must be on the other side.

BLOODNOK:

But it's an old cylindrical record.

SECOMBE:

Then we must play it inside out.

BLOODNOK:

Ahh. This is going to be very difficult.

SECOMBE:

Not at all. I have here a reversible, unilateral, bamboo, high-fidelity, boot-pointed needle made especially for this purpose.

BLOODNOK:

What a bit of luck!

SECOMBE:

Haha yes!

BLOODNOK:

Insert it into groove A.

SECOMBE:

Haha right. There.

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONOGRAPH) Moriarty speaking. This is an Edison-Bell record. Now listen, here are your instructions. Have you reached the end of the tunnel?

SECOMBE:

Yes!

MORIARTY:

Good! Now, I've got some notes written here, so strike a match.

SECOMBE:

We haven't got any.

MORIARTY:

Curse! Never mind, I'll nip out and get some. Taxi? Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI APPROACHES. DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

To a tobacconist's shop, quickly!

GRAMS:

DOOR CLOSES, TAXI ACCELERATES AWAY.

GRAMS:

END OF RECORD SKIPS.

SECOMBE:

Curse! We've come to the end of the record and he's gone! How can we get him back again?

BLOODNOK:

Play it backwards, of course!

SECOMBE:

How do you play the inside of a cylindrical record backwards?

BLOODNOK:

Perfectly simple, you pot... put it on in the opposite direction, going away from you, but only the other way.

SECOMBE:

Of course, hahaha! Right, here we go, backwards.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF RECORD BEING PLAYED BACKWARDS. MORIARTY SPEAKS BACKWARDS.

SECOMBE:

The swine was speaking backwards! Ahh, how can we get in touch with him, now?

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SECOMBE:

Hello?

MORIARTY:

You fools!

SECOMBE:

Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

In hospital, badly scratched. You were using a blunt needle!

SECOMBE:

Well, what's the next move?

MORIARTY:

As soon as I ring off, follow me.

SECOMBE:

Right!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhoh, which, which way did he go?

SECOMBE:

Oh, gad, we must find a way out of this tortuous labyrinth. Tap the walls as we go along.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

TAP TAP TAP (PAUSE)

FX:

QUIETER TAP, TAP, TAP

ECCLES:

Oooh

FX:

TAP TAP TAP TAP (PAUSE)

FX:

QUIETER TAP TAP TAP TAP

ECCLES:

Mmm hmm!

FX:

QUICK TAP TAP TAP TAP

FX:

QUIETER QUICK TAP TAP TAP TAP

ECCLES:

Ah. I'll get him.

FX:

TAPPING TO BEAT OF "SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT"

ECCLES:

Hands up those who thought he was going to go...

FX:

TAPPING TO BEAT OF "TWO BITS!"

ECCLES:

Oh, he did! What? What? What?

SECOMBE:

Shh. There's somebody on the other side of this wall!

BLOODNOK:

What? Hand me your stethoscope. Yes, just as I thought!

SECOMBE:

What?

BLOODNOK:

It's definitely...

FX:

TAP TAP

SECOMBE:

Are you positive it's...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

Positive, it's quite clearly...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

I knew them both in Africa. Then they split up and became...

FX:

TAP

BLOODNOK:

...and...

FX:

TAP

BLOODNOK:

...but of course they joined forces again later and are now...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

...again.

SECOMBE:

I'm glad to hear it.

BLOODNOK:

Mind you, if you hear...

FX:

TAP TAP TAP

SECOMBE:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

One of them's an impostor.

SECOMBE:

Which one?

BLOODNOK:

This one.

FX:

TAP

SECOMBE:

You may be right. You may be right indeed. But right or wrong, there's someone on the other side of this wall. Suppose... suppose it's the police?

BLOODNOK:

The police? I know how to handle the police.

SECOMBE:

How?

BLOODNOK:

Wait here.

FX:

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

SECOMBE:

And to this day, I've never seen him again. Now, the next step is to dynamite our way through the ceiling into the gold vault. Now, where's my trusted man? (CALLS) Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me. I heard you call my etcetera etcetera etcetera etcetera. Gets it quick over this week as I'm late for the Leighton County high school old boys football club fish supper. Yes, it is I, Bert Show-us-ya-weasel Bluebottle. What do you want, my lovely capitan? As if I did not know.

SECOMBE:

Here. Plug these sticks of dynamite into the chandelier and I'll detonate them merely by turning on the switch.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do it my capitan, immediately! I shall go and... wait a minute. Haha hahaha. You will not switch on while I'm there, will you?

SECOMBE:

Ha ha, of course not.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do it, I shall do it! 'Cause I trust and love my lovely little hairy capitan. I will prepare myself for the task. Strips to waist as done by young film starlet in search of free publicity. Successful, of course. Exits up ladder.

SECOMBE:

There he goes, brave lad. Just look at his shoulder blades rippling under that bronze skin and the muscles knotted like shredded string.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm up here, my capitan, and I'm plugging in the dreaded dynamite piece by piece. It's not easy work for one so fragile. It's jolly dark up here.

SECOMBE:

Dark? Oh, then I'll switch on the lights.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, don't!

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION, GLASS SHATTERING.

FX:

PHONE RINGING

SECOMBE:

Hello?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Oh! You... you have deaded me. You have ruined my chances of entering the Junior Jetman's cardboard spacesuit contest. Picks up badly singed earholes, three teeth, bent legs and weasel. Reverses phone charge and exits left to YMC restroom.

FX:

PHONE HANGS UP

SECOMBE:

Huh, look, look, it's blown a hole, round, narrow hole in the ceiling!

ECCLES:

Quick, up the ladder!

SECOMBE:

Right!

FX:

SOUNDS OF CLIMBING LADDER

ECCLES:

Watch your head, up we go again. Ooo, it's dark up here!

SECOMBE:

Never mind about that.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

SECOMBE:

We must find the gold. Feel about a bit.

ECCLES:

Okay. Ooo, what's this?

BLOODNOK:

Take your filthy hands off me, you shocking oaf!

SECOMBE:

Bloodnok, what are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

I'm waiting.

SECOMBE:

Waiting for what?

BLOODNOK:

The next collection, we're all back in the blasted pillar box again!

SECOMBE:

Nooooo!!! (OTHERS JOIN IN)

ORCHESTRA:

THE GOON SHOW THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

This is "Flying Saucer" Greenslade with another warning. We would like to remind listeners who have not paid their licenses that they got this lot for nothing.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYS OUT

Notes:

Moriarty's backwards speech:

"Never mind, I'll nip out and get some. Taxi! Taxi! Over here! To a tobacconist's and hurry! Hurry man!"

S4 Special - The Starlings

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Mark Wallace and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

Ladies and gentlemen, we present a radio programme in English. From time to time actors will be heard. The author has fled the country.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC THEME, STILL PLAYING AS TIMOTHY SPEAKS

TIMOTHY:

1954. A world overshadowed with doubts, fears, uncertainty. Of Indo-China, the Suez, Cyprus, East and West German strife, the H-Bomb explosion and yet to come the unbelievable power of the cobalt bomb (MUSIC ENDS). But our own governors are not unaware of these dangers. At this moment, the House of Commons are debating serious matters.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

[SECOMBE]

Starlings, they're ruining St. Martin's!

FAIRFAX:

[SELLERS]

There are far too many starlings in Trafalgar Square.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Hear, hear!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Then... we must... we must get rid of these disgusting creatures! We must.

FAIRFAX:

Well said!

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, hear, hear, hear!

CRUN:

Yes, get rid of them! Get rid...

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Well said!

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

I didn't...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Get rid of them! Yes.

CRUN:

(TALKING OVER MINNIE) Get rid of... get rid of the...

MINNIE:

I didn't have a...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Here, let's all have some tea.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE, CARRIES ON IN BACKGROUND WHILE TIMOTHY SPEAKS

TIMOTHY:

Yes, Parliament was aroused. On the terrace of the House of Commons during the tea break, back-benchers gave voice to their feelings.

GRAMS:

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY SUNG BY CROWDS, FOLLOWED BY APPLAUSE AND CHEERS

TIMOTHY:

The inventive genius of the country was called upon and for three years the starlings were attacked with a series of frightening devices.

SELLERS:

Stuffed owls!

SECOMBE:

Wriggling rubber snakes!

MILLIGAN:

High frequency sound beams!

FEMALE VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Little round things that went "knick, knick, knick".

BLOODNOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults!

TIMOTHY:

A recording of a female starling in trouble!

SELLERS:

Recording of a female starling not in trouble!

MILLIGAN:

Trained cats!

BLOODNOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults, mark 2!

SECOMBE:

Flashing lights and Chinese crackers!

GRAND VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Large things dropped from a great height and vice-versa!

BLOODNOK:

Failing that, rice puddings fired from catapults!

TIMOTHY:

For some inexplicable reason all these devices failed. The starlings remained.

UNDERTAKER'S VOICE:

[SELLERS]

The inventors were filled with remorse and in sack cloth they marched the streets.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS MARCHING SLOWLY TO A DRUMBEAT

ORCHESTRA:

DESPAIR MUSIC, CAST SOBS BEHIND

TIMOTHY:

At the same time, at the Ministry of Grit, Filth and Exportable Heads, the Secretary, Mr Ned Bladok was handed a vital bird statistic.

FX:

SLOW TYPING ON TYPEWRITER WITH DING OF CARRIAGE RETURN BELL

NED BLADOK:

Are you sure this figure is correct?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Have you had it checked?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

You mean that there are 30 million starlings roosting in Trafalgar Square?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Thank you, Miss Perch.

THROAT:

Right.

NED BLADOK:

(TO HIMSELF) 30 million starlings! Hmm. (CALLS) Mr. Thin!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TOWARDS MICROPHONE

MR. THIN:

[SELLERS]

(BEFORE ARRIVING, DURING SOUND EFFECT) Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Coming, Sir! Ahh! (ARRIVES) Did you so much as call me, sir?

NED BLADOK:

Ah, yes, Mr. Thin. Call a meeting of all the people we keep specially for meetings!

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

NED BLADOK:

(LOUD VOICE) Gentlemen, I have called this meeting to declare war on the starlings in London!

GRAMS:

AUDIENCE RESPONSE AS TO HITLER'S SPEECHES

NED BLADOK:

Thank you. The question is, how to get rid of them?

BLOODNOK:

What about rice puddings fired from catapults?

NED BLADOK:

No, no, no, no. We've had that.

BLOODNOK:

Have we?

NED BLADOK:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I say, look here! I remember at Passchendaele during the first world war for lasting peace. I remember after a heavy artillery barrage there were no signs of birds for months after.

NED BLADOK:

I don't think that is at all relevant.

BLOODNOK:

If we could draw up 200 regiments of artillery, in Trafalgar Square, and let off a non-stop barrage for a month, I'm sure the little bounders...

NED BLADOK:

No, no, no, Major... Wait a moment!

BLOODNOK:

What?

NED BLADOK:

You've given me an idea!

BLOODNOK:

I have?

NED BLADOK:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

NED BLADOK:

Look, it all boils down to making a noise.

BLOODNOK:

A noise?

NED BLADOK:

Just a noise.

BLOODNOK:

Yes? Yes?

NED BLADOK:

Now, if we could get volunteers just to kick up a noise then..!

BLOODNOK:

Gad! You're right! Ah, perfect! I'll ask Field Marshall Clinical Foot to let us have three brigades of guards at Trafalgar Square at dawn on Monday!

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS MARCHING AND COMMANDERS SHOUTING OUT ORDERS

BLOODNOK:

What a magnificent sight! Aughhhh!

TIMOTHY:

Good morning. Er, Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

The same.

TIMOTHY:

I'm Mr. Cringing-Nut of the Morning Flight.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, you're one of the observers, aren't you?

TIMOTHY:

That's right, Sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Well I'll tell you briefly what's happening. The whole of the square mile around Trafalgar Square has been cordoned off.

TIMOTHY:

Is it now a curfew area?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Only curfews are allowed in. All these squads marching in here are to kick up a din and in so doing, you see, they drive the starlings away.

TIMOTHY:

What does the noise making equipment consist of?

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant Steinbacker!

STEINBACKER:

[SECOMBE]

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

Explain the noise equipment to this gentleman, would you?

STEINBACKER:

Yes sir! All men entering this area are handed one of the following items: Iron bath tub with beater, football rattles, whistles, tin cans, dustbin lids, gas stoves filled with iron bolts, bagpipes, dinner gongs, kettle drums, thunder sheets and various other noise making gear, for the uses of.

TIMOTHY:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, I see that Lance-Colonel Sockclencher is going to address the men now.

SOCKCLENCHER:

[SELLERS]

(SPEAKING INTO MEGAPHONE) Men! At ease chaps! Now, I'm going to put you into the picture. In a short time we will be commencing the noise, for the uses of. So, lets have a little practice first, eh? Right. Now first, let's hear from the dustbin lids.

FX:

DUSTBIN LIDS BEING BANGED TOGETHER

SOCKCLENCHER:

Well done. Thank you. Yes, thank you. Right. Now, whistles and rattles.

FX:

WHISTLES AND RATTLES

SOCKCLENCHER:

Good show, whistlers and rattlers. Thank you, that's enough. I know you all like music but there'll be time enough for that in a few moments. So now, take your positions as, according to our information, the starlings are due in ten seconds from now. So, let's have complete silence.

TIMOTHY:

Gad, Carruthers! Action at last!

CARRUTHERS:

Yes, well, it had to come.

GRAMS:

SEVERAL SECONDS OF SILENCE, FOLLOWED BY STARLINGS ARRIVING, FLAPPING WINGS AND WHISTLING

SOCKCLENCHER:

(ON MEGAPHONE) Right men, noise... commence!

FX:

NOISE COMMENCES

TIMOTHY:

(SPEAKING OVER QUIETENED NOISE) Diary of Operation Cacophony.

SECOMBE:

March the 7th, third week of operation. Starlings undisturbed. But two thirds of Guards Brigade now stone deaf.

MILLIGAN:

April 1st. Still no effect on starlings. All rather annoying, really!

SELLERS:

December the 1st, very cold. Noise makers were augmented by the bagpipes of the Highland Brigade. Starlings still unperturbed. The population of London dropped 10,000 overnight.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES JOIN THE REST OF THE NOISE

TIMOTHY:

December the 3rd. Deep snow. Starlings sleeping peacefully. Noise continuing. Field Marshall Plunch sends the brigade a Christmas greeting. He receives in return a Christmas Pudding with a rather disturbing message. And then...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS AND TUNE

TIMOTHY:

February the 32nd. All troops withdrawn. Operation Cacophony abandoned.

SELLERS:

A military disaster! Those responsible, clad in sack cloth, once more walked the streets.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS MARCHING SLOWLY TO A DRUMBEAT

ORCHESTRA:

DESPAIR MUSIC, CAST SOBS BEHIND

OMNES:

SHOUTING ANGRILY, BLADOK TRYING TO KEEP ORDER

NED BLADOK:

Members! Members! Mr. Prime Minister, members! I admit... I admit that Operation Cacophony cost £160,000 and was a complete and utter failure. But... but these little mistakes will happen!

CHURCHILL:

[Sellers]

You made a muck of it!

MILLIGAN:

Bravo!

NED BLADOK:

Honourable members, it was not an absolute failure. I mean, that is to say, though the starlings were not driven from Trafalgar Square, they were... err... well... rearranged!

MINNIE:

Rubbish! Rubbish!

BLOODNOK:

You should have used rice puddings fired from catapults!

NED BLADOK:

Nonsense!

TIMOTHY:

I suggest the honourable member applies for the Chiltern Hundred.

NED BLADOK:

I refuse to get in that queue!

TIMOTHY:

Aaahhh!

NED BLADOK:

In any case, I have already taken steps to ensure that the starlings are removed from London!

MILLIGAN:

It's lies!

NED BLADOK:

I have, this day, inserted an advertisement in the papers asking for suggestions that will rid us of this pest!

CHURCHILL:

Well, we'll give you one more chance. Now then, lads, who's for a quick round of pontoon?

OMNES:

"BRAVO!" AND "HEAR! HEAR!" FOLLOWED BY APPLAUSE AND SHOUTS OUT ENCOURAGEMENT,
FADES OUT

FX:

TYPING BEING DONE VERY SLOWLY

NED BLADOK:

Good morning, Miss Perch. Working late again?

THROAT:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

Good girl. Ahah, hah, hah. Any replies to the advert in the papers?

THROAT:

Yes, this bloke here's been waiting for you.

NED BLADOK:

Oh! Ha-ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! Hee-hee! I have been waiting to speak to you, Mr. Clum-Thrut-Knid-Sproo-Theckran-Bludge-Sprathatan.

NED BLADOK:

Mr. Bladok's the name.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, that's it! I knew it was something like Clum-Thrut-Knid-Sproo...

NED BLADOK:

Please, please. Will... will you come in please?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

NED BLADOK:

Now, Mr... umm...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Umm, my name is, er, Jim Bluebottle Tiger-Nuts. It is an unusual name.

NED BLADOK:

Yes, I suppose it is. (POLITE COUGH) Still, a rose by any other name, you know?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I do not know any roses by any other names.

NED BLADOK:

Ha-ha-ha. (POLITE COUGH) Err... cigarette?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I do not smoke. Too expensive.

NED BLADOK:

It's no expense to the Ministry. I could have you one rolled within the hour!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, thank you.

NED BLADOK:

Right. Now, to business. What is your invention?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is an artificial explodable bird-lime.

NED BLADOK:

What a fascinating start. Continue.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you. Well, I have managed to compound a mixture that looks exactly like bird-lime. Now then, this bird-lime can be put down anywhere where there are starlings.

NED BLADOK:

Um-hum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then, simply by pressing a remote control button, all those little blobs of bird-lime can be exploded!

NED BLADOK:

Good heavens!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is all done by sound waves!

NED BLADOK:

You really mean it would drive the starlings away?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

NED BLADOK:

Gad! What a saviour he is! Here, have an OBE!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ta!

NED BLADOK:

In England's darkest hour one always appears. First Cromwell, then Fred Clute and now... you. Now, Mr. Tiger-Nuts, you have the formula for this artificial explodable bird-lime?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have.

NED BLADOK:

Good! Let me have it and I'll get the Woolwich Arsenal to make it up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

NED BLADOK:

This little invention of yours will save the day. (FADE OUT)

GRAMS:

FADES IN: CAULDRONS BUBBLING

NED BLADOK:

(SPEAKING OVER GRAMS) Well, gentlemen of the press, there it is. 40,000 liquid tonnes of artificial explodable bird-lime!

TIMOTHY:

Wonderful! Absolutely marvellous!

NED BLADOK:

Not too close, gentlemen, ah-ah! Mind you don't fall in!

MILLIGAN:

Ah, terribly sorry!

CHURCHILL:

It looks like the real thing.

NED BLADOK:

Well, it has to.

CHURCHILL:

Mm?

NED BLADOK:

These starlings must not suspect for a moment that it was [UNCLEAR].

CHURCHILL:

No, no.

NED BLADOK:

After all, they know the real thing.

CHURCHILL:

Of course, of course.

TIMOTHY:

When will it be ready?

NED BLADOK:

Well, the head of the department tells me the mixture will take ten days to cool.

MILLIGAN:

That's not bad at all.

NED BLADOK:

No. Then it is to be given artificial colouring and forced into tubes ready for squirting on to the buildings.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, brilliant!

NED BLADOK:

All in all, about two weeks, I should say. By then the inauguration ceremony will be ready.

TIMOTHY:

What inauguration ceremony?

NED BLADOK:

My dear sir, the exploding of the artificial bird-lime necessitates the pressing of a button. And it is common law that all cutting of tapes and pressing of buttons must be carried out with due ceremony.

MILLIGAN AND SELLERS:

Of course, of course...

NED BLADOK:

As it will be in this case.

TIMOTHY:

Can I quote you on that?

NED BLADOK:

You can quote me as saying it, but... no more.

TIMOTHY:

What will be the date of the ceremony?

NED BLADOK:

Er, three weeks from now. The BBC are covering the occasion.

TIMOTHY:

They would! (VOICES AND GRAMS FADE OUT)

TIMOTHY:

This is London. And now it's time for our special outside broadcast from Trafalgar Square. Today the great experiment Operation Explodable Bird-Li... err, Bird Mixture... is about to commence. For the first part of our broadcast, let us go over to Brian Ginstone.

GRAMS:

CROWD ATMOSPHERE

GINSTONE:

[TIMOTHY]

(SPEAKING OVER NOISE) Hello listeners, Brian Ginstone here and I'm speaking from the roof of St. Martin's. The roof of St. Martin's where, for the past week, workmen have been spreading the artificial explodable bird mixture. So, to tell us a little about it, let's have a word with the foreman. Pardon me, sir.

BERT:

[SELLERS]

Eh?

GINSTONE:

I'm from the BBC.

BERT:

I'll punch you in the flipping ear 'ole!

GINSTONE:

(LAUGHS POLITELY) Well, I wonder sir, if you'd like to say a few words to the listeners.

BERT:

Don't they get enough chat from you lot?

GINSTONE:

(LAUGHS POLITELY) But, well, tell me...

BERT:

What?

GINSTONE:

How long have you been putting the mixture round the ledges of this building?

BERT:

Oh, er, about ten days, on and off.

GINSTONE:

What do you mean, "on and off"?

BERT:

Well, some of us keep falling off.

GINSTONE:

Do you? (LAUGHS POLITELY) What jolly fun.

BERT:

Yes.

GINSTONE:

Now, tell us, you've been working on this job for ten days or more.

BERT:

Mm.

GINSTONE:

What do *you* think of the idea and its chances?

BERT:

Well, you know, I...

GINSTONE:

Oh, er, thank you. Now, as the workmen take down the last of the scaffolding, I see that the ceremony in the Square below us is about to begin so, over to Richard Dingleby (FADE OUT)

GRAMS:

CROWD ATMOSPHERE, CONTINUED THROUGHOUT

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

[SELLERS]

(SPEAKING OVER CROWDS) Here, in the Great Square of Trafalgar which, as we all know, takes its name from the great underground railway that runs directly beneath its ancient flagstones, here all is in readiness for the great explodable bird mixture inauguration. To my right raises the great wooden oak platform from which this solemn ceremony will be perfumed. The entire Square is a great mass of banners. Banners from the great Society of Pest Control all waiting to see the result of this experiment.

FX:

SIREN ADDED TO CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

Yes, there goes the great siren, telling us that all the workmen are clear of the buildings. That is to say St. Martin's, the National Gallery, Africa House and all the other buildings that have been treated with this wonderful explodable bird mixture.

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS MARCHING AND SHOUTING COMMANDER IN BACKGROUND ADDED TO CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

Now then, to my right, up the right side of the square, I can see the bright scarlet and pink tulips of the Royal College of Herald's as they march majestically up to the base of the great platform. (SOLDIERS GRAMS STOP) They are, of course, waiting to sound the traditional fanfare, Tedium Vitae, which will announce the arrival of Duchess Winifred Boiledusspudswell, the well-known human being.

GRAMS:

HORSES AND CHARIOTS JOIN CROWD ATMOSPHERE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And as I speak, I see the Third Battalion of the First Regal Household Cavalry, so-called as every member is a householder. And yes, there they go, their great white plume swords, snorting at the reign and fie and lifting the dust as they pass the base of Nelson's great column. That column so nobly erected here in 1672 to commemorate Lord Nelson's victory at Balaclava, over the combined Egyptian and Turkish cavalry.

GRAMS:

CROWD STARTS CHEERING

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And those cheers are for the leader of the Household Troop as he dips the Union Jack, the national flag of the union of Jack.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

That great fanfare announces the arrival of the great television coach bearing the Duchess by arrangement with Richard Winnick and Mark Loodman.

GRAMS:

COMMANDER SHOUTS "PRESENT ARMS!", FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF PRESENTING THE ARMS

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

The Guard of the Tunder Plummage Haddackurs presents arms and we all stand to attention for the anthem of the great Bird Pest Control.

ORCHESTRA:

ANTHEM OF THE GREAT BIRD PEST CONTROL

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

What a lovely tune that is, from the pen of the marcher of the Archer Street Rolls. And now, yes, now, here comes the Duchess of Boiledusspudswell followed by the venerable City Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brother-In-Laws and all the other great traditional hangers-on. Now, the Duchess approaches the great charcoal and balsa staircase that leads up to the rostrum and at the same time leads down again. She mounts the great steps, her great cape of Norton Weevil squadling across the ancient planges of the high Grantfordlood.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

And with that the Herald sounds the Thürk Voluntary, the Voluntary so well beloved by the Swahali dust-group of Westminster. And now she reaches the great gold and bronze microphone to make her declaration. But first the Master of the Rolls and Leather Goods pledges his allegiance, also the quanti-denorum, so let us listen to it.

GRAMS:

SPEECH BEING MADE ON MICROPHONE, BREAKING UP EVERY FEW WORDS

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

He appears to be having trouble with the great microphone of state, the same great microphone used ever since 1672, hand beaten and foot slapped gold and silver surmounted by two Burmese cherubs and fashioned by the great sculptor Ben Venuto Selinae and his brother Fred. Oh, and now I see the great engineer of state with the great state screwdriver adjusting the mace screws on the great microphone.

MILLIGAN:

(ON MICROPHONE, BLOWS A FEW TIME) Hello... testing, testing.. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, testing. Yes it's all right, now. Yes, it's alright.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS:

[SELLERS]

(ON MICROPHONE) My lords, ladies and gentlemong. Pray silence for the Duchess Boiledusspudswell, Dame of the Empire and at the present appearing in television's "That's your lot", "Where's your bonce?", "What's up now?", "Who's your dad?", "Why have you come?" and other edifying panel games. She appears by permission of the makers of Footo, the wonder boot exploder.

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

With that great dignified ringing across the great square, she steps up to the great microphone...

DUCHESS:

(SOUNDS LIKE THE QUEEN, SPEECH BREAKING UP) Ladies and Gentlemen. It is... pleasure that I have come... today to give my...

MILLIGAN:

(BLOWS INTO MICROPHONE A FEW TIMES) Hello... hello... testing... 1, 2, 3, 4... Yes, it's alright girl.

DUCHESS:

Ladies and Gentlemen. It is my privilege and privilege to name this experiment Operation Explodable Bird Mixture and may all who stand on it perish.

RICHARD DINGLEBY:

She steps forward to press the great button. She presses it. And so, for the final result, over to Brian Ginstone on top of the National Gallery.

GRAMS:

MILD EXPLOSIONS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT SPEECH

GINSTONE:

And all around the cornices of St. Martin's the bird mixture is exploding and the starlings are being driven away and I...

GRAMS:

GIANT EXPLOSION, CROWD SCREAMS

GINSTONE:

Oh. Oh, dear. I... I don't quite know what's happened, it's...

FX:

FIRE ENGINE BELL RINGING, SCREAMS CONTINUE, FADE OUT

OMNES:

FADE IN: SHOUTS AND BOOS IN HOUSE OF COMMONS "PRIME MINISTER", "THE WHOLE PLACE WAS BLOWN TO BITS!", "IMBECILES!", "WE WON'T HAVE IT!"

CHURCHILL:

Lads, lads, lads, lads. Please, lads. Quiet now. Let us have a fair hearing. And now, Mr. Bladok.

NED BLADOK:

Mr. Prime Minister, Honourable Members. I fear that the explodable bird-lime was a mite too powerful. But... but fear not, St. Martin's will be rebuilt!

TIMOTHY:

But the starlings will only roost in it again.

NED BLADOK:

If they do, well, we'll blow it up again! Naturally we would rebuild again, but if the starlings still persist in roosting there, we'll have no compunction but to blow it up yet again! We'll see who gets tired first!

MINNIE:

But think of the expense!

NED BLADOK:

No fears there! I have it on good authority that our financial position is far in excess of the starlings'!

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

NED BLADOK:

Yes, in any case, I have a new invention to deal with the pests.

CHURCHILL:

What?

NED BLADOK:

Rice puddings fired from catapults!

FX:

GUN SHOT

NED BLADOK:

Oooh!

TIMOTHY:

Good shot!

CHURCHILL:

Right, lads, now then, how about a nice cup of tea?

OMNES:

"HEAR, HEAR!" PLUS CHEERS AND APPLAUSE, FADES OUT

GRAMS:

STARLING TWITTER DURING ANNOUNCEMENTS

TIMOTHY:

That was "The Starlings", that was, by Spike Milligan. All parts were played by Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. Other pests were played by the starlings themselves. Technical production by Harry Green and Barry Wilson. I am the announcer. Andrew Timothy is the name and I am asked to say that any resemblance to a Goon Show is due to the laxity of the producer Peter Eton. Goodnight.

GRAMS:

STARLINGS FADE OUT

S5 E01 - The Whistling Spy Enigma

Transcribed by anon, additions by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

BOOS, WHISTLES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen! Back from the dead, we present half an hour of continuous radio fighting. In both corners... The Goons!

ORCHESTRA:

CIRCUS RING MUSIC

GRAMS:

BOOS, WHISTLES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Mr. Greenslade?

FX:

CHAINS BEING DRAGGED ALONG THE FLOOR

GREENSLADE:

(WEAK VOICE) Yes, Master?

SEAGOON:

Tell the masses, Mr. Greenslade, what we have in store.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, master. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Goons and myself, after successful season of unemployment, return to the air for a long series of one.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

GREENSLADE:

They commence with a mystery play, packed from end to end with mediocrity, under the title of...

THROAT:

The Whistling Spy Enigma.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

HERN:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) The crimes you are about to hear have all been specially committed for this programme. Here to tell you the story with the aid of smoke-glass ear-trumpet and reconditioned head is Captain Hairy Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FRANTIC AUDIENCE APPLAUSE AND CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) I remember when it all started. At the time I was asleep in my electrified elephant hammock when through the pigeon hole flew a carrier pigeon. There was something strapped to its leg - it was a postman.

POSTMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

A letter for youuuuuuuu.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

POSTMAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hurriedly... hurriedly I tore open the letter. Inside was an envelope with a message that said...

LETTER:

[MILLIGAN]

(HIGH VOICE) Report at once to MI5.

SEAGOON:

The letter was written in a disguised voice. Hurriedly strapping on a fresh pigeon I flew out of the window.

GRAMS:

BIRD WINGS FLAPPING

ORCHESTRA:

HARP PLAYS MYSTIC EFFECT

FX:

FOUR RAPID KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon reporting for duty as instructed, sir. I'm ready to die for the flag, bleed for my country, suffer great sufferings, (DRAMATICALLY) and all for England!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (ASIDE) So this was the fabulous Lance-Brigadier Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. I drew up a chair and placed it at the table next to him. Gad, how cunningly he was disguised! Stark naked save for a sou' wester, string lorgnettes and a pair of identical plimsolls.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Captain Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please don't do that. Captain, you have been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission.

SEAGOON:

Does this mean I've been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission?

GRYTPYPE:

So you've guessed, eh? Seagoon, you're to make your way to Hungary via Budapest.

SEAGOON:

Will I have to go abroad?

GRYTPYPE:

If all else fails, yes. It's dangerous work.

SEAGOON:

I suppose I'll have to take risks?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. And a small pot of tea.

SEAGOON:

What does this mean?

GRYTPYPE:

It means you've been chosen to go abroad with a packet of Risks and a small pot of tea.

SEAGOON:

For what reason?

GRYTPYPE:

Reason? Does there *have* to be a reason?

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

During the last 18 months you may have noticed that throughout the civilised world, and America, British prestige has fallen very low. Yes?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

And do you know why?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I don't know why.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

One thing killed Britain and that was our defeat by the Hungarian football team.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

I fear those Magyars did for us, lad. Before they play us again we must make absolutely sure they don't win.

SEAGOON:

Does this mean... sabotage?

GRYTPYPE:

You may well ask that.

SEAGOON:

I did ask it well.

GRYTPYPE:

I suppose you did. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

This is Operation Explodable Boot. You will make your way to Budapest. Once there, you will contact our British agent, X.

SEAGOON:

X? How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

Eeeeeeeex.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. How do I contact him?

GRYTPYPE:

By whistling a highly skilled mysterious secret tune.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

GRYTPYPE:

The moment he hears it he will hand you a sealed envelope, heavily sealed.

SEAGOON:

But the secret tune?

GRYTPYPE:

It goes like this: (WHISTLES THE HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY)

SEAGOON:

Wait! That's the Hungarian Rhapsody. What's secret about that?

GRYTPYPE:

Fool! Didn't you notice? I was whistling it in English!

SEAGOON:

I know, but there are thousands of Hungarians who can whistle in English fluently.

GRYTPYPE:

How dare they!

SEAGOON:

In any case, I can't whistle.

GRYTPYPE:

Curses. We shall have to think about this. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, while Captain Seagoon and the Brigadier are thinking, we, the BBC, would like to entertain you with a smile and a song from that well-known tenor Webster Smogpule.

SMOGPULE:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you, Ricky Fulton. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I should like to commence my programme with a song that is rapidly climbing to the top of the Horse Guard's parade. That lovely melody that I have just recorded from my latest film which is now showing north of the river and is called 'i Shine For You Alone' by Boot-black. Cyril, could I have my music, please?

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAWN OUT GRAND OPENING

SMOGPULE:

(SINGING) I IIII shiiiiiiiiiiiine...

GRYTPYPE:

I've got it, Seagoon, I've got it!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND DOOR OPENS

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPEAKS INCOHERENTLY, ENDS IN 'SIR?')

GRYTPYPE:

Odium?

ODIUM:

Yuuuus?

GRYTPYPE:

Send in our highly skilled mysterious whistling espionage agent.

ODIUM:

(SPEAKS INCOHERENTLY AGAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, thank you.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

You mean you'll send a man with me that can do all my highly skilled mysterious secret whistling?

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Seagoon, this is him, the man who can remember a tune no matter *how* complicated.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

ECCLES:

I'm fine, fine. Yup, I'm fine, fine. Yup and you?

SEAGOON:

I'm very well, thank you (LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY)

ECCLES:

Uh hum. Uh hum. Yup, yup. We're all fine. Yup. How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

My old dad?

ECCLES:

Yup. How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

My old dad's very well, to be sure. (LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY)

ECCLES:

Oh. Good. Good, good, good, good. My old dad's okay, too, you know? Yup, yup. My old dad's fine, he's fine. Yup, he's okay. My old dad's okay

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. I'm sure he is. (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

ECCLES:

Yup. Your... your old dad's okay and my old dad's okay. They're both okay. Both our old dads are okay. They're both okay. Aren't they?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Brigadier, this man doesn't look very intelligent.

ECCLES:

I heard that, I heard that. Let me tell you, it ain't... it ain't looks that count, it's what you got up here that matters?

SEAGOON:

And what have you got up there?

ECCLES:

Nothing. (LAUGHS AT HIS OWN JOKE) How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

I don't see what my old dad's health has got to do with you I'm sure..... (ECCLES AND NEDDIE ARGUE AS THEY WALK AWAY)

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray? Pull up a chair.

MAX GELDRAY:

'WHEN YOU'RE SMILING'

NEDDIE AND ECCLES:

(STILL ARGUING WITH ECCLES SAYING "...MY OLD DAD, MY OLD DAD, MY OLD DAD...")

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, please. Please. I've just been on the phonograph to HQ. You are to collect a new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune direct from our own highly skilled mysterious pianist composer. Eccles knows him well.

SEAGOON:

How far is it?

ECCLES:

Oooh, 63 miles.

SEAGOON:

Let's go.

GRAMS:

TWO WOOSHES

ECCLES:

(PANTING) This is the house. I shall now give the secret knock, that only he and I know.

FX:

3 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

ECCLES:

That's him. He's got it.

FX:

2 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

3 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

1 KNOCK - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

4 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

5 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

KNOCKS: "SHAVE AND A HAIR CUT..." – "...2 BITS" REPLY ON OTHER SIDE

CRUN:

Who is it, eh? Who is it?

SEAGOON:

Open this door at once or we break it down, so heaven help me as I live and breathe!

CRUN:

How ever did you get a name like that?

SEAGOON:

I have influence.

ECCLES:

Open up, Mr. Crun. It's me, Eccles!

CRUN:

Oh, Eccles, it's me, Mr. Crun!

ECCLES:

Oh, Mr. Crun, it's me, Eccles!

CRUN:

Oh, Mr. Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah!

CRUN:

Well, well, well!

SEAGOON:

You idiots!

ECCLES:

We're idiots, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, sir, open this door at once!

CRUN:

I can't, it's locked and the key's lost.

SEAGOON:

Curse, the door's locked.

CRUN:

Try the window, that's open.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

TRIES TO OPEN A LOCKED WOODEN WINDOW FRAME

SEAGOON:

Oh, curse! The window's locked as well.

CRUN:

It's open.

SEAGOON:

It's locked. Come out and see for yourself!

CRUN:

I will.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

CRUN:

Now, let me try it.

FX:

TRIES TO OPEN A LOCKED WOODEN WINDOW FRAME

CRUN:

(STRUGGLES) You're right, you know, the window is locked. What a state of affairs, the window and the door.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll go inside and open it.

SEAGOON:

Bravo!

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

ECCLES:

(FROM INSIDE) Hello?

CRUN:

That was a good i...

ECCLES:

It's no good, Mr. Crun, the window's locked from the inside, as well.

SEAGOON:

Here's a fine how do you do!

CRUN:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Are you sure you can't find the key to the door?

CRUN:

My dear military gentleman, come inside and look for yourself.

SEAGOON:

Right. Lead on!

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

CRUN:

Now, it used to hang on the nail behind this door.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's... it's certainly not there. Looks as if we're locked out.

FX:

THREE KNOCKS ON DOOR

CRUN:

Who's there?

ECCLES:

It's me, Eccles. I got the window open! If you come out you can crawl in through it

CRUN:

We can't come out, the door's locked and we've lost the key.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Can I come in and help look for it?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

Of course, come in.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Thank you, thank you.

CRUN:

Now, let me see. Ohhh! Eureka! Semper fidelis! I found it! It was in my pocket all the time!

SEAGOON:

Good show!

FX:

KEY BEING TURNED IN LOCK

CRUN:

Now, I'll just unlock the door and let them in.

FX:

DOOR OPENED

CRUN:

Good heavens! All that trouble for nothing!

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

There's nobody out here!

SEAGOON:

The fools must have got impatient and run away.

CRUN:

Well, never mind about them, what about you? You've come for the new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Exactly. You must teach it to Eccles.

CRUN:

Good, good, good. Now Eccles, have you ever heard this tune before?

ECCLES:

No.

CRUN:

What do you mean 'no', I haven't sung it yet!

ECCLES:

Oooh, so that's why I haven't heard it (LAUGHS)

CRUN:

Well, listen.

ECCLES:

Yup.

CRUN:

(WHISTLES THE SECRET TUNE) Got that, Eccles?

ECCLES:

How dat go again?

CRUN:

(REPEATS SAME SECRET TUNE)

FX:

POP

CRUN:

Did you see where they went?

ECCLES:

What?

CRUN:

My teeth!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF SIREN THEN BAGPIPES THEN EXPLOSION THEN CLUCKING CHICKEN

CRUN:

Answer that phone!

SEAGOON:

Hello? Yes, right.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN

SEAGOON:

Crun, we've got to fly to Hungary at once!

CRUN:

But I haven't taught Eccles the tune!

SEAGOON:

You'll have to come with us.

CRUN:

Oh, mmm... ummm... Minnie!

MINNIE:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE MNKS AT A DISTANCE)

CRUN:

Minnie!

MINNIE:

What is it, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm going to Hungary, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Right. I'll leave your dinner in the oven.

CRUN:

Minnie!

SEAGOON:

Come, men, to horse, giddup!

FX:

HORSE HOOVES RUNNING, CRUN CRYING, NEDDIE SHOUTING AS THEY GO

CRUN:

Captain... Captain Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

What? What, what what?

CRUN:

Tell me, is it very far to Hungary?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

CRUN:

Then why do we keep galloping round and round this blasted room?

SEAGOON:

I'm waiting for someone to open the door! Ellington!

ELLINGTON:

Yes!

NEDDIE AND CRUN:

Open the door!

ELLINGTON:

Love to!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ABC'S WITH RHYTHM AND EASE'

ORCHESTRA:

DICK BARTON SUSPENSE THEME TUNE "RACE WITH THE DEVIL"

BBC ANNOUCER:

[SELLERS]

(DRAMATICALLY) The Whistling Spy Enigma, part Two. Seagoon and party are on their way to Hungary to contact the British secret agent there by whistling them the highly mysterious secret tune (WHISTLES RAPIDLY). Once there, they are to sabotage the Hungarian football team. Seagoon's first contact was to be the British Ambassador.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Ha-ha! Ooo-ohhhh. Thud me fneficks and fetch my fungs and other time-filling-in phrases.

SEAGOON:

Major Dennis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

The same. Who are you sir?

SEAGOON:

(WHISTLES THE SECRET TUNE)

BLOODNOK:

Very interesting, but who the blazes are you?

SEAGOON:

My card!

BLOODNOK:

It's blank.

SEAGOON:

I know, I'm keeping my identity a secret.

BLOODNOK:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

But I'll tell you my name.

BLOODNOK:

Glad to hear it, Captain Seagoon, pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Yes, it's been quite a journey. No fun hiding under a third class railway seat.

BLOODNOK:

You've been hiding under... the disgrace! You know very well we British only hide under first class seats!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I was trying to save money.

BLOODNOK:

I understand. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

Major, I've been shadowed here by the Hungarian highly skilled mysterious secret anti-whistling police.

BLOODNOK:

Horrors!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'd like to stay the week here if possible. What do you say?

BLOODNOK:

Twelve and six a day, food extra.

SEAGOON:

You're charging *me*, an Englishman, to stay at the British Embassy?

BLOODNOK:

It's the holiday season. They charge twice as much at Blackpool.

SEAGOON:

I'm not on holiday, I'm here on a dangerous mission.

BLOODNOK:

You mean... you might get killed?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, that's different. Well, under the circumstances, I must ask for the rent in advance.

SEAGOON:

I've never been so insulted in all my life!

BLOODNOK:

Come now, with a face like that, you must have been!

SEAGOON:

By St. George, you drive me hard, sir, I'll knock you down, I'll...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS

SEAGOON:

Shh! Can you hear those highly skilled mysterious footsteps coming up the highly skilled mysterious stairs?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Neither can I.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we'd better start hearing them soon or it'll be too late!

SEAGOON:

You're absolutely right. It must be a highly skilled mysterious enemy!

BLOODNOK:

Of course. The moment he enters the room, strike him down with something.

SEAGOON:

Right. Hand me that piano.

BLOODNOK:

That's no good, it's out of tune.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Never mind, hand me that 600 foot factory chimney in the corner!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, not that, it's my last one! Don't touch...

FX:

SECRET WHISTLING TUNE

SEAGOON:

Shh! Shh! The highly skilled whistling tune. It must be the noble Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Huzzah!

FX:

DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY

MORIARTY:

Ah, Captain Seagoon. Hands up!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

MORIARTY:

Who are you?

BLOODNOK:

Mother Brown!

MORIARTY:

Knees up!

BLOODNOK:

Graze me grundles! It's Villion De La Prickon Moriarty née Smith, head of the dreaded highly skilled mysterious anti-whistling Hungarian counter espionage agents!

MORIARTY:

Well said!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you!

MORIARTY:

Now, what is the highly skilled mysterious whistling tune? I must know!

SEAGOON:

I won't tell!

MORIARTY:

I warn you! I will count up to a highly skilled 40,000 and then I'll shoot!

SEAGOON:

40,000?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I've got to go home for my gun.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) When I saw that he was a dwarf I was all for attacking him right away but Bloodnok stopped me.

BLOODNOK:

No, wait 'til he gets older.

SEAGOON:

Finally, on his ninety-third birthday, we sprang.

GRAMS:

STRUGGLE, CAST SHOUTS AS WELL

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY, NEDDIE PANTS) Right, let's go!

GRAMS:

STRUGGLE RESUMES

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(OVER STRUGGLE) Ladies and gentlemen, while Major Bloodnok and Captain Seagoon are so valiantly fighting for their country, I would like to sing that beautiful song, 'I Shine For You Alone'. Can I have my music, monsieur?

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAWN OUT GRAND OPENING

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(SINGING) Iiiiiiii shiiiiiiiine for you aloooooooooone, and my arms...

FX:

GUNSHOT

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

Ahhh!

SEAGOON:

(STILL OVER STRUGGLE) Finally.... finally we battled with Moriarty. In the darkness we... we grappled for three hours... ahh! oooh! Quick!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STRUGGLE STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON OTHER END) Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Moriarty. I just thought I'd tell you I've been home for the last two hours (PHONE PUT DOWN).

SEAGOON:

What? Then... then who's this we've been battering on the bonce?

ECCLES:

I've been wondering when you gonna ask that.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, my poor, poor Eccles!

ECCLES:

How did you recognise me?

SEAGOON:

Who else wears a reconditioned head?

ECCLES:

I've been looking everywhere for you. For the last ten days I've been up the main street whistling the secret tune.

SEAGOON:

Any contacts?

ECCLES:

Yeah, two old ladies took me home (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Time's running out. I wonder who the secret highly skilled mysterious British agent is. Try whistling it once more.

ECCLES:

Okay. (WHISTLES SECRET TUNE)

SEAGOON:

Shh. Shh. What luck! There's someone answering the call!

LEW:

[SELLERS]

Psssssst.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

LEW:

(HEAVY JEWISH ACCENT) You the one who's been doing all the whistling?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

LEW:

For Lord's sake turn it up, we're trying to get some kip upstairs.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Where the devil can the the highly skilled British agent be? (SILENCE) Where can the mysterious British agent be? (COUGHS, THEN SHOUTS) Where can the mysterious *deaf* British agent...

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my highly skilled mysterious cap-i-tain. Sorry I did not hear you first time, but my Dan Dare super cut-out cardboard radio receiver failed at a crucial moment. Moves upstage, strikes heroic pose, but unstrikes it when trousers fall down. Hee-Hee. Your turn.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, who are you, you dirty-nosed Goon?

ECCLES:

Well I'm Eccles, I told you that...

SEAGOON:

Not you! You!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am secret agent Bluebottle. Strikes mystery pose in army surplus night-shirt covered in egg stains. See, I will now show my nordic features. Whips off false beard, false ear 'oles and dirty big cardboard nose. Olé!

SEAGOON:

But you look exactly the same without them!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know, I was disguised as myself! Hee-Hee! I have made a little jokules! Hee-Hee! Pauses for audience applause, not a sausinge.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, little stringy chinless agent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heh-hey!

SEAGOON:

What are the secret orders?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are to follow me to the football stadium. There we are to insert the dreaded dynamite into the football boots of every Hunjarian player. And, when they kick the ball, aieeee-hey-hey!

SEAGOON:

Aieeee-hey-hey! So that's the plan. Right, lead on.

OMNES:

SINGING: "GIVE ME SOME MEN, SOME STOUT HEARTED MEN, WHO WILL FIGHT!"

FX:

DOOR OPENED VIOLENTLY

SEAGOON:

In here, lads. This... this is their changing room. Now, those must be their boots. Now, insert the dynamite in the toecaps.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, here Eccles. Hold these three red sticks of dynamite.

ECCLES:

Ooh! Ooh, wait a moment, one of them is a stick of Blackpool Rock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh! Are you sure, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Of course I'm sure.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Now, just a minute. (BITES IT, SWALLOWS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Course, I could be wrong, ho ho!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-Hee. Look at old Eccles! He has blowed all his toothy pegs out of his mouth! Hee-Hee! What a funny! Hee-Hee..

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you, Eccles! You rotten swine, you! While I was laughing you dropped a stick of dynamite down my trousers! Oh, I'm expos-ed. Expos-ed to the elements. Aiiigh! Moves left, places scout hat over shattered area, continues with the play.

SEAGOON:

Are you both all right?

ECCLES:

Yup!

SEAGOON:

Curse! Ah, never mind. I've fixed their boots. Now, back to the Embassy!

GRAMS:

TWO WHOOSHES

FX:

DOOR BEING SHUT

SEAGOON:

Ah, Bloodnok. Switch on the radio, quick.

BLOODNOK:

Right, the match has just started.

ECCLES:

Oh, goodie, goodie.

GRAMS:

FOOTBALL CROWD ATMOSPHERE

SPORTS COMMENTATOR:

[SELLERS]

And the teams are just coming on to the field now, Hungary versus England.

SEAGOON:

Ha-Ha. This is the end of the Hungarians, lads!

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah!

SPORTS COMMENTATOR:

The match was nearly called off because the British team forgot to bring their football boots, but the Hungarians sportingly gave them theirs.

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

No! No, no! Stop the match! Stop! No!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE STARTS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stooooooooop! Stop it! Stop the tune! I say, is that the end of the game?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you little shattered unit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, that was a rotten game! I don't like playing that game!

BLUEBOTTLE, NEDDIE AND ECCLES:

(ARGUE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get you for that at playtime for that Eccles!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE

S5 E02 - The Lost Gold Mine (Of Charlotte)

Transcription by Tony Wills, corrections and additions by John Koster, Paul Winalski, Roger Wilmut and Peter Olausson and others. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

BELL TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Hello? Hello?

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Is that Mayfair 36547890027111 extension 53291?

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Sorry, wrong number.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed. It's the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

FUNERAL LIKE MARCH, WITH WAILING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Everyone back to their own beds. Maestro? Mood music.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlepong, the Goons, in direct conflict with the British Arts council, present number 23 in their series of six: Crimes my mother taught me. This week, for one month only, we give you...

ORCHESTRA:

LINK CHORD

THROAT:

Death in the Desert.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORD

GREENSLADE:

The lost gold mine was alleged to have been found by a hybrid lunatic French French miner andre Charlotte, who died without telling where it was. Rain on the coast, fog patches, Harry Seagoon follows in a few moments.

SEAGOON:

(SINISTER LAUGH) Ah-ha ha ha ha hu hu hu... I knew where the lost gold mine was. You see, Charlotte left behind a map. A map I happened to find in an ordinary tin of meat loaf salad. Obtainable from all good grocers with the aid of money.

MILLIGAN:

(CHANTING MONK TYPE VOICE) That was the voice of young Neddie Seagoon, who even now is bound for the Americas, with the treasure map in his ankle pocket.

GRAMS:

WAVES LAPPING, SEAGULLS CALLING

GRYTPYPE:

I met Neddie Seagoon onboard my ship, the SS Filthmuck. Registered at Lloyds as a dustbin.

SEAGOON:

Yes, as it was a cattle boat I disguised myself as a steer and travelled steerage. Hahahaha. Travelled steerage, huha, ahem (CLEARs THROAT).

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, there, ship-mate.

SEAGOON:

I turned to meet the owner of the voice.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Captain of this noble ship.

SEAGOON:

I wondered why you wore three lifeboats. By the way, I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

A terrible disease.

SEAGOON:

I'm on my way to America.

GRYTPYPE:

What a coincidence, so is the ship.

SEAGOON:

Really? I'm glad I came. Shall we dance?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. I tell you what, though.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please – don't do that.

SEAGOON:

Sorry.

GRYTPYPE:

What are you doing during the voyage?

SEAGOON:

I'm stopping on board the ship.

GRYTPYPE:

Cleaver lad. Ah, listen, tonight I'm having a small card party in my cabin.

SEAGOON:

I love playing with small cards.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm. Ahoy, there, matey. See you at 17 and a half quarter bells.

SEAGOON:

Oh, first class. I do hope you like cribbage... (CONVERSATION FADES INTO NOISE OF GULLS)

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

ORCHESTRA:

HARP UP AND DOWN SCALE

FX:

GROANING AND STRETCHING OF SHIP OVER:

MORIARTY:

Haha. So I said “Who are you?” and he said, “Mother Brown”, so I said “Knees up!”.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, really.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, little Neddie. Come in, matey.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, matey.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, this is Count Moriarty, the famous French Morris dancer.

SEAGOON:

Oh, how do you do?

MORIARTY:

C'est si bon.

SEAGOON:

Pas de of Calais.

MORIARTY:

Eiffel tower.

SEAGOON:

Un deux trois quatre cinq six allez oops olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid Neddie, splendid. Who said Latin was a dead language?

SEAGOON:

Fred.

GRYTPYPE:

Who's Fred?

SEAGOON:

He's the man who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

MORIARTY:

Please. Now messieurs, what shall we play?

FX:

FLICK OF PACK OF CARDS AS SHUFFLED OVER...

SEAGOON:

Pontoon? Ha'Penny a time, what do you say?

GRYTPYPE:

I say Gin-Rummy, ten pounds a point.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) I'm sorry I haven't much money on me.

MORIARTY:

Oh, don't worry, we'll take an IOU.

SEAGOON:

I haven't any IOUs either, huh hu. (NERVOUS LAUGH)

GRYTPYPE:

Well, don't bother, we'll lend you one.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Let's play.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Pomme de terre.

SEAGOON:

Chateau d'If.

GRYTPYPE:

Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you remember? He's the man who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

MORIARTY:

Please, gentlemen, place your bets, pick up your cards.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Lets see what kind of a hand I've got. Mm-hmm. Four fingers and one thumb.

MORIARTY:

The fool. Little does he know that I can see all his cards in the mirror behind him.

SEAGOON:

Little does he know I heard him say that. So I'm turning my cards round so he can only see the backs in the mirror.

MORIARTY:

Curse, he's ruined my jape.

SEAGOON:

Right gents, I'll go thruppence on this. There's my hand - four aces.

GRYTPYPE:

Sorry, Secombe, I've got five. There... thruppence, please.

SEAGOON:

Well, hahaha, that's cleared me out. Well, here's my IOU for...

FX:

SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

...three pence. Thank you for everything. Goodnight!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Sacre bleu. You said he had money.

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, dear Moriarty. Look what he's written his IOU on.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bompetto. A treasure map!

GRYTPYPE:

Yeessss. This is the map of Andre Charlotte's mine. So...

FX:

GREAT TEARING SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

There... half for you, half for me. Now we can't twist each other, eh? Partner?

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha. But wait, as soon as we reach America, we must make for the lost gold mine...

GRYTPYPE:

Mmmm.

MORIARTY:

...and then, heh heh heh heh heh, Gold!

GRYTPYPE:

Gold!

MORIARTY:

Gold!

GRAMS:

BOTH LAUGHING TOGETHER, SPEEDING UP TO WOODY WOODPECKER SPEED

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD ALL OVER THE PLACE THEN NAUTICAL THEME, ENDING WITH HORN/TRUMPET

SEAGOON:

When we docked in New Orleans, I'd not discovered the loss of the map which I so foolishly had written the IOU on. Finally I decided to discover the loss of the map. This I did by suddenly discovering that I had lost the map. Not only had I lost it, but it was gone! Absolutely gone! Uh, the card game, of course! Moriarty and the Captain. I must follow them. Setting fire to my boot, I set off, hot foot. Accompanied by that great Fred-Indian mouth organist, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

SOMBER LINK

MILLIGAN:

(CHANTING MONK TYPE VOICE) Ohhh... Following Count Moriarty and Captain Hercules Grytpype-Thynne led Neddie Seagoon to the deserted mining village of San Ferry Anne, deep in the heart of Arizona desert. There he sought shelter for the night and himself...

FX:

BANGING ON DESK BELL CONTINUOUSLY UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Anybody in? Service! Service for a weary traveller? A weary traveller who has come many miles across the ocean, tired and worn. Is there no one who will answer the bell to this tired and weary traveller?

FX:

RINGING STOPS

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'm coming buddy! I'm coming buddy!

FX:

CLOMPING SLOWLY DOWN STAIRS CONTINUES UNDER NEXT THREE LINES:

SEAGOON:

Right glad am I to hear the sound of a human voice.

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'm coming buddy, don't get excited. Oh, dear, dear, dear. (ON MIC) Oh, why do they make these stairs so long, I don't know. Ahhh... mmm... I'm coming buddy. (OUT OF BREATH) Ohh, dear, dear. (BREATHING HEAVILY) Mnk... oh, dear... mnk... are you Hairy Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Round here, buddy.

SEAGOON:

About time, too, buddy.

MINNIE:

You must have patience, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Patience? I've been ringing for three days!

MINNIE:

I know, it's been keeping me awake at night. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. Now, what do you want, buddy?

SEAGOON:

A bed for the night.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Are you full up?

MINNIE:

Yes, I've just had my dinner. I'll see if I can get a bed for you. Just wait here, buddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED. PISTOL SHOT, SCREAM OF AGONY. DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

Room for one, buddy. Oh... Oh, dear. I'll get the boy to carry your bags. (CALLS) Boyyyyyyyy! Boyyyyyyyyyyyy! Come on, yukuyoy yukaboy. Boy! Henry! Henry boy!

CRUN:

(OFF) I'm coming, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Come on.

FX:

CLOMPING DOWN STAIRS CONTINUES UNDER:

MINNIE:

Come on, boy. He's coming.

CRUN:

(OFF) I'm coming.

MINNIE:

Come on, buddy, the man wants his... wants his bags... things taken. Come on now.

CRUN:

Now sir, where are your bags?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got any.

MINNIE:

Off you go, buddy!

CRUN:

I...

FX:

CLOMPING ON STAIRS

MINNIE:

Goodbye, buddy. Goodbye, I'll see you again...

ORCHESTRA:

'LATER' CHORD

GREENSLADE:

That night, in the dusty bedroom, Neddie Seagoon sat brooding.

SEAGOON:

(BROODY CHICKEN, CLUCKING, ETC. NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

I say... I say, you midget. Can't you stop that naughty chicken noise?

SEAGOON:

How dare you interfere with a Ronnie Ranal gold medallist! Who are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok's the name, Major Dennis Bloodnok. I'm prospecting for gold.

SEAGOON:

Oh, are you a miner?

BLOODNOK:

No, I'm 62. Oh, I see. Miner, yes. Yes, why?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm a bit of a miner.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Which bit are you?

SEAGOON:

The head and the body.

BLOODNOK:

How badly they fit.

SEAGOON:

Touche or, to coin a phrase, putch.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Do you know, for a moment I thought you were Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

BLOODNOK:

He's the fella who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I'm not him, I'm Ned Seagoon.

FX:

PENNY IN PLATE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm here to look for the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ho, ho, you... you poor blind fool. There's no such place, it's all a fable. Only an idiot would believe in it.

SEAGOON:

I have a map of its location.

BLOODNOK:

I've always believed in the lost gold mine, always. Now, where's the map?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got it.

BLOODNOK:

There's no such place, I tell you, it's a fable, only an idiot would believe in it.

SEAGOON:

I know where the map is, buddy.

BLOODNOK:

I've always believed in it, buddy, always. Who's got the map?

SEAGOON:

Two crooks, Count Moriarty and Captain Grytpype-Thynne.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, rea- ohh, ohh de ohh...

SEAGOON:

You know them?

BLOODNOK:

Know them? Was one called Count Moriarty?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

And the other Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Great crongolers of steaming thund! They went through this town just three hours ago.

SEAGOON:

What? If we hurry we can catch them up. Come on!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

ORCHESTRA:

CHASE MUSIC, FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC BEATS - BONG, BONG, BONG ON LARGE DRUM

FX:

TRUDGE OF FEET ON GRAVEL UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Hellpp! Au secours... duet... hellpp...!

BLOODNOK:

Either that man's a snob or he's a foreigner.

SEAGOON:

No, Bloodnok, it's Count Moriarty buried up to his neck in the sand.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! For a moment I thought it was petite George Wood.

MORIARTY:

Help me, pleeeeeeease hellllppp.

SEAGOON:

So! We meet again. Face to foot.

MORIARTY:

That... that swine Grytpype-Thynne, he tied me up, slapped me in chains, buried me up to my neck in the sand when I wasn't looking.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to leave you to die.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no, Seagoon, the man might be attacked by soaking wet elephants.

SEAGOON:

What!? The nearest elephants are across the Atlantic!

BLOODNOK:

How do you think they get soaking wet?

SEAGOON:

Very well, pull him out.

SEAGOON & BLOODNOK:

(STRAINING NOISES FROM BOTH)

FX:

POP

MORIARTY:

Oh, oh, merci, merci. Now, I will make a deal with you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

MORIARTY:

You see, I still have half the treasure map.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

FX:

UNFOLDING PARCHMENT

SEAGOON:

He's telling the truth. Half the map and the half that matters. It's the last mile that leads the gold mine. That means Grytpype-Thynne can only get half way!

BLOODNOK:

Give me that map.

FX:

TEARING SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

There - half each. Now we're partners.

SEAGOON:

Right! Now, which way did Grytpype-Thynne go?

MORIARTY:

Aha, ha, haaaa. I will tell you *if*... If you each give me a portion of the map.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Very well, there.

FX:

TEARING

BLOODNOK:

And there's my bit.

FX:

TEARING

(ALL THREE TALKING AT THE SAME TIME, FADING)

MORIARTY:

Merci, Now I'll tell you what we'll do...

SEAGOON:

Take care of that because it's a very important thing to have...

BLOODNOK:

Yeh, I must ma...

GREENSLADE:

So that listeners are not confused by the number of map portions now in existence, here's an exact tally of the present distribution. Captain Hercules Grytpype-Thynne: one half. Major Bloodnok: one quarter less one eighth given to Count Moriarty. Neddie Seagoon: one quarter less one eighth given to Moriarty. Moriarty: one quarter. Henry Crun: nil.

MILLIGAN:

(SING SONG) Meantime, ten miles ahead in the blistering desert, Grytpype-Thynne plods the weary desert and makes a discovery....

FX:

TRUDGING IN SAND NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what a fool I am. This half of the map only leads me up to this point. Dash it. Lost in this desert and five hundred miles from the nearest human being.

ECCLES:

Pardon me! Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Letter for you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, let me see.

FX:

TEARING OPEN OF ENVELOPE

GRYTPYPE:

"Dear sir, please give the bearer of this letter a glass of water." Who wrote this?

ECCLES:

I did. I'm thirsty, hah ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh, where do you come from?

ECCLES:

Me? I'm mad Dan Eccles and I live in the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Wait, if you... if you live there...

ECCLES:

Hu ho.

GRYTPYPE:

...how is it that you've never taken the gold back to town and cashed in on it?

ECCLES:

Well, I don't know my way back to the town. I... I only know my way... from the mine... to... here.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I have a map that leads from here... to the town.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh. Here, I'm no fool, here! If... if you give me a bit of the map, I'll show you the wayyy...
tooooo... the mine!

GRYTPYPE:

Righty ho, matey.

FX:

TEARING

GRYTPYPE:

There, half each, eh? Partner? Heh heh heh heh heh...

ECCLES:

Partner? Ahoho, partner he says. This is fun! Hohohum! My partner.

GRYTPYPE:

(QUIETLY) Now.. er...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

GRYTPYPE:

No one must know the location.

ECCLES:

No, no, no.

GRYTPYPE:

If they do...

ECCLES:

Yup?

GRYTPYPE:

...we must kill them.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Kill them?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Remember, dead men tell no tales.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? What about Vic Oliver? That's a joke. Ha ho ho! That was a joke!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Little does this poor goon know that the moment he shows me the gold mine, it's curtains for him.

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I've already got some curtains.

GRYTPYPE:

Right...

ECCLES:

Yup.

GRYTPYPE:

You won that one.

ECCLES:

Yup.

GRYTPYPE:

Lead on, partner.

ECCLES:

Ohh, partner! Here, you tell me, this is fun, do you come here often?

GRYTPYPE:

Only during the eclipse of the sun.

ECCLES:

Oh, good, good. And how's your old dad?

GRYTPYPE:

He hasn't written since he died.

ECCLES:

Oh, I hope he's isn't ill.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime from the compost heap of a wealth Hittite dustman, we hear the sound of Ray Ellington and his Quartet of four.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

LINKING CHORDS

FX:

TRUDGING THROUGH SAND UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

(PANTING) I say Seagoon, any signs of Captain Grytpype-Thynne yet?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, then leave me, lads, I'm done for.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no.

BLOODNOK:

Just leave me here to die in peace with me home perm kit and one copy of the dreadful disclosures of Mariah Monk.

SEAGOON:

Very well, Bloodnok. If you die I'll leave you this shovel to bury yourself with.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Come on, Moriarty. This is a grim business. Exits left, wearily.

FX:

TRUDGING NOISES STOP

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, there they go.

GRAMS:

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" ON VIOLIN UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Leaving old Bloodnok to die in the desert. I don't want to die, I'm too old for that. Still, here I am alone in the desert, alone save for the sand, the cactus and that Red-Indian who insists on playing that blasted violin!

CHIEF:

[SECOMBE]

Me, Chief Worriguts. Me only play music to heighten effect. In all Hollywood western film, when John Wayne die in desert, music always play in background. Me like. Now me always carry violin in case.

BLOODNOK:

Wait. (ASIDE) This Indian goon might save the day. Tell me, Chief Worriguts, are you strong man?

CHIEF:

Me, heap strong. Me always eat wheat postie for breakfast. All men of distinction eat wheat postie.

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Of course!

CHIEF:

Ohum.

BLOODNOK:

Listen.

CHIEF:

Umh?

BLOODNOK:

If you carry me on back...

CHIEF:

Um?

BLOODNOK:

...and catch up with my friends, me give you bit of treasure map.

FX:

TEARING

CHIEF:

Oh, dum, oh, dum.

BLOODNOK:

There.

CHIEF:

Ah, aaah! Get-um up on back!

BLOODNOK:

Right. Ho, ooh, ho, ho! These feathers, oh, ho ho...

CHIEF:

Now, me got piece of treasure map. From now on, me in story. Me got um speaking part!

BLOODNOK:

Gid-up there.

CHIEF:

(NEIGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Present map holdings. Captain Grytpype-Thynne: one fourth. Mad Dan Eccles: one fourth. Count Moriarty: one fourth. Neddie Seagoon: one eighth. Major Bloodnok: one sixteenth. Chief Worriguts: one sixteenth. Henry Crun: nil.

SEAGOON:

Fifty miles further on, Moriarty and I made a discovery....

MORIARTY:

Saprisiti Bombets, look! At this juncture, Grytpype-Thynne's footsteps are joined by another set.

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's grown another pair of legs.

MORIARTY:

Or... he's met somebody else.

SEAGOON:

(DOUBTFULLY) That is a second possibility.

MORIARTY:

Yes. See, they move around the cactus bush six paces.

SEAGOON:

That's right.

MORIARTY:

Then forward ten paces over here.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

And in a straight line twenty paces. What can they have been doing?

SEAGOON:

The fox-trot!

MORIARTY:

Curses, they're too fast for us.

SEAGOON:

Yes, our only chance would be the quick step.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry, I can only tango.

SEAGOON:

Curse. Is there no one who can help us?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my capi-tan. I heard you call me. Springs from behind cactus bush, pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. Moves left.

SEAGOON:

Speak, little stringy wreck! Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am junior desert ranger Bluebottle. Gives secret sign known only to East Acton boys club. Wipe nose on handkerchief made from tail of dad's shirt.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what simmering power lies behind those wide, muscular ears.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Great mysterious powers! I can live for days in the desert on nothing but food and water! Takes quick bite on liquorice stick for added strength.

SEAGOON:

Tell us little heavily pimpled ranger. Have you seen a naval man pass this way?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeeeeess, yee-ess... Notice long dramatic pause before giving answer.

SEAGOON:

Listen, do you know anything about the lost gold mine?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's lost! Hah ha, hu ha hey! I made a little jokules, he heh he. Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage, again. Does 'I don't care' pose.

SEAGOON:

Friendly little nut. Could you lead us to the sea-faring man?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, but at a price. I want to have portions of the map.

SEAGOON:

Very well here's a bit of mine.

FX:

TEARING

MORIARTY:

And here is a bit of mine.

FX:

TEARING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho hoy oy. I am drunk with the power of the map portions. These will guarantee me untold riches, even wealth. I shall have my own toothbrush, my own tooth, and a ball pointed pen with a real pointed ball, ah hi! Oh, regains decorum. OK, follow me. Spits like cowboy but dribbles down shirt. Forward laddies, farewell.

ORCHESTRA:

“YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, YOU'RE NOT BEHIND A PLOW” THEN DRAMATIC SOMBRE CHORDS.
BONG, BONG, BONG...

GRYTPYPE:

Listen Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yup? Yup? Yup?

GRYTPYPE:

We've been walking for days. How much further is it?

ECCLES:

Oh, a mile, two, three. All depends on the distance you know.

GRYTPYPE:

What've you stopped for?

ECCLES:

Well, I think I'll have a swim in my old marble swimming pool. Jeeves?

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fool, the heat's got him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

JEEVES:

[SECOMBE]

You called, sir?

ECCLES:

Yeh, just hold my clothes.

JEEVES:

Right.

ECCLES:

Hup!

FX:

MIGHTY SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no, arghhhhh..!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Ooooh, he shot himself. Hey. Hey. You dead? You. You with the big hole in your nut, you dead? Ohh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Mad Dan Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up.

ECCLES:

Yep, yep yep yep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have caught up with you at last! Do not move, these guns are real cardboard. Now my capi-tan question him, I will keep you covered. Ha hi ha hee. Hides behind dirty big rock in case of trouble.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan, where's the lost gold mine of Charlotte?

ECCLES:

Behind that big pile of rocks.

SEAGOON:

Oh, heavens, we'll never be able to shift that lot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not fear my capi-tan, I have here three sticks of highly explosive dynamite.

SEAGOON:

Right, insert them under the rocks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall do it, I shall! This is a good game, I like this game.

ECCLES:

It is a good game isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I play with you tomorrow?

ECCLES:

Yah, yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I only live across the street.

ECCLES:

Oh, so do I.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What school do you go to?

ECCLES:

You've got a sister?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've got a pet rabbit in my garden.

ECCLES:

Have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I like this game.

ECCLES:

I've got a dog, too.

SEAGOON:

Don't waste time you fools!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, den we...

SEAGOON:

Too work with the dynamite!

GREENSLADE:

Listeners may be wondering what has become of Count Moriarty. The truth is he *was* suddenly attacked by a soaking wet elephant.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, have you got the dynamite in place?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Yes, it is all in place, now.

SEAGOON:

Right. Eccles, press the plunger.

ECCLES:

OK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Oh! Wait a minute, I've got it...

FX:

EXPLOSION, LONG DRAWN OUT FALL OF DEBRIS

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you! Arrgh arggh ho! You have deaded me! Oh, you swines! Look what you have done to my new Alan Ladd-type sports shirt. I'm gonna tell my dad on you, my dad's a blacksmith. Ah, hi. Exits left with shattered bonce, crepe hair and loose feet.

SEAGOON:

In a flash I was inside the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Ohh! Well, well, well, well, well...

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Is... is this really the lost gold mine of Charlotte?

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Ah, ho.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) But... but there's no gold!

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Welllll, that's-yah-lotte! Ha ha ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no! No! You can't do this to me, no...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon show, recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E03 - The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler (Of Bexhill-On-Sea)

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. We now come to the radio show entirely dedicated to the downfall of John Snagge.

SECOMBE:

He, of course, refers to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

FUNERAL DIRGE, WAILING PEOPLE

SECOMBE:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Time for laughs later. But now to business. Mr Greenslade!? Come over here.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Master?

SECOMBE:

Tell the waiting world what we have for them.

GREENSLADE:

My lords, ladies and other National Assistance holders - tonight the League of Burmese Trombonists present a bestseller play entitled:

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI

SELLERS:

The Terror Of Bexhill-on-sea or...

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE CHORD

SECOMBE:

The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER HORNS CHORD

GREENSLADE:

The English Channel, 1941. Across the silent strip of green-grey water, in England, coastal towns were deserted. Except for people. Despite the threat of invasion and the stringent blackout rules, elderly gentlefolk of Bexhill-on-Sea still took their evening constitucionals.

FX:

SEA WASHING ONTO BEACH

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh, dear, dear, dear. Ohh, no. It's quite windy on these cliffs, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Yes, yes. What a nice summer evening. Typical English evening.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, the rain is lovely and warm. Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes?

HENRY CRUN:

I think I'll take one of my sou'westers off.

MINNIE:

You devil, you!

HENRY CRUN:

Here, Minnie, hold my elephant gun.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, I don't know what you brought it for, you can't shoot elephants in England, you know!

HENRY CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

They're out of season.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Does this mean we shall have to have pelican for dinner again?

MINNIE:

I fear so, I fear so!

HENRY CRUN:

Then I'll risk it, I'll shoot an elephant out of season.

MINNIE:

You can't shoot an elephant out of season.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes I can, Minnie!

MINNIE:

Elephants mustn't be shot out of season.... (FADE)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners who are listening will, of course, realise that Minnie and Henry are talking rubbish. As erudite people will realise, there are no elephants in Sussex. They're only found in Kent. North of a line drawn between two points thus making it the shortest distance.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG

GREENSLADE:

Thank you!

HENRY CRUN:

Well, if that's how it is I can't shoot any.

MINNIE:

Come, Henry, we'd better be getting home. I don't want to be caught on the beaches if there's an invasion.

HENRY CRUN:

Neither do I, Minnie. I'm wearing a dirty shirt and I don't...

FX:

METAL DOOR SLIDES OPEN

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, oh, Minnie?

MINNIE:

What, what, what, whatwhatwhatwhat?

HENRY CRUN:

Minnie, did you hear a gas oven door slam just then?

MINNIE:

Don't be silly, Henry! Who'd be walking around these cliffs with a gas oven?

HENRY CRUN:

Lady Docker?

MINNIE:

Yes, but apart from the obvious ones, who'd want to...

FX:

WHOOSH! SPLAT!

MINNIE:

Oooooooooooooohohohohohohohohohohoh... Yeuhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

No, I've never heard of him.

MINNIE:

Help, Henry! I've been struck down from behind, buddy. Heelp!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Oh, dear, dear! Poor Minnie!

MINNIE:

Help!

HENRY CRUN:

Police! English Police! Law Guardians!

MINNIE:

Not too loud, Henry, they'll hear you.

HENRY CRUN:

Police of the law.

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE FOLLOWED BY A WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Can I help you, sir?

HENRY CRUN:

Are you a policeman?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm a constable.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, what is the difference?

SEAGOON:

They're spelt differently.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh, help me, differently spelt constable.

SEAGOON:

Oh! What's happened to this dear old silver bearded lady?

HENRY CRUN:

She was struck down from behind.

SEAGOON:

And not a moment too soon. Congratulations, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

I didn't do it.

SEAGOON:

Coward, hand back your OBE. Now, tell me who did this felonious deed? What's happened to her?

HENRY CRUN:

It's much too dark to see.

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Strike a light.

SEAGOON:

Not allowed in blackout.

MINNIE:

Strike a dark light.

SEAGOON:

No, madam! Madam, we daren't. Why, only twenty eight miles across the Channel the Germans are watching this coast.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't you be a silly billy policeman.

MINNIE:

Bravo, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Pittle Poo.

MINNIE:

Pittle Poo. They... they... they... they can't see a little match being struck.

SEAGOON:

Oh, all right.

FX:

STRIKING MATCH - BOMB WHISTLE - EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Any questions?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, where are my legs?

MINNIE:

Where are mine?

SEAGOON:

Now are you aware of the danger from German long range guns?

HENRY CRUN:

I have it! I've got it, I've got the answer. Just by chance I happen to have on me a box of German matches.

SEAGOON:

Wonderful! Strike one. Ha, they won't dare fire at their own matches.

HENRY CRUN:

Of course not. Now...

FX:

STRIKING MATCH - BOMB WHISTLE - EXPLOSION

HENRY CRUN:

Curse! The British! The British!

SEAGOON:

We tried using a candle, but it wasn't very bright and we daren't light it. So we waited for dawn and there, in the light of the morning sun, we saw what had struck Miss Bannister. It was... a batter pudding!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

HENRY CRUN:

It's still warm, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Oh. Thank heaven, I hate cold batter pudding.

HENRY CRUN:

Come, dear little Minnie. I'll take you home with me, Minnie. I'll give you a hot bath, rub you down with the anti-vapour rub, put a plaster on your back, give your little feet a mustard bath and then put you to bed.

SEAGOON:

Do you know this woman?

HENRY CRUN:

Devilish man!

MINNIE:

Naughty man!

HENRY CRUN:

Naughty, naughty, horrible, naughty man! Of course I do. This... this is Minnie Bannister, the world famous poker player. Give her a good poker and she'll play any tune you like.

SEAGOON:

Well, get her off this cliff, it's dangerous. Meantime, I must report this to the Inspector. I'll call on you later, goodbye.

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

As I swam ashore I dried myself to save time. That night I lay awake in my air-conditioned dustbin, thinking. Now who on earth would want to strike another with a batter pudding? Obviously it wouldn't happen again, so I fell asleep. Nothing much happened that night, except that I was struck with a batter pudding.

MILLIGAN:

It's all rather confusing, really!

GREENSLADE:

In the months to come, thirty eight batter puddings were hurled at Miss Bannister.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

GREENSLADE:

A madman was at large. Scotland Yard was called in.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Special Investigation. This Batter Pudding Hurler.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

He's made a fool of the police.

SEAGOON:

I disagree, we were fools long before he came along.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy. Nevertheless, he's got to be stopped. Now Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that. Now these batter puddings, they were obviously thrown by hand.

SEAGOON:

Not necessarily. Some people are pretty clever with their feet.

GRYTPYPE:

For instance?

SEAGOON:

Tom Cringingnut.

GRYTPYPE:

Who's he?

SEAGOON:

He's a man who's pretty clever with his feet.

GRYTPYPE:

What's his name?

SEAGOON:

Jim Flatcrock.

GRYTPYPE:

Sergant Throat!

THROAT:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Make a note of that.

THROAT:

Right. Anything else, Sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

THROAT:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Now Seagoon, these batter puddings, were they all identical?

SEAGOON:

All except the last one. Inside it, we found... this.

GRYTPYPE:

What? An army boot!? So the dreaded hurler is a military man. Any troops in the town?

SEAGOON:

The 56th Heavy Underwater Artillery.

GRYTPYPE:

Get there at once, arrest the first soldier you see wearing one boot.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle I po.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, off you go.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhhhh! Ohhhh! Oh, oh, oh! How dare you come here to my H.Q. with such a ridiculous...

SEAGOON:

I tell you, Major Bloodnok, I must ask you to parade your men.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I'm looking for a criminal.

BLOODNOK:

You find your own, it took me years to get this lot! Oh... oh... I surrendered the army...

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle I po!

BLOODNOK:

Very well, then. Bugler Max Geldray? Sound fall in the hard way.

MAX GELDRAY:

'THEY WERE DOING THE MAMBO'

ORCHESTRA:

NAVAL TYPE LINK

GRAMS:

COMPLAINING FROM THE SOLDIERS

BLOODNOK:

Silence, silence, lads. Silence! Lads, lads, lads, lads, lads.

VOICE:

Ya big flathead!

BLOODNOK:

Lads! My dear lovely, hairy lads. I'm... I'm sorry I had to get you out of bed in the middle of the day but I'll see you get extra pay for this, I promise you.

GRAMS:

CRIES OF DISSENT

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no. Ahhhhhh... That's what I like - spirit. Now Seagoon, which is the man?

SEAGOON:

I walked along the serried ranks looking for the soldier with one boot, but my luck was out. The entire regiment were barefooted, all save the officers who wore reinforced concrete socks.

BLOODNOK:

I say Seagoon, it's getting dark. You can't see in this light.

SEAGOON:

I'll strike a match.

FX:

STRIKING MATCH - BOMB WHISTLE - EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Curse, I forgot about the Germans.

ECCLES:

We want our beddy byes.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

Me? I'm Lance Private Eccles, but most people call me by my nickname.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

ECCLES:

Nick. Hahahahahaha, that's a joke! (ASIDE) I made a joke about the nick!

SEAGOON:

I inspected the man closely. He was the nearest thing I'd seen to a human being without actually being one.

BLOODNOK:

I say, Seagoon. You... surely you don't suspect this man? Why, we were together in the same company during that terrible disaster.

SEAGOON:

What company was that?

BLOODNOK:

Desert Song, 1933.

SEAGOON:

Were you both in the D'Oyly Carte?

BLOODNOK:

Right in the D'Oyly Carte.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

SELLERS:

(AD LIBBING) I say! I say!

SEAGOON:

But wait!! At last, by the light of a passing glue factory, I saw that Eccles was only wearing... one boot!

ECCLES:

Ooooh! Well, I only got one boot.

SEAGOON:

I know, but why are you wearing it on your head?

ECCLES:

Why? Why? It fits, dat's why! What a silly question to ask...

SEAGOON:

Let me see that boot! Mmmmm, size 19. What size head have you got?

ECCLES:

Size 19.

SEAGOON:

Curse, the man's defence was perfect.

ECCLES:

Ho ho!

SEAGOON:

Major Blooknok?

BLOODNOK:

How dare you call me Major Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

That's your name.

BLOODNOK:

In that case, I forgive you.

SEAGOON:

Where's this man's other boot?

BLOODNOK:

Stolen.

SEAGOON:

By whom?

BLOODNOK:

A thief.

SEAGOON:

You sure it wasn't a pickpocket?

BLOODNOK:

Positive, Eccles never keeps his boots in his pocket.

SEAGOON:

Damn!

MILLIGAN:

Damn!

BLOODNOK:

Damn!

SEAGOON:

They all had a watertight... they all had a watertight alibi. But just to make sure, I left it in a fish tank overnight. Next morning, my breast pocket phone rang.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING

SEAGOON:

Hello?

HENRY CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon, Minnie's been hit with another batter pudding.

SEAGOON:

Well, that's nothing new.

HENRY CRUN:

It is, this one was stone cold.

SEAGOON:

Cold!?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, he must be losing interest in her.

SEAGOON:

It proves also that the phantom Batter Pudding Hurler has had his gas-pipe cut off! Taxi!

FX:

BAGPIPES RUNNING OUT OF STEAM

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, Sir? Hooray for rule Britannia, poor old Marilyn Monroe, poor old Joe!

SEAGOON:

The Bexhill Gas Works and step on it.

ABDUL:

Very good, Sir. Hooray, here we go!

FX:

BAGPIPES FILLING UP WITH AIR AND SPEEDING UP AND FADING INTO DISTANCE...

GREENSLADE:

Listeners may be puzzled by a taxi sounding like bagpipes. The truth is, it is all part of the BBC new economy campaign. They have discovered that it is cheaper to travel by bagpipes. And not only are they more musical, but they come in a wide variety of colours. See your local bagpipe officer and ask for particulars. You won't be disappointed.

MILLIGAN:

It's all rather confusing, really.

NARRATOR:

[SELLERS]

Meantime, Neddie Seagoon had arrived at the Bexhill Gas and Coke Works.

SEAGOON:

Phewwww! Blimeyyy! Anyone about?

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

Yeahurureurur?

SEAGOON:

Good.

ODIUM:

Yeahrur.

SEAGOON:

I'd like a list of people who haven't paid their gas bills.

ODIUM:

Yeahurureurur.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. Now, here's a good list, I'll try this number.

FX:

DIALLING TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

Think we've got him this time. (LAUGHS) Hello?

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Ten Downing Street, here.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) I... ooh, I'm... I'm terribly sorry.

FX:

HANDSET CLICKS DOWN

SEAGOON:

No, no, it... it couldn't be him. Who would *he* want to throw a Batter Pudding at?

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello? Police here.

ATTLEE:

[MILLIGAN]

This is Mr. Attlee. Someone's just throw a Batter Pudding at me.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER TIMPANI DRUM ROLL

SEAGOON:

Months went by - I couldn't stop them. Still no sign of the dreaded Hurler. Finally, I walked the streets of Bexhill at night disguised as a human man. Then, suddenly...

ORCHESTRA:

A SINISTER AND DRAMATIC FANFARE

SEAGOON:

Nothing happened. But it happened suddenly, mark you. Disappointed, I lit my pipe.

FX:

STRIKING MATCH - BOMB WHISTLE - EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Aargh, curse those Germans!

MORIARTY:

Ohhh... Pardon me, my friend.

SEAGOON:

I turned to see the speaker. He was a tall man wearing sensible feet and a head to match. He was dressed in the full white outfit of a Savoy chef. Around his waist were tied several thousand cooking instruments. And behind him he pulled a portable gas stove from which issued forth the smell of... batter pudding.

MORIARTY:

Could I borrow a match? You see my gas has gone out and my batter pudding was just about to start browning.

SEAGOON:

Certainly, here... No, no, no... Keep the whole box, I... I have another match at home.

MORIARTY:

So rich! Well, thank you, m'sieur, you have saved my batter pudding from getting cold. As you will agree, there's nothing quite so bad as being struck down with a cold batter pudding.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes?

MORIARTY:

Of course. Well, goodnight m'sieur.

SEAGOON:

Goodnight. I watched the strange man as he pulled his gas stove away into the darkness. But I couldn't waste time watching him, my job was to find the Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler!

GREENSLADE:

Those listeners who think that Seagoon is not cut out to be a detective, please write to him care of Rowton House.

SEAGOON:

On December 25th the Hurler changed his tactics. That day Miss Bannister was struck with a Christmas Pudding. Naturally, I searched the workhouse.

INSPECTOR:

(PUFFING CIGAR) Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm. Seagoon? The hurler is abroad.

SEAGOON:

What's that, Sir?

INSPECTOR:

Hmm, a Miss Bannister has just received this letter. It was postmarked 'Africa' and inside was a portion of batter pudding. (SELLERS ALMOST CORPSES)

MINNIE:

Yes, he hasn't forgotton me, buddy!

SEAGOON:

So he's in Africa. Now we've got him cornered. I must leave at once. Where is my power packed, giant assistant? (CALLS) Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yahaaaaay! I heard you call me, my Capitain, I heard my Captain call me. Waits for audience applause, not a sausage. Puts on 'I don't care' expression as done by Aneurin Bevan at Blackpool Conservative Rally.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you and I are going to Africa.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Goody, goody! Can... can we take sandwiches?

SEAGOON:

Only for food. Any questions?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

SEAGOON:

I can't answer that, can you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Ignorant swine! Got that down, Sergeant Throat?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good.

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right, we catch the very next troop convoy to Algiers. And who better to drive us out of the country than Ray Ellington and his Quartet?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'OLE MAN RIVER'

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL MUSICAL LINK

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) And now...

FX:

WAVES AGAINST WOOD

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon and Bluebottle travelled by sea. To avoid detection by enemy U-boats they spoke German throughout the voyage, heavily disguised as Spaniards.

SELLERS:

As an added precaution they travelled on separate decks and wore separate shoes on different occasions.

SEAGOON:

The ship was disguised as a train. To make the train sea-worthy it was done up to look like a boat and painted to appear like a tram.

MILLIGAN:

All rather confusing, really.

SEAGOON:

Also on board were Major Bloodnok and his regiment. When we were ten miles from Algiers, we heard a dreaded cry.

ECCLES:

Mine ahead! Woohoowoo! Dirty big mine ahead!

BLOODNOK:

I say, I say, I say! What's happening, here? Why are all these naughty men cowering down on the deck, the cowards?

SEAGOON:

There's a mine ahead.

BLOODNOK:

Mine...?

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY - SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Funny, he wasn't dressed for swimming.

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here, here, here! There's no need to worry, fellas, about the mine! It's one of ours!

FX:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok and I floundered in the cruel sea.

FX:

LAPPING WAVES

BLOODNOK:

Fortunately we found a passing lifeboat and dragged ourselves aboard.

SEAGOON:

We had no oars but luckily we found two outboard motors and we rowed with them.

BLOODNOK:

Brilliant.

SEAGOON:

For thirty days we drifted to and fro, then hunger came upon us.

BLOODNOK:

Aeioughhhhh, if I don't eat soon I... I'll die of hunger. And if I die I won't eat soon. Wait a moment! (SNIFFS) Oohohohh, can I smell cooking or do my ears deceive me?

SEAGOON:

He was right, something *was* cooking. There, in the other end of the lifeboat, was... a gas stove! Could this be the end of our search?

BLOODNOK:

I'll knock on the oven door.

FX:

KNOCKING ON METAL

MORIARTY:

(FAINTLY) Just a minute, please, I'm in ze bath.

FX:

MORIARTY FAINTLY SINGING AS HIS FOOTSTEPS COME DOWN METAL STAIRS, DOOR SCRAPES OPEN

MORIARTY:

Alors, good morning, I... You!

SEAGOON:

Yes, remember Bexhill? I lent you the matches.

MORIARTY:

You don't want them back?

SEAGOON:

Don't move, I arrest you as the Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler.

MORIARTY:

Sacre Bleu!

SEAGOON:

Hands up, you devil, don't move! This finger is loaded.

MORIARTY:

If you kill me I promise you, you'll never take me alive.

BLOODNOK:

Wait, how can we prove he's the hurler?

SEAGOON:

That batter pudding in the corner of the stove is all the evidence we need. We've got him!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE

FX:

LAPPING WAVES

GREENSLADE:

But it wasn't so easy. Forty days they drifted in an open boat.

ORCHESTRA:

SINGLE VIOLIN: 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

BLOODNOK:

Oooaeioughhhh, I tell you Seagoon, let's eat the batter pudding or we'll starve!

SEAGOON:

No, you hear me, No! That's the only evidence we've got. Though I must admit this hunger does give one an appetite.

BLOODNOK:

We must eat it or die.

SEAGOON:

Never!

BLOODNOK:

Very well then, I shall stop playing my violin. (MUSIC STOPS)

GREENSLADE:

And that, we fear, is the end of our story except, of course, for the end. We invite listeners to submit what they think should be the classic ending. Should Seagoon eat the batter pudding and live? Or leave it and, in the cause of justice, die? Send your suggestions on a piece of batter pudding. Meantime, for those of you cretins who would like a happy ending, here it is.

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC MUSIC

SECOMBE:

Darling. Darling, will you marry me?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I will... darling.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, good night.

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes:

Lady Docker was the colourful the wife of the industrialist Sir Bernard, who was the very wealthy managing director of BSA (Birmingham Small Arms). Formerly she was a hostess at the Café de Paris and was known to the press as Naughty Norah, thanks to her outrageous extravagance and ability to generate scandal.

S5 E04 - The Phantom Head Shaver of Brighton

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Tonight's broadcast comes to you from an Arab Stench-Recuperating Centre in Stoke Poges. The play is considered unsuitable for people.

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade refers, of course, to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

'WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT' VERY FAST, 'RAZZAMATAZZ'

SECOMBE:

Ah, what a composer that Richnah Wagner was. Now, tonight, the Goons, with the aid of a calibrated Turkish boot lathe and a portable volcano net, will re-enact a drama of crime. Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir?

SECOMBE:

Tell the eager masses what we have in store for them.

GREENSLADE:

Rubbish.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Yes... yes, it's rubbish. But to make it more interesting we call it...

SELLERS:

'The Phantom Head Shaver of Brighton'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC THEME, RISING CRESCENDO

MILLIGAN:

It started in Brighton, 1898. The year of the great Edison Bell.

SECOMBE:

Yes, often I heard it ringing in the night.

FX:

BIG BEN PLAYED VERY FAST MIXED WITH MANY ODD SOUNDS, BAGPIPES, SPLASHES, CATS ETC...

SECOMBE:

Midnight o'clock and a half quarter, six and seven-eighths or thereabouts! Sleeping peacefully in the Hotel Fred are the delightful young newlyweds Nugent and Mrs. Dirt.

MILLIGAN:

Suddenly! From their room we hear...

MRS DIRT:

[SELLERS]

OoooooOO! Helpppppppppppp! Helpppppppppppp! Helpppppppppppp! Oh! Look at his bonce! Ohhh!

NUGENT DIRT:

[SECOMBE]

Prunella, are you awake, dearest heart?

MRS DIRT:

Get away from me with that dirty big bald head!

NUGENT DIRT:

Bald head?

NUGENT DIRT & MRS DIRT:

(PANIC)

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

MORIARTY:

Please, please, please, please, please, I beg, please, yakkamakaka, please. Madame, M'sieu, please. All this noise, you're waking all the other honeymoon couples up. Now, what is the trouble?

MRS DIRT:

It's 'im, my husband, look at him.

MORIARTY:

He appears to be a perfectly normal freak.

NUGENT DIRT:

If I get off this billiard table I'll strike you down.

MRS DIRT:

You shut up, baldy!

NUGENT DIRT:

What's all this 'baldy' stuff? I'm not bald.

MORIARTY:

The madame is right. You are... bald!

MRS DIRT:

Ohhhhhh....!

ORCHESTRA:

CRASHING THEME

GREENSLADE:

Poor Nugent Dirt, indeed he was hairless. The Phantom Head Shaver had struck. The day after, I, Wallace Greenslade, opened a little tobacco kiosk. It was that week that Nugent Dirt was taken to court by his wife.

OMNES:

COURTROOM MURMURS

FX:

THREE LOUD GAVEL BANGS

USHER:

[ELLINGTON]

Silence in court! Silence! The court will now stand for Judge Schnorrer. And if you'll stand for him, you'll stand for anything.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH ACCENT) Alright, alright, get seated and let the mularky start.

USHER:

M'lord, the first case. Mrs. Dirt versus Mr. Dirt. Mrs. Prunella Dirt?

MRS DIRT:

Yes, mate?

USHER:

Raise your right hand and your left leg. Now, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

MRS DIRT:

I do.

USHER:

Well, you ain't gonna get far. M'lord, the witness for the persecution is ready.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Alright, let the prosecuting council start off his shpiel.

ROPESOCK:

[MILLIGAN]

My lord, my client, Mrs. Prunella Dirt, claims that her husband, Nugent Dirt, did deceive her in that during their courting days, right up to their marriage night, he did in fact conceal his baldness from her without her knowledge. She... she discovered this sad state when, at one o'clock in the morning of the honeymoon night, she was...

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

(DROOLING) Go on, go on, go on.

ROPESOCK:

My lord, please.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

What? What? What?

ROPESOCK:

Please, please. At one o'clock in the morning, Madame Dirt arose to clean the windows.

WILLIUM:

I object.

ROPESOCK:

Who are you?

WILLIUM:

I'm the window cleaner.

ROPESOCK:

I don't wish to know that.

WILLIUM:

Aaaah!

ROPESOCK:

The fact that she was cleaning the windows is unimportant.

WILLIUM:

My bread and butter.

ROPESOCK:

What about your bread and butter?

WILLIUM:

I clean the windows with it.

ROPESOCK:

I don't...

USHER:

Silence in court!

SEAGOON:

M'lord, as council for the defence, I think we are straying from the facts. My client is accused of hiding a bald head. He denies this emphatically. He claims he was shaved in the night with a razor - by person or persons... unknown!

OMNES:

BUZZ OF EXCITEMENT... GETS OUT OF HAND

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence in court!

SEAGOON:

Silence in court!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence!

SEAGOON:

Silence!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence!

SEAGOON:

Yes, silence!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Thank you. Now listen, I want some silence 'ere.

USHER:

Silence in court!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence!

SEAGOON:

Silenceeee!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silenceeee there!

USHER:

Silence in court!

FX:

GAVEL BANGING STARTS AND CONTINUES

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silennnnnnnnce!

USHER:

Siiiiiiiiiiiiiii-leeeeeence!

OMNES:

UPROAR

GRAMS:

MIX IN BATTLE SCENE

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I remember the case because during the recess I did a brisk trade in my little tobacco kiosk. One of my best clients was the defending council, Q.C. Hairy Seagoon. (FADES...)

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS) Yes, I smoked heavily during the trial. It was one evening as I puffed on my alabaster meershaum pipe that events took a turn in the favour of Nugent Dirt. (FADES...)

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, parcel!

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

For me?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Any message?

THROAT:

No.

SEAGOON:

You positive?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Well thank you.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

PAPER PARCEL BEING OPENED

SEAGOON:

Now, I wonder what it can be? Good heavens! Is it...? Yes, its hair, human hair. And a note: 'Nugent Dirt is innocent. This hair is his. It was I who balded him while he slept. Signed: The Phantom Head Shaver'!

ORCHESTRA:

THREE MORE CONCLUSIVE CHORDS

USHER:

The case of Dirt versus Dirt. Third week.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Now, then, Nugent Dirt, the jury of three just men and twenty-nine criminals finds you guilty of hiding your bald nut from your wife until after you'd married her.

NUGENT DIRT:

It's a lie!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence!

NUGENT DIRT:

Silence!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Thank you. Therefore I sentence you to pay a fine of three shillings or do sixty years in the nick.

NUGENT DIRT:

I'll do the sixty years, I'm not throwing three bob down the drain.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Dirt, for refusing to throw three bob down the drain I sentence you to sixty years in the nick. Any last request?

NUGENT DIRT:

Yes, I want to hear 'I can't believe that you're in love with me'. Thank you.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Call Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

'I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME'

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Silence! Silence in court! What a load of rough we got here.

SEAGOON:

(TRIUMPHANT) M'lord - stop the case! Stop the case!

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

I have here evidence that will prove my client Nugent Dirt innocent! See? This hair is his! I submit it for analysis.

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

Ohh, my life! We got to go through all lot this again? Oy oy oy oy... Alright - case suspended til the 'air's analysed and proved to be or not to be Nugent Dirt's.

OMNES:

MURMURS

ORCHESTRA:

HARP

GREENSLADE:

The days of waiting for the analysis of the hair were agony for Hairy Seagoon. He smoked pipe after pipe of one of my special tobaccos.

SEAGOON:

(COUGHING) Gad, this tobacco! (COUGH) I must tell Mr. Greenslade not to make it so strong.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, another parcel?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Any message?

THROAT:

No.

SEAGOON:

Good night.

THROAT:

Good night.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

I... I wonder what's in this one.

FX:

PAPER OPENING

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, it's empty! Wait, here's a note. 'Dear Seagoon, I struck again last night and this time I have not sent you the victim's hair. Signed: The Phantom Head Shaver'. Mmm. 'PS: If you want to know who the victim is - look in the mirror'. (PAUSE) Ahhhhhhhhhh - I've been balded - he's balded me - ohhhhhhhhhh!

ORCHESTRA:

THREE SINISTER CHORDS, SOFT AND LOW

GREENSLADE:

Poor Seagoon, all his lovely hair gone. The following day I opened up a larger shop as my supplies of pipe tobacco were increasing.

SELLERS:

In the months that followed, the Phantom struck again and again! Fifty men were balded while they slept.

MILLIGAN:

Brighton became a city of terror. The holiday trade was threatened. That year only two gentlemen came to Brighton.

CHURCHILL:

Come on, Clem, what've we got to lose?

MILLIGAN:

Cease! And then, a hurried meeting was called.

OMNES:

FAST MURMURS

OLD MAN:

[SECOMBE]

Gentlemen - people aren't coming to Brighton, they're frightened. I ask you to think of an idea that will revive the holiday trade and defeat the Phantom Head Shaver!

HENRY CRUN:

I suggest that every one entering Brighton be handed a bald wig and that he should sleep in that self-same wig.

MINNIE:

Rubbish, if all the men wear bald wigs, the Phantom will attack the women.

HENRY CRUN:

I fear that the ladies, too, will have to wear bald wigs.

MINNIE:

Rubbish, buddy. Why should I wear a bald wig? I'm already bald.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, wear a bald wig with hair on.

MINNIE:

You c... you can't have a bald wig with hair on, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Gnk - mnk. Why not, eh? Why not?

MINNIE:

What? What? I'll tell you. Listen, listen.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

If a bald wig had hair on, it wouldn't be bald.

HENRY CRUN:

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

MINNIE:

Who ever heard of a bald-headed man with hair on, eh?

HENRY CRUN:

Well, I've heard of, I've...

MINNIE:

Who? Who? Go on, tell me, who? Who? Who?

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, no, I'm not going to tell you.

MINNIE:

That's because... that's because you don't know anybody with a hairy bald head, do you?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes I do, Minnie.

MINNIE BANNISTER:

No, you don't.

HENRY CRUN:

I do, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Who? Who? Go on, tell me, who?

HENRY CRUN:

I don't see why I should tell you.

MINNIE:

Because you don't know any one with a hairy bald head. Do you?

HENRY CRUN:

(MUMBLES GRUDGINGLY) Mnk... I do... I do know somebody with a hairy bald head.

MINNIE:

You... you don't.

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk - grnp - knp... I... I do.

MINNIE:

Don't.

HENRY CRUN:

Do.

MINNIE:

You don't.

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS ANGRILY) Mnk Grmp Nuk Knup... I... Mnk. I doooooooooo!

MINNIE:

(SHOUTS ANGRILY) You.... you don't!

FX:

CLASH OF SABRES TO MIX WITH ARGUMENT (CRUN: "HAVE AT YOU, YOU OLD BAG!") - ONE PISTOL SHOT FOLLOWED BY SILENCE

HENRY CRUN:

I do.

MINNIE:

You don't. I'm going home. I say you don't know a bald-headed man with hair on his head, so there. Pah!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

HENRY CRUN:

Pah... I do, I *do* know...

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER.

MINNIE:

(DISTORTED) You don't.

HENRY CRUN:

I do.

FX:

RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN.

HENRY CRUN:

I do.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

You don't.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

HENRY CRUN:

I do! I....

FX:

PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER GRABBED OFF HOOK

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS) Idoldoldoldoldoldoldoldo! Idoknowamanwithahairybald head! Idoldoldoldoldo-Ido, sothere-Ido! Idoldoldo know a man with a hairy bald head! So there! I do!

MILLIGAN:

Thank you. Could I speak to Mr. Seagoon please?

HENRY CRUN:

For you.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Seagoon here.

MILLIGAN:

One moment, please, sir. You're through, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Forensic Laboratory here.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm pleased to meet you. You must excuse my appearance.

GRYTPYPE:

That hair we analysed...

SEAGOON:

Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that.

SEAGOON:

The hair, what about the hair?

GRYTPYPE:

It wasn't hair, it was tobacco.

SEAGOON:

What? In that case, Ellington, play while I mee-dee-tate. Exits left, smoking.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SKOKIAAN'

SELLERS:

The Phantom Head Shaver of Brighton, Part Three.

SEAGOON:

By now the position was serious. All told, three hundred men had been balded by the Phantom.

GREENSLADE:

My tobacco stocks were now quite high.

MILLIGAN:

The military authorities had ringed the town with troops and soldiers.

SELLERS:

The only exit was Haywards Heath. Then, on a hunch, Seagoon went into action.

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS) I'll go and seek this Phantom myself. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, Captin! I heard my little ragged capt'in call me. Enter Bluebottle, pauses for audience applause, as usual not a sausage. (AUDIENCE APPLAUDS) Aaaaay! Strikes defiant bus driver outside garage-pose but... but trousers fall down and ruin effect.

SEAGOON:

Little brave lad, tonight we ride to Haywards Heath to track down the Phantom Head Shaver. Are you ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am ready, my Capitain! Let justice be don-ed. He will fall under the wrath of my Boys' Wonder mag cardboard sword. Pulls up trousers, tucks in shirt. Hehuehuehue! My hands are cold.

SEAGOON:

The Shaver's a dangerous man, he might kill.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh! (GULP) What...? He he he he he he! I just remembered, I got to go and shampoo my goldfish, I won't be long.

SEAGOON:

Come here, Bluebottle. Don't tell me you're a coward?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I won't, but you're bound to hear about it sometime.

SEAGOON:

Come, little spotted dick. To Haywards Heath!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ride, vanquerio, ride. Holé!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

FX:

HORSE'S HOOVES

GREENSLADE:

To Haywards Heath they rode, to the exit that was guarded by the finest of British troops.

ECCLES:

Hi dump eper dump yump dumper.... Halt, who goes dere? Anybody dere? Halt or I fire - fire or I halt. Halt! Anybody there? Anybody out there in the dark? Anybody? If there's anybody out there, speak up. If there's nobody, keep quiet. Aho-ho! Halt, anybody there? I can see you, I'll shoot, I'll shoot. I'll shoot, shoot, shoot. I'll shoot that, yep, yep. Ohhh, hump de di dum deeee di dummm. Halt! Who dat? Who dat? Who dat? Halt! Halt, who goes dere..?

BLOODNOK:

Eccles? Will you get out of that bed and get outside on guard. Get out of that bed or I'll... I'll tell about the Naafi funds!

ECCLES:

OK. I'm goin...

FX:

WHOOSH, DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

Ooooooo, it's dark out here, but I'm not afraid.

SEAGOON:

I say...

FX:

WHOOSH, DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

ECCLES:

Who's dat out dere? Who's dat? Who's dat out dere?

BLOODNOK:

I warn you, sir, one step nearer and we'll scream.

SEAGOON:

Have no fear, I'm Queens Council Hairy Seagoon - defending council in the Nugent Dirt case. I have on me several documents of identification - including a letter of personal trust from the Commander of the British Army; a memo of recommendation from Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary; a special pass signed by Mr. Clement Atlee, the Leader of the Opposition; and last but not least, a permit to go where I please, signed by the Prime Minister the Right Honourable Sir Winston Spencer Churchill.

ECCLES:

Friend or foe?

SEAGOON:

Open the door!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

I surrender, I surrender - Pax - I'm unarmed - you wouldn't hit a nursing mother would you?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, take off that Anna Neagle disguise. My ADC Bluebottle and I have followed a trail of hair to this post - we believe the Phantom Head Shaver is in the immediate vicinity.

BLOODNOK:

Here!? Ahahaha, I tell you, sir, the Phantom wouldn't dare come near here - not with old Bloodnok on duty. Why, I haven't slept for three nights - I've just sat here waiting for him - oh, yes, old Bloodnok needs a smart man to outwit him - ohohoh, yes... If the Phantom Head Shaver were to come here I... What are you staring at?

SEAGOON:

Do you usually have half your head shaved?

BLOODNOK:

What? Ohh, thunnedd, aeioughhhh, thud me gronkers with a gritclub - Ohhh nakka mo...

SEAGOON:

Something in his voice told me he knew what had happened.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh - look at me nut - half balded, ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Now, now, Major, there, there - this is really a blessing in disguise. You see, I must have interrupted him in his work - and we all know that a criminal always returns to the scene of the crime.

BLOODNOK:

What - yer mean you want me to wait here for him to come back and shave the other half?

SEAGOON:

It's your duty.

BLOODNOK:

I refuse!

SEAGOON:

Then, under Chinese law, I subpoena you.

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine, you. Oh, very well, I'll do it. Just leave me that book about Scottish Regiments.

SEAGOON:

But it's called The Decameron.

BLOODNOK:

Of course - it's all about Decameron Highlanders. Eiough.

SEAGOON:

Right, we'll leave you and...

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Captain, Capatain - I'm frightened, I'm frightened - I can hear someone in the ammunition hut - it sounds like a man sharpening a dirty big razor.

SEAGOON:

That's him - quick - follow me!

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Listen -

FX:

RAZOR BEING STROPPED

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) He's in this hut with a naked razor!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooo!

SEAGOON:

(ALoud) Come out, Phantom Head Shaver - you're surrounded, d'yer hear? We're all heavily armed - if you don't come, we'll come to that door - and so help me - we'll knock!

ECCLES:

Yeah, dats tellin him, yeah, if you don't come out, we'll come and we'll knock.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

We're not afraid of you, Phantom Nut Balder - we have no fear! Come out and face me - come on and show your face! Looks out from behind tree to see if face is showing.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle - go in and get him!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I will go in and - ehhehehehehe - me? You want me to go and get him, Capitan?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehehehehe, little me? Go and get him?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What, little tiny rotten weak frightened Bluebottle go in and get him?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game! Let's play another game, let's play doctors and nurses!

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Come down from that tree!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll be nurse Florence Nightingoon, the Lady with the Lump.

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Come out of that dustbin.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You be the doctor.

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Come out from behind that rock - the Phantom won't harm you - not when he sees that you're armed with a Jet Morgan cardboard cutout space catapult.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, Capitain, I will go in - I shall conquer him in mortal combat. (ASIDE) Quickly makes out last will and testament on back of fag packet. (ALoud) I go in for England. Farewell!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE OF TRUMPETS

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, let's play doctors and nurses.

ECCLES:

Hey, he's frightened, why don't you send somebody else?

SEAGOON:

You then.

ECCLES:

Nope, try again.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, get in that hut and search it from end to end.

BLUEBOTTLE:

O.K.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Not a soul in dere - we must have been hearing things - ha ha heuh, what a relief to hear things isn't it - heuheu. Can I go home now? I say Capitain, What are you starin' at me for?

SEAGOON:

Look in this mirror.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Noooooooo, you rotten swine, you - I've been balded! You've ruined my Tony Curtis type haircut! I told you I didn't like this rotten game!

SEAGOON:

Shh! Quiet! Quiet! He's still in there. I'll fix him - throw this stick of dynamite in through the door.

ECCLES:

O.K.

FX:

FUSE BURNING. STOPS WITH SPLUTTER.

SEAGOON:

Curse, it was a dud. Now let's go in - come on, keep me covered with your finger...

FX:

DOOR OPENS - MAMMOTH EXPLOSION - SPLINTERING GLASS - BITS OF NUTS AND BOLTS FALLING - FORKS, SPOONS, ETC.

BLOODNOK:

(APPROACHING) What's going on here? What's going on? I - good heavens!

GREENSLADE:

The - erm - hut blew up.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, poor fellows! They were looking for the Head Shaver, yer know.

GREENSLADE:

Yes - I know...

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... Suppose he was blown up as well?

GREENSLADE:

(PAUSE) Care for a pipe of tobacco?

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh, that's very nice of you. Thank you!

GREENSLADE:

Good night.

BLOODNOK:

Goodnight. Charming fellow. Tobacco eh? Mmm yes lovely. Gad, it's almost the same colour as my hair. It *is* the same colour! Stop that man! That naughty man!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

S5 E05 - The Affair of the Lone Banana

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Paul Webster and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

'WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE' - SPEEDS UP - ENDS IN AN EXPLOSION – CLATTERING OF FALLING DEBRIS

SEAGOON:

And why not? Mr. Greenslade!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Master?

SEAGOON:

Tell the masses what's the play.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen...

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Yes, it's ladies and gentlemen in... 'The Affair of the Lone Banana'!

ORCHESTRA:

DEEP SINISTER CHORDS HELD UNDER

SELLERS:

The Affair of the Lone Banana. Not a pretty story, I fear. Still, the BBC will buy this cheap trash. However, the central character in this story is young Fred Nurke. His father, Lord Marks, made a fortune from the great Marks Laundry business. But then you've all heard of Laundry Marks, haven't you! Ha, ha, ha. Oh, deary, dear. But let's start this story from the beginning.

ORCHESTRA:

GREENSLEEVES-TYPE MUSIC, FLUTE AND HARP

GREENSLADE:

The scene is the country home of the Marks country home, Matzos Lodge. A mystery has been committed, young Fred Nurke has vanished. Interrogating the residents is a man, tall, dark, handsome, swashbuckling, handsome, intelligent...

ECCLES:

This ain't me, folks - I come in later. Ha ha!

GREENSLADE:

No, no. It's Inspector Neddie Seagoon, late of the 18th century and part inventor of the steam-driven explodable hairless toupée.

SEAGOON:

(FADES IN) Now then, my man, your name is... er?

HEADSTONE:

Headstone, Gravely Headstone. My maiden name, you understand.

SEAGOON:

I understand. Don't put that down, Sergeant.

THROAT:

Right, sir.

SEAGOON:

Headstone, you are a footman.

HEADSTONE:

Two foot six, to be precise, sir.

SEAGOON:

How lovely to be tall. Headstone, you say Fred Nurke disappeared whilst having a boot of tea with his mother, Lady Marks.

HEADSTONE:

True. You might say he disappeared from under her very nose.

SEAGOON:

What was he doing there?

HEADSTONE:

It was raining, I believe.

SEAGOON:

(SELF) Lady Marks. (NORMAL) Where is her ladyship at the moment?

HEADSTONE:

M' lady hasn't got a ship at the moment, sir.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

HEADSTONE:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

Greenslade?

HEADSTONE:

I say, I say.

SEAGOON:

Send in Lady Marks or that idiot gardener, he might know something.

GREENSLADE:

Right sir. (CALLS) This way, you!

FX:

GREAT HEAVY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

Ah, Lady Marks! Sit down.

LADY MARKS:

[SELLERS]

Thank you.

ECCLES:

I bet you all thought it was gonna be me. Ha ha! Ha hum.

SEAGOON:

Lady Marks... Lady Marks, your late husband owned a banana plantation, yes?

LADY MARKS:

In South America.

SEAGOON:

That's abroad, isn't it?

LADY MARKS:

Well, it all depends on where you're standing.

SEAGOON:

Now, let's put it this way. Is it on the tube?

LADY MARKS:

Oh! You dear old fashioned thing, you!

SEAGOON:

Please, please, madam, don't be so evasive. If South America *is* on the tube, we have ways and means of finding out!

LADY MARKS:

Dear midget, of course it's not on the tube.

SEAGOON:

Now you're talking.

LADY MARKS:

So are you, isn't it fun?

SEAGOON:

Lady Marks, this is a tricky case, I don't think I...

LADY MARKS:

Inspector, you must find my son, you must. I don't care how much money you spend. In fact, I'll chip in a few bob myself.

SEAGOON:

The offer is tempting. Very well, I accept. Just leave everything to me - your purse, jewels, cheque book, ginger glass eye, war bonds, trombone... (FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

LINKING MUSIC

GRAMS:

EXOTIC FLUTE (PUNGI) MUSIC, INDIAN JABBERING

BARTON:

At the British Passport office in Whitechapel, Seagoon discovered that Fred Nurke had left for Guatemala on a banana boat - disguised as a banana.

SEAGOON:

That's true. I waited for the ship to return but he wasn't on board. He must have got off... (LOUD) at the other side!

OMNES:

LOUD APPLAUSE... CRIES OF 'BRAVO' ETC...

SEAGOON:

Please, please, ha, ha, ha. Aha. Thank you, thank you. I... don't make it sound rehearsed. My next task was to book a ticket to South America. This I did at a shipping office in Leadenhall Street.

FX:

SHOP BELL

HENRY:

Mnk - mnk grnk... Who is it? What? What? Who is it? Who is it? Who is it?

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

I want to book for South America.

HENRY:

That's abroad, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (COCKY) It isn't on the tube you know!

HENRY:

Isn't that wonderful. Whatever will they think of next? I don't know. Do sit down, sir.

SEAGOON:

Err... there aren't any chairs.

HENRY:

You can stand up if you wish.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

HENRY:

No extra charge, it's all on the house. Now... let us get some details and documents. We must have the documents, you know. I'll just take a few particulars. Now, let's get the details and the documents. Must have the documents, you know.

SEAGOON:

Of course.

HENRY:

Must have the documents. Ymnbknkhmn... Now what was all this about? Oh, yes, yes. Your name?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Pugh Seagoon.

HENRY:

N.E.D.D.I.E. Neddie. What was next?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Pugh Seagoon.

HENRY:

Pugh, P.H.E.W.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, it's pronounced "Phew", but it's spelt "PUG".

HENRY:

"PUG", yes. P.U.G.H.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

There. Neddie "Pug" Sea-dune. Wasn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes, Seagoon. S.E.A.G.O.O.N.

HENRY:

Could you spell it?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. S.E.A.G.O.O.N.

HENRY:

Sea goon. S.E.A. er - mnkk - mnkk (SNORES)

SEAGOON:

G.O.O.N. - Seagoon.

HENRY:

(SNORES THEN WAKES) Oh, yes, yes, yes, good, good, yes, yes, yes, the full name. Now, er... address?

SEAGOON:

No fixed abode.

HENRY:

No... F.I.X.E.D. fixed... A.B...

SEAGOON:

A.B.O.D.E.

HENRY:

O.D.E. There we are – ‘No Fixed Abodee’. What number?

SEAGOON:

29A!

HENRY:

29A.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

Yes. 29A. District?

SEAGOON:

London, SW 2.

HENRY:

L.O.N.D.O.N. South West E.S.T. Two, wasn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes, two.

HENRY:

T.W... It's no good, I'd better get a pencil and paper and write all this down. Minnie! Minniiiiie?

MINNIE:

What? What? What?

HENRY:

Min, Min, Min, Min, Miniiiiie!

MINNIE:

Yes, coming, Hen, Hen, Hen. What is it, Henry, cocky? Yakkakaku... What is it, Henry?

HENRY:

A pencil, please.

MINNIE:

There you are, buddy, buddy.

HENRY:

Minn-er-ie, this gentleman... (SELLERS LAUGHS)

MINNIE:

What is it, Henry? What is it?

HENRY:

This gentleman is going to South America.

MINNIE:

Ohh! Goodbye.

HENRY:

That's where young Fred Nurke went to.

SEAGOON:

Fred Nurke? That's Fred Nurke's name!

HENRY:

Oh! Yes, he went in such a rush he left this behind.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. A banana. A lone banana!

HENRY:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

So, now my task was easier. I knew that the man I was looking for was (TRIUMPHANT FINISH) one banana short!

ORCHESTRA:

LOUD APPLAUSE, SHOUTS OF 'BRAVO' ETC.

GREENSLADE:

As a tribute to Seagoon's brilliant deductive powers, Max Geldray will now play a loaded sackbut from the kneeling position.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK: DRAMATIC

GREENSLADE:

The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Two. With the banana secreted on his person, Neddie Seagoon arrived at the Port of Guatemala where he was accorded the typical Latin welcome to an Englishman.

MORIARTY:

Hands up, you pig swine. (SPITS)

SEAGOON:

Have a care, Latin devil - I am an Englishman. Remember, this rolled umbrella has more uses than one.

MORIARTY:

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

Sorry.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi Bompét!

SEAGOON:

Now... now, what's all this about?

MORIARTY:

It is the revolution señor. Everywhere there is an armed rising.

SEAGOON:

Are you in it?

MORIARTY:

Right in it! You see... you see, señor, the united anti-socialist neo-democratic pro-fascist communist party is fighting to overthrow the unilateral democratic united partisan bellicose pacifist cobelligerant tory labour liberal party!

SEAGOON:

Whose side are you on?

MORIARTY:

There are no sides. We are all in this... together. Now, señor, if you don't mind - we must search you.

SEAGOON:

What for?

MORIARTY:

Bananas. You see, señor, we guatemalians are trying to overthrow the foreign-dominated banana plantations in this country. Any foreigner found with a banana on him will be shot by a firing squad and asked to leave the country.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Curses, I must think quick. Little does he know I suspect him of foul play.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Little does he know I've never played with a fowl in my life.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that he has misconstrued the meaning of the word 'foul'. The word 'foul' in my sentence was spelt F.O.U.L. not F.O.W.L. as he thought I had spelt it.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I overheard his correction of my grammatical error and I am now about to rectify it... aloud. (AHM) So, you suspect me of foul play spelt F.O.U.L. and not F.O.W.L!

SEAGOON:

Yes! And you might as well know I'm here to find young Fred Nurke.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nackos! That capitalistic pig! He's here, but you'll never...

SEAGOON:

Don't move, Signor Gonzales Mess, née Moriarty. Hands up.

MORIARTY:

Seagoon, put that banana down!

SEAGOON:

And leave myself defenceless?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi Bompét!

SEAGOON:

One step nearer and I fire!

MORIARTY:

Ha ha, you fool! You can't fire bananas!

FX:

TWO SHOTS

MORIARTY:

Oh! You swine! It was loaded!

SEAGOON:

Of course! You don't think I'd threaten you with an unloaded banana, do you? Now, come on, tell me - where is Fred Nurke?

MORIARTY:

By my life, I will never tell you. Go on and torture me. Smash my skull in. Break my bones. Put lighted matches under my fingers. Tear the flesh from my body! Slice lumps off of my head...

FX:

THUD OF BODY FALLING ON GROUND

MORIARTY:

Pancho?

SELLERS:

Signor?

MORIARTY:

The smelling salts, he's fainted.

ORCHESTRA:

SPANISH THEME, LIKE DEATH THEME FROM 'CARMEN'

SELLERS:

(HEAVILY ACCENTED) When the Englishman awoke he found himself in a tall, dark room with sideboards. It was a prison cell.

SEAGOON:

True, true. The only other occupant was another occupant. Apart from that, he was the only other person. He was chained to the wall by a chain which was attached to the wall. He appeared to be a man of breeding and intellect.

ECCLES:

Hello, dere.

SEAGOON:

I was wrong. But wait! Wait! Could he be Fred Nurke?

ECCLES:

No way. I'm yer oooold dad.

SEAGOON:

Do you recognise this banana?

ECCLES:

Nope, I don't think I ever met him before.

SEAGOON:

Then... then are you one banana short?

ECCLES:

Nope, nope, I ain't one short.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Then you're not Fred Nurke.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Ain't I?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

You mean that I'm somebody else?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Who am I?

SEAGOON:

What's your name?

ECCLES:

Eccles.

SEAGOON:

That's who you are!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooh.

SEAGOON:

There, there, there, there. Now, now, now my, now my dear lad, don't take it so hard.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Now, how can I get out of this place?

ECCLES:

Ah, well, there's dat door over dere.

SEAGOON:

Right, I'm away! By dawn I'll be safe!

ECCLES:

Good!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now's the time for action!

ECCLES:

Hell, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Nothing will stop me now. Farewelllllll...!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. TERRIFIC FUSILLADE OF SHOTS, BOMBS, ETC. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) It's raining!

ECCLES:

Oh! Oh, well, well, well.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, is there any other way out of here?

ECCLES:

Would you care for something to eat?

SEAGOON:

Ahh, how about the window up there?

ECCLES:

Oh, you can't eat that.

SEAGOON:

No, you... Now, if we could get up to that window...

ECCLES:

OK, I'll give you a hand.

SEAGOON:

Give me a hand, right.

ECCLES:

We'll put these chairs up.

SEAGOON:

On top of the other one, right.

ECCLES:

That's it.

SEAGOON:

One on top of the other.

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

(THEY CONTINUE WITH RANDOM CHAIR-STACKING CHAT BETWEEN THEM)

FX:

CHAIRS BEING STACKED ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER; THIS KEEPS GOING ON IN THE BACKGROUND

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the sound you are hearing is that of Seagoon and Eccles balancing chairs one on top the other. This operation might last some time as they will need to stack at least fifty to a hundred chairs if they are to reach up to the high window. No doubt, after about five minutes this sound will become very boring. BBC policy therefore decrees that in the interim we entertain you with songs from that well-known tenor and market gardener, Mr. Cyril Cringinknutt.

CRINGINKNUTT:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, Ricky Fulton. My first number tonight I will sing for money. And it is that lovely melody from my latest record which I have just recorded. It is called 'Three Goons in a Fountain'. My melody, please, Cyril.

PIANO:

ARPEGGIO

CRINGINKNUTT:

(CROONING) Three Goons in a fountain, which one will the fountain drown, I have got a shop full of Schmutters...

GREENSLADE:

Thank youuuu... Ladies and gentlemen, Seagoon and Eccles have reached the high window so we won't need Cyril Cringinknutt any more. So we'll say...

FX:

ALL THE CHAIRS COLLAPSE IN A TERRIFIC CRASH. START STACKING THEM UP AGAIN.

CRINGINKNUTT:

(CROONING) Three Goons in a fountain, which one will the fountain...

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop! Silence! Everyone silence. Everyone back to their own beds. Now then, prisoner Seagoon, there is an English diplomat to see you here. This way, sir.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aeiough! Arangahahhh. Kitna Budgy Hai! And other naughty noises. Now which one of you two is Eccles and Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

I'm Seagoon except for Eccles.

ECCLES:

And I'm Eccles except for Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

So, you're both Eccles and Seagoon except for each other!

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

I knew I'd get it out of you. I'm the British chargé d'Affaires, Major Bloodnok, late of Zsa Zsa Gabor's Third Regular Husbands. I've managed to secure your release. I completely overcame the prison guards.

SEAGOON:

What with?

BLOODNOK:

Money! Aaeiough... Now, everybody onto this ten-seater horse. Ready, giddyup, there!

FX:

GALLOPING HOOVES START AND STOP AT ONCE

BLOODNOK:

Woah! Here we are, the Embassy.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Oh, it's you, sir. Am I glad you came back! Them rebels have been trying to chop down the banana trees in the garden.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTS) Dogs! Stand back! You latin devils, you. Begone, or by the great artificial paste earrings of Lady Barnett, I'll come out there and cut you down. Now, get out, you latin devils!

ELLINGTON:

Oh, they all went about three hours ago.

BLOODNOK:

Never mind. That didn't stop me.

SEAGOON:

Gad, Bloodnok, I admire your guts.

BLOODNOK:

Why, are they showing?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok... Bloodnok, I seek Fred Nurke.

BLOODNOK:

Just one moment, now. He's here to save the British banana industry. In fact, he went out alone, by himself, to dynamite the rebel H.Q.

SEAGOON:

Then all we can do is wait.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Ellington? Play that naughty mad banjo man.

ELLINGTON:

Here goes..

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RAINBOW TIE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINKING MUSIC

SELLERS:

The Affair of the Lone Banana, Chapter Three. In the grounds of the British Embassy, our heroes are dug in around the lone banana tree - the last symbol of waning British prestige in South America. They all anxiously await the return of Fred Nurke. Around them, the jungle night is alive with revels and nocturnal sounds. Rain in places, fog patches on the coast. Arsenal 2, Chinese Wanderers 500.

FX:

BRAZILIAN JUNGLE AT NIGHT; CRICKES, AMAZON OWLS, CHIKIKIS AND OTHER NIGHT ANIMALS

SEAGOON:

Gad, Bloodnok, this waiting is killing me.

BLOODNOK:

Shhhhh! Not so loud, you fool. Remember, even people have ears.

SEAGOON:

Sorry, Major, but my... my nerves are strung up to breaking point.

FX:

ONE STRING FIDDLE - DOINGGGG SNAP (QUICK)

SEAGOON:

There goes one now! It's... it's this darkness! You can't see a thing!

BLOODNOK:

I know, I know. For three hours now I've been straining my eyes and I've only managed one page of the Awful Disclosures of Mariah Monk. Four rupees, in plain wrapper.

FX:

LONE CRICKET CHIRPING

BLOODNOK:

Listen! What's making that noise?

SEAGOON:

A cricket.

BLOODNOK:

How can they see to bat in this light?

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Here! Major! Major! A man just climbed over the garden wall.

BLOODNOK:

A boundary! (ALOUD) Well played, sir!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you fool...

BLOODNOK:

You fool.

SEAGOON:

That's no... that's no cricketer!

BLOODNOK:

What!?

SEAGOON:

He's possibly a rebel assassin.

ECCLES:

Oooh!

BLOODNOK:

Then one of us must volunteer to go out and get him.

SEAGOON:

Yes - one of us must volunteer.

ECCLES:

Yer, yer. One of us must volunteer!

SEAGOON, BLOODNOK AND ECCLES:

England for ever!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE MILITAIRE

GREENSLADE:

The Affair of the Lone Banana Tree, Chapter Four.

BLOODNOK:

One of us *must* volunteer.

SEAGOON:

Yes, one of us must.

ECCLES:

Yup, one of us must volunteer. Yup, yup, yup.

BLOODNOK:

Well, who is it going to be, eh?

ECCLES:

Who? Who? Who?

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry but I have a wife and sixty-three children.

BLOODNOK:

(SHUDDERS) I, too, have a wife and children. That only leaves dear old...

FX:

PANICKY RATTLING OF TELEPHONE

ECCLES:

Hello, hello, operator? Get me the marriage bureau. Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, you... you... you coward, you. Oh, you coward, you naughty coward.

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, you're the youngest, you go.

SEAGOON:

Me? You wouldn't send an old man out there?

BLOODNOK:

You? You're not an old man.

SEAGOON:

Give me five minutes to make up and you'll never know the difference.

BLOODNOK:

Flatten me cronkler with spinach mallets. So, both of you have turned cowards, eh? That only leaves me. Two cowards and me. You know what this means?

SEAGOON:

Three cowards.

BLOODNOK:

In a fountain. Let's face it, we've all turned yellow.

ELLINGTON:

You speak for yourselves!

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, I... I'm so sorry, Ellington, no offence. I know you Irishmen are very brave, I...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Aeiough! Don't answer that phone unless it's for me.

SEAGOON:

Right. (CALLS) Are you ringing for Major Bloodnok?

MORIARTY:

(DISTORTED) Yes.

SEAGOON:

It's for you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

FX:

RECEIVER OFF HOOK

BLOODNOK:

Hello? What? Never, d'yer hear me? Never!

FX:

RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN

BLOODNOK:

It was the rebel leader, Gonzales Mess, née Moriarty. He says unless we cut down our banana tree and hand it over to them, we shall all die tonight.

ECCLES:

Tonight? Why... dat's tonight!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, so it is. Fancy him thinking that I'd chop down the banana tree to save *my* lousy skin, ha, ha...

FX:

HURRIED SAWING OF TREE

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Throw that saw away!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, I... I picked it up in a moment of weakness.

SEAGOON:

Disgraceful! Sawing down the British banana tree!

ECCLES:

Yer, it's disgraceful, that's what it is.

FX:

HURRIED SAWING OF TREE

SEAGOON:

Eccles! Stop that! Where did you get that saw?

ECCLES:

From the sea. It's a sea-saw! Aha ha-ha ho!

SEAGOON:

Silence! We've got to pull ourselves together. This banana tree is the last one in South America under British control!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, you're right! We must defend it with your lives.

SEAGOON:

Here, my lads. Remember, somewhere out there, Fred Nurke is working to destroy the rebel H.Q.

ECCLES:

Yah!

SEAGOON:

Now, throw that saw over the wall.

ECCLES:

OK. (GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

Good! Now, I'm about to go ahead and...

FX:

CLANG AND THUD AS SAW CLOUTS NUT

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) EeiHH! Ohhh! My nut! Eiih! I've been hitted on my bonce! Oh, I've been hitted, I've been nuted. I was kipping on the grass and suddenly, thud! Eiih! Clutches lump on crust.

SEAGOON:

Come out from behind that wall or I'll throw this at you.

ECCLES:

Put me down!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle wearing crash helmet. Pauses for audience applause - not a sausinge!

AUDIENCE:

APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ey!

ECCLES:

You got it, Bluebottle, you got it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Well, well well.

SEAGOON:

Who is this gallant little knight with unlaced LCC plimsolls?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who am I? I'm the one what copped that dirty big saw on the nut. (ASIDE) Points to lump area.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, little jam-stained hero. Do you know this jungle well?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I do know the jungle. Tarzan Bluebottle, they call me. Lifts up sports shirt, shows well developed ribs and bones. Fills chest with air (BREATHES IN). Feels giddy so puts on cardboard loin cloth for support.

SEAGOON:

Could you lead me to the rebel H.Q.?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(INTIMATE) I can show you the very spot.

SEAGOON:

(INTIMATE) Where?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where that dirty big saw hit my nut! You rotten nut-hitting swine, you! (ASIDE) Does 'body racked with sobs' pose as done by Robert Newton after seeing income tax returns.

SEAGOON:

Right. Eccles, you come with us. Bloodnok, you stay here.

ECCLES:

Yep.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle - lead on!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Forward! Forward! Pulls hat well down over eyes but pulls it up as cannot see where I'm going. Come, follow me, um..

FX:

LION ROAR

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee, hee, hee. Ee, hee, hee, hee. What was that noise, my capitain?

SEAGOON:

A man-eating tiger.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tiger?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(RIGHT OFF) I don't like this game! I'm going home! I just remembered it's my turn in the barrel!
Exits left to East Finchley on Council dust cart.

SEAGOON:

Very well, I'll go ahead myself. They'll never recognise me. I'll disguise myself as a Mexican peon.

GREENSLADE:

The Affair of the Lone Banana Tree, Chapter Five.

MORIARTY:

Señor, we found this idiot hiding in a dustbin disguised as a Mexican peon.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhhh, a midget, eh?

SEAGOON:

Have a care.

GRYTPYPE:

No thanks, I don't smoke. Sit on a chair.

SEAGOON:

I'll stand.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, stand on a chair then.

SEAGOON:

So - you're the leader of the rebels?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, who are you?

SEAGOON:

I won't talk! Never!

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLS) The branding irons!

SEAGOON:

I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? Where's Fred Nurkee?

SEAGOON:

I don't know.

GRYTPYPE:

So that's where he is. Right, Moriarty? Well go at once to the Embassy and bring back their banana tree.

SEAGOON:

You won't succeed, it's guarded by Major Dennis Bloodnok.

GRYTPYPE:

Bloodnok, eh? Moriarty, bring money. Seagoon, we shall lock you in here. Goodbye.

FX:

DOOR LOCKS - KEY

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) The poor fools. The moment they step out, Fred Nurke will get them. Heh, heh, heh. They go to their doom!

FX:

PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER OFF HOOK

SEAGOON:

Hello?

FRED NURKE:

[SELLERS]

(ON PHONE) Is that the rebel H.Q.?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I'm in the middle of...

FRED NURKE:

Right, you swines, this *is* Fred Nurke and this is my banana night. In three seconds a time-bomb explodes in your room, ha ha!

FX:

CLICK

SEAGOON:

Three seconds! I've got to get out of here at once!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING FOR DOOR

GREENSLADE:

Will Seagoon get out in time?

FX:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

Oh, hard luck. Still, he tried. But was his sacrifice worthwhile? Did Bloodnok save the banana tree?

FX:

TREE CRACKING

BLOODNOK:

Timberrrrrrr!!!

FX:

TREE CRASHING

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E06 - The Canal

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections and editing by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FLOWERDEW:

This is madness, do you hear me? Madness! Madness!

SECOMBE:

The man is, of course, referring to the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

1922 JACK PAYNE RECORD OF ONE-STEP

SECOMBE:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Thank you, Ted Heath. Mr. Greenslade, tell the eager multitudes of the goodies we have in store for them.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gintlepong. In keeping with the policy of our more popular Sunday newspapers, we give you now a nice soggy mess of vice, drunkenness and, worst of all, the shame of our cities!

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Mixed fretwork classes.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Geraldo. To commence this night of debauchery, we present the world's mixed bathing champion of 1931. The man in black - Mr. Valentine Dyll.

FX:

VIBRANT GIANT GONG

VALENTINE DYALL:

Allow me to correct you, little pygmy man. I am no longer the man in black. I am now the man in grey!

SECOMBE:

What brought about this change?

VALENTINE DYALL:

A very cheap dry cleaner.

SECOMBE:

Very well. Mr. Dyall, the floor is yours but remember, the roof... is ours!

VALENTINE DYALL:

Thank you, Barbara Kelly. Ladies and Gentlepongs, this *is* the man in black speaking. A funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre tonight. A steam roller ran over my head. So much for humour. And now, pray allow me to tell the story of...

OMNES:

SCREAMS

FX:

DEEP RESONANT SPLASH

VALENTINE DYALL:

'The Canal'... a-ha, ha, ha.... (GOES OFF LAUGHING INTO ECHO)

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER HORROR THEME

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon. I come from mixed parentage - one male, one female. And that's how it should be. (LAUGHS) Ah, yes. My father was the famous amateur brain surgeon, Lord Valentine Dyall.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie was one of my adopted sons by one of my adopted wives. In 1899 I built for my family a huge mansion.

ECCLES:

It was only a luxury manor, but it was home to me.

FLOWERDEW:

(NUTTY) There's a cow on the roof and I am a daisy. I must be careful of that cow (JABBERS INSANELY)

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eeh, heh, heh, heh, heh. My... er... children. The manor was a grim, black, foreboding place. Hanging in the eaves were myriads of red-mouthed bats that nightly danced in the dank air that arose from the oily waters of... The Canal. (MAD LAUGHTER AS BEFORE)

ECCLES:

Dat's my daddie who said dat.

ORCHESTRA:

CHANGE OF SCENE CHORD

FX:

HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY WALKING SLOWLY

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter one. Ned Seagoon returns from college.

FX:

HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY UP AND UNDER:

REUBEN CROUCHER:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooh, my life, it isn't 'arf parky up on this drivin' seat. Ooh, I should never have come out naked.

SEAGOON:

I say, driver! Have I far to go now?

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Eh? Let's have a look. (BREATHS IN THROUGH TEETH, TUTS) No, I shouldn't think you got far to go.

FX:

HACKNEY STOPS

SEAGOON:

I say, why have we stopped?

REUBEN CROUCHER:

It's no good, mister, I can't see a thing in this fog.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, I'll make it on foot. Farewell! (LAUGHS) Now, ahh, yes, this is the way, past the old blasted oak and down...

FX:

RESONANT SPLASH OF STILL DEEP WATERS

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeelp!

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Where, wh-where, where are you, mister?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) In the canal!

REUBEN CROUCHER:

Here, catch. Hup.

FX:

SPLASH

REUBEN CROUCHER:

You forgot yer bag! Ha ha ha....

ORCHESTRA:

MOCKING THEME, FADES INTO:

FX:

THREE KNOCKS ON HEAVY WOODEN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Anybody about? Mother? Mother? Mother, I'm home.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, mother, I'm... I'm so glad to see you. Dear old mummy. (BIG KISSES) Oh, mother. (MORE BIG KISSES) There!

ELLINGTON:

Pardon me, sir, but I'm the butler.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, GONG

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Father! You... you are Father, aren't you?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Do I have to undress?

SEAGOON:

No, it's just that you've changed so much. (ASIDE) And, dear listener, changed he had. He looked tired and weary. His eyes... his eyes were sunk back in his head. They were were bloodshot, watery and red-rimmed. What had caused this?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie, we've bought a television set. But what are you doing back from school?

SEAGOON:

My schooling is completed.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Oh, nonsense, you've only been there forty-three years.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, I came out top boy in the entire kindergarten.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Really? Then it's politics for you! Neddie, now that you're home, promise me one thing.

SEAGOON:

Very well, Father, I promise!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Thank you. See that you keep it for your mother's sake.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong yiddle I po!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Good! Promise me one more thing. Never - never - go near... The Canal.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL

(FAST, ANGRY) Just never go near the canal, that's all! (NORMAL) Now, you must be tired, you need rest. Eccles?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Yer? Did... did my daddy call me?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eccles, get your things out of Neddie's room.

ECCLES:

Okay, daddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CATTLE MOOING

ECCLES:

Come on now, shoo, shoo... (RANDOM CATTLE SHOO-ING PHRASES)

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Well, goodnight, Neddie. Sleep well.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

That night I lay in bed with a clothes peg on my nose. What had happened to everybody? 'Don't go near the canal', he had said. (YAWN) Don't go... near the canal... (SNORES)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(SINISTER) Right, he's asleep, heh heh heh heh. Hand me the mallet, Doctor.

DR EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

Here.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Right - huhhh.

FX:

WALLOP ON BONCE

SEAGOON:

Zzzz - oooh!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter two.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

One.... Two.... Threeeee...

FX:

SPLASH - BUBBLES OF BODY SINKING

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter three.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Er, hello, Lloyds? About that life insurance... Yes, on my son Neddie. Well, it appears to have... er... matured. You'll bring the money round? Right. Thank you.

FX:

RECEIVER DOWN

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CACKLES SINISTERLY)

OMNES:

FROM OFF, A LONG AGONISED SCREAM

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CALLS) No, not tonight, dear! (NORMAL) Forty thousand pounds, just for throwing little Neddie in... The Canal. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(GASPING) Father, I...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie! You've been playing in the canal! I told you to stay away! Eccles?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Yes, yeh?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

He's back.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Come on, all out! Get out, shoo... (RANDOM CATTLE SHOO-ING PHRASES)

FX:

CATTLE MOOING

ECCLES:

Well, here's yer clothes peg.

FLOWERDEW:

I'm a daisy, father's a plum, that's why we stoned him. I hear music and there's only Max Geldray there.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC THEME

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter four.

HENRY CRUN:

Bow, wow! Bow, wow! Where's that naughty pussy cat? Bow, wow! Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow..

SEAGOON:

That's Grandad. These three days I've been kept locked in my room. I pass the time cutting the grass under my bed and feeding the monkeys. At night... at night I can hear digging in the cellar. A thought has just struck me. What has become of mother? Dear mother, she was like one of the family.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

In here, gentlemen.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Oh, thank you, thank you.

YAKAMOTO:

Yerserkah, yerserkah.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Neddie, I've brought two freshly-released physicians to see you. Dr. Yakamoto and Dr. Justin Eidelburger.

SEAGOON:

But there's nothing wrong with me.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Zat is why we are here, haa haa haa!

YAKAMOTO:

Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

DR EIDELBURGER:

It's a German joke you know, he he. Dr. Yakamoto? The treatment.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yas. At once, honouwable sir. Would the honouwable Neddie Seagoon please put honouwable feet into this delicate thirty-ton iron container?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Do as the little oriental says, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(NERVOUS LAUGHTER) Very well, Father.

DR EIDELBURGER:

Good. Now zen, we pour in ze concrete mixture, zo!

FX:

CONCRETE GOING IN

SEAGOON:

I've got clean socks so be careful.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(TALKING OVER FX) You see, Neddie, the doctors say when the concrete blocks set on your feet, you won't be able to run away and play near... The Canal! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP ARPEGGIO (MINOR) WITH BASS CLARINET (PLAY LITTLE TUNE)

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Hello? Lloyds? I want to add to that last policy on my son, Neddie. Yes. Yes, I want one that covers him in the event of him ever putting concrete blocks on his feet and throwing himself in the canal. Yes, I know it's not likely to happen but... ha, ha... just in case.

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter five.

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter six. The Lock-Keeper's Lodge.

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeelp!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, help, help, yes. Oh, dear, dear, dear... (SNORES)

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heee - ooo - eelp!

MINNIE:

Henry? Henry? Hen... yakkakoo... Henry, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

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

MINNIE:

Hen-Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What is it, Min? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

There's a... there's a gentleman in the canal, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Thank you, Minnie. Good... goodnight... goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, Henry

SEAGOON:

Heeeeeeeelp!

MINNIE:

Henry. He said 'help', Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Help?

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

That's the distress call, isn't it?

MINNIE:

Oh, yes, he... he... he must be drowning, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear.

HENRY CRUN:

(CALLS) Pardon me, sir, but can you keep afloat till next Tuesday?

SEAGOON:

What's today?

HENRY CRUN:

Friday.

SEAGOON:

No! Help, I'm going down.

FX:

BUBBLES

HENRY CRUN:

We're coming, sir. Hurry, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Coming, buddy, coming.

HENRY CRUN:

Have... have you turned the gas off, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, I've turned the gas, yes...

SEAGOON:

Help! Helpppp!

MINNIE:

I wonder who he is.

HENRY CRUN:

(CALLS) Yes. What... what... what is your name, sir?

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(CALLS) What's your name, buddy?

SEAGOON:

(AMID BUBBLES) Neddie Seagoon.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, we're very... very pleased to meet you. My name is Crun, Henry Crun. And this is Miss Bannister. She's one...

SEAGOON:

Helpp, I'm going down....

HENRY CRUN:

Don't... don't do that, sir, or you'll drown yourself. Oh, dear, dear, this fog. I can't see a thing in the fog, you know.

MINNIE:

Where are you, sir?

SEAGOON:

In the canal!

MINNIE:

He's in the canal.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Mr. Seagoon? Follow these instructions and you'll be safe. Hand me the life-saving manual Minnie.

MINNIE:

There you are.

HENRY CRUN:

Ready?

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Hurry up, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes, hurry up!

HENRY CRUN:

Mr Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yea-uuurrghhhhh...

HENRY CRUN:

Take three... three dozen eggs and break into a bowl.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Mix in eight ounces of castor sugar then stir over a low gas.

SEAGOON:

I haven't got a gas stove.

MINNIE BANNISTER:

Here, catch.

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

HENRY CRUN:

Right, now then, add four pounds of millet flour and bring the mixture to... Minnie?

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Heeeellppp...

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

This isn't the Swimming Manual.

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(CALLS) We've got the wrong book, Mr. Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What'll I do with all this mixture?

MINNIE:

We'd better go in, Henry, it's a shame to waste all that food.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Coming, hupppp!

HENRY CRUN:

Coming!

FX:

TWO SPLASHES

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT LINKING CHORDS

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Er, yes, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, eh-hee. Good evening to you. Is this the manor of the place where lives the Valentine Dyll man, is dis the place where it is, is it, den?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, yes it is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he. I am from the Lloyds of London, the well-known insurance company. I am their junior representative. Feels in pocket, produces smart calling card.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, come in, sir.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter the new Bluebottle. The new Bluebottle wearing city gentlemen-type striped trousers and Anthony Eden homberg. Really Dad's trilby painted black.

ELLINGTON:

Erm, have you wiped your feet, sir?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

Then where'd that mud come from?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Off my shoes - eeh-hee-hee! I made a little jokules, ee-hee! Pauses for audience applause, as usual not a sausinge.

AUDIENCE APPLAUDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you. Was going to use rude word, but changes mind.

ELLINGTON:

Now, what's your business here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have come to pay the insurance on the recently drowned and deaded Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Did you say insurance?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes, I have...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Splendid, there, just sit down and warm yourself by the candle. Ellington! Entertain the gentleman.

ELLINGTON:

Certainly. Here's the dance of the... erm... seven kilts.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY'

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, I accept your apology. Now, Lord Dyall, the solemn business of paying out the insurance money. Moves left, opens official briefcase. Not too wide as I still got my dirty laundry in one compartment.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

It's forty thousand pounds, isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes. But it is all in pennies.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Forty thousand pounds in pennies? Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer, Daddie?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Your hat, lad.

ECCLES:

Okay, dad.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Now just hold it there. And now, Mr. Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, now to get...

OMNES:

LONG AGONISED WAILING HEART-RENDING SCREAM

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(CALLS) It's in the cabinet by the bed, dear. (NORMAL) Carry on. Carry on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he. What... what was that dreaded scream, sir? He-hee...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Oh, that was my eldest thing. Now, er, count out the money.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. One, tuppence, thruppence, fourpence, fivepence...

GREENSLADE:

Chapters seven, eight, nine, ten and eleven.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(VERY TIRED) Four million eight hundred and thirty-two pennies.

FX:

CLINK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehh hee - roll on, beddy byes. Four million eight hundred and thirty-three pennies. Four million eight...

FX:

THUMP, HUNDREDS OF PENNIES DROPPED ONTO FLOOR

ECCLES:

Ohhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohheei! You dropped them! One penny, tuppence, thruppence, fourpence...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Father!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(FLAMING) Neddie... You!

SEAGOON:

Yes!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Come on, all out, Shoo! Shoo!

FX:

CATTLE, ETC. AS BEFORE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pardon me. Did you say this was Neddie?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Er, yes. (HAPPY) Why, Neddie, you're safe, dear boy. Thank heaven, we thought you were drowned, didn't we, Mr. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He he he he, yes, yes. Well, you will not need this deaded money for him drowning. Thinks: this will save Lloyds a lot of money and who knows, a managerial job for Bluebottle. Thinks again: thanks to brains, the new wonder head-filler. Well, I must be going. Goodnight, everybody. Exits left.

FX:

WHOOSH - DOOR SHUTS

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Curses! Now, little Neddie, you've been playing in the canal again. It's got to stop!

SEAGOON:

I agree, Father.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Silence when you talk to me! Now, go upstairs to your room and come down at once! I want to talk to you.

FX:

HEAVY THUDS OVER...

SEAGOON:

But I can't move daddy, these... these concrete blocks on my feet...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

We'll soon have them off. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Did my daddy call me?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Put these sticks of dynamite into his concrete blocks.

ECCLES:

OK, my daddy knows what he's doing.

FX:

FUSE STARTS TO BURN

ECCLES:

There, I light the fuse. Now in ten seconds time there's gonna be a dirty big...

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Yes, yes. Er, Neddie, wait outside in the garden, will you?

SEAGOON:

Yes, Father.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

(SINGS) 'Come in to the garden Maude'...

FX:

DIALLING

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Hello, Lloyds? Yes, a new life policy, please. I want to insure Neddie in the event of him ever putting concrete blocks on his feet, blowing himself up with dynamite and landing in the canal. Yes, I know it's not likely to happen, but just in case...

FX:

EXPLOSION, WHISTLE GOES UP

GREENSLADE:

Chapter twelve.

FX:

WHISTLE DESCENDS, SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Heeeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

The Canal, chapter thirteen.

FX:

PENNIES BEING DROPPED ONTO A PILE

BLUEBOTTLE:

There! That's the lot, Lord Dyall.

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Yes. Forty thousand pounds. Poor Neddie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It was funny him falling in the canal again so soon after... when I had left. It is... it is a good job you ran after me, isn't it?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Well, goodnight, Mr. Bluebottle. Thank you for...

FX:

DOOR OPENS, PRONOUNCED CREAK

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

You!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Yes, me!

ECCLES:

Shoo! All out! All out! Come on!

FX:

CATTLE, ETC. AS BEFORE

SEAGOON:

Father!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it is little Neddie. Oh, well, well. Could I have all the money back again, please?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

No! Hands up! All of you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, he's got a gun!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yes, daddy?

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Take these two men and chain them up... (SINISTER) in the dungeon! (EVIL CACKLE)

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

HEAVY CHAINS, MANACLES

ECCLES:

Oh, di dump one over dere, one over dere, one round dat leg, one round dis leg, one der... Now, they're not too tight, are dey?

SEAGOON:

Eccles, do you realise what daddy's trying to do?

ECCLES:

Oh, yer! He's tryin' to keep you away from der canal because daddy loves you and he... he don't want you to get drowned.

SEAGOON:

No, no! He wants to kill us all and that includes... you!

ECCLES:

Oooh. Ooooooooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehh hee! I am frightened

ECCLES:

So am I.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't want to be deaded yet. I haven't had my half day off this week!

SEAGOON:

Shh! Quiet, Bluebottle. Now, Eccles. Undo these chains and help us capture father before he kills us all.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

SEAGOON:

Right, now this is the plan. We got...

FX:

DUNGEON DOOR SLAMS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiiih! Someone has closed the dungeon door from the outside, we are trapp-ed!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Ha ha ha ha ha! (GOES OFF ON ECHO)

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's locked us in. Never mind, we'll batter the door down. Where's something with a blunt head?

ECCLES:

Here y'are.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Put me down, Eccles! Put me down. I shall charge the door and smash it down.

SEAGOON:

Good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stand back, here I go. To matchwood I will splinter the door. Charrrrrrge!

FX:

LONG APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, SPEEDING UP, GETTING LOUDER

FX:

NEARER AND FADE INTO THE DISTANCE

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR) You rotten swine, you! Who opened the door?

ECCLES:

Ha-hum!

SEAGOON:

Good work! Now listen, both of you.

ECCLES:

Yup, yup, yup?

SEAGOON:

We've got to think quickly.

ECCLES:

Dat leaves me out!

SEAGOON:

We three are going to throw father into the canal!

GREENSLADE:

Chapter fourteen.

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

Help!

FX:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Help!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You devil, Lord Dyall!

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Ha, ha, ha, haaa! You didn't think you could... Oh, eeih oh...let me...!

FX:

SPLASH

LORD VALENTINE DYALL:

Heeeelp! Who did that?

GREENSLADE:

Last chapter.

HENRY CRUN:

Hello, Lloyds? About the life insurance I took out on the four gentlemen...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E07 - Lurgi Strikes Britain

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

SELLERS:

And it used to be so popular. Well, here it is...

SEAGOON:

The Goon Show!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, CHEERING AND WHISTLING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Stop! Ah-ha-ha. Mr. Greenslade? Do your duty, laddy.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir. The story that follows is rather complicated. So, to avoid complications we open with Act Three, Scene One, Part Two, the same afternoon, enter a human being.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Curse. As I was saying, I am a doctor. I used to have a practice in Harley Street but the police moved me on. Huh-hmm. One morning in May, I was going through an old dustbin when my valet announced a visitor.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me, sir. There is a visitor to see you.

SEAGOON:

Right. Headstone? Put my lunch back in the dustbin and send him in.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

This way, sir.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, my dear Dr. Seagoon. Allow me, my card.

SEAGOON:

My card.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

My card.

MORIARTY:

Snap! And now, my friend, to business. My name is Count Moriarty. Have you ever heard of... Lurgi?

SEAGOON:

There's no one of that name here.

MORIARTY:

Sacristi Bombet! Listen to me while I tell you a tale. In 1296 on the Isle of Ewe...

SEAGOON:

Where?

MORIARTY:

Isle of Ewe.

SEAGOON:

I love you, too. Shall we dance?

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that. On the Isle of Ewe the dreaded Lurgi struck. In six weeks, in cinq weeks, mark you, Lurgi had destroyed... (AUDIENCE LAUGH) Silence please! Lurgi had destroyed the entire population!

SEAGOON:

What a splendid story.

MORIARTY:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Have you heard the story about the man who didn't marry Rita Hayworth?

MORIARTY:

Impossible.

SEAGOON:

(SNIGGER)

MORIARTY:

As I was saying, Lurgi... Lurgi could easily destroy the entire human race!

ECCLES:

Then I'm okay, fellers. Ha-ha.

SEAGOON:

Count Moriarty, why are you telling *me* all this?

MORIARTY:

Why? Yesterday, Lurgi claimed its first victim in Britain.

SEAGOON:

Ha-Ha. You jest.

MORIARTY:

I jest what?

SEAGOON:

You jest said that Lurgi just claimed its first victim in Britain.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I don't wish to know that!

MORIARTY:

Sacre-bleu, sacre-bleu! How can you joke when Lurgi threatens? Sit down while I tell you a tale. Last night... last night, my dear Seagoon, I was a passenger on a bus in Oldham.

SEAGOON:

You reckless continental, you!

MORIARTY:

Touche. The bus was passing the Werneth Fire Station. All was normal and it was raining.... (FADING OUT)

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

CONDUCTOR:

[SECOMBE]

Any more fares, please? Boundary Park next stop. Any more? Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 1:

[SELLERS]

What to do with him?

CONDUCTOR:

Hold tight, please, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo, Ooooo Yakka Boo.

NORTHERNER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

'Ere, loosen his collar.

CONDUCTOR:

What's the matter with you lot? Take your hands off me! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 1:

Stop the bus! Stop it...

CONDUCTOR:

Don't you stop this - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo.

NORTHERNER 2:

Give him air!

NORTHERNER 1:

Stand back right now!

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo... (FADES)

MORIARTY:

Not a pretty sight!

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! What happened then?

MORIARTY:

The unfortunate bus conductor was taken to the Oldham Royal Infirmary.

SEAGOON:

And then?

MORIARTY:

And then, well, listen...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP MUSIC FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC CHORD

CONDUCTOR:

Doctor, I tell you, I'm all right, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! I can't see what you're bothered about at all ya see... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Yakka-Boo!

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

Yes, yes, yes. Now, breathe in. (CONDUCTOR INHALES) Breathe out.

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

DOCTOR:

Must you? Now breathe in again.

CONDUCTOR:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

DOCTOR:

Please, I must ask you to reeeea... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

CONDUCTOR:

Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

NURSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes? Now what is it, I... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

OMNES:

MULTIPLE 'EEEEEEEEH YAKKA-BOO', FADES...

MORIARTY:

(FADES IN)...And that is my tale Seagoon. In six weeks Britain could be destroyed by Lurgi and that includes... you!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, FOLLOWED BY CLOSING DUSTBIN LID

MORIARTY:

Come out of that dustbin, Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

(WITHIN BIN) I'm watching television!

MORIARTY:

Come out!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING LIFTED NOISILY

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, please, I... I... I... I don't know anything about Lurgi.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! I will tell you all about Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Then you cure it.

MORIARTY:

I am not a doctor. No. You must be the one. You... you and you alone will go down in history. Think: Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Sir Robert Fleming and now... you!

SEAGOON:

I agree. But what's Lurgi got to do with me and Pasteur and the other painters?

MORIARTY:

Sacre-Fred. Here, read this article.

FX:

PAPER BEING RUSTLED

SEAGOON:

"Will any doctor who has knowledge of Lurgi please communicate with Dr. Hercules Grytpype-Thynne"!

MORIARTY:

Well? What are you waiting for? With his help you will be the man to save the nation from the dreaded Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I...

MORIARTY:

A Knighthood, position, riches, money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR CLOSSES

FX:

PICKS UP PHONE, DIALS

MORIARTY:

(SINGING) Niem solibadee en Paris! (SPEAKING) Hello? Ah, Dr Grytpype-Thynne? Ah, listen, Grytpype. Moriarty here. Yes. He's just left, he's on his way to you now. Yes. (LAUGHS) Yes. Until he answers, here's Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

"PINK CHAMPAGE"

ORCHESTRA:

HARP MUSIC CREATING MYSTIC EFFECT

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Dr. Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

The same.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

Upsa-daisy! Now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

I've come to help fight Lurgi. First Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Phillip Harbin and now... me!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. What are your qualifications?

SEAGOON:

I was struck off the Rolls twice.

GRYTPYPE:

You can only be struck off the Rolls once.

SEAGOON:

That'll give you some idea of my importance.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you're our man. The situation is extremely grave. In the last twelve hours, two thousand more victims have been smitten with Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) We must move fast.

GRYTPYPE:

What do you suggest?

SEAGOON:

South America?

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no. You are the one man who can save Britain.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. First Lewis Carroll, Madame Tussaud, Sir Robert Boothby and now... me!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Seagoon, let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to meet the Medical Council. Once there...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please... don't do that.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

MORIARTY:

GOOD!

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you a tale. At the moment, Lurgi is confined to Oldham. Now here's what you must tell the Medical Council: All the Lurgi victims must be sent to Blackpool.

SEAGOON:

One moment, Dr. Grytpype. If you know the cure for Lurgi, why don't *you* have the Knighthood and the riches?

GRYTPYPE:

I can't. You see... I'm married.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm... I'm terribly sorry.

GRYTPYPE:

No, Seagoon, lad. It must be you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I suppose it must.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm.

SEAGOON:

First Joe Louis then Call Me Madam, Mooney and King and now... me.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmmmm. I wonder what's gone wrong?

MORIARTY:

Come Seagoon, off you go to the Councile Medicale.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

OMNES:

TALKING AMONG THEMSELVES

LEW CASH:

(JEWISH VOICE) Ladies and Gentlemen! Ladies and Gentlemen of the British Medical Council! Now then, I've got you out of bed because I want you to 'ear about this Lurgi lark. What they're all doing their nut about in Lancashire. Here's the speaker, Dr.... erm...

SEAGOON:

Seagoon. Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

LEW CASH:

My life, he's always doing that! Carry on, nut.

SEAGOON:

Ladies and Gentlemen, before I start are there any further questions?

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?

FX:

THUMPS OF SOMETHING SOLID BEING HIT AGAINST WOOD (MINNIE SCREAMS) FOLLOWED BY SHUTTING DOOR

SEAGOON:

Any more questions? Now my plan is to set up Yakka-Bool Centres in Blackpool...

MINNIE:

I'm asking a civilian question. What is Lurgi?

HENRY CRUN:

That's another thing I want to know! What is Lurgi?

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?

HENRY CRUN:

Shut up.

MINNIE:

Shut up.

HENRY CRUN:

Shut up.

MINNIE:

You shut up!

HENRY CRUN:

What is Lurji?

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi? I've just asked that question, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Then why didn't you say so?

MINNIE:

I did say so.

HENRY CRUN:

If you've already asked there's no point in me asking again.

MINNIE:

Well anyhow, what is Lurgi, eh?

HENRY CRUN:

One question at a time.

MINNIE:

It... it... it... it *was* only one question, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

But I've already asked that question.

MINNIE:

Thank you. Thank you, Dr Crun, thank you. Thank you.

HENRY CRUN:

Goodnight... goodnight Dr Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Dr Bannister?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gad, he looks different in his singlet. Well, gentlemen, I beg of you, before it's too late. I select the Lurgi victims at Yakka-Bool Centres in Blackpool.

MINNIE:

Wait. Where are we going to get all the money from for this business, buddy?

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) You have arranged a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

SEAGOON:

(QUIETLY TO SELF) Yes, yes that's it. (LOUD ANNOUNCEMENT) I have arranged for a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

MINNIE:

Bravo! Bravo!

GREENSLADE:

Part Two. A Charity Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund. The Overture by the Ray Ellington Quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MY VERY GOOD FRIEND THE MILKMAN SAYS'

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Malcolm Sargent, thank you. And next in this concert we have imported by permission of Count Moriarty and Dr. Grytpype-Thynne a great continental tenor, Jovani Sulphoney.

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, CHEERS, WHISTLES

SULPHONEY:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you! Thank you! Gracias, gracias. For my first number I would like to sing that lovely melody that we all love so well, "I Travel The Road".

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND AND LENGTHY INTRODUCTION, SAME AS FOR 'ONLY A ROSE'

SULPHONEY

(SINGS) I gypsy am I, go wandering by, I travel the road, all day.

MORIARTY:

(OVER MUSIC) I'll give him the signal... now.

SULPHONEY:

I travel the road... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty, Moriarty, the singer! He's got the Lurgi! Help! Run for your lives! Lurgiiii!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC, FOLLOWED BY HARP AGAIN

FX:

TAPPING ON METALLIC DUSTBIN

GRYTPYPE:

For the last time, come out of that dustbin.

SEAGOON:

(INSIDE BIN) Leave me alone, I don't want to catch Lurgi.

GRYTPYPE:

There is nothing to fear. Neddie, I'll tell you the cure.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING OPENED

SEAGOON:

The cure? Ah-ha. That's it, the cure! The cure, what's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

Now sit down Neddie and let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to force your way into the Houses of Parliament. Once there, you must impress upon them the disastrous quinquences of this dreaded Lurgi.

SEAGOON:

But... but... what's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

The... err... cure is rather unorthodox, but here it is. You will tell them... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

TIME PASSING-TYPE HARP LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, an unsuspecting Parliament was debating important affairs of state.

OMNES:

OLD COUGHS THAT ECHO IN THE CHAMBER

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Err, who's... who's responsible for the drains at Hackney? And... may I ask why... they have not been taken up... in the last... century?

OMNES:

HEAR, HEAR.

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

[SELLERS]

They... ah... they were... taken up... last December.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Oh!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Ah!

OLD POLITICIAN 3:

Hear, hear.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Isn't it... isn't it time... they... were taken up... again?

OLD POLITICIAN 3:

Well done!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Impossible! They've not been put back again, yet.

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

I don't believe that...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER ARGUMENTS) The fierce debate was at its height when past the speakers chair crept a dustbin and with dramatic suddenness the lid was flung off!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID HITS FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Honourable members! I have some important news concerning Lurgi.

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

What... what... what is...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Rubbish, get out, he's a Liberal.

SEAGOON:

First of all...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

He's a Liberal!

SEAGOON:

I must ask you...

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Speak up.

SEAGOON:

First of all, I must ask you all to lie on the floor.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Rubbish. I've never heard of such twaddle. Who are you sir?

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

FX:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

CHURCHILL:

Is it all right to get up now?

SEAGOON:

You may rise sir.

CHURCHILL:

Aaaargh.

SEAGOON:

Now, Lurgi threatens us all.

MINNIE:

What is Lurgi?!

SEAGOON:

Lurgi... Lurgi is the most dreadful malady known to mankind.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

In six weeks it could swamp the whole of the British Isles.

OMNES:

Rubbish!

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen... gentlemen, Oldham is already affected.

POLITICIAN:

What?

SEAGOON:

At this very moment, more and more people are contracting Lurgi.

OMNES:

SHOUTS OF SHOCK

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

A terrible state of affairs!

OLD POLITICIAN 2:

Is there any known cure for Lurgi?

SEAGOON:

That there is! Let me tell you a tale. By continuous research I discovered that all victims had one thing in common.

OMNES:

What is it?

OLD POLITICIAN 1:

Out with it, man! Out with it!

SEAGOON:

None of them play in a brass band.

OMNES:

WHAT? GOOD HEAVENS! INCREDIBLE! AMAZING. CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

CHURCHILL:

One moment, sir. Are you inferring that by playing a musical instrument one is immune from Lurgi-eye?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CHURCHILL:

Hmmm. Anthony, give me an "A", would you?

ORCHESTRA:

EACH INSTRUMENT PLAYING DIFFERENT NOTES, FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC LINK ENDED WITH HARPS

GREENSLADE:

Following the dramatic disclosure in Parliament, Dr. Ned Seagoon has been put in full charge of the Anti-Lurgi Campaign.

MORIARTY:

(FADES IN)...you will need to order 4 million E Flat trombones.

SEAGOON:

That's going to cost something, isn't it?

MORIARTY:

Cost! Cost! *Lives* are at stake, man!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

If you can save Britain from Lurgi the government won't mind the expenditure.

SEAGOON:

You're right. First Louis Posture, Madame Pompadour, Sinzeer and Gladys...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. We've heard all that. And now you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, a-ha-ha...

GRYTPYPE:

Three million euphoniums, four million sousaphones. Well, here's the list. Sign here, lad.

MORIARTY:

And send it to Mssrs Goosey and Bawkes, the well-known instrument makers.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, sit down while I tell you a tale. Within three weeks Goosey and Bawkes had received 50 million pounds in brass band orders. They delivered them to some 30 million musical instruments to Airwick Gatport, the great airport at Gatwick.

GRAMS:

LARGE PLANE MOTORS RUNNING

SEAGOON:

(OVER NOISE) What a sight! A thousand planes packed to the bilges with the life saving instruments. Well done, Goosey and Bawkes. Now, where is that Major Bloodnok? It's almost zero hour! Any of you pilots seen Major Bloodnok?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. Enter Bluebottle. Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. (RECEIVES APPLAUSE) Wey! Better second house.

SEAGOON:

Stand away little stringy pants, this is man's work.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But I have done all my homework and I washed my knees, look! Points to white spot on leg, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot.

SEAGOON:

Stop that dooting, man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Where's Major Bloodnok?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can play that part better than he can, him can. I'm in the school play at Christmas. Puts on white beard, holé!

SEAGOON:

Wait a moment, there *is* a part for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew you would not play this game without little Bluebottle. What do I say, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Read this, but don't read it 'til I tell you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My little Captain is going a long way off to see if I can shout to him. Turns from windows so I will not shatter them.

SEAGOON:

(FAR) Right-O! Read it out now!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you! (CLEARS THROAT) Reads part: "My name is Ned Seagoon...".

GRAMS:

FALLING BOMB FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You have deaded me before we even started the game. And you have singed my Edward Perdom Egyptian-type shirt. Oiiy! Moves off for new supply of crepe-air.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, thud me cronker stops and duffel me latches. A civilian on army property? Who are you, sir?

SEAGOON:

I'd rather not say, sir, you see I...

BLOODNOK:

Come on out with it man! I'm broad-minded! Wait a minute, you're not Ned...

SEAGOON:

Shhhhh, please.

BLOODNOK:

What a strange sounding name.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok...

BLOODNOK:

That's more like a name! Pleased to meet you, Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

I'm not Major Bloodnok, that's *your* name.

BLOODNOK:

Of course it is, yes. Aahhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Err, Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You will be parachuted into Blackpool with your band. The object being to instruct the Lurgi victims in the use of these new instruments.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we're all ready to depart, now. Band, by the left, into the plane, quick march! Chocks away, good luck!

GRAMS:

DOORS SHUT AND PLANES TAKE OFF

SEAGOON:

What a sight! A thousand planes taking off towards Blackpool. Soon it will all be over. Lurgi, conquered by me!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC ENDED WITH HARPS

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And now here's the news. Today in Parliament questions were asked regarding the dropping of some 50 million brass band instruments on Blackpool late last night. There appears to be no valid reason why this strange operation was carried out. It is known to have cost the treasury well over 25 million pounds. As a result, income tax will now be three guineas in the pound. New Scotland Yard are trying to trace a short fat man who started a rumour about a non-existent disease called Lurgi. He is reported to have last been seen...

GRYTPYPE:

Switch it off.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, we've heard enough of that now. Let me see now, that's £15,000 for you, 15 million for me, 6 million for me and then for the...

FX:

DOOR OPENED ABRUPTLY

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah! Ah, there you are!

GRYTPYPE:

It's little Neddie.

SEAGOON:

I say, have you... have you heard the news? They... they say that there's no such disease as Lurgi.

GRYTPYPE:

No such disease as Lurgi? And you went to the Houses of Parliament and told them there was. Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Eh? Ah, but... you... you... you told me to tell them! I mean...

GRYTPYPE:

Toothbrush, change of underwear. Yes. Got the plane tickets?

MORIARTY:

(COUNTS MONEY)

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! There... there... there... there... there... *is* such a thing as Lurgi, isn't there? (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Yes, you told me there was, didn't you, I mean...

TAXI DRIVER:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, pardon me, the car is waiting for Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes to take them to the airport.

SEAGOON:

Wait! You're... you're the singer from the Albert Hall!

TAXI DRIVER:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

You've got Lurgi! Run for your life! Lurgi! You've got..... Wait a minute. Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's our business name. We make brass band instruments, you know.

SEAGOON:

You must have made a fortune! You...

GRYTPYPE:

Let me tell you a tale. First Charley Peace, Dr. Crippin and now... Muggins. Good-bye.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Muggins? Who... who's Muggins? (SOBS) Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton. Ooooooooooh, Yakka-Boo!

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S5 E08 - The Mystery of the Marie Celeste (Solved!)

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Oooh!

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Let that be a lesson to him (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF). He was about to refer to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

PATHETIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

Listeners, what does that short, brief chord indicate? It indicates that Mr. Wally Stott has forgotten the music again (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF). Therefore, (STRUGGLING) hmhhh

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

He'll be company for Mr. Greenslade. Now then, Mister reserve announcer...

JEWISH BUSINESSMAN:

[SELLERS]

What is it, nut?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr. Snagge. Tell the British Empire and East Acton what... what we have decided is good for them. Let the joy bells ring!

JEWISH BUSINESSMAN:

Muzeltoff. Ladies and gentlemen, we have been and got a lot of geezers and schpeelers and we... ohhhh!

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Ladies and gentlemen, on my own responsibility I present, the Mystery of the Marie Celeste - Solved!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) Unsolved in the nautical annals of sea mysteries is that of the brigantine Marie Celeste. But more of that later. Let us trace the thread of a rather unique experiment.

MILLIGAN:

One spring afternoon in December Ned Seagoon, a handsome young young buck about town, decided to dine out.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I sat in my usual place I opened the Financial Times and carefully noted the number of chips I had left. I turned to the gossip page and helped myself to some fish. It was then... it was then a small notice caught my eye. It read:

GRYTPYPE:

Author of sea-stories will pay five thousand pounds to any person furnishing conclusive proof as to the fate of those who manned the Marie Celeste.

SEAGOON:

I read no further.

GRYTPYPE:

But you don't know my address.

SEAGOON:

I read on.

GRYTPYPE:

Apply: Captain Grytpype-Thynne, First Mate, The Buildings, Hackney.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, matey?

SEAGOON:

So this was the author of a thousand sea sagas. He was a tall, vile man dressed in the naval uniform of a sea-going sailor. Under his left arm he held a neatly rolled anchor while, with his right, he scanned the horizon with a pair of powerful kippers.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Pull up a bollard!

SEAGOON:

Pardon?

GRYTPYPE:

That thing there is a bollard.

SEAGOON:

Oh-ho-ho. Oh. Is that what you tie ships to?

GRYTPYPE:

Well said. Now, matey, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

I've just read your offer in the paper about the Marie Celeste.

GRYTPYPE:

Little Matelot! That was inserted in 1910, 44 years ago!

SEAGOON:

My paperman has a big round.

GRYTPYPE:

Your paperman has a big round what?

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Pull up a bollard. Little Bosun, what do you know about the Marie Celeste?

SEAGOON:

You're offering £5,000 reward for the mystery of it.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm. Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Powder-Monkey, let me tell you about the Marie Celeste. Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of December the 5th 1872, 'twixt the Azores and 'twixt the coast of Portugal, the Marie Celeste was sighted.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! On board her there was no sign of life and yet...

SEAGOON:

You're offering £5,000 reward?

GRYTPYPE:

Have you ever been ship-wrecked?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll arrange for it.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Aboard the Marie Celeste, all was ship-shape and Bristol fashion. Food freshly laid, no signs of a strudgle and yet... and yet... not a soul aboard her. Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Yes. What's a bollard?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes. The crew disappeared without trace. Now, if you can furnish a satisfactory explanation as to what happened to them - £5,000!

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm your man.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

Give me a month and I'll have the answer by hook or by crook.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

On the first stage of investigations Ned Seagoon hurried round to the office of a large shipping magnate.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in!

BLOODNOK:

It's you that's knocking!

SEAGOON:

Oh! Then I'll come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

I find no joy.

SEAGOON:

Are you Leading Admiral Dennis Bloodnok, Chief for the International Shipping Line?

BLOODNOK:

I have that privilege.

SEAGOON:

I never knew there were shipping offices on the serpentine!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, yes. I do all my business from here. What's the time?

SEAGOON:

Quarter to five.

BLOODNOK:

Good Heavens!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SLID OPEN, WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

Come in, Number 49!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Now, then... Well, now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

Admiral Bloodnok, I wish to know...

BLOODNOK:

Just one moment!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SLID OPEN, WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

I shan't tell you again, 49!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Some of these people think I run these pleasure boats for pleasure! Now, lad, pull up a bollard.

SEAGOON:

Admiral, I was told that you had associations with the ill-fated Marie Celeste.

BLOODNOK:

All lies, do you hear me? Lies! I was in Bangalore at the time. I deny every word! She's lying, I tell you! Lying! And so is Alice Girth and Mary Thula and all the other women I molested! They're all after my piggy-bank, do you hear me? Oh!

SEAGOON:

Admiral, please. Marie Celeste was found abandoned at sea.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, poor girl! How she must have suffered!

SEAGOON:

The Marie Celeste is a ship!

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Wait a minute! Of course! The Marie Celeste! I... I'd almost forgotten!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, can you tell me anything about her?

BLOODNOK:

Of course, I have the record here.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

BLOODNOK:

Good! Now I'd like to tell you all about the Marie Celeste, but unfortunately lad, I'm... I'm sworn to secrecy. Absolutely mum. Yes, I'm afraid it would take a lot to make me talk.

SEAGOON:

£5,000?

BLOODNOK:

That's a lot! The entire documents are at your service.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. For nights I poured over vital documents. Then, when all seemed lost, Admiral Bloodnok suddenly remembered a vital map reference.

BLOODNOK:

Latitude 38 29 North, Longitude 17 15 West. Off you go, lad!

SEAGOON:

Right, taxi! And now...

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

BLOODNOK:

I waited for Seagoon's return. And then, at dawn...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Admiral, I've just returned from Latitude 38 20 North, Longitude 17 15 West.

BLOODNOK:

Your soaking wet!

SEAGOON:

You didn't tell me it was at sea!

BLOODNOK:

Then it's true, the Marie Celeste was found at sea. Look, lad, here.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Here, laddy.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Here's the name of a ship yard, the very one that built her. Now, um, why don't you go along and see if they can give you any information?

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Aye, aye...

FX:

PHONE BEING DIALLED

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Sharing your gladness, my life's desire. Sharing your - Hello? Hello? Bloodnok here. Listen Mr. Crun, what we've planned for has happened. Yes, Ned Seagoon's the name. Yes, I... yes, I've sent him to you and he's offering 5 - (COUGHS) - £4,000 reward for any information. All right. Good-bye Mr. Crun.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN ON HOOK

BLOODNOK:

Seaman Geldray? Bring 49 in and play us a horn-mouth on your pipe-organ in the C of key shanty!

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Marie Celeste Mystery Solved, part Two. And now...

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

MILLIGAN:

While Max Geldray was playing that old English bollard how many listeners noticed that Ned Seagoon had gone to a certain shipwrights at Deptford Creek? Hm? You must watch these points.

GRAMS:

SHIP BUILDING MACHINES

HENRY:

(TO THE TUNE OF 'WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?')

Put him in the barrel until he's sober

Put him in the barrel until he's sober

(CALLS) Minnie?

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

Minnie? Stop that mad, crazy, modern rhythm style singing.

MINNIE:

Why should I stop my modern, crazy, rhythm... style singing, buddy?

HENRY:

Because we are sea-faring folk. If you must sing, sing a shanty!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Henry, a shanty! (HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

Minnie!?

MINNIE:

Yes?

HENRY:

I shall come down there in a minute!

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

(SINGING) Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, Britains never never never shall be slaves!

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

(SINGING) Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho hum and a bottle of rum!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy there!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! My name is Ned Seagoon.

HENRY:

Oh, Minnie, it's him, Ned Seagoon.

MINNIE:

(STARTS HUMMING JAZZ)

HENRY:

(TRIES TO OVERPOWER MINNIE'S SINGING WITH "RULE BRITANNIA")

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth. Is this the shipyard of Crun, Bannister and Crun?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

And yes.

SEAGOON:

Then, this firm built the Marie Celeste!

HENRY:

Yes, I did.

SEAGOON:

You did? Oh, come now, the Marie Celeste was built over a hundred years ago!

HENRY:

Oh, then it must be my day off. Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! Mr. Crun!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

I want you to build and man a second Marie Celeste.

HENRY:

Mnnnnnnnk...

SEAGOON:

Don't you see? The idea is to re-sail the ill-fated voyage and reconstruct the mystery.

HENRY:

Build another Marie Celeste? Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I want you to build a replica.

HENRY:

Oh, I'm sorry, I'm a ship-builder, I'm no good at replicas.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po

HENRY AND SEAGOON:

Good!

SEAGOON:

Now, how long to build it?

HENRY:

Oh, well, there's a lot of work, you know. The...

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

A lot of... isn't there, Min?

MINNIE:

There is, yes.

HENRY:

The old plans will have to be modernised.

MINNIE:

In the modern style, buddy.

HENRY:

Yes, got to have the crazy plans you know. Then there's the wood. Very difficult to get the wood, you know...

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

And the rope, oh, the rope.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. Now give me a rough date.

HENRY:

Deck-timbers, oh, that's... And the canvas to go aloft...

SEAGOON:

When will the boat be finished?

HENRY:

Mmmmmm, after dinner.

SEAGOON:

You'll have the whole ship completed after dinner?

HENRY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What's the delay?

HENRY:

The wood, you can't get the wood you know.

SEAGOON:

All right, I'll just have to be patient. After dinner, then. Ahoy!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

(GOES OFF SINGING)

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

No sooner had young Ned Seagoon left the shipyard than Mr. Crun hurriedly spoke to a sea-faring man.

HENRY:

Commodore! Commodore! It's happened at last!

ECCLES:

Oooh! Oh, well. So it's happened at last, eh? Well, well, well, well, Ooooooh! So it's happened at last! Well! It happened at last, eh? Well! It happened, you said? It happened!

HENRY:

Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Oooooh! It happened at last, eh? Oooooh! What's happened?

HENRY:

Admiral Bloodnok sent him to us and he's here.

ECCLES:

Oooooooh! Here? You mean he? He is really here? It's him?

HENRY:

Yes, yes. He's here.

ECCLES:

He's here!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH TOGETHER)

ECCLES:

He's here!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH TOGETHER)

ECCLES:

Who's here?

HENRY:

Him, Ned Seagoon. You know, the plan that we all worked on, the Marie Celeste plan.

ECCLES:

Ooh, that one!

HENRY:

Yes. And there's a reward for four (COUGHS) - £3,000.

ECCLES:

Oh! Well, I'll go... I'll go and get the original crew.

HENRY:

Yes, it's simple. All we have to do is to get.... (FADES)

ECCLES:

Yeah? (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP TUNE

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES

ECCLES:

Listen, fellers, okay? It's happened, fellers, it's happened. And he's offering a reward of two (COUGHS)... £1,000.

CORNISH SAILOR:

[SELLERS] Did you hear that Secombe, Yakamoto? He's offering a reward of one (COUGHS)... £500.

YORKSHIRE SAILOR:

[SECOMBE]

What's he say?

YAKAMOTO:

[SELLERS]

Honourable man is offering reward of five (COUGHS)... £250.

YORKSHIRE SAILOR:

Is he? £250, eh? (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I'll tell cabin-boy Bluebottle!

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yes.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP TUNE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-hee-hee. I have just been told-ed there's a reward of 17 and nine-pence and an extra bob a week, if we live.

MILLIGAN:

Listeners, have you noticed a slight drop in the reward? You must watch these little points!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

Ned Seagoon hurried back to the author who was offering £4,000 reward...

SEAGOON:

£5,000!

GREENSLADE:

I've got to live as well. Anyway, Ned Seagoon informed Admiral Grytpype-Thynne of the progress he had made and that he, Ned Seagoon, was preparing to re-sail the ill-fated voyage again.

SEAGOON:

Correct, we sail today.

GREENSLADE:

Now here is a gale warning.

SEAGOON:

We sail tomorrow. We should reach the exact spot in five days.

BLOODNOK:

In the meantime, Ray Ellington? Pull up a bollard! Ahoy!

ELLINGTON:

Ahoy!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ABC (WITH RHYTHM AND EASE)'

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

The Mystery of the Marie Celeste Solved, part three. Exactly as in 1872, the Brigantine Marie Celeste the second slid gracefully out of harbour...

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS CONTINUE OVER SPEECH

GREENSLADE:

...past the boom and in to the open sea.

GRAMS:

WAVES BREAKING ON SHIPS BOW

SEAGOON:

Heh, heh, heh, heh, Well, we're under way, Capt'n.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Put your hand out Seagoon, we turn left here, lad.

SEAGOON:

Some time later I gave a last glance at land. It gave one a strange feeling to see the Beachy Head lighthouse pass our stern - we were at anchor! But soon we were on the open sea.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SEAGOON:

After five days at sea, I was having dinner in the crow's nest when suddenly...

ECCLES:

Ahoy! You up there, Mr. Seagoon

SEAGOON:

(IN THE DISTANCE) Yes?

ECCLES:

Admiral Bloodnok's cwimplimonts. He wants you in his cabin right away!

SEAGOON:

Right away?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but first I want to tell you something!

SEAGOON:

Coming! Ahhhhhh... (QUICKLY GETTING NEARER)

FX:

LARGE HEAVY OBJECT HITTING WOODEN FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Oh! Oh, dear! That's a nasty fall, that is!

ECCLES:

Are you okay?

SEAGOON:

I think so. Ooh! Ow! Ah! Now, what did you want to tell me?

ECCLES:

I've taken the ladder away. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) You're still my friend? You're still my friend?

SEAGOON:

I don't know about that, Eccles.

HENRY:

Mr. Seagoon, we're nearly there. Then we can re-enact the mystery for you.

SEAGOON:

Good... Wait a minute! Do *you* know what happened to the original crew of the Marie Celeste?

HENRY:

(GOES OFF SINGING TO HIMSELF)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun! Mr. Cr..! Oh, I'll go and ask the Admiral, perhaps he'll explain. Er, excuse me.

CHINESE SAILOR:

[SELLERS]

Yes, what does most honourable Neddie Sleagoon want?

SEAGOON:

Where is Admiral Bloodnok's cabin?

CHINESE SAILOR:

That door there, marked "Ladies only".

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CHINESE SAILOR:

Chip chop chap chop

SEAGOON:

Chop chip. I strolled towards the cabin, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

FX:

QUAINT 'DING DONG' ON DOORBELL, DOOR OPENED

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I thought this was the Admiral's cabin.

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

Just one moment.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

(CLEARS HIS THROAT, OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Admiral Bloodnok, you said you wanted to see me.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes. Young Neddie, yes. You haven't met my sister, have you?

SEAGOON:

You told me you were an only child.

BLOODNOK:

In that case, meet my mother.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

BLOODNOK:

I'll see you later, mother dear.

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

Oh, Dennis, all right then. (LAUGHS TO HERSELF)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

But Admiral, you look twenty years older than she does.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, yes, lad, but then I've had a lot of worry, you know. Now, Ned, to business. What about the... erm... money?

SEAGOON:

When we arrive at the rendezvous tomorrow a naval vessel will be present with the author aboard.

BLOODNOK:

Author? I don't wish to know any authors!

SEAGOON:

He's the man with the money.

BLOODNOK:

Introduce me at once!

SEAGOON:

He will not furnish the money until he receives a satisfactory explanation as to what happened to the crew...

BLOODNOK:

Thud me marling-spikes! I know what happened, this is the true story. On the way...

FX:

DOOR OPENED

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pardon me, my little hairy Cap-I-Tain. Enter Bluebottle in rough seaman's itchy jersey and with a patch over one eye and a dirty big stocking on my head. Holé! Not a sausinge.

SEAGOON:

Curse, just as I was about to find the answer. What's going on here, little ragged pants?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have sighted a British man-o-war, HMS Gladys. Points with finger out to sea. Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot. We are getting ready to act the mystery. Stands by cannyon to fire salute.

SEAGOON:

What... what is the mystery of the Marie Celeste?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nay! Nay! There's a 17 and nine-pence reward. And until I get it, not a word shall pass my lips. Ties himself to mast and waits for 50 lashes.

SEAGOON:

Here's your 17 shillings and nine-pence. Now... out with it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-hee-hee! Thank you. Takes out 17 and nine-penny piece which is no bigger than a tanner. Puts it in rough seaman's purse. Prepares to tell mystery (CLEARS THROAT). When we were... eee! Sees Admiral out of corner of eye, good job that I have got square eyes.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

I say, little knobbly actor! I say! Where's he gone?

BLOODNOK:

Where's that naughty little powder-monkey gone? It's time to fire a salute. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Okay. Give me the match and stand back!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION OF CANNON BEING FIRED, PAUSE, BIG SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! I was hiding in the cannon! And now I'm drowning! Eaugh! Waves arms about as if in panic. Eaugh! Goes down for third time, then remembers 17 and nine-pence in purse. Climbs back on ship to spend same, exit left to NAAFI.

SEAGOON:

Perhaps someone will tell me what's going on here.

BLOODNOK:

I'll tell you. We are the original crew of the Marie Celeste.

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens, ghosts!

ECCLES:

We ain't ghosts.

SEAGOON:

But you can't be human.

ECCLES:

Well, that's different.

BLOODNOK:

I'll... I'll tell you what happened. When we sailed the original Marie Celeste, we made rafts.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Please, don't do that! Then we set the table, left everything as it was, then we quietly slipped over the side. And thud me gripkins, that's really what happened. Isn't that right, me hearties?

OMNES:

AYE!

SEAGOON:

But why did you do it?

BLOODNOK:

Because we knew that one day someone would offer a reward for the solution of the mystery. And by thunder, it's happened. Hasn't it, me hearties?

OMNES:

AYE!

SEAGOON:

But why couldn't you have just told me? Why come all this way?

BLOODNOK:

They'd never believe us, lad. How some people can doubt me, me the very soul of honesty! Isn't that right, me hearties?

OMNES:

SILENCE

GREENSLADE:

HMS Gladys on the port-bow, sir.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ha-Ha. On board is Captain Grytpype-Thynne with the £5,000.

BLOODNOK:

Right, stand by to re-enact the mystery, lads.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

GRAMS:

WAVE SOUNDS UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTING) Ahoy, there! HMS Gladys! Captain Grytpype-Thynne? Are you ready with the money?

(NORMAL VOICE) That's funny! (SHOUTING) Ahoy, there! HMS Gladys!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) HMS Gladys? Ahoooooooooy!

SEAGOON:

Stand back, Eccles, let me try. I used to be in the choir. (HIGH VOICE) Ahoy there Captain Grytpype-Thynne! (GULP)

GREENSLADE:

(ON WIRELESS) Here is the news. Two days ago a crew under the command of Admiral Bloodnok in the Marie Celeste the 2nd boarded a British sloop, HMS Gladys. On board all was ship-shape, but there was no sign of life. Mr. Neddie Seagoon is offering £5,000 for a solution to the mystery of HMS Gladys.

GRAMS:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in!

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, there, matey!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

About the reward money for the solution of HMS Gladys.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S5 E09 - The Last Tram (From Clapham)

Transcribed by Steve Dale, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHING) Did you hear that!? The BBC... Home Service!

OMNES:

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

MILLIGAN:

(Recovering) Oh, dear. Ah.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, well. We present the happy-go-lucky, crazy, zany, wacky - Goon Show!

OMNES:

DEAD SILENCE

SELLERS:

In all it's gracious silent dignity, we present The Coon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

INTRODUCTION PIECE

SEAGOON:

Ladies and gentlepong, that great and moving music leads us automatically to tram cars. On April the 5th 1952, London's last tram rolled into the depot. Here to celebrate that occasion is a special radio documentary entitled - The Last Tram!

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND LINK TUNE

GRAMS:

TRAM MOVING, BELL RINGING, CHEERS

BBC ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(OVER GRAMS) And as I stand here on the great pavement, there goes the last tram.

ORCHESTRA:

STRAINED CHORD

SEAGOON:

That was The Last Tram. Those taking part were the Mayor of Westminster and the counsellors. And Anna Neagle led the Chelsea pensioners. Also taking part were the last tram driver, Norris Lurker, and the conductress, Madje... er... Thund. Leader Paul Beard. Produced by Melly Strained Bullshine. Script by William Shakespeare. Edited by Jimmy Grafton. Additional dialogue by Geraldo. The hotel bill was by Gilbert Harding.

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME - EXACTLY THE SAME

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME - SAME, FADES OUT TO APPLAUSE

GRAMS:

MUSIC THAT WAS PLAYED WHEN BBC RADIO WAS OFF THE AIR, WOBBLY

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) We appear to have a little time in hand before the next programme, so here once again is the name of the last tram driver. It is Norris Lurker. In case any of you want to write it down it's spelt N.O.R.R.I.S. L.U.R.K.E.R. (COUGHS) The erm... oh, yes. The last tram was a 53A. 53A. F.I.F.T.Y. T.H.R.double-E.A.Y.E.

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(Thynne-esque) Listeners, this man is a fool. The last tram was not a 53A, the last tram was yet to come. The drama of its revelation started with an ordinary 49 and six-penny phone call.

GRAMS:

IN SEQUENCE: PRESSURE COOKER CORK BURSTING, RISING WHISTLE, SPLASH, THIRD MAN THEME ON ZITHER, TRAIN STEAMING IN, WOODEN BOX FALLING TO BITS, "SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!", EXPLOSION, PIG NOISES, CORK POPS

SEAGOON:

Answer that phone.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

PHONE PIECE LIFTED

THROAT:

Hello? It's for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Miss Throat.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Hello? London Pleasure Transport board, Transport House, Redundant Tram Department, Inspector Ned Seagoon speaking. (LAUGHS) What!? Nonsense! Good-bye!

FX:

PHONE PIECE SLAMMED DOWN

SEAGOON:

(CALLING) Mr. Clench!

FX:

FOOT STEPS RUNNING FROM AFAR TOWARDS MICROPHONE

CLENCH:

[SELLERS]

Did you so much as call me, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, take your tongue off my boot.

CLENCH:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Some fool just phoned up and said there's still a tram at large on the Highgate-Kingsway route.

CLENCH:

Oh, but that is impossible, sir. All trams have been melted down and made into melted down trams.

SEAGOON:

Every one?

CLENCH:

All except the one you're living in, sir.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait, look! That tram map on the wall! There's still one flag-pin stuck in it.

CLENCH:

Good heavens! I had never noticed it before, sir.

SEAGOON:

What does it mean?

CLENCH:

It means sir, that there *is* a tram still running! According to the flag, it is a number 33.

SEAGOON:

When did he leave the depot?

CLENCH:

1952.

SEAGOON:

He's running late! He's running terribly late.

CLENCH:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd better check on this. Is my official car ready?

CLENCH:

Yes, he's finished your shopping, sir. He'll be here in just one moment, now.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ere the night is out I'll have this number 33 in the sheds and quietly melted down. We don't want scandal, you know.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Er, your car's ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Gladys. Now, come along. Drive along the old 33 route and hurry, man.

ELLINGTON:

Right, hold tight!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS, VERY SLOW PACE

ELLINGTON:

Er, giddup there.

SEAGOON:

She's running well, tonight.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah, considering we got a load of ashes on board.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

Giddup, there.

SEAGOON:

(PANICKING) Take it easy, you mad fool! Do you want to kill us both?

ELLINGTON:

No, only you.

SEAGOON:

Good. Stop here, Gladys. I want to go down the Kingsway subway (FX STOPS). Now, you meet me at the other side. I'll go on foot. In fact, I'll go on both feet.

ANNOUNCER:

The old Kingsway tram tunnel. Inside it was pitch black and dark, as well. To make it worse, there were no lights on. Luckily the tunnel was only 20 yards wide so Ned Seagoon was able to stretch out his arms and feel his way along both sides.

GRAMS:

DRIPPING WATER, ECHOED AS IN A TUNNEL

SEAGOON:

Yes... yes, it was very dark. Luckily, I had remembered a 200 foot candle I had in my trouser pocket. Putting in a fresh battery I lit it. And there, in the candlelight, gleaming in the darkness, was the hulk of a long forgotten tram. On the side I could see the number - 33. Carefully I climbed aboard the rusty platform.

CRUN:

You can't get on here, it's not a request stop.

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! Good Heavens, driver Henry Crun!

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

It was you who phoned.

CRUN:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Now, look here, Crun. This... this tram should have been on the scrap heap two and a half years ago.

CRUN:

My 33 on the scrap heap!? Never, never! Piddle-poo! Never, not until you afford us our just dues. And this is the last tram ceremony I'm talking about and the marble clock presentation that I never had.

SEAGOON:

It's impossible, driver Crun.

CRUN:

No, no...

SEAGOON:

Now, look here. The last tram ceremony's over and done with and... and Norris Lurker has been presented with a marble clock. Now... now, come on. Let's sneak old 33 quietly back to the sheds, eh?

MINNIE:

Henrrrrrry! Who's that down there?

CRUN:

A civil servant, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Hit him! Hit him!

SEAGOON:

Clippie Bannister!

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Come down off the top-deck!

MINNIE:

I can't!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MINNIE:

I'm smoking. Anyway, buddy, who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm from the tram depot!

MINNIE:

It's thruppence from the tram depot, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Well, I must ask you both to get off this tram!

MINNIE:

Bah!

SEAGOON:

I command you!

MINNIE:

Yakkakukkaku!

CRUN:

Piddle-Pooh! Abandon my lovely tram in mid-route? Never! I must think of my passenger.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, you've been down here two and a half years, now. Who would be idiot enough to be passenger all that time?

ECCLES:

Ah! Dum-de-dum-de-dum... Don't forget to let me know when we get to my stop at Kingsway, won't you?

SEAGOON:

Come along, get off, you.

ECCLES:

What? What? What? Me, off? Do you know... do you know who you're talking to?

SEAGOON:

Who?

ECCLES:

You've heard of the Duke of Norfolk?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm... Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

Are you related to the Duke of Norfolk?

ECCLES:

Nope, but I had you worried for a moment (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

I'm sure you had the Duke worried for a moment, too. Now, come along, off you get.

ECCLES:

But I booked to Kingsway, here's my ticket!

SEAGOON:

He's booked to Kingsway, yes. Curse! He's within his rights. Driver Crun, you will have to drive this man to his destination.

CRUN:

Not unless you promise us the last tram ceremony.

MINNIE:

Hit him! Hit him!

CRUN:

And the marble clock.

SEAGOON:

This is mutiny! This is going to... this is going to lose me my job, you know. It's gonna mean a Royal commission and I'll... I'll have to speak to the governors, that's all. Meantime, here is driver Max Geldray to play a 34 trolley bus.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The Last Tram, Part Two. A meeting of the country and town planning society.

OMNES:

MEETING MUMBLING

GRYTPYPE:

Now, next item. Blocks of flats to be built on the site of the old Kingsway tram subway.

MILLIGAN:

Bravvvo!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Of the 10,000 tenders, I have given the contract to F. Bogg and company.

MILLIGAN:

Isn't that, er, isn't that your wife's brother?

GRYTPYPE:

(CLEARS THROAT UNCOMFORTABLY)

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MILLIGAN:

Ahh!

GRYTPYPE:

Any more questions? Good. Now, then, what I want to see...

FX:

DOOR OPENED QUICKLY AND VIOLENTLY

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! Stop the meeting!

MILLIGAN:

What's going on here? Look here, you can't do this!

GRYTPYPE:

Do you have to burst in here? If you must burst, please do it in a convenient place.

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

OMNES:

Good!

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, the horror comic.

SEAGOON:

I'm chief of the redundant trams department. I have grave news for you all - you can't build the flats on the Kingsway subway!

GRYTPYPE:

Can't build? But I've already had the dropsy from the... (CLEARS THROAT UNCOMFORTABLY) Erm, why not?

SEAGOON:

There's a 33 Tram down there.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, get it out.

SEAGOON:

I want to, I've got to, but this crew refuse to drive it until they are afforded another last tram ceremony.

GRYTPYPE:

Another ceremony? Dear, dear.

ALDERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

As Alderman for East Acton, I said them... them flats... them flats have got to go up because I can't sleep in Hyde Park any longer. They got to go up.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course.

MILLIGAN:

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon? We'll do this tram ceremony, but secretly and on the cheap. We don't want any questions asked.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

This man does all functions at half price, here's his card.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Oh! Major Bloodnok!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Ooooh! Aaaaah! There, Moriarty! I'll pay pontoons only.

MORIARTY:

Pontoons only? We're playing chess!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I thought the cards were a funny shape.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

The police!

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, there are other people.

BLOODNOK:

Not in my life.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening, I'm, er, I'm looking for Major Dennis Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

(GULPS) He's upstairs, dangerously ill.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

BLOODNOK:

I am his identical twin brother, Fred.

SEAGOON:

Pity, I had a paid job for him.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) I'll go upstairs and see if he's better.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Aah! My identical twin brother, Fred, has just told me you wish to see me. Now to business.

SEAGOON:

We want you to... we want you to do cut-price Lord Mayor at last tram ceremony. It must be hush-hush or there'd be questions asked and I'll get the sack in you like...

BLOODNOK:

Sealed lips Bloodnok! Now what's the, er...

SEAGOON:

£10?!

BLOODNOK:

10...! Moriarty? Phone the Mansion House. Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Remember, it's all very hush-hush, so be there at 8.45 tomorrow night at Kingsway tram subway.

BLOODNOK:

Right! Yes, yes, yes, yes. Good-bye!

SEAGOON:

Good-bye!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF, THEN...) Moriarty, are you through yet?

MORIARTY:

Just a minute. Hello? Hello? Hello? Mansion House?

GUS:

[SELLERS - JEWISH]

(ON OTHER END OF PHONE) Yes, yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Lord Mayor?

GUS:

Who else?

MORIARTY:

Listen, Gus. We want to borrow the Lord Mayor's robes for tomorrow.

GUS:

Oooh, well. Well, let me have them right back after, only Sir Winston wants to borrow 'em for a fancy dress ball, you see. Well, I've got to go, now, someone wants an 'aircut.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP LINK

MILLIGAN:

During that phone conversation, how many of you noticed that Seagoon had gone down into the subway, again? Hmm? You must watch these points.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mr. Crun? We've arranged the last tram ceremony. Tonight at 8.45, in 15 minutes time.

CRUN:

Oh, Minnie? Take the beds down.

MINNIE:

I can't.

CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

I've just got in.

CRUN:

Well, stay in bed now you're there, just bring *my* bed down.

MINNIE:

Which one is yours, Henry?

CRUN:

The one I'm not in, Min.

MINNIE:

Which one is that?

CRUN:

The one I'm not in, Min!

MINNIE:

But... but you're... you're not in *either* bed, Henry!

CRUN:

Aaaah!

MINNIE:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Michael Dennison and Dulcie Gray. Now, come along. Drive this tram out of here.

CRUN:

I can't, there's no electricity. The... turned off, it's on the mains...

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! I have to account for that tram. I'll have to go and get the electricity laid on. Meantime, here's old steam-driven Ray Ellington and his lurgi-ridden four.

ELLINGTON:

Ladies and gentlemen, take your partners for a waltz.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, thank you. While Mr. Ellington was singing that number, how many of you noticed that Seagoon had gone to the country and town planners, eh? You must watch it, you know.

SEAGOON:

(FADES IN) ...so the tram is rusted to the rails and cannot be moved until the electricity is through.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we shall have to build over it, that's all. Now, come along...

SEAGOON:

No, no, you can't do that, I'd lose my job. I've got to account for all the trams, you know? I mean, it's chop-chop.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, laddy, I'm sorry. My job is to build those flats on Kingsway subway.

SEAGOON:

But my...

GRYTPYPE:

We must start building or the bricks will start to perish!

SEAGOON:

But you can't!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, it's up to you to get your tram out of there before the tunnel is sealed up...

SEAGOON:

What? But...! Before the tunnel is sealed up? I... I... I... I... I... I... I must hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

MILLIGAN:

Meantime, at the London Passenger Transport Board, redundant tram depot, section 3.

BLOODNOK:

Where's that double-crossing Seagoon? I'll give him last tram ceremony! I'll...

INDIAN MALE SECRETARY:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, I am his secretary, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Where's his dufter?

INDIAN MALE SECRETARY:

His dufter is in there but...

BLOODNOK:

Out of me way!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Now, Seagoon! I've been at the subway entrance in me robes all night waiting for that blasted tram to come out! You're a no-good, low-down, jumped-up, never-come-down, naughty man! And I'd call you worse if it wasn't for the fact that you're not here! Aaaaah! What's this on his desk? A nice little petty-cash box.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

NEW BOY:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER CLASS VOICE) Oh, I'm sorry sir.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you accuse me of stealing from the petty-cash box!

NEW BOY:

I'm the new boy, sir. I've just brought the departmental wages.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTING) I'm not interested in the dep-wag-nyegn - (FRIENDLY) Leave them here, lad.

NEW BOY:

Would you just care to sign here, sir?

BLOODNOK:

The greatest of pleasure.

FX:

SCRATCH OF PEN ON PAPER OVER NAME

BLOODNOK:

'Ned... Seagoon'. There. How much did you say was here?

NEW BOY:

£20,000.

BLOODNOK:

Ooooh! I wonder where Neddie is.

SEAGOON:

Ned, dear listener, was struggling to get the electricity to the tram. But I needed assistance!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my cap-i-tain. Enter Bluebottle. Gives ting on tram conductor's set, pauses for audience's sausages, not a clapper in the house. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Thinks: this is a good start.

SEAGOON:

Dear little skin and bones Hercules, you came in the nick of time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I did not, I came in the council dust cart. Points to portions of old fish bones still stuck to seat of trousers. Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot. Eiy! Sharp bones!

SEAGOON:

Little dirty pipe-cleaner legs, take these electricity cables down the subway.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do it, my cap-i-tain, I will. Carefully puts horror comic in secret pocket. Picks up electrics cabules. Farewell my - Tee-hee! Hee-hee-hee! Cap-i-tain?

SEAGOON:

What, lad?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cap-i-tain? You would not turn the dreaded electri-csi-csi on while little Bluen-bottle is still holding the wires? You would not do that to your little Bluen-bottle, would you, cap-i-tain?

SEAGOON:

I give you my word as a Chinese gentleman.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know my little Chinese captain would not lie to me. Enters tunnel. Does dignified slow walk as done by Alan Ladd in "The Black Knight", but effect is ruined by fish bones still hanging on trousers.

WORKMAN:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Where's that lad going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello Mr. Workman!

WORKMAN:

What are you doing down here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

This is a good game, isn't it? Tee-hee!

WORKMAN:

You can't hang about down here, we're working, you can't (NORTHERN GIBBERISH).

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, that is a rude, naughty sign. Moves away from rough, naughty workman.

WORKMAN:

Go on, be off or I'll bang you with this shovel! I don't know what's going on here, I don't. Jock!

JOCK:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) What's it, me darling boy?

SEAGOON:

Connect up the electricity.

JOCK:

Darling boy, 'tis not on. It's not through, darling.

SEAGOON:

Ooh, these flats will need lighting, you know.

JOCK:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

There should be a couple of thousand volts through. Throw the switch, any-road.

FX:

METAL SWITCH TURNED

GRAMS:

STRONG ELECTRIC CURRENT RUNNING THROUGH FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! You rotten workmen swine, you! You have deaded me with the dreaded electric voltages! Look, my beautiful nut is all singed! Points to badly blackened bonce, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot! Thud! Sound of ear 'ole falling off.

WORKMAN:

You shouldn't be down here while we're building. Now, clear out before I fetch you one with this shovel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall tell my teacher, Miss Cringing-Draws, about you! I will! You just wait 'til she gives me back my cardboard atomic ray-gun! You will writhe in agony as the radioactive particules enter through...

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aie!

WORKMAN:

You asked for that!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

WORKMAN:

Oooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

So have you! Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee! I have re-veng-ed the honour of the Bluebottles! Exits left in blackened rags, flattened bonce, loose knees and spare shins in satchel. Victory! Holé! Exits left on corporation sewage cart. Pooh!

WORKMAN:

I don't know what's going on down here, I'll tell you that for nothing, I'll...

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, I'm from the BBC.

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

GREENSLADE:

Oooh!

WORKMAN:

That's for the TV programmes you give us!

GREENSLADE:

You rotten devil, you! You hit-ted poor little Wallace Greenslade with a shovel, nearly deading me! Points to lump on crust, toot-toot-toot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Greenslade, you swine, you! You're pinching my lovely little act! I'll get you at playtime with Terry!

GREENSLADE:

I'll tell me dad!

SEAGOON:

What's going on here?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, sir. The BBC has just heard about the new last tram ceremony and would like to broadcast it.

SEAGOON:

No, no, you mustn't! It, it's supposed to be secret!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, don't worry. No one will hear it, sir. It's on the Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank heaven for that. Right, well, you'll... you'll find all the reception committee waiting at the far end of the tunnel. Now, I'll go down and get Mr. Crun going.

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME TUNE

MILLIGAN:

Just thought you'd like to hear it again.

CRUN:

Mnk... Are you all packed, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'm in my box, Henry.

CRUN:

I'll just put the lid on.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr. Crun!

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

SEAGOON:

Oooh! Give me that shovel! Now look here, the electricity's on so start driving her out. We've only got 5 minutes to get the ceremony over before the builders seal the tunnel.

ECCLES:

Oh, good! Don't forget to put me over at the Kingsway because when I get there...

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

ECCLES:

...I've got lot of things to do there... (REALISES HE'S BEEN HIT) Ooow!

SEAGOON:

Now, shut up!

CRUN:

Hold tight!

FX:

CONDUCTOR'S BELL

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Mr. Seagoon, Mr. Seagoon, there's no-one at the entrance to the subway at all.

SEAGOON:

No - no - no last tram reception committee?

GREENSLADE:

No, no.

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Look here, committee or no committee, I'm driving this tram out. Jump on, Greenslade! On second thoughts, jump on the tram!

GRAMS:

TRAM RUNNING

SEAGOON:

I'll show them that Ned Seagoon's the master.

GREENSLADE:

You're Seagoon? I think I should mention that there's a Black Mariah at the entrance waiting for you.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GREENSLADE:

Absconding with the departmental wages.

SEAGOON:

Stop the tram! Crun, how do you stop the tram?

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD TWICE OVER SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

FINISH THEME TUNE AND OUTRO

S5 E10 - The Booted Gorilla (Found?)

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

SECOMBE:

Mr. Sellers is merely trying to sabotage the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

MYSTIC EASTERN MUSIC

SECOMBE:

Wales, glorious Wales! I love whales but you rarely see them in the fish shops these days, do you? (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) But... to business. Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Master?

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade, button up your kilt and... and tell the waiting masses what's the play.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. Ladiiiies and gentlemeeeeeeen...

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

SECOMBE:

Sellers, stop that!

SELLERS:

Yes sir, which way did it go?

SECOMBE:

I don't wish to know that.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I don't wish to know that!

SECOMBE:

I say, look here.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I say.

SECOMBE:

Remember, this is the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

CHEERS, "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

SECOMBE:

Stop! Stop!

FX:

IMMEDIATE STOP

SECOMBE:

That may be good enough for other talking wireless shows, but not for us! And therefore... therefore, let us now hear the usual ovation that greets... The Goon Show!

FX:

SILENCE

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Pull up a sock and sit down whilst I unfold a story of...

GREENSLADE:

The Booted Gorilla, Part One.

FX:

MYSTERY FANFARE

SECOMBE:

Africa! The well-known piece of land. There, in the tree forest of The Congo. There, where no white man has ever set teeth. There, where civilization has not touched. There, as darkness falls, all one can hear is...

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

GREENSLADE:

Deep in the forests of Chinese east Africa, a safari led by two sickly white hunters slowly wonds its wee through the donse jingle.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Seagoon, the heat!

SEAGOON:

Yes, the heat!

BLOODNOK:

Keep up at the back there and keep back at the up, there! Ohhhh.....

SEAGOON:

Gad... gad, it's hot!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it... It must be the heat!

SEAGOON:

Of course, the heat! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

It's the hottest heat we've ever hot!

SEAGOON:

Yes. (COUGHS) These jungle roads. Why are they so dusty?

BLOODNOK:

We can't get a cleaner.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it must be the heat.

BLOODNOK:

The heat, yes. Oh, it's bit of a fag.

SEAGOON:

What is?

BLOODNOK:

Half a cigarette. Oh, the heat, the heat!

SEAGOON:

The heat, oh, the heat (ETC)

ELLINGA:

[ELLINGTON]

Bwana, bwana! Bwana, quick!

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Ellinga, the heat?

ELLINGA:

No, bwana, look! Here!

SEAGOON:

The gunbearer pointed a quivering saxophone at the footprints of a gorilla. Suddenly, behind a bush, they had stopped.

BLOODNOK:

Well, most of us stop behind a bush sometime or another.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but this is different!

BLOODNOK:

Impossible! It must be the heat!

SEAGOON:

Look, Major, look! Here the gorilla's footprints stop. And then they start again as boot prints!

BLOODNOK:

Boots!? A gorilla wearing boots? Must be the feet!

ELLINGA:

Nooo, not de feet. My tribe believe in gorilla dat wear boots.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

ELLINGA:

My grandmama, Molly O'Hara, née Goldberg, she... she say she see de booted gorilla many time.

Bloodnok:

Is that so? Well, if this is true, the animal is worth a fortune! A circus would give us the earth for it! Even the water!

SEAGOON:

Then... then let's catch it!

BLOODNOK:

We will catch it, even if I have to fight it single handed!

SEAGOON:

Gad, Bloodnok, I admire your guts!

BLOODNOK:

Why, are they showing?

SEAGOON:

Only when the sun's behind you.

BLOODNOK:

Must be the heat. Now, action stations for Operation Gorilla! First, Seagoon, take a letter. To Bwana Grytpype-Thynne, Care of the London Gorilla Collectors Society, Park Lane, Wapping. Dear Schnorrer, I have...

FX:

HARP MUSIC; KNOCK ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

SEAGOON GRUNTING WHILE HE BREAKS DOWN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Hello! Have you ever had a mad, uncontrollable impulse?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy, you. Now, give me that axe. There's a good lad. Now pull up a sock and sit down.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Is this the, ah, Gorilla Collectors Society?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Your cage is waiting.

SEAGOON:

I'm not a gorilla, I'm Bwana Seagoon!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) This takes a bit of swallowing. Perhaps he's mad.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Little does he know, I'm as sane as the next fellow!

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that *I'm* the next fellow!

SEAGOON:

Who is this ragged Goon?

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, this is Bwana Eccles, the famous specimen.

SEAGOON:

Specimen of what?

GRYTPYPE:

We're not quite sure yet.

SEAGOON:

What's he walking round in bare feet for?

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fellow was born like it, you know.

SEAGOON:

How terribly terrible! It must be the heat!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the heat.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now... now to business.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) I have here a message from Bloodnok in the heart of Africa.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, let's have it.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

JUNGLE-TYPE DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Yours sincerely,

FX:

DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Any reply?

GRYTPYPE:

Jove, yes! This!

FX:

JAZZIER DRUMS

GRYTPYPE:

Signed, yours truly,

FX:

CLACKERS

GRYTPYPE:

PS...

FX:

CLANG

SEAGOON:

What beautiful handwriting!

GRYTPYPE:

Delightful.

SEAGOON:

So then, you'll give us a plan to catch this booted gorilla?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Pull up a sock and sit down.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, does it strike you as at all significant that in a story that concerns a gorilla that wears boots, Eccles is bare footed? Could it be that these clues will bare feet? Think it over while we hear from that booted mouth organist, Bwana Max Geldray! Yee-akaboo!

OMNES:

Yakaboo!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, you sensuous creature. You dance divinely. Now to biz.

SEAGOON:

Yezzzzz!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, this is how to catch this gorilla: All you need is a portable, collapsible boot repair shop.

SEAGOON:

What for?

GRYTPYPE:

Dear little cambric man. That gorilla's boots can't last forever. Eventually the soles will wear out and he's bound to look for a boot repairer, get it?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

OMNES:

(SHOUTS) Good!

SEAGOON:

Wait! Who's going to serve behind the counter? That gorilla will be ferocious!

GRYTPYPE:

Hmmm. Now who do I know who's a mug?

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better go upstairs and pack. Oh-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, splendid. Now, Seagoon, you go and find a collapsible boot shop.

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

OMNES:

(SHOUTS) Good!

FX:

HARP MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I scoured the country for a suitable shop. Then, finally, I found one the right size in a little village in the city of East Coker.

FX:

COBBLING SOUND, THROUGH FOLLOWING "SONG"

CRUN:

(SINGING) I sit and I cobble from the break of day. Cobble all night and cobble...

FX:

SHOP BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, sir!

CRUN:

(STILL SINGING)...all day. Cobble and cobble and I cobble away. A cobbler gay am liii!... (SPEAKS)
Good morning. I'm a cobbler, you know?

SEAGOON:

Really? I could have sworn you were a Nubian chicken sexer.

CRUN:

There is a resemblance, I must agree. (SINGING) A cobbler gay am I, a cobbler...

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Does this wrinkled old cobbler know what he's talking about?

CRUN:

(ASIDE) Yes, he knows what he's talking about.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Good, then I'll talk to him.

CRUN:

(ASIDE) Splendid idea.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Pardon me, sir?

CRUN:

Yes, sir? (ASIDE) You see, he answered you.

SEAGOON:

So he did, thank you. Ahem, Sir? There's a sign outside says this shop is for sale.

CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes, the proprietor put that up.

SEAGOON:

Could I speak to him, please?

CRUN:

Certainly, I'll just -

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait, before you get him, how much is he asking?

CRUN:

Well, I... ah...

SEAGOON:

Come on, now (LAUGHS).

CRUN:

Oh, well...

SEAGOON:

Here's a fiver. Tell us, how much is he asking?

CRUN:

Mmm... fifty pounds.

SEAGOON:

Is that all? (LAUGHS) And I was going to offer him 500! I've saved myself 450 pounds!

BOTH:

(LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Well, go and get him.

CRUN:

I am him.

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhat?

CRUN:

The price, 500 pounds.

SEAGOON:

I say, look here, I... I... I...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Henry? Henry, there's no paper... oh.

CRUN:

Minnie! This man wants to buy the shop.

MINNIE:

Well, we're asking 50 pounds for it, Henry and we'll get it, if we stick out for it.

CRUN:

Yes, I'll try and knock him down.

MINNIE:

Here's the hammer.

CRUN:

Sir, 500 pounds is too much.

SEAGOON:

Well, erm, 450 pounds then.

CRUN:

No, no, no.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. I'll go to 200 pounds.

CRUN:

Ah, well...

MINNIE:

No, no, no, buddy, you'll have to drop more. You don't realise, we're tough customers, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes, buddy.

MINNIE:

Says me, buddy

SEAGOON:

Says you, buddy.

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Very well, 100 pounds.

CRUN:

No, no, no, buddy, our price is 50 pounds, you pay it or we don't sell, take your pick.

SEAGOON:

All right, George Dawson. 50 pounds.

CRUN:

Done!

MINNIE:

Bravo.

SEAGOON:

Gad, you Americans drive a hard bargain.

CRUN:

We're not Americans.

SEAGOON:

No? Those elastic-sided boots had me completely fooled.

MINNIE:

Oh, well, we like the modern style, buddy, you know?

SEAGOON:

I'm sure you do, buddy.

CRUN:

Crazy, buddy, crazy.

SEAGOON:

Yes, crazy, yes. (LAUGHS) Well, there's your 50 pounds.

FX:

COIN DROPPING

CRUN:

Oh, look, Minnie, it's all in money!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now, I want you out of here by tomorrow.

CRUN:

You want us to get out?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

CRUN:

But we go with the shop, we're included in the price.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Dear listeners: I realised that Mr. Crun and Miss Bannister were the very people to serve behind the counter when we erected the shop in Africa... (ALoud) Very well, you shall come with me!

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

FX:

FANFARE, TO AFRICA-STYLE DRUMS

GREENSLADE:

On the outskirts of the gorilla forests, Bloodnok awaits the return of Seagoon. It's a humid night and he lays sweating on his charpoy.

BLOODNOK:

Oh... oh, this heat! Where's me lime juice?

FX:

AIRPLANE DIVING AND STRAFING

BLOODNOK:

Blast those mosquitoes! What a nasty place to be bitten! I shall never sleep on me stomach again! (CALLS) Gunga Din!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Coming, sir, coming. Long live Rule Britannia. Send for a gunboat. Hooray for Australia. Poor old Dennis Compton. Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Abdul? Where's Din?

ABDUL:

Din has gone in.

BLOODNOK:

What has Din gone in.

ABDUL:

Din has gone in for his tin.

BLOODNOK:

And... and why has Din gone in for his tin?

ABDUL:

Din has gone in for his tin for his din-din.

BLOODNOK:

Jow, jow, jow.

ABDUL:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Pour me a bar of peg and a bar of mallet.

ABDUL:

I do that.

FX:

POP, POUR

ABDUL:

Say when, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Ellington! Play us a Magyar melody on your electric elephant tusk and lurgi soother!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MR. SANDMAN"

FX:

POURING

BLOODNOK:

Abdul... when.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Ahoy there!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon! You're back at last, lad!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You have the collapsible boot shop?

SEAGOON:

And two collapsible attendants. A Mr Crun and, ah... a lady.

BLOODNOK:

A lady? Thud me nurglers! Abdul? Lay out me clean ducks and me dirty chickens!

SEAGOON:

Major? May I introduce... Miss Bannister!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, what magical spot do you hail from?

SEAGOON:

(SOME UNPRONOUNCEABLE WELSH TOWN), why?

BLOODNOK:

I was asking the lady, not you! Naughty man! Now, my dear, dear lady. How delightful to have a member of the opposite sex out here! Oh, what a delightful, ravishing creature you are!

MINNIE:

(UNCERTAINLY) Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Do you really mean that?

MINNIE:

(UNCERTAIN SOUND)

BLOODNOK:

Wait!

MINNIE:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

MINNIE:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Can it be?

MINNIE:

Is it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it is!

MINNIE:

Oh...

BLOODNOK:

Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse...

MINNIE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

...and voted Miss Ball Curry of 1901!

MINNIE:

Oh, it's Dennis! Mmm-yakkakoo... Oh, the vapours!

BLOODNOK:

Oh...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear...

BLOODNOK:

I well remember...

MINNIE:

It's dashing Dennis of the Calcutta Mule Followers!

BLOODNOK:

Oh...

MINNIE:

Oh, me, back from the dead!

BLOODNOK:

Are you? How long are you staying? Remember that locket of hair you gave me?

MINNIE:

Do you still wear it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it covers the bald spot on me nut.

MINNIE:

Oh, dashing Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Minnie, my dear lady!

MINNIE:

Dennis, Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, remember that last dance we had at the Governor's Ball in Kanpur?

MINNIE:

Oh, yes! That was the night that they played our song.

BLOODNOK:

Our song! Let us sing it again, together!

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC HARP

BOTH:

(SING "ANY OLD IRON" VERY FAST. ENDS WITH CASH REGISTER)

SEAGOON:

Last drinks, please!

OMNES:

Yakaboo! (ETC)

MILLIGAN:

You know, I don't know how we get away with it.

FX:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC, JUNGLE DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Plans were laid for the trapping of the gorilla. Special, stout-hearted scouts were sent ahead to track it down.

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know something? (APPLAUSE) Oh, I got a sausinge! But I tell you something: I do not like this stout-hearted scout part. In the dreaded jungle wearing only short trousers, harm can come to a growing lad. Thinks: this is not the usual Bluebottle entrance. Thinks again: I must speak to the writer about getting a sausinge.

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Have you seen any signs of that... the booted gorilla?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No and I do not want to.

ECCLES:

Oh, it's a good job I ain't wearing boots or sure enough I'd be in that cage by now! (LAUGHS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I should have stayed at home by the fire with Ruffules.

ECCLES:

Oh, who's Ruffules?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's my pussy cat!

ECCLES:

Oh! Oh, what, ah, what do ya know? You've got a pussy cat?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

Well! I ain't got a pussy cat. But I... I got a bunny rabbit!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I have not got a bunny rabbit.

ECCLES:

I... I got one!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You got a bunny rabbit?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Yeah, you got one?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I've got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

Well, well. What's that, that you...Well I never knew that.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, It's Ruffules.

ECCLES:

What's... who's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My pussy cat. What have you got?

ECCLES:

I've got a bunny rabbit, have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I've got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

What's his name?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ruffules.

ECCLES:

Who's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My pussy cat.

ECCLES:

I've got a bunny rabbit.

BOTH:

(CONTINUE, INAUDIBLE UNDER APPLAUSE)

GREENSLADE:

Just in case some stupid people didn't understand that conversation, it was briefly that Bluebottle had a bunny rabbit and Eccles had a pussy cat called Ruffles. Oh! I'm so sorry, I beg your pardon. Eccles had the bunny rabbit and Bluebottle the pussy cat. Not as I said before that pussy rabbit and the Eccle-cat and bunnybottle and the piddle-pod. The kiddle-nap pobby... ooooh, yakka-boo... Yakka-boo.... (ETC...)

MILLIGAN:

I suppose the BBC do know what they're doing?

GREENSLADE:

Of course they do! And so, to the final dramatic scene: The night that the trap for the booted gorilla is laid.

SEAGOON:

Yes. In a clearing we erected the boot repair shop. Inside were Mr. Crun and Miss Bannister. At midnight the rest of us climbed up to our observation posts in the trees around the boot shop. We were linked by wooden field telephone.

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon? The lights are fused in the shop.

SEAGOON:

I'll have them fixed.

CRUN:

Nyah... Oh! Tell me, what is this customer we're expecting? What does he look like?

SEAGOON:

Well, ah... he'll be wearing a hairy coat. Okay?

CRUN:

Mnk, okay.

FX:

RINGS OFF

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah?

SEAGOON:

Go to the lamp store and take Mr. Crun three two-watt bulbs. Now to phone Bloodnok.

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ON PHONE) I heard you buzz, my Cap'tan! I heard you buzz me!

SEAGOON:

Well, buzz off, I don't want ya!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not be cruel to Bluebottlekins. I'm doing a man's hero's job! Makes face with eye and protruding jaw like Anthony Steel but stops as teeth fall out.

SEAGOON:

Well, any signs of the gorilla?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it's very dark. But me and Eccles is still watching.

SEAGOON:

But Eccles is here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(GULPS, LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Eeehheehee! There?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then who's this sitting on the branch next to me? HEEELP!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Everyone to the rescue!

OMNES:

(SINGING) Give me some men, who are stout hearted men, who will fight!

SEAGOON:

Right! Here we are! Bluebottle, you up there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Help! I'm trap-ped by the dreaded gorilla. He has pulled off my boots disclosing the ancient secret of the dirty big holes in my socks!

SEAGOON:

Jump, lad, I'll catch you! The ground will break your fall.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-oh...

FX:

JUMP, LAND ON SEAGOON

SEAGOON:

Oh, ah, got ya! Good lad, now, let's brush you down and...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM THE SAME DISTANCE) I say, promise you won't drop me?

SEAGOON:

Of course not, just wait till I've brushed Bluebottle... (GULPS) Bluebottle was up the tree with the gorilla. I just caught something that jumped from the tree. Bluebottle is still up the tree, so the person I'm brushing down...

GORILLA:

GROWLS

SEAGOON:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here I come, Captain!

FX:

JUMPS, THUDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You let me thud to the ground. Points at dirty big lump on crust. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot! Picks up loose shins. Ehe... Ehe...! You're not my captain.

GORILLA:

GROWLS

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCREAMS, WHOOSHES AWAY)

SEAGOON:

Help! We're both trapped!

BLOODNOK:

All right, I'm coming, lads. All is well. Old Bloodnok will soon fix that naughty thing.

GREENSLADE:

Chapter Eleven.

BLOODNOK:

Help! Save us! Help!

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon? I'm speaking from the shop. The gentlemen with the hairy coat is here.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! He's got the gorilla in the shop! (BLATHERS) Mr Crun?

CRUN:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Keep him there!

CRUN:

Oh, I think he wants to stay.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

He's standing on my head.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick, to the shop!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH-WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) See anything through the window?

BLOODNOK:

No, the shop's in complete darkness. Must be the heat.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello, I just brought them lightbulbs for the shop, yep.

SEAGOON:

Oh. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, you'd... you'd better go inside and put them in, hadn't you? (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Okay! Okay, yeah, yeah, I'll do that (FADES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Captain? You aren't half a rotten swine, Captain, sending him in there with that gorilla alone?

SEAGOON:

Well, you go in with him then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a rotten swine, too!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

He's gone in.

FX:

EXTENDED FIGHTING SOUNDS WITH ECCLES CRYING OUT. STOPS SUDDENLY

BLOODNOK:

Do you think they're fighting in there?

FX:

EXTENDED FIGHTING SOUNDS CONTINUE. STOPS AGAIN

BLOODNOK:

I think they've stopped.

SEAGOON:

Well, let's go in. You keep me covered with that blank cheque.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, look! Look! The gorilla, bound, foot and mouth! Who did this?

MINNIE:

I gave him the old one-two, buddy, yeh!

SEAGOON:

Did you? But where's Eccles?

MINNIE:

The coward ran out after Mr. Crun.

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait! This isn't the gorilla! This one's got bare feet!

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING

CRUN:

Help, Minnie! Minnie!

SEAGOON:

Look! Look! Out there's the booted gorilla chasing Mr. Crun!

BLOODNOK:

Then who's this poor idiot lying trussed up on the floor?

ECCLES:

Guess who?

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Last orders, please.

OMNES:

Oooooo, Yakaboo!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E11 - The Spanish Suitcase

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear!

GREENSLADE:

Never-the-less, this *is* the BBC Home Service, my alma mater!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

That olé of olés could only herald the coming of the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

PANIC STRICKEN AUDIENCE RUNNING OUT, DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Who unlocked the doors? Mr. Greenslade, emergency music!

GRAMS:

'THE ARCHERS' THEME TUNE AND ANIMAL NOISES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Ha, ha! I knew that would get 'em back in. Heads above the trough! (WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Now then, Dan Greenslade, me dear. Tell 'em as 'ow we're going to be doing that there Goon Show. I'll be off to mend my tractor. Arrrrrrh.

GREENSLADE:

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Aaalright-oh, me old dear, Ned Archer. I reckon as all we'll be having a ripe harvest of compost for 'em, tonight! Aarrrrrh!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaarh!

OMNES:

VARIOUS "AARRRRRH"S!

REGAL WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Hello, you two. Still arguing about the old cow?

OMNES:

Aaaaaaaarh!

REGAL WOMAN:

Where's Daddy?

YOKEL:

[GREENSLADE?]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Well, 'e were asking if them beams up in the barn was strong.

SEAGOON:

Arh, he asked I that, he did, he asked I that. And then 'e went up there with a coil of rope and a noose round his neck.

REGAL WOMAN:

No, no, he... Oh, look!

GRAMS:

'THE ARCHERS' END THEME TUNE

SELLERS:

Easy money!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, Greenslade, off with your dung smock and into a serious vein.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is...

SEAGOON:

Mr. Greenslade, how many words have you said up to now?

GREENSLADE:

Ooh, about two dozen?

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Well, carry on for a bit.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight...

SEAGOON:

Stop! That's your lot. Ladies and Gentlepongs, tonight's drama takes place in Spain, the famous Spanish land.

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND OPENING

SPANIARD:

[SELLERS]

Is the summer of 1902. There, in Madrid, a young semi-human English lord is on vacation.

GRAMS:

SPANISH CROWD SCENE AND GUITAR MUSIC QUIETLY BEHIND SPEECH

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. How I love the music of the banjo! As I sat there, I was spellbound by the Spanish dancer. The flash of her dazzling teeth as she whirled and gyrated to the throbbing beat of the Flamingo. Unable to contain myself, I sprang into the middle of the floor, tore off my clothes and did... (GRAMS STOP) The Palais Glide!

MILLIGAN:

Not a pretty sight!

GREENSLADE:

My name is Wallace Greenslade. I was in Spain at the time and the next morning I saw Ned Seagoon, exhausted by his night of sensuous Morris dancing, sitting on his big white-washed hacienda.

MILLIGAN:

Still not a pretty sight!

SEAGOON:

I sat there sipping a glass of coal and scrumming a chopper when a brown hand fell on my shoulder.

MORIARTY:

Ah, pardon me, but did a brown hand just fall on your shoulder?

SEAGOON:

Is it yours?

MORIARTY:

Yes, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! (GARBLED FRENCH)

SEAGOON:

I gave him a guarded... oui!

MORIARTY:

So, the señor is a foreigner!

SEAGOON:

I beg your pardon!? I'm British!

MORIARTY:

I know, but this is Madrid.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha! A natural mistake.

MORIARTY:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

There are so many foreigners here you took mistook me for one.

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! My name is Count Moriarty, Inspector of the Carabinieri. Spanish police, you understand?

SEAGOON:

I understand.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I am looking for clues in the recent jewel robbery at the Castillo del Berkoff, señor.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. Quite a bit of jewellery lost, I believe.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I might say whoever planned the robbery must have been a man of the highest intelligence with the courage of a lion.

SEAGOON:

So you suspect me?

MORIARTY:

No.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! A Britisher has already been incasseroled in the Madrid jail and sentenced to 94 years, señor.

SEAGOON:

So he was found guilty, eh?

MORIARTY:

I don't know, they haven't tried him yet.

SEAGOON:

Do you think they suspect him?

MORIARTY:

That's difficult to say.

SEAGOON:

"Do you think they suspect him?" Hm, it is a bit difficult to say, yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You try it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Do-you-think-they-sus-pect-him?

SEAGOON:

Of course they suspect him!

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

Why, he's even been sentenced to 94 years in jail!

MORIARTY:

Caramba! How did you hear this?

SEAGOON:

Two little things called... ear holes.

MORIARTY:

You... you cunning English, you have everything. Why, that's what I came here to tell you!

SEAGOON:

Tell me what?

MORIARTY:

To tell you that this Britisher has been sentenced to 94 years in jail.

SEAGOON:

Do you think they suspect him?

MORIARTY:

That's difficult to say.

SELLERS:

Perhaps there is something to say for 'The Archers' after all.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

SPANIARD:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

The important thing, señor, is that we have not yet recovered the jewels. Somewhere, there is a little Spanish suitcase.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good morning.

SEAGOON:

I turned to meet this accomplished linguist. He was a thin man aglow with lurgi. He wore a white linen suit so cunningly tailored that it left his hands and face naked.

GRYTPYPE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

I motioned him to sit down, but he refused.

GRYTPYPE:

Naturally, I was in the middle of the road. Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

May I introduce myself. I am the Honourable Grytpype-Thynne, British Ambassador in Siberia.

SEAGOON:

There is no embassy in Siberia.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, it's all so terribly frustrating.

SEAGOON:

Well, what are you doing over here?

GRYTPYPE:

It's my day off.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Olé! Now what I... by Jove, señor Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, it's extraordinary!

MORIARTY:

Caramba! The resemblance is amazing.

SEAGOON:

They were both looking closely at my face. But I didn't mind, I like giving pleasure to people.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, QUIET AND FAST) I don't wish to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, señor Seagoon, are you by any chance related to the famous English bullfighter, Major El Bloodnok?

SEAGOON:

Yes, we are both British.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm, identical! Look, here is a photograph of Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Hmm, well I don't look anything like him.

GRYTPYPE:

That is the amazing part - he doesn't look anything like you either, so you're identically different.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

OMNES:

Good!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie, lad. You will be the saviour of British prestige.

MORIARTY:

Of course, but allow me to explain to him the honour that is about to befall him.

GRYTPYPE:

Nakos Nakos.

MORIARTY:

Yakos Nakos, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yakka Baku!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, please, tomorrow señor Seagoon at the Arena Del Torros, El Bloodnok should have fought the great Andalusian bull. Unfortunately he erm, he er, can not appear. But oh! Ah, but fortunately, you shall take his place!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, no. The... the crowd will recognise that I'm not El Bloodnok.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but the bull won't.

SEAGOON:

I'll tell him! No, no, no! No, I can't. Where is El Bloodnok, anyway?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, unfortunately, he is in jail for 94 yea - er - 48 hours, you understand. A minor offence, nothing at all.

SEAGOON:

But Count Moriarty, you're inspector of Spanish police. Surely you can get him released for the fight?

MORIARTY:

Ah, yes. *You* know I'm a police inspector, but the police don't.

SEAGOON:

I see. I see. Secret service, eh?

MORIARTY:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

But... but... but surely, they'll know you at the jail.

MORIARTY:

Only too well, that is why I must keep... clear.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait, Mor-I-Arty.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

All the police know is that there's a Britisher serving a 2 day sentence.

MORIARTY:

Yes, brilliant!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, of course!

MORIARTY:

Yes! If we can get a Britisher who looked like El Bloodnok, he could take his place in the jail while El Bloodnok fought the bull!

SEAGOON:

El Bloodnok must fight the bull.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! Now Seagoon, just try on this moustache for size...

SEAGOON:

But I can't take his place in jail. I mean, after all, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, now look Seagoon, it's only two days and think of British prestige.

SEAGOON:

Very well. For the honour of our island heritage.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy you!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray, take us to the Madrid jail.

MAX GELDRAY:

'I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES'

GREENSLADE:

While Max Geldray was playing, Ned Seagoon, brilliantly disguised as Major Bloodnok, took his place in jail.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

GREENSLADE:

It was a masterpiece of escapology.

GRYTPYPE:

We would like to show you how it was done but... well... we may want to use the method again.

MILLIGAN:

In any case, it wasn't a pretty sight.

FX:

KEYS BEING JANGLED AND A HEAVY DOOR BEING OPENED

JAILER:

[ELLINGTON]

Well, there's your supper.

FX:

CUTLERY BEING PLACED ON THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, yum-yum! Din-din! Thank you. You play the game by me, jailer, and I'll reward you when I'm released.

JAILER:

Man, I'll be dead when you come out!

SEAGOON:

You're not ill, are you?

JAILER:

Oh, no, no, no. No. But... erm... I'm 25 now and I won't live forever.

SEAGOON:

Ah, but I'm only here for 2 days.

JAILER:

Oh, that's rich! Ha ha ha! You do the biggest jewel robbery in years and you say that... 2 days? Ah, ha, ha, ha, haaaaa... (OFF) That's funny.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

FX:

KEYS JANGLED AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR CLOSED

MILLIGAN:

It's tricky for Seagoon, isn't it?

ORCHESTRA:

SPANISH LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, as you all know so well, where the Calle de Carla meets the Prada in the Plaza de Madrid, stands the Hotel... Fred. I was staying there as a guest of señor Henry Crun, the manager.

HENRY CRUN:

Let me see, how many rooms have we got booked, now? Number 1: señor and señora Smith; number 2: señor and señora Smith; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7: señor and señora Smith; 9, 10, 11: all Smith! Hm, just like our lovely little hotel at Brighton!

FX:

HOTEL BELL RINGING

MORIARTY:

Attention please, service señor.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

Buenos dias, Buenos dias. My name is Count Moriarty.

HENRY CRUN:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

HENRY CRUN:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Well done.

HENRY CRUN:

I'll get a room ready for you.

MORIARTY:

I don't want a room.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, well, you can't stay here, then, if...

MORIARTY:

Mr. Old Man, I am a great amigo of Major El Bloodnokoo.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, noko niko niku.

MORIARTY:

Well said!

HENRY CRUN:

He's gone, you know?

MORIARTY:

Who?

HENRY CRUN:

Bloodnokoo. Which reminds me - Minnie!

MINNIE:

Si, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What's that, Minnie?

MINNIE:

I said, 'si, Henry'.

HENRY CRUN:

I'll get my glasses, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Yinte Chianti, buddy. Yakkakaku. In Spain, we say, 'si, si'!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes, yes, si, si, si. Minnie?

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

Changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23.

MINNIE:

What's that, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk mnk... Changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23! Now, Minnie, did you hear what I said to you?

MINNIE:

Si, you said changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23.

HENRY CRUN:

Si, si. Well, why don't you do it?

MINNIE:

What does it mean, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

It means change the sheets in 23!

MINNIE:

In Spain, we say, 'si, si'.

HENRY CRUN:

Stop that modern foreign madrigal and change the sheets!

MINNIE:

Ying Bong Iddle I!

MORIARTY:

Please, please.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi-nyockos.

HENRY CRUN:

Nockos.

MORIARTY:

I'm here about... Please, a moment please, Major El Bloodnok.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, yes, Major Bloodnok. He's in jail, you know?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, he asked me to collect his suitcase. A black Spanish suitcase.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes. I sent it down to the jail.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Caramba nyockos! This old fool has given this case to Seagoon. (ALoud) Old Man, did you deliver this case personally?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, I gave it to Major Bloodnok, but he kept saying he was Ned Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi-Caramba!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

GREENSLADE:

I watched the hurrying figure of Moriarty with my binoculars as he sped towards the Congress De Los Dipotalos. There, he was met by a man heavily disguised as Ned Seagoon.

MILLIGAN:

Not a pretty sight!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Moriarty! Now, where's the suitcase?

MORIARTY:

It's in jail.

BLOODNOK:

But it's innocent!

MORIARTY:

Never the less, it is there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

MORIARTY:

Now, this is the only way we can get out: *you* must go *in*!

BLOODNOK:

Me? But why don't *you* go in?

MORIARTY:

Impossible, they would recognise at once that I wasn't you!

BLOODNOK:

But I'm disguised as Seagoon!

MORIARTY:

Exactly! They'll have nothing against you! You can go to jail in the knowledge that you're perfectly innocent.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, for the sake of my old Spanish suitcase.

MORIARTY:

I'll make arrangements in Spanish with the jailer. Ellington!

JAILER:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Look the other way, nyuckos!

JAILER:

Right!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'BIM BAM BABY'

GREENSLADE:

Let us now re-cap.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you!

GREENSLADE:

Originally, Major Bloodnok was in jail for 94 years suspected of the jewel robbery.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Innocent young Neddie Seagoon, heavily disguised as Major Bloodnok, was inveigled into taking Major Bloodnok's place.

SEAGOON:

I really am innocent, I tell you, I really am!

GREENSLADE:

In the meantime, Major Bloodnok, heavily disguised as Ned Seagoon, was once again at large trying to collect the much sought after Spanish suitcase.

SEAGOON:

And I'm completely innocent!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon, realising he's been duped, removed his disguise and revealed himself as Ned Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I *am* Ned Seagoon, I'm innocent!

GREENSLADE:

To his horror, the Spanish police then believed that *he* had committed the robbery, heavily disguised as Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

It's not true, it's a lie, I'm innocent! I tell you I really am!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Mr. Crun sent the Spanish suitcase to Ned Seagoon in jail...

SEAGOON:

Lying there, innocent!

GREENSLADE:

...believing him to be Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

I've been tricked! I'm an innocent pawn... prawn... pawn! I demand justice! I'm innocent!

GREENSLADE:

Now, Major Bloodnok is being smuggled back into jail in order to retrieve the Spanish suitcase. And may I take this opportunity of reminding listeners to post early for Christmas.

FX:

KEYS JANGLING AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR OPENED

JAILER:

Come on, in you get! Get in there, you'll be company for the other two.

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's good to be home! Any mail?

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens! It's good to be able to talk to a human being, again!

BLOODNOK:

But he said there were two of you in here.

ECCLES:

Um de dum de dum de dum de dum...

BLOODNOK:

I understand what you mean.

ECCLES:

So do I.

BLOODNOK:

Let me introduce myself, I am Major El Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

What? You're the cause of my being in here! Help! Help!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, don't take on so, don't take on.

SEAGOON:

(WEAKLY) Help.

BLOODNOK:

I've come back to help you, haven't I?

SEAGOON:

I wish it wasn't so dark in here, I'd like you to see the scorn and disbelief in my face.

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, lad, I have a plan to get us out.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

(WHISPERING) Yes, give me your ear. Now, listen... (WHISPERS INCOHERENTLY, THEN SPEAKS IN NORMAL VOICE) Have you got that?

ECCLES:

Yup! Ya want me to tell Neddie?

BLOODNOK:

Curse! The wrong idiot!

SEAGOON:

What's all this about?

BLOODNOK:

You may as well tell him now.

ECCLES:

Well, Neddie, when the warden comes in...

BLOODNOK:

Whisper, you fool!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) Whisper you fool! (QUIET) Oh, yeah, it's a secret. It's a secret! Yeah. Commences to whisper... (WHISPERS INCOHERENTLY WITH SOUND EFFECTS, THEN SPEAKS) You got that?

JAILER:

I certainly have!

ECCLES:

Ooooooh! The jailor! I didn't see you in the dark.

JAILER:

That's hardly surprising!

BLOODNOK:

You nincompoop, Eccles, take that and that and that...

FX:

(PUNCHING SOUND)

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Stop, Major, it hurts me the way you're hitting him.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

You're hitting him with me!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! But he's foiled the escape plan! We shall have to try again, later.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Good. Now, to help us escape, all we need is a little leather box, preferably a little Spanish suitcase.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I haven't got one.

BLOODNOK:

No case? Come now, dear lad, no Spanish suitcase? Mr. Greenslade the porter delivered it from the Hotel Fred only this morning.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that? It wasn't mine so I sent it back.

BLOODNOK:

Knuckle me sombrero and Spanish me knuckles! Sent it... Moriarty! He knew it was being sent back to the Hotel Fred, that's why he wanted to get me in here. That's what it's all about!

SEAGOON:

What are we going to do?

ECCLES:

94 years.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

I was sitting outside the Hotel Fred reading the Radio Times when I saw Count Moriarty and señor Grytpype Thynne approaching.

GRYTPYPE:

You're sure the suitcase was returned to the Hotel Fred?

MORIARTY:

Why, yes, the jailer told me.

GRYTPYPE:

Good man. Oh, porter?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Where is the old man who owns the hotel?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, señor Crun! Oh, such a clever man. Do you know he hasn't paid a peseta in tax since 1894? He's brilliant with figures.

MORIARTY:

Si, si, but where is he now?

GREENSLADE:

He's in jail.

MORIARTY:

Jail?

GREENSLADE:

They took him this afternoon.

MORIARTY:

Did he take anything with him?

GREENSLADE:

Well, not really. Only... um... an old Spanish suitcase.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you, I'm completely innocent!

JAILER:

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Well.

JAILER:

Now move over, there's two more to join you - in you get!

MORIARTY:

Gracias, gracias.

GRYTPYPE:

After you, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Griddle me grodkins, that sounds like that double-crossing no-good naughty man... Count Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Calm yourself, Blidnook!

BLOODNOK:

What in...?

MORIARTY:

How many people are there in here?

BLOODNOK:

There's Seagoon, me, Mr. Crun...

ECCLES:

Me? I'm a member here!

SEAGOON:

What's all this about? I'm innocent, I tell you!

MORIARTY:

Never... It's quiet, I know! Never mind, now. Mr. Crun, have you a suitcase?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, here it is.

MORIARTY:

At last! Give it to me.

BLOODNOK:

Take your foreign hands off it, I believe it's mine.

MORIARTY:

Yes, but the jewels inside they belong to all of us; we've all taken risks.

BLOODNOK:

Jewels? My dear chap, all that's in my suitcase is a change of underwear.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I think they're trying to bluff us Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Why don't you open the suitcase and find out?

MORIARTY:

Because it's innocent.

GRYTPYPE:

There it is.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Open the case now.

MORIARTY:

Open it!

FX:

CASE OPENED

MORIARTY:

Are the... are the jewels inside?

BLOODNOK:

Feel for yourself, all Dennis's unmentionables, that's all. Here, feel the cardboard in the front of my dress shirt, there's nothing at all.

MORIARTY:

Then who's got the jewels? I'll find out - take that!

FX:

METAL TRAY HIT HARD ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaaaaay!

MORIARTY:

Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Spanish Bluebottle. With a Spanish audience.

SEAGOON:

Little knobbly Spanish actor, what are you doing here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm here to brighten up the script and to fight the dreaded Spanish-type bull. I'm not afraid of those needle-pointed horns. Thinks: yes I am! Moves left, strums Spittoon and does Caspitor dance.

SEAGOON:

Little careless rapturer, what do you know of the bull-fighter's art?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have seen the picture 'Blood and Sand' and I learnt one thing from that.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ali Can knew what he was doing.

SEAGOON:

But what about the bullfight?

BLUEBOTTLE:

If the bull charges to my right, I run towards the matador. If the bull charges to the left, I run towards the picador.

SEAGOON:

And if it rushed straight at you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then I run for the back-a-door, ah ha!

MORIARTY:

Listen, little wreck, do you know anything about the jewels?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee hee hee! They have... they have been stolen. But I have not got them all, so shall we play another game? I don't like standing in the dark, you know, I don't like the dark standing. Feels out for my Captain.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee hee hee! Is that my friend? I knew you would be in here.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I knew I'd be in here, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I ran all the way to come here.

ECCLES:

Did you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall we go and play in the car park?

ECCLES:

In the car park? In the car park?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, let's do that. And then we can take all the car numbers down.

ECCLES:

And the tyres.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I know...

BLUEBOTTLE:

I got 302 cars in me...

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, little pimply toreador!

ECCLES:

He's innocent!

SEAGOON:

But you'll have to stay here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My little captain has spokend. He's joking.

MORIARTY:

This is no joke, Bluebottules.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bottins.

MORIARTY:

We have not got the jewels and we are all encasseroled here... forever!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee hee! I don't like this game! Where are we?

JAILER:

You're in jail, man. And the only person who ever got out of this jail was me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go away, you naughty man with the big keys! We can go now home, can't we, captain? Can we go home, cap-i-tain? Eccles, Eccles, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ya, ya, ya, ya, yaaa?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We can go home if we want to, can't we, Eccles? Major Bloodnok? Dear little lovely Major Bloodnok? Why don't we all go to the pictures, I don't like it here...

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you why, little stringy stand-in. This is no play, this is the strongest jail in the world. There is no... way out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten Spanish onions, you! You have trap-ped me into coming here. And I thought it was just a play we was acting. Now I can't go home!

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not shut up!

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will shout for my father who's in the fire brigade. And he'll come and rescue little Blunebotten.

MORIARTY:

Shut up, little Blunebo...

FX:

FRYING PAN HIT ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ayyyyyy!

MORIARTY:

Take that.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've been Spanish nuttet! Falls writhing to the ground holding dirty big lump on crust - doot-doot-doot-doot!

SEAGOON:

What are we to do? Heeeeelp!

ECCLES:

No ee-oh-ee-oh, no! That won't do any good, you know? You've got to use your brains! Brains!

SEAGOON:

We can't all stay in here for the rest of our lives!

ECCLES:

No, no, we must get out.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but how?

ECCLES:

I'll show you. Heeeeelp!

HENRY CRUN:

But if we're going to be here for the rest of our lives, we might as well make ourselves comfortable.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

A couple of weeks and you'll be out.

MORIARTY:

Caramba! I wonder who could have stolen the jewels? Who? Who?

FX:

LONE VIOLIN PLAYING 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' OVER...

SEAGOON:

93 years went by.

ECCLES:

Do you think they've forgotten us?

SEAGOON:

And by now, we had almost given up hope. Our only recreation was to climb on each other's shoulders and look through a tiny crack in Eccles' head. We could... we could see the harbour and occasionally a beautiful yacht which belonged to one of the newly rich families in Spain - El Greenslade.

GRYTPYPE:

Rather a funny name for a yacht. It was called the Spanish Suitcase!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S5 E12 - Dishonoured, or The Fall Of Neddie Seagoon

Transcribed by Paul Webster, corrections by Paul Winalski and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

SINGING: TA RA RA DA DA DA DA DAH - DA DA DA DA DA DA DAH (HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT)

GREENSLADE:

Here is a police message. A van load of musical instruments was stolen this afternoon. It is believed to be having repercussions.

SECOMBE:

Fear not, dear unlicensed listeners, it will not stop the highly under-paid...Goon Show!

GRAMS:

LINK - SORT OF TEA-DANCE MUSIC (JACK HYLTON BAND RECORDING OF "JUST LIKE A THIEF")

SECOMBE:

You see? There are always foreign musicians who will do the job. Thank you, Maurice Winnick and his Scottish Highlanders.

ELLINGTON:

Somebody called?

SECOMBE:

Silence, Colonel Nasser. Mr Mouldy Greenslade? Stop that disgusting habit and make your usual hash of the announcement.

GREENSLADE:

Loonies and gentlepogelum - we give you a story specially written for the wireless type of radio set.

SECOMBE:

Yes. A story entitled - Dishonoured. It was written by Mrs Bessie Braddock, better known for her work as Don Cockle. All parts will be played by human beings.

ECCLES:

Well - goodnight, folks!

FX:

RIPPLING WATER - CONTINUES UNDER...

McGOONIGAL:

[MILLIGAN]

Oooh, - Dishonoured Part 1. The scene - the Limehouse water front.

FX:

FOG HORN

McGOONIGAL:

Enter a ragged idiot. Ohhhhh!

FX:

FOG HORN

SEAGOON:

Oooh! Alas! Not a penny have I. Not a penny towards a plate of vitals for my poor weak half-starved 17-stone body. So I'll lay me poor 20-stone head down upon this bench.

WILLIUM:

Come along, you two. Move along there, now.

SEAGOON:

But... but constabule...

WILLIUM:

Right, now, move along before I belt you round the ear 'ole.

MORIARTY:

A moment, please.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a tall dark fully-dressed male nude. He emerged from the darkness and walked into the gas light.

FX:

CLANG

MORIARTY:

Oooh! Curse. Now then, constable. How would you like to join the river police?

WILLIUM:

Oh, very much, sir.

FX:

SPLASH

WILLIUM:

(OFF) Thank you very much, sir!

MORIARTY:

Right. Now then, lad, I've come to help... vous.

SEAGOON:

He meant me. He glanced down at my feet wrapped in coal sacks, my thrice turned World War One overcoat, my brown paper shirt with the inked-in buttons and my six months growth of beard.

MORIARTY:

Down on your luck?

SEAGOON:

Whatever makes you think that, sir?

MORIARTY:

Your disguise didn't fool me.

SEAGOON:

It should do, it's genuine! But why should you be so interested in me?

MORIARTY:

I run a rag-and-bone shop.

SEAGOON:

You want a manager?

MORIARTY:

No, I want stock.

SEAGOON:

Well, I need a job.

MORIARTY:

You want to work?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

You must be desperate!

SEAGOON:

I held out as long as I could.

MORIARTY:

Well said. I have a very good friend, Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. (ASIDE) And this is where the story really starts. (NORMAL) This friend is in a banque or, as you say in England, a bank. Now, how are you at mathematics?

SEAGOON:

I speak it like a native.

MORIARTY:

Splendid. You are the very type for the job - dead stupid. Tomorrow, you start work at the Slippery Bank Limited.

SEAGOON:

We shook hands. He doffed his cap and I acknowledged by raising my ex-RAF rubber dinghy. At last... at last, employment. My wife was overjoyed. Next day, I started work at the bank as a clerk (PRON. CLIRK), with every prospect of becoming a clerk (PRON. CLARK). My wages were 8 shillings a week, with 3 shillings for each of my children.

GRYTPYPE:

This brought his money up to 80 pounds a week.

SEAGOON:

That was the manager, Mr Thynne - well-known in concentric circles.

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Seagoon, how long have you been with us?

SEAGOON:

20 minutes.

GRYTPYPE:

What a splendid record of devotion and honesty. Neddie... (ASIDE) and this is where the story really starts. (NORMAL) Neddie, I'm putting you in a position of trust. You're in charge of the gold vault. Here is the key.

SEAGOON:

Gold? (BECOMING MANIC) Gold! Ah, ha, ha, ha! Gold! Ha ha, lovely gold! I'll be rich! Gold! Ha, ha! No more rags! Goooold! Goooold! Goooold! (INTO THE DISTANCE)

GRYTPYPE:

I wonder if he's the right man for the job?

SEAGOON:

I decided to pinch the gold.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, this is the Charlie. I must tell friend Moriarty all is going according to plan.

SEAGOON:

Immediately, I backed a large horse-drawn motor-van up to the front entrance to the bank.

WILLIUM:

You can't park that there, sir.

MORIARTY:

Constable, how would you like to join the river police?

WILLIUM:

Very much, sir.

FX:

SPLASH

WILLIUM:

(OFF) Thank you, sir.

MORIARTY:

Carry on, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right. Next, I carefully disguised myself as a Zulu warrior of the Matabele rising. So cunning was my make-up that even my own grandmother would have recognised me.

GRANNY:

[MILLIGAN]

(MINNIE-ESQE) Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Hello, grannie. In this inconspicuous disguise I took the gold from the vaults and loaded it onto the van. For three hours I toiled back and forth.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Curses, I'm spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

Why are you wearing that leopard skin?

SEAGOON:

So that's why I'm spotted!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, where are you taking all that gold?

SEAGOON:

I... err... (ASIDE) I shall have to think of a good excuse.

GRYTPYPE:

You're stealing it, aren't you?

SEAGOON:

Curse, why hadn't I thought of that? Ahem... Yes - yes I'm stealing it.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm afraid we shall have to give you a week's notice.

SEAGOON:

Why? What have I done?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, nothing, nothing, we're just having to cut down on the staff, you know. There's been a robbery. Now get that van started while I get my hat and coat.

SEAGOON:

You coming, too?

GRYTPYPE:

No point in staying here, - there's more lolly in the van than there is in the bank.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we'll be partners.

GRYTPYPE:

Shake.

SEAGOON:

I gave him my hand.

GRYTPYPE:

I gave him my foot, it was a fair swap.

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong iddle-i-po!

GRYTPYPE:

Good! Geldray, take the wheel and drive us to Dishonoured Part 2.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured Part 2, and this is where the story really starts. With their new found wealth, Ned Seagoon with Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty paint the town red. Then, one day, as Seagoon was in the bath, the first blow fell.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, Neddie. Get out of that dustbin. Bad news, the bank you stole the gold from told the police.

SEAGOON:

What a rotten trick. Is nothing sacred?

GRYTPYPE:

Give yourself up, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Give myself up?

MORIARTY:

Yes. The police want you, lad.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, I'm much too short for the police!

GRYTPYPE:

Then you'll have to go abroad. The Mediterranean.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we sail at dawn... tonight!

OMNES:

SINGING NAUTICAL THEME TUNE

SEAGOON:

Within a week we were on board a private yacht sailing west nor'west south. I stood on the pilchard with the spanker blowing through my hair and the salty bloaters spinning before the giblets. It's a man's life, I tell 'e. Ha, ha, ha, haaaa. A man's life, I tell 'e. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Captain Thynne. What's our position?

GRYTPYPE:

Desperate - oh... I'll inquire. Oh, Mr highly skilled navigator!

ECCLES:

Hello.

GRYTPYPE:

What is that object off the port beam?

ECCLES:

Umm - yeah - umm - what *is* that object off the port beam?

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, it's the Albert Hall.

ECCLES:

Ooohhh. You've been to sea before. Hey, what's the Albert Hall doing off Beachy Head? And... and with no lights on.

GRYTPYPE:

More to the point is, what are we doing in Hyde Park?

ECCLES:

Well, the... um... the sea's calmer, here. Ho, ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Navigator, we are 400 miles from the sea. Explain.

ECCLES:

Well, nobody's perfect. Ho, ho, ho! Has he gone? Ho, ho, ho!

SEAGOON:

What I want to know is, are we off course?

ECCLES:

Off course, off course. According to my special calculations, we should be in Shepherd's Bush Market. Ho, ho, ho!

WILLIUM:

I'm sorry about coming aboard, sir, but you can't park this yacht Monday to Friday, even dates, in Hyde Park.

MORIARTY:

Ah, constable, how would you like to join the Kensington Round Pond police?

WILLIUM:

There's no such force.

FX:

SPLASH

MORIARTY:

You're the first!

WILLIUM:

(OFF) Thank you, sir.

MORIARTY:

Full speed ahead to the Mediterranean.

OMNES:

SINGING NAUTICAL THEME TUNE, WITH SINGLE DRUM BEAT

GREENSLADE:

We are happy to announce that one of the stolen instruments has been recovered. And so, Dishonoured Part 3. In the Mediterranean - and this is where the story really starts - in the Med, the second blow fell. One morning, Neddie was called to the captain's cabin.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie. Neddie, when you came aboard I believe you deposited all the gold in the care of Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Why? Isn't it safe with him?

GRYTPYPE:

Perfectly safe - wherever he and his rowing boat are.

SEAGOON:

The gold... the gold I stole, stolen? A thief! Which way did he go?

GRYTPYPE:

That-a-way.

FX:

RUNNING INTO DISTANCE FOLLOWED BY SPLASH

MORIARTY:

Has he gone?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he's gone. Let's go down and divide the gold out, now, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Let's do that... (FADE)

FX:

LINK MUSIC ON HARP

FX:

LAPPING WATER UNDER FOLLOWING

SEAGOON:

Meantime, I floundered alone in the Indian Ocean, unable to speak a word of the language. I swam on my back, but I just couldn't get off to sleep.

WILLIUM:

I must ask you to move along, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's you, constabule. I thought you were in the river police.

WILLIUM:

That's right, sir.

SEAGOON:

Then what are you doing in the ocean?

WILLIUM:

Been promoted, sir.

SEAGOON:

Congratulations.

WILLIUM:

Thank you very much, sir.

SEAGOON:

Absolutely first class, splendid.

WILLIUM:

Got a mouth full of fish, see...

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ha, ha, ha.

WILLIUM:

...in the script.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Aha ha ha. Could you direct me to India?

WILLIUM:

Yes sir, you just follow the tram lines sir.

SEAGOON:

And so saying, I struck out for the shore. Ten miles I swam, the last three were agony - they were over land. Finally, I fell in a heap on the ground. I've no idea who left it there.

CRUN:

Sir, I am Henry Crun, a tea planter in the Nilgari Hills. We are anxious to know if you need succour.

SEAGOON:

Yes! Just what I need, a glass of succour.

CRUN:

Why don't you answer, sir?

MINNIE:

Hit him, Henry.

SEAGOON:

Are you both deaf? I've told you, I'm weak from exhaustion. Of course! That's why they can't hear me. I'm unconscious.

MINNIE:

Come on. Henry. You heard what he said, he's unconscious.

CRUN:

Help me lift him up, Min.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

CRUN:

I'll take his head and you... no, no, no, you go round the other side of his head.

MINNIE:

Okay.

FX:

MANY FOOTSTEPS INTO DISTANCE

MINNIE:

(OFF IN DISTANCE) Okay, Henry. Lift.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(STRUGGLING NOISES)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER NOISES) While they are getting him off the ground, I, Wallace Greenslade, would like to take this opportunity of thanking the thousands of Wallace Greenslade Fan Clubs for their letters. Keep smiling, Greensladers, and keep those cheques rolling in to old Wallace. I'll be with you again next

week so... tickety-click! TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE? GREENSLADE! Now, here is Dishonoured Part 4. Tied to the back of Mr Crun's car, Seagoon was towed back to Poona. But the rope broke and left him stranded in the Indian quarter of India.

SEAGOON:

Yes, there is a place where a man can drink and forget his sorrows. It was there I went.

FX:

KNOCKING ON WOODEN DOOR - TWO SLOW, FIVE FAST

GRAMS:

INDIAN MUSIC

INDIAN 1:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Sahib. Welcome to the Burrapow Sewer Club. What does the dirt encrusted Sahib desire? All the sensuous drinks of the Orient are yours: the Palm Bidi, the scented Vishnu wine, the toddy juice, the aromatic crab pani. Which do you desire, oh, wicked one?

SEAGOON:

(THIN VOICE) Pot of tea please.

INDIAN 1:

Forbidden, but I fix it. Oh, wait!

INDIAN 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen and Bombay beebees - take your partners for the European-style fan dance.

ORCHESTRA:

INDIAN MUSIC - LEADING INTO...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

INDIAN 2:

Thank you, common patrons. Now, the mysterious burra beebee, Oriental Queen, will do the Dance of the Seven Army Surplus Blankets.

GRAMS:

INDIAN FLUTE (PUNGI) MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Into the middle of the floor sprang a creature that set my pulses racing as one-by-one the blankets fell to the floor. The lights went down and as the last blanket fell from the passionate creature, I moved to her side in the dark. (PANTING) Oh, desirable creature, what prompts you to dance in this den of vice?

ECCLES:

I got to make a living, too!

SEAGOON:

Eccles! You're not a woman!

ECCLES:

I know that! Here! But don't tell the manager.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

We're engaged!

SEAGOON:

However did you get here?

ECCLES:

Well, that Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne fellas, they threw me in the sea!

SEAGOON:

What a pity you can swim.

ECCLES:

I was glad. Here, this is a question - and this is where the story really starts - what are you going to dooo now?

SEAGOON:

I'm going to clear my name and get back my self-respect.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

I'll... I'll join the Navy!

ORCHESTRA:

NAVY THEMES - MANY - RUN INTO EACH OTHER - PLAYED LOUD AND FAST - FINISHING WITH RULE BRITANNIA

SEAGOON:

No - I'll join the Army!

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

It's too damn noisy in the Navy! Come, Eccles - to the recruiting depot.

ECCLES:

Okay.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ooooh! Aaargh! So, you two naughty men want to join the 3rd Bombay Irish, eh? Now, let us take the regimental oath. Open your wallets and say after me, "Help yourself".

ECCLES AND SEAGOON:

Help yourself.

BLOODNOK:

Next, Seagoon. Do you swear to be brave soldiers?

ECCLES AND SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Never turn a back on the enemy?

ECCLES AND SEAGOON:

Never.

BLOODNOK:

Always speak well of a lady?

ECCLES AND SEAGOON:

Always.

BLOODNOK:

And respect the chastity of a woman?

ECCLES AND SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Have we nothing in common? Still, we... we need recruits. You see, er... (ASIDE) and this is where the story really starts (NORMAL) the Red Bladder is raising the Pathan tribes. He's got fresh consignments of automatic swords.

SEAGOON:

Where did he get the finance?

BLOODNOK:

Two international crooks smuggled him a shipload of gold.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype and Moriarty - so that's their game. Sir, I have a score to settle. Let me go to the frontier.

BLOODNOK:

Right... sign this.

SEAGOON:

Neddie... Seagoon. There! Am I a soldier now?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, I only collect autographs.

FX:

DOOR OPENS NOISILY

ELLINGTON:

Major Bloodnok, sir - and this is where the story really starts.

BLOODNOK:

What is it Muriel?

ELLINGTON:

The Red Bladder is lighting fires all along the frontier.

ECCLES:

Perhaps he's cold.

BLOODNOK:

Muriel, arm the men to the teeth.

ELLINGTON:

Impossible, sir.

BLOODNOK:

No arms?

ELLINGTON:

No teeth.

BLOODNOK:

Then we can't fight. Hurray!

SEAGOON:

Sir, I want a chance to prove I'm a man. I'll fight the Red Bladder, clear my name, recover the gold and capture Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne. Who will ride with me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my little Capitan. And this is where the story really starts. Enter Bluebottle. Where's the sausages? (APPLAUSE) There they are.

SEAGOON:

Little jug-headed bugler - blow the alarm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's what I say, blow the alarm! Let's play another game.

SEAGOON:

This is no game, little drooping seat. Get mounted, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, my Capitain. I am mountided and ready for the ride. Wait a minute. What is it in this saddule-bag?

SEAGOON:

That's dynamite, me'lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He, he, he! Thinks: I know what this means for Bluebottle. The dreaded deading. I don't like this game!

SEAGOON:

We'll soon know the valid truth. To horse!

ECCLES:

Can I come to?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-hee - its about time you came to. I made a little jokule.

ECCLES:

Huh-ho-ho! Oh, here! Bluebottle, hey, do you know what I'm getting?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What are you getting, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'm getting a bow-wow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-he-he. I'm not getting a burned-wow

ECCLES:

You're not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got a junior smoker's kit. Complete with toffee ashtray and liquorice dog-ends.

ECCLES:

I like liquorice.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What colour is your bow-wow?

ECCLES:

Well, its the same colour as (DRIFTS INTO BACKGROUND CONVERSATION WITH BLUEBOTTLE)

SEAGOON:

Stop! To the Khyber Pass! Forwaaaaaaard!

FX:

SHORT GALLOP

SEAGOON:

Halt! And this is where the story really starts!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Look, my Capitain, looky! Points cardboard finger at thousands of savage naughty men with Indian-type bare chests.

SEAGOON:

The Red Bladder and his 50,000 bladders. Gad, we're outnumbered twenty-to-one.

ECCLES:

Twenty-to-one? Time for lunch.

SEAGOON:

We've only one choonce.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Ride to the crest of that crag and signal Major Bloodnok. Off you go!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do this! I will! Ride the hero! Tee-he - wait a minute. Capitaine? Capitaine? In between me and that crag is a dirty big wide chasm. With a forty foot thousand drop to the raging torrents below.

SEAGOON:

Fear not, shivering nut. That Arab stallion will bound the chasm like... like a wing-ed arrow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it will! Gee-up, wing-ed arrow!

FX:

HORSE STARTS TO GALLOP INTO DISTANCE - THEN STOPS

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF)

FX:

DISTANT SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR) You rotten swine! You did not do the wing-ed arrow over the chasm thing. And I've been hurled into this dreaded canyon! Splat, thud, zowie, blund, thud and several other rock hitting nut sounds.

MORIARTY:

Welcome to the Indian River Police.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't... Tee-hee-hee. You are the forces of evil.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Morinarty-man. Thinks: I know how to get rid of the dynamite. Mr Morinartin? Would you like a nice big long red cigar with a wick on the end to mark the ending?

MORIARTY:

Oh, thank you, lad, thank you. That's it, just light the end.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR) Is it nice?

MORIARTY:

It's gone out.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll light it again for you and then you'll...

FX:

BANG

GRAMS:

THIRD MAN THEME

MILLIGAN:

Thought you'd like to hear it again.

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured Part The Last. Neddie Seagoon gives his all in battle with The Red Bladder.

GRAMS:

BATTLE NOISES - WITH SHOUTS OVER

BLOODNOK:

Oh, how the battle raged. I heard it all on the wireless. Seagoon fought like a mad-man. How else? But... but alas...

GRAMS:

SINGLE BUGLE PLAYING SLOWLY - CONTINUES UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

On that spot is now a little white stone.

CRUN:

Yes. Once a year Minnie lays flowers on it.

MINNIE:

That's right. And the stone bears a simple inscription in Hindustani.

BLOODNOK:

I haven't the heart to tell her, but roughly translated it says... Bombay 49 miles.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E13 - Forog

Transcribed by Mark Wallace, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SECOMBE:

The wretched man was about to refer to the highly ignored... Goon Show!

FX:

HUGE CHEERS AND WHISTLES

SECOMBE:

Stop! (STOPS) Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Sir?

SECOMBE:

Leave your toys for a moment and let's have some words.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, big brother. Ladies and gentlepong, this week the Goons present a science-fiction fantasia play in a cunning attempt to take the place of the horror comics. This masterpiece of mediocrity is entitled...

ORCHESTRA:

HORROR AND SUSPENSE CHORD

SECOMBE:

Forog! (INSANE LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

SELLERS:

(LOW, SINISTER VOICE) It was one of those days that follow the night. London was blanketed by a thick swirling pea-soup fog. All was still as Ned Seagoon put on his hat and coat.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I decided to go out for a breath of fresh air.

MILLIGAN:

Let him go!

SEAGOON:

I hadn't realised it was so foggy, but indeed it was so thick that I had to walk in front of myself with a blazing torch.

ECCLES:

I'm not the only one!

SEAGOON:

As I walked along, a stream of buses and cars followed in my wake. Strange how men recognise a leader. I guided them along when suddenly...

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Oh, really, please! Ooooooh! No, dear, oooh! Ahh, ahh! Oh, plea... ohhh, really, ahhh. Stop. Aahh! Yakkaku.

SEAGOON:

...I'd bumped into someone. Are you alright madam?

MINNIE:

You should know!

SEAGOON:

Madam, perhaps I can direct you somewhere?

MINNIE:

I'd better direct you, sir!

SEAGOON:

Me? Ha ha! You, direct me? That's rich! Me, that's rich, that is indeed. Me, that guides half London. What makes you think I'm lost?

MINNIE:

You're in my kitchen!

SEAGOON:

Impossible! According to my calculations I've just come up Highgate Hill.

MINNIE:

You've just come up three flights of steps, Mister.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good heavens! On the third floor! No, it can't be!

MILLIGAN:

This happens every day in London.

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

GREENSLADE:

Young Ned took a taxi to the foot of the stairs and 2 hours later he was again in the street.

SEAGOON:

(COUGHING) Curse this fog! It's worse than I first thought!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter invisible Bluebottle with bronchitis and smog mask round both knees to keep leggy-peggies warm! Voy-la! No audience applause! That is because of the fog. Here, I don't... eeeeh!

SEAGOON:

Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee-hee! I have bumped against a sack full of something soft!

SEAGOON:

Whoever you are, it's me!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm sorry, madam. This fog is thicker than it was before, but it's warmer! Do you think it has gone warmer?

SEAGOON:

Will you take your head out of my pocket?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee-hee-hee! So that is why it's warmer. Thinks: I must ask mummy to make me a pocket so I can wear my head in it. Speaks: Pardon me, can you direct me to the BBC? I'm appearing in the naughty Coon Show.

SEAGOON:

Just let me get my bearings, little hair-pinned legs. Now, BBC. Which way are you facing?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm facing the BBC.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well, straight on!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, nice invisible human. Disappears into murk and fog singing "Give me some men, who are..."

FX:

SPLASH OF MAN FALLING IN WATER

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You have directed me into the dreaded water and I can not see for the fog, so I don't know whether I'm drowning or not! Shouts "Help" just in case. Help Just In Case! Lights match to see if feet are touching the bottom. No, but the legs are! Tee-Hee! I made a little jokule! Hee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. And with that stinging repartee on my lips, I made my way unerringly to my chambers. First left, straight and... curse this bus! Stop following me, I tell you, I'm going home! I say driver, stop following me!

DRIVER:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH) I can't help it, you've got your braces round the radiator cap!

SEAGOON:

Bless my soul, you're right! I thought it was warm a-hint of me.

MILLIGAN:

We're not allowed to say "behind"!

SEAGOON:

I found it much easier to walk without the bus and was soon at my front door.

FX:

SEVERAL RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR, DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

My butler let me in, which was strange. I hadn't got one!

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]

(AS GRAVELY HEADSTONE) Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I must be in the wrong house.

BUTLER:

Good. So long as I'm alright.

SEAGOON:

It's extraordinary but I can't find my way, Jack.

BUTLER:

Oh, don't worry sir, you go home and have a good rest.

SEAGOON:

Home? That's the trouble, I don't seem to be able to find it!

BUTLER:

Good night, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I...

FX:

DOOR SLAMMED

SEAGOON:

I recognise the voice. Good Heavens! I must be well out of my way, I live in Brixton! (SHOUTS) Help!
Anybody going to Brixton? Heeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

The fog lasted three days and so great was the turmoil it caused, a special sitting was called in Westminster. Some of the members were so begrimed by the fog that the speaker opened the debate with the words...

ELLINGTON:

Gentlemen...

FX:

HAMMER SLAMS DOWN

ELLINGTON:

...Be seated!

OMNES:

COUGHS

MP SECOMBE:

(WHINING VOICE) Is it not time...

MP OLD SELLERS:

Hear! Hear!

MP SECOMBE:

...that something definite was done about this fog?

MP MILLIGAN:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

And on that conclusive word, the debate was about to end when suddenly a figure, walking in front of himself with a burnt-out torch, emerged from under the front bench.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

FX:

GENTLE CLAPPING

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! (LAUGHS) Honourable members, I am an amateur scientist.

MP MILLIGAN:

What about tea?

FX:

MORE GENTLE CLAPPING

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Thank you, very much. As I was wandering about in the fog, I believe I stumbled on a solution to rid London of this annual horror.

MP OLD SELLERS:

Does the honourable member realise that fog is costing us millions a year?

MP MILLIGAN:

Well, stop buying it, then!

MP OLD SELLERS:

Hear! Hear!

MP MILLIGAN:

Bravo!

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

MP MILLIGAN:

What about tea?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, as it costs... as it costs the taxpayer so much, are you prepared to sponsor me in an attempt to rid London of fog?

OMNES:

Bravo! Hear! Hear!

GREENSLADE:

So, Ned Seagoon, by his own initiative and resource, was given the official title of Fog And Thick Smog Officer. In short: FATSO!

SEAGOON:

In my little goverment sponsored twelve-storey laboratory I carried out my theory which was the heating atomically the belts of cold air rising from earth's radiation in order to warm the atmosphere. (INSANE LAUGH) I called my experiment Hot Air!

NELSON:

[SELLERS]

I first heard the news of Seagoon's appointment on December the 3rd. At the time, I was quietly contemplating Admiralty Arch from the top of my 170 foot column. Yes, my name is Nelson.

MILLIGAN:

How can a statue receive news?

NELSON:

By pigeon?

MILLIGAN:

Oh.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK

GREENSLADE:

Why is the statue of Nelson interested in Ned Seagoon's fog experiments? And will Ned succeed? Don't forget to order your next instalment of Forog; complete with a large coloured portrait of Big Wal Greenslade *and* a special musical noise on the fog pipe by Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

We must apologise to listeners who receive their pictures on our Elephant and Castle transmitter for the fact that Max Geldray was blotted out at the end by a bout of thick fog. (COUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

SEAGOON:

I was in my laboratory at the time and as I looked out of the government-sponsored window I saw the dirty yellow fog and vowed to abolish it for good and !! (INSANE LAUGH)

FX:

THREE RAPID KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

NELSON:

Good day, sir, are you Ned Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

I have that good fortune.

NELSON:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

I looked at my visitor. He was dressed in a grey, stone naval uniform. He was well over 10 feet which gave him the appearance of being tall.

NELSON:

You may call me Nelson.

SEAGOON:

I'm pleased to... (GULP) Nelson?

NELSON:

Yes, the statue of Horatio Nelson. You don't believe it, do you?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I mean, Ha ha, well I, you see... Eccles!

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Hel-lo! Oh, hello, Nelson!

SEAGOON:

Eccles I've just seen... You can see him, too?

ECCLES:

Yeah. I don't blame him for coming down off that column in this weather! You done a good thing, there!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you can't possibly speak to stone. You... you must be out of your mind!

ECCLES:

What's your excuse?

NELSON:

Enough. Now, listen to me, Seagoon. Stop experimenting with fog!

SEAGOON:

I'm trying to get rid of it.

NELSON:

Precisely, but we statues, we must have fog.

ECCLES:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

SEAGOON:

Good!

NELSON:

Hogged!

NELSON:

Now, when the weather is really foggy, do you see?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

NELSON:

It is the only chance we statues have to move around and see the sights.

SEAGOON:

I see! I see!

NELSON:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

So, really, you want me to forget my fog experiments so that you can go gallivanting at random?

NELSON:

Precise-lung.

SEAGOON:

No! I won't do it, I tell you! I won't do it! I won't! I won't! I'll clear the fog if it's the last thing I do!

NELSON:

That may very well be so.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, Eccles, tell me it was all a dream. It was all a dream, wasn't it?

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

What's that you've got?

ECCLES:

This came off Nelson.

SEAGOON:

It's a stone chip.

ECCLES:

He must have been having a stone supper! Ho ho!

SEAGOON:

It's not true! (GETTING HYSTERICAL) It's not true, I tell you! It's can't be true! It's Not!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK

NELSON:

Pssst! Achilles, dear chap.

ACHILLES:

[SECOMBE]

Is that you, Nelson?

NELSON:

Who else? Seagoon refuses to drop his fog experiments, pass it on around.

ACHILLES:

Hurriedly, I will, that. Help me down... Hmmmph.

NELSON:

Ups-a-daisy.

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

ACHILLES:

Pssst! Eros! I say, Eros!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-hee! Who is that tapping my little stone footie?

ACHILLES:

I bear the name of Achilles. Now listen...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I am listening. Could we get down? I've got a date in Piccadilly 'cause I'm meeting Peter Pan.

ACHILLES:

I have a message. Seagoon is going to do away with fog.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, the naughty mortule!

ACHILLES:

Now with all haste, pass this message on!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do this. Steps down off pedestal.

FX:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Rotten stinking fountain! I'm always getting wetted! Exits left to pass on the dreaded news. Thinks: It does feel nice to put my leg down for a bit, though.

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

GREENSLADE:

Then the fog gradually started to lift and the statues hurried back to their pedestals and columns.

FX:

LION ROARS

NELSON:

Alright lads, it's only me.

GREENSLADE:

And the news being passed round had reached the statue of William Hewitt Gladstone.

CRUN:

Must pass this unfortunate news on to Boedicia. Boedicia!

MINNIE:

Who is it?

CRUN:

It's me, Boedi, it's Gladstone.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

CRUN:

I have some bad news for you!

MINNIE:

It's not another student strike is it? After that thing they put on my head last year!

CRUN:

No, no, no. It's worse than that!

MINNIE:

Couldn't be!

CRUN:

Ned Seagoon is going to do away with the fog!

MINNIE:

Oh, the naughty man, he's naughty!

CRUN:

Naughty, yes, but if there's no fog we won't be able to see each other again!

MINNIE:

Well, we never see each other in this fog, anyway!

CRUN:

But I'd never be able to come over here and not see you!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear Gladstone!

CRUN:

Yes, Boedi Woedi!

MINNIE:

Ah, the fog is lifting! Oooh!

CRUN:

You're right! Mercy save us! How am I going to get back?

MINNIE:

I could run you round in the old chariot, Buddy.

CRUN:

It's no good, you've got no reflectors on it, Minnie.

MINNIE:

You K.V., buddy Gladstone, there's a mortal coming! Oh, dear!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was me. But I didn't notice anything as I was reading the Radio Times.

MILLIGAN:

How many of you noticed that for the next three days Gladstone was holding the reigns on Boedicia's chariot, eh? You must notice these things, you know!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK

SEAGOON:

But, Major Bloodnok, it's true, I tell you! I saw Nelson with my own eyes! He came to me at my government sponsored laboratory! I demand military protection! If all these statues gang up on me I... I... I... I'm finished!

BLOODNOK:

Now, stop stroking me putties and let's get this down in writing. Now then...

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

I got that. Now, did any other responsible person see the statue?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, I did.

BLOODNOK:

"No other responsible person...."

SEAGOON:

You must believe me, Major!

BLOODNOK:

Sit down, lad, and have some more gin.

SEAGOON:

I've never drunk gin in my life!

BLOODNOK:

Well, sit down and have some more of whatever you had too much of!

SEAGOON:

Y-y-y-you must give me military protection!

BLOODNOK:

Come, now. Now, look, supposing I ordered a soldier to watch Nelson to see that he didn't move, I mean, I... I'd soon get my ticket, wouldn't I, eh?

SEAGOON:

I'd give you a job as personal bodyguard! Ten pounds a week and all found!

BLOODNOK:

Corporal Gladys!

ELLINGTON:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Put Nelson under close arrest!

GREENSLADE:

Two days later fog again envelopes the south of England, but this time there was a cordon of Scots guards round base of Nelson's Column. Anyone over ten feet was challenged.

MILLIGAN:

Nobody noticed Nelson go through on his knees!

SEAGOON:

Nobody noticed Nelson going through on his knees, did he? Well! Bully for Nelson. I was in my government-sponsored offices at the time. In a few days my experiment would be tested, then gone will be fog and the statues will not be able to harm me!

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

You!

NELSON:

Yes, Neddie. You are determined to go ahead, I see.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. And I... and I've told the war office about you, so there! And they believe me!

NELSON:

Do they really?

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, they mean I... they're protecting me! I'm government-sponsored!

NELSON:

You silly twisted boy, you!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but... Quick, quick Eccles, Eccles, get his arm!

FX:

STRUGGLING NOISES

ECCLES:

Okay, okay, I got him!

FX:

MORE STRUGGLING NOISES

SEAGOON:

There!

NELSON:

Now, what have you accomplished?

SEAGOON:

I've had some stone handcuffs specially prepared, Hm, hm hm and now... now you are my prisoner! I'm going to take you along to the War Office and prove that you're true! (INSANE LAUGH) Eccles, open the door! (INSANE LAUGH) Power!

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS AND DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(INSANE LAUGH) Come on, you wretched stone statue!

NELSON:

(FAR) Poor, foolish, misguided boy.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

I don't want to worry Neddie, but I can't see who he keeps talking to!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Yesterday, a young government-sponsored scientist was helped down Nelson's Column where he had handcuffed himself to the statue of Nelson. In warning him, the magistrate said there was too much of this sort of thing going on. However, as this was Seagoon's first offence he was sentenced to three minutes of Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Success! Success! Ha, ha, ha. Eccles, I've done it, at last! My experiment went off beautifully! The fog disappeared like magic, never to return. Ha, ha, ha! No more Fog, Eccles! Just think of it, they'll make me Lord Seagoon and you, you'll be Lady Eccles. Ah, wonderful day! Wonderful day!

FX:

BELLS RINGING AND MUFFLED CHEERS OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

And listen! Listen to the bells, Eccles! This is Seagoon's Day! And the crowd, listen to them! Open the window. Come on, open the window and let them see me.

FX:

WINDOW OPENED

FX:

BELLS AND CHEERS LOUDER OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! Ha, ha, bless you all! Oh, no, no, no, it was nothing!

GRAMS:

NOISES STOP

ECCLES:

I don't want to say anything, but the streets are deserted.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon bathed in the limelight of public acclaim as the cleanser of London. It was indeed a pleasure to sit in London's parks and read a copy of the Radio Times. This pleasure was available to all for three whole days. Then...

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

SEAGOON:

Just think, Eccles, in this very little government-sponsored laboratory our triumph was achieved! By Jove, it's getting dark early. It's only 2 o'clock.

ECCLES:

Yeah, if I wasn't with you I'd say it was fog.

SEAGOON:

Fog! But it can't be, it can't be, it can't be!

ECCLES:

(COUGHS) Oh, there's somebody smoking heavy, yeah, that's it, yeah, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Where are my notes?

ECCLES:

They've gone, Major Bloodnok took them.

SEAGOON:

Took them? Where?

ECCLES:

He left London airport a week ago with them.

SEAGOON:

I don't like this, Eccles. I... I smell a rat!

ECCLES:

I don't want to worry Neddie but I can't smell anything!

SEAGOON:

I want you to get a sample of that fog!

ECCLES:

Oh, oh, yeah, yeah. I got a bucket, hold on, I...

SEAGOON:

Just open the window, you idiot! I want to analyse it.

FX:

WINDOW OPENS

ECCLES:

(COUGHING)

SEAGOON:

I got some! Close the window!

FX:

WINDOW CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

While Ned Seagoon is analysing the fog... (CHANTS LOUDLY) TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE? GREEN-SLADE! Ahem. And now, Forog chapter 8: The Awakening.

SEAGOON:

I've got it, Eccles! By Jove, now it all fits in! This isn't fog, neither is it smog. This is forog!

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

Yes, foreign fog, you see? Hee hee hee. It's been manufactured abroad and shipped here!

ECCLES:

I wonder how much duty there is to pay?

SEAGOON:

This is serious Eccles, serious stuff!

ECCLES:

Is it, yeah?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok has obviously sold my notes to Nelson. I must get to the House of Commons with the news!

ORCHESTRA:

RAPID LINK

SEAGOON:

Honourable members! I have grave news concerning our beloved London!

MP MILLIGAN:

Speak up, man, let's have it now!

OMNES:

Hear! Hear!

SEAGOON:

It is not fog enveloping us!

MP MILLIGAN:

What about the...?

SEAGOON:

Nay, nay, nay nay. It is forog; a kind of fog manufactured in foreign parts!

OMNES:

"Rubbish! Rubbish!", "Never heard such rubbish!", "...had our tea, yet...."

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please! This fog is being sponsored by the statues of London.

MP MILLIGAN:

It's a trick to get more...

SEAGOON:

No! Major Bloodnok in the War office has told me himself!

OMNES:

SHOUTS OVERPOWERING NEDDIE

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP LINK

DR. EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

Now, Seagoon, lad, have you placed all the bricks in the right holes and the right squares?

SEAGOON:

Stop this nonsense! I don't know what's the matter with you all. I demand to see the authorities!

DR. EIDELBURGER:

Of course, you will be able to see them in a short while; they are collecting evidence at the minute.

SEAGOON:

I don't understand what this is all about! I...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS AND DOOR OPENS

DR. EIDELBURGER:

Ah, good morning, Dr. Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

And good morning to you, Dr. Eidelburger. And this here is little... "Ned Seagoon", eh?

SEAGOON:

Doctor, Doctor, have they examined the forog?

MORIARTY:

They have, it's turned out to be fog.

SEAGOON:

It's not, it's not, I tell you! It's forog!

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, take it easy, now.

SEAGOON:

Did you find Major Bloodnok?

MORIARTY:

Yes, we have checked with the War Office records and find there is no such man of that name ever existed.

SEAGOON:

What? But... but... but... I... I... I... Go to my government-sponsored laboratory and you'll see his name in the visitors book!

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, we've checked with that address you gave us but there is no laboratory there. It is an old bomb-site.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) Honestly, there is a laboratory! There must be a laboratory! As true as my name is Ned Seagoon!

MORIARTY:

Ah, that's another point. There is no such person as Ned Seagoon! Now, just put these little squares...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott; script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

S5 E14 - Ye Bandit of Sherwood Forest

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

THROAT:

Cor blimey!

ORCHESTRA:

'JINGLE BELLS'

THESPIAN:

[SELLERS]

'Tis Christmas and in every home are sounds of revelry and good cheer. But alas, outside...

GRAMS:

SNOW BLIZZARD UNDER SPEECH

THESPIAN:

Outside in the driving snow a lone tragic ragged figure stumbles through the icy streets. His thin frost-bitten fingers clutching at the thread-bare overcoat. He stumbles into a decrepit hovel, ignoring the poor wretches who lay groaning on the straw-covered floor. He staggers in, lets fall his ragged coat, lurches forward and says...

SEAGOON:

Welcome to the Goon Show!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS MOANS AND WAILINGS...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, listeners! And a Merry Christmas to all our readers. For the Christmas festival, we present on the new curved speaker radio set: A Bandit Of Sherwood Forest!

OMNES:

OLÉ!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND OPENING FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Doncaster, late in the 12th century. 'Tis December and the snow covered coaching yard of the Bowman's Inn is thronged with travellers each awaiting to go his journey.

THE SHERIFF:

[SELLERS as GRYPPE-THYNNE]

Oh, coach master, a word, I pray.

SEAGOON:

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Coming, sir! Ah, 'tis the Sheriff of Nottingham. A pleasure to talk to the only real gentleman here.

THE SHERIFF:

Oh, really?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's him over there by the wall. Wallace the Greenslade.

THE SHERIFF:

Hm, forsooth this day I would travel to Nottingham. I wish to buy a ticket for the coach.

SEAGOON:

Coach don't need a ticket, it travels free! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

THE SHERIFF:

Ye good joke. Now then, I wish a seat with my back to the horses.

SEAGOON:

Don't matter where you sit. If you're downwind, you'll still cop it! Hur hur hur...

THE SHERIFF:

Euh, ye good joke. (LAPSES INTO COCKNEY) Now, belt up, will ya! (POSH AGAIN) Baggage boy! Baggage boy!

ECCLES:

Hello. Didst thou call, sire?

THE SHERIFF:

Long thin lad, put my three bags atop of the coach for Nottingham.

ECCLES:

Forsooth, I will do that. I say sooth, sooth, sooth, sooth and sooth!

THE SHERIFF:

What manner of an idiot is this that keeps saying sooth?

ECCLES:

Little does he know that I'm a soothsayer! (LAUGHS) No don't hit me now! It's Christmas. Ooh, what was that?

THE SHERIFF:

Just my little foot.

ECCLES:

Oh.

THE SHERIFF:

Now, get those bags and...

ECCLES:

Okay, don't get down, I'll get the bags, I'll get all the bags up there, I've done this before, you know.

GRAMS:

CASES BEING MOVED AND THUMPED ABOUT

ECCLES:

I've done all them bags, steady on, I'll get them up, ooh, I've done this before, you know. I'm no idiot, I'll get the old bags up there! (FAINTLY) There they are! All safe and sound on top. Oooh! I forgot the bags! I'll come down and...

THE SHERIFF:

No, no, no, no, stay there and I'll throw them up to you. Here's one (STRAINS), two (STRAINS), three (STRAINS). Got them?

SEAGOON:

Excuse me, sir? Could you give I a hand round the other side of the coach?

THE SHERIFF:

Why?

SEAGOON:

There's a lad lying there with three cases on top of him.

THE SHERIFF:

Idiot! Idiot!

ECCLES:

Okay! It's okay, it's okay, sire, I didn't hurt myself.

THE SHERIFF:

Well, jump again.

ECCLES:

I fell on this old woman.

GREENSLADE:

I'm not an old woman.

ECCLES:

I'm sorry, I meant this old man.

GREENSLADE:

I'm not an old woman or an old man.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

GREENSLADE:

I'm a young man.

COACHMAN AND ECCLES:

(LAUGH) Ye good joke!

FLOWERDEW:

Hark, ye all! Hark, ye all! The coach for Nottingham leaves but quick, do you hear me? Step quickly!

Oh, I could spit!

SEAGOON:

All onboard, then!

OMNES:

All onboard. Good-bye!

SEAGOON:

Next stop, Sherwood Forest!

ORCHESTRA:

CHEERFUL LINK

GRAMS:

CARRIAGE ROLLING ALONG OVER SPEECH

MINNIE:

(SNORING) Oh. (SMACKS LIPS) Oh, dear, dear, dear, no, dear! I must have dozed off. Where are we, pray, gentlemen?

THE SHERIFF:

We're in Sherwood Forest, madam. Pity you're not younger.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh, dear! What's become of the long, thin lad?

THE SHERIFF:

I threw him out of the coach a mile back.

MINNIE:

What ever made you do that, sir?

THE SHERIFF:

I don't know, just high spirits, I suppose.

MINNIE:

The poor, poor lad. Lost in the forest. The wolves will get him.

HUNGARIAN:

[SECOMBE]

(HEAVILY ACCENTED) Please don't mention the wolves!

MINNIE:

Why not?

HUNGARIAN:

I'm a Hungarian!

GRAMS:

CARRIAGE SCREECHES TO A HALT

FRIAR BALSAM:

[SELLERS as BLOODNOK]

Stand and deliver!

MINNIE:

Ooooh!

FRIAR BALSAM:

Hands up or I'll split your grotkin in each quarter!

MINNIE:

Mercy, it's an outlaw!

FRIAR BALSAM:

I warn you madam, one step nearer and I'll scream.

GREENSLADE:

Art thou one of Robin Hood's men?

FRIAR BALSAM:

I art. Me name is Friar Balsam.

GREENSLADE:

What luck! Oh, indeed, what luck! I wish to join your band, I play the saxophone.

FRIAR BALSAM:

Oh, just what we need. Right, we shall keep you. Now, coachman, you may drive on unarmed.

SEAGOON:

Giddup!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPS OFF (GETTING FASTER) INTO DISTANCE

FRIAR BALSAM:

Well, now, my man. From now on you will be known as Little John and...

ROBIN HOOD:

Ahoy, there, my merry men. It is I, Robin Hood, née Neddie Seagoon nearly as handsome Harry plus Harry Secombe now playing in pantomime (SINGING) Be my love! For no one else. Falling in love with love is falling! (CONTINUES TO SING OPERA THEN STOPS) Hooray! Well done. More! More! More! More! Here we are. More! More! Thank you. More!

THE SHERIFF:

Come along, Robin, there's no need to be so shy. Robin, this is our new recruit.

ROBIN HOOD:

Welcome to the band. I'll have you fitted for a suit of Lincoln Green. Call Nobby the tailor!

NOBBY:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH) Yes, er, what is it, dumpling?

ROBIN HOOD:

Measure this man.

NOBBY:

Why, is he dead?

ROBIN HOOD:

For a suit!

NOBBY:

Oh, a suit? Oh, er, alright, then. Elkan, you got the tape?

THROAT:

Yes!

NOBBY:

Good. Right now then um - and the chalk, Elky, that's right, boy. Now, er, er, chest 17, including shoulders.

GREENSLADE:

That's right. Yes, alright, alright, yes.

NOBBY:

Waist... 56? 'Ere, you're a bit of a nosher, ain't you? Never mind

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I like good [UNCLEAR].

NOBBY:

It's nice... it's nice to see it on you. Right arm, 18. Left arm, 28.

GREENSLADE:

That's right, yes.

NOBBY:

Now then, er, inside leg...

GREENSLADE:

Ooooooh!

NOBBY:

Sorry! That's all, now. Half a nicker to you.

GREENSLADE:

I refuse to be seen wearing half a knicker!

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here, here, oh, here! Ooh, help! Robin Hood, help!

ROBIN HOOD:

'Tis Will Eccles, what's happened?

ECCLES:

The Sheriff of Nottingham, he threw me out of the coach - clung! But I learnt something else: his men have kidnapped Maid Marion!

ROBIN HOOD:

Oh, no! Maid Marion, she's the most beautiful girl in the world!

FRIAR BALSAM:

You must rescue her.

ROBIN HOOD:

Yes, I must rescue her. She's so beautiful!

FRIAR BALSAM:

It'll mean certain death for you.

ROBIN HOOD:

I don't know, she wasn't that pretty. I wonder where they're keeping her.

ECCLES:

Where they're keeping her? In the forest, of course. Oh, there's plenty of good hiding places there. My dad used to take me there.

ROBIN HOOD:

What for?

ECCLES:

A good hiding - Ha ha!

FRIAR BALSAM:

You're all cowards, do you hear me? The fair Maid Marion must be rescued at all costs. Will Eccles, saddle me horse.

ROBIN HOOD:

Max Geldray? Strap on a perforated mackerel sheet. Zouuuunds!

MAX GELDRAY:

'OH, LADY BE GOOD'

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

CHAINS CLANKING

MAID MARION:

[CHARLOTTE MITCHELL]

(POSH ACCENT THROUGHOUT) Oh, no! No! No!

THE SHERIFF:

Get in there, you naughty Maid Marion.

MAID MARION:

Sheriff of Nottingham, take your hands off me! If they're not off in the next three hours I'll write to the police.

THE SHERIFF:

Little Spitfire!

MAID MARION:

Oh, fie! Oh, fie! You see, my fiancé, Mr. R. Hood, will come and fisticuff you. He'll hit thee! Splat! Thun! Blat! Zowie! Socko! Blam! Thud! Biff! He learned all his boxing from comic strips. Have you ever seen a comic strip?

THE SHERIFF:

Only in a Turkish Bath.

MAID MARION:

I don't wish to knowest that.

THE SHERIFF:

In that case, goodbye-est!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR SHUTTING

MAID MARION:

Oh! Sobs of despair! Sobs! Locked in this dark dungeon with nothing but an old straw television set! This is the chamber of torture. Oh, woe! Oh, misery! Oh, fie! Oh, whatever shall I do... (FADES)

SMOOTHY ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

The part of Maid Marion is being played by Miss Charlotte Mitchell. And a ripe little ham she's proving. Pray, continue.

MAID MARION:

But I know my fiancé, Robin Hood, will rescue me, err long.

ROBIN HOOD:

Psssst!

MAID MARION:

What is that pssst I hear?

ROBIN HOOD:

Pssst!

MAID MARION:

How do you spell it?

ROBIN HOOD:

P... ss... tt...!

MAID MARION:

That's how my Robin spells his psssts! Is that you, Robin, come to rescue me?

ROBIN HOOD:

Yesssst.

MAID MARION:

Oh, where are you, my clever one?

ROBIN HOOD:

(THIN VOICE) Chained to the wall behind you. (NORMAL) The truth is I'm a prisoner. My arms are chained.

MAID MARION:

Are your legs chained?

ROBIN HOOD:

No.

MAID MARION:

Then let's dance, Robin!

ORCHESTRA:

LOUNGE DANCE MUSIC UNDER SPEECH

MAID MARION:

Oh, you waltz divinely!

ROBIN HOOD:

Do you come here often? Stop! (ORCHESTRA STOPS) Stop this mad soiree!

MAID MARION:

But you're so handsome.

ROBIN HOOD:

I know, isn't it a bore? But we must escape! Wait! Wait, this stone I'm chained to. It's loose. I can feel the draught. (STRAINING) Hnnn! Hnnnnn! Hnnnnnnnn! Ah! I've done it!

MAID MARION:

What?

ROBIN HOOD:

Taken an aspirin, I don't want to catch cold.

MAID MARION:

Robin, try and pull the stone out, beloved!

ROBIN HOOD:

My arms are chained, but my teeth aren't! Place the chain twixt my teeth.

MAID MARION:

There 'tis, twixt. Now... pull, Robin!

ROBIN HOOD:

(MUFFLED) Right, pulling away right now, dear. Hnnnn, it's coming, I think. It's coming, it's coming, hnnn.

MAID MARION:

That's it, Robin, beloved, pull! Let those strong white teeth pull us to freedom!

FX:

SET OF TEETH FALLING ON THE FLOOR

ROBIN HOOD:

Well, don't stand there, pick 'em up!

MAID MARION:

Robin, you've pulled the stone out! Let's go through... to freedom! Follow me. Oh! 'Tis dark in here. Oh! Robin, please!

ROBIN HOOD:

It wasn't me.

MAID MARION:

Then who else?

ECCLES:

There's more than one prisoner in here.

ROBIN HOOD:

'Tis the noble Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

Six months!

ROBIN HOOD:

You captured, too?

FX:

HEAVY DOOR OPENED

MAID MARION:

'Tis the sheriff!

THE SHERIFF:

Yes, I've come to take you, Maid Marion.

ROBIN HOOD:

Splat! Thun! Zowee! Blun! Thud! Biff! Club! Wallop! Splam! Blat! Sokko! (GASPS) There, let that be a lesson to you! Blat! Blat!

THE SHERIFF:

You silly twisted boy, you! Come Maid.

FRIAR BALSAM:

(BLOWS OUT CANDLE)

THE SHERIFF:

Who blew my candle out?

ECCLES:

Ho, ho!

FRIAR BALSAM:

Don't move, sheriff, or this club will mash your nugglers!

ROBIN HOOD:

It's Friar Balsam! Let the sheriff have it.

OMNES:

THUDS AND SCREAMS OF FIGHTING

MAID MARION:

My fiancé Robin is in there!

FRIAR BALSAM:

Club'n'yukka. Now, now, you swine, have ya had enough?

ECCLES:

Yup, I've had enough.

FRIAR BALSAM:

Eccles! Where's the sheriff?

ROBIN HOOD:

I've got him by the throat, help me!

FRIAR BALSAM:

No!

ROBIN HOOD:

Why not?

FRIAR BALSAM:

My throat!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR CLOSED SHUT

FRIAR BALSAM:

Flatter me nurtures with crods, he's got away with Maid Marion!

ECCLES:

Oooh!

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SMOOTH HERN:

[SELLERS]

I'll get it, Bebe. Hello? It's for you.

ROBIN HOOD:

Hello? Hello? Robin Hood here.

ERNIE CASH:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH, ON OTHER END) Hello, er, Robin. Hello, it's er, listen, listen, listen, it's er, Ernie Cash, here. Now, listen, listen, Robin. The sheriff's been on the blower to me from the Windsor Bearwood and he says um, he says unless you pay him £2000 ransom he's going to kill ya!

ROBIN HOOD:

£2000? What shall I do?

ERNIE CASH:

Offer him 1,750 and take a chance on it.

ROBIN HOOD:

I haven't got a penny on me!

ERNIE CASH:

Don't worry, don't worry, schmooliker. I sent a geezer... I sent a geezer on his way with the geldt to get you out of schtuck.

ROBIN HOOD:

Thank you, thank you, you've saved my life.

ERNIE CASH:

Well, we all make mistakes. Good-bye.

ROBIN HOOD:

All's well. I don't know, Ellington. Tell us why you're in prison as well.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'FRAMED'

GREENSLADE:

(SINGING VERY BADLY) Oh, what a night! Oh, what a night it was! It really was! I believe for every drop of rain that falls, someone gets wet. (STOPS SINGING) Yes, Greensladers. It's your own Wallace Greenslade singing to you again. And don't forget - you too can have a signed photograph of Wallace Greenslade for only 3 guineas. So, fan clubs, keep those cheques rolling in, old Wallace will find a use for them! So, 'til next time, this is Mr. Rhythm Greenslade saying chigidi-boo-boo rock-holy-coo-coo obi-doobi-doo chiggidy-snitch. TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE!? GREEN - SLADE!

GRAMS:

CHEERS AND WHISTLES

GREENSLADE:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Hrm. Thank you. And now, to the rest of the B-feature - The Bandit of Sherwood Forest. Maid Marion played by Miss Charlotte Mitchell. Part 3, the sheriff's banquet.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF BANQUET

MAID MARION:

Oh, woe! Fie! Prithee! Oh, zounds! Hither, thither! Help! I am undone! Forsooth! Agony! Whither art thou, Robin? Oh, Robin, where art thou...? (FADE)

THE SHERIFF:

The part of Maid Marion is still being played by Miss Mitchell. Fair damsel, pray do not sulk. Eat?

MAID MARION:

No, I'm not hungry.

THE SHERIFF:

Not surprising after that dirty great kipper you wolfed. Now then, my dear, what I...

MAID MARION:

Oh, hot rodkin, sir! Leave me alone! I love Robin!

THE SHERIFF:

You hot little bundle, you! Let me hold you.

FX:

VIOLIN STRING SNAPS

THE SHERIFF:

My, you are highly strung! But attractive.

MAID MARION:

Oh, zoons!

THE SHERIFF:

You mean zounds.

MAID MARION:

No, it only zounds like zoons.

THE SHERIFF:

Oh, ye good joke, yes. What do you say, Baron Fred?

BARON FRED:

[SECOMBE]

(DRUNKENLY SLURS A TUNE...)

THE SHERIFF:

He doesn't seem to care.

MAID MARION:

Ooh! There's someone crawling under the table. What are you doing under there, sir?

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

I'm looking for a telegram.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me, zire, but there is a prisoner outzide.

THE SHERIFF:

Is he bound?

SEAGOON:

Of his health? I know not, sir.

THE SHERIFF:

Well, send him in.

ELLINGTON:

Well, come on! Come on, this way, you! In you get! Now, get on your knees there, son!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop it, you! You hurted little me. Enter Bluebottle in doublet made from Mum's old drawers. Ye sausages! Tee-hee! Sausages [UNCLEAR].

MORIARTY:

Silence! Listen you! I speak for the Sheriff of Nottingham. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a member of Robin Hood's gang.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I ran away to join him because I was a serf.

MORIARTY:

Tell me, little serf, why have you got a saddle strapped to your back?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's for serf riding! Tee-hee-hee! I made a little jokules! Tee-hee!

ELLINGTON:

Silence, you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

If I had my arms free I'd give you a black eye.

ELLINGTON:

What's the matter, son? You colour blind?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nic nic, stop hitting me, nic nic... I don't like this game. Where's my friend Eccules? Let's play another game. Let's play Rita Hayworth and husbands.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bombit nyackos! Now, listen! Tell us, what is your position here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can't you see I'm kneeling down?

MORIARTY:

Speak the truth!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have brought the ransom money to free my master, Robin Shwinging.

MORIARTY:

I understand perfectly, but where is the money, little string-bonce-yeomans?

BLUEBOTTLE:

First, you must free Robin.

MORIARTY:

Tie him to a stake!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No! Do not tie me to a stake!

MORIARTY:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a vegetarian. Hee, yehee...

MORIARTY:

Thud, plun, clunk. Alright...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop nutting me...

MORIARTY:

Stop it man, listen to me, drink this!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I must not drinkie the alcoholic drinkies! I'm a minor!

MORIARTY:

I don't care if you're a navvy, drink!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, as you ask-ed me so nicely, and also it is because you're holding a dirty big chopper over my little nut, I'll have to drink it, won't I? Thinks: this must be the dreaded deading of Bluebottle part. Eeh-hee! Good luck to you. Picks up cardboard goblet and drinks. (GULPS)

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, SIREN, WHOOSH, BOING, WHOOSH, BIG BEN STRIKES, CAT SHRIEKS, WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-hee! That was jolly nice that was! I thought that was going to dead me, but I was wrong...

GRAMS:

BIG EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten Norman swines you! There was dynamite in my drinkies! Look, my knees have dropped!
Exits left with low knees, high groins and shattered boots.

ROBIN HOOD:

Hold on! Stop! Hark ye, I am here!

MAID MARION:

It's my fiancée, Robin!

ROBIN HOOD:

Belt-up, you! 'Tis I, Robin! Freed by Wallace the Greenslade. Come men, attack the sheriff!

OMNES:

BLANG! BONG! BIFF! THUD! BLUT! ZOWEE! BLUNGE!

MAID MARION:

My fiancé's in there somewhere.

ROBIN HOOD:

That's what you think.

MAID MARION:

Robin! What are you doing under the table?

WINSTON CHURCHILL:

He's helping me look for that blasted telegram!

OMNES:

BLAT! THUD! WHACK!

FRIAR BALSAM:

Club! Whack! Oh, Robin, we can't keep this up much longer. Will they never arrive?

ROBIN HOOD:

Who?

FRIAR BALSAM:

Those blasted sound-effects men. Blunge! Thoglog!

ROBIN HOOD:

Let me help. Blat!

MAID MARION:

My fiancé did that!

ROBIN HOOD:

Thud!

MAID MARION:

My fiancé did that!

MORIARTY:

Blam-bonk!

MAID MARION:

My fiancé copped that!

ROBIN HOOD:

Blat. My fiancé copped that!

THE SHERIFF:

Stop, Robin Hood. Robin...

ROBIN HOOD:

You're giving in?

THE SHERIFF:

...call your men off, you win, you win, you win. Your thuds, blats and wallops were far louder than ours. Maid Marion is all yours.

ROBIN HOOD:

Friar Crun?

FRIAR CRUN:

Ah, coming, coming.

ROBIN HOOD:

A wedding! Let two be joined as one.

FRIAR CRUN:

Stand there, both. Now, do you take this - um - what is it?

MAID MARION:

Man.

FRIAR CRUN:

Ah, man, yes. Take this man to be your husband?

MAID MARION:

Yea.

FRIAR CRUN:

Yes. And, um, do sir you take this woman to be your wife?

GREENSLADE:

Yes I do.

FRIAR CRUN:

Pronounced man and wife! 5 shillings.

ROBIN HOOD:

Stop! You've married her to the wrong man!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, yea? TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT-EST! WHO DO GIRLS APPRECIATEST?

MAID MARION:

GREENSLADE!

GRAMS:

CHEERS AND WHISTLES

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

OMNES:

BLAT, THUD, WHACK, ETC. UNDER....

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Charlotte Mitchell with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra as conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

In the week before the episode was recorded, UK football team Wolves beat Hungarian team Honved 3-2 after fighting back from 0-2 down. The match made front page headlines.

Prime Minister Churchill embarrassed himself by claiming during a speech that he sent a telegram in 1945 ordering Field Marshal Montgomery to stack the surrendered German arms in case they had to be handed back to the Nazis to stop a Russian advance. The statement caused some controversy. No records were found to support the claim and on the 1st December 1954 Churchill had to admit to the House of Commons that perhaps he did not send a telegram after all.

Rita Hayworth was up to her fourth marriage in 1954. She eventually had five.

"Windsor Bearwood" is a reference to the Windsor Theatre, Bearwood.

"Bebe" is probably a parody of Ben Lyon, who had a popular radio programme 'Life with the Lyons' with his wife Bebe Daniels in the 1950s.

S5 E15 - 1985

Transcribed Russell Street. Corrections by others, compiled by Tony Wills. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Big Brother is watching YOU!

ECCLES:

Ooo-oooh!

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

SECOMBE:

(PROCLAIMING) Listeners! You are warned. This programme... is NOT... to be listened to! (MANIC LAUGH)

MILLIGAN:

(STRANGULATED NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehee hee! I don't like this game!

GREENSLADE:

(PROCLAIMING) The BBC would like to caution parents: this programme is unsuitable for the very young. The very old. The middle aged. Those just going off. Those on the turn. Young dogs. And alderman John Snagge.

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

MILLIGAN:

(ANNOUNCING) This is the story of the year 1985!

GRAMS:

GROANING, WAILING AND CRYING INTO SCREAMING

ORCHESTRA:

TEA PARTY DANCE MUSIC (1922 JACK PAYNE ONE-STEP?)

WINSTON:

My name is 846 Winston Seagoon. I am a worker in the great news collecting centre of the Big Brother Corporation or, as you knew it... the BBC. In every room is a TV screen that gives out a stream of orders.

BIG BROTHER:

[SELLERS]

Attention people of England State. Thanks to de-rationing and the free market the price of tea has now gone down to 85 guineas a quarter. And here is good news for state housewives. The following goods are now in the shops: plastic and sawdust elephant night-shirts; second hand concrete parachutes; artificial explodable woollen bloomers; men's self-igniting tailless shirts - with anti thunder-sheet attachment. There are unlimited supplies in the shops!!

ECCLES:

Oh, it's good to be alive, in 1985

BIG BROTHER:

Now, here is announcer 283947625324769854327618976 stroke 2.

WINSTON:

Good old Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

(ANNOUNCING) Special interest to BBC workers: by mixing water with earth our scientists have invented... MUD! It's now on sale in the BBC canteen under the name of Macaroni au Gratin or coffee.

WINSTON:

Big fat slob, get off the screen!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

VISION MASTER:

[SELLERS as Grytpype]

Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

WINSTON:

Ohh (NERVOUS TITTER), Vision Master Ronnie Waldman.

VISION MASTER:

You are not complaining about our new BBC TV are you?

WINSTON:

Oh! No, I...

VISION MASTER:

(QUICKLY) What is the finest TV programme in the world?

WINSTON:

(AUTOMATICALLY) Kaleidoscope.

VISION MASTER:

You are forgiven. As a penance, you will put a copy of the Radio Times in your window. Don't forget to watch tonight's programme...

WINSTON:

Oh, yes, 'Ask Son of Pickles'.

VISION MASTER:

Yes. Tonight he hopes to have a one-legged dying Eskimo play the piano for him. Now everybody, face the TV screen. Time for the 'Hate Half Hour'

MORIARTY:

Attention all! Coming on the screen now is the one man you must hate! The sworn enemy of the Big Brother Corporation, this is him!

MINNICK

[SELLERS as LEW CASH]

Listen, listen! Don't believe them! Listen! BBC workers. Rise and overthrow your masters before it's too late. I will lead you against them. Strike now! Revolt!

WINSTON:

So this was Horrace Minnick, leader of the ITA.

MINNICK:

Join the Independent Television Army now.

OMNES:

HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!

MORIARTY:

STOP! Stop. Enough. Now, here is a special announcement from Big Brother!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

ANNOUNCER:

[GREENSLADE]

(OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM) BBC workers. The canteen is now open. Lunch is ready. Doctors are standing by.

WINSTON:

As I sat at my table eating my boiled water, I began to hate Big Brother Corporation.

ECCLES:

Hey, Winston. Guess what I found in my dinner?

WINSTON:

What?

ECCLES:

Food! Oh, it's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Poor producer fool. Still, sixty years with the Huggets would turn anyone.

FNUTT:

[SELLERS as Cynthia]

I love you, darling!

ECCLES:

I love you, too, darling.

FNUTT:

Not you, 213 Eccles. You, 846 Winston.

WINSTON:

You're a woman, aren't you?

FNUTT:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Thank heaven, you've got to be careful these days.

FNUTT:

846 Winston, darling. I've loved you from afar.

WINSTON:

My favourite distance. But who are you?

FNUTT:

I am 612, Miss Fnutt. I operate the Pornograph Machine in the Forbidden Records Department. I love you, do you hear me!

WINSTON:

No... no, love is not for us.

FNUTT:

No.

WINSTON:

Love is only for the higher income group. John Snagge, Audrey Cameron and Paul Fenoulhet.

FNUTT:

Let's take a chance. Let's meet somewhere under the moon, alone. We can clasp each other to each other and then... ohhhh...

ECCLES:

Ohhh! It's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

WINSTON:

Now, darling... where?

FNUTT:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

WINSTON:

I know the place. Home Service, 8:30, Tuesday night.

FNUTT:

You mean, the forbidden Goon Sector?

WINSTON:

Yes. Wait, that belt you're wearing.

FNUTT:

That's the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

Ahemm. Well, I don't think I'll come.

FNUTT:

No, no! But, you too are wearing the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

I was forced to.

FNUTT:

Why?

WINSTON:

My trousers kept falling down.

FNUTT:

Till Tuesday, darling.

WINSTON:

(QUIETLY) Till Tuesday...

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF INTO DISTANCE (COCONUT SHELL)

WINSTON:

There she goes, little fairy. That night in my room I sat out of range of the TV screen. I loved Fnutt and I hate Big Brother. I wrote it in my diary. "I hate BB. I hate BB. I hate BB. I hate BB"

FX:

PHONE RINGING. RECEIVER UP.

WINSTON:

Hello?

GROUCHO MARX:

[SELLERS]

Don't tell anybody, but I hate BB, too.

WINSTON:

Who are you, Ben Lyon?

GROUCHO:

No, I was but the script was altered.

WINSTON:

Karl Marx! So there *was* an underground movement. I must try and find it. I strode into the street, pausing only to hear worker Geldray play a perforated haddock sock at the slope.

MAX GELDRAI:

'IT HAD TO BE YOU'

WINSTON:

And so I entered the forbidden Goon Sector of London hoping to contact a member of the ITA. Once there, I went in to the notorious public house, 'The Grosvenor'.

GRAMS:

GLASS SMASHING, DRINKING SONG ON OLD GRAMOPHONE, MURMUR OF CUSTOMERS

BLOODNOK:

Now, lads, I know you're all enjoying yourselves but silence, please. Silence for the cabaret. I have pleasure in presenting those glamorous grandmothers, the three Beverly Sisters!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Correction, the Beverly Twins!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Miss Beverly will sing...

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Everybody dance!

GRAMS:

BAR PIANO PLAYING, HUBBUB OF CUSTOMERS

WINSTON:

To think, this used to be Palm Court. I looked around the bar. They were dressed in cloth caps, corduroy trousers, rough lumberjacket shirts, bald heads and beards. And some of the men were dressed the same.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!

WINSTON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fear not, you did not hurt me. Enter Bluebottle, the toast of the Goon Sector. Thank you, fellow Goons for the sausages.

WINSTON:

What's that plain wrapper book you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is a naughty little bookule. Listen to this: "In the darkness she felt his hot breath on her bed rails. Then a warm hand fell on her marble wash stand."

WINSTON:

STOP! Stop, stop that at once. Give me that book!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why?

WINSTON:

I want to read it. What's it called?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's called 'Mrs Dale's *Real* Diary'.

WINSTON:

Mrs... Mrs Dale's...? Heavens, would the BBC stop at nothing? So this was how they kept the masses from thinking.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee! Look at this page! Eheehee! It's a 3D picture of Mrs Dale in her night-shirt being chased by Richard Dimbleby. Eheehee! Eheehee heeheehee! fssss! Eheeheeoououghhhh... Pauses to wipe drool off chin. Eee!

WINSTON:

I had to go outside. I couldn't bear to watch these poor Goons wallow in misery. It was then I wandered into an antique shop.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

CHARRINGTON:

[SELLERS as OLD MAN]

(SINGING) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts...

WINSTON:

Good evening. Do you mind if I take a gander round the shop?

CHARRINGTON:

No, as long as it's house-trained. (CONTINUES SINGING)

WINSTON:

(OFF) I say! (ON) What's this old object?

CHARRINGTON:

That, beautiful isn't it? It's called a cricket bat.

WINSTON:

Oh, yes. Yes. Did they have test matches way back?

CHARRINGTON:

Yes, that... that's right. As a matter of fact, this bat was used in the very last test by Len Hutton. You can see it's quite unmarked.

WINSTON:

Old man, tell me, what was it like back in 1954?

CHARRINGTON:

Well, we had sports and games, coloured movies, Charlie Chester, Monkhouse, Gilbert Harding. Oooh, it was terrible.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

ECCLES:

Here, Winston. Look who... look who I brought along.

FNUTT:

Hello, dearest.

WINSTON:

Darling, darling I love you.

ECCLES:

And I love you, too.

WINSTON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, you!

FNUTT:

We were looking in the window for antiques and we saw you.

WINSTON:

Ahhemm. We mustn't be seen together. Quick, into this room.

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

FNUTT:

Darling, alone at last!

WINSTON:

Oh, dearest Fnutt, let me kiss you.

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Don't start yet, I'll get a chair.

WINSTON:

Eccles, you go outside and keep watch.

ECCLES:

I can watch better in here. Oh, ho!

WINSTON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yup.

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

WINSTON:

There's the door. And now dearest, alone at last.

ECCLES:

Yep, Alone at last.

WINSTON:

Eccles! Get out or I'll...

ECCLES:

Ok...o...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

ECCLES:

Huh! Telling me to... telling me to get out. Huh! See if I care. I don't care. I don't care, I just don't care, that's all. All slamming the door like that. They can stop in there all night, for all I care. I don't mind, I'll wait here til they've finished. I don't mind.

WINSTON:

(YELLS) Will you stop muttering and get out!!!

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!!

ECCLES:

Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ahh hoom.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh hehee.

ECCLES:

Here, you were looking through the... you were looking through the key hole.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I was. Ehee!

ECCLES:

It's naughty... it's naughty to look through the key hole. Very very naughty to look through the key hole, that's very naughty... (VOICE TRAILS OFF)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, stop looking through it when you're talking to me!

ECCLES:

I was only looking because I... I tell you something.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is it?

ECCLES:

I... I ain't never seen a fella kiss a girl before.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, haven't you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nooo! Here... (CLICKS TONGUE) here...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Have you... have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!! Not going to tell you!

ECCLES:

Well, come on, come on. I... I... I won't tell anybody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, I'm not going to say. I'm a man of mystery!

ECCLES:

But I... but... but I'm your friend. Come on, have you ever kissed a girl? Come on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehhhhee! Yes!!!

BLUEBOTTLE & ECCLES:

(BOTH LAUGHING/GIGGLING, TAILING OFF OVER 10 SECONDS)

ECCLES:

Yuh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yuh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've seen something you haven't seen.

ECCLES:

What... what... what... what's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have seen...

ECCLES:

Uh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've seen my sister's washing on the line!!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(LAUGHING)

ECCLES:

Ohhh, It's good to be alive! Good [UNCLEAR], yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a happy go-lucky-man Eheehee! Thinks: I'm a happy go lucky man.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

WINSTON:

What's all this noise?! You, what do you want?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have a message. If you want to join the Independent Television Army, report at once to number 10, R-U-Certain Street.

WINSTON:

R-U-Certain?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Positive!

WINSTON:

Right! Lets go!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH

WINSTON:

(BREATHING HEAVILY) Here we are. Number 10, the ITA headquarters.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, Winston, I've been expecting you.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman! What are you doing...

VISION MASTER:

Don't be frightened. I am a secret member of the Independent Television Army.

WINSTON:

I had a feeling you were. I knew it by the little things. The way you smiled at me across the room. The way you touched my hair when you passed my chair (SINGING OPERA STYLE) Little things meeeeeeeeeean a looooooot!!

VISION MASTER:

You silly, twisted boy, you. Now then, you want to join ITA?

WINSTON:

Yes.

VISION MASTER:

What do you know about television?

WINSTON:

Three years at the BBC staff training college.

VISION MASTER:

What did you learn?

WINSTON:

Nothing.

VISION MASTER:

Good. We'll make you a director. Now say after me, "down with the BBC!"

WINSTON:

Down with the BBC!

VISION MASTER:

Drink.

FX:

SMASHING GLASSES

WINSTON:

We drank and smashed our glasses in the fire place. I had to borrow a spare pair to find my way home. As I walked home I paused only to build a rough brick radiogram to play a record of Ray Ellington and his proles.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL'

MORIARTY:

Silence! And... Stop! Attention! 846 Winston Seagoon. You are under arrest for conspiring with the Independent Television Army. You will await detention by the studio attendants. You will then be prepared for the agonising death type three.

WINSTON:

Had they suspected me?

MORIARTY:

Silence!! You will be taken to room... 101!

WINSTON:

No! Not 101! Not the listening room! Oh, noo!!! (CRYING "NO... NO..." OFF INTO THE BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TOP OF WINSTON CRYING) I would just like to mention that the Radio Times is now on sale at all book stores price thruppence. And jolly good value for money it is, too.

WINSTON:

No! No! Let me go! Why are they strapping me in this box? Why these earphones?

VISION MASTER:

Hello, Winston, laddie.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman. So they got you, too...

VISION MASTER:

Yes, they got me a long time ago. I remember the date, Monday night at eight. Now Winston, we must torture you..

WINSTON:

You... you traitor! You deceived me!

VISION MASTER:

Yes. Of course, you can save yourself.

WINSTON:

How?

VISION MASTER:

Just sign this three-year BBC contract.

WINSTON:

What if I refuse?

VISION MASTER:

You have no option.

WINSTON:

A BBC contract with no option? Impossible. What has become of my beloved? What have you done to Miss Fnuutt?

VISION MASTER:

Fnutt will never walk the streets again.

WINSTON:

Why not?

VISION MASTER:

She's bought a scooter. Now, are you going to sign?

WINSTON:

Fno, fno!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, turn the knob to 247 metres.

GRAMS:

'MRS DALES DIARY', GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

No! No! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it, I can't stand it! Stop it! Stop that! No! (BREAKS DOWN INTO 'NO'S AND SOBS)

VISION MASTER:

You going to sign, Winston?

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, 330 metres.

GRAMS:

'LIFE WITH LYONS' SPEED UP

WINSTON:

No! No, stop! Stop! Aarggh! Aarggh! Aarghh! Ooow! No! Oh! Oh! You fiend, to let me hear that!

VISION MASTER:

Sign!

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

You won't sign?

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade...

GRAMS:

'HAVE A GO' GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

Nooo!! Not that. No! Stop! Stop! No! No. Noooo! No! No.

VISION MASTER:

I warn you, Winston. Here, we can change people into somebody else. You know Eccles?

WINSTON:

Yes?

VISION MASTER:

He used to be Issy Bonn.

WINSTON:

You're lying!

VISION MASTER:

You think so? Greenslade, call Barbara Kelly.

GREENSLADE:

(CALLING) Miss Kelly!

ELLINGTON:

Yes, you calling me, Ronnie?

VISION MASTER:

Ahh, Barbara, dear. What's your line?

ELLINGTON:

Ah, coloured television.

VISION MASTER:

Thank you, dear. Back on the old flying wire.

WINSTON:

You fiend. Poor Barbara Kelly.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, on the contrary, we think it's a great improvement.

WINSTON:

It must be terrible at bedtime with Braden.

VISION MASTER:

Well, it gets dark early in Canada, you know.

WINSTON:

So the awful torture went on. In three days I lost ten stone. My weight went down to a mere twenty stone. I looked so old and ill, Wilfred Pickles demanded me for his TV programme. Then... then the torture started again!

GRAMS:

SECOMBE OPERA RECORD

WINSTON:

No! No! No! Stop, this is agony! Stop that voice! Stop that voice! Stop that voice! Stop it! Whose is it?

VISION MASTER:

Yours!

WINSTON:

(CLAPPING) More! Bravo! More, More! More! Encore! More! More! More! Let's have him back again, short fat fellow with the glasses, more!

VISION MASTER:

Moriarty? Take over, I'm going to Jim Davidson for a saxophone lesson.

MORIARTY:

Very good. (CALLING) Little torturer!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter torturer Bluebottle, with junior cardboard cut out torture kit.

MORIARTY:

Listen, little Lurgi-ridden Knyuckoe. Prepare the screaming agony rack.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, goody, goody! Thinks: Perhaps 1985 is going to be a good year for Bloonbontle. Starts to get agony set ready.

WINSTON:

(APPEALING FRANTICALLY) No. No, Bluebottle. Don't do it. Remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Your old pal, Neddie Seagoon? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha... Your friend? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

My friend.

WINSTON:

Yes, Bluebottle, you remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're the one who deads me every week, aren't you. Ehee hee hehe!! Thinks: I know the very thing for him. Prepares dirty big pile of dreaded dynamite. Eheehee! I like this game, now, I do, I like this.

WINSTON:

(NERVOUS TITTER) Bluebottle! Bluebottle, (NERVOUS TITTER) stop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

There. All is ready for the dreaded deading of the traitor Seagoon. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to witness... that... for the first timeules in the history of the Goon Showns, Bluebottlins will not be deaded. Observe: I light a hundred foot fuse: so. Now, all that remains... is for me to escape. Taxi to the airport!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Airplane, drive me to America!

GRAMS:

JET TAKING OFF FAST

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Horse, drive to the desert!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF FADE (COCONUT SHELLS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ladies and gentlemen. Observe. I am now six thousand miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am safe in the middle of the desert.

FX:

MIGHTY EXPLOSION, FALLING RUBBLE AND METAL

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheeheehuu!!! You rotten swines, you! Ehehehu! Exits left, never to play this rotten game again! Never! Never! Thinks: all right then, next week. Ohh! Look at my knees, they've gone!

WINSTON:

Meantime, back in the BBC listening room, I struggled to free myself before the dynamite exploded.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Seagoon.

WINSTON:

Bloodnok! Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Quick, untie him.

ECCLES:

OK, I'd better hurry up before the...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

That's got his legs free.

WINSTON:

Yes, but where are they?

ECCLES:

Here dey are...

MINNICK:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screen.

WINSTON:

Look, it's Horrace Minnick!

MINNICK:

Listen! Listen! Great news! After a telephone conversation lasting three days and bribes worth ten pounds, I have gained control of the BBC.

WINSTON:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

MINNICK:

And here is the first of our new style Independent Television Army programmes!

GRAMS:

'RAYS'S A LAUGH' SPEEDING UP UNDER:

WINSTON:

No! No! I can't stand it!

OMNES:

Hate, hate, hate, hate...

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND UNDER, FADING FOR...

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

NOTES:

Ronnie Waldman: BBC Radio show host 'Monday Night At Seven' (and, later, 'Eight'), later became Head of BBC Light Entertainment.

Maurice Winnick: booking agent and producer - bid for the first set of UK independent television licenses. Obviously no relation of "Horace Minnick".

Paul Fenoulhet: a conductor of various BBC orchestras, Audrey Cameron: a BBC producer.

Ben Lyon: American actor - BBC radio situation comedy "Life with the Lyons" along with kids and

wife (Bebe Daniels, hence the "I hate BB, too." joke)

Len Hutton (excellent batsman) was opening bat and Captain of the British Team touring Australia at the time, he was out in the first over of the first innings of the first Test after only one scoring shot. He only averaged 21.5 in these Tests, less than half his career average of 54. Not a performance that the English fans expected.

Charlie Chester: stand-up comedian, Bob Monkhouse: British comedian, Gilbert Harding: BBC TV presenter (eg "What's My Line")

Issy Bonn: Jewish Musical Hall comedian from 40's and 50's

Barbara Kelly: Canadian born comedienne and actress - 'What's My Line' panellist. Together with husband Bernard Braden did a light-hearted BBC radio show, originally "Breakfast with Braden" later "Bedtime with Braden".

S5 E16 - The Case of the Missing Heir

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections by Kurt Adkins. Further corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. We commence with the Greenslade impressions. (CLEARS THROAT)
Hoo-hoooo! Chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff... Oh, look, I'm a train! Chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff... Hoo-hoooo!
Hoo-hoooooooooooo....

MILLIGAN:

It's going to be a long hard winter.

GREENSLADE:

And now listeners, I would like to thank those of you who sent old Greenslade all those lovely gifts of ties, socks and shirts. Keep sending them in Greensladers and here is my new address: Greenslade's Natty Gents Outfitters, Petticoat Lane, London. TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRE..

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

And that signals the start of another highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

WEDDING MARCH AND CHURCH BELLS.

OMNES:

13 SECONDS OF LOTS LOUD GARBLED TALKING, AT LEAST THREE PEOPLE, DIFFERENT ACCENTS
(FADES)

SECOMBE:

(WELSH ACCENT) This has nothing to do with the show, but isn't it beautiful, oh. Lovely, weddings, aren't they? Yes. (LAUGHS) Greenslade? Take off that transparent nightshirt – and spiel.

GREENSLADE:

Leedies and gintlepongs, from the story by Franz Lehar, we tell a tale of the Austro-Hungarian Empire when Vienna was young and gay and Vic Oliver was still bumming his way round the working men's clubs.

GRAMS:

MANDOLIN MUSIC

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Austria between the years nineteen-oh-eight and nineteen-oh-ten. Or to be exact: nineteen-oh-nine. The scene opens in the rural hamlet of Baik, situated on the river Bonce. But then you've all heard of Baik-on-Bonce.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Bacon-bonce. In that fateful year, I, Neddie Seagoon, was on a walking tour of the Austrian Istrium. By chance I was given a ticket for the Grand Ball held at the schloss Brandenburg in honour of the Emperor's son, Crun Pince... Arnold.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the Crown Prinrz, being of the house of Eidelburgher, was the heir. But we reactionaries did not want another Eidelburgher on the throne. So that night at the grand ball we conspired.

GRAMS:

WALTZ MUSIC FADES INTO BACKGROUND UNDER WHOLE SCENE TO NEXT GRAMS:

MINNIE:

(OVER MUSIC) Owhehhh... aaaah, owhehhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, there you are Count Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Goodharpen Herr Colonel Grytpype. I've been looking for you all over the ball room.

GRYTPYPE:

You fool, you made it so obvious, hanging on the chandelier.

MORIARTY:

Achtung, listen, we must talk together.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I'll wait until you've finished.

MORIARTY:

Look, let us go outside on ze balcony.

GRYTPYPE:

No we mustn't do that, we're being watched.

MORIARTY:

How can we talk without arousing suspicion?

GRYTPYPE:

I have it! Come close.

MORIARTY:

Yah.

GRYTPYPE:

Hold tight, now. And; one, two, three; one, two, three; chasse reverse turn...

MORIARTY:

My, you waltz divinely. Now we can talk without drawing attention to each other.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Do you come here often?

GRYTPYPE:

Only for assassinations.

MORIARTY:

Good.

GRYTPYPE:

One, two, three.

MORIARTY:

Ah, assassinations, that brings us to the point of Crown Prince Arnold. What is the plan for him?

GRYTPYPE:

Well...

MORIARTY:

Ja?.

GRYTPYPE:

This night he is sleeping in the castle.

MORIARTY:

Ah, hah?

GRYTPYPE:

At the hour of midnight we must place a bomb in his bed. Two, three.

MORIARTY:

But surely he's bound to feel a cold bomb.

GRYTPYPE:

No, not if it's put inside a hot water bottle. Two, three.

MORIARTY:

Good, I'll tell you what we'll do...

SEAGOON:

Pardon me.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

May I cut in? This is an excuse me dance, you know.

MORIARTY:

Curse! I'll see you later, Colonel Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Very good, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Auf wiedersehen.

GRYTPYPE:

Al feezele-hurn.

SEAGOON:

Would you mind taking your knees out of my eyes?

GRYTPYPE:

I beg your pardon.

SEAGOON:

I say, I hope you didn't mind me excusing you.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I love competition.

SEAGOON:

I'm Neddie Seagoon, English tourist you know. I'm on a walking tour.

GRYTPYPE:

I thought this couldn't be dancing.

GRAMS:

WALTZ STOPS. DRUM ROLL, TRUMPET FANFARE.

GREENSLADE:

Their imperial majesties, the Emperor and Empress Farendel el il Juan del la bush catalarena of Sardinia.

OMNES:

Umm, yuhmyum... (GENERAL MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

His excellency, the Count Diseccles. Ambassador to the Royal Principality of the House of Yourgenbourg the second.

OMNES:

Umm, yumyum... (GENERAL MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

Fred Smith.

OMNES:

Owl... (MUCH MORE ENTHUSIAST MUTTERINGS)

SEAGOON:

I say, that's our British Ambassador.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG. MORE PENNIES BEING COLLECTED CONTINUES UNDER:

AMBASSADOR:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, thank you very much, thank you.

SEAGOON:

There he goes, collecting for Britain.

FX:

DISTANT PENNY IN CUP.

SEAGOON:

And here comes the Prime Minister.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Ah! Ahem, good morning... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Good evening.

SEAGOON:

I say, your voice has changed.

CHURCHILL:

Yes, don't you read the papers? (SILLY LAUGH)

MORIARTY:

Thank you, thank you. Next dance, please. Now then, Colonel Grytpype, I have some bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Bad news?

MORIARTY:

The man who was going to plant the bomb has got cold feet.

GRYTPYPE:

I told you not to send a man without socks.

MORIARTY:

We must find some other Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Another Charlie, eh?

MORIARTY:

Ja.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, ah, lets go into the throne room.

FX:

RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh....

GRYTPYPE:

Curse, somebody's in there.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'd better be going to bed now, it's way past nine o'clock you know.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, wait, Neddie, wait! Just a moment, mmm, mmm. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What's this?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, this is the Charlie for the bomb plan.

MORIARTY:

What? But this idiot is English.

GRYTPYPE:

Is there any other kind? (GOING OFF) Now listen, what I have in mind is this: What you must do is...

GREENSLADE:

If I might make so bold, I would like to remind listeners that next week's RadioTimes is now on sale at all reliable bookstalls, price thruppence, and containing a wealth of jolly good information. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

The two men finished whispering and then spoke.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, take off that three-ply deer stalker.

SEAGOON:

There you are.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Moriarty have a look at our English friend.

MORIARTY:

Arluuurgh (THROWING UP NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

Precisely. But look at the birth mark on the lining of his hat.

MORIARTY:

Ja, it says 'mother'.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that. I had it tattooed in at Portsmouth.

MORIARTY:

Sapriski Nuckoes. That is the royal birthmark of the Dimburghers.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've been told that often.

MORIARTY:

Naturally. Your rightful place is on the throne.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but it's locked.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Let me tell you a folklore. When you were but a month old, you were snatched from your cradle and an impostor was put in your place. And then...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that. Yes, you, poor lad, were wrapped in a copy of the Radio Times and placed on the door step of a barber shop.

SEAGOON:

I know, I hated that barber.

GRYTPYPE:

He took you in, didn't he?

SEAGOON:

Not until I was twenty three. By that time I was too big to step over.

GRYTPYPE:

Never the less, you are now the heir to the throne.

SEAGOON:

Me, Emperor of Austria-Hungaria? Ha ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, we'll have a grand time won't we? Ha ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Wine and girls and wine and girls...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

...and girls and singing. (SINGS) Be my love, speak to me Thora, speak to me Thora... Ha ha ha I'm King. huh, Good luck, I'm King. ah ha. I must send a postcard to the lads, mustn't I.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha, (SINGS) mister what ya call 'er, what ya doing to night? I'm an emperor, aren't we allllllllll?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

Well, my loyal subject, where's the keys to the old royal purse, eh? hmmn hmmn hmmn. And while we're giving orders. Get me a princess, ha ha ha humho oh, ah (CONTINUES LAUGHING UNDER)

MORIARTY:

Not... not so fast Crown Prince Charlie. Yes! Before we can take office, there is one little job you must do.

SEAGOON:

Just say the word.

MORIARTY:

Assassinate Crown Prince Arnold.

SEAGOON:

(GULP)

FX:

CLATTER OF BODY FALLING TO FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

Stretcher bearer Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The rightful heir, part two. And I quote from the Radio Times: "Until the plot to eliminate Crown Prince Arnold has been perfected, the rightful heir Ned Seagoon is kept in the gasthaus of Fred Cafe. Bett und frühstück, zwei mark. Proprietor, Herr Crun."

SEAGOON:

Guten morgen, Herr alber.

CRUN:

Guten morgen, mein hairy. Do you want breakfast now or will you wait until it's ready?

SEAGOON:

Yes, six boiled eggs.

CRUN:

Errr, mnnrq, mnn. Good, good, good, good, good. I'll just shout down the hatch. Frau Bannister?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Ja wahl, buddy.

CRUN:

Sechs gekochte eier

MINNIE:

(OFF) Sechs gekochte eier.

CRUN:

Kaffee, mein hairy?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Kaffee, mein hairy.

CRUN:

Und eine carfsa Kaffee.

MINNIE:

Nmm yaka da bool... un dine carff da coffee.

SEAGOON:

With milk.

CRUN:

Mit eine bitte milch.

MINNIE:

(OFF) wid in bidnn milk.

CRUN:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

Oh, and... and... and bread and butter.

CRUN:

Und brot mit butter.

MINNIE:

Und breid mit butter mnn mnnn mnn.

CRUN:

Anything else?

SEAGOON:

No, thank you.

CRUN:

Then I'll just go down into the kitchen.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

Minnie doesn't understand German.

SEAGOON:

I sat back to read a picture of King Edward. I was just about to draw a moustache on the portrait... when through the window...

FX:

WINDOW SMASHING, FALLING GLASS

SEAGOON:

It was a stone with a man tied to it.

ECCLES:

Hullooo. Oh, it's good to be alive.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you ragged idiot.

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles and I've got a message for you.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

FX:

UNSCRUNCHING PAPER

SEAGOON:

This paper is blank.

ECCLES:

I know, I've got to write the message on it. Now then, what's your name.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Ok. 'Dear Seagoon, the man who is writing this note has a message for you. Signed... signed, Eccles'. Dere, read that!

SEAGOON:

Is it for me?

ECCLES:

Let me see, is your name Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yup, it's for you, yup.

SEAGOON:

Who's it from?

ECCLES:

Um, who's it from, now, let me see um. Signed Enk, signed Enk, signed Enkles, no dats not it. Got da word here, got, I got it, I got it, I got, don't worry. Si.. Ohhh!, signed Eccles, it's, it's from me! Its from me.

SEAGOON:

Give it here, let me see it. 'Dowr Siegloon, Der mon roose nat lar fir grut olg folg marg, siginned Eccelis'.

ECCLES:

Huh ho, I made a right mess of that, didn't I! Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Caxton. It so happens I overheard you writing this note.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Oh, well, burn that note quick.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I don't want people to think that I'm illiterate. Hu ho.

SEAGOON:

Why not? You have the personality to carry it off.

ECCLES:

Oh, you think so?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oh, it's good to be alive! Good to be al...

SEAGOON:

Now, hurry up and give me that message.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. You got to go to the castle of the imperial Hussars and ask the commander for the secret parcel.

SEAGOON:

Secret parcel? Right!

ECCLES:

Yup. Well, I've gotta be off now. Goodbye.

SEAGOON:

Goodbye.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS, GETTING FASTER AND FASTER RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I've never seen a mans boots move so fast.

ECCLES:

Neither have I, I'd better run after 'em. Huh ho!

SEAGOON:

Wait, we'll come with you.

FX:

WHOOSH... WHOOSH, WHOOSH WOOSH. DOOR CLOSES. (8 SECONDS OF SILENCE)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen. We would like to explain the reason for that extended silence. It's quite simple. When Ned Seagoon and the famous Eccles departed, the room was left empty. Hence the lack of sound. In case any of you have just switched on, here once again is the sound of an empty room.

FX:

(9 SECONDS OF SILENCE)

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. I leave you with the empty room.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Aarr, ar er.

FX:

CUPS AND SAUCES BEING CLINKED. UNDER:

CRUN:

Come along, Min.

MINNIE:

I'm coming, buddy, coming. I'm coming, buddy.

CRUN:

Well, here's your breakfast, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Six sei zwei eggs, six eggs.

CRUN:

zweis eggs.

MINNIE:

Six eggs in German.

CRUN:

Coffee mit milk, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

With the milk, yes.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Grapefruit buddy.

CRUN:

Got the grapefruit.

MINNIE:

Got all the stuff. They got the salt for him, Henry?

CRUN:

Yes, I got mnn...

MINNIE:

He'll like this breakfast, it's lovely little...

CRUN:

It's a beautiful breakfast, Min.

MINNIE:

I hope you enjoy it, Herr Seagoon. I... I do hope...

CRUN:

Well...

MINNIE:

I hope you enjoy it.

CRUN:

Bon appetite, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Bon appetite.

FX:

(2 SECOND PAUSE) DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

What, Hen?

CRUN:

Herr Seagoon isn't here.

MINNIE:

Perhaps he's gone out for some breakfast.

CRUN:

Yes, he must have gone out.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Lets have a look for him...

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE.

CRUN:

Herr...

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

...Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr Hairy Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr... Herr Seagoon? Herr... Herr... ere...

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Herr Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Eeere Mn-Err, Hairy Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Seagooooon?

MINNIE:

Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

CRUN:

He's not here, Min.

MINNIE:

You mean I've cooked all this breakfast for nothing!

CRUN:

No, Minnie, it wasn't my fault, Min.

MINNIE:

No, Henry, I don't like this sort of mnn German espionage...

CRUN:

Naughty Minnie, don't lose you temper again.

FX:

SERIES OF BREAKING WINDOWS WITH MIN & CRUN ARGUING, PROGRESSES TO STAMPEDING RABBLE, DISTANT BUGLE CHARGE, DIVE BOMBER, MACHINE GUN, EXPLOSION, FALLING GLASS AND RUBBLE, YELLS FROM MIN.

CRUN:

Min, let's not start a quarrel.

MINNIE:

I'm not quarrelling, Henry, I'm... buddy, I'm not quarrelling.

CRUN:

Do you mean that, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I love you, Henry, buddy.

CRUN:

Well, if you love me, put that piano down.

MINNIE:

Why, I didn't know I had it, you know I'm musi-musical.

CRUN:

Come along, Min. Poor Hairy Seagoon has gone without his breakfast, we must go and...

MINNIE:

...we must get him...

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

GREENSLADE:

Little do they know that by now Seagoon had reached the castle of the Imperial Hussars.

SEAGOON:

Little did they know that... Greenslade was right! But how did *he* know?

GREENSLADE:

Simple. I has the foresight to purchase a copy of my Radio Times, well in advance. Thereby enabling me to read the plot of The Goon Show five whole days before it was broadcast. *There's value for you!*

SEAGOON:

Ahoooooy there in the castle.

BLOODNOK:

Crod me klerdler and hit me naughty splew. That sounds like him, Charlie the First. Tallula?

ELLINGTON:

Yes sir?

BLOODNOK:

Lower the drawbridge.

ELLINGTON:

Ying tong iddle i po.

BLOODNOK & SEAGOON:

Good!

FX:

RATTLE OF CHAINS.

BLOODNOK:

Right, come across.

SEAGOON:

I can't. It's on me foot.

BLOODNOK:

We'll raise it a bit.

FX:

CHAINS.

BLOODNOK:

Come on in.

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Moggle me steaming chuff. Two feet off the ground and he walks under it!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Lower it.

FX:

CHAINS. CRASH.

SEAGOON:

Ohhhh, my bonce!

BLOODNOK:

You know it just isn't his day, that...

SEAGOON:

You fool! Ooooh. Do you realise I'm Crown Prince Neddie?

BLOODNOK:

Crown Prince Nurgle?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

What? Ohh, please Neddie, forgive an old campagner. I'll go to me room and I'll shoot meself.

ELLINGTON:

You can shoot yourself out here.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Do you want me to catch death of cold? No, I'll do it in my room like a soldier and a man.
Sire, could you lend me a pistol?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

A dagger?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

A sword?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Ten bob?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Good, I'll borrow that. Honour is satisfied. Unseal the NAAFI! Now, your highness, the secret parcel here is for you.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING NOISES) It's heavy, isn't it?

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) I'm still holding on to it! Oh, now, now, this is to be placed in the bed of that impostor... Crown Prince Arnold. But first, pull up a portcullis and listen to Gladys Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS "GIVE ME YOUR WORD YOUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE."

SEAGOON:

Disguising myself as a chamber maid, I took the secret parcel into the bedroom of Crown Prince Arnold. Three hours later I managed to get out. My disguise had been too perfect!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhhh, Crown Prince Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Colonel Grytpype. I put the parcel in his bed. What is in it?

GRYTPYPE:

A time bomb.

SEAGOON:

But isn't that dangerous?

GRYTPYPE:

Only when it explodes. Now what you have to do is to rouse the villagers.

SEAGOON:

Are they asleep?

GRYTPYPE:

No more than usual. Moriarty, a horse for the Crown Prince nnn.

MORIARTY:

That's a fair swap.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm off to rally the villagers around my banner. Gid-up there.

FX:

GALLOPING HOOVES OVER:

GRAMS:

CHASE MUSIC.

FX:

(GRAMS STOP) HOOVES COME TO A STOP (SLIDING NOISE). QUICK KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSING. GALLOPING. KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Oh, good luck.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED QUICKLY.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Blimey, you back again?

SEAGOON:

Right, gid-up.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING (SHORT DISTANCE). KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Ah, your breakfast is ready.

SEAGOON:

Not now. We're starting the revolution.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. QUICK KNOCK. DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight? Oh, I must warn the villagers.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. DOOR KNOCKING. OPENED DOOR.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Look here mate, don't keep picking on me, try that house over there.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. KNOCK. DOOR OPENED.

WILLIUM:

We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

Look here, don't keep picking on me, try that house over there.

WILLIUM:

Right, mate.

SEAGOON:

By the way, is that phone call for me?

WILLIUM:

Which one?

FX:

PHONE RINGING.

SEAGOON:

That one.

WILLIUM:

Pick it up and see.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello?

WILLIUM:

(ON PHONE) We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

GALLOPING. KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

MINNIE:

We'll have breakfast tonight.

SEAGOON:

Where's my revolution.

WILLIUM:

Excuse me.

SEAGOON:

Certainly.

GRAMS:

SLOW DANCE MUSIC.

GRYTPYPE:

We just don't care do we? We know we haven't won the award.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in the bedroom of the Crown Prince, it is two minutes to nine.

FX:

LOUD TICKING OF TIME BOMB OVER: DOOR OPENS. MOUTH NOISES, LIGHT SNORING, SIGHES, SMACKING OF LIPS, SNORING, EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

That's it, he's gone!

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GRYTPYPE:

Something has gone wrong with our plans, I've had news that the Crown Prince left for Switzerland this morning.

SEAGOON:

But... but who was in his bed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines you!!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND DOWN UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

TO END OF THEME TUNE.

Notes:

"Gasthaus of Fred Cafe. Bett und fruehstueck en zwei mark proprietor Herr Crun." translates as "Guesthouse Fred Cafe. Bed and breakfast two marks, proprietor mister Crun."

Caxton is the man who made the first printing press.

"Tallula" is possibly a reference to Tallula Bankhead (1902-1968), an exotic American actress with a spicy private life.

S5 E17 - China Story

Transcribed by Simon Rushbrook. Original HTML version by Kurt Adkins. Corrections by Paul Webster and Tony Wills. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. And jolly good programmes they put on, too.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh, isn't he a lovely talker?

SECOMBE:

(STRAINED) Thank you. Could you say some more, mister, please?

GREENSLADE:

Why, certainly. This *is* Wallace Greenslade saying "Winds light to variable". (VERY THEATRICAL) Oh, Greenslade, how can they afford you?

SECOMBE:

Because twelve shillings a week is nothing to the highly esteemed... Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

ETHNIC PERCUSSION AND VOCALS, INDIAN STYLE.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, listeners. Next dance, please. Mister Greenslade, loosen that plastic sporran and make the annincemints.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners and losteners, we present an ancient Chinese play translated from an old Greek soup recipe found engraved on the seat of a dustman's trousers in East Acton. The trousers can now be inspected in the Science Museum, internal combustion section. This play was especially writted for the wireless.

SELLERS:

(VERY THEATRICAL) Wireless! Curse! This means the end of the horned phonograph and the little doggie that looks into it. Exits left.

FX:

GONG STRIKES

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE) Hello, you there. Oh, boy. Get this. We give you, and how, one hot story of old home town. Okay, Wally, take it away. Overture and beginners for China Story. Oh, boy.

FX:

GONG STRIKES

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LEAD IN - CHINESE FLAVOUR.

OMNES:

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

OMNES:

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

SEAGOON:

Strange people, the Chinese. There are over 500 million of them.

FLOWERDEW:

Well, they've only got themselves to blame!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, registrar of births. My name is Neddie Seagoon and my char-lady calls me "Ducks", due to a certain disease I have! I'm well-known in China and voted best dressed man of 1904... in 1955! Hmm hmm hmm hmm. Yes.

GRAMS:

HARRY SECOMBE WHINING IN HIGH PITCH VOICE, FOLLOWED BY A SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

It was Christmas night on the waterfront of Shanghai. Still, it had to come some time. (LAUGHS). Hm, hmm, yes. As I walked the crowded streets, people seemed to know I was British. Was it my bearing? The cut of my dentures? Or was it the eight foot flood-lit Union Jack tied round my head? I'll never know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yikes, Tally-Ho, nutty! Have a noodle.

SEAGOON:

The words came from a two-legged, grey-headed man going bald at the knees. He was bent backwards eating a plate of un-chopped-suey from a leopard skin bladder. With a wave of his foot he beckoned me over.

GRYTPYPE:

He ignored my invitation, but then I said something that had him at my side – money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a noodle.

FX:

CLUNK.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. You called me over?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Well you have a kind face.

SEAGOON:

You can't have it, it's a fixture.

GRYTPYPE:

A fixture, eh? My, you *are* lumbered.

SEAGOON:

Have a care, sir. I'm not a man to be laughed at.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, I've seen your act, The... er... singing shaver, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

I have my dark secrets.

ELLINGTON:

Man, so do I.

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington, or I'll have the white-wash brush to yuh.

GRYTPYPE:

Well said, Neddie. Oh, Neddie, this gentleman here is Count Moriarty, French overland saxophone champion.

SEAGOON:

(SPEAKING FRENCH FLUENTLY).

MORIARTY:

So, the pen of your aunt is in the garden, eh? You're a stranger in China, eh, lad?

SEAGOON:

Stranger? I came here as a boy.

GRYTPYPE:

I didn't think you came here as a girl. Oh, I don't know, though. You Chinese are damn clever people.

SEAGOON:

I'll have you know I'm English.

MORIARTY:

English? But that ragged kilt and your toes sticking out the end of your feet.

SEAGOON:

In my position, that's no shame.

MORIARTY:

You're not...

SEAGOON:

Yes! The British Ambassador.

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fellow, you must be starving. Have a noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter? Two ice-rickshaws and a firkin of rice. So, you're the British ambassador?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (SINGS)

There'll always be an England

And England shall be free.

If England means as much to you

As England means to meeeeee.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

MORIARTY:

They wish to know that. Ah, do we take it, Mister Seagoon, that you are pressed for money?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Hmm, interesting, eh, Colonel Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Come, Neddie, have another noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, how would you like 50 million yen?

SEAGOON:

In cash.

MORIARTY:

Crazy boy Seagoon. You've heard of the fiendish Chinese nationalist leader?

SEAGOON:

Not... General Kash-Mai-Chek?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Listen, lad, he's willing to pay that sum to anybody who can smuggle him a certain English Rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, gentlemen.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Neddie, this is the plan.

SPRIGGS:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, kind sirs. Will you three gentlemen be sitting here for the next few minutes?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, Yes.

SPRIGGS:

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS)

I'm only a strolling vagabond

So good night pretty maiden goodnight.

I'm bound for the hills

And the valleys beyond.

So good night pretty maiden goodnight night.

Oh, goodnight. Oh, goodnight.

Goodnight, pretty maiden, goodniiiiight.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now Seagoon this is the idea we have...

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemon. You heard my melody. And I think...

FX:

MONEY BOX SHAKING.

SPRIGGS:

...that this little wooden box, with the slit in the top, speaks for itself.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Neddie, the first thing you have to do...

SPRIGGS:

(CLEARS THROAT) Gentlemen. I understand. You want an encore. Ohhhh, Joyyyy. (SINGS)

A gypsy am I

A-wandering by...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SPRIGGS:

Urgghh!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty. Just check the little wooden box, would you? Now, Seajoon. Think our offer over and er, I'll get in touch with you on the phone tomorrow.

SEAGOON:

Till tomorrow, then.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

OMNES:

CHINESE CROWD CHATTERING.

SEAGOON:

Back at the embassy I pondered over Grytpype-Thynne's offer. Why on earth did General Kash-Mai-Chek want a certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders? Heh, heh, heh.

Cunning people, the fiendish Chinese. You never know which where they're going to go! I was just about to retire for the night when... when there was a tap at the window.

FX:

TAP ON WINDOW - OPEN WINDOW.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Hello? Anybody out there in the dark?

FX:

WOODEN BOX OF MONEY RATTLES.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond, so...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Got 'im.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[SELLERS]

(EFFEMINATE) Call for you, you're through.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING DOWN PHONE)...oh, goodnight pretty maiden...

FX:

HANGUP PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Blast that man.

FX:

RATTLING DOOR HANDLE, DOOR OPENS.

DELIVERY MAN:

[SELLERS]

Sir. This record has just arrived, marked urgent.

SEAGOON:

Quick put it on.

FX:

SCRATCHY GRAMOPHONE STARTS PLAYING.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING FROM GRAMOPHONE)...oh, goodnight pretty maiden...

FX:

RECORD BREAKING/SNAPPING/DROPPED IN BIN.

SEAGOON:

A pox on the man.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT - OTHER END OF THE PHONE) Neddie? Grytpype-Thynne here. Have you made a decision about the certain English upright?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I need the money, I'll do the job. But where do I get that certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Go to the tea-house of the August Goon.

SEAGOON:

Just a minute, I'll take that down.

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

"Go to the tea-house of the August", there, right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Got that down?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Burn it at once.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now set fire to the ashes.

SEAGOON:

Yes - Yes, I've done that.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Good, now memorise the remains.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Splendid. Now say after me, "I am an idiot".

SEAGOON:

I am an idiot.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Right. Now, when you arrive there, knock six thousand times and ask for Ah-Pong.

SEAGOON:

But how do I get there?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) How do you get there? Where are you now?

SEAGOON:

I'm standing by the phone.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Good, start asking your way from there.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

PHONE PUT BACK ON HOOK.

SEAGOON:

I should be there in three minutes. Just enough time for a fiendish Chinese gentleman, Mlax Geldray, to have a blowout.

MAX GELDRAY AND THE ORCHESTRA.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTERING.

SEAGOON:

On arrival at the tea house, as instructed, I knocked six thousand times.

GRAMS:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING (TAKES 36 SECS ALTOGETHER).

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Tea house of the August Gloom?

THROAT:

No.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Curse, it's next door! It's always next door in China.

GRAMS:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING (28 SECONDS).

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

AH-PONG:

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE) Someblody knock?

SEAGOON:

Yeah. Tea-house of August Goon?

AH-PONG:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Are you Ah-Pong?

AH-PONG:

Yes, we are ah-pong till eleven o'clock.

SEAGOON:

I've come about a certain English rosewood upright.

AH-PONG:

Ah, you are Neleddy Sleegoon, yeah?

SEAGOON:

Yes, Blitish Amblassador.

AH-PONG:

Ah, glood, glood, glood! Follow me, please. (MORE SLURRED CHINESE SOUNDING WORDS).

SEAGOON:

I was lead through a bead curtain and across a floor so cunningly laid that no matter where you stood it was always under your feet. In the far corner of the tea-room I could see the sinister oriental saxophonist Fred Fu Manchu playing strict tempo Chinese ballroom music.

GRAMS:

'CHINESE' BALLROOM MUSIC WITH HIGH PITCHED SPED UP VOICE OVER.

SEAGOON:

Finally, I was lead before a military man reclining on a coolie.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaah! So you're the man who's going to do the job?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

So, about the certain English rosewood upright piano.

SEAGOON:

Yes, where is it?

BLOODNOK:

Up river at the Kowloon Missionary.

SEAGOON:

Kowloon? That's six hundred miles from here.

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE, SILENCE, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING BACK TOWARDS MICROPHONE.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Yes. It's exactly six hundred miles.

BLOODNOK:

That's too far to travel. Therefore, we shall take the fiendish Chinese river-steamer – tonight!

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC, ORIENTAL FLAVOUR.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

SEAGOON:

In the darkness we sat huddled on the fiendish Chinese river-steamer. The silence broken only by the sound of the silence being broken.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Seagoon! I've just been speaking to the fiendish Chinese Captain. He says we'll be in Kowloon at twenty three hundred hours.

SEAGOON:

What time is that?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, my watch only goes up to twelve.

SEAGOON:

Curse this fiendish Chinese triple-summertime.

FX:

SPLASH.

CHINESE SAILOR:

Ah! A man overboard.

SEAGOON:

I see him. Quick Bloodnok - hold my coat.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Brave man, Seagoon, brave man. Brave, brave man. Now let me see (SINGS TO HIMSELF) La dee, la dah, dah dee... blast not a penny in any of his pockets.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I've got him. Haul me aboard.

FX:

STRUGGLING SOUNDS, 'CHINESE' MUTTERINGS.

SEAGOON:

Lay him down gently.

BLOODNOK:

Poor fellow, he's soaking wet.

SEAGOON:

Strange, it hasn't been raining.

SPRIGGS:

Unnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming one.

SPRIGGS:

Unnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming two.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, poor wayfarer?

SPRIGGS:

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS) I'm only a strolling vaga... Wohhuup!

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Well hurled! Full spleed ahelead.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC NAUTICAL LINK.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER UNDER:

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

SEAGOON:

By mid-day the following month we arrived at the fiendish Chinese river port of Kowloon.

BLOODNOK:

But, to our heared horror, we discovered that missionary Crun had put the certain English rosewood piano up for auction.

SEAGOON:

We had no option but to bid against three hundred fiendish oriental John Chinamen.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTER UNDER:

FX:

GAVEL HIT THREE TIMES

CRUN:

Attention, fiendish Chinese bidders. The auction commences. First object to come under the hammer is this glass jar.

FX:

GLASS JAR SMASHED BY HAMMER

CRUN:

The next object is this certain English rosewood upright. Now then, mnk, let us start the bidding at one pound.

SECOMBE:

(CHINESE) One plound tlen.

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE) Two pounds.

ELLINGTON:

(CHINESE) Three plound.

SECOMBE:

Three plounds tlen.

SELLERS:

(CHINESE) Thlee plounds fifteen.

SECOMBE:

Thlee pounds flifteen and slixpence.

MILLIGAN:

Flour plounds.

GREENSLADE:

Flour plounds tlen.

SELLERS:

Flour pounds ten and seberence.

SECOMBE:

Five plounds.

CRUN:

Flive plounds.

MILLIGAN:

Flive plounds flive.

CRUN:

Any advlance on flive pounds flive?

GREENSLADE:

(CHINESE) Flive pounds flive flup-pence.

MILLIGAN:

Slix plounds.

SELLERS:

Slix plound tlen.

SECOMBE:

Seven plounds.

ELLINGTON:

Seven plounds tlen and fluppence.

MILLIGAN:

Ploo-plon-plee.

SECOMBE:

Plee-plon-ploo.

SELLERS:

Plee-plon-tong.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

OMNES:

Good!

CRUN:

Any advance on Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po? (FADES) Any advance on Ying tong iddle i po?

OMNES:

GENERAL HUBBUB OF 'CHINESE' VOICES IN BACKGROUND.

GREENSLADE:

(HIMSELF) Ladies and gentlemen, the BBC have asked me to tell you the sentence Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po has no meaning at all and is not a form of currency. Therefore, in bidding Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po for the piano, it has proved that the bidders are fiendish Chinese. We return you now to the fiendish auction.

OMNES:

CHINESE CHATTERING UNDER:

CRUN:

Any advance on fiendish Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po?

SEAGOON:

Ten pounds.

CRUN:

Mnnk! Sold for ten pounds.

FX:

GAVEL STRUCK ONCE.

MORIARTY:

Well done, Neddie boy, well done.

SEAGOON:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Grytpype-Thynne! What are you doing here?

MORIARTY:

This is the reason: Before that piano can be dispatched to the secret Chinese NAAFI of Kash-Mai-Chek, the keyboard must be reversed.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you see, Neddie, fiendish Chinese pianists always play from right to left.

SEAGOON:

What fiendish Chinese cunning.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, out you go and get me a packet of Coolies.

SEAGOON:

Cork-tipped, of course?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Do you think he suspects?

MORIARTY:

About the time-bomb in the piano to kill Kash-Mai-Chek?

GRYTPYPE:

No.

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm. Have you wired it up to explode?

MORIARTY:

Yes. It detonates when a certain note is played. Listen...

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS A TUNE (PIZZICATO BY LEO DELIBES) MINUS LAST NOTE OF REFRAIN.

MORIARTY:

This is the note.

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL NOTE OF REFRAIN PLAYED.

GRYTPYPE:

You have a copy of that music?

MORIARTY:

But of course.

GRYTPYPE:

In Chinese?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Scored from right to left and upwards.

GRYTPYPE:

Brilliant! Brilliant! Then tomorrow we send Seagoon and the piano to the fiendish Chinese NAAFI. And that'll be the last of our dreaded rival, General Kash-Mai-Chek. Meantime, what am I bid for this record of fiendish Gladys Ellington?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LOVER COME BACK TO ME".

ORCHESTRA:

A LINK OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

FX:

HORSES WALKING ON COBBLES.

SEAGOON:

August the third. Moving inland through the bandit province of Yangtsee towards the secret Chinese NAAFI, strapped to the back of a mule was the certain English etcetera, etcetera with brass candle-holders. I said 'etcetera, etcetera' because it saved me saying the full sentence which was a certain English rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders. (LAUGHS) That's why I said etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. (LAUGHS) Thought you might like to know.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon... Seagoon, stop the caravan. There is someone behind those fiendish Chinese bushes ahead.

SEAGOON:

Hand me that loaded Chinaman.

BLOODNOK:

Don't point him at me.

SEAGOON:

It's alright, I've got a safety catch on.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Who's that behind the bush? Come on, who are you?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING) I'm only a strolling vagabond...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Got him. Wait! There's someone else.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy there, come out from behind that bush.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, don't shoot at me.

SEAGOON:

Come on out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle. Thinks: Is the Bluebottle popularity slipping? No.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you little hybrid wreck?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a member of General Kash-Mai-Chek's secret NAAFI. Strikes dramatic pose as done in film 'The Bridges of Toko-Ris', by Grace Kennings and William Holding in a Japanese bath scene. Thinks: I wouldn't mind a bath night like that. Tee-hee.

SEAGOON:

Have you proof of your identity?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have, my cap-i-tain, yes. Look: points to Chinese dragon tattooed at great expense on tail of shirt.

SEAGOON:

What does that prove?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It proves that I have Chinese dragon tattooed on the tail of my shirt at great expense. Thinks: I've got a Chinese dragon tattooed on the tail...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. But why have you (INTERRUPTED BY BLUEBOTTLE MUMBLING)... why... Yakabakoo! But why have you got that boot full of Chinese porridge strapped to your head?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I always have a boot full of Chinese porridge strapped on my head on a Monday.

SEAGOON:

But today's Tuesday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it? Oh, I feel a proper fool now! Tee-hee! (APPLAUSE) Thank you, Chinese sausages.

SEAGOON:

Stop those radio award jokes. Now, how far are we from the secret Chinese NAAFI of Kash-Mai-Chek?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not tell you. You're not talking nicely to little Blunebottle.

SEAGOON:

Fiendish Chinaman Gladys Ellington, take charge of this man.

ELLINGTON:

Right! Come on, come on you mushroom legs, you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeeh! Take your hands off my little arms. You might rub off on me. Here, you're not Chinese.

ELLINGTON:

(POSH VOICE) How do you know?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can tell by your eyes.

ELLINGTON:

Come on, come on, now. How far we go to the secret Chinese NAAFI?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. It's a rotten game. Let's play naughty Avis Scott being fired game. Let's play that.

SEAGOON:

Tell us or we play Bluebottle and taxidermists.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no! I'll tell you! It is across this river. It is behind the Great Wall of China. Ying-Tong-Iddle-Idding-Ing-Ping.

SEAGOON:

Good! Forward.

GRAMS:

FOUR WHOOSHES IN A ROW.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, here we are at the secret fiendish Chinese NAAFI. I will knock-ed.

FX:

FEW KNOCKS ON DOOR AND OPENS.

KASH-MAI-CHEK:

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE) Oh, boy. Look, it a Bluebottle and honourable piano. Look, bloys, honourable NAAFI piano has arrived.

OMNES:

(CHINESE) Hullay! Hip-Hip-Hullay! Hip-Hip-Hullay.

SEAGOON:

Together... lift!

FX:

HEAVY OBJECT BEING DRAGGED, BUMPING OVER GENERAL 'CHINESE' CHATTER.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, while our heroes are getting the certain English piano up on to the stage of the secret Chinese NAAFI, I would like to draw your attention to page fifty-two of this week's Radio Times. It shows a three-quarter rear view of a lady wearing a pair of corsets. We would like to point out that this is an advertisement and not a programme. Though I must say it might be the basis of a jolly good show. I see now that the certain English piano is in position and a fiendish Chinese pianist is about to play.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTER.

SECOMBE:

(CHINESE) Silence, please, silence! Honourable pianist will now play western style tune.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse it, Moriarty. He hasn't played the note.

MORIARTY:

Curse.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, he's missed it again.

SPRIGGS:

Chinese gentlemen, don't fret! Your dear fiendish pianist can't play the piano so I'll sing you another melody. Could I have an 'A' please?

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS AN A, THE FINAL NOTE OF THE PREVIOUS TUNE.

GRAMS:

GIANT EXPLOSION, GLASS SMASHING AND OBJECTS FALLING ON FLOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Damn clever these Chinese.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a Recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't get deaded this week! Tee-hee.

ORCHESTRA:

FINISH THEME TUNE AND PLAY OUT.

Notes:

'I'm Only a Strolling Vagabond' from the musical play 'Cousin from Nowhere' by Kunneke.

Avis Scott was an ex-actress, born in 1927, In March 1954 she became a BBC TV in vision announcer and was immensley popular with viewers. However, in January 1955 she was sacked for being "too glamorous and sexy."

'The Teahouse of the August Moon' is an award winning Broadway play from 1953. The play was adapted from a 1951 novel by Vern J. Sneider and was later made into a film. A US captain goes to Americanise a Chinese village and build a school, but villagers want to build a teahouse and cannot afford both.

The word 'coolie' is used impolitely to refer to an unskilled labourer in the Far East.

'The Bridges at Toko-Ri' is a 1955 film set during the Korean War. It starred William Holden and Grace Kelly.

S5 E18 - Under Two Floorboards

Transcribed by Steve (Chipper) Dale, corrections by Alastair Roxburgh, Kurt Adkins and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Is there no relief?

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, this is smiling Wallace Greenslade speaking to you. Here's good news: from time to time during the next half hour I will be appearing. Hope you like me, kids! If, however, you're determined to hear the rest of it, get well soon.

SEAGOON:

You over-paid word strangler! Ladies and gentlemen, he was about to apologise for the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

ELIZABETHAN FLUTE AND HARP DUET LINK, CALM AND FLOWING

GREENSLADE:

High Towers, with its great ivy-covered windows, relieved by mullioned walls. This was the ancestral home of Lady Seagoon. One butler, two cooks, three maids, six gardeners, eight horses, fourteen cows, seven pigs and... Ned Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I am the Honourable Neddie Seagoon, eldest son. We had all been to the university. I took law, while my brothers took medicine.

ECCLES:

We were ill! (GUFFAW) (SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Well, I wasn't in last week.

SEAGOON:

Well, I know you weren't. Well. It was the year 1908. We'd just come from Balliol School, Cambridge. Oh, it was pleasant to be home and I walked around the even lawns, pausing only to smooth down the places where my brother had buried a bone. Then I noticed my uncle Grytpype-Thynne. He was idly climbing out of a hammock which hung easily between my two brothers.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, nephew Neddie! Looking forward to the ball tonight?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

My mother will be wearing the Blue Shower Necklace, worth a King's ransom! Been in the family three hundred years.

GRYTPYPE:

She's kept remarkably well.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. The Blue Shower.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Neddie, I have a little present for you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you, uncle. You're always giving me presents! First a christening mug and now this.

GRYTPYPE:

It's a book.

SEAGOON:

A book? Oh, yes... I've seen one of these before. Wait! I think I've read this. What's it called? 10/6 net? Yes, yes, I've read this. I've read the sequel, too, 12/6 net.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) I wonder if it would be wiser to draw pictures for him? (ALoud) It's called "Beau Geste", Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Lovely. I'll read it tomorrow.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, you must read it all before the ball tonight. Oh, and here's a bookmark.

SEAGOON:

I say, that's rather novel. It's a single ticket to Marseille.

GRYTPYPE:

Well done. I say, you're quite sure your mother is wearing the Blue Shower tonight?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Read.

SEAGOON:

Beau Geste, what a wonderful book. During the next five minutes I read it again and again. On the last page was a note from uncle. It read, "Pass it on to your brothers, I've given them both bookmarks". What a kind man uncle was! I passed it on.

ECCLES:

Ooh, look! Look what Neddie's given us.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-hee! Let's put some wheels on it then we can pull it round. So enters Honourable Bluebottle, the third son. I like this rich game. Thinks: I'm a happy-go-lucky-lad! Signals butler to wipe my nose.

SEAGOON:

Dear brothers, that thing there is a book.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, go on, read it to little Bluebottle, Eccles. I like it when you read to me, you know that? Sits in listening pose so as not to miss dinner gong.

ECCLES:

Right! It's, um, let me see, it's called um... Booo... Gosht... Unm... Booo...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

Boooo... Gest-e... Shall I draw a pussycat? (GUFFAWS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, go on, read it, Eccles, it was just getting interesting.

ECCLES:

Yeah, well, um, it starts off...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What does it say?

ECCLES:

(STRUGGLING OVER EACH SYLLABLE) Once... yau... yaupon... a-ee... ta... oiii...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Time.

ECCLES:

Time. That's it! I knew it was a 'W'.

SEAGOON:

Enjoying it?

ECCLES:

Yeah, it's a funny book, ha ha!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah, it's a funny book, hee-hee!

ECCLES:

It's a really funny book, ha-ha-ha!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Perhaps I read it wrongly! After all, both my brothers held university degrees. (AHM) Do you mind if I listen while you read?

ECCLES:

Well, um, OK, yeah. See now. "Then the big giant walked over the hill with a big club in each hand".

SEAGOON:

Where's that?

ECCLES:

Dere!

SEAGOON:

There? It says, "The garden was bathed in the cold light of an august moon".

ECCLES:

Shall I draw a pussycat?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Look, I'll read it for you. (FAST) "Once upon a time there were three brothers..." (SPEEDS UP TO GIBBERISH AND FADES OUT)

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP CHORDS LINK

GRAMS:

STATELY BACKGROUND MUSIC, SMALL CROWD

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, nephew Neddie. Enjoying the ball?

SEAGOON:

Immensely, I've danced every dance.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? Who's the lucky girl?

SEAGOON:

I don't bother with them, I'm much better on my own!

GRYTPYPE:

Charming. By the way, did you read Beau Geste?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, about the three brothers who, having come down from Balliol School, attended a ball where their mother's diamond was stolen and, rather than sneak on each other, joined the Foreign Legion!

GRYTPYPE:

Right lot of Charlies... er... I mean... um... noble lads.

SEAGOON:

(NOBLE) You know, uncle, that's the sort of thing I'd do. Honouri Tempus and Gratis; up the school; last man in and ten runs to get. (SINGS) Boots, boots, boots, boots, tramping over Africa! There's no discharge in the Waaaaarr!!!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy. By the way, have you got the ticket to Marseille... I mean the bookmark?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTING) Neddiie!!!

SEAGOON:

Yes, mother?

ELLINGTON:

Come into my room.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED

ELLINGTON:

OK, now which one of you three layabouts has it?

MILLIGAN:

(APOLOGETICALLY) He was alright at the audition.

ELLINGTON:

The Blue Shower Necklace has been pinched!

SEAGOON:

Just like the book!

ECCLES:

Ooh, has that been pinched, too?

ELLINGTON:

If that necklace isn't back by tomorrow, I'll send for the po-lice.

SEAGOON:

At the mention of the police we all went white.

ELLINGTON:

Get me a mirror.

SEAGOON:

Listen, mother...

ELLINGTON:

I don't want to know. Come on, off you go to your rooms. You've got until tomorrow.

GRAMS:

FOUR WHOOSHES IN QUICK SUCCESSION, FOLLOWED BY THREE DOORS SLAMMED IN QUICK SUCCESSION

GRYTPYPE:

To think that the Blue Shower had cost me only 10/6 net. Oh, yes, and 3 novel bookmarks! So far so good. (SINGING) I'm only a strolling vage-abonge, So good... (TALKING) Ah, here we are, little Neddie's room.

FX:

THREE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie? Oh, Neddie, it's your rich uncle.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND OPENS DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Ned... Oh, splendid, lad, he's gone. And a farewell note to his mother, how charming.

MILLIGAN:

The devilish cunning of it all!

GRYTPYPE:

And that isn't all. Geldray? Play Neddie's journey to Marseille.

MAX GELDRAY:

'HAPPY DAYS AND LONELY NIGHTS'

GRAMS:

TRIPLE SPEED 'BLACK BEAR' MARCH MUSIC AND ARMY MARCHING. MIX IN BATTLE WITH MILITARY BUGLE CALLS SPED UP (ADVANCE AND RETREAT) OVER SCREAMS

SEAGOON:

Stoooooooooppppp!! (GRAMS STOP) I haven't joined yet! It had been a pleasant journey in a first-class railway coach marked, "HV-kHz, 40-Ohms and Am-Charlie". And now here I was in the Legion Recruiting Centre at Marseille. I was just reading the second wall, when the door opened.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh! Moulin Rouge, Folies Bergère and other naughty French words. So you want to join the legion, eh?

SEAGOON:

I gazed at the Legion Officer, his skin was burned fiery red by the hot Algerian brandy. On his breast was a coloured ribbon from which dangled... a penny.

BLOODNOK:

We can't all have medals, you know. Now, lad, a few questions. Name?

SEAGOON:

Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

(WRITING) Ned S.E.A.G.O.O.O.double-O.N.

SEAGOON:

Oui, mon Capitaine.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you're German.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. I'm a true Britisher.

BLOODNOK:

Well, that's a novelty! Do you, ah... Speak French?

SEAGOON:

(FAST) Oui, mon Capitaine. Je parle français comme un indigène. (TR. YES, MY CAPTAIN. I SPEAK FRENCH LIKE A NATIVE!)

BLOODNOK:

Well you'll just have to learn it the same as I did. Now for the jackpot question. Have you any money or valuables on you?

SEAGOON:

About £5.

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, there'll be joybells in the NAAFI tonight! Hand it over.

SEAGOON:

Well, I mean, look... Er...

BLOODNOK:

It'll be returned to you on your demob. Off you go, first door on the left.

SEAGOON:

This door?

BLOODNOK:

That's the one.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SUDDEN HUGE BATTLE, SHOUTS, YELLS, MUSKETS, CANNON, THUNDER OF CAVALRY HOOVES, ETC.
MILITARY BUGLE CALLS SPED UP

GREENSLADE:

Listeners may well like to know how one can walk through a door in Marseille and appear in the thick of a battle in Africa. We're not giving all our secrets away, by Jove, we're not!

GRAMS:

BATTLE UP, CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS

MORIARTY:

See-lence! (GRAMS STOP) Legion - will - fall - in!

GRAMS:

ARMY FALLS IN, DISGRUNTLED VOICES

MORIARTY:

See-lence! Sacré-Bleu, Sapristi nyuckos! You, there! You with the size 53 nut. Via nisi! Fier onf! Unf leuf, unf leuf...

FX:

ONE MAN MARCHING AND SHOUTING TIME AS HE GOES

MORIARTY:

Shut up! Sloooope... umbrella!

FX:

SOUND OF UMBRELLA BEING SLOPED ONTO SHOULDER

SEAGOON:

So this was the famous legion. I drew myself to my full height and stared dead-ahead at his belt.

MORIARTY:

Tell me, mon petite brave, can you march?

SEAGOON:

Only with my feet.

MORIARTY:

Good! It's only twenty miles back to the fort. I hope, for your sake, you will be able to keep up with us.

SEAGOON:

Oui, mon Capitaine! (ASIDE) Keep up with them, indeed. Ha-ha. Did he not know that I was a Britisher?

MORIARTY:

(IN DISTANCE) Legion! By the left! Bon marche!

GRAMS:

TRIPLE SPEED 'BLACK BEAR' MARCH AND FAST MARCHING AS BEFORE, FADES

ORCHESTRA:

'ENGLISHMAN LOST IN DESERT THEME' AS IN "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA", ONE MAN PLOUGHING THROUGH THE SANDS OF THE DESERT, ALONE AND LOST

SEAGOON:

Alone in the African desert, without a compass or a guide. (OUT-OF-BREATH) However, by carefully noting the position of the sun, I could tell it was still daytime. But this... this heat was hot! (SERIES OF OUT-OF-BREATH GASPS) I unbuttoned my overcoat. (GASP) Then, just as I was about to cry "waaaater!", I saw two people approaching.

CRUN:

Ahh, yes, yes, yes...

MINNIE:

Ohh, dear, dear...

CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes...

MINNIE:

I told you, Henry... Ah, nyucka-in... I told you the tide was out, Henry, I...

CRUN:

Not going back home without having a paddle!

MINNIE:

Listen, Henry, the man will want another thrupence for this deckchair, buddy!

SEAGOON:

Excuse me.

MINNIE:

I don't want a donkey ride.

SEAGOON:

I don't intend to give you one.

CRUN:

Young man, can you tell us where the sea is?

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid not.

CRUN:

And you call yourself a lifeguard?

SEAGOON:

I'm not a lifeguard, I'm a legionnaire and I've... I've lost the fort.

CRUN:

When did you have it last?

MINNIE:

Mnn?

CRUN:

I asked him when he had it last, Minnie.

MINNIE:

I... I thought he was a donkey man.

CRUN:

No, no, no, Minnie... What, nn, not, nn, no...

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

No, no..

MINNIE:

You can't get the donkeys...

CRUN:

You can't get the donking...

MINNIE:

No. You can't get...

MINNIE AND CRUN:

(MINNIE AND HENRY TAKE TURNS AT SAYING "NO YOU CAN'T GET THE..." FOR QUITE SOME TIME).

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry to butt in, but I have to find the fort. I'm a legionnaire, you know. The crack fighting force. Let them all come. Ils ne passeront pas! (TR. THEY WILL NOT PASS!) Ha-ha! Alors, mon brave! (SINGS LA MARSEILLAISE AS HE GOES INTO THE DISTANCE) Allons enfants de la Patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé...

MINNIE:

I wonder if that... that young man could help us?

CRUN:

How, Min?

MINNIE:

To find Ned Seagoon.

CRUN:

We don't need to ask anybody, Min. We have his description, it's only a matter of keeping our eyes open.

MINNIE:

Yes. We've only got to find a soldier wearing the Blue Shower necklace.

CRUN:

Well, I never thought of that.

MINNIE:

And you call your... self a... detec... tec... tective? I don't know...

CRUN:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Keep quiet, dear, else you'll break out in another rash.

MINNIE AND CRUN:

(FADE OUT, STILL TALKING)

ORCHESTRA:

SAME 'LOST IN DESERT' THEME AGAIN

GREENSLADE:

Ten days later, the weary figure of Ned Seagoon approached the fort.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) It wasn't ten days, it was three and a half weeks.

GREENSLADE:

At the risk of being volatile, I would like to inform listeners that according to the Radio Times it was ten days. However, after Ned Seagoon's ordeal in the desert we can forgive his inaccuracy.

SEAGOON:

I should know, shouldn't I? I was here, wasn't I? It was three and a half weeks!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh! A new recruit. Where have you been for the last ten days?

GREENSLADE:

And the Radio Times only costs thruppence.

MORIARTY:

Thank you! Tell me now, legionnaire, look at the state you're in. Covered in sand! Wherrrrre have you been?

SEAGOON:

Iiiiiin the desert!

MORIARTY:

Aaaaa likely story!

GRAMS:

LONE BUGLE SOUNDS THE 'ALERT'

MORIARTY:

Sacré Fred!! We're being attacked! Up on the wall, men! If you want me, I'll be under the bed.

SEAGOON:

Stop!!! Sir, there's only one of them.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Is he unarmed?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

(ON) Right men, fire.

FX:

MANY GUNS BEING FIRED OF VARIED TYPES (MACHINE GUNS, PISTOLS, RIFLES, ETC). LASTS THREE SECONDS, ENDS SUDDENLY

MORIARTY:

Missed. I say, keep still out there! These bullets cost money!

SEAGOON:

Perhaps he has a message for us. (CALLS) Avez vous un meshoise for us?

ECCLES:

Oui! (SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond...

SEAGOON:

Sir, sir, this idiot is my brother. Eccles, what are you doing dressed like an Arab?

ECCLES:

It's my foreign legion uniform!

SEAGOON:

It's not; it's the uniform of the Arabs.

ECCLES:

Well! When I joined the Foreign Legion, they gave me this, closed the gates and said, "Good luck".

SEAGOON:

I ran to let my brother in. It was good to see him again. Eccles, you've got tall!

ECCLES:

Oooh, this isn't all me.

SEAGOON:

Isn't it?

ECCLES:

Nope, I'm sitting on mudder's shoulders.

SEAGOON:

Mother's shoulders?

ECCLES:

I couldn't get a camel.

ELLINGTON:

Neddie! My eldest boy.

SEAGOON:

Mother! But Mother, what are you doing here? This is a white-man's grave.

ELLINGTON:

What's the matter with you, colour-blind?

MORIARTY:

Mother, May I 'ave ze honour of 'earing you play ze music?

ELLINGTON:

But, with pleasure.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THE NAUGHTY LADY OF SHADY LANE"

GRAMS:

TRIPLE-SPEED BLACK BEAR MARCH AS BEFORE

SEAGOON:

In the next few weeks we must have marched hundreds of miles a day. During these marches not a word of complaint passed my lips as I sat huddled in Eccles' pack.

ECCLES:

Oooh, have you bin ridin' round in my pack?

SEAGOON:

You don't mind, do you?

ECCLES:

You'd better not let mudder know!

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I bin ridin' round in hers! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Good old mater!

ECCLES:

Yeah. Ooh, by the way Neddie, I saw the Captain last week and he told me to tell you that he wants to see you in his office right away.

SEAGOON:

What? Why didn't you tell me last week?

ECCLES:

Well, if I told you last week you'd have forgotten by now.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Thank you, Eccles. And I'm only a week late. A week!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

THREE SWIFT KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

MORIARTY:

Come in.

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry, sir, really I am, but I know I'm late but it's my own fault. My brother told me last week and I forgot. I... I am completely to blame. I should have reported to you last week when my brother informed me, but it slipped my memory and the blame is entirely mine.

MORIARTY:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

It's all Eccles's fault, sir.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, now. I have a visitor to see you, sir.

SEAGOON:

A visitor?

MORIARTY:

First of all, how much is the Blue Shower necklace worth?

SEAGOON:

About er... a King's ransom. All depends on who the King is. (WILD LAUGH)...ahem...

MORIARTY:

So, you *are* Neddie Seagoon. I have a visitor for you. Entrez! (PRONOUNCES THE 'Z')

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, nephew Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Uncle Grytpype!

MORIARTY:

Sacre Nom du See, Sapristi Yakabakakas! Then it *is* true. You *are* this Charlie's uncle.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm afraid so. Now, Neddie, the necklace.

SEAGOON:

I haven't got it, uncle.

GRYTPYPE:

Search his neck.

FX:

NEDDIE'S NECK BEING SEARCHED, VARIOUS GRUNTS, GROANS, NEDDIE GURGLING, ETC.

MORIARTY:

Curse! Nothing except this string of glass beads and a full-length portrait of his mother.

GRYTPYPE:

Listen, Neddie, *I* took the Blue Shower necklace. At the ball I hung up my jacket to do the Mambo and when I returned the pocket containing the necklace was gone.

SEAGOON:

What a dastardly trick! Who would want to rob *you*? But I didn't take it, honestly I didn't.

GRAMS:

LONE BUGLE CALL SIGNALS ATTACK

MORIARTY:

Sapristi-Nyuckos! Man the walls! The Arabs are attackon!

GRAMS:

FULL BATTLE NOISE WITH TRUMPETS BLARING AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS

SEAGOON:

It was a terrible battle. The enemy hurled themselves upon us with swords, rifles, machine-guns and worst of all, seven hundred rock-cakes!

GRAMS:

BATTLE SCREAMS AND BUGLE CALLING THE RETREAT

SEAGOON:

Then it came. The order to retreat. We didn't know it at the time but this was one of the greatest retreats in the history of war. Back we went as far as Morocco.

GRAMS:

BATTLE UP, THEN DOWN...

SEAGOON:

To the African coast, still fighting. The Mediterranean was littered with dhows and dead sampans as we gamely retreated. Twice we had to buy ammunition from the Arabs. Days turned into weeks.

GRAMS:

BATTLE UP

FX:

REFEREE'S WHISTLE

GRAMS:

BATTLE STOPS. SOUNDS OF BIG CROWD

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

(BORED AND SLIGHTLY CAMP) Next, please. Anything to declare? Watches, clocks, finery?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

ELLINGTON:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Er...

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Well, anything to declare?

ECCLES:

Um... oh... It's good to be alive!

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Yes. Pass along, please. Next?

ARAB 1:

[SECOMBE]

(FURIOUS ARABIC)

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL:

Thank you. Next?

ARAB 2:

[MILLIGAN]
(FURIOUS ARABIC)

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Cor, there's thousands of them. Alright, go straight through.

FX:

REFEREE'S WHISTLE

GRAMS:

BATTLE UP AGAIN

SEAGOON:

And still the battle raged. Down the Southend Road and up the Guildford Bypass!

ORCHESTRA:

HARP PLAYS MYSTIC CHORDS LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the ancestral home of Lady Seagoon, a lone figure lay in bed idly dangling the Blue Shower necklace.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-hee! I'm a happy-go-lucky rich boy. Thinks: Now that everybody is in the Foreign Legion, I'm next in line for the title. Eee-hee-he! Stares at pimply reflection in the Blue Shower and at the same time, also thinks: Here in the countryside I'm safe. It's the others who will get the dreaded deading.

GRAMS:

BATTLE DRAWING NEARER

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that noise that tickles little Bluebottle's ear-holes?

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR OPENS, GRAMS GET LOUDER

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]
Sir, it appears that your brothers have returned home and furthermore...

SEAGOON:

(ENTERING) Hello, Bluebottle, I'm glad to see... Wait... *You've* got the Blue Shower. Stoooooooooop!!!
(GRAMS STOP IMMEDIATELY) Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but you'll have to cease the battle now.

OMNES:

(DISAPPOINTED CROWD MOANING)

SEAGOON:

I know you're upset. I'm... I'm... I'm sorry, but this is our home, you know. (LAUGHS SERIOUSLY) And what's more, we've found the necklace!

OMNES:

CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

But the necklace is mine! Nay-nay, nay-nay, nay...

ECCLES:

Nay, nay, nay, here you are, Bluebottle. In return, here's a rock-cake.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, thank you, Eccles. I like rock-cakes, I do. I like them, yes. Thinks: I've never seen a rock-cake with a pin in it before. Ah, well, I had a good long run this week. Stands to one side and pulls pin out.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, BITS OF METAL AND GLASS HITTING THE GROUND

ORCHESTRA:

SAME PRETTY LITTLE ELIZABETHAN FLUTE AND HARP DUET LINK

GREENSLADE:

High Towers, the home of Lady Seagoon.

GRAMS:

DESCENDING WHINING SOUND AS IN BOMB FALLING FROM A PLANE

GREENSLADE:

One butler, two cooks, four maids, eight-hundred-and-forty-two Arab gardeners, six horses and...

FX:

HEAVY OBJECT FALLS ON TOP OF WALLACE (THUMP NOISE)

GREENSLADE:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I'm sorry, did I fall on you?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, you small knobbly ham!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you're smiling Wallace Greenslade, ain't you?

GREENSLADE:

That's right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, could I have a signed phottygraph of you? 'Cause I like you on the wireless.

GREENSLADE:

So do I. Have a toffee.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you. 'Cor, fancy you. You're bigger than I thought you was. 'Cause I like you on the wireless!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes:

'Beau Geste' is a novel from 1924 by P.C. Wren. A movie version was released in 1926 (silent film), then again in 1939 and later in 1966. In the best known version from 1939, the story centers around Michael "Beau" Geste, who admits to the theft of "the Blue Water" sapphire, to save the honor of his adoptive and impoverished mother - Lady Brandon. He leaves and joins the Foreign Legion and is later joined by his brothers. The jewel turns out to be fake.

HV-kHz and 40-Ohms are electrical terms. When Seagoon mentions travelling in a first-class railway coach marked, "HV-kHz, 40-Ohms and Am-Charlie" – it implies he was actually on the engine of an electric train.

A 'dhow' is a traditional Arab sailing ship with triangular sails.

A 'sampan' is a flat-bottomed Chinese wooden boat.

S5 E19 - The Missing Scroll

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Jolly good! Bravo! Hear, hear! Yes, well done.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, gentleman, for praising my announcing.

SELLERS:

Yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

But I was merely doing my duty in upholding the finer traditions of my alma mater, the Home Service.

SELLERS:

Hear, hear!

SEAGOON:

Hear, hear! Well done. Huzzah! Huzzah!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, yes indeed.

SEAGOON:

Well done!

GREENSLADE:

The Home Service provides us with the best programmes!

SEAGOON:

Always. Yes.

GREENSLADE:

Therefore, it is with heavy heart... I announce one of the worst.

SEAGOON:

Mister Greenslade? Stop reading that Radio Times, pull up your bloomers and tell England.

GREENSLADE:

Alright. England, I'm pulling up my bloomers.

OMNES:

CHEERS, HOORAY ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Thank you, Greensladers. Put away those cameras because now the Goons are about to embark on a strange story entitled...

MILLIGAN:

The Lost Music Of Purdom.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE, HARP PIECE, THEN MYSTERY-MOOD MUSIC

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon. Neddie Seagoon. You've possibly seen my name in the mirror. It reads Noogeas Eidden Noogeas. In the year nintoon hundred and scranson screen I was employed at the Norwich Castle Museum as a translator of ancient manuscript. My keeper was a certain Mister Roger Fudgeknuckle.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

[SELLERS]

(AS ELDERLY SCOTSMAN) Eeeh, marr, Neddie. That's all for today. What's the time?

SEAGOON:

(BIG YAWN) Three minutes to midnight.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Oooh, well. Might as well have an early night, then, eh, Neddie? (CACKLING-LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Ah, shut up, you mean old bounder. (LAUGHS) Deaf as a coot!

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Goodnight, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Goodnight, you bald old bath bung.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Goodnight. Oh, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

I just thought to tell ye. One day you're going to be a bald old bath bung, too.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Thought I was deaf, he did, thought I was deaf... (GOES AWAY MUTTERING)

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

(ANSWERS PHONE) Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Hello. Is that the Norwich Castle Museum?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

I must ask you to speak louder.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MORIARTY:

I haven't got a phone.

SEAGOON:

Can't you find a phone box?

MORIARTY:

I don't think they've got one round here.

SEAGOON:

Why? Where are you?

MORIARTY:

On top of a bus.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing up there?

MORIARTY:

I wanted to smoke.

SEAGOON:

Well, what do you want?

MORIARTY:

A match, please.

SEAGOON:

Just a moment, here!

FX:

STRIKES MATCH THREE TIMES, MATCH FLARES

MORIARTY:

(BREATHES DEEPLY) Aagh. Merci, mon ami. I'm... I'm speaking on behalf of the famous London antique dealer, the honourable Grytpype-Thynne. He's looking for a bright assistant.

SEAGOON:

The honourable Hercules Grytpype-Thynne? Why, he was the famous London antique dealer who was looking for a bright assistant. (CLEARS THROAT) What wage is he offering?

MORIARTY:

Shall we say, X pounds?

SEAGOON:

I accept! (PAUSE) That's more than I ever got here. Where shall I meet you?

MORIARTY:

Wherever you like.

SEAGOON:

Right. See you there.

MORIARTY:

Good. Now... erm... what time?

SEAGOON:

I'll leave that to you.

MORIARTY:

Splendid. Don't be late. Goodbye.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Who was that, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Curse! I forgot to ask.

FX:

RATTLING PHONE CRADLE/HOOK.

SEAGOON:

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Yes? Yes?

SEAGOON:

I forgot to ask your name.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry, I can't tell you.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

I've hung up.

SEAGOON:

Curse.

MORIARTY:

However, while we're about it, what's yours?

SEAGOON:

Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Till we meet then. Au resevoir.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

Well, Mister Fudgeknuckle, I'm handing in my notice.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Dear laddie, just because you resign don't think Norwich Museum's going to fall doon.

SEAGOON:

Very well. (LOUDLY) I resign! (SILENCE) Right, now. Hands up all those who thought the museum was going to fall down. Eh? Come along. Come along, let's see you. Right. Now, take a hundred lines. 'I must not try and guess the end of Goon Show gags'. Alright. Carry on.

GRAMS:

CRASH OF BUILDING COLLAPSING, MASONRY FALLING, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Wrong again. That was the Tower of Pisa. Carry on, Mister Greenslade. Give 'em the old chat there on the old wireless.

GREENSLADE:

We take up the story where Neddie Seagoon Kneecaps meets the mysterious phone caller in London, the well-known place.

SEAGOON:

Aaah. Good evening. I'm sorry I'm late.

MORIARTY:

I accept your applegopalogee. Now then, follow me into this highly mysterious house.

FX:

DOOR OPENS TO SOUND OF LONG SQUEAKING HINGES. DOOR CLOSED

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie. Follow me into this highly mysterious room.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENED

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good evening, gentlemen.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRYTPYPE:

Aah. Mister Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

How do you do.

GRYTPYPE:

Throat!

THROAT:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take Mister Seagoon's hat. And burn it.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

So *this* was the honourable Grytpype-Thynne. He stood warming himself in front of the big open fire with his big open trousers. Around the room were hung mummified trams, ancient scrolls, scripts, parchment overcoats and a few early stone saxophones.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Neddie. Warm yourself by the fire. Oh, Moriarty? Break open a bottle of wine.

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, Neddie, you've been on the radio, have you?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Though I fear it's a dying medium.

GRYTPYPE:

I knew a dying medium once. He got better.

SEAGOON:

How terribly jolly for the spirit.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddle. (BOTH LAUGH) Oh, dear. Yes. The Director of the BBC Home Service is looking for new ideas.

SEAGOON:

How about suicide?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Oh, ye good joke, I say. Moriarty...

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, Neddle, let me tell you a tale. Four thousand years ago a Lebanese slave named Purdom recorded the only known music of ancient Babylon. Now, this music was lost but has been seen recently in a certain Arab souk.

SEAGOON:

What's a souk?

GRYTPYPE:

Souk it and see. But, um...

FX:

BOTTLE SMASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Moriarty. Let Greenslade explain. What I want... (FADES QUICKLY)

GREENSLADE:

May I explain that the BBC Home Service are offering fifty pounds for the recovery of this lost manuscript of Purdom. Fifty pounds or a life subscription to the Radio Times. While Mister Seagoon is deciding which of these offers to accept, a fine old English gentleman, Max Geldray, will play a frozen Arab sock from the waist down.

MAX GELDRAI:

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME"

GREENSLADE:

The highly esteemed Goon Show, part the second. In which Ned Seagoon travels to foreign climes in search of the lost papyrus.

ORCHESTRA:

EASTERN MOOD MUSIC WITH INDIAN TYPE VOICES OVER

SEAGOON:

Mesopotamia, city of filth. As I stepped down the gangplank at Abudan, I was greeted by a mysterious Arab.

WILLIUM:

Psst. 'Ere, are you Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Only by name.

WILLIUM:

Follow me, mate.

GRAMS:

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS GOING FASTER UNTIL RUNNING

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) I followed him for three weeks. Unable to contain my curiosity I asked him: Where are you taking me?

WILLIUM:

Nowhere, mate.

SEAGOON:

Then why did you ask me to follow you?

WILLIUM:

I was lonely, mate.

SEAGOON:

What! You've brought me all this way - for nothing?

WILLIUM:

Well, you can pay me if you want to, but...

SEAGOON:

I've got a good mind to...

WILLIUM:

No, no, no, don't nut me, mate, don't nut me. I'll tell you the truth, so, cor, love a duck, struth, cor, stone the crow, cor blimey, I will.

SEAGOON:

Londoner, aren't you?

WILLIUM:

No, Yorkshire. You see, mate, I was bribed to lead you into this desert and leave you here to die.

SEAGOON:

Leave me here to die?

WILLIUM:

Well, to die or tomorrow.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that!

WILLIUM:

Neither do I.

SEAGOON:

Who does. Well... who put you up to this?

WILLIUM:

The forces of evil.

SEAGOON:

The horses of thevil? Er, who are they? Speak up so that listeners without radio sets might clearly hear the plot.

WILLIUM:

The bloke's names was Doctor Eidelburgers and Yakomottoes. They're after the lost music of Purdom.

SEAGOON:

Mustn't get it before the Home Service. Now, how do we get out of this terrible desert? But, hist! I hear horses heeves approaching.

GRAMS:

OUTLANDISH HISSING AND PUFFING ENGINE NOISES, BACKFIRING, ALARM BELL RINGS, MORE BACKFIRING, ENGINE HISSES UNTIL STOPS, THEN POP. THEN SOMETHING FALLS OFF AND RATTLES ON GROUND

ECCLES:

Ha-llo! Are you the one that's lost in the desert?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but how did you know?

ECCLES:

I've been listening on the radio.

SEAGOON:

I eyed the stranger closely. He was living proof that the Piltdown Skull was not a hoax. He was dressed in an egg-stained nightshirt, army surplus boots and a racoon-skinned trilby with the brim pulled well down over the knees.

ECCLES:

You can laugh. You can laugh. I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Famous for what?

ECCLES:

Well... you've seen the Eiffel Tower?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well... let that be a lesson to you. (APPLAUSE) See, they're all on my side.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. How does the Eiffel Tower make you famous?

ECCLES:

I fell off it, heh-heh.

SEAGOON:

No man has ever fallen off the Eiffel Tower and lived.

ECCLES:

You call this living?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season.

ECCLES:

Good luck!

SEAGOON:

Where do you live?

ECCLES:

Oh, in that home over there.

SEAGOON:

That's a pyramid, the place where they bury the dead.

ECCLES:

Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Well, now you've exhausted your store of three letter words perhaps you'd be so kind as to give us a lift to the nearest settlement.

ECCLES:

OK. There ain't no room in my car but you can run behind.

SEAGOON:

Thanks, that'll save walking.

ECCLES:

Hold tight.

WILLIUM:

Matey.

ECCLES:

Yup?

WILLIUM:

Can I stand on the running board?

ECCLES:

Certainly. Now, hold tight now.

GRAMS:

ENGINE NOISES INTERSPERSED WITH EXCITED EXCLAMATIONS AND HOY HOYS, HONKS HORN AND UNINTELLIGIBLE PHRASE FROM ECCLES, HISSING, BACKFIRES, DRIVES OFF, FADES

WILLIUM:

Well, it's no good standing here on this running board. Might as well follow 'em.

SEAGOON:

I'll come with you.

ECCLES:

Mind if I come, too?

SEAGOON:

About time you came to. Now, come on, we must get to town before sundown. You take the saxophone.

WILLIUM:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you on the piano.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, let's go.

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC ACCOMPANIED BY JOGGING FOOTSTEPS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, unknown to Seagoon and the Director of the Home Service, on a bus travelling from Oldham to Cleethorpes, a certain conversation is going on.

SELLERS:

(SLOW YORKSHIRE ACCENT) It's in a cage, you say?

SECOMBE:

(SAME SLOW YORKSHIRE MANNER) Aye. It were in it when I bought it, you know.

SELLERS:

Aye. What kind of bird is it?

SECOMBE:

Well, I'm not sure, really. You see, I got it off a sailor, you know.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye. I say, what's the colour of its plumage?

SECOMBE:

Oh, you can't see it, it's covered with feathers.

SELLERS:

Nature's wonderful, i'n't it.

SECOMBE:

Aye.

SELLERS:

I don't know what they'll think of next.

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye.

SELLERS:

Aye.

SECOMBE:

Sailor gave it 'me, you know.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye?

SECOMBE:

Aye, a sailor.

SELLERS:

Oh, aye.

SECOMBE:

It's got a red beak at one end and a tail at the other.

SELLERS:

And...?

SECOMBE:

And a bird in between.

SELLERS:

It's in between, then, is it?

SECOMBE:

Aye.

SELLERS:

Aye, that's a good place for it, you know.

SECOMBE:

Well, he seems to be 'appy there, you know.

SELLERS:

Well, then, I wouldn't move him.

SECOMBE:

I don't think I shall, really.

SELLERS:

No. You know, I had one the same build. Beak one end, tail the other and the bird dead in between, it were.

SECOMBE:

They're like that, aren't they?

SELLERS:

Oh, aye.

SEAGOON:

Funny that, aye.

SELLERS:

They look lovely, too.

SECOMBE:

They do look nice. You can't se.., you can't comment, you must admit.

SELLERS:

Aye. I say, what's this I've heard about your missus.

SECOMBE:

Oh, aye. Well, you know. It's very funny, this. She had an operation on the kitchen table amongst all the cornflakes.

SELLERS:

No!

SECOMBE:

And then, er... (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that conversation has nothing to do with the show. But we thought listeners might like to hear what a couple of real idiots sounded like. And if you would like to hear four real idiots, keep listening...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MAMBO ITALIANO"

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to the music of Purdom, part the third.

ORCHESTRA:

SOMBRE EASTERN MOOD MUSIC, VOICES YELLING OVER TOP

GREENSLADE:

Lost! Seagoon and company are hopelessly lost in the desert. And in a blinding sandstorm, see a light ahead. It is a little antique shop on the outskirts of Aleppo.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF WINDSTORM

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yim bom biddle dee. Yim bom biddle doh. Yim bom...

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, HOWLING WIND STOPS

CRUN:

Min...

MINNIE:

Yim bom Italiano yum diddle dee... I got...

CRUN:

Minnie. Min. Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Stop that modern Eastern style rhythm singing. Please remember we're British.

MINNIE:

Mmm. I've got to keep my voice in practice, Henry. My day is coming, buddy. Yum yum yumbo Italiano. Yim dim biddle doh. Yukabako...

CRUN:

Min. Min. Stop it.

MINNIE:

Biddle doh...

CRUN:

Naughty Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Look, Min. I want you to send this to Mister Née Master of the Bond Street Art Galleries.

MINNIE:

What is it?

CRUN:

It's a rare eau wine vase.

MINNIE:

Oh.

CRUN:

Be careful... with it... Min. It's worth...

FX:

VASE SMASHING

CRUN:

...nothing.

MINNIE:

Yim bom biddle...

ELLINGA:

[ELLINGTON]

Me Ellinga!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGA:

Me strong. Me beat man with one hand. Me kill. Strong. Me kill 'em!

CRUN:

Yes. Yes. Yes.

ELLINGA:

Me kill with one...

CRUN:

Very good. Yes I want... Ellinga, I want you to take this...

FX:

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

CRUN:

Drat it. Ellinga, answer...

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me kill a man with one hand.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

ELLINGA:

Me kill a... (CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING HUBBUB)

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR CONTINUES

CRUN:

Answer the door, Ellinga.

MINNIE:

Answer the door, Henry.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, KNOCKING ON DOOR CONTINUES

MINNIE:

The phone's ringing, Henry.

CRUN:

I know it's ringing.

MINNIE:

Then why don't you answer it, buddy.

CRUN:

I can't, when it's making all that noise.

MINNIE:

Answer that phone.

CRUN:

Answer the door.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR CONTINUES, PLUS PHONE CONTINUES RINGING

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me kill 'em man with one hand. Me kill...

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Anybody in? Anybody in?

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Yim bon adle dee... (CONTINUES OVER HUBBUB)

CRUN:

Stop that!

SEAGOON:

Open up this door!

ELLINGA:

Me strong. Me kill 'em...

GRAMS:

OVER ALL THIS NOISE BIG BEN CHIMES

CRUN:

(YELLS OVER ALL THIS DIN) Stop it! Stop! Stoooooooooooooop!

FX:

ALL NOISES STOP

CRUN:

Stop it, do you hear me! Nyuk, nyuk. Nyuk-aaaahh. Aaah! Aaah! Ooh. (SOUND OF NOSE BEING NOISILY BLOWN ONCE) (SHORT SECOND OF SILENCE)

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yim bom biddle...

ELLINGA:

Me strong! Me...

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING STARTS UP AGAIN

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES, BAGPIPES START PLAYING

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Open the door! Open the door!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Stoooooop!

FX:

ALL NOISES STOP

SEAGOON:

What the devil's going on in here?

CRUN:

Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

Only in the mating season.

MINNIE:

Ooohh!

CRUN:

Steady, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy.

SEAGOON:

I observe that this is an antique shop. Tell me. Have you by any chance come across a manuscript signed Purdom?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What?

CRUN:

Yes. I threw it in the dustbin yesterday.

SEAGOON:

Has it been emptied?

CRUN:

Yes. They empty all Arab dustbins at Sidi Rosaic.

SEAGOON:

Come, Eccles. We must hurry.

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

THIRD MAN THEME PLAYED FAST

GREENSLADE:

We move now to Sidi Rosaic. The great Arab dustheap.

FX:

CLANK OF BINS

OMNES:

Pooh! Pooh! (CONTINUES UNDER)

FX:

DUSTBINS CLANGING, LIDS OFF, ETC. CONTINUES UNDER:

ECCLES:

Blimey! Pooh!

SEAGOON:

Put that down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oooh. Look at dat. Pooh!

FX:

MORE DUSTBINS CLANGING, MORE PHEW! POOH! PONG!

GREENSLADE:

(BACKGROUND NOISES STOP) While Mister Seagoon is searching for the lost manuscript, let us go over to Churdstone Prison, where Mondigent Clute is waiting for us.

CLUTE:

[SELLERS]

Hello listeners. And I'm speaking from Churdstone Prison, the new social reform prison, And standing next to me is the prison Governor, Mister Norris Lurker. Good evening, Mister Lurker.

LURKER:

[SECOMBE]

Good evening!

CLUTE:

Grand. Mister Lurker, this is, is it not, a prison without bars?

LURKER:

Yes. I believe that when a man gives us his word not to escape, that's good enough for us, you know.

CLUTE:

Grand.

LURKER:

Anything's good enough for us. We have no restrictions on the prisoners whatsoever, whatsoever. Anytime they like they can walk out of here. No bars, you know. No bars at all.

CLUTE:

No.

LURKER:

All we have is their word of honour.

CLUTE:

Yes. Grand. Grand. Er, could we interview one of these honour prisoners?

LURKER:

Certainly.

CLUTE:

Good. Good.

LURKER:

(SHOUTS) James! (PAUSE) James? (PAUSE) Wilson! Barry Wilson! (PAUSE) Hamilton! Hamilton? Charlie Brown? Willoughby? (MORE AGITATED) Crouch? Er... Crouch? Er... Danby? Charkampton? Aberdan? (PANICS, SHOUTING TO FADE)

GRAMS:

ALARM BELLS RING, FOLLOWED BY DANCE MUSIC OVER...

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond, so good-a-night...

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER SOUND, FOLLOWED BY FAST MARCHING TO TRUMPET BAND

MILLIGAN:

This isn't good enough, you know.

GREENSLADE:

We return now to the great Arab dust heap.

OMNES:

Poooh! Phew! Pooh!

FX:

DUSTBINS CLANGING, LIDS TAKEN OFF AND ON

ECCLES:

Cor blimey! Look at this one!

SEAGOON:

Leave it alone, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh, oh,

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's no good, it's not here. There's no sign of the lost manuscript. Wait! This dustbin here.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Eccles. Help me to empty it. Come on.

FX:

DUSTBIN UPENDED, SOUND OF CANS, ETC., FALLING OUT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieghghowie! You rotten swines, you! Eeeh! You have nudded me. I was kippin' in the dustbin and splunge! I was hurled out onto my little nut. Eeeh!

SEAGOON:

Little rubbish-covered idiot. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who am I? I'm Blunebottle. Ying tong idn-plong ding.

SEAGOON:

Good!

BLUEBOTTLE:

If you listen to the radio you'd know that was'n Bluebottle. Dat's was what I am. Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, have you seen an ancient musical document signed Purdom?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, my capitan. I have not seen an ancient musical document signed Purdom. Thinks: I have not seen an ancient musical document named Purdom. No.

ECCLES:

Wait! Wait! Look! Ooh! What's this I found?

SEAGOON:

Let's see. This is it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) The lost music of Purdom. (LAUGHS) Eccles, let the world hear it!

ECCLES:

Oooh! The lost music of Purdom. (SINGS) Pur-dum Per-dum Purdum purdum purdum purdum...

ORCHESTRA:

(CLOSING THEME)

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

(OUTRO)

Notes:

The Piltdown Skull was claimed by experts to be the fossilised remains of a previously unknown form of early man. The significance of the specimen remained controversial until it was exposed as a forgery in 1953.

Running boards are long flat boards under the car doors that act as a footstep for the passenger. On many older cars they were very prominent allowing people to stand on them whilst the car was moving.

Aleppo is a city in northern Syria.

A 'souk' is a commercial quarter in an Arab city.

S5 E20 - 1985 (remake)

Transcribed Russell Street. Corrections by others, compiled by Tony Wills. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Big Brother is watching YOU!

ECCLES:

OooOooow

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

SECOMBE:

(PROCLAIMING) Listeners! You are warned. This programme is NOT to be listened to! (MANIC LAUGH)

MILLIGAN:

(STRANGULATED NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehee hee! I don't like this game!

GREENSLADE:

(PROCLAIMING) The BBC would like to caution parents: this programme is unsuitable for the very young, the very old, the middle aged, those just going off, those on the turn, young dogs and alderman John Snagge.

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

MILLIGAN:

(ANNOUNCING) This is the story of the year 1985!

GRAMS:

GROANING, WAILING AND CRYING INTO SCREAMING

ORCHESTRA:

TEA PARTY DANCE MUSIC (1922 JACK PAYNE ONE-STEP)

WINSTON:

My name is 846 Winston Seagoon. I am a worker in the great news collecting centre of the Big Brother Corporation, or as you knew it, the BBC. In every room is a TV screen that gives out a stream of orders.

BIG BROTHER:

(JOHN SNAGGE) Attention people of England State. Thanks to de-rationing and the free market the price of tea has now gone down to eighty-five guineas a quarter. And here is good news for state housewives, the following goods are now in the shops: plastic and sawdust elephant night-shirts; second hand concrete parachutes; artificial explodable woollen bloomers; men's self igniting tailless shirts - with anti thunder-sheet attachment. There are unlimited supplies in the shops!!

ECCLES:

Oh, it's good to be alive in 1985.

SELLERS:

(ANNOUNCING) Now here is announcer 28394762532453425677896577 stroke 32.

WINSTON:

Good old Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

(ANNOUNCING) Special interest to BBC workers: By mixing water with earth our scientists have invented MUD! It's now on sale in the BBC canteen under the name of Macaroni au Gratin or coffee.

WINSTON:

Big fat slob, get off the screen!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

VISION MASTER:

[SELLERS]

(Grytpype voice) Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

WINSTON:

Ohh (NERVOUS TITTER), Vision Master Ronnie Waldman.

VISION MASTER:

You are not complaining about our BBC TV are you?

WINSTON:

Oh, ha ha no, oh, no.

VISION MASTER:

(quickly) What is the finest TV programme in the world?

WINSTON:

(automatically) Kaleidoscope.

VISION MASTER:

You are forgiven. As a penance you will put a copy of the Radio Times in your window. And don't forget to watch tonight's programme.

WINSTON:

Oh, yes, 'Ask Son of Pickles'.

VISION MASTER:

Yes. Tonight he hopes to have a one-legged dying Eskimo play the piano for him. Now everybody face the TV screen. It's time for the 'Hate Half Hour'

MORIARTY:

Ahhh. Attention all! Coming on the screen now is the one man you must all hate! The sworn enemy of the Big Brother Corporation and this is him!

WINNICKSTEIN:

[SELLERS]

(LEW/CASH VOICE) Listen, listen! Don't believe him! Listen! BBC workers. Rise and overthrow your masters before it's too late. I will lead you against them. Strike now! Revolt!

WINSTON:

So this was Maurice Winnickstein, leader of the ITA.

WINNICKSTEIN:

Join the Independent Television Army, now!

OMNES:

HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!

MORIARTY:

...Nine, ten, Out. Stop. Enough. Now here is a special announcement from Big Brother!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

JOHN SNAGGE:

(over public address system) BBC workers. The canteen is now open. Lunch is ready. Doctors are standing by.

FX:

SOUND OF CANTEEN HUBBUB, CUPS & SAUCERS CLINKING

WINSTON:

As I sat at my table eating my boiled water I began to hate Big Brother Corporation.

ECCLES:

Hello there Winston. Here guess what I found in my dinner.

WINSTON:

What?

ECCLES:

A piece of food! Oh, it's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Poor producer fool. Still, sixty years with the Huggets would turn anyone.

FNUTT:

[Sellers]

(Cynthia voice) I love you darling!

ECCLES:

I love you, too.

FNUTT:

Not you 213 Eccles, you 846 Winston.

WINSTON:

You are a woman, aren't you?

FNUTT:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Thank heaven, you have got to be so careful these days, you know.

FNUTT:

Winston darling, I have loved you from afar.

WINSTON:

My favourite distance. Who are you?

FNUTT:

I am 612 Miss Fnutt. I operate the Pornograph Machine in the Forbidden Records Department. And I love you!

WINSTON:

No, love is not for us.

FNUTT:

Yes...

WINSTON:

...No. Love is only for the higher income group, John Snagge, Audrey Cameron and Paul Fenoulhet.

FNUTT:

Darling let's take a chance. Let's meet somewhere under the moon alone. We can clasp each other to each other and then... ohhhh...

ECCLES:

Ohhh! It's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

WINSTON:

Now darling, where can we meet?

FNUTT:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

WINSTON:

I know the very place. Home Service, 8.30, Tuesday night.

FNUTT:

You mean, the forbidden Goon Sector.

WINSTON:

Yes. Wait, that belt you are wearing.

FNUTT:

That is the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

Ahemm, Well I don't think I will come.

FNUTT:

Oh, but, you too are wearing the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

I was forced to.

FNUTT:

Why?

WINSTON:

My trousers kept falling down.

FNUTT:

Till Tuesday.

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF INTO DISTANCE (COCONUT SHELL)

WINSTON:

There she goes, little fairy. That night in my room I sat out of range of the TV screen. I loved Fnutt and I hate Big Brother. I wrote it in my diary "I hate BB, I hate BB, I hate BB, I hate BB"

FX:

PHONE RINGING. RECEIVER UP.

WINSTON:

Hello?

BEN LYON:

Hello. Don't tell anybody, but I hate Bebe, too.

WINSTON:

Who are you?

BEN LYON:

Ben Lyon.

WINSTON:

So there was an underground movement. I must try and find it and do my best to save England from tyranny. I strode into the street...

MAX GELDRAI:

'IT HAD TO BE YOU'

WINSTON:

I entered the forbidden Goon Sector of London. Once there I went to the notorious Goon public house, 'The Grosvenor'.

GRAMS:

GLASS SMASHING, DRINKING SONG ON OLD GRAMOPHONE, MURMUR OF CUSTOMERS

BLOODNOK:

Silence, silence, silence please, silence for the cabaret. I have pleasure in presenting those glamorous Grandmothers, the three Beverly Sisters!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Correction, the Beverly Twins!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Miss Beverly will sing...

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Everybody dance!

GRAMS:

BAR PIANO PLAYING, HUBBUB OF CUSTOMERS

WINSTON:

To think, this used to be Palm Court. I looked around the bar. They were dressed in cloth caps, corduroy trousers, rough lumberjacket shirts, bald heads and beards and some of them men were dressed the same.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!

WINSTON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you there...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fear not. You did not hurt me. Enter Bluebottle the toast of the Goon Sector. No sausages, ehehe. (APPLAUSE) Thank you, fellow Goons for the sausages applause.

WINSTON:

What is that plain wrapper book you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is a naughty little bookule. Listen to this: "In the darkness she felt his hot breath on her bed rails. (snorting) Then a warm hand fell on her marble wash stand."

WINSTON:

STOP! Stop that. Give me that book at once!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why?

WINSTON:

I want to read it. What's it called?

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Mrs Dale's *Real* Diary'.

WINSTON:

Mrs Dale's...?? Heavens, would the BBC stop at nothing? So this is how they kept the masses from thinking.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee! Look at this page! Eheehee! It's a 3D picture of Mrs Dale in her night-shirt being chased by Richard Dimbleby... Eheehee! Eheeheeoououghhhh... Pauses to wipe drool off chin.

WINSTON:

I had to go outside. I couldn't bear to watch these poor Goons wallow in misery. It was then I wandered into an antique shop.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

CHARRINGTON:

[SELLERS as OLD MAN]

(SINGING) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts. There...

WINSTON:

Good evening. Do you mind if I take a gander around the shop?

CHARRINGTON:

No, as long as it's house-trained... (continues singing) There they are standing in a row...

WINSTON:

(OFF) I say! (on) What's, What's this old object?

CHARRINGTON:

It's beautiful isn't it? It's called a cricket bat.

WINSTON:

Oh, yes... didn't they have test matches way back?

CHARRINGTON:

Yes, that's quite right. Matter of fact this bat was used in the very last test by an Australian opening bat, you can see it's quite unmarked.

WINSTON:

Old man, tell me, what was it like back in 1955?

CHARRINGTON:

Well, well, we had sports and games, coloured movies, Monkhouse, Gilbert Harding, ohhh, it was terrible.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

ECCLES:

Hey Winston look who's here.

FNUTT:

Hello, dearest.

WINSTON:

Darling, I love you.

ECCLES:

I love you, too.

WINSTON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, shut up.

FNUTT:

We were looking in the window for antiques and we saw you.

WINSTON:

Ahhemm. We mustn't be seen together, quick, into this room.

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

FNUTT:

Darling, alone at last!

WINSTON:

Dearest Fnutt, let me kiss you...

ECCLES:

Oh, ho here! Don't start yet, I'll get a chair.

WINSTON:

Eccles, you go outside and keep watch.

ECCLES:

I can watch better in here.

WINSTON:

Eccles!

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

WINSTON:

There's the door.. And now dearest, alone at last...

ECCLES:

Yep, Alone at last.

WINSTON:

Eccles! Get out or I'll...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

ECCLES:

Huh! Telling me to get out like that. Huh. See if I care. I don't care - I don't care. Slamming the door like that on me, they can stand there all night for all I care. I don't care at all, I don't care. I don't mind, I'll wait here until they've finished. I don't mind...

WINSTON:

(Yells) Will you stop muttering and get out!!!

ECCLES:

OK...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!!

ECCLES:

Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

You were looking through the key hole!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I was. Ehee!

ECCLES:

You know that's naughty, that's naughty to look through the key hole, very naughty to look through the key hole...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well stop looking through it when you are talking to me den!

ECCLES:

Well I'm only looking because I ain't never seen a fella kiss a girl.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Haven't you Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nooo! Here... here. Have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!! No, I'm not gonna tell you!

ECCLES:

Oh, come on. Come on, I won't tell anybody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No I'm not going to say.

ECCLES:

Come on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a man of mystery!

ECCLES:

Come on... you're my friend, come on, have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

nwha?

ECCLES:

Have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehhhhee... Yes!!!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(both laughing/giggling, tailing off over 10 seconds)

ECCLES:

Ohhh, It's good to be alive! Oh, Bluebottle, you've lived, you've lived.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I'm a happy go-lucky-man that's what I am! Thinks: I'm a happy go lucky man.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeh, he thinks he's a happy-go-lucky man.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

WINSTON:

What's all this noise about! You, what do you want?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have a message for you, if you want to join the ITA, report at once to number ten R-U-Certain Street.

WINSTON:

R-U-Certain?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Positive!

WINSTON:

Right! Lets go!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH

WINSTON:

(breathing heavily) Here we are. ITA headquarters, number ten.

VISION MASTER:

Winston, I've been expecting you.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman of the BBC, what are you doing...

VISION MASTER:

Don't be frightened. I am one of the ITA.

WINSTON:

I had a feeling you were. I knew it by the little things, the way you smiled at me across the room, the way you touched my hair when you passed my chair (singing opera style) Little things meeeeeeeeeean aaaaa lotttt!!

VISION MASTER:

You silly, twisted boy, you. Now then, you want to join ITA?

WINSTON:

Yes.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, well what do you know about television?

WINSTON:

I had three years at the BBC staff training college.

VISION MASTER:

What did you learn?

WINSTON:

Nothing.

VISION MASTER:

Good. We'll make you a director. Now say after me, "down with the BBC!"

WINSTON:

Down with the BBC!

VISION MASTER:

Drink.

FX:

SMASHING GLASSES

WINSTON:

We drank and smashed our glasses in the fire place, I had to borrow a spare pair to find my way home.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL'

MORIARTY:

Attention, everyone face the T V screen. Attention! 846 Winston Seagoon. You are under arrest for conspiring with the ITA. You will await detention by the studio attendants, you will then be prepared for agonising death.

WINSTON:

Had they suspected me?

MORIARTY:

You will be taken to room 101.

WINSTON:

No! Not 101, not the listening room! Ahhh!!! (crying "no... no..." off into the background)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TOP OF WINSTON CRYING) I'd just like to mention that the Radio Times is now on sale at all better class book stores price thruppence and jolly good value for money it is, too.

WINSTON:

No! No! Let me go! Why are they strapping me in this box? Why these earphones?

VISION MASTER:

Hello Winston, laddie.

WINSTON:

Ahh, Vision Master Waldman. So, so they got you, too...

VISION MASTER:

Yes, they got me a long time ago. I even remember the date, Monday night at eight. Now Winston, we must torture you.

WINSTON:

You... you traitor, you deceived me!

VISION MASTER:

Yes, yes, of course you can save yourself.

WINSTON:

How?

VISION MASTER:

Just sign this three-year BBC contract.

WINSTON:

What if I refuse?

VISION MASTER:

You have no option.

WINSTON:

A BBC contract with no option? Impossible. What has become of my beloved? What have you done to Miss Fnutt?

VISION MASTER:

Fnutt will never walk the streets again.

WINSTON:

Why not?

VISION MASTER:

She's bought a scooter. Now, are you going to sign?

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, turn the knob to 247 metres.

GRAMS:

'MRS DALES DIARY', GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

No! No stop it! Stop it! Stop it ! I can't stand it! I can't stand it... (sobs)

VISION MASTER:

Are you going to sign, Winston?

WINSTON:

No! No, I won't sign

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, 330 meters.

GRAMS:

'LIFE WITH LYONS' SPEED UP

WINSTON:

No! No, stop! Stop! arggh arggh... arggh ooow noo stop oh, stop! You fiend to let me hear that!

VISION MASTER:

Sign!

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade...

GRAMS:

'HAVE A GO' GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

Nooo!! Not that. Arggggh help. Noooo! Stop!

VISION MASTER:

I warn you Winston, here we can change people into somebody else. You know Eccles?

WINSTON:

Yes?

VISION MASTER:

He used to be Issy Bonn.

WINSTON:

You're lying!

VISION MASTER:

Really? Greenslade, call Barbara Kelly.

GREENSLADE:

(CALLING) Miss Kelly!

ELLINGTON:

Yes, you calling me Ronnie?

VISION MASTER:

Ahh, Barbara dear, what's your line?

ELLINGTON:

Coloured television.

VISION MASTER:

Thank you, back on the old flying wire.

WINSTON:

You fiend. Poor Barbara Kelly.

VISION MASTER:

On the contrary, we think it is a great improvement.

WINSTON:

It must be terrible at bedtime with Braden.

VISION MASTER:

Well it gets dark early in Canada, you know.

WINSTON:

So the awful torture went on. In three days I lost ten stone. My weight went down to a mere twenty stone. I looked so old and so ill, Wilfred Pickles demanded me for his TV programme. Then the torture started again!

GRAMS:

SECOMBE OPERA RECORD

WINSTON:

No! No! Stop! Stop, you can't do this to me. This is agony, stop, stop! Stop! Stop that voice! Stop it! Stop it! Whose is it?

VISION MASTER:

Yours!

WINSTON:

(CLAPPING) More! Bravo! More, More! More! Encore! More! More, more. Let's have him back again, more! More!

VISION MASTER:

Moriarty? Take over, I'm going to Jim Davidson's for a saxophone lesson.

MORIARTY:

Very good. (CALLING) Little torturer!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter torturer Bluebottle, with junior cardboard cut out torture kit.

MORIARTY:

Little Lurgi-ridden Knuckoe. Prepare the screaming agony rrrrack.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, goody! Thinks: Perhaps 1985 is going to be a good year for Bloonbottle. Starts to get agony set ready.

WINSTON:

(APPEALING FRANTICALLY) No, Bluebottle, don't do it. Remember me? Your old pal Neddie Seagoon? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha... Your friend remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. My friend...

WINSTON:

Yes, yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...You're the one who deads me every week, aren't you. Ehee hee hehe!! Thinks: I know the very thing for him. Prepares dirty big pile of the dreaded dynamite. Eheehee! I like this game now, I do. It's a good game, I like it.

WINSTON:

(NERVOUS TITTER) Bluebottle! Bluebottle, please stop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

There. All is ready for the dreaded deading of traitor Seagoon. Ladies and gentlemen, ying-tong-iddins-splong-ding. I want you to witness, that, for the first timelings in the history of the Goon Show, Bluebottlins will not be deaded. Observe: I light a hundred foot fuse: so. Now to escape. Taxi to the airport!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Airplane, drive me to Australia!

GRAMS:

JET TAKING OFF FAST

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Horse, drive to the desert!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF FADE (COCONUT SHELLS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ladies and gentlemen. Observe. I am now ten thousand miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am quite safe in the middle of the Woomera desert... Ooh! What is this?

FX:

MIGHTY EXPLOSION, FALLING RUBBLE AND METAL

(SHORT PAUSE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheeheehuu!!! You rotten swines you! Ehehehu. Exits left, never to play this rotten game again! Never never! Thinks: all right then next week. Ohh! Look at my knees, they've gone!

WINSTON:

Meantime, back in the BBC torture room, I struggled to free myself before the dynamite exploded.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry Seagoon.

WINSTON:

Bloodnok! Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Quick, untie him.

ECCLES:

OK, I had better hurry up before the...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

That's got his legs free.

WINSTON:

Yes, but where are they?

WINNICKSTEIN:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screen.

WINSTON:

Look, it's Maurice Winnickstein!

WINNICKSTEIN:

Listen, listen! Great news! Listen, listen. After a telephone conversation lasting three days and bribes worth ten quid, I have gained control of the BBC.

WINSTON:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

WINNICKSTEIN:

And here is the first of our ITA commercial programmes!

GRAMS:

'RAYS'S A LAUGH' SPEEDING UP UNDER:

WINSTON:

No!!! No! I can't stand it!

OMNES:

Hate, hate, hate, hate...

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND UNDER, FADING FOR...

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

NOTES:

Ronnie Waldman: BBC Radio show host 'Monday Night At Seven' (and, later, 'Eight'), later became Head of BBC Light Entertainment.

Maurice Winnick: booking agent and producer - bid for the first set of UK independent television licenses. Obviously no relation of "Maurice Winnickstein".

Paul Fenoulhet: a conductor of various BBC orchestras, Audrey Cameron: a BBC producer.

Ben Lyon: American actor - BBC radio situation comedy "Life with the Lyons" along with kids and wife (Bebe Daniels, hence the "I hate BB, too." joke)

Bob Monkhouse: British comedian, Gilbert Harding: BBC TV presenter (eg "What's My Line")

Issy Bonn: Jewish Musical Hall comedian from 40's and 50's

Barbara Kelly: Canadian born comedienne and actress - 'What's My Line' panellist. Together with husband Bernard Braden did a light-hearted BBC radio show, originally "Breakfast with Braden" later "Bedtime with Braden".

S5 E21 - The Sinking of Westminster Pier

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Kurt Adkins and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

(FANFARE)

GREENSLADE:

Clear the floor for the East Acton Working Man's Club Crazy Cabaret.

SEAGOON:

Act number one is the highly esteemed Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

(FANFARE)

SEAGOON:

Now, Mr. Greenslade, put down that Radio Times, cast off that bamboo kilt and give the listeners the old posh chat, there. Give the old wireless talk, there, Wally. Go on, Wal, right up your, Wal...

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen. This week, as stated in the Radio Times, we give you the Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street.

SEAGOON:

Sorry, Greeners, we're not doing that, Wallace.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, yes we are!

SEAGOON:

No, not this week, no.

GREENSLADE:

But we are. You see, on page 24 of my Radio Times it states quite clearly "The Six Ingots Of Leadenhall Street".

SEAGOON:

I know, but we changed it, you see...

GREENSLADE:

Oh, but just...

SEAGOON:

Come along. No, Wal, we changed it.

GREENSLADE:

...the Radio Times never lies. I mean, the... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

Please... (FADES)

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

Tonight, we give you the story of the port of London authority's valuable hand-carved oil-painted valuable floating pier...

ORCHESTRA:

(LONE WAILING VIOLIN OVER SPEECH)

MCGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooh, 'twas the month of February in 1955,
When the valuable floating pier at Westminster suddenly took a dive.
On board the sinking pier Fred Harding was having his tea,
When the icy waters closed over his head and he screamed... (Violin stops)

FRED HARDING:

[SECOMBE]

(STRAINED VOICE, UNEMOTIONAL) Oh, deary me!

ORCHESTRA:

(VIOLIN STARTS AGAIN)

McGOONIGAL:

But 600 Westminster firemen with hook and ladder and line,
Worked with tigerish courage, sank the whole lot before 9!
And ooooooh!

GRAMS:

(BUBBLING OF DROWNING OBJECT)

ORCHESTRA:

(DRAMATIC DESCENDING CHORDS)

FX:

THREE HITS OF A GAVEL

COUNCIL LEADER:

[SELLERS]

(COCKNEY) Attention, Westminster Councillors! Enquiry into the sinking of the valuable Westminster Pier on the 7th of Feb 1955 is now in the old session, there! Chairman, Mr. Ned Seagoon. And a right Charlie he looks in that cardboard trilby over there!

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Gentlemen, for the Port of London Authority, I must state the day before the valuable Westminster Pier sank it was inspected and certified river-worthy.

COUNCILLOR:

[MILLIGAN]

Who was the man who inspected it?

COUNCIL LEADER:

It was none other than...

SEAGOON:

I resign!

COUNCIL LEADER:

Resignation accepted on the grounds of incompetence. Anyone else want the old job, there?

SEAGOON:

I'll take it on.

COUNCIL LEADER:

Right, name?

SEAGOON:

Ned Seagoon.

COUNCIL LEADER:

Same as the last bloke. All right, carry on.

SEAGOON:

Now, did anybody actually see the Pier sink?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate. Jim Tula.

SEAGOON:

Then why isn't he here?

WILLIUM:

He went down with it, mate.

SEAGOON:

I see. Right... lunch!

GRAMS:

(STAMPEDE)

COUNCIL LEADER:

Here, wait a minute! Wait! Wait! Wait a minute! We've got some more witnesses, yet!

SEAGOON:

Oh, very well. Throat?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Postpone lunch.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Good.

THROAT:

Right.

COUNCIL LEADER:

Next witness!

FX:

VERY SLOW FOOTSTEPS GRADUALLY GETTING CLOSER AND THEN WALKING AWAY, DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Right, next witness! What? No one else? Right... lunch!

GRAMS:

(STAMPEDE)

ECCLES:

Stop! (SILENCE) Hallo!

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you ragged idiot?

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Famous? I've never heard of you!

ECCLES:

What? You've heard of Clapham Common?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, you mind what you say!

SEAGOON:

What? Now, look here. Let's get down to the important question. What caused a valuable Westminster Pier to sink?

WILLIUM:

As a member of the police, may I make a suggestion, mate?

SEAGOON:

Police? You're not Fabian of the Yard.

WILLIUM:

No, I can't act for toffee, I can't.

SEAGOON:

Neither can he. Now, do you suspect sabotage?

WILLIUM:

No, he's in the clear.

SEAGOON:

Then whom do you suspect?

WILLIUM:

Russian frogmen dunnit, mate.

SEAGOON:

What was their motive?

WILLIUM:

Oo, I don't in to their private affairs, mate, I just accuses 'em, that's all I do.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure the Russians did it?

WILLIUM:

Well I 'aint, mate, but it looks good on the report sheet, dunnit.

SEAGOON:

Hmmmmm. Right... lunch!

GRAMS:

(STAMPEDE, PIGS SNORTING)

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on a fish train travelling from Leeds to Salisbury.

MAX GELDRAY:

'BRAZIL'

SEAGOON:

For a week we tried to raise the valuable sunken Westminster Pier, but failed miserably. Then yesterday. a professor offered me his service.

HENRY CRUN:

Good morning.

SEAGOON:

Good morning, sir.

MINNIE:

Good morning, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Good morning, buddy, yes. So... so you think you can raise the pier, eh?

MINNIE AND HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes... We can... We've... done it many times.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Now, what is your profession?

MINNIE AND HENRY CRUN:

Aaaaah....

MINNIE:

We're... we're oyster sexers.

SEAGOON:

Oyster sexers?

MINNIE:

Yes. We... we can tell the difference, you know.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

At your age that must be quite a revelation. I'm sorry, but I'm not interested in oyster sexing.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, but you're not an oyster, are you?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

If I were an oyster I wouldn't be here. Can't have an oyster as chairman of the Westminster Pier Salvage Committee, (CHUCKLES) can you?

HENRY CRUN:

Why not, eh? Why not? It's a free country, isn't it? Why shouldn't an oyster be chairman?

SEAGOON:

Because an oyster can't talk.

HENRY CRUN:

Have you ever spoken to one?

SEAGOON:

Hhhmmmm... no?

MINNIE AND HENRY CRUN:

Aaaah!

HENRY CRUN:

Then you don't know, do you?

MINNIE:

You don't.

HENRY CRUN:

No. Now look, we've got an oyster here.

MINNIE:

Fred's his name.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Put it on the desk, there you are Min.

FX:

COCONUT SHELL ON DESK

HENRY CRUN:

There, now go on, speak to it!

SEAGOON:

Speak to it? This is absurd! I... I... I can't...

MINNIE:

No, no, go on, buddy. Oooo, yakakoo! Speak to it. Speak to it!

SEAGOON:

No, no, I refuse, I can't...

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, you can, try. Then you'll find out if it can speak.

MINNIE:

Yes!

HENRY CRUN:

Mmm.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Um... Good morning! Ha-ha! This is madness! You can't...

HENRY CRUN:

You'll have to speak louder, he can't hear you.

SEAGOON:

Of course not, the oyster's closed!

HENRY CRUN:

Closed? Wednesday! Of course, it's early closing!

MINNIE AND HENRY CRUN:

Shout loud to it! Shout loud to it!

SEAGOON:

(LOUDER) Good morning. I see that it's early closing for oysters!

GRAMS:

SHELL SCRAPES AS IT TURNS, CREAKS OPEN, DONKEY EEE-AUGHS TWICE, RASBERRY, CREAKS SHUT, SHELL CLOSES

SEAGOON:

How dare he do that to me! Give me that oyster here! (GULPS) Ah, there, that's the last you'll hear of him. (BELCHES) Pardon!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! You naughty man. You've eaten Fred, our oyster!

HENRY CRUN:

We'll call the police constable!

SEAGOON:

(OVER THEIR SHOUTS) Get out of here! Coming in here with Fred the Oyster, get out...

FX:

WHILE THE THREE ARGUE DOOR IS TAKEN OFF HINGES, FADE AWAY, DOOR SLAMMED SHUT

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Is there no one who can salvage the highly valuable Westminster Pier? I'd pay anything!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

MORIARTY:

Ooooh! Pardon me, my ami. Mon card.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. But there's nothing on it!

MORIARTY:

Look on the other side!

SEAGOON:

Oh, a silly place to have it printed. On the back! Now what's this? "Messrs Fred Moriarty Ltd. Sunken Westminster Floating Pier Salvage Expert"? Gad! Ha ha. Just the man we want!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! You mean the Westminster floating Pier has sunk?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

MORIARTY:

At last, employment! All these years I've waited!

SEAGOON:

Tell me, how do we raise the pier?

MORIARTY:

Oh, don't raise the pier!

SEAGOON:

What then?

MORIARTY:

Lower the river!

SEAGOON:

Gad! Genius! Absolute genius! But... but can you do it?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yacka-backakas, of course I can. My partner, the Honourable Grytpype-Thynne is the greatest water remover in the world! Folloooooow... me!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SWIMMING THROUGH WATER OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

I entered a room 4 foot deep in water. Up to his neck in it, Grytpype-Thynne was sitting on a rubber dinghy, smoking a gin-filled hookah.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie! Have a glass of water.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Ah, thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Have another. Drink as much as you can.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

The basement's flooded.

SEAGOON:

But I thought you were an expert water remover!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I am. It's my day off.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

So you want us to lower the level of the Thames?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well that'll be 30 bob a day for the hire of the pumps.

SEAGOON:

Pumps?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I always wear them, they don't draw the feet, you know. I hate having my feet drawn, except by Graham Sutherland. Then, for the work. Well, the work. Shall we say 10 pounds for every hour's pumping?

SEAGOON:

10 pounds for every hour?

GRYTPYPE:

I accept! Sign here, please. And here. And here.

FX:

SCRATCHING OF PEN NIB ON PAPER AFTER EVERY ITEM

GRYTPYPE:

And here. And on this cheque. Now this one. And here. This small cheque, here. Bank guarantee. Mortgage. Pawn ticket. Here's your insurance policy, just there. This contract. Indemnity clause. Here. Watch, chain. Thank you. Now, have a glass of water.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. I want you to drink as much as you can.

SEAGOON:

Why, is it good for me?

GRYTPYPE:

No, good for my grandmother.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

She's under all this lot. Righty, Neddie, we'll be there in the morning and I take it you'll have the money ready, hmm?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Hurray! Then tomorrow my name will be famous.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Neddie Seagoon, the man who raised Westminster's Sunken floating Pier. And the good old Port of London's Authority's flag will fly once more! And the crowds will sing! (SINGING) For he's a jolly good Seagoon! For he's a jolly good Seagoon! For he's a jolly good Seeagooooooooon... and so say all of us!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Then you'll start pumping the river out tomorrow, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, 'til tomorrow then, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

A demain!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty? We shall make a fortune out of this Charlie. But first, let us hear Gladys Ellington and her lean Water Baby.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MY LEAN LADY"

GREENSLADE:

And now, the Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street, part three. In which Ned Seagoon is attacked by a drink-crazed Peruvian trombonist with rumples feet and is...

SEAGOON:

Greeners, we're not doing that this week.

GREENSLADE:

But page 24 of my Radio Times says...

SEAGOON:

I don't care what your Radio Times says, Wallace, we're not doing it!

GREENSLADE:

But... but listen, the Editor is a friend of mine...

SEAGOON:

I don't care!

GREENSLADE:

...and the Radio Times never lies!

SEAGOON:

Look, we're not doing it, Wallace (FADES OUT)

McGOONIGAL:

Ooooooh!

ORCHESTRA:

LONE VIOLIN OVER SPEECH

McGOONIGAL:

So Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne started to pump the river
And as the weather was very cold
Sometimes they were both were want for to shiver.
They pumped and pumped but the River Thames didn't get any lower,
But this didn't worry Grytpype-Thynne
As he was being paid by the hour.
And ooooooh, the pump fiend did pump and roar...

GRAMS:

HEAVY MACHINERY PUMPING OVER SPEECH

MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom...

GRYTPYPE:

How much does he owe us now, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Erm, we've pumped 60,000 gallons, that's 3 million pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

Lovely, lovely.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom, here comes a Charlie!

SEAGOON:

I say! I say, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie, have a glass of water.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Thanks.

GRYTPYPE:

Every little helps, you know?

SEAGOON:

That's just it. You've been pumping for 8 weeks now and the river hasn't gone down one inch!

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you can't rush these things, laddie. You've... er... come to pay us the old... er...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. Here it is, 3 million pounds.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

But that's the last of it, you know? Treasury's nearly broke!

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense. Have a glass of water.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Thank you. Now listen, if in the next 24 hours the river is still full of water, the government is going to step in.

GRYTPYPE:

Good riddance to them! Now, let's see. We've got 3 million, Moriarty...

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

GOES OFF SINGING "APRIL IN PARIS"

SEAGOON:

Wait! I say, wait! Where were they pumping all the water to? It was then I noticed a long pipe. I followed it. Along the Embankment. Past Vauxhall. Chelsea Bridge. Putney Bridge. Barnes Bridge. Mortlake Brewery. Hmm. Mortlake Brewery.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, SLAMS DOOR, LONG PAUSE, DOOR HANDLE TURNED

SEAGOON:

(DRUNK, SINGING) April in Paris, Aaaaaapri... (HICCUP)

GRAMS:

MAN FALLING IN WATER, SPLASHING IN WATER

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Heeeelp! Heeeelp! I'm drowning and I'm with the dreaded alcohol!

BLOODNOK:

(OVER SPLASHING AND CALLS) Thund me cringing nurglers! Is it? Gad, but no! Where's me old photographs?

SEAGOON:

Help!

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it is! It's me old batman, Neddie Seagoon, having a swim in mid-February, the naughty man! I say there, Seagoon, it's me!

SEAGOON:

Heeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Me, Major Bloodnok of the Third Regular Army Deserters. I say, Seagoon, remember that day in Poona at the Muratari's Restaurant? Oh, she was a boutique bibby, oh, yes!

SEAGOON:

I'm drowning!

BLOODNOK:

Don't interrupt, please. I took her to Grant Road and... What? Drowning, you say? Surely not drowning!

SEAGOON:

Heeeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Not Neddie Seagoon drowning. Not my old batman, not drowning! Why, you were the plunging and trudgeon stroke champion of Kurki, weren't you? Let me see, it must have been 1903, I think...

SEAGOON:

(GURGLING WATER) Save me!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, it was 1904, I remember now. Save you, lad? I can't swim, lad. But wait a minute, I know a fellow at Hackney Wick, an excellent swimmer. I'll go and get him. Lend me the cab fare, lad.

SEAGOON:

Help me out!

BLOODNOK:

What? Give us your hand then.

GRAMS:

STRUGGLING TO GET MAN OUT OF WATER

SEAGOON:

(CLOSER) Thanks. Now, here. Here's five shillings...

FX:

COINS JANGLING

SEAGOON:

Now hurry up and get him before I drown!

BLOODNOK:

Right. No, no, no, but wait! You're soaking wet! Laddie, let me wring out your wallet and that watch! That gold hunter, they mustn't be dropped in water, these hunters, you know! It'll get ruined in that water. Oh, you naughty man, you! I'll preserve it for you, lad. Now, take off that damp money belt, you've got rheumatics. My goodness, you mustn't have those sort of things. That's right, lad. Now off with those wet clothes, coat and trousers, vest and underpants, shoes and... (UNDER BREATH) Oh, we'll flog this lot... Good Heavens man! What? You can't stand there naked, get back in the water, there!

SEAGOON:

Right! Hup!

GRAMS:

HUGE SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Heeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

I say, wait there, don't go away!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE

SEAGOON:

I never saw him again. I dragged myself ashore on a pipe. A pipe that I discovered. So this was Grytpype's game, eh? He'd been pumping water out of the Thames at Westminster and back again to the river at Mortlake. The crook! That night, I decided to revenge myself on Grytpype and to destroy the pump for, and on behalf of, the Port of London Authority.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Shhh! This way! Got the dynamite?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got the dynamite, my Captain. Enter Bluebottle, pauses for light audience sausinges. Thank you! Moves forward under gas light as done by George Raft in "I am the Law". Thinks: I have moved forward under the gas light as done by George Raft in "I am the Law"!

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccles!? Oh, that's me!

SEAGOON:

Help little Bluebottle arrange the dynamite.

ECCLES:

Okay. You ready to start, Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I'm ready. Pulls out cardboard cut-out sword.

ECCLES:

Ooh! Mind what you're doing!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Long live the Port of London Authorintins. I will not rest until the forces of evil are swatted! And the valuable Westminster Pier is raised! Thinks: I will not rest until the forces of evil...

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Ohh!

ECCLES:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Come on. Get the rest of the dynamite off Ellington's head.

ECCLES:

Come on, now!

ELLINGTON:

Me, carry dynamite! Me, strong!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you strong, Ellingas?

ELLINGTON:

Me, strong!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Are you strong, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No, I ain't strong, are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, but Ellinga's strong.

ECCLES:

I ain't strong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He is!

ECCLES:

Are you?

ELLINGTON:

Me, strong!

GREENSLADE:

While our heroes are deciding who is strong, we take you now into Mr. Seagoon's stomach to hear how the oyster has fared.

GRAMS:

BUBBLING AND WAILING VOICES

DAVID DIMBLEBY:

[SELLERS]

And here, along the great Duodenal Tract of the great Seagoon intestine, I see approaching the boiled spuds he had at breakfast, followed closely by that foul meatloaf salad he noshed at the BBC canteen. There's no sign yet of the oyster. But, yes! Here, now, comes a dirty great dollop of steam duff. And three quarts of mild that he woofed down during the rehearsals. And yes! Here comes four pounds of mixed chocolate! And eight pints of tea, soup, liquorice allsorts and lastly the oyster!

GRAMS:

ADOLPHUS SPRIGGS CROONING "I'M ONLY A STROLLING VAGABOND, SO GOOD NIGHT...", DONKEY EEE-AUGHS TWICE, MARCH MUSIC AND MARCHING FOOTSTEPS VERY FAST, ATTACK TRUMPET, SCREAMS OF BATTLE AND TRUMPETS AND BANGS

SEAGOON:

Now to arrange for a new Westminster floating Pier.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

MORIARTY:

Ah, there's no need for that. Look, we have a new one already made for you!

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! By Jupiter! Etcetera Etcetera! And I thought you were both villains!

MORIARTY:

Waaugh! Listen, you go aboard and examine it at once!

SEAGOON:

By Jove, I'll do just that!

GRYTPYPE:

Have you bored holes in the bottom, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, it will sink in ten minutes (SINGS) April in Pariis!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, Captain! I've lit the dynamite under the pump... Oh! Eee-hee! You're not my captain! You are Morinartins, the forces of evils!

MORIARTY:

You're going to blow up our pump? You run right back and put that dynamite out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

But it's burning!

MORIARTY:

Get back at once!

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR AWAY) It hasn't burnt right down yet, so I'll...

GRAMS:

GREAT EXPLOSION, FOLLOWED BY BRICKS AND METAL BARS HITTING THE GROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you! I'm fed up with being deaded every week. Eccles never gets deaded. Why doesn't Eccles ever get dead...

GRAMS:

GREAT EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) You rotten swine, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-hee! That's better! Hee-hee! Exits left, much happier. Picks up loose bonce, shins and spare feet.

SEAGOON:

Ah! There you are, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

So I am.

SEAGOON:

I must say that this new pier you provided is absolutely perfect.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I'll buy it!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, sign here.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING PAPER

GRYTPYPE:

Here. This cheque.

SEAGOON:

Aha.

GRYTPYPE:

Bank guarantee.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

GRYTPYPE:

Credit note.

SEAGOON:

Credit note.

GRYTPYPE:

Postal orders. Traveller's cheques. And finally, sign this will. There, good lad! Moriarty?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

One, two, hup...

GRAMS:

BIG SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Heeelp!

MORIARTY:

Taxi? Gatwick Airport, please.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Heeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Thud me cringing nurglers, is it? It can't be! Where's me old photographs?

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Heeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

It's my old batman, Neddie Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Oh, no, go away...

BLOODNOK:

I've got a money belt that would...

SEAGOON:

Go away! (FADES OUT WITH THE TWO SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies, according to page 24 of my Radio Times, you should have been hearing the Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street, but I fear the Goons have lied to the Editor and not carried out the intended story. It's a disgrace. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it's me old pal Wallace Greenslade, my goodness...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME TUNE

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

Fabian of the Yard was a BBC TV detective series (1954 - 56). It featured casebook of Chief Detective Inspector Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard, a real detective.

A 'hookah' is a traditional Middle Eastern or Asian device for smoking.

'Pumps' is slang for trainers (or a type of lightweight, strapless ladies shoe).

Graham Sutherland was a well-known British artist and painter.

Mortlake is a part of south west London. Hackney Wick is part of North East London.

George Raft was best known as a gangster actor and had real Mafia connections. He starred in the mid-'50s TV series "I Am the Law".

S5 E22 - The Fireball of Milton Street

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN COOL CAT) All right, cats, let's creep.

ORCHESTRA:

TEA DANCE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Stop this madness! You sinful people! Clear the floor for the hooly
estooned Gyne Shew!

FX:

ORGAN MUSIC, EXPLOSION, SYMBOLS CRASHING, BITS AND PIECES FALLING AND CLATTERING.

SEAGOON:

Well done, Reg Dixon! Aye, he can certainly play that Blackpool Tower, y'know, can Reg. (LAUGHS)
Ahem! Now Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Unlace that rubber farthingale. Gird up your poor old loins and give the listeners the old posh chat,
there! Give them the old posh wireless talk, there, Wal, go on, boy.

GREENSLADE:

All right, right, right.

SEAGOON:

The old t-shirt there. Ha, Ha, ha.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, this week I am glad to state that the program *is* as per page 24 of the Radio
Times. We give you then a story translated from a yet unwritten story that was found embedded on
an uncooked Russian sock. We proudly present...

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL OVER SPEECH

SIR JIM NASIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

(THEATRICALY) Oooh! "The Fireball of Milton Street". Or, "What's become of that crispy bacon we had before the war, eh?" What's become of it? So brown! So crisp! With that lovely firm layer of white fat. Ooooh! What's become of it, eh? Answer me! What's become of that crisp bacon we had before the war? Don't laugh, answer me! What's be.....

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ORCHESTRA:

FUNERAL MARCH MUSIC

SEAGOON:

We regret to announce the sudden death of the well-known athletic thespian and actor, Sir Jim Nasium.

SELLERS:

Yes! In his absence we give you... The Fireball Of Milton Street.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK, ENDING IN LONE HARP

SELLERS:

'mid the rolling valleys of Sussex, in the county of Somerset, lies the little Kentish village of Milton Street, Pride of Essex. Milton Street, one of the Cinque Ports. It was to this little village that a disturbing discovery was to come... (FADES)

GRAMS:

SLOW FOOTSTEPS OVER SPEECH, BELL RINGS ONCE

ECCLES:

One o'clock! One o'clock on a frosty night! A clear night! A fine night! Oh, it's good to be alive! One o'clock on a frosty night. One... oh!

HENRY:

Aaaaah!

ECCLES:

Ooh, hello! Oh, Mr. Crun! Where you been at this time of night?

HENRY:

Mmmmm, I've been for a walk.

ECCLES:

Ooh! I wish I was clever like that.

HENRY:

Well, good night, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Good... good night, good night.

GRAMS:

SLOW FOOTSTEPS OVER SPEECH, BELL RINGS ONCE

ECCLES:

One o'clock...

.

GRAMS:

BELL RINGS AGAIN

ECCLES:

Two o'clock and all's well. A fine night, ooohhh..... (FADES OUT)

FX:

KEYS BEING JANGLED OVER SPEECH

HENRY:

Now, what have I done with my front-door key? Let me see: trouser cupboard, wine-cellar, hot-water tap, butter dish, Minnie's Ginger-wine-still. Drat it! Every key but the front door. Ah, well.

FX:

THREE HEAVY KNOCKS ON DOOR

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Oooh! Oh, dear. We'll all be murdered in our beds! Who's that down there?

HENRY:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

Who's that down there [UNCLEAR]?

HENRY:

I've lost... I've lost...

MINNIE:

I can't let you in, you're dead.

HENRY:

...lost the front...

MINNIE:

Who's that?

HENRY:

I've lost the... I've lost my key, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I'm... I'm... I'm coming. I'm coming, buddy. Coming...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS DOWN FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

HENRY:

I can't understand it. We live in a bungalow.

FX:

KEYS BEING JANGLED, KEY TURNED DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Now, what's all this, Henry? What is this?

HENRY:

I can't get in, Min. I've dropped my key out in the dark and I can't see.

MINNIE:

Oh, well. Come inside in the light and have a look for it.

HENRY:

Thank you, Min.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MINNIE:

Now, hurry up, Henry.

HENRY:

I will, I will, I... Don't go back to bed, Min, I'm not in yet.

MINNIE:

Oh. Hurry up, I don't want to wait up all night waiting for you to come home.

HENRY:

Well, don't rush me, Min. As soon as I find the key I'll let myself in.

MINNIE:

Okay.

FX:

HEAVY CHAIN BEING JANGLED

HENRY:

Drat it. I can't find it, I... I... I can't find the key!

MINNIE:

Well, why don't you knock? I'll let you in.

HENRY:

All right.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR SLAMMED, KNOCKS ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Oh! Who's that?

HENRY:

(OUTSIDE) It's me, Minnie. Henry!

MINNIE:

Henry? Haven't you got a key?

HENRY:

No.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

MINNIE:

Come in, buddy. You're lucky I wasn't in bed, you know.

HENRY:

Terrible news, Min, terrible! The world is coming to an end!

MINNIE:

Oh! I'd better go and get the washing in.

HENRY:

Min, this morning I photographed the sun and I discovered it's on fire.

MINNIE:

Oh, the people are careless, Henry. It's those Teddy Boys...

HENRY:

Yes.

MINNIE:

...and their cigarettes. I tell you it's...

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

HENRY:

Aaaaah!

SEAGOON:

I say, can I come in? I saw a light in your window.

HENRY:

Minnie poured it out for me, would you like one?

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

MINNIE AND HENRY:

Good!

MINNIE:

Here, Mr. Seagoon, Henry said the sun's on fire.

SEAGOON:

On fire? (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF)

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You were always one for a joke!

HENRY:

No, I'm not. Here, look, I took this photo of the sun's corona and it's smoking.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. Heavens above and... and saints protect us, he's right! The sun's on fire! We must tell the villagers at once. (PANIC) The sun's on fire! The sun's on fire!!!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES

SEAGOON:

Please! Please! Silence! Silence!

MILLIGAN:

Speak up!

SEAGOON:

Villagers of Milton Street, I'm sorry I had to get you out of your beds. Mr. Crun, put down that copy of 'The Awful Disclosures of Mariah Monk', Bombay edition, price [UNCLEAR] in plain wrapper and tell them what's happened.

HENRY:

The sun... is on fire!

OMNES:

CALM SILENCE EXCEPT FOR ON OR TWO 'OHS' AND 'AHS'

SEAGOON:

Don't panic! Don't panic! Keep cool, all's well! Ha, ha, ha. We'll face it together, chins up! No cowardice! Now remain steady, chaps. But at all costs, don't panic. Remember, we're British! All together now: (SINGS) Land of hope and glory, Mother of the free. How can we extol thee...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(OTHER END OF PHONE) You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that!

FX:

PHONE SLAMMED DOWN

GREENSLADE:

Oh, Mr. Crun. The sun is on fire, you say?

HENRY:

Er, yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

If that is so, the process must have been a ceaseless and conceivable rapid motion of electrons captured by nuclei, released at a million time per sec per sec. The effect being the radiated thermeo-electrons captured and harnessed as units of liberated satellite electrons. The quantum of which, with the space quotuum of 3.79 plus 10 to the power of 33 ergs per second, with a diathermic of 92735 to the power of x, is the parllum 3 billion thrice upon 25 million centigrade.

HENRY:

It's not as simple as that! Oh, deary me, no! Now, are there any more questions?

JIM NASIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes! What's become of that crispy bacon we had before the war, eh? What's become of...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ORCHESTRA:

FUNERAL MARCH MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Any more questions?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. As squire of Milton Street, I think that as the sun is on fire, Ned Seagoon should go to London to tell the Queen.

SEAGOON:

To London and tell the Queen? I'd be famous! Right, I'll do it!

BLOODNOK:

Right, first, it's a long weary journey to the capital, therefore how about a silver collection, eh? Come along, lads!

OMNES:

VOICES RELUCTANTLY GIVING MONEY

BLOODNOK:

A silver collection, come on now, thank you, that's it. Well done, sir. Grand! Yes. And you, sir! Excellent!

MINNIE:

Oooh!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry madam, I beg your pardon. That's it, that's it, the hat's full! So Ned, there you are, off you go to London!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Farewell!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP, FADE AWAY

BLOODNOK:

Brave lad! Right now, Ellington, help me count the money in this hat.

ELLINGTON:

Right. Ah-one, ah-two, ah-three, ah-four...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

Meantime, I, Ned Seagoon, was running towards London to tell the Queen the sun was on fire. I reached the river. I jumped...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS PAUSE FOR A WHILE, START AGAIN

SEAGOON:

I reached the other side. I arrived at a second river. I jump...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS PAUSE FOR A WHILE, START AGAIN

SEAGOON:

And I reached the other side. But then, then I came to a very wide raging torrent. I ran as fast as I could. I jumped....!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP, SILENCE

SEAGOON:

Right! Hands up all those who thought I was going to fall in the river. Come along. You with the big head there, Bill Matthews? Come on, let's have yer! Right! Take a hundred lines: "I must not try and guess the end of Goon Show gags". (LAUGHS) Now, here is what really happened.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

I ran. I jumped...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP

SEAGOON:

And then...

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha! Right, hands up all the Charlies who wrote a hundred lines. Take another hundred: "I must not write a hundred lines until I'm dead sure". All right, Greenslade, carry on with the old posh continuity there... (INDISTINCT) the old wireless, there. Let's have yer...

GREENSLADE:

Listen to 'The Fireball of Milton Street' part 3. Outside the Ministry of Works. (SILENCE) Part 4, inside the Ministry of Works.

GRAMS:

GRAMOPHONE RECORD PLAYING

FX:

TEA CUP AND SAUCER RATTLING, RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, Charlie!

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning. I want to see the Queen.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, you'll have to see the Secretary Of State. I'll write you an introductory letter. (PEN SCRATCHING)
"Please see Ned Seagoon". There.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, who is the Secretary Of State?

GRYTPYPE:

I am.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Well, I have a letter for you.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me see: "Will you please see Ned Seagoon".

SEAGOON:

I want to see the Queen.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Well, you'll have to see the Minister of the Crown.

SEAGOON:

Where's he?

GRYTPYPE:

Go and wait in that room there, would you?

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR OPENS, SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm so excited! Hee hee! A Minister of the Crown, eh? I wonder what he looks like...

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

(SHOUTS) His Excellence, the Right Royal Minister of the Crown!

FX:

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY GETTING CLOSER

GRYTPYPE:

You wanted to see me?

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. I want to see the Queen. You see, the sun's on fire!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

The sun's on fire, sir!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, this is the Charlie. Now, Neddie. I want you to build a rocket to take you to the sun. Take a barrel of water onboard and then off you go to put out the fire.

SEAGOON:

Well, where will I get the materials to build it?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, the Ministry of Works have got a lot of junk... er... special materials you could use.

SEAGOON:

Who'll pay for it?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, the villagers, of course. Then, when the rocket comes back from the sun, we'll buy it back off you, at twice the price.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! I'll save England! I'll be a hero! (SINGS) Come, come, I love you only. Come heeero, miine...

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I can't say it again.

FX:

RAPID KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED, DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, what do you want?

JIM NASIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

I want to know what's become of the crispy bacon...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

FUNERAL MARCH MUSIC

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, MUSIC STOPS IMMEDIATELY

GREENSLADE:

Meantime at Milton Street, a dissenter is at work.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES

BLUEBOTTLE:

People! Peoples of Milton Street! Listen to me! Listen to me, peoples of Milton Street! Enter Bluebottle. Strikes orator's pose, cops dirty big brick in back of nut. Puts lump in pocket for later. Listen, I'm telling you the sun is not on fire! (CROWD GETS NOISIER) Shut up, you, shut up! I'm telling you, it's not on fire. Have seen it through my cardboard cut-out telescope. Post free with every six box-tops of Filth Muck the Wonder Soap.

MINNIE:

Don't you believe him, buddy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm telling the truth!

MAX GELDRAIY:

(SPEAKS DUTCH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-heeheeee! You're a foreigner, that's what you are!

MAX GELDRAIY:

(SPEAKS DUTCH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can anyone tell me what this nit's talkin' about?

JIM NASIUM:

Yes! He wants to know what became of all that crispy ba...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT, MUSIC SPEEDED UP

SEAGOON:

I say, what's going on here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am here to prove that the sun is not on fire!

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Curse, this little nutty goon could ruin our plan. (ALOUD) Don't believe him, Neddie. Ask him to prove it!

SEAGOON AND CROWD:

Prove it! Yes, prove it! Prove it! Prove it! Go on!

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right! All right! Shut up, you! Shut up, you! I *will* prove it! Stand back! Takes off shirt to show well-developed bones and spare ribs in satchel. I will climb this ladder with a piece of bread and when I get to the top I will hold out to the sun. If the sun is not on fire, the bread will get toasted. Now then, who's gonna hold the ladder?

ECCLES:

I'll hold the ladder, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, Eccles. Promise you won't let go?

ECCLES:

I promise you won't let go.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then off I go! Sprin-ges on to ladder as done-ed like Gary Cooper in Vera Crutch. Effect is ruined as trousers fall down. Oh! Short vest! Tee-hee! Geldray, cover up my short vest!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

We take up the story with Bluebottle at the top of his 200 foot ladder.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING OVER SPEECH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee hee! It's a bit parkey up here. Oh, silly little me, I've dropped my toasting fork. Hey, somebody down there, bring up my toasting fork!

SEAGOON:

(FAR OFF) OK!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dear. What can I do now I'm waiting up here? (MUMBLES A TUNE TO HIMSELF) Ying-Tong-Iddle-Ing-Ping. Oh, I know. Ladies and gentlemen, I will spin you all a riddle. Listen: When is a door not a door? Answer: When it's ajar. Not a sausinge for that one. Ahem. When is a horse not a horse? Answer: When it's turned into a field. Oh, well. Roll on beddie-byes.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello? No, I'm sorry, I haven't. (HANGS UP). Silly man, have I got any rooms to let? (SINGS TO HIMSELF)

FX:

HEAVY STEPS ASCENDING THE LADDER

ECCLES:

Ah, oh, ah, here's your toasting fork.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh! You fool, you mind what you're doing with it! Harm can come to a young lad like that.

ECCLES:

Ooh, I'm... I'm... I'm sorry, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yuh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee-hee! Who's holding the bottom of the ladder?

ECCLES:

Well, eh, don't worry. I'm... I'm holding the... Ooooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FALLING IN TO DISTANCE) You rotten swine, youuuuu...!

FX:

THUD

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FAR OFF) Eeigh!

GREENSLADE:

At the foot of the now-fallen ladder, a fresh crisis had arrived. Seagoon is about to ask Bloodnok for the money he had collected in his hat the previous day.

SEAGOON:

I'm about to ask you for the money you collected in your hat the previous day.

BLOODNOK:

Go ahead.

SEAGOON:

I want the money you collected in your hat the previous day.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Gryptype-Thynne wants it as first-payment on the materials for building the rocket.

BLOODNOK:

What? Money? I arrest you!

SEAGOON:

What for?

BLOODNOK:

Resisting arrest.

SEAGOON:

I'm not resisting!

BLOODNOK:

I arrest you for not resisting then.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent!

BLOODNOK:

At your age, rubbish! I arrest you for not being in uniform!

SEAGOON:

I'm not in the services!

BLOODNOK:

What? Then I arrest you for being a coward!

SEAGOON:

I'm not a coward!

BLOODNOK:

I arrest you for being a hero!

SEAGOON:

I'm not a hero!

BLOODNOK:

Then if you're not a hero and you're not a coward, what are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm neither!

BLOODNOK:

I arrest you for being a neither!

SEAGOON:

Give me the money or I'll tell about you and the scout fund.

FX:

COINS BEING SHOVELLED OUT

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, there you are Neddie! Dear Neddie, I was only joking, lad. I was keeping it safe for you, Neddie. You know old Dennis wouldn't do a pal.

SEAGOON:

Right! There, Moriarty, £20. Tomorrow, we start building the rocket to the sun!

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND LINK

GRAMS:

WORK PLACE NOISES, HAMMERS ETC.

BBC ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

Well, I'm speaking to you from the base of a Martello tower on the Pevensey marshes. The hammering you can hear comes from a busy band of workers from the village of Milton Street. They are erecting some kind of wooden rocket tied with string on top of the tower. That is what you said, sir, isn't it?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, they are having zee joke, ha ha ha! Yes, a joke. Now... (LOWERING VOICE) Seagoon, you haven't breathed a word to this BBC Charlie about it, have you?

SEAGOON:

No, sir, I haven't.

MORIARTY:

Good.

HENRY:

Mnk, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr. Crun. Well, it looks as if the rocket's nearly ready!

HENRY:

Not quite, we need another layer of brown-paper and string on the outside.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you're right. We can't take risks!

HENRY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we've just delivered the last lorry of junk... erm... valuables and I hope you've got the money?

SEAGOON:

Yes, £30.

FX:

CASH TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, when will you be taking off?

SEAGOON:

As soon as we've got the gunpowder and sulphur in the base of the rocket. That's what's going to send us up!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sure it will. And... er... as a matter of interest, when you get to the sun, how are you going to put it out?

SEAGOON:

We're each carrying a bucket of water.

GRYTPYPE:

By Jove, are all your family clever?

SEAGOON:

Only the hybrids.

GRYTPYPE:

Touché.

SEAGOON:

Three-ché.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season, shall we dance?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

TEA DANCE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, darling.

MORIARTY:

Stop, stop! Stop this, stop this madness, you sinful people. You must take off as soon as possible. The Sussex police have heard of the rocket and they're going to try and stop it!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse, this could ruin everything. Seagoon, tell them all to speed up.

SEAGOON:

Everybody, speed up!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF WORK SPEEDS UP TO HIGH-PITCHED CARTOON NOISES

SEAGOON:

Stooooop! Right, ready? Everybody in!

OMNES:

Yes, Arrr!

SEAGOON:

Press the sulphur and light the old wick there. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 -

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear, oh, dear. After all that work. It's sad, Mor-I-arty, it's sad. However, let's count the money.
10, 20, 30... (BOTH GIGGLE EVILLY)

MORIARTY:

Oh, dear. Those poor fools.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

A wooden rocket. A wooden rocket! I ask you! Trying to put out a fire on the sun!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

They deserved to die, didn't they?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, they did, Mor-I-arty.

MORIARTY:

Oh, 25, 26 million, 28...

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, hasn't it gone dark? They... er... they couldn't have...? Help! They've put out the sun! Oh!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(PANIC)

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

‘CRAZY RHYTHM’ OUTRO

Notes:

The Farthingale was a bell-shaped hoopskirt worn under the skirts of well-to-do women during the Tudor and Elizabethan era.

'Gird' means to tighten or restrain.

An 'Orator' is a person who delivers a speech.

S5 E23 - The Six Ingots Of Leadenhall Street

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear.

GREENSLADE:

This *is* Wallace Greenslade speaking with a few handy hints for new radio listeners. If at any time during the following half hour you should hear this sound...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

GREENSLADE:

It means that someone has opened a door. And should you hear this...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

SECOMBE:

(WHINY VOICE) Hello.

GREENSLADE:

It means the picture we're trying to convey is that someone has entered the room and...

SECOMBE:

Good-bye!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GREENSLADE:

This not only means that he has left, but is also the signal for applause. And now for a rather tricky one:

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SECOMBE:

Oh, I'm dead!

GREENSLADE:

You get the idea? The man was obviously shot but not, as he proclaimed, dead. We are, unfortunately, not allowed to do this and whenever possible we aim for the legs.

SEAGOON:

So out with your short cans and take the aim, there. It's time for the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Stoop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Thank you. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Unscrew those astrakhan corsets and give them the old posh chat, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Lindies and joggelpicks, tonight the Goons present 'The Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street'.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK – DRAGNET THEME

SELLERS:

Last night, during the hours of March the 10th and Friday, one of the cleverest robberies in the history of crime was carried out in the Bank of England. Among the missing articles were six gold bars, the manager and his assistant.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK; DREAMY HARP MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) April in Pariis, chestnuts in blossom. (NORMAL) Ah! That was wonderful, Grytpype. Beautiful grapefruit. Seven lovely golden eggs. Delicious crisp bacon. The type we had before the war.

MORIARTY:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

Then there was that toast, wonderful! And that exquuuisite cask of coffee.

GRYTPYPE:

Why can't you wait? We shall be having breakfast in a moment.

MORIARTY:

I never eat breakfast.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, try some food. By the way, Moriarty, have you seen the newspaper?

MORIARTY:

Yes. I saw it last week, I think.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, with my usual contempt for money, I bought a new one this morning.

MORIARTY:

But why? We still have two pages of the old one left!

GRYTPYPE:

As an ex-bank manager I must keep abreast of the times, you understand.

MORIARTY:

What new trickery is this?

GRYTPYPE:

And according to this paper, it credits us with having taken six bars of gold. *You* told me you'd only managed to get five.

MORIARTY:

(COUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY) I must have miscounted, yes. (PLACES THE BARS ON THE TABLE AS HE COUNTS THEM) 1, 2, 3, 4 and une is fünf. You see... you see, I was right. Five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

This little revolver of mine says six!

MORIARTY:

What? Supristi-yacka-backakas! Are you going to take the word of a little revolver against mine?

GRYTPYPE:

Six bars of gold!

MORIARTY:

Five!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MORIARTY:

Ah! Supristi-perpendicular! I... You realise, man, I would have been killed if that bullet hadn't struck that gold bar in my vest pocket?

GRYTPYPE:

I must practice. I aimed for your foot.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes. And talking of feet, we must smuggle this gold out of the country before the police get on to our tracks. The question is... how?

GRYTPYPE:

Perfectly simple. The gold will be made into musical instruments and then a very new two-piece brass band will leave on a world tour.

MORIARTY:

Oh, c'est brilliant!

FX:

RAPID KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

MORIARTY:

Quick, hide these five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

Six!

MORIARTY:

Yes, six. Voila, entréz!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, gentlemen. My name is Detective Inspector Ned Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Nom de nom, yacka-backaka. Someone has blundered. Inspector, last night at the time of the Bank of England robbery, I was at a reunion dinner in Manchester.

GRYTPYPE:

While I... was in South America.

MORIARTY:

I can prove that, I was with him. I tell you we know nothing at all about the five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

Six!

MORIARTY:

That's right, three each.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

MORIARTY:

Then what do you wish to know?

SEAGOON:

(WHINY VOICE) I'm collecting for the police ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens! Oh, well, why didn't you say so at first? Moriarty, my dear chap, cut him down.

FX:

ROPE BEING CUT, THUD

SEAGOON:

Oh! Thank you. Now, if you wouldn't mind, er... donating a small... er...

GRYTPYPE:

Here's a shilling, Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much. It'll be a Grand Ball you know? Grand Ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I'm the MC.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I'll have a big Rosette with MC on it, you know?

GRYTPYPE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

I'll get them going. (GETTING EXCITED AND LAUGHING) "The next dance will be the St. Bernard waltz!" (HUMS A WALTZ) "Keep moving, there". I can just see me. "No jiving in the middle! Clear the floor! Take your partners for the Loving Waltz". (SINGS THE WALTZ) When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year...

GRYTPYPE:

Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

May I?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

You silly twisted boy, you!

FX:

KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Well, if it isn't a police sergeant!

GRAMS:

WILD CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY)

THROAT:

A message.

SEAGOON:

For me?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good!

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Don't be late for choir practice!

GRYTPYPE:

What's the message?

SEAGOON:

Yes. This is going to be tricky. It's in writing. Good Lord! There's been a robbery at the Bank of England. (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) They won't get far (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) All the ports are watched, you know? All the ports are watched. No one will be able to leave the country without Inspector Ned's approval, you know? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'll take the case here. I'll start at the Bank and trace them from there. I'll catch 'em. Then... then when I'm MC'ing at the Ball, they'll point me out and say "That's him! A-ha, ha, ha! That's the man that caught the Bank of England robbers. That's him!" (FADES AWAY)

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty? Moriarty? *This* is the Charlie that's going to see us through the police cordon.

MORIARTY:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

I'll explain. Go in to that room and put on the things cos I want to tell you... (FADES OUT)

MORIARTY:

Right, right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, a grand job! Then they'll offer me the Chief Constabulary. And a medal. And when I get to the Palace, I'll go right up and I'll say...

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, I was... By Jove! You've got an interesting hand.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, it's nothing, it's... just a continuation of the arm, really.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know, Madame Freda would *love* to read your hand. And luckily she is in this room here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

(AS MADAM FREDA) Ahh! A client! Please sit down. Ah! I see by your hand that you are a policeman.

SEAGOON:

How can you tell?

MORIARTY:

You're holding a truncheon. And yes! Yes! You have a very strong head-line. And, oh! And what's this lump?

SEAGOON:

My elbow.

MORIARTY:

It is a lumpy one. Now, let me see. Ah, yes, yes, you are a great band leader!

SEAGOON:

No! Oh, really? (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I have great talent, you know. And I know all about music and I'm very, very musical, really I am. I'm MC at the police ball and... and... and... You know, you're absolutely marvellous, you really are. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF)

MORIARTY:

Now listen, Charlie. Listen, little Charlie. Now, if ever you are offered a job as a band leader with the opportunity to travel abroad... take it. You are a brilliant musician. Now close the door and good day.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

You know, she's very good, she's absolutely first class.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie. Neddie? Do you know a band leader who could take a two-piece band abroad?

SEAGOON:

Band leader?

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know one?

SEAGOON:

Well I...

GRYTPYPE:

Sign here, please. We leave as soon as the instruments are ready.

SEAGOON:

Done. I'll just clean up the gold robbery then I'll be back.

GRYTPYPE:

Wonderful, wonderful. Before you go... maestro. Would you like to conduct Max Geldray?

SEAGOON:

Oh, heaven!

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

All together chaps!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 2, or the Two Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 6, whichever you like, I don't care. Mr. Grytpype-Thynne has sent Herr Moriarty with the six gold bars to a smelting shop. And now they're about to be melted down. Good-bye.

GRAMS:

CHEMICALS BUBBLING

HENRY:

Mnk... Steady does it, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Errrr, steady does it, Henry.

HENRY:

Ah, yes...

MINNIE:

Ah, yes...

HENRY:

Into the saxophone mould, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ooh, aaah! How's that, Henry?

HENRY:

No, no, not you, Minnie, the gold bars.

MINNIE:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry about that, Henry. I'll get out now. Oh, dear.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MINNIE:

There's the phone, Henry.

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

The talking telephone.

HENRY:

I'll get it, baby.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

FX:

PICKS UP THE PHONE

HENRY:

Hello? Oh, yes, Mr. Grytpype-Thynne, yes? Yes, Count Moriarty delivered the five bars of gold. What? Well, he only gave me five. Good-bye.

MINNIE:

Who was that on the phone, Henry?

HENRY:

It was me, Minnie.

MINNIE:

I thought I recognised the voice. What?

HENRY:

There's no honour among thieves.

MINNIE:

You can't get the wood, you know.

HENRY:

No. I told him that Moriarty only left four bars.

MINNIE:

Four? Oh. Henry, naughty! You said five, buddy!

HENRY:

Oh, no, no, no. No, it was four, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, no, no, no, Henry, it was five. Count Moriarty put five bars of gold on the counter, buddy!

HENRY:

No, no, you're being silly, Min. It was definitely four.

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry, you're...

HENRY:

I can count as well as the next man, Minnie.

MINNIE:

You're trying to double-cross me, buddy!

HENRY:

Diddle-piddle-poo, I... No, no, don't you say that I'm doublecrossing you!

HENRY AND MINNIE:

(ARGUE OVER ONE ANOTHER, MOULDS IN TO..)

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS, TRUMPETS, WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE, MORE BATTLE SOUNDS, QUIETENS DOWN TO ODD THINGS CRASHING ALL OVER.

MINNIE:

I love you, Henry!

HENRY:

I love you, Minnie!

MINNIE:

You mad...

HENRY:

You mad, naughty...

FX:

DOOR KNOCK

MINNIE:

Come in!

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me. Meanwhile at Scotland Yard, inspector Ned Seagoon was completely baffled.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Yes. After ceaseless questioning and reading several newspapers, I discovered that it was the Bank of England which had been robbed. Then I got a summons from my chief.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, Seagoon! Now listen very, very carefully. I have personally promised the Home Secretary I shall have an arrest within the week. Will you help me?

SEAGOON:

Scouts honour!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid. Yes! Now, just put on this prisoner's uniform.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good, good, good. Now, this three day's growth of beard. Splendid, splendid. Now, just sign this confession. Excellent, lad, excellent! Now, hold these six imitation gold bars. Got them?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Right, wonderful. Now, wait here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHUTS, PAUSE, THEN OPENS AGAIN

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant! Arrest that man!

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! Major Bloodnok, I... I dressed up to help you!

BLOODNOK:

A likely story. Take him away Sergeant, take him away!

SEAGOON:

I won't do it, I won't! I'll hide away. You'll never find me! Good-bye!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS, HUGE CHEERS

MORIARTY:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY)

GREENSLADE:

Owing to the fact that Ned Seagoon is hurrying around to Mr. Grytpype-Thynne's, he's asked me to say "Thank You".

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Well, if it isn't inspector Ned Seagoon!

GRAMS:

HUGE CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Thank you. (CHEERING STOPS) Thank you. Mr. Thynne, you must help me. The police will be after me soon. They want me to take the blame for the gold robbery. You must hide me! Tell them on the night of the robbery I was with you in Aberdeen!

GRYTPYPE:

You trying to make me dishonest?

SEAGOON:

But I'm innocent, I tell you, I'm innocent!

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, this may be the messenger with the go...er... with the heavy brass instruments.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

'Ello!

GRYTPYPE:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles. I'm the famous Eccles. And here's the instruments.

GRYTPYPE:

Is this all there is?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Would you like me to play it?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes please.

ECCLES:

Okay. Listen.

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

(THEY LAUGH)

ECCLES:

Did you hear that?

SEAGOON:

Very good!

ECCLES:

Did you... did you hear me...?

SEAGOON:

Let me try, let me try, let me try.

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha! Isn't it good? Isn't it?

ECCLES:

Here, here, let me try. Now watch this.

FX:

SOME VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TINGS

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

It's my turn again, all right, listen, listen.

FX:

SOME VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TINGS

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha!

ECCLES:

Here, let me. Oh, it's good to be alive! Here, now, give me it, I'll do it again.

GRYTPYPE:

All right, all right, that's enough. Now, give that to me. There.

FX:

A SINGLE NOT-SO-SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha! You're the best, Mr. Thynne! You're the best...

ECCLES:

He's good, he's good. You a conservative? Eh?

GRYTPYPE:

One moment, one moment. There's some discrepancy here. Six gold bars go to the melting works.
One gold triangle comes back.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Gold? Gold? Ooh, let's hear it again!

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

ECCLES:

That's rich! Here, I'll tell you what. You go in the room and see how it sounds in there.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes. Come along, Mr. Thynne.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

This is going to be fun!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

We'll have to listen very carefully, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

(OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR) Are you ready?

SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Listen.

FX:

LIGHTLY DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

SEAGOON:

Hm. I don't think that was it.

GRYTPYPE:

No, sounded more like a door closing.

SEAGOON:

Door closing!?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, he can't get far, I've got the...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

GRYTPYPE:

Hello?

FRENCH OPERATOR:

[GREENSLADE]

Personal call from Paris. You're through caller.

ECCLES:

(OTHER END OF PHONE) Hallo?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Listen!

FX:

A SINGLE TRIANGLE TING

GRYTPYPE:

Curses. Well, we still have Ray Ellington.

SEAGOON:

That's no compensation.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MR. SANDMAN'

GREENSLADE:

Why, if it isn't The Six Gold Ingots of Leadenhall Street part 4, or The Four Ingots of Leadenhall Street part 6, whichever you like, I don't care.

GRAMS:

POLICE BELLS AND DRIVING

RADIO OPERATOR:

Calling all cars. Car number 40?

SELLERS:

Roger.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 41.

SELLERS:

Roger.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 42.

SELLERS:

Fred.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 43? Car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OTHER END OF RADIO) Tee-hee-hee!

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not telling you! So enters Fabian Bluebottles of the Yard. I'm out to bring in Neddie Seagoon, dead or alive. Nee-hee.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Are you car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Before I tell you, here are my special terms what you got to agree to. I must not be nussed. I must not be blown up. And I must be at the front if there's any sausages. Signed, Bluenbottlen.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Very well. Now, are you car number 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, nee-hee-hee! Do you know what I am?

RADIO OPERATOR:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm cardboard bicycle number 1. Tee-hee-hee! Peddles off towards Sydney Street where my cap-i-tain is hiding.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I peeped through the lace windows of my overcoat, I saw the police were looking for us. Ha ha ha, but they'll never find us here.

GRYTPYPE:

Silly boy, where else can they find us?

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

ELLINGTON:

(OTHER SIDE) Hey, open up! Open up in the name of the law!

SEAGOON:

How did they know I was here?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

You left a forwarding address at the Yard!

SEAGOON:

Curse, it's the little things that give you away.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they won't take me. Get to that window.

FX:

FIVE PISTOL SHOTS

SEAGOON:

And so started the siege of Sydney Street. Next day, the police called in the army.

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

WILLIUM:

'Scuse me, sir

SEAGOON:

Yes, constable?

WILLIUM:

Is that your car in the street?

SEAGOON:

Yes

WILLIUM:

You'll have to put some lights on it, mate. It's dusk, you know?

SEAGOON:

Right-oh.

WILLIUM:

I say. All right for bullets, are ya?

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you.

WILLIUM:

Right, keep the old head down, then. Cheerio, mate.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE CONTINUE

GRYTPYPE:

Ellington? Take off your police uniform, I want you to join us for the next gag.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

It's getting dark and I'd like you to keep guard, so go outside that door and don't come back here 'til dawn.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHUTS

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE CONTINUES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Morning, everybody!

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Grytpype! We've got to get out of here tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

The rent's due tomorrow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop in the name of the law!

SEAGOON:

Well, look who it is. If it isn't: Bluebottle!

GRAMS:

HUGE CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stoooooop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Thank you, Dad. Second entrance, siege of Sydeney Street. Time: two hours later. Starts to act: If you don't come out by the time I count ten, I will throw a bomb up in to your window. (VERY FAST) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...

SEAGOON:

Give us a chance to get out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I want you to know what it feels like to be deaded every week. Tee-hee-hee! 7, 8, 9, 10. Hup! Ooh, I missed.

GREENSLADE:

It's fairly widely known that an object thrown high into the air is forced by circumstances beyond our control to return to earth, therefore...

GRAMS:

HUGE EXPLOSION, BITS AND PIECES HIT GROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you! You have - no, wait a minute. Feels both knee-caps. Sees feet in usual position. I'm *not* deaded this week! Tee-hee-hee! Thinks: I'm a happy-go-lucky lad.

GREENSLADE:

You little fool!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No!

GREENSLADE:

You've gone and deaded the cast and now we can't do the end.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. How does it end, Mr. Greenslends?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I... I... I don't care at all Actually, we had a beautiful dramatic ending where the long man of Wilmington came forward of his Arab coloured chart and Mr. Grytpype-Thynne redeemed himself in the eyes of the singing dervish.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Can't we act it?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, don't be absurd. What can two of us possibly do?

ORCHESTRA:

TEA-TIME MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you come here often?

GREENSLADE:

Only during the mating season.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yee-hee-hee!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

The Siege of Sidney Street was a real siege that took place in London, 1911. Three jewel thieves killed a number of policemen during a robbery. Two weeks later a Mrs. Gershwine of 100 Sidney Street reported to the police that three men matching the description of those wanted had hired a room at her house. The men, sensing they had been betrayed, deprived the landlady of her skirt and boots on the assumption that no religious Jewess would attempt to escape not properly attired. She did. The next day the police surrounded the house. A gun battle ensued and the men refused to surrender. Troops from the Tower of London were called in and then the Home Secretary (Winston Churchill) summoned the Scots Guards in full battle regalia. After 6 hours the house was alight. The charred bodies of 2 men were recovered. The third man was never found.

S5 E24 - Yehti

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

LEW:

Aaaaaach! What's on the telly?

GREENSLADE:

You will find the answer to that question in the Radio Times, price thruppence. Three copper coins, mark you. And by Jove, it has become so interesting I would much sooner settle down and read it than listen to the radio, any day.

SECOMBE:

Didn't you once have a photograph in the Radio Times, Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

I did, indeed. Page 12, March the 14th, 1935 and strangely enough... and strangely enough, I happen to have 4 copies on me now.

SECOMBE:

Well, take 'em off and put a shirt on. The nation is standing by to hear you give them the old wireless talking, there. The old posh chat, there!

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, here is our usual warning to those of a nervous disposition, those without a nervous disposition and those still on the waiting list.

SECOMBE:

It's the esteemed Goon highly Show.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

SELLERS:

That was the orchestra under the direction of Wally Stott. Arthur Crube, first trumpet. Mervin Clap, bugle. Hezikiah Pipstraw, spoons. Fred Crint, Chinese cymbal, temple blocks and lace table-mats. The stool arranger was Herman Tig. They have agreed, in conjunction with the NUR, to play the theme music of...

SECOMBE:

The Yehti!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

SECOMBE:

Boy, it's a catchy tune, is that, you know? Ha Ha! Everybody will be whistling it tomorrow, you know?

OMNES:

WHISTLING THE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Our scene opens in an upright pre-fab on Carshalton Marshes. It's the home of Ned Seagoon, philosopher, scholar, friend and foe, unemployed, wedding cakes a speciality.

SEAGOON:

I love my little home. And I like nothing better than to sit by my own fireside watching television in the next house but one. Yes, there's something to be said for thin walls. And one night in the middle of 'Quite Contrary' - yes it was 'Quite Contrary' - I remember, because I was asleep at the time. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

FX:

KNOCKS ON PAPER DOOR, SOUND OF PAPER RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Curse these pre-fabs. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, I appear to have put my foot through your door.

SEAGOON:

That's all right, I'll get a bit of plaster.

GRYTPYPE:

No, don't worry, I've only bruised my knuckles.

SEAGOON:

I was thinking about the door. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF, CLEARS THROAT) If I'd known I was having visitors I wouldn't have given the staff the night off, you know. I doubt if there is a maid left. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) Pull up an orange box.

GRYTPYPE:

May I?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'll stand.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been watching you for some time.

SEAGOON:

Oh, have you?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, not a pretty sight. You are Ned Seagoon, unmarried, no family-ties, British, occupation, er...

SEAGOON:

I run my own business in the West End.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. In Oxford Street, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

That's right, I bought a balloon off you.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you did.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

As the man perused his notes, I looked him up and down. He had a high forehead just above his eyes and an aquiline nose with a couple of nostrils at the bottom. His jacket was so beautifully cut and his trousers were torn as well.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He said.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been thinking.

SEAGOON:

He paused.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He repeated.

GRYTPYPE:

I think you're our man.

SEAGOON:

Me?

GRYTPYPE:

He replied.

SEAGOON:

But I don't understand!

GRYTPYPE:

He vouch-safed. Don't you, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

He proclaimed.

GRYTPYPE:

Then I said...

SEAGOON:

Are you with us, Neddie? To which I replied...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Then I told him my name.

SEAGOON:

I'm Hercules Grytpype-Thynne of the East Acton Geographical Society.

GRYTPYPE:

He said I said.

SEAGOON:

He said I said.

GRYTPYPE:

Goodnight and out he went, while I settled down to watch telly in the next house but one.

SEAGOON:

In order to learn more I went straight to the East Acton Geographical Society. Once there, I enquired for Mr. Grytpype-Thynne.

WILLIUM:

He's not back yet, he went to lumber some Charlie in Carshalton.

SEAGOON:

I live in Carshalton.

WILLIUM:

I should go through, Charlie, the meeting's just starting.

SEAGOON:

And for the first time I entered the inner-sanctum of the East Acton Geographical Society.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

CROWDED MEETING SOUNDS

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

[SELLERS]

Now, we must have an experienced climber.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

May I suggest Hillary?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

That's a good idea, suggest him.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

How about Hillary?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

No. Any more suggestions?

SOCIETY MEMBER 3:

[SECOMBE]

What about Sir John Hunt?

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Sir John Hunt? Has he had much climbing experience?

SOCIETY MEMBER 3:

Yes, he has that! Everest, 1953.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Everest 1, 9, 5, 3. Good, I'll phone him later.

SEAGOON:

If I may butt in, Sir, perhaps I'm your man? My name is Ned Seagoon. I'm unmarried, no family ties, British and I'll go wherever it may be.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

Ah, wait! Are you by any chance the Monsieur from British Carshalton?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

Ah, this is definitely him, I tell you.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Yes, definitely.

SOCIETY MEMBER 2:

You have been chosen from thousands of Charlies to bring back a Yehti. To wit, an abominable snowman.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me. I'll leave for the Himalayas first thing tomorrow. The mystery that has shrouded this creature will remain a mystery no longer. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) The annals of history will ring with the fair name of Neddie Seagoon, the man who made possible research on the missing link. Remember the name, gentlemen, Ned Seagoon. (SINGS) For he's a jolly good felloooow and so say all of us!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mr. Thynne. I... er... I got here.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Well, now, as you probably would have been told, Yehti tracks were reported last week.

SEAGOON:

Last week? But Yehti tracks were seen years ago.

GRYTPYPE:

In Yorkshire?

SEAGOON:

Yorkshire? Here in England?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that's different. I mean...

MORIARTY:

Of course. Remember, the man who finds the Yehti will be rich.

SEAGOON:

Then why don't you go?

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie, the Yehti is an unknown quantity, as yeti. Rumour has it that a Yehti has the ability to take possession of your mind.

SEAGOON:

Possession of my mind?

GRYTPYPE:

What have you got to lose?

SEAGOON:

No, no, I won't go! I won't! Yes, you can call me a coward if you like.

MORIARTY:

We will pay you £50 for one Yehti.

SEAGOON:

How dare you call me a coward! I leave for Yorkshire at once.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

If there's a Yehti on the Yorkshire Moors that Charlie will bring it back.

MORIARTY:

And how much is a Yehti worth again?

GRYTPYPE:

Priceless. You can't get them, you know.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris! Let's have some music! Max Geldray?

MAX GELDRAY:

'MOBILE'

GREENSLADE:

The Yorkshire Yehti, part two, three days later. Or part three, two days later, I really couldn't care less. Ned Seagoon was fighting his way through the terrible blizzard of '55 from Denshaw across the Yorkshire Moors. The drifts were 15 feet high and snow was expected.

GRAMS:

WIND BLOWING

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) I had to find Long Willie's Croft. This was a house on the lonely moors from which Yehti tracks had first been seen. On and on I stumbled through the inky darkness. First one leg and then the other. Which I found was the best way of walking. Then, when all seemed lost, I saw a light.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CRESCENDO, HARP BEING STRUMMED

SEAGOON:

Yes! Long Willie's Croft. The man who gave me directions at Piccadilly Circus had been dead right.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Open the door!

MINNIE:

Ooooh! It's the Yehti! We'll all be murdered in our beds! Ooooh!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

I'm not a Yehti! I'm Ned Seagoon. I'm a human.

MINNIE:

You'll have to prove it, buddy. Put a photograph of yourself through the letterbox.

SEAGOON:

Where can I get a photo of myself at this time of night?

MINNIE:

You can borrow my camera buddy.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR KNOB TURNING, DOORCHAIN REMOVED, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE, MINNIE MUTTERING ALL THE WHILE

MINNIE:

I'll get the tripod and the black cloth.

SEAGOON:

I can't take a photo when it's dark. I'll have to wait till morning.

MINNIE:

Ah, you'll have to see Henry Crun about that.

SEAGOON:

Henry Crun?

MINNIE:

That's his name.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Yes. I think he's down in... I think he's down in the coal-cellar getting the coal, you know?

SEAGOON:

Well, you can't get the wood, you know?

MINNIE:

You can't, ying-tong-iddle-I-pong.

SEAGOON:

Good!

MINNIE:

Good. I'll go and fetch Henry. Oh, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

I'll come with you.

FX:

ECHOEY FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

Steady now.

MINNIE:

Hold on to me.

SEAGOON:

Do you come here often?

MINNIE:

Only in the spring.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Oh, I say!

MINNIE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Sounds like a large coal cellar.

MINNIE:

Yes, it's a mile to the coal-face, you know? (CALLS) Henry? Henry?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun? Mr. Crun? I say?

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Wouldn't it be better if I struck a match?

MINNIE:

Mercy save us, no! The driver wouldn't like it.

SEAGOON:

The driver?

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, FAST TRAIN PASSES

MINNIE:

He's late again, tonight.

SEAGOON:

That was a train!

MINNIE:

Yes, it's a busy time just now, you know?

SEAGOON:

(GULP!) I remembered Mr. Thynne's words.

GRYTPYPE:

Take possession of your mind!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

GRYTPYPE:

Take possession of your mind!

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Your mind!

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Your mind!

SEAGOON:

Heeeelp!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Ah, in two seconds I was up the stairs again. Was I losing my mind? Was this a trick of the fiendish Yehti?

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, Mr. Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, a train just ran through your cellar.

HENRY CRUN:

A train? My goodness, what time is it?

SEAGOON:

12.56

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, quick! Open that door!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, FAST TRAIN PASSES

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

HENRY CRUN:

The mails must go through, you know?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, Mr. Crun, I must talk to you about the Yehti. Is there a room in the house that trains don't run through?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes. In there.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENED

GRAMS:

SHEEP BAAING LOUDLY

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun? Mr. Crun? I must tell you about the Yehti. Mr Crun, I must ask you... It's very important!
Mr. Crun?

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

We can't talk in there.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know who that lot belong to.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, now about this Yehti.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Yes, I saw the tracks and... oh! What time is it?

SEAGOON:

12.59

HENRY CRUN:

Stand well back! Stand well back!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLS UP TO A STAND STILL

HENRY CRUN:

Well, good night, Mr. Seagoon. Have a pleasant trip

SEAGOON:

Yes I will, thanks very much. About... Mr. Yehti! I mean Mr. Crun about this Yehti! I mean Mr Yehti about this Crun...! Mr. Crun! Mr. Crun!

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLS AWAY

SEAGOON:

What's going on here? Why have I been bundled on this train? What's going on?

BLOODNOK:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry sir, I didn't see you there!

BLOODNOK:

I say, are you the ticket collector?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Then help me out from under this blasted seat, will you?

SEAGOON:

There you are, that's it.

FX:

METAL CLANGING

SEAGOON:

There. I'm a tenor, you know?

BLOODNOK:

The tenor's friend.

SEAGOON:

Yes. My name is Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Ned Seagoon? Well, well, well, what a coincidence! Seagoon! Yes, of course, I remember. Didn't your father have a son?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I... I never asked him about his private affairs.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, of course, of course, yes! I knew your father before you were born.

SEAGOON:

I didn't.

BLOODNOK:

I wish you had, things might have been different. And... er... tell me... er... he left you... er... all right, did he?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. I need never want.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, splendid, splendid, yes! Yes, lad! You know I always remember the look in your father's eyes when I lent him the money.

SEAGOON:

What money?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, laddie, there's no need for you to pay your father's debts, I won't hear of it! I mean, what's £20?

SEAGOON:

£20?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, don't worry about it, lad, it will do in a moment, I'm in no rush.

SEAGOON:

But I only brought a few pounds with me.

BLOODNOK:

Well, if you insist I accept.

SEAGOON:

But it isn't really mine to give. This is the reward money for the information regarding the Yehti.

BLOODNOK:

Murgle me rogers! You couldn't have come to a better man. I used to go to school with a Yehti.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Good, good. Now tell me, are they tall and shaggy or are they more squat with smooth skin?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they are.

SEAGOON:

Oh. And they walk upright like humans and have the powers of telepathy. And in actual fact they're the missing link, the step from animals to man in one direction while in another, far higher in intelligence and having the ability to possess one's mind.

BLOODNOK:

Is there any more information I can give you?

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you, no. You've given me enough to work on, you have indeed!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Well, here's the money and thanks once more. Thank you once more, yes. Now, there's just one more question.

BLOODNOK:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

Where can I find this Yehti?

BLOODNOK:

Well, before I answer that question, I think... um... another couple?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes. Here you are.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now, where can I find this Yehti?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea.

SEAGOON:

But I've just given you some money.

BLOODNOK:

For information as to the whereabouts of the Yehti you must get off... Here!

SEAGOON:

Wait!

FX:

TRAIN DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE MOVING CLOSER

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaah!

GRAMS:

TRAIN PASSES

SEAGOON:

I was left in the pitch dark on the Yorkshire Moors. I was just about to run after the train, when I felt a hand on my arm.

ECCLES:

Hal-lo! Did you hear that, I got the sausages! I got the sausages instead of Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

The same as you, waiting for Ray Ellington and his Quartet. That's a good introduction isn't it?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE'...SEGUES INTO... 'READY, WILLING AND ABLE'

SEAGOON:

Ahh, that's better. Now Eccles, will you help me to find this Yehti?

ECCLES:

How do we find it?

SEAGOON:

We have to find his tracks, first. That shouldn't be difficult, they're about 18 inches long and 10 inches wide.

ECCLES:

Oh, nearly as big as mine.

SEAGOON:

We start at once.

ECCLES:

Mr. Seagoon, can I bring a friend?

SEAGOON:

Friend?

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

There's only one thing that can befriend Eccles and that is... a Yehti! As casually as I could I asked him... He's not about 12 feet tall with hair all over him, is he?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm not. Enter Bluebottle with a smile and a song. Stands waist deep in snow, smiles grimly, jabs alpen-stock into snow... Ooh, my foot!

ECCLES:

This is my friend.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here we are again, this time on the Yorkshire Moors. Thinks: Here we are again, this time on the Yorkshire Moors.

SEAGOON:

Now listen to me, icicle pants.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Are you willing to join us in the search for the Yehti?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, my Capitan, I will join you. And Eccles will join us, too, won't you, Eccles? Forward! Moves forward, but feet are frozen to ground. Falls flat on face. Pretends to be examining tracks.

SEAGOON:

And so we planned our search for Yehti tracks. After long discussion we decided that the best place to look... was in the snow. Our search commenced.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

How's your little pussycat getting on?

ECCLES:

Fine! Fine! It just had 6 puppies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Could I have one, Eccles? I'll feed them and sees no one touches them for you. I will treasure it, I will.

ECCLES:

Okay then, you can have... you can have two of them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-hee! Two little bow-wows. Do you know what I will call them? I will call them... (SELLERS CRACKS) I will call them Mick and Pat.

ECCLES:

Ooh, Mick and Pat! Hi ho hum! I know a story about Mick and Pat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

So do I (BOTH LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Eccles! Bluebottle! What's that?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you see, Mick goes to the doctors...

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. Look! Yehti tracks!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Oooh!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORD

SEAGOON:

Those tracks led us to a disused farm house. The door was closed. It only remained for someone to go in and capture the Yehti.

ECCLES:

(PANICKING) Goodnight!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Goodnight, Mr Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Goodnight!

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Don't worry, I'll go. But first, I want you to do something, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Just nip inside and see if the coast is clear.

ECCLES:

Okay. That's if we all go in together.

SEAGOON:

Oh, we'll search the house.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Leave the door open so we can dash out if need be.

FX:

DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND SLAMS SHUT

ORCHESTRA:

SCARY CHORD

SEAGOON:

I said don't close the door.

ECCLES:

I didn't close it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't, as well. I don't like this game. I want to go back to London Town and see the pretty shops.

SEAGOON:

We must try another way out.

FX:

SEAGOON RATTLING THE DOOR, WHICH OPENS

GRAMS:

SHEEP BAAING LOUDLY

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

Curse it! More sheep.

ECCLES:

Where?

SEAGOON:

In that room. Didn't you hear them?

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

You must have done, listen again.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, LONG SILENCE

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, I can hear them now, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, so can I, I can really hear them, lots of sheepies.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

But they weren't there that time. They weren't there, you understand? I know, they've moved in to another room. That's it! They must be in here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF SMASHING GLASS

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Oh. That room's empty as well.

ECCLES:

Let's try this room here.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Whoops! Sorry!

GREENSLADE:

I should think so, too!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Old Greenslade having a bath. Fancy meeting him. It couldn't be! Eccles, you open that door and tell me if I'm seeing things.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

DONKEY BRAYS, THEN FARTS - FRED THE OYSTER

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

Who was that?

ECCLES:

Fred the Oyster!

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens.

ECCLES:

Here! Here! Look! Look! This door, it's marked 'Eccles'.

SEAGOON:

So it is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, you lucky thing, Eccles. Your name on the door! Yee-hee! Are you going to go in?

ECCLES:

Well... um... yeah. Good-bye, fellows.

SEAGOON:

Good luck, laddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, ECCLES ENTERS

ECCLES:

(FROM BEHIND THE DOOR) Well, hello girls! Ho-hum! Oh, thank you. Yeah, I'll have a piece of that chicken, yeah. Thank you! Thank you! And a bunch of grapes. Yeah. Oh, girls! Girls! Girls! Ooh! It's good to be alive!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, I wish I had a door with my name on it like that. Thinks: Eccles is a happy-go-lucky lad.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, look! Bluebottle, this door has *your* name on it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Has it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, yes. B L E N... T M... Blumbintle. Yes, it has. Wipes mouth with shirt tail and prepares to enter for the good things of life. Speaks: Good-bye, Mr. Seagoon. I hope that there will be a door for you. Enters own door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, BLUEBOTTLE ENTERS

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, RUBBLE AND MASONRY FALLING

GREENSLADE:

And there we must leave the Goon Show for another...

SEAGOON:

No, no, wait! You can't leave me here alone in this house with a Yehti. Help! You can't leave me. Let's have a happy end, Greenslade. Greenslade? Wally?

GREENSLADE:

All right, all right, don't fuss...

SEAGOON:

Where's the door marked 'Neddie'? Bluebottle's door, Eccles's door, what's this one? (GULPS) 'The Yehti'. What should I do? If I could capture it, all my troubles would be over. But how? How could I find a crate big enough? Wait a minute! Quick as a flash I had the answer. It was simple. Lock the door...

FX:

KEY TURNS IN DOOR

SEAGOON:

...and take the room to London. Ha-ha, I've got you! To London!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAVELLING LINK TYPE CHORD!

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Gentlemen of the East Acton Geographical Society, it's two weeks now and still no word from Neddie about this Yehti.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Come in?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Well, well, well, we were just talking about you.

SEAGOON:

Well, I've got it. A Yehti. Help me to get this room in here.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Is the Yehti in there?

SEAGOON:

Yes, he's in there.

SOCIETY MEMBER 1:

Don't bother to bring the room in, we'll come out.

SEAGOON:

Right. Well, here it is. Now, stand well back gentlemen. He may be armed.

FX:

KEY TURNS IN LOCK

SEAGOON:

Now when I fling this door open... be ready to grab him. Right!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS OPEN

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaah!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

NOTES:

NUR is the National Union of Railwaymen. Union unrest was threatening strike action in 1955.

An 'aquiline nose' is curved or hooked like an eagle's beak.

Sir John Hunt was a British military officer who is best known as the leader of the 1953 expedition to Mount Everest.

S5 E25 - The White Box of Great Bardfield

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins and Tony Wills, adjusted by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. (STRAINED) And I'm getting fed up saying it! I am, really, I am!

SECOMBE:

Steady, Mr Greenslade. Wallace. Wallace, control yourself. Stand by to hear those two sons of filth - Fred Socrates and partner!

ORCHESTRA:

VARIETY THEATRE INTRO

SOCRATES:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And now a little monologue entitled, "The Canterbury Bells won't ring tonight, the old Dean's dropped another clanger!" It was Christmas night in the workhouse...

MILLIGAN:

I say! I say! I say! I say! I say!

SOCRATES:

You rude man, will you kindly not interrupt my act when I'm entertaining these nice ladies and gentlemen?

MILLIGAN:

I say, can you tell me what is it that has eight wheels and flies?

SOCRATES:

What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, what is it that has eight wheels and flies?

SOCRATES:

I don't know. What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

MILLIGAN:

Two corporation dust carts.

SOCRATES:

I don't wish to know that!

SOCRATES & MILLIGAN:

(SINGING) That's why we're arm in arm together... Just like we used to beeee...

ORCHESTRA:

PUNCHLINE FANFARE

SECOMBE:

And so ends a farewell tribute to Kenneth Adam from his dear friends in the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

FLUTE PLAYING SNAKE CHARMING TUNE

SEAGOON:

London, nineteen hundred and one. That was a good year for England. Well, we'd have looked silly with out it wouldn't we. Ha ha ha! I remember one lunch hour, I was stalking a pigeon in Trafalgar Square... when suddenly, in my driving mirror, I observed a large crowd of women gathered around a very tall Scotsman.

OMNES:

(FEMININE) Whooooooooooooo!

SEAGOON:

He spoke.

OMNES:

BABBLING IN BACKGROUND

ELLINGTON:

Ma friends, ma friends. I will pay ten shillings to any man who can escape from these chains.

SEAGOON:

Ten shillings?

GRAMS:

WHOOOSH

SEAGOON:

I accept the challenge Ginger!

ELLINGTON:

Right! Put yer hands behind yer back...

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

ELLINGTON:

Now let's see if I can get these chains...

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING IN THE BACKGROUND

SEAGOON:

Fool. Little does he know that these iron chains, leg shackles, hand cuffs and straitjacket can't keep me prisoner for more than a second because, dear listener - Heheheh - I am none other than Ned Seagoon, Son of Houdini!

ORCHESTRA:

FLAT FANFARE AND CYMBAL CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thank yewww! Yes, Son of Houdini. Wose book on how to escape I have sewn in the lining of my wig.

ELLINGTON:

Right! Right, now, that's it. Ten shillings if you can get out of that lot.

SEAGOON:

Money for jam. Heheheh. All I have to do is to...

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

...flick my wrists so. (STRUGGLING) Raise my elbow... above my nose. Urghh! I'll be free in a second. Haha, nothing can hold me. Me, Son of Houdini.

ORCHESTRA:

FLAT FANFARE AND CYMBAL CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (PUFFING) Now, I raise my right knee and place it under... Yes... I'll be free in a second. (FADES OUT)

(PAUSE)

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMING TWELVE TIMES FOR A LONG TIME

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

Now (STRUGGLING AND PUFFING) I'll just get my left foot under my right arm. I'll be free in a second.

ELLINGTON:

Man, you said that thirteen hours ago.

SEAGOON:

I'm just teasing you.

ELLINGTON:

Well, I'm just going home.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, you don't! Have that ten shillings ready. I'll be free in a trice. Hahahah! Remember, nothing can hold Ned, son of Houdini!

ORCHESTRA:

FLAT FANFARE AND CYMBAL CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (STRUGGLING) Urghhh! Now, I just stand on my head and slip my waist over my knees. Ohhrrgggg. Ahhh, watch the ol' tenor's friend there... ah! I... I'll get free if I go black in the face.

ELLINGTON:

Man, that's how I got free!

SEAGOON:

Towards dawn he left me. Then...

MORIARTY:

Hawwwwwww... (SINGING) April in Paris. Chestnuts in blossom... (STOPS SINGING) Hor-hor, what is this chain covered Charlie in the gutter?

SEAGOON:

The stranger was a tall, hairy man wearing reversible Jewish socks and an explodable sporran.

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Otch, aye, mon ami. 'Tis a braw, bruck, moonlick nick, this night.

SEAGOON:

A Scotsman, by jove. He approached with his kilt at the high port.

MORIARTY:

Otch, aye.

SEAGOON:

Otch, aye, to be sure. Who are you?

MORIARTY:

Allow me.

SEAGOON:

The stranger stepped back. Raised the tail of his shirt. And revealed a centrally heated brass name plate. By the side was a bell.

FX:

DOOR BELL RINGS; DOOR HANDLE RATTLES OPEN

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyackos! It's you, again. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DRAGGING CHAINS, DOOR SHUTS

MORIARTY:

Here! Let me take your wet kilt.

FX:

MATERIAL RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Whoo! Thanks. Now, if I could just get me left leg over my...

MORIARTY:

Not now!

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

First you must meet my partner.

SEAGOON:

The stranger pressed a button in his trousers. A bookcase swung back revealing a plastic mule rest. From it he took out a volume. Rapidly he turned to page nine. On it was a drawing of a door marked Scotland. He knocked.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

Otch, aye. Otch, aye.

SEAGOON:

Otch, aye.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, come in, gentlemen. Oh, here, Neddie, let me take your kilt.

FX:

MATERIAL RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Whoop! (CAMPILY) Thank you. My, it is draughty.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a bagpipe.

SEAGOON:

No, thanks, I'm religious. Now, I'll get my left leg under these...

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) A tiger.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Don't let it come near me!

GRYTPYPE:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

I've got flu.

GRYTPYPE:

Down, pussy. Put the little man down.

SEAGOON:

Why is that tiger wearing brown boots?

GRYTPYPE:

His black ones are at the menders. Here. Have a fresh kilt.

FX:

MATERIAL RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Whoop! Thank you. Now excuse me, I... I must get out of these chains.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Errrr! Uurghhh! They can't hold me, Son of Houdini.

ORCHESTRA:

FLAT FANFARE AND CYMBAL CRASH

FX:

CHAINS

SEAGOON:

Right! Now, I'll just get my leg over my right shoulder... Urghh! Rotate my ankles in circles... Bend my head under my glasses... Burghhh! Space my arms round my waist, up my back, under my chin. At the same time, bend my legs up under the base of my skull... Eurghhh! Eurgghhh!There. (PUFFING)
How's that?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy. Neddie? Stop playing that leather euphonium and answer me. Why are you keeping us prisoners here?

SEAGOON:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

A likely story.

SEAGOON:

It's the truth!

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING

SEAGOON:

Keep away from that tiger.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

It's got flu! And no wonder in this weather. Just look at the snow out of the window.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It's a pity it's going to waste.

MORIARTY:

Do you realise, Seagoon, that the Sudanese have never seen snow?

GRYTPYPE:

Just think, Neddie. You could be the man to hold the first exhibition of British snow in Khartoum. You'd make a fortune.

SEAGOON:

Really? But I don't own any snow.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, a bill of sale.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Sign there, would you, Neddie?

GRAMS:

SCRIBBLING ON PARCHMENT

GRYTPYPE:

There. That gives you possession of all the snow in England.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! I'll take it to the Sudan and make my fortune! But first...

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

...I'll just get this left leg over here... And the right leg over... Earrrp!

GREENSLADE:

While Mr Seagoon is in the second day of his lightning escape act, we see, approaching the French coast, a celluloid lift containing a harmonica player with a ginger glass eye... Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

'CHERRY PINK AND APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE'

GREENSLADE:

The White Box of Great Bardfield, part two. And I'm surprised it's got this far.

SEAGOON:

Having spent all my life savings on buying all the snow in England, I realised that I had cornered the world market. Next, I contacted England's greatest and only snow packer.

FX:

HAMMERING STEEL NAILS IN. OVER:

CRUN:

Mnk, mnk, mnk... Ohhhhh... (REPEATED FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! We'll all be murdered in our beds.

CRUN:

It's alright, I can't get the wood you...

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLING, DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

CRUN:

You can't come in.

SEAGOON:

And why not?

CRUN:

Our tiger's got flu.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to catch that.

CRUN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun. I want to transport one hundred tons of snow to the Sudan.

CRUN:

Woah, ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

I understand that you are skilled in this dying craft.

CRUN:

Yes, yea mnk mnk... You can't get the wood, you know.

SEAGOON:

Can't you?

CRUN:

No, no, you can't get it at all. Do you know Molly Nasher?

SEAGOON:

No, why?

CRUN:

She can't get the wood either. You can't get it, you know, you... you...you... it...

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. Now, now, Mr Crun, please.

CRUN:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Will you accept the task of transporting my snow to Khartoum?

CRUN:

Khartoum?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CRUN:

Poor, poor, poor old Jim Tigernuts.

SEAGOON:

Jim Tigernuts? What about him?

CRUN:

He couldn't get the wood, either. He had to put 'em in cardboard boxes.

SEAGOON:

What was he?

CRUN:

An undertaker, you know.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Yom pom piddle...

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING OVER:

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Yom pom piddle pee...

CRUN:

Minnie? Stop that modern, crazy rhythm singing. You... you... you sinful woman.

MINNIE:

Ahhh, you're a square buddy! You're corny!

CRUN:

Never you mind about who's corny, you put that tiger down.

MINNIE:

This... this tiger's not well, buddy. He's got flu.

CRUN:

Never you mind, buddy.

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING OVER:

MINNIE:

Ahh, Buddy.

CRUN:

Don't...

MINNIE:

You'll have us all murdered in our beds.

CRUN:

Why don't you want the wood, you know...?

BANNISTER AND CRUN:

(ARGUE AS TIGER GROWLS)

CRUN:

It's no good trying to tell me whether I'm old and square. I can get the... I... Hnk, mnk, mnk... ohhhh... Minnie? Minnie? Oh, dear. Where have you gone? Oh!

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING

CRUN:

Fido. Good... good tiger. Oh, dear, open your mouth. (ECHOEY) Min? Are you down there?

MINNIE:

(FAINTLY) Yes, I'm just going to bed.

CRUN:

(ECHOEY) Come out of there. Tigers aren't meant to be slept in you know. You mustn't... Come out at once, I'm...

SEAGOON:

Stop this madness...

CRUN:

Mnn, can't...

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun.

CRUN:

... get the wood you know...

SEAGOON:

I understand that. Mr Crun, I'm going down to the docks to commandeer a ship. I want all my snow boxed and crated and delivered to the quay tomorrow.

CRUN:

Poor tiger. He's got the flu, you know...

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our tigers!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen. A word to listeners who may have been perplexed by the recurring appearance of a tiger with influenza. The RSPCA have asked me to point out that on no account would they permit the employment of a tiger in a poor state of health. The tiger appearing on this programme has not got flu but is just acting the part of a tiger with flu. Snow on high ground, rain in places. Part three, we join Seagoon at the docks.

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

Hrghhhh! I'll just get my left elbow under the right armpit and I'll be... uhhh... I'll be free in a second.

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWLING

SEAGOON:

What's that? Who owns this tiger?

ECCLES:

Hallowwww!

SEAGOON:

I found myself looking into the face of a ragged idiot wearing a tin sou'wester, carrying a flannel anchor and leading a tiger.

ECCLES:

You know? He's got flu.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Why is that tiger wearing brown boots?

ECCLES:

His black ones are at the menders.

SEAGOON:

No, what I mean is why does a tiger wear boots?

ECCLES:

Well, it's lucky.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

What other tiger's got two pairs of boots to wear? Anyhow, he's got flu an'...

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Let me tell you, you're speaking to the Son of Howdini.

ORCHESTRA:

FLAT FANFARE AND CYMBAL CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thang yew! Now, long lad, tell me, where can I hire a ship to take me to Africa?

ECCLES:

Ahhhh. Where can you hire a ship to take you to Africa? Hm hmm. Yah. Well, let me see. There's umm... I know some fellas. I could... I could... I could... um... I got 'em all... um... I know these fellas, yup. Uhhmmmm... Let me see... Jim Cronger? Nope, no, not 'im, nope. He can't get the wood, you know, that fella. Uhhmm... Anudder fella... Ah, gee, there's... uhmm... Ahhh! Oooohhh! Oooohhh! Oooohh. Um, yeah! There's a fellow in Deptford... ah... no, no, not him, not him. This shouldn't be difficult, you know, it shouldn't be difficult. I... I got quite a few fellas and... ummm... now, let me think, now... ummm... ummmm... What was the question again?

SEAGOON:

You idiot, Eccles!

ECCLES:

You idiot, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

I want a ship and supplies.

ECCLES:

Su... oh, supplies? Ohh. How about milk?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I suppose I'll need some.

ECCLES:

Oh, good. 'Cos me and my partner are in the milk business.

SEAGOON:

Who's your partner?

ECCLES:

A cow! Har har har har!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

FUNERAL DIRGE

SEAGOON:

Alas, poor Eccles. I knew him well. Right! Now, has anyone here got a ship for hire?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have! Enter Blunebottles. Sticks head through porthole, cops dirty big bosun's spanner on nut. Splun! Oh, I don't like this game.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, little heavily pimpled stranger.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You want a ship? I have a ship. A proud ship. Thinks: I have a ship, a proud ship.

SEAGOON:

Where is it, little Nelson?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here it is! Springs forward onto deck of proud ship. Springe!

FX:

THUMP

BLUEBOTTLE:

This is my rocket ship. See? I will demonstrate its power to you. I stand on the deck and light the rocket fuse, so!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, WHOOSH OF ROCKET

BLUEBOTTLE:

There it goes.

SEAGOON:

Why aren't you on it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Because... Hmmm, the ship has gone. Thinks: Then what is Bluebottle standing on?

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oyyyy! Help! I'm drowned in the deaded water. Look! All the silver paper's come off my cardboard cutlass. My best trousers is wetted. This means I'll have to wear Mum's old drawers while they dry. Heeheeheee! Exits left to hear Ray Ellington's Quinten.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SALLY'

GREENSLADE:

We come now to the great day when Ned Seagoon arrived at Port Sudan with the four hundred boxes for the first great exhibition of British snow in the Sudan. At the quayside, Major Dennis Bloodnok, conman and bar.

BLOODNOK:

All lies, do you hear me? All lies. I swear on my convict's uniform. Now, Neddie, you've... err... brought the snow?

SEAGOON:

Yes, a hundred tons.

BLOODNOK:

Bravo for the old country. What's its name again?

SEAGOON:

Fred!

BLOODNOK:

That's it. Long live Fred! Now, into this sack and I'll take you to the great exhibition hall.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH - WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Here we are.

OMNES:

AFRICAN CROWD NOISE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Yes. Now, ladies, gentlemen and wogs. Mr Ned Seagoon will now cut the ribbon on the first box of British snow.

OMNES:

EXCITED MUTTERINGS

BLOODNOK:

Abdul? Abdul. The scissors.

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

I can't get the safe open, hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Safe? What are the scissors doing in the safe?

ABDUL:

Scissors are made of gold.

BLOODNOK:

Gold!

ABDUL:

Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Uhk. Steady Dennis! (CLEARS THROAT) You can't get the safe open, you say? Well, let's see if old Dennis can do it, eh? Heheheheh, yes, now. Just put on me running shoes. Now, how wide's this safe? Three foot, eh? You wogs, there! Clear a lane three foot wide from here to the door. Now before I open the safe, so that no-one will know my secret methods, will you all close your eyes. Have you all done that? Splendid, splendid. Now... uh...

FX:

HEAVY OBJECT RUMBLING OVER FLOOR. PAUSE.

GRAMS:

DISTANT EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

What's that? Good heavens, the...

BLOODNOK:

What's the matter, lad?

SEAGOON:

The safe's gone.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, can't I turn my back for the moment? Never mind, lad, it so happens that by the merest chance I have a pair of golden scissors on me. There, cut the ribbon.

SEAGOON:

Ladies and gentlemen. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking...

BLOODNOK:

Here. Never mind that, cut the tape, go on.

SEAGOON:

I now pronounce the box of British snow open.

OMNES:

NATIVE MUTTERINGS

SEAGOON:

Oh, no! The snow's gone! The box is full of water!

BLOODNOK:

Ee, gad. The heat of the sun's melted it.

SEAGOON:

Who stole my snow and put water in its place, eh? I'm ruined! (SOBS)

BLOODNOK:

What? This water will sell for huge sums to tribesmen living in the Sahara Desert.

SEAGOON:

Oh? (PANTING) How can I get there?

BLOODNOK:

Quite simple. By the merest chance...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

...I have outside a hundred camels and provisions for six weeks. They're yours for twenty pounds.

SEAGOON:

Right! There!

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Forward!

ORCHESTRA:

SUSPENSE, DESERT TYPE LINK

OMNES:

NATIVE MUTTERINGS

GRAMS:

CAMEL NOISES

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW RHYTHMIC BEATING OF BIG DRUM IN BACKGROUND UNDER:

SEAGOON:

January the 8th. Nearly there. Very, very excited. Expect to make a fortune selling my cardboard boxes of water to natives.

BLOODNOK:

Travelled all night to avoid sun.

ECCLES:

I travelled all day to avoid the moon.

GRYTPYPE:

I travelled by train to avoid Eccles.

SEAGOON:

I travelled by Eccles to avoid the train.

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

...get my right fist under my leg. Urugggghhh. Stretch my...

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS STOP

SEAGOON:

Sheikh a-leg, up the mud walled city of El Pong.

CHIEF PONG:

[ELLINGTON]

You come, my city Pongs. My People, all pong. Me, pong.

BLOODNOK:

Let me talk to him in his own language. Now! What's your language?

CHIEF PONG:

You watch yours, ladies present. Hey! You! You got water in cardboard box for tribe? We need-um water. Me, give you money. Here.

FX:

COINS CHINKING

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much. Where can I keep it all?

BLOODNOK:

Lad! It just so happens I have here a replica of the safe that was stolen in the Sudan. I'll keep it for you.

FX:

COINS CHINKING

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you. Oh! And now, so that no-one will learn the secret combination of the lock, will everybody please close their eyes while I unlock it? Are they closed? Right! Hup!

GRAMS:

SPEEDING UP FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE

SEAGOON:

I never saw him again.

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

Now, I'll just get my left leg over my elbow...

CHIEF PONG:

Me no wish to know that!

SEAGOON:

Uiee.

CHIEF PONG:

Show-um water. Pong people need-um water.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Right! I'll just open this cardboard box.

FX:

CARDBOARD RIPPING

CHIEF PONG:

Cardboard box empty, cor blimey! Only steam!

MORIARTY:

Curse! Curses! It's evaporated.

SEAGOON:

Moriarty!?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I'm ruined again! Will no-one help me? The Sheikh will kill me!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, Neddie. I can come to an amicable agreement with him.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Sheikh?

CHIEF PONG:

Yeah?

FX:

GUNSHOT

GRYTPYPE:

Just a shallow hole, Moriarty. Ah, Neddie, I know a place where they'll pay anything for old cardboard boxes.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

England.

SEAGOON:

What do they want them for?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you see the idea is they... they pack snow into them and ship them to the Sudan...

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

...where the natives have never seen...

SEAGOON:

No! No, leave me alone. Leave me alone...

GRYTPYPE:

... because it's there...

SEAGOON:

(GOING OFF) If I could just get my left leg under my right arm and then stretch...

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUTRO THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton

Notes:

Great Bardfield is a town in Essex, UK.

Kenneth Adam was Controller of the BBC Light Programme (1950-55), one of the BBC's most popular national radio stations.

Houdini was a world famous escapologist.

S5 E26 - The End (Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker)

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

FX:

CHAINS CLANKING.

SEAGOON:

(STRUGGLING) Now, if I can just get my left leg under my arm and lower the old tenor's friend, here...

SELLERS:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C. END WITH CYMBAL SNAP.

GREENSLADE:

The soloist in that number was Frieda Minge, bird strangler.

SEAGOON:

Well said, Wallace Greenslade, Home Service announcer, shoes mended while you wait and all packed for ITA.

GREENSLADE:

Ah! Philbert the Quondle.

SEAGOON:

Yukkaboo!

GREENSLADE:

Is this true about you going to Hollywood, darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes, darling.

GREENSLADE:

(AIR-KISSING) Mmmmmmn!

SEAGOON:

I'm going to make a series of short cowboy films.

GREENSLADE:

And what part will you be playing?

SEAGOON:

The short cowboy. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I don't know where I get 'em from! Aha, ha! Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

INCOMING SHELL. EXPLOSION. SPEEDED UP RECORDING OF PIT ORCHESTRA PLAYING A COLONIAL MARCH. SPLASH IN WATER. BAND STOPS.

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, it's time for the last highly esteemed Goon Show!

GRAMS:

WAILING. WHISTLING. DISTANT SCREAMS. BROKEN GLASS.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you! The Goons conclude their season with a dramatic drama. So stand by to hear the story of a man with a foul habit. We give you:

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC) Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker.

ORCHESTRA:

Dramatic Theme.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

RASPBERRY (FRED THE OYSTER)

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Ian. Hobson, my melody.

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE. CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

I had a tough life. Never had a father. Mother got me on the National Health. She had an obliging doctor, you know. Hum hum hum. As a child, I was very delicate. One blow from a steamroller would upset me for days. In the year skrimson skramson and two, I fell a victim to drinking senna-pod tea. In a basement of a club at East Acton, I obtained my supplies of the dreaded pods. In one corner, a coloured band played foul, erotic music.

GRAMS:

CLASSIC PALM COURT TRIO PLAYING "BLUE HEAVEN." CONTINUE UNDER...

SEAGOON:

What a den of sin. This particular night I was to get my supply from an unknown stranger.

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha. That was me, Count 'Fred' Moriarty. International senna-pod ace and head of the secret senna-pod ring. Seagoon was to recognise me by a red carnation pinned to the tail of mine shirt.

SEAGOON:

So that I would not be recognised I took off my boots. Waitress? Oh, Miss?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Has an unknown stranger been looking for me?

THROAT:

No.

SEAGOON:

Thanks.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Curse, the man was late.

MORIARTY:

At that very moment I arrived in the room.

FX:

SEQUENCE OF ATTENTION GETTING EFFECTS. FOOTBALL CLACKER; PISTOL SHOTS, BELLS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Oo-ooh! Here! Hey! Over here, mate! (FOOTBALL RATTLE) Aye, aye! Alright! Over here! I'm the little fat one in the glasses! (FOUR PISTOL SHOTS) Aye, aye! Oo-ooh! (RINGS SCHOOL BELL) I'm here, look! The fat puddin' with the glasses, that's me!

MORIARTY:

He tried to attract my attention.

SEAGOON:

Have you got the pods?

MORIARTY:

Yes, but they're clearing up nicely, thanks.

SEAGOON:

The Senna-pods!

MORIARTY:

Yes. I have two ounces in handy three ton packets.

SEAGOON:

Give me them.

MORIARTY:

Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait! First... the money.

SEAGOON:

Here, eightpence in one pound notes.

FX:

TILL KER-CHING

MORIARTY:

Zanks.

SEAGOON:

Zonks! With a trembling hand I broke open the precious packet of senna-pod tea. Ahhhhgggghh.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. HAND SET LIFTS.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GREENSLADE:

(AT END OF LINE) Pardon me. The Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker, part two. In which the basement is raided by the police.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

HANDSET DOWN.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to fly. The police are going to raid.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! We must be in part two!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

FX:

POLICE WHISTLES. OVER...

OMNES:

SHOUTING.

FLOWERDEW:

Right! Right! Quiet everybody, this is a police raid.

SEAGOON:

In came a hundred police cunningly dressed in the uniform of plain-clothes men.

INSPECTOR SELLERS:

Nobody move. Manageress?

MANAGERESS:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes?

INSPECTOR SELLERS:

A hundred beans on toast.

SEAGOON:

Trapped! I immediately threw the senna-pod away. Then I ran. I didn't stop running till I was a mile away. (PANTING) Pogson, my music!

ORCHESTRA:

SOLO AMATEUR FIDDLE PLAYS "HOME SWEET HOME"

SEAGOON:

Play it in a different key. To hell with the expense!

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE SHIFTS DOWN A KEY. CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

My trouble was now how to get a fresh supply of the deadly senna-pod leaves. I'd go mad without it. Wait! Of course! I'd get it on the National Health. Ahahaha! That's it! Good old Labour! I made my way to Harley Street and... and burst into a doctor's surgery.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Doctor! I need a...

GRYTPYPE:

How dare you burst in my surgery! Get a floor cloth and clean it up.

SEAGOON:

Help me. Help me. I'll make a clean breast of it. I'm an addict. I take three cups of senna-pod tea a day.

GRYTPYPE:

Senna-pods, eh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And I'm on the run.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm not surprised. Lay down on the operating table.

FX:

GETTING ON OPERATING TABLE.

SEAGOON:

What are you going to do?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, I'll think of something. Er... say 'ah'.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhrrgggh...

GRYTPYPE:

Swallow that.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWING) What was it?

GRYTPYPE:

Cigarette ash. Can't drop it on the carpet, you know. Now I must cut a square twelve by twelve out of your shirt, so.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm short of handkerchiefs.

SEAGOON:

(DESPERATE) Doctor, look. Get me the stuff. I must have it. Look! Look! I've got money. Twenty pounds in one pound notes. I'll do anything, anything...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. First, an examination.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind... er... Yes, these notes appear to be genuine.

FX:

TILL KER-CHING

SEAGOON:

Can you get me the stuff?

GRYTPYPE:

No, laddie. You've got to give it up.

SEAGOON:

What! You can't cut off my senna-pods like that.

GRYTPYPE:

Get up on the table again.

FX:

GETTING ON OPERATING TABLE.

SEAGOON:

You're going to operate?

GRYTPYPE:

No, I want to sweep up. I must get away for my first aid class. We're learning to read thermometers, tonight.

SEAGOON:

Look, but I need...

GRYTPYPE:

Shh, Neddie, Neddie. You need rest, convalescence. Therefore I'm sending you to the Seaview Rest Home, Greenacres.

SEAGOON:

Where's that?

GRYTPYPE:

Paddington. Max Geldray? Take him there.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

HORSE CANTERING. APPROACHES AND PULLS UP.

GREENSLADE:

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

The Confessions of a Secret Senna-pod Drinker, part three.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Gidd-up, there, gidd-up, go on, gid-up!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING OFF INTO DISTANCE. SPEED UP.

SEAGOON:

As I made my way to the rest home for incurable Senna-pod drinkers, the craving came on me.
(PANTING, WITHDRAWAL SOUNDS) I slipped into a phone box and started to brew a pot of senna.
(MANIACAL LAUGH) He he he he he he he he!

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

MRS. DIRT:

Hello? Is that you, Nugent?

SEAGOON:

No, this is, er...

MRS. DIRT:

This is Sabrina, here. How's the new house coming along?

SEAGOON:

House? I'm in a phone box.

MRS. DIRT:

Oh, it'll only be temporary, though, won't it.

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid you've got the wrong...

MRS. DIRT:

I rang up to ask if Alice has had her operation yet?

SEAGOON:

I don't know anybody called Alice.

MRS. DIRT:

Yes, you do. She went away to have something done.

SEAGOON:

Alice? I knew a Muriel Blun that went away.

MRS. DIRT:

Muriel Blun? I've never heard of her.

SEAGOON:

Never heard of her?

MRS. DIRT:

No. There's no Muriel Blun here. You must have the wrong number.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry.

MRS. DIRT:

I should think so, getting me out of bed like that. Goodbye!!

FX:

PHONE DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Curse. I'm always getting wrong numbers.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. HAND PIECE PICKS UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

FRED NURK:

Hello? Arnold?

SEAGOON:

I'm not Arnold.

FRED NURK:

Oh. Well, will you tell him Alice has had her operation?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

FRED NURK:

Ta!

FX:

PHONE RINGS OFF.

SEAGOON:

Now to drink me senna-pod tea. He he he he he he!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello. What are you doing in this phone box, matey?

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ha ha! Hello, Constabule. I... er... I was just making a portable Zulu rest camp.

WILLIUM:

Not allowed. What's your name, mate?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Sea... ahem... Arnold. Arnold Groins.

WILLIUM:

Arnold Groins? Arnold Groins!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Yes. 'Ere, has your Alice had her operation, yet?

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was triplets.

WILLIUM:

Triplets? I bet that shook her. She thought it was water on the knee.

SEAGOON:

How very merry for her.

WILLIUM:

Now then. I've gotta ask you a few questions. Er... where do you live?

SEAGOON:

Over there! As he turned his head I sprang out of the phone into a Green Line coach. At St.Albans I caught the 5.19 train to Edinburgh, then by plane to Manchester, on to the night sleeper for Crewe, there I disguised myself, caught a private hire car to Denham, ran three miles across ploughed fields until I finally reached my destination. (PUFFS)

WILLIUM:

Just one more question, mate.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

Are you a murderer?

SEAGOON:

Murderer? Let me have a look in my diary. Hmm it's... No. No, I'm not.

WILLIUM:

Oh. That's a pity, innit. You see, I gets promotion if I catches murderers. You can't get 'em you know. Goodbye, mate.

SEAGOON:

Goodbye, Constable. Ha ha! Phew. That was a close shave. If I'd have been a murderer he'd have had me.

WILLIUM:

Yes, I would've, I tell you, I...

SEAGOON:

I say, look here!

WILLIUM:

What?

SEAGOON:

Will you kindly not interrupt my act while I'm trying to entertain these nice ladies and gentlemen here. Stand aside while I knock on the door of the rest home for senna-pod addicts.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Ahhhhh! We'll all be murdered in our beds.

SEAGOON:

Open up.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Did you live in Whitechapel in 1886?

SEAGOON:

No!

MINNIE:

You can't be too careful. They haven't caught that 'Jack the Ripper' yet, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish. He hasn't been heard of for sixty-seven years.

MINNIE:

Ahhhhh! Yukkabakoo. He's just waiting for the hue and cry to die down, and then...

SEAGOON:

And then what?

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds!

FX:

REPEATED HAMMERING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Open this door or I'll break my arm down.

FX:

MULTIPLE LOCKS, CHAINS, BOLTS BEING UNFASTENED. MINNIE CONTINUES MUMBLING OVER...

MINNIE:

Come in. Wipe your feet, buddy. Wipe your boots as well, will you?

SEAGOON:

I want to see Mr. Crun.

MINNIE:

Ahhhh-um. Henry!

CRUN:

(OFF) What, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Henry. There's a... You're always upstairs when I want you, buddy.

CRUN:

(OFF) Don't you tell me where I am.

MINNIE:

What?

FX:

APPROACHING BOOTS DOWN A STAIRCASE.

BANNISTER & CRUN:

(ARGUMENT EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Excuse me! Excuse me!!

MINNIE:

This is not an 'excuse me'.

CRUN:

Next dance!

ORCHESTRA:

PARADIDDLE ON DRUM KIT WITH CYMBAL CUT-OFF.

SEAGOON:

I want to be shown to my room. I must have peace and quiet.

CRUN:

Of course. Of course. I understand, yes.

MINNIE:

You must have peace and...

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

CRUN:

In here.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CRUN:

I'll just open the window.

FX:

WINDOW SLIDES UP.

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE STEAM ENGINE HOOTERS IN VARIOUS KEYS. NOISES OF SHUNTING. CONTINUES UNDER...

CRUN:

There. Your room overlooks the station.

SEAGOON:

Does it? Let me see. By heavens, so it does.

MINNIE:

Would you like the wireless on Buddy?

GRAMS:

GRADUALLY SWELL SHUNTING NOISE.

SEAGOON:

For heavens sake, shut the window!!

FX:

WINDOW PULLED DOWN.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN STOP.

SEAGOON:

I was sent here for my peace of mind.

CRUN:

Were you? Well, it hasn't arrived, yet. D'you know why?

SEAGOON:

No.

CRUN:

You can't get the wood you know. You can't...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

The Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker part four in which Neddie is given treatment.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

That evening, as Wallace Greenslade has just forecast, I started my rest cure.

CRUN:

Um, um. Now, Neddie, this is where we give you complete silence.

SEAGOON:

Oh. That's what my Doctor prescribed.

CRUN:

Oh. Is it National Health silence?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. The National Health silence is a bit noisy, you know. Why don't you have a private patient's silence?

SEAGOON:

What does that sound like?

CRUN:

It sounds like this...

(PAUSE, 5 SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Jolly good.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll have some of that. Well, what size silences have you got?

CRUN:

Well, we've got the luxury one that goes from here...

(COMPLETE SILENCE. 3 SECONDS)

CRUN:

...to there.

SEAGOON:

That's about the size I want.

CRUN:

Oh, good.

SEAGOON:

Good.

CRUN:

Minnie? Wrap up a full length silence, please.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, in case you too are interested in purchasing a quantity of silence, here are a few samples. First this...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 5 SECONDS)

GREENSLADE:

And this is for Ladies...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 2 SECONDS)

GREENSLADE:

Or perhaps *this* is more in your line...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 6 SECONDS)

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

CRUN:

There, Mr. Seagoon. We've put all your silence in this tin trunk. Get in and try it.

FX:

BODY GETTING INTO TIN TRUNK.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much.

FX:

METAL LID CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

I sat back in the darkness of the trunk to enjoy the silence. I sat there a while when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder.

ECCLES:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

I'm waiting for the big picture to start.

SEAGOON:

Picture? You long idiot, this isn't a cinema! This is a...

FLOWERDEW:

Chocolates, cigarettes, ices. Appliances.

ECCLES:

Shh! This is the trailer.

GRAMS:

MOVIE TRAILER MUSIC

TRAILER VOICE:

[SELLERS]

From the studio that gave you "Unmarried Uncles", we give you now Fred Wrecked, Son Of Oedipus. See Andrew Stuart as the voluptuous Bombay Baby. See John Snagg in The Great Water Rates Trial. And see Mario Lanzer with the great singing voice of Ray Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Ladies and Gentlemen, take your partners for a waltz.

ORCHESTRA:

TANGO INTRODUCTION

ELLINGTON:

What? You're trying to tell me this is a waltz? I'm sure there must be... Listen fellas, I'm not that mad. This can't be a waltz.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Of course it's a waltz. Don't you know a waltz? You know, One, two, three, one, two, three...
(SINGS, PROGRESSIVELY HIGHER AND HIGHER) "When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year!"

ELLINGTON:

You silly twisted boy you! Goodbye! Well, how's about taking your partners for a tango?

ORCHESTRA:

Dar dar dar, da da, da da... (FADES)

ELLINGTON:

Yes. The fellas think I'm stark raving mad you know. They don't think I know the difference between a waltz and a tango.

OMNES:

(OFF) Well, do yuh!?

ELLINGTON:

No.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I CAN'T TELL A WALTZ FROM A TANGO'

ECCLES:

Shh. Here comes the big picture.

GRAMS:

EPIC THEME.

SELLERS:

(RECORDING) "For the first time on any screen we present 'Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker' part five."

GRAMS:

AFRICAN DRUMS, NATIVE SINGING IN DISTANCE. CONTINUE UNDER.

ECCLES:

Hey, look. Ain't this an exciting picture?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That trunk looks exactly like the one we're in. And they're setting fire to it.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hey, is it... um... is it my imagination or is it getting hot in here?

SEAGOON:

Excuse me.

FX:

SOUND OF METAL TRUNK BEING OPENED.

SEAGOON:

I jumped out of the trunk and to my horror discovered it was surrounded by African natives! So I jumped back in again.

FX:

SOUND OF METAL TRUNK BEING OPENED.

ECCLES:

Oh! Here! You know what happened while you were gone?

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

A little feller jumped out of that trunk and jumped back in again! Hohohohoho! Good picture!

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it.

ECCLES:

Hey, look! Here, look! There's a big native there, he's opening the trunk.

FX:

LID BEING OPENED

ECCLES:

And - oh! - he's pulled the little fellow out again. Mr. Seagoon? Ooooooooo...

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMING CRESCENDOS.

ELLINGTON:

Hey! You next, cor blimey. Come out or me nut you.

SEAGOON:

Do as he says, Eccles. Those are clubs he's holding!

ECCLES:

Clubs? I beat him. I've got three spades and a diamond.

FX:

QUICK PUNCH.

ECCLES:

Here, anyone can win like that.

ELLINGTON:

Come. Me take you see my chief.

SEAGOON:

Who's your chief?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am! I am the dreaded chief. Enter Bluebottle from across the sea. Puts on cardboard witchdoctor's set, straps on feather-lined loincloth. Tee hee hee! It tickles! Tee hee hee!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! You?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, you little white pudding. I'm no longer called Blunebottle. Do you know what I am called now?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm now Kalamala Kalamagu Kingpins, the maker of the rain. I'll show you. Moves left, picks up watering can, sprinkles floor.

OMNES:

(NATIVE) Ooooh. Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, my tribe. Thank you. Thank you, my tribe. It was nothing. Nothing. There'll be another matinee at two-fifteen.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, how did you become their chief?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It was agony. They was going to dead me, you know? Suddenly I took my teeth out and I showed them round.

SEAGOON:

But you haven't got false teeth.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know, it was agony.

SEAGOON:

What's going to happen to me?

ELLINGTON:

Me no like-um you, cor blimey, white man. Bring stick that go bang! Kill 'em...

SEAGOON:

This is not stick that goes bang. This is umbrella. No go bang. Look, look, I point at my head to prove...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Call a doctor!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh! I came as soon as I got your letter.

SEAGOON:

Help me, doctor. I'm in a senna-pod delirium. I imagine I'm in Africa surrounded by natives.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, utter nonsense. I'll cure you, lad. I'll soon cure you. Now just lay down out there in the tropical sun. Now put these bits of bread on your chest. Right?

FX:

WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

Curse. Where are those blasted vultures? They're never here when you want them.

SEAGOON:

Vultures? Where?

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Here they are. Right, now get dismounted, lads and start hovering around. The bread's on top and the meat's underneath and a merry Christmas!

SEAGOON:

Vultures? On horse back? Merry Christmas? Yes, now I knew what....

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE.

SEAGOON:

Not now, Podson! Now I knew that... that I really was in the last stages of a senna-pod delirium. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes my captain? Thinks: I'm not really here. I'm just a figgement of his tortured imagination.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Is this true?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: He is thinking it is true.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: I wonder if he thinks that I thinks that thinks that it thinks that it is true I thinks?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: Marilyn Monroe. Eeheheheehe! That's a nice thinks. I'll think of that again. Thinks again. Can see Marilyn in flimsy negligee. She's going into the shower bath! Tee hee hee! Thinks: My school days are over. Oh! She's closed the door. Knocks.

FX:

KNOCKING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Marilyn, may I come inge?

ECCLES:

(OFF) No, you can't. Oh, ho, ho! Oh, it's good to be alive in here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, Eccles. You have entered my thinks. Thinks: End of 'thinks' routine. Prepares for big funny joke. Look! I put my head in the mangle. Olé! Not a sausage. Exits left with flat head and loose teeth in handkerchief.

GRAMS:

HARRY LIME THEME. GRADUALLY SPEEDED UP TO INFINITY.

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

SEAGOON:

Neither do I. I can't stand it. I'm going mad!

BLOODNOK:

There, there, lad. You're only imagining all this.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Now then, where's your old wallet, eh?

SEAGOON:

In my boot. But... why are you taking it?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not taking it, laddie.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Taking your wallet? Why, you're only imagining I'm taking it. Now let me see...

FX:

NOTES RUSTLING.

BLOODNOK:

One, two, three... five... ten... eleven... twenty-three... You're only imagining this, remember.

SEAGOON:

Of course.

BLOODNOK:

Twenty four... twenty five... twenty eight pounds. Any more of this imaginary money?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thanks. Imaginary taxi!

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHES.

BLOODNOK:

To the best imaginary hotel.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDS OFF.

SEAGOON:

(FRANTIC) Hey! Don't imaginary leave me. You can't leave me alone in this pitiless imaginary desert. Imaginary HELP!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

WILLIUM:

Hello, mate. Have you done a murder yet?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Very recently.

FX:

TRUNK LID OPENING.

CRUN:

Now what's all the noise in the trunk, Mr. Seagoon?

CRUN:

You've had a full hour's silence in there, buddy.

SEAGOON:

The rest home! I'm back! It was all a dream.

CRUN:

Drink this.

CRUN:

Yes.

FX:

CHINA CUP AND SAUCER RATTLING.

SEAGOON:

Mm. (SWALLOWS) Yeuch! (SPITS) What was it?

CRUN:

Senna-pod tea.

SEAGOON:

But I didn't like it. I'm cured! Right, everyone out of that trunk for the finale. Come on! Out you go!

OMNES:

MUMBLING

BLOODNOK:

Right. All hold hands! Chickadee snitch! All together!

ORCHESTRA:

'RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF A WAVE'

CAST:

(SINGS) We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the sun is in the sky!
All our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers-by.

SELLERS:

We'll do the hailing,
When all the ships around are sailing.

ALL:

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the world is ours.

MILLIGAN:

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the sun is in the sky!

SELLERS:

Chickadee snitch, son.

MILLIGAN:

All our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers by.

SEAGOON:

We'll do the hailing,
When all the ships around are sailing.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
(WITH MIN) And the world is ours.

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME UP AND OUT.

S6 E01 - Seagoon MCC

Transcribed by Digby Green. Corrections by Tony Wills, Paul Winalski and others. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER – DONKEY BRAY FOLLOWED BY RASPBERRY

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. In the last three years, war books have had the highest sales in the world, but nowhere else. Among the best sellers were:

SECOMBE:

'Reach for the Sky'.

SELLERS:

'The Cruel Sea'.

MILLIGAN:

'I Flew for the Fuehrer'.

SECOMBE:

'The Colditz Story'.

MILLIGAN:

'The Hotditz Story'. And now...!

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

SELLERS:

The story we tell tonight is one of courage, heroism, tenacity. Of a man gifted with a great intellect, his name was...

ECCLES:

Hello.

SELLERS:

No, not him. It was Seagoon MCC.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Seagoon MCC. I was a batman. Get it? Seagoon MCC? Batman? (LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

The Book, 'Seagoon MCC', is available in leather, paper or book form. All in all, sixteen brass and porridge bound volumes, complete with colour plates, words, pages and needle nardle noo.

SELLERS:

The foreword for this massive tome...

ECCLES:

Tome? What's a tome?

FLOWERDEW:

Nobody, I live with myself.

GREENSLADE:

The foreword for this tome was written by Field Marshal Eccles, who also wrote the backward. We proudly present...

SEAGOON:

Seagoon MCC!

ORCHESTRA:

LONG FANFARE MILITARY TRUMPETS

SEAGOON:

Chapter 1. 1939, I joined the colours.

ELLINGTON:

Man, welcome to the regiment.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 4, in which Neddie Seagoon is transferred to a more suitable regiment.

FX:

CLANK OF MANACLES UNDER:

SEAGOON:

No! No! Put me down. Help! You can't do this to me. Help!

SERGEANT:

[MILLIGAN]

Shut up!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, now, what have we got here?

SERGEANT:

A volunteer, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's all a mistake, sir. It's all a mistake, I can't join. You can't take me. I'm... (WELSH ACCENT) I'm an American, buddy, you see? I'm an American. I... I... I'm from the prairie. Yeah, I'm from the prairie. I'm... er... I'm from New York.

GRYTPYPE:

New York?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, do you know the Bronx?

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) I know them well, I married their daughter Gladys Bronk.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. You'd better report to the American army authorities, just through there.

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) Oh, thank you, buddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Good morning.

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, buddy. You want to join the American army, buddy?

SEAGOON:

No, no, I can't join. You see I... I'm... I'm... I'm British.

GRYTPYPE:

I knew you weren't American the moment you mentioned your marriage to Gladys Bronk.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I am Gladys Bronk.

SEAGOON:

Darling! Together again.

GRYTPYPE:

Shall we dance?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

ORCHESTRA:

WALTZ MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the special happy ending for housewives. Now, here is what *really* happened.

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant, arrest that fat bladder of lard.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Buddy, darling, no. I... I... I can't join the army. You see, I'm only sixteen.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you'll have to lie about your age.

SEAGOON:

I am lying about my age.

GRYTPYPE:

Huh. Congratulations, you're the first man to lie his way into the army. Next, please?

SEAGOON:

Curses, dear listeners. Dear listeners, all my cunning: skirt; urchin cut; high heeled shoes, have availed me naught. Never mind, dear listeners. No army can hold a Seagoon for long. Ha ha. I had ideas. After all, money talks.

MILLIGAN:

I'm a thrupenny bit.

SEAGOON:

Silence! Or I'll put the coppers on yer.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon? Why are you hanging around?

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you why. (ASIDE) I took out a roll of pound notes and tossed the rubber band into his lap.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait. This rubber band is empty.

SERGEANT:

Volunteer!

FX:

ARMY MARCHING.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! (CONTINUES WITH SEAGOON YELLING IN BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 5, in which Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I sat in my padded cell chained to the wall in a double straight jacket, I thought: I know what I'll do. I'll act mad. (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Yes! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Warder! I want to join the lovely British army!

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Sign here, please.

FX:

PEN SCRIBBLING

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 6, in which Private Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

Yes. When the Blitz came, England was under a very heavy aerial bombardment, mainly from the air. I thought up a mad hare-brained scheme that would surely prove I was unfit for military service.

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS MARCHING OVER...

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Private Seagooooon... Halt! Private Seagoon, from the right, number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

SERGEANT:

Private Seagoon all correct and present, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Stand easy.

FX:

STANDS EASY.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. You know that idea you submitted?

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY) The one about filling bags of skin with gas and... and letting them up on pieces of string above London to frighten enemy aircraft?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that one.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY) That one! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Anyone thinking of an idea like that should be thrown out of the army, eh? (LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

GRYTPYPE:

Look up there in the sky.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Bags of skin on pieces of string. My idea!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, barrage balloons. And as a token of gratitude, the War Office has granted you... promotion.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh.

FX:

TROOPS MARCHING AWAY.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right...!

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 7, in which Lance Corporal Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

This time, I decided to take my crazy scheme to another quarter. To some *real* idiot.

BLOODNOK:

At the time, I was heavily engaged in the defence of London. See also 'The War Memoirs of Major Dennis Bloodnok, Professional Coward', price two shillings.

SEAGOON:

I'd expected to find the Major in a sumptuous Whitehall office.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but no. I was a simple soldier and content to defend London from a quiet country field in a little iron room five hundred feet below ground.

FX:

POUNDING ON BUNKER DOOR

BLOODNOK:

I surrender! I surrender! (SINGS) Deutschland Deutschland, über alles.

SEAGOON:

It's Corporal Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

What? (SINGS) There'll always be an England. (NORMAL) Oh! Oh! Ha, ha, ha. Come in, lad.

FX:

METAL DOOR BEING DRAGGED OPEN.

BLOODNOK:

Have they invaded yet?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant?

THROAT:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Haul down that German flag.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Major, you're not thinking of surrender?

BLOODNOK:

What? A Bloodnok never surrenders. I never get near enough. See also my war biography 'A Bloodnok Never Surrenders' by Major Dennis Bloodnok, P.O.W. Now, would you care to... care to join me in a small shot of schnapps?

SEAGOON:

I don't like small schnapp shots sir.

BLOODNOK:

Say that again.

SEAGOON:

I daren't risk it.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Personally, I don't blame you. However. Now... To whom do I owe the honour of this visit?

SEAGOON:

Me!

BLOODNOK:

What a brilliant description.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR] please, yes.

SEAGOON:

I crept into a concrete safe with him.

BLOODNOK:

I'll just put on my on my eight steel hats, three gas masks and strap on this stirrup pump. Ah! There. Now, let them come. Now, what is it?

SEAGOON:

Major, did you do know England is under a heavy air offensive?

BLOODNOK:

I had heard rumours, yes.

SEAGOON:

Major, I have a brilliant plan.

BLOODNOK:

That sounds like a brilliant plan! (ASIDE) If it works, I shall accept the responsibility. If it fails, it was all his idea in the first place.

SEAGOON:

Aside. Good. If it went wrong, I'll be blamed. Huh, huh, huh! And then I'd get my ticket. (LAUGHS) Normal. (CLEARS THROAT) Aloud. Ah, this is the idea: build cardboard tanks, put them on Salisbury plain and the Germans will waste thousand of bombs on them.

BLOODNOK:

Grab me scalibers and thud me gringes. You... you... you must be mad.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, that's it. I'm mad. You'll tell my C.O., won't you? I'm mad. Ha! Ha! I'm mad. (BARKS THEN YELPS LIKE A DOG)

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here, you naughty doggy! Get out of here!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR SLID BACK. PHONE PICKED UP AND DIALED.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) I'll follow my secret heart till I find you. (NORMAL) Hello? The war office? Ah, yes. I've had a brilliant idea! Look, why don't we build cardboard tanks and (FADES)

GRAMS:

AIRCRAFT HIGH IN THE SKY UNDER:

SEAGOON:

So my plan was put into operation. Three weeks later, the air over Salisbury Plain was vibrant with the sound of German aircraft.

BLOODNOK:

What a sight it was! I saw it all on the newsreel. The silly Germans swallowed the bait and bombed the cardboard tanks.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Last night, fleets of German bombers dropped cardboard bombs on Salisbury Plain.

BLOODNOK:

What! What! What! Ooooh, oph, oph. See also my book 'It Wasn't My Idea in the First Place', price one and nine.

SEAGOON:

See also my book, 'Then Why Did Bloodnok Take the Credit?', price a shilling.

BLOODNOK:

See also It, 'It Looked Good On Paper', price sixpence.

SEAGOON:

See also 'Bloodnok Tried To Deceive Me', price thruppence.

BLOODNOK:

See also 'Why Don't You Shut Up!', price tuppence.

SEAGOON:

See also 'How Dare You Speak to Me Like That!', a penny.

BLOODNOK:

See also 'Take That!'

FX:

SLAP.

SEAGOON:

Ooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Post free.

SEAGOON:

See also my sequel, 'Take That!'

BLOODNOK:

Arh!

FX:

SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK TRADING SLAPS AND YELLING UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

See also 'I was Tito's Pianist' by Max Geldray in the plain wrappers.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS MARCHING.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Corporal Seagoon... (ASIDE) See also 'I Marched Him In', price ten shillings. (NORMAL) Corporal Seagoon... Halt! Corporal Seagoon, from the right, number, there.

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

SERGEANT:

(SLURRED) Seagoon all correct and present, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Seajune, Bloodnok accuses you of initiating the cardboard tank idea.

SEAGOON:

That's right. All mine. All my crazy idea. (MANIC LAUGH) Anyone who comes out with an idea like that should be thrown out of the army, eh? (MANIC LAUGH) Shouldn't they? (MANIC LAUGH) hmm... hm...

GRYTPYPE:

Look out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaaaah! Cardboard tanks!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. We were able to build them out of all those lovely cardboard bombs the Germans dropped. Thanks to you.

FX:

SLAPS STRIPES INTO HIS HAND.

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Sergeant! No, oh, no, no, no! Before I sew the tapes on, Sir, I... I have another idea.

GRYTPYPE:

You have? What?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Just a moment. I'll... I'll have to think of it. (MANIC) Ha ha. Yes, yes, yes aha yes, yes ha hum hmm hmm hmm. The Germans, the Germans are only separated from us by the channel eh? Which is only twenty-one miles wide.

FX:

SPLASH, SWIMMING - FADES TO DISTANCE THEN BACK IN AGAIN). MAN CLIMBS OUT OF WATER (23 SECS LONG)

GRYTPYPE:

(GASP OF BREATH) Actually it's twenty-two.

SEAGOON:

I knew it was twenty-two all the time. I was keeping the real distance a secret.

GRYTPYPE:

Were you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a grenade.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six,seven, eight, nine!

GRYTPYPE:

Now Seagoon, what is this brilliant plan of yours?

SEAGOON:

Captain, supposing the channel was a hundred miles across.

GRYTPYPE:

Er?

SEAGOON:

Wouldn't that make the Germans think twice about invading us?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, that would certainly deter them.

SEAGOON:

Yes. They'd have to make a detour, get it? Ha ha ha! A detour! Ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a grenade.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six,seven, eight!

MORIARTY:

Oh, sapristi, Yakabakaka boo. One moment, Captain Grytpype, one moment please. As commander of the Fried French Forces, I think... I think that this lad's idea is very good. Tell me, little nation of shopkeepers, how do you intend making the channel a hundred miles wide?

SEAGOON:

That, gentlemen, is your worry.

MORIARTY:

And this is yours.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!

GRYTPYPE:

We're wearing him down, dear listeners.

SEAGOON:

Very well. See also my book, 'I Said Very Well', price eight pounds. Gentlemen... gentlemen I'll lay my cards on the table. I'll give you an idea that will win the war, provided you give me my discharge from the army.

MORIARTY:

It's a deal. As soon as the war is over, you will be discharged from the army.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, this is it. Build a full scale cardboard replica of England.

MORIARTY:

(GASP) Oh.

SEAGOON:

Anchor it off the coast of Germany. Then, when the Germans have invaded it, we tow it out to sea - and pull the plug out.

MORIARTY:

Build a replica, you say?

SEAGOON:

Build a replica.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait a moment. I don't know the meaning of the word 'replica'.

SEAGOON:

That's your pigeon.

FX:

COOING PIGEON.

MORIARTY:

So it is! And it's got a dictionary strapped to its leg! And here. Here. Here under the R is the word replica, meaning Replica, meaning model of.

GRYTPYPE:

Who could build this replica?

SEAGOON:

Before I answer, that may I ask a question?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Who can build this replica?

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the house of the well-known cardboard contractor, on the coast of Eastbourne.

CRUN:

Dear, oh, dear, dear. You can't get the wood you know.

MINNIE:

It'll all be over by Christmas, buddy.

OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

Have you seen my teeth, Henry?

FX:

RATTLING AROUND, DROPPING OF NAILS UNDER...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, oh, dear. Uncle lost his... lost his teeth.

OSCAR:

I had them this morning.

FX:

SOMETHING TINNY DROPPING TO GROUND.

MINNIE:

Ooh.

CRUN:

Ohhh. You...

OSCAR:

I had them first thing this morning and er...

FX:

LOUD JINGLE OF SOMETHING ELSE DROPPING

CRUN:

Released all my pigeons. You...

OSCAR:

I... I...

MINNIE:

You shouldn't stop in there so long.

OSCAR:

I had them when I... erm...

CRUN:

What is it? Oh, no, no.

OSCAR:

Here they are.

FX:

SOMETHING BREAKING.

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

OSCAR:

I lost my teeth.

MINNIE:

I know...

GREENSLADE:

This went on for some time.

FX:

FOUR KNOCKS ON WOODEN DOOR

MINNIE:

Oooh! Ooooooh! Ooaah! It's the invasion! We'll all be invaded in our beds! Ohh...

FX:

KNOCKING ON WOODEN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

MINNIE:

Arhh, oowll!

CRUN:

He speaks English!

MINNIE:

These Germans are very clever. They speak German as well, you know.

FX:

HARD KNOCKING.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Let me in!

MINNIE:

One step nearer and we'll take off our gas masks.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Dear patriotic old couple, I'm British! I can prove it by the horse I'm riding.

CRUN:

How?

SEAGOON:

Go on, tell 'em.

HORSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yeh, he's British.

CRUN:

How do I know the horse is telling the truth?

SEAGOON:

Have you ever heard of a horse telling a lie?

MINNIE:

He's got you there, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

You better uncouple the locks and let him in.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, I 'd better let him in.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, which one of you two is Mr Crun?

MINNIE:

I'm Miss Banister.

SEAGOON:

Never mind who you are. Which one is Henry Crun?

MINNIE:

Don't tell him, Henry.

CRUN:

No. I'm.... mmm... mmm... I'm not going to tell him Min. In any case... (BLOWS RASPBERRY)

MINNIE:

Ooh!

CRUN:

Oh! In any case, why do you want to know my name?

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun. You make cardboard models and scenery.

CRUN:

If I was Mr Crun, which I'm not admitting, yes I do.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm Neddie Seagoon and I'm acting for Captain Grytpype-Thynne.

CRUN:

Why?

SEAGOON:

He's a very bad actor.

HORSE:

He's British.

SEAGOON:

So is the Ray Ellington Quartet!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'EVERYBODY RAZZLE DAZZLE'

CRUN:

See also 'You Can't Get the Musicians', price three Shillings.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, as I was saying, have you a full scale cardboard replica of England?

CRUN:

Oh, I'm sorry. The last one was sold this morning.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Who bought it?

CRUN:

Oh, dear, um, mmm, mmm. A military-looking gentleman called Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok? Bloodnok. Bloodnok.

FX:

BELL

SEAGOON:

The name rings a bell.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I'm a bell ringer. Ooh!

SEAGOON:

You, you naughty bell ringer.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

What have you done with that full scale cardboard replica of England?

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhh ooh.

SEAGOON:

Open your coat.

BLOODNOK:

(GASP)

SEAGOON:

Mmmm...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

It's not there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Now, you're hiding it somewhere else.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Lift up your hat.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

ECCLES:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan Eccles, what are you doing under his hat?

ECCLES:

I'm his barber.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. He's the black sheep of the family.

ECCLES:

Yes, I'm barber black sheep!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, lift up *your* hat.

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

GRAMOPHONE RECORD PLAYS.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! A hat band!

ECCLES:

Now you know why I sleep with my hat on.

BLOODNOK:

I... I can't lie to you, Neddie. Look here, I'll... I'll tell you where the replica is. It's already being assembled off Liverpool in the river Mersey, ready for convoy

SEAGOON:

Ah. I realised that *my* great plan was being put into operation and, unless I intercepted Colonel Grytpype-Thynne and General Fried French Moriaty, they would claim the idea as theirs. I planned to capture them and force them to sign a document that would give me claim as the inventor and thus enable me to buy my freedom from the army.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

(NASAL) Thank you. (NORMAL) To help me capture my two enemies, I hired two stalwart men. I was to meet them just outside Liverpool.

FX:

WHINING WIND, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I tell you something, Eccles? After the war, I'm going to write a book called 'I was a Commando'.

ECCLES:

Fine, Fine, Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We are brave commandos, aren't we, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are a brave commando. And I am a brave commando.

ECCLES:

Yah. Fine. Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yer.

ECCLES:

Bo' da, bo' da. Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We're both brave.

ECCLES:

Yer. Being brave, it is fine. 'Ere!

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

There's a spider crawling up my leg. Oh, I'm frightened. I don't like this game. Moves right, shows first class coward's badge.

FX:

WHOOSH. RATTLING OF DUSTBIN LID.

SEAGOON:

It's me, you fools. Come out of that dustbin.

FX:

POUNDING ON LID.

ECCLES:

We were just having dinner. Care to join us?

SEAGOON:

I raised the lid of the invitation.

FX:

RAISES LID.

GRAMS:

STRING QUARTET MUSIC.

WAITER:

[SELLERS]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Your hat and coat, sir?

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

WAITER:

Sit here, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID STUCK BACK ON.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, got you!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Somebody's put the lid on.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you're not going to get away.

SEAGOON:

Trapped in the dustbin. Quick, pay off the band.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE. LINK MUSIC.

FX:

WATER LAPPING.

SEAGOON:

Ooah, arrgh. I awoke with a pain in my neck.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it was me.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, where are we?

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! That swine Moriarty kidnapped us in the dustbin and set us adrift on the cardboard replica of England. We're floating towards Germany, lad.

ECCLES:

Oooh. See also my book 'Oooh'.

SEAGOON:

We'll all be killed.

BLOODNOK:

Killed? A fate worse than death.

MINNIE:

Ooorh oooh, eeooh eeooh. What's happened?

BLOODNOK:

Minnie! You here, as well! Oooh. Let me help you up, my little flower.

MINNIE:

I can get up myself.

BLOODNOK:

My little self-raising flower!

FX:

DISTANT AIRCRAFT. UNDER:

SEAGOON:

I see it all, now. Grytpype is making sure we're all killed by German bombers so that he can claim the idea is his. But he won't get away with it. I'm too clever.

FX:

WHISTLE OF DROPPING BOMB

SEAGOON:

He won't get away with it, I tell you. He...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS. RUBBLE FALLING.

GRYTPYPE:

But I did. Next show, please.

ECCLES:

You've been listening to the Goon Show.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Next announcer, please.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon show, a recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC

NOTES:

The MCC is Marylebone Cricket Club, based at the famous Lord's Cricket Ground.

A 'batman' is an military term for an assistant or orderly.

C.O. is an abbreviation of 'commanding officer'.

S6 E02 - The Secret Escritoire

Transcribed by unknown. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Now, *there's* a service for you.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Groonslade, no advertising.

GREENSLADE:

Hahaha! You should talk.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Kindly stand to one side or to both sides! As I announce... as I announce the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show!

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF A WALTZ

SELLERS:

(IRISH ACCENT) Oh, ho, ho, ho there, dear patrons. Oh, ho, ho. We offer for your delection a three and a half act dream entitled, "The Secret Escritoire". Oh, ha ha...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The same afternoon, three weeks later.

GRYTPYPE:

Let's see. Harris tweed, Birdseye. Ah, here's a lovely mohair twill.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, yakhahahaoogh. What's the matter with you, Grytpype? Every cupboard in this house is full of these yellow pattern books.

GRYTPYPE:

My dear heavily pomaded frog-eating friend. Do you not realise that each of these patterns would make a complete suit for a man three inches tall? All we have to do is to find hundreds of such men and then we make a fortune!

MORIARTY:

But where in the world are we going to find men so small?

GRYTPYPE:

Where?

MORIARTY:

Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

I'll show you. Look in this matchbox.

FX:

BOX OPENING

MORIARTY:

Oh! Sapristi nyukoh! Who is this man?

GRYTPYPE:

Maurice Ponk. Only last week he was six foot three.

MORIARTY:

Six foot trois?

GRYTPYPE:

Mm.

MORIARTY:

How did you ever manage to get him so sm...

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I know a fiend in Malaya who is in possession of a serum that can shrink the human body. He gave me some. Dr. Fred Fu Manchu.

MORIARTY:

So much for the plot. Now, for a few laughs.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MILLIGAN:

I say! I say! I say! Why does Sir Winston Churchill wear red, white and blue braces?

SELLERS:

I don't know, why does Sir Winston Churchill wear red, white and blue braces?

MILLIGAN:

To hold up his trousers!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAAAAA!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Oui?

GRYTPYPE:

Who can we shrink for one of our suits?

MORIARTY:

I have a plan.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Or if you're French, le plan. (DRAWS GASPING BREATH) Let's go out and find a Charlie!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

We'll soon... we'll soon find one.

GRYTPYPE:

(FADES OUT) Yes?

FX:

DISTANT TRAFFIC NOISE.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon. I was in London one day in a gay, laughing mood. You see, I'd just seen my mother-in-law safely under a steamroller and was about to tip the driver, when...

MORIARTY:

Read ze news! Read all about ze English type news-reading cor blimey stone-a-crow, mate!

SEAGOON:

Here, there, Cockney news lad!

MORIARTY:

Dear listeners, I am not a Cockney news lad but a master of the English-type voices. Coming mate, cor ze blimey!

SEAGOON:

A paper! A paper, lad! And here's my copper coin of the realm.

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER CHIME

MORIARTY:

Thanks! Little does he know this is the start of a great plan to lure him to Malaya where he'll be shrunk for a suit. Ze exit!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Wait! This paper is a day old! Ha, never mind, dear listeners, that penny I gave him was last year's. (LAUGHS) I've been passing old coins for some time now. Needle nardle noo, to name but a few!

GRYTPYPE:

Well said, little Nurk!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, or if you're French, murky.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Could I borrow your newspaper?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I left it in my other coat. Fortunately, I'm wearing it.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Could you read it to me?

SEAGOON:

I never read my other coat to strangers. However, I'll read you the paper of news.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Now, uh, wear are my reading glasses? Ah, yes, I left them in the escritorio.

GRYTPYPE:

Disgusting!

SEAGOON:

Have a care, thin sir. I'll have you know that according to the New Oxford Dictionary, and I quote, Escritoire means: A writing table with tiroirs and pigeonholes as distinct from a writing desk which usually has a sloping front, therefore, what you see before you on the pavement is my escritorio, or, if you're French, writing desk.

GRAMS:

CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Seagoon fans. Now...

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, you are no doubt puzzled at the picture of a full-sized escritorio in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. The truth is that by Royal Charter, Neddie Seagoon is a Freeman of Bolton and as such he is allowed to keep an unchained escritorio on Hampstead Heath or Piccadilly Circus. He chose the latter for reasons best known to himself. I thought you'd like to know. Me, I couldn't care less.

GRAMS:

RASPBERRY FANFARE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, dear sir, I'll read you the headlines. Hah! Good heavens, just as I thought: "Man found dead in matchbox."

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and I know where he is. Quick, follow me inside the escritorio.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, LONG WHOOSH, ESCRITOIRE CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Inside my escritoire, all was dark. I was led to a clearing in the blotting paper. There, lit only by lights, was a matchbox. I tiptoed forward on my hands and k-nees. And there, inside the matchbox, lying face-downwards on his back, was a dead contortionist.

GRYTPYPE:

Need-die, Need-die, you must go to the police, Or if you're French, la police.

SEAGOON:

Yes, or if you're French, oui.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Inspector?

INSPECTOR:

[LE MILLIGAN]

Oui?

SEAGOON:

I want to report a murder. Man dead in matchbox.

INSPECTOR:

Sacrae Bleu! (SPEAKS MOCK-FRENCH FOR A WHILE) Or if you're French... (Blows Raspberry).

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

I never saw him again. I wasn't sorry, either. Now! So the police didn't believe me, eh? (LAUGHS)
Very well. I would bring the evidence back to them. Taxi!

GRAMS:

CAR SOUND, SQUEALING BRAKES

CABBIE:

[MILLIGAN]

Where to, sir?

SEAGOON:

Piccadilly.

CABBIE:

This is Piccadilly.

SEAGOON:

How much shall that be?

CABBIE:

Five bob.

FX:

CASH REGISTER CHIME

CABBIE:

Thank you.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF

SEAGOON:

I returned to my escritoire to discover that it was gone!

MORIARTY:

Do not worry, my little friend.

SEAGOON:

I wasn't worrying your little friend. The man I addressed was a tall, perpendicular cretin reclining on a loaded pogo stick and carrying a stringless banjo for protection. Aloud: (CLEARS THROAT) Who are you?

MORIARTY:

My card.

SEAGOON:

The ace of spades!

MORIARTY:

Yes! I'm a man of many parts.

SEAGOON:

They don't seem to be working very well.

MORIARTY:

Please Neddie, no ad-libbing. So... so your escritorio has been stolen! I can help you recover it.

SEAGOON:

It doesn't need recovering, it's brand-new. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT)

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

I don't like the look of you.

MORIARTY:

Name of a dog!

SEAGOON:

Fido.

MORIARTY:

Correct! Now... now, follow me. Meantime, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

"SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

"The Secret Escritoire", part the two. If listeners will put up their binoculars and look towards Tilbury, they'll observe that Moriarty has lured Neddie to the docks.

GRAMS:

HARBOUR SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Tell me, salty old seaman, you say my escritorio was put on board a ship by Grytpype?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate, yes. They put it aboard the S. S. Clarence.

SEAGOON:

Is that a mail boat?

WILLIUM:

With a name like that, we're not sure, mate. Needle nardle noo.

SEAGOON:

Yackamacacka.

WILLIUM:

Yus.

SEAGOON:

When did the ship set sail, mate?

WILLIUM:

Two days and eight nights ago, mate.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, mate. By now it must be more than three hundred k-nots away.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, we must follow her.

SEAGOON:

Right, follow me.

MORIARTY:

No, I'll follow you.

SEAGOON:

Right, lead on.

MORIARTY:

After you!

GRAMS:

SPLASH, THEN 5 LARGE SPLASHES

GREENSLADE:

The first splash was Moriarty. The other five were Mr. Secombe. Now, if listeners will stand on Mount Blanc and train their telescopes towards the straits of Jehore, they will see the S. S. Clarence. We take you over now to the passenger deck.

GRAMS:

ORCHESTRA, SOUNDS OF CROWD FIGHTING, YELLS, CRIES.

BLOODNOK:

Stop! Stooooop! Stop iiiit, I say! Next dance please, next dance. Aah. Ohh augh.

INDIAN VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Sir! Pardon me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Abdul, you naughty-type wog! How dare you burst into my cabin on Ladies Night? Untie these nice women. Oh, I'm... I'm in condition tonight. Ohhhh! Ohhhhh, you naughty-type.....

INDIAN VOICE:

Sir! Sir! Let me get the words.

BLOODNOK:

What?

INDIAN VOICE:

Sir, there are two Sahibs swimming behind the ship in the water.

BLOODNOK:

Mess me thudder, you're right. I say, you two in the water, what do you want?

SEAGOON:

Hell-llp. Have you an escritoire on board?

BLOODNOK:

Two on B deck and one in the lounge. Stand aside and full speed ahead!

SEAGOON:

Wait! We have money!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF SQUEALING BRAKES

BLOODNOK:

Give us your hands, dear lads. Come along, you naughty... Where's me old photograph?

SEAGOON:

Augh. Mind the tenor's friend. Watch out for the baritones buddy. Ah. Thank you, sir.

MORIARTY:

Murky, murky.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Now, I must first examine your documents.

SEAGOON:

Mine are in this wallet, darling.

BLOODNOK:

Allow me to see them, darling. Umm, 47, 48, 49, 50 pounds, 50 p... yes, these papers appear to be in order. Nyugh.

SEAGOON:

Major, are you responsible for berths on board this ship?

BLOODNOK:

Not all of them, dear boy, no. Yes, yes...

SEAGOON:

Well, we want a separate door with adjoining cabins.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Well, that will be fifty pounds exactly, Mr. Smith.

SEAGOON:

What luck, Mr. Jones. I've just got the right amount, darling.

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER CHIME

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, darling.

SEAGOON:

Now, where are you going to put us?

BLOODNOK:

Here! (STRAINS) Huh.

GRAMS:

TWO SPLASHES

SEAGOON:

You scoundrel! We've just given you fifty pounds!

BLOODNOK:

You think I'm not grateful? Full speed ahead! Follow that sea! Ahhh...

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL FANFARE. ORIENTAL MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

Moriarty and I struck out for a foreign shore and soon waded ashore on a foreign land.

GRYTPYPE:

Welcome ashore to Malaya, a foreign land.

SEAGOON:

Great goose sticks! Grytpype-Thynne, you devil! Where's my escritorio?

GRYTPYPE:

Put on these bamboo boots and follow me.

FX:

SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS SPEEDING UP AND GOING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

If listeners will now stand on the top of Tower Bridge and look Nor'-Nor'-East, they will see that at this very moment, Major Bloodnok has also arrived at Malaya and is passing through the Malayan customs.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

[SECOMBE]

(ORIENTAL ACCENT) Please, what have you got in this eighty ton clase?

BLOODNOK:

Nothing, little Malayan customs officer, played very badly by Harry Secombe. You don't think I carry it around full, do you?

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Please open or I clout earhole with stick!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's different. Very well.

FX:

SOUND OF CASE BEING OPENED

ECCLES:

Hallo!

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Explain please, presence of white idiot in case.

BLOODNOK:

You, white idiot, what are you doing in my case?

ECCLES:

Case? You told me this was a first-class cabin.

BLOODNOK:

It's lies, all lies, I tell you. I never took eighty pounds off him for letting him travel in this case believing it to be a first-class cabin thus hoping to defraud the steamship company of the eighty pounds I took off him. It's all lies! Arrest him!

ECCLES:

Wait. I'm as innocent as you are!

BLOODNOK:

There you are... arrest him!

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Please, tell why you come to Malaya.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I want to buy some rubber.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

ECCLES:

I made a mistake in my homework.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Sorry, you must pay duty on this idiot.

BLOODNOK:

Pay duty on an idiot?

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ugh!

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Twenty dollars alive or three dollars dead.

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, here's a pistol, do the decent thing.

ECCLES:

Ok. Goodbye.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Got him!

BLOODNOK:

Good shot, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! Hah, that's the man who threw me off the S. S. Clarence!

BLOODNOK:

(SPUTTERS) I don't recognise you!

SEAGOON:

Of course not. I've still got my Malayan customs set on.

ECCLES:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yah?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Eccles, my old hes... (FLUBS LINE)

ECCLES:

Say it again.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Eccles, my old headmaster.

ECCLES:

I've got my old head on, too.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, this will give you some idea of the drastic shortage of schoolteachers.

ECCLES:

And that speech will give you some idea of the drastic shortage of announcers.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yes, my good man?

SEAGOON:

Mr. Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ya?

SEAGOON:

You were on board the S. S. Clarence, weren't you?

ECCLES:

Uh-huh.

SEAGOON:

Did you see a roll-top desk on board?

ECCLES:

Nope! The only thing I saw was an escritorio.

SEAGOON:

An escritorio?

ECCLES:

Yah.

SEAGOON:

Is an escritorio a French word from the Latin meaning, "to scrite?"

ECCLES:

Uh-huh.

SEAGOON:

And does it mean, all in all, a writing table with tiroirs and pigeonholes, as distinct from a writing desk which has a sloping front?

ECCLES:

Yah.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah! That's the very thing I'm looking for!

ECCLES:

What is?

SEAGOON:

An escritoire.

ECCLES:

What's an escritoire?

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo!

ECCLES:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

Urgh.

SEAGOON:

In that escritoire is a man dead in a matchbox. And I want him as evidence to show to the police.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Wrench me thudder and larrup me k-nid! If a murder is involved I can remain silent no longer. Your escritoire was sent to this address.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Follow that address!

GRAMS:

BOUNCY MUSIC

FX:

DRAWERS OPENING AND CLOSING

HENRY AND UNCLE OSCAR:

(VARIOUS GROANS AND MUTTERS)

UNCLE OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

Have you seen my teeth, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Dear, dear, dear, dear...

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear...

UNCLE OSCAR:

Have you seen my teeth, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Un... uncle Oscar's lost his choppers.

HENRY:

Lost his choppers, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, oh.

UNCLE OSCAR:

I had them when I started.

MINNIE:

You spend too long in there every day.

FX:

SOUNDS OF LOCKS

MINNIE:

Are you locking up, Henry?

HENRY:

Yes, I'm locking up.

MINNIE:

I'm worried... I'm worried about the Malayan bandits, you know.

HENRY:

Don't you worry, Min.

MINNIE:

Ahhh.

HENRY:

Every door is locked from the inside.

MINNIE:

Oh. Well, I'm... I'm still very worried, Hen.

HENRY:

Why?

MINNIE:

I'm outside.

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

It's not my fault, I was potting the rubber tree and you told me...

UNCLE OSCAR:

I can't find my teeth, you know, I... um... I... um... I had pudding on them last night.

FX:

DOOR UNLOCK

HENRY:

Now... come in, Min and stay in.

MINNIE:

Oh, oh. You, you locked me out when my back was...

UNCLE OSCAR:

My choppers have gone you know...

MINNIE:

Un, uncle Oscar...

UNCLE OSCAR:

Perhaps they're in the pie crust...

HENRY:

Ellinga?

MINNIE:

He's long... lost his teeth.

HENRY:

Ellinga, can you reach the top bolt? I can't...

ELLINGA:

Me reach, me got long arms.

HENRY:

Yes.

ELLINGA:

Strong arms.

HENRY:

Just put the bolt...

ELLINGA:

Me reach, very strong.

HENRY:

You're strong?

ELLINGA:

Mmm. Got bolt, strong, very strong indeed.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(OVERLAPPING) He's got teeth and everything...

(VARIOUS MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

(OVERLAPPING) Listeners, if you raise your ear trumpets, you will hear Mr. Ray Ellington and his quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"PLAY IT, BOY"

HENRY AND MINNIE:

(VARIOUS MUTTERS CONTINUE)

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Oh, oww, oh, ee!

FX:

KNOCKING CONTINUES

MINNIE:

Oh! We'll all be murdered in our beds, what's that?

SEAGOON:

Pardon me, old steaming couple.

MINNIE:

Ooo...

HENRY:

What do you want, little ball of lard?

SEAGOON:

Have no fear, old colonial couple. All I seek is that escritorio.

MINNIE:

How did you get into our blung... bungalow?

SEAGOON:

Through the bead curtain.

MINNIE:

We haven't got any.

SEAGOON:

I carry my own.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

We have not got the escritorio, sir.

MINNIE:

No.

HENRY:

A Mr. Grytpype-Thynne took it through the beaded curtain.

SEAGOON:

You said you hadn't got any.

HENRY:

He carried his own.

SEAGOON:

Quick, men! Follow that Grytpype!

MINNIE:

Ooh.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS ACCOMPANIED BY FAST MARCH MUSIC

GRAMS:

SPLASH

FX:

SOUND OF CHOPPING

SEAGOON:

For weeks we cut our way through the dense jungle that ran along the side of the arterial road.
Gladys?

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Yes, darling?

SEAGOON:

Gladys, I have a feeling we're lost.

GLADYS:

Do not worry. Me come from old tracking family. Me come this way many times before.

SEAGOON:

Good, where does it lead to?

GLADYS:

Me don't know, me always get lost, cor blimey.

BLOODNOK:

(DISTANCE) Nyah, oh, oh... oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Shh, there's someone approaching.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Seagoon, Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

Why are you following me?

BLOODNOK:

You're so attractive.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

For a moment, I thought you were going to lie.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, I... I... I feel I must tell you. You're being led into a terrible plot. Grytpype-Thynne has a thousand suits ready for midgets. He intends to shrink you to the right size and make you his first customer!

SEAGOON:

Great yakabakakakoo!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he could shrink you to three inches.

SEAGOON:

Half my present height!

BLOODNOK:

Yes! Look, lad, for a thousand pounds I'll sell you this anti-shrink pill.

SEAGOON:

A thousand pounds? My life savings! Well, come into the office.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MISS PILLS:

[SELLERS]

(FEMALE VOICE) Morning, Mr. Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Morning, Miss Pills. Miss Pills, get a thousand pounds from the safe.

MISS PILLS:

Yes sir.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I'm very grateful to you.

MISS PILLS:

Here you are, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. There, Bloodnok, a thousand pounds in money.

BLOODNOK:

Ahh.

MISS PILLS:

Mr. Seagoon, when will you be back?

SEAGOON:

I don't know. You see, I'm lost in the Malayan jungle. For heaven's sake, send help! Goodbye!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Right men, I must find that body in the matchbox as evidence. Reverse kneecaps and we'll head north. Follow me!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

There are many lakes in Malaya.

SEAGOON:

I struck out for the far side of the mango-infested swamp.

ECCLES:

Grab my hand! I'll pull you out!

SEAGOON:

Eccles! How did you get across the swamp without getting wet?

ECCLES:

I jumped on that log.

SEAGOON:

That log! That's an alligator!

ECCLES:

Ooo. I wondered why my legs kept getting shorter.

SEAGOON:

Gad, we're in a pretty mess. What's going to happen next?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up in Malayan! Do not move or these cardboard guns will spit death! Enter Blungbotton, signals applause.

GRAMS:

CHEERING, APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enough, enough, enough! I have drunk my fill.

SEAGOON:

Great hoary swimmers! It's a... what is it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, white strange! I am Jungle Jim Blungbotton, Kinj of the jungle. I have been hiding in the jungle for three weeks!

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I got a hole in my trousers!

SEAGOON:

Tell me, little stranger, why do you bar our way?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have been sended here to lead you to Grytpype-Thynne and Dr. Sin, the mad Malayan biological mysterarian.

SEAGOON:

Is that difficult?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You try saying it!

SEAGOON:

Very well, lead on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, but first we must cross the dreaded river Bagochips.

ELLINGA:

I warn you, river Bagochips very cold.

SEAGOON:

There's nothing worse than a cold bag-o-chips!

GREENSLADE:

If listeners will now stand on their heads in a bowl of lukewarm porridge, they'll be able to hear the last part of "The Secret Escritoire". If you haven't got porridge, bread pudding is an excellent substitute. Good luck.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GRAMS:

TRIBAL SINGING AND YELLING, SMALL JUNGLE DRUMS

SEAGOON:

For days we travelled deep into the interior. There, we met a tribe called the Darkaraters. They were of course the famous interior Darkaraters.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! We have arrived! This is the place and there is your escritoire. I have done-ed my duty. Sinks exhausted to ground, does hands-clutching and unclutching act as done by Cary Grant in "To Catch A Thief". Here, that Grace Kelly's a nice tart, in't she? Thinks: I must be growing up. Ee-hehee!

SEAGOON:

Good work, Bluebottle! Here's a match. Go find yourself a petrol dump. Now to locate the dead man in the matchbox.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, drop that gun or I shall play this record.

GRAMS:

CROONING RECORD ("CARA MIA" - DAVID WHITFIELD)

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! Stop! You win!

GRYTPYPE:

You see?

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Roll up your sleeve.

SEAGOON:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Just as I thought, an arm!

SEAGOON:

Thoroughly, he took out a yi-tong-iddle-I-podermic needle and (EXTENDED SOUNDS OF GROANING IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Have you finished?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, now I'll give you the injection.

SEAGOON:

(SOUNDS OF GROANING IN PAIN) Oo! I hurriedly swallowed my anti-shrink tablet.

GRYTPYPE:

There. In a few moments you'll be the right size for the suit. Now, in here, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) He thinks I'm going to shrink.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(HIGH PITCHED VOICE) How do you like my new suit, fellas, eh?

ORCHESTRA:

End tune under:

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded BBC programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, programme produced by Peter Eton. Harry Secombe is now appearing in "Flotsam's Midgets" on Bognor Pier.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT

NOTES:

David Whitfield's "Cara Mia" was No. 1 in the UK music charts for ten weeks from July to September 1954.

S6 E03 - The Lost Emperor

Transcribed by unknown. Minor corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Please accept our apologies.

ECCLES:

Good, good. Fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) We present the extraordinary, talking-type wireless Goon show.

GRAMS:

OLD RECORD.

SECOMBE:

What a divine melody. Greenslade, take up the story, lad.

GREENSLADE:

Certainement. The story so far. An old fashioned gramophone record was played. After which a short fat man remarked "What a divine melody". Now, read on.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Mr Greenslade. Go and rehearse the nine o'clock news and learn that wall by heart. Ha ha, hhrmm.

MILLIGAN:

Ho, ho, ho, lads, ho, ho, ho. Listen while we tell you a tale. Music, lads. Ho, ho, ho. (SINGS) See them march by...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SLIGHTLY ORIENTAL MUSIC. THEN QUIET MUSIC UNDERNEATH:

KHAN:

[SELLERS]

(VENERABLE OLD MAN) When I die, take all the treasures of my kingdom, place them at my feet, then bury me in some high forgotten mountain.

FX:

GONG.

SECOMBE:

Those words were spoken by the Tartar Emperor Genghis Khan as he lay on his death-bed.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Yes. To this day, the tomb of Genghis Kharn, with its untold treasures, remains undiscovered. He lies buried in some Mongol hillside where no human eye has ever set foot.

FX:

GONG.

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

It was 1927, which lasted exactly one year. Late one night, within the oriental exhibits room, young Neddie Seagoon... Young? Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh. Pardon me, listeners.

SEAGOON:

I'll see you in the yard at playtime, Wal. I'll clout that big fat nut of yours.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARs THROAT) Neddie Seagoon, a young archaeologist, was at work inside the Victoria and Albert Museum.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Um dee arrh de. (NORMAL) Yes I always work late at the Victoria and Albert. You see, for years I've been searching for the lost tomb of Genghis Khan. I was unwrapping some ancient Mongolian inscribed tablets, that I had reason to believe would give me the exact location of the tomb of Genghis Khan, when suddenly... at about midnight...

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK (DOOR KNOCKER)

SEAGOON:

Who's there?

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

Anybody else?

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

FX:

KNOCK x 16

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of either of you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening.

MORIARTY:

Bonsoir.

SEAGOON:

Make up your minds.

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon the intrusion little nit. Um, I'm afraid we got lost in the fog.

MORIARTY:

Yes, is this place St Leonards?

SEAGOON:

No, it belonged to the LCC.

GRYTPYPE:

What is this place?

SEAGOON:

Victoria and Albert.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, really? And which one are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm neither.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm pleased to meet you. This is my partner, Count Fred Moriarty. The world's Louse Ladder Champion of 1927.

SEAGOON:

What do you both want at this time of night?

MORIARTY:

Shut your big pudding muncher. Silence, this pistol is almost ready to explode.

SEAGOON:

You crazy continental Louse Ladder Champion of 1927, what do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Draw the curtain, Moriarty. Now then, is there anyone else in the building apart from you?

SEAGOON:

Yes, two others.

GRYTPYPE:

What are they doing?

SEAGOON:

Holding me up with a pistol.

MORIARTY:

A likely story. Silence.

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we want to examine a parcel of rare Mongolian clay tablets that arrived by air today.

SEAGOON:

You're wasting your time, I won't tell you where that parcel is.

MORIARTY:

Oh-ho-ho! I'll give you something to make you talk. Take that!

SEAGOON:

A pound note! I'm English, money won't make me talk. I'll just point. There.

MORIARTY:

Merci. Right, turn round.

SEAGOON:

I'm not strong enough.

MORIARTY:

Very well, we'll walk around you.

SEAGOON:

Dear listener, even though I had my back turned to them, I could still see them in the sixteen foot mirror which I rushed out and bought. I observed them open the rare parcel, take out the clay tablet, then placing it in separate pockets, make to leave.

GRYTPYPE:

Close your eyes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

THUD.

SEAGOON:

Oooooowwwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwwoooooohh.

MORIARTY:

Dear listeners, the thud you heard was me striking Seagoon on the head with the heavy side of a mummified Egyptian piano.

SEAGOON:

Oooooowwwwwoooooohh. Struck, struck down. Oooooowwwwwoooooohh! Struck down in my prime. Oooooowwwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwwoooooohh. Struck down, Oooooowwwwwoooooohh.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear listeners, the groans you hear are those of Ned Seagoon falling unconscious to the ground.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Oooowwwwwoooooohh.

GRYTPYPE:

And hamming it for all he's worth, I might say.

SEAGOON:

Lies, lies, lies. All lies, dear listener. I'm not hamming, it's just that I like to give Seagoon fans good value for money. Hehaha Ohooooowwwwwoooooohh. Apart from that, it's good publicity.

Ohooooowwwwwoooooohh.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

They've gone. I must phone the police.

FX:

SOUND OF DIALING IN TIME WITH NEDDIES FOLLOWING LINE.

SEAGOON:

P. O. L. I. S. Ohhh, oh, my head.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) Hallo?

SEAGOON:

Hello, Police? I want to report a lump.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean (IMITATING ECCLES) 'Fine, fine, fine'? Constubule, there's been a robbery.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) A robbery? Anything stolen?

SEAGOON:

You see that parcel on the table?

FX:

DOOR HANDLE BEING RATTLED, DOOR BEING OPENED.

ECCLES:

(PANTING) Yeah, I see it.

SEAGOON:

Well, they rifled that.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) We're on our way round.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Ahh ho, I'm sorry we're late but I was asleep in Bedfordshire. I always sleep in beds. Ahhh ohh.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOING BLOODNOK) Ooohooohoooh.

BLOODNOK:

I'm in condition tonight. Sergeant Eccles, sharpen your note book. Now... er... now, sir, tell me all.

SEAGOON:

Two men committed a robbery.

BLOODNOK:

Two men, eh? Male or female?

SEAGOON:

I don't know, they were dressed.

BLOODNOK:

What a cunning disguise. Continue.

SEAGOON:

I shall.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Any money stolen?

SEAGOON:

Yes, a pound note.

BLOODNOK:

Why did you steal it?

SEAGOON:

I didn't, they took it off me.

BLOODNOK:

Orrghch. This pound note. Just a moment, may I lay on the couch? Thank you, I... ahh... Now, um, describe that pound note.

SEAGOON:

Well, it was valued at a pound.

BLOODNOK:

Tell me more, wonderful money! Tell me more! This pound note, what colour was it?

SEAGOON:

Green.

BLOODNOK:

It's mine! Mine was green!

SEAGOON:

Inspector! It's not the pound that was important.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, any American will give you six shillings for one. In fact, the Bank of England will give you seven.

SEAGOON:

I'm concerned with the very rare, missing Mongolian tablet.

BLOODNOK:

Uh.

SEAGOON:

You see, that's what they stole.

BLOODNOK:

Describe these feelons.

SEAGOON:

You'll easily find them. They're carrying a Mongolian clay tablet in their pockets.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, with that description they won't get far.

ECCLES:

Neither will we.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Don't you worry, Seagoon, we shall get them. Remember, we police are always on our toes. And everyone else's for that matter. But wait, who is this approaching in a five piece cardboard bikini and wearing male falsies? Yes! It's Max English gentleman Geldrun.

MAX GELDRAI:

"PEANUTS"

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Tomb of Genghis Khan, part two. In which Neddie Seagoon awaits news of an arrest.

SEAGOON:

Yes, five days passed. Six, seven, eight, nine, a week! But no news. By now the criminals had almost given up hope of being caught. Then one night, unable to sleep, I walked through the fog bound streets of Hyde Park.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you standing in that tree.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, you looking for them two crooks, ain't you, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Why, mate?

WILLIUM:

Oowh, I know where they is, mate. Needle nardle noo. They're in Singapore mate.

SEAGOON:

How do you know, mate?

WILLIUM:

They left their address for me to send on this parcel o' laundry to 'em, mate.

SEAGOON:

Ahh!. I have an idea, mate.

WILLIUM:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

(GOING OFF) Come with me, I think I can...

GREENSLADE:

While Seagoon is executing his idea, mates, we go over to Mr Grytpype and Count Moriarty in Singapore, mate.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES OVER:

GRYTPYPE:

Shut that window, mate.

FX:

WINDOW BEING SHUT. BAGPIPES STOP

MORIARTY:

There, mate.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. As I was saying, Moriarty, this clay tablet gives the exact location of the Emperor's tomb. But as a precaution, I have had the entire inscription tattooed on the back of my false teeth. Just in case the tablet gets lost. By the way, the man who did the tattooing was Doctor Fred Fu Manchu, Chinese tattooing artist.

MORIARTY:

Thank you for telling the listeners the entire plot. Talking of Doctor Fred Manchu, the oriental tattooist, reminds me: As I was coming to the theatre tonight, this parcel of the laundry just arrived from England.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid Moriarty. Well, I'm going to take a bath.

MORIARTY:

You English! You're so brave!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, take this gun.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

And if the phone rings...

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't hesitate to answer it.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi brains! You think of everything.

GRYTPYPE:

Not everything. Sometimes I don't think of aardvarks.

MORIARTY:

You mustn't be so careless. After all, aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

I don't wish to know that. (PAUSE) Neither do the audience. Now... open that parcel.

MORIARTY:

Certainement.

FX:

UNWRAPPING PAPER. UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Or if you're French, certainement.

GRYTPYPE:

Merci.

MORIARTY:

April in Paris. We found a Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Save the brown paper for dinner.

FX:

PAPER NOISES STOP.

MORIARTY:

Certainement. Saprستي! What's this inside?

SEAGOON:

Hands up, Count Moriarty, world's Louse Ladder Champion 1927.

MORIARTY:

Saprستي yukakakauuu.

SEAGOON:

Count, this is my friend, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hallooo.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, this is Count Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Your humble servant.

SEAGOON:

Right! Now, hands up, again. Where's that rare tablet?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, lower that finger.

SEAGOON:

In the forty foot mirror I rushed out and bought, I could see behind me Grytpype-Thynne standing up in the bath. Don't move, Grytpype, drop that towel.

GRYTPYPE:

Right! There!

ECCLES:

Ooohh.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, now you know why this show can never go on television. We will continue with this delicate scene if the ladies in the studio audience will kindly put their hands over their ears. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Right, Eccles, keep these two covered with this flint pistol. I'm going to look for that tablet.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

I shan't be long.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. DOOR CLOSING. PAUSE...

ECCLES:

(HUMMING QUIETLY) De dum... de da... de dum... yard a lo... yardaloo. Da dum ooo...

GRYTPYPE:

So, you're the famous Eccles?

ECCLES:

Don't move, or I'll blow my brains out.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry.

(PAUSE)

ECCLES:

Da di, de da la da dum, ma ha doo ee, de da dum.

GRYTPYPE:

My, my, my. What a lovely voice you have.

ECCLES:

Oh, dum... Eh?

GRYTPYPE:

I say, what a lovely voice you have.

ECCLES:

You think so?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I do. Quite beautiful.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. (AHEM)(SINGS LOUDLY) YIE, DIE... DIIIE DUM LA DA DIIIIIE, OH DIE ALALALAM... A crowded room. And somehow you know...

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know any more like that?

ECCLES:

Yeah, here's one. Ohh oooooarrrrum... A crowded room...

GRYTPYPE:

Eccles, ah um, not quite right. You see, to get the right feeling you must close your eyes.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa. I'm no fool. If I close my eyes, I won't be able to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

(SEDUCTIVELY) Will you miss me?

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Here! Here! Here! Here! Here! Well, listen, if I close my eyes, I won't be able to see to point the gun at you. Ah, but wait, you're keeping your eyes open.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

ECCLES:

Ohh, that's easy, then. Then you take the gun. Mind you keep it pointed at you.

GRYTPYPE:

Scout's honour.

ECCLES:

Now, den. (AHEM) Listen to me sing with my eyes closed. I'll close 'em. There. Hey. It's dark in here. (SINGS) I'm singing in the dark. Melodies of love for my old dad. Play that crazy saxophone. Get that crazy rhythm. Lover come back, to me...

FX:

THUMP

ECCLES:

Ohooohhhllll!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, look! I found the clay tablet and...

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arrghh ah ooowl ooowl.

MORIARTY:

Well done, Grytpype! You've got both of them.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well, a bird in the Strand is worth two in Shepherds Bush. Quick, let's get going, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right. But the Mongolian clay tablet...

GRYTPYPE:

Leave it behind. Then they'll think we've forgotten it.

MORIARTY:

But if we leave it behind, we *will* have forgotten it.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, Moriarty, you think of everything.

MORIARTY:

Not everything. Sometimes I don't think of aardvarks.

GRYTPYPE:

You mustn't be so careless.

MORIARTY:

You're right, aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

(CORPSING) It's going to kill us if we use it anymore.

SEAGOON:

Oh, my head! Arghowll! What happened to me?

MORIARTY:

This.

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arghoowll! Thank you for telling me, Ohh oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

I knew that in order to reach the tomb, they'd make for the Singapore-China frontier. To bar the way, I placed Eccles and comrade on guard.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? How do you like being on guard?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is fine. I feel fine on guard.

ECCLES:

Yeah, so do I. I... I feel fine on guard.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is nice to feel fine, in't it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Yes, it is fine.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Encles?

ECCLES:

Hahahahum?

BLUEBOTTLE:

How do you feel now?

ECCLES:

Fine. I feel... fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I feel fine, too.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is good that we both, what is us, feeling fine, in't it?

ECCLES:

Yah, we both feel fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes we are both...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Feeling fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere!

ECCLES:

What?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I feel sick! But, never mind, all is well. Here comes my capitan on his horse, Silver. Hi-ho, silver.

FX:

BACK FIRING, PUTTER OF OLD MOTOR CAR, COMING TO A STOP.

SEAGOON:

Whoa silver, whoa there, whoa-a, whoa. How much'll that be, Gladys?

ELLINGTON:

Needle nardle noo.

FX:

COINS IN TRAY.

SEAGOON:

Keep the change. Away you go.

FX:

STEAM TRAIN STARTING UP, THEN SPEEDING UP FASTER AND FASTER INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

Astute listeners will no doubt be puzzled at a horse sounding like a taxi and a train. The truth is the animal was also a brilliant impressionist. And here now is his impression of Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS "LOVER COME BACK TO ME".

FX:

WHINING WIND, TRAMPING FEET.

GRYTPYPE:

You hear that sound, dear listeners? It's the eternal wind that howls over the Lishun-Bak mountains of Mongolia. It was over these we passed, searching for the tomb.

MORIARTY:

Ahh oh, ho. Sapristi monkeys, it's so cold. Look! Even the ice is frozen.

GRYTPYPE:

You should have bought some warm clothes.

MORIARTY:

I did, but they got cold up here.

GRYTPYPE:

I understand well. Where's that Mongolian porter?

SEAGOON:

(ORIENTAL ACCENT) Here I am master, willing to slerve (ASIDE, NEDDIE VOICE) Little does he know that I am Neddie Seagoon heavily disguised as a man who is heavily disguised.

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arroowll arrowwl.

GRYTPYPE:

Little does he know that that was a heavily disguised clout.

SEAGOON:

Little do they know that I am only feigning unconsciousness. I daren't attack now, they're too many. I'll wait till they've both gone and then I'll spring.

FX:

LOTS OF SLAPS AND YELLS WITH DRAMATIC MUSIC OVER TOP, ENDING WITH LOUD THUMP ON THE BASS DRUM.

SEAGOON:

Right. (CATCHING BREATH) Right, you swines. Had enough?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then untie me.

GRYTPYPE:

Come along now, Neddie, why are you following us?

SEAGOON:

You're so attractive.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh!

MORIARTY:

Silence, nyuckoes. Now then, what's your little game?

SEAGOON:

Ping Pong. What's yours?

MORIARTY:

Please, Neddie, no ad-libbing.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo. You won't get away with this. The treasure in that tomb is mine, mine, mine, mine!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

If only I could get my hands free I could use the phone. Ahh! I'll dial with my feet. Get my toe in the di., ooh, oh... I've got a long nail...(STRAINING NOISES)

FX:

DIALING (UNDER PREVIOUS LINE)

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

(PHONE) Hello, you want me?

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

FLOWERDEW:

(PHONE) I'm a chiropodist.

FX:

HANG UP PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Heavens!

MORIARTY:

So!

SEAGOON:

I had the corn exchange.

MORIARTY:

So, Neddie, caught you using the telephone. Come on out with it!

SEAGOON:

What?

MORIARTY:

Thrupence!

FX:

CASH REGISTER. DROP COINS IN TRAY.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, start walking in front with your hands and feet raised above your head.

SEAGOON:

So we trudged the barren landscape. It was a long day. It lasted thirty six hours. We camped at nightfall. Next morning, the blow struck.

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) Neddie, Neddie, bad news, lad.

SEAGOON:

What's up?

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) While I was asleep the world's Louse Ladder Champion of 1927, stole my false teeth.
(ASIDE) Which, dear listeners, you will remember had been inscribed on the back with the map of the tomb by Doctor Fred FuManchu, oriental tattooist.

SEAGOON:

Then Moriarty is the only one who knows the way to the tomb.

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

RATTLE DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENED.

ECCLES:

Helloo. Here, here, I found Moriarty to the tomb, (GOING OFF) I'll show you where it is, come on, now...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will no doubt think it ludicrous that Eccles should suddenly come through a door a thousand miles from the nearest building. The truth is several doors have been placed at intervals in the Mongolian mountains so as to obtain the sound of a door opening. Thus making it more interesting for listeners, especially those without doors of their own.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE, CYMBAL CRASH.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Meantime, Neddie has arrived at the mouth of the tomb.

ECCLES:

Yeah, here, you see this big rock blocking the cave? Well, the tomb's behind there.

SEAGOON:

How the devil could Moriarty have moved that by himself?

ECCLES:

He didn't, he said he would need four men to open it.

MORIARTY:

Yes, gentlemen, four men.

GRYTPYPE:

(WITH HIS TEETH BACK IN) Yes, Neddie, four men. Hands up.

SEAGOON:

Argggghh. You two swines! So that's why you got Eccles and me here – to help open the tomb door.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, lads, start working.

ECCLES:

Hey, who're you pushing?

GRYTPYPE:

You.

ECCLES:

So that's why I'm moving.

GRYTPYPE:

Together, heeeeeave...

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES.

SEAGOON:

Watch out for the old tenor's friend.

GRYTPYPE:

Aardvarks never killed anybody.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES.

MORIARTY:

There (CATCHING BREATH)... it's open. (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Saprستي nuckos, the tombs empty!

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) Saprستي nucka!

MORIARTY:

It's been ransacked! Who could have taken the treasures? Who could have known about this place?

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) What's this card on the floor? Doctor Fred Fu Manchu oriental tatooist.

MORIARTY:

Huhuha hol. Foiled by Fred!

SEAGOON:

Anybody for tennis?

GRYTPYPE:

Too much like hard work.

SEAGOON:

Aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

Darling, together again, shall we dance?

SEAGOON:

Love to.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the goon show, a BBC recorded program, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE TO END.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT "LADY BE GOOD".

Notes:

LCC is London County Council. The LCC was demolishing 'The Old Palace', St Leonards, East London in 1895. It was grand building linked to King James I. Architect C.R. Ashbee tried to save it, but Unfortunately it was too late. He did manage to save part of the interior including the wooden panelling and staircase and fireplace which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

S6 E04 - Napoleon's Piano

Transcribed by Paul Martin, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

WAILING

GREENSLADE:

Oh, come, come, come, come, dear listeners. You know, it's not *that* bad.

SECOMBE:

Of course not! Come, Mr. Greenslade. Tell them the good news!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

GRAMS:

CROWD SCREAMING AND STAMPEDING

SECOMBE:

Mmm. Is the popularity waning? Hmmph.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! Fear not, Neddie-lad! We'll jolly them up with a merry laughing type joke show. Stand prepared for the story of... Napoleon's Piano. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO MOOD-SETTING MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Napoleon's piano. The story starts in the bad old days, back in April 1955. It was early one morning and breakfast had just been served at Beaulieu Manor and I was standing at the window, looking in. With the aid of a telescope I was reading the paper on the breakfast table, when... when suddenly an advertisement caught my eye. It said:

GRYTPYPE:

(BASSY, ECHOEY) Will pay anybody five pounds to remove piano from one room to another. Apply: The Bladders, Harpiapipe, Quants.

SEAGOON:

In needle nardle noo time I was at the address. And with the aid of a piece of iron and a lump of wood, I made this sound:

FX:

KNOCKS FIVE TIMES ON DOOR

MORIARTY:

Sapristi knockos! When I heard that sound I ran downstairs and with the aid of a doorknob and two hinges I made this sound:

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS, DOOR CREAKS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Ah! Good morning!

MORIARTY:

Good morning? Just a moment.

FX:

TELEPHONE PICKED UP, DIALLING

MORIARTY:

Hello? Air Ministry roof? Report. Yes? Yes? Thank you.

FX:

TELEPHONE HUNG UP

MORIARTY:

You're perfectly right – it *is* a good morning.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

What a memory you have!

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo! I've... er... I've come to move the piano.

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY, STOPPING SUDDENLY) Come in.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS SIMILARLY, BUT LONGER, STOPPING JUST AS SUDDENLY) Thanks.

MORIARTY:

You must excuse my filthy hands but I've just been washing my face.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(NOW HERE) Can I borrow your shoe? I want to read the paper.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry it's on...

GRYTPYPE:

(INTERRUPTS) Oh, we appear to have company.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. This gentleman has come in answer to your advertisement.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, how lovely! Come in, sit down.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid for you! Now, Neddie, here's the money for moving the piano. There you are, five pounds in fivers.

SEAGOON:

Five pounds for moving a piano? Ha ha ha! This is money for old rope.

GRYTPYPE:

Is it? I'd have thought you'd have bought something more useful.

SEAGOON:

No, no. I have simple tastes. Now, where is this piano?

GRYTPYPE:

All in good time, laddy. Now first, will you sign this contract? In which you guarantee to move the piano from one room to another for five pounds.

SEAGOON:

Of course I'll sign. Have you any ink?

GRYTPYPE:

Here's a fresh bottle.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) Gad! I was thirsty.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi indelible! Do you always drink ink?

SEAGOON:

Only in the mating seasons.

MORIARTY:

Shall we dance?

GRAMS:

WALTZ

SEAGOON:

You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE:

Next dance, please. Now Neddie, please just sign the contract.

SEAGOON:

Certainly. (SCRIBBLES) Neddie... Seagoon. A G G

MORIARTY:

What's AGG for?

SEAGOON:

For the kiddies to ride on. (BLOWS RASPBERRY, LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Are you sure you won't have a gorilla?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I've just put one out.

GRYTPYPE:

I see.

SEAGOON:

Now, which room is this piano in?

GRYTPYPE:

It's... erm... It's in the Louvre.

SEAGOON:

Strange taste you have.

GRYTPYPE:

We refer to the Louvre Museum.

SEAGOON:

What what what what what what what what what what? You mean the piano's in Paris?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! I've been tricked! Yahhahh!

FX:

THUD

MORIARTY:

For the benefit of people without television... he's fainted.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't waste time. Open his jacket...

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

...and take the weight of his wallet off his chest.

MORIARTY:

Aha!

GRYTPYPE:

Found anything?

MORIARTY:

Yes. A signed photograph of Neddie Seagoon. A press cutting from the theatre, Bolton.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

A gramophone record of Gili mowing the lawn. And a photograph of Gili singing.

GRYTPYPE:

He's still out cold. See if this brings him round.

FX:

COIN DROPPED ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Thank you, ladies! (SINGS) Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys. Sharing... (STOPS SINGING) Ah, oh, ooh, oh, ooh! Where am I?

GRYTPYPE:

England.

SEAGOON:

What number?

GRYTPYPE:

7A. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No, they hurt my throat.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, naughty gorillas.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Now I remember! You've trapped me into bringing back a piano from France for only five pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

You signed the contract, Neddie. Now get that piano (VOICE CHANGES TO LEW'S) or we sue you for breach of contract.

SEAGOON:

Owww!

FX:

DOOR RATTLED

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, Moriarty! If he brings that piano back we shall be well in the money. That piano must be worth at least ten thousand pounds.

MORIARTY:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

I've seen its bank book. That is the very piano Napoleon played at Waterloo.

MORIARTY:

No wonder we lost.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. With all that moolah we can have a wonderful slap-up holiday.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Pariis, we found a Charlie...

GREENSLADE:

I say! Poor Neddie must have been at his wit's end. Faced with the dilemma of having to bring Napoleon's piano back from Paris, he went to the Foreign Office for advice on passports and visas.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

FX:

THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE, PIECES OF METAL ARE DROPPED ON THE FLOOR RANDOMLY

MINNIE:

Mnaw! Oh! That must be the Prime Minister at the door.

CRUN:

Yes, that must be the Prime Minister, yes.

MINNIE:

Coming, Anthony. Coming.

CRUN:

Yes. Tell him we're very sorry.

MINNIE:

Sorry for what, Henry?

CRUN:

Well.. well.. well.. make something up, anything will do.

MINNIE:

We're very sorry, Anthony. Oh, ohhhhh oh!

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

You're n... you're not the Prime Minister.

SEAGOON:

Not yet, but it's just a matter of time. My name is Neddie Seagoon.

CRUN:

Do you want to buy a White Paper?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

CRUN:

Oh. So are we.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARs THROAT) I want a few particulars. You see, I want to leave the country.

CRUN:

He's going to Russia!

MINNIE:

Stop him!

CRUN:

Stop him!

GRAMS:

FIGHTING SOUNDS, WITH BUGLE SOUNDING ATTACK. CRUN & BANNISTER YELL, WHILE SEAGOON SHOUTS "I SAY, I SAY!"

SEAGOON:

Are you threatening me?

CRUN:

Now, get out!

SEAGOON:

I will! But not before I hear musical saboteur Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

'AIN'T MISBEHAVING'

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon was confused - he's not the only one. It seems that with no more than a fiver, the cheapest way to Paris was to stow away on board a Channel steamer.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S BELL, SEAGULLS

SEAGOON:

Down in the dark hold I lay. Alone. So I thought.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) I talk to the trees... that's why they put me away... (CONTINUES SINGING UNDER)

SEAGOON:

The singer was a tall ragged idiot.

ECCLES:

(SINGS)...ragged idiot...

SEAGOON:

He carried a plasticene gramophone and wore a metal trilby.

ECCLES:

(SINGS)...metal tril.. oh! (STOPS SINGING) Hello, shipmate of mine. Where are you a'goin' off?

SEAGOON:

Nowhere. I think it's safer to stay in the ship until we reach Calais.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hey, you goin' to Calliss?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

What a coincidence, that's where the ship's goin. Ain't you lucky! Everything's goin to be fine, fine, fine...

SEAGOON:

Here! Have a gorilla.

ECCLES:

Oh! Thanks.

GRAMS:

GORILLA ROARING

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww! Ooh! Oww! Hey! These gorillas are strong. Here, have one of my monkeys, they're milder.

SEAGOON:

And so for the rest of the voyage we sat quietly smoking our monkeys. At Calais I left the idiot singer. By sliding down the ship's rope, in French, I avoided detection and made for the Louvre. Late that night I checked into a French hotel. Next morning, I sat in my room eating my breakfast, when suddenly through the window a fork on the end of a long pole appeared. It tried to spear my kipper.

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ho!

SEAGOON:

Who the blazes are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Ah-ah-oh! I'm sorry. I was... ummm... fishing.

SEAGOON:

Fishing? Fishing? This is the thirty-fourth floor.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. The... ummm... river must have dropped.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

I've got it on a bit of paper, here. Let's have a look... oh, yes! Major Dennis Bloodnok, late of the third Disgusting Fusiliers. OBE, MT, MT and MT.

SEAGOON:

What are all those MTs for?

BLOODNOK:

I get tuppence on each of them. Ohh! I'm in condition tonight. Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

You're acting suspiciously suspicious. I've a good mind to call the manager.

BLOODNOK:

Call him. I am unafraid.

SEAGOON:

(CONSIDERS) No. Why should I call him?

BLOODNOK:

Then I will. Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Oui, monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

Throw this man out!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLOODNOK:

Now for breakfast. Kippers? Toast? Oh, yes! Wait? What's this coming through the window? Flatten me croaker and nosh me slappers! It's a fork on a pole. And it's trying to take me kipper off me plate! Ohhhhhh! I say! Who is that?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I was just fishing.

BLOODNOK:

What?! I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON:

Go on then, call him.

BLOODNOK:

No. No, why should I?

SEAGOON:

Then I'll call him. (ASIDE) Watch me turn the tables, listeners. (CALLS) Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Oui monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

Throw this man out of my room!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Alone in Pariii. I went down to the notorious Cafe Tom, proprietor Maurice Ponk.

GRAMS:

CLARINET AND PIANO PLAY IN CLUB ENVIRONMENT

SEAGOON:

Inside, the air was filled with gorilla smoke. I was looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from the Louvre.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

DR. EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Good evening. You are looking for a man who might specialise in piano robberies from ze Louvre.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

EIDELBURGER:

I was listening on the radio and I heard you say.

SEAGOON:

Good. Sit down.

EIDELBURGER:

No thank you, I'm naked.

SEAGOON:

Garkon?

THROAT:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Two glasses of English port-type cooking sherry.

THROAT:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Now... have a gorilla.

EIDELBURGER:

No thanks, I only smoke baboons.

SEAGOON:

Good show!

EIDELBURGER:

Yes. Babboon show!

GRAMS AND AUDIENCE:

RIOTOUS CHEERING

EIDELBURGER:

Thank you. Thank you and now back to ze plot.

SEAGOON:

Yes! This piano we must steal: it's the one Napoleon played at Waterloo.

EIDELBURGER:

Steal? That will be a very sticky job.

SEAGOON:

Why?

EIDELBURGER:

It's just been varnished. Ho ho ho! Ze German joke, ja? Huh?

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. Ze English silence.

EIDELBURGER:

Now, Mr Sneezegroin, meet me outside the Louvre at midnight on the stroke of two.

SEAGOON:

What time?

EIDELBURGER:

When the clock strikes twenty past twelve. Bob an' Alf veederzoin.

SEAGOON:

Veederline. True to my word, I was there dead on three.

EIDELBURGER:

You are late.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, my legs were slow.

EIDELBURGER:

You will have to buy another pair. Zis, here, is my oriental assistant, Yakamoto.

YAKAMOTO

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE ACCENT) Ah! I am very honoured to meet you. Why? I don't know. Oh, boy!

SEAGOON:

What does this oriental creep know about piano thieving?

EIDELBURGER:

Nothing, he is just here to lend colour to the scene. Now Neddie, this is the map plan of the Louvre and the surrounding streets.

FX:

PAPER UNFOLDING. CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING DIALOGUE

SEAGOON:

Now, you take one end of this map. That's right. Unfold it. That's the way. Aha. Mmmm. That's right. There we go. Yes. Mmmm hmmm. Keep going. Yes. It's big, isn't it?

EIDELBURGER:

(FAR) Yes, it is. This bit here shows the Rue de la Pays.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, you're miles away! Walk straight up that street, take the second on the left and I'll be waiting for you.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING BY AT SPEED, THEN SCREECHING TO A STOP

EIDELBURGER:

I took a taxi, it was too far. Now, we disperse and meet again in the Hall of Mirrors, when the clock strikes twinge. At midnight we strike.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN STRIKING TEN TIMES AT VARYING SPEEDS

EIDELBURGER:

Shhh! Is that you, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

No, it was the clock. Where's Tom Yakamoto?

EIDELBURGER:

He's gone to the Clochemerle.

FX:

HANDBELL RINGING

MAURICE PONK:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Everybody out! Closing time!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick! Hide behind this pane of glass.

EIDELBURGER:

But you can see through it.

SEAGOON:

Not if you close your eyes.

EIDELBURGER:

Gefine geblungen, you are right! Are all your family clever?

SEAGOON:

Only the crustaceans.

PONK:

Everybody out and that goes for you idiots with your eyes shut behind the sheet of glass.

SEAGOON:

You fool, you can't see us.

PONK:

Yes, I can! Get out or I call the police!

EIDELBURGER:

You anti-Bismark swine! I shoot.

SEAGOON:

No, no! Not through the glass, you'll break it. First I'll make a hole in it.

EIDELBURGER:

Gut!

FX:

GLASS BREAKING

SEAGOON:

There! Now, shoot through that.

FX:

GUNSHOT

PONK:

Oh. You killed me. Foutre a la porte. You will get me ze sack. Oho! Oh! Oh, I die. I fall to ze ground. Oh, I die.

OMNES:

BOO! HISS!

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Walter. Swallow this tin of Life-o, guaranteed to turn you to life. Recommended by all corpses and Wilfred Pickles. Forward, Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"DON'T ROLL THOSE BLOODSHOT EYES AT ME"

ORCHESTRA:

THEME CONTAINING SNATCH OF MARSEILLAISE

GREENSLADE:

Part Two, in which our heroes, their purpose almost accomplished, are discovered creeping up to the piano.

EIDELBURGER:

Shh... Neddle. There is someone under Napoleon's piano trying to lift it by himself.

SEAGOON:

He must be mad.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) I dy dum dy dee.

SEAGOON:

I was right! Eccles, what are you doing out after feeding time?

ECCLES:

I signed a contract that fooled me - fooled *me*, mark you - into taking this piano back to England.

SEAGOON:

What? You must be an idiot to sign a contract like that. Heh heh. Now help me get this piano back to England. Together... lift.

OMNES:

GENERAL STRAINING SOUNDS, WITH PIANO PLONKS

SEAGOON:

Watch the old tenor's friend... heave... No, no, no. It's too heavy. It's too heavy. Put it down.

FX:

THUD, PLONK

ECCLES:

Here... here, it's lighter when you let go, i'n' it?

SEAGOON:

I have an idea. We'll saw the legs off. Eccles? Give me that special piano leg saw that, er, that you just happen to be carrying. Ha ha ha. Thank you... now.

ECCLES:

(SINGS UNDER)

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

FX:

SAWING WOOD FOLLOWED BY WOOD DROPPING ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There! I've sawn off all four legs.

EIDELBURGER:

Strange. The first time I've known of a piano with four legs.

ECCLES:

Hey! I keep fallin' down.

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry, Eccles. Eccles, here! Swallow this tin of Leggo, the wonder leg grower. Recommended by all good centipedes.

GREENSLADE:

They managed, by sweating and struggling, to get Napoleon's piano into the cobbled court.

SEAGOON:

Which is more than Napoleon ever did.

BLOODNOK:

Halt! Hand over le piano in the name of France.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, take off that kilt! We know you're not French.

BLOODNOK:

One step nearer and I'll strike with this fork on the end of a pole.

SEAGOON:

You do and I'll attack with this kipper.

BLOODNOK:

I've a good mind to call the manager.

SEAGOON:

Call the manager.

BLOODNOK:

No. Why should I? I... I...

SEAGOON:

Very well, I'll call him. (ASIDE) I'll get him this time. (SHOUTS) Manager?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Oui, monsieur?

SEAGOON:

Throw this man out. (BLOWS RASPBERRY)

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon. You must let me have that piano, you see... I... I foolishly signed a contract that forces me to...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, we know.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, you..

SEAGOON:

We're all in the same boat.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

We have no money, so the only way to get the piano back to England is to float it back. All together, into the English Channel... hurl... (HEAVES)

GRAMS:

SPLOSH

SEAGOON:

All aboard HMS Piano! Cast off!

ORCHESTRA:

SEAFARING MUSIC

GRAMS:

WAVES, SEAGULLS

SEAGOON:

The log of Napoleon's Piano. December the third: second week in English Channel. Very seasick. No food. No water. Bloodnok down with the Lurgi. Eccles up with the lark.

BLOODNOK:

(WEAKLY) Seagoon, take over the keyboard, I can't steer any more.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, take over the keyboard.

ECCLES:

I can't - I haven't brought my music.

SEAGOON:

You'll just have to busk for the next three miles.

BLOODNOK:

Wait!

ECCLES:

Ooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Great galloping crabs! Look in the sky.

GRAMS:

HELICOPTER

BLOODNOK:

It's a recording of a helicopter. Saved!

SEAGOON:

By St George, saved! Yes! (ASIDE) For those of you who haven't got television, they're lowering a man on a rope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is I! Sea Ranger Bluebottle! Direct from HMS Boxer. Signals applause.

GRAMS:

WILD APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cease! (APPLAUSE CUTS OFF) I have drunk my fill of the clapping.

SEAGOON:

Little stinking admiral.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye!

SEAGOON:

You have arrived in the nick of time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silencio! I must do my duty. Hurriedly runs up cardboard union jack. I now claim this island for the British Empire and Lord Beaverbrook, the British patriot. Thinks: I wonder why he lives in France. Three cheers for the Empire. Hip hip hooray. Hip hip...

SEAGOON:

Have you come to save us?

BLUEBOTTLE:

...hooray. Rockall is now British. Cements in brass plate. Steps back to salute.

GRAMS:

SPLOSH!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiiooo! Help! I'm in deep dreaded drowning-type water.

SEAGOON:

Here! Grab this fork on the end of a pole.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's got a kipper on!

SEAGOON:

Yes! You must keep your strength up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But.. but, I'm drowning!

SEAGOON:

There's no need to go hungry as well. Take my hand!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why? Are you a stranger in paradise?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING) Heeuuuuuuuuuuuup! For those without television, I've pulled him back on the piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Piano? This is not a piano. This is Rockall.

SEAGOON:

This is Napoleon's piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, it is not.

SEAGOON:

It is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it isn't.

SEAGOON:

It's Napoleon's piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, this is Rockall. We have tooked it because it is in the area of the rocket testing range.

SEAGOON:

Rocket testing range? I've never heard so much rubbish in all my...

GRAMS:

WHEEEEE... BOOOM!

GREENSLADE:

What do *you* think, dear listeners? Were they standing on Rockall? Or was it Napoleon's piano? Send your suggestions to anybody but us. For those who would prefer a happy ending, here it is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

ROMANTIC MUSIC UNDER:

JOHN:

[SECOMBE]

(OUT OF BREATH) Gwendoline! Gwendoline!

GWENDOLINE:

[SELLERS]

(FEMALE VOICE) John, John darling.

JOHN:

Gwendoline... I've... I've found work, darling. I've got a job.

GWENDOLINE:

Oh, John. I'm so glad for you. What is it, darling?

JOHN:

Darling, all I've got to do is to move a piano from one room to another. (LAUGHS MADLY)

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes:

Wilfred Pickles was an English actor and radio presenter.

HMS Boxer was a Royal Navy tank landing ship. Launched in December 1942 it saw service as part of the Allied invasion of Italy. It was refitted in the mid-late 1940's, then placed in reserve in 1956 and scrapped in 1958.

Lord Beaverbrook was a Canadian/British business tycoon and politician.

Rockall is a very small, rocky island in the North Atlantic. The islet was within reach of the planned guided missile range in the Hebrides and the British government feared foreign spies could use it as an observation post. In September 1955 the island was officially annexed by the UK when 4 men, were deposited on the island by a Royal Navy helicopter. The team cemented in a brass plaque on the rock and hoisted the Union Flag to stake the UK's claim.

'Stranger in Paradise' is a song covered by many artists in 1955, most successfully by Tony Bennett. It begins "Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise..."

S6 E05 - The Case of the Missing CD Plates

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Kurt Adkins. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service and automatic steam laundry. A combination which is working out very nicely, thank you!

SECOMBE:

Enough of the ol' chat there, Greenslade. Back to your mangle and get John Snagge's shirt re-soled. Hahaha! And in the meantime...

SELLERS:

Yes, dear people, in the meantime we present the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show!

FX:

PHONOGRAPH SOUNDING DANCE HALL-TYPE MUSIC

SECOMBE:

So much for the mysterious horn-equipped, hand-operated phonograph. And now, Greenslade, stop scraping that heavily soiled sheet and read the inscription thereon.

GREENSLADE:

Very good, sir. We present Baroness Orkesy's masterpiece, Baron Orkesy. Or "A Strange Case of Diplomatic Immunity", in which a strange case of diplomatic immunity is recounted. Chapter One, a Strange Diplomatic Case of Immunity. Or A Diplomatic Case of Strange Immunity. Or through hook, line and blizzard with Ava Gardner.

SECOMBE:

Chapter Two!

OMNES:

Hooray!

SEAGOON:

Chapter Three. Me. (BLOWS RASPBERRY) One morning in the year needle-nardle-noo I had decided to spend a holiday abroad. How I love Rome with all her fountains! Ah, Rome! There's no place like Rome! Hah-ha! (CLEARS THROAT SELF CONSCIOUSLY). So I thought as I sat eating a small string pie in Trafalgar Square. I spent the next hour pleasantly washing my overcoat in the fountain.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) The man from Laramie... He had an elbow on each arm... and one upon his shoulder...
(SPEAKS) I say. You with the zinc cardigan, are you English?

SEAGOON:

Only by descent.

BLOODNOK:

By descent?

SEAGOON:

I came down by parachute!

BLOODNOK:

Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, here in the most...

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that sir!

BLOODNOK:

In the most beautiful fountain in Trafalgar Square you have the audacity - and the audacity - to wash an overcoat, thus fouling the water. You might have waited until I'd finished my bath!

SEAGOON:

To tell you the truth, sir, I thought you were a statue.

BLOODNOK:

I have enough decency, sir, not to move when I'm naked.

SEAGOON:

Haven't you got a bath where you're staying?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I have!

SEAGOON:

Where are you staying?

BLOODNOK:

Here!

SEAGOON:

What made you choose Trafalgar Square?

BLOODNOK:

Do you like pigeon pie?

SEAGOON:

Disgusted by his old-world courtesy, I strapped on my nickel-plated bagpipes and strode into Regent Street. A dreadful mistake!

FX:

SOUND OF MACHINERY

SEAGOON:

I had hardly lowered myself off the payment, when...

SELLERS:

Look out!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS)

FX:

BAGPIPES SCREAM, SLOW AS THEY RUN OUT OF AIR.

GREENSLADE:

Dear Listener: The sound that you've just heard was that of a 100-ton steamroller passing slowly over Neddie Seagoon and his nickel-plated bagpipes. Of course, to record this sound the BBC naturally did not actually run over Neddie Seagoon with a steamroller. Instead, the steamroller was driven over Eccles. Thank you.

ECCLES:

Fine, Fine, Fine.

WILLIUM:

Here here here, whatsa goin' on 'ere? Here, here, here, whatsa goin' on...

SEAGOON:

Ah, constabule! I demand that you arrest the driver of that hundred-ton, anthracite-filled, reciprocating engine steamroller!

WILLIUM:

Let's hear the charge.

SEAGOON:

I'll play it for you

FX:

TRUMPET CHARGE, MASS OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

WILLIUM:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now I want you to arrest the driver of that steamroller!

WILLIUM:

Oh, well, well, righto, where's the driver?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyockos! Yaka-baka-boo! Who wants to know? I am the man.

WILLIUM:

Now then, this gentleman here says that you're the driver of the steamroller, sir.

MORIARTY:

So do I.

SEAGOON:

That makes two of us. Constable, arrest the driver, I have witnesses!

MORIARTY:

Who are they?

SEAGOON:

You and me.

MORIARTY:

You can't arrest me!

SEAGOON:

And why not?

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS)

MORIARTY:

See that plate on the steamroller? See the letters on it? C.D.

WILLIUM:

Cor blimey!

MORIARTY:

No, Corp Diplomatieque! I have diplomatic immunity!

WILLIUM:

Get me out of here, call a doctor!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yakamacaca. Diplomatic immunity means I cannot be arrested, sued, disfranchised, blackballed, guillotined, run out, left in bulk, charged, hung, drawn or quartered, or needle-nardle-noo! You see, I happen to be the deputy vice pomfrit of the Titicacan delegation.

SEAGOON:

Then why are you driving a steamroller?

MORIARTY:

My feet hurt me.

FX:

SAD CONTEMPLATIVE MUSIC OVER...

SEAGOON:

And so, here I was, freshly run over with my bagpipes irreparably flattened and without a remedy. The weight of the steamroller has made a lasting impression on me. I was now 2 inches thick and 24 feet wide. This... this was very awkward. People kept opening and shutting me. But what I needed most... was a kind word.

ECCLES:

Hallo.

SEAGOON:

And that wasn't it! As I lay on the road, I looked down through a lidless top hat at an up-turned face.

ECCLES:

Here, sit down on the pavement and rest a while. Hey! What's that sailing out of a sixth-floor window up there? It's a piano.

SEAGOON:

A piano? (CHUCKLES) Bird-brained idiot! What would a piano be doing falling from...

FX:

SOUNDS OF A DESTROYED PIANO LANDING.

SEAGOON:

Help! I'm under the piano!

ECCLES:

Give us a tune!

SEAGOON:

I can't find my music.

ECCLES:

Okay, then, it's time for Max Geldray

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE - "THE LADY IS A TRAMP"

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr. Max Geldray playing a harmonica. We thought you ought to know what it was, anyhow.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine...

GREENSLADE:

And now...

ECCLES:

...fine.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now, a word from Neddie Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Help! Get this piano off me! Send for the fire brigade!

ECCLES:

Why, are you on fire?

SEAGOON:

No!

ECCLES:

Okay, we've gotta have a reason for sending for 'em. I'll start one.

GREENSLADE:

And so, while Eccles set fire to nearby Craven Hotel, the East Acton Volunteer Auxiliary Civilian Fire Force came dashing up.

FX:

SOUNDS OF HORSE DRAWN WAGON AT VARIOUS SPEEDS.

HENRY CRUN:

Come on, Min. Load the water pistols and fill that wicker basket at the fountain.

FX:

WAGON SPEEDS UP SUDDENLY

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Steady, Lightning!

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Oh, dear, dear, oh. There's a naughty, naughty man bathing in the fountain!

BLOODNOK:

Madam, put away that spy glass and stop using my bath water!

SEAGOON:

Help!

HENRY CRUN:

Don't you worry young man, we shall have that heavy piano off you before you can say Jack Robinson. But don't say it for the next seven hours.

ECCLES:

Here! That big hotel over there is on fire!

FX:

FIRE CRACKLING, DISTANT SCREAMS.

HENRY CRUN:

Where? Oh, yes, yes. Minnie, make a note that that hotel over there is on fire.

MINNIE:

Okay, Fire chief Crun, buddy, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Help!

ECCLES:

Hey! Where are all the other firemen?

HENRY CRUN:

They're all at the Fire Safety Week Dinner.

ECCLES:

Where's that?

HENRY CRUN:

In that hotel over there. Now then, Min, get that leather crane into position over the piano.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy, okay (MUMBLES AWAY)

FX:

CRANE MOVES

HENRY CRUN:

Did you sign for the crane before we left, Min? Did you sign for it?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Help!

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good. Well, I'm glad you signed because we've got to have the documents to prove it, you know? You must have the documents.

MINNIE:

What? What documents, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

For the crane, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

The documents for the crane, you must have them, you know, you...

SEAGOON:

Never mind about the blasted documents!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, I'm sorry, you must have the documents, you must have them, you... Where... are... Where are they, Min?

MINNIE:

Where are what?

SEAGOON:

Help!

HENRY CRUN:

You must have the documents, you can't...

MINNIE:

Got the documents, have you?

HENRY CRUN:

...can't get the wood, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in a teahouse in Saigon:

FX:

CABARET MUSIC WITH HIGH PITCHED ORIENTAL SONG

GREENSLADE:

We just thought you'd be interested. We return you now to our story.

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

All right, Minnie.

SEAGOON:

Help!

HENRY CRUN:

He's returned us to the story. Lower the crane.

FX:

CRANE LOWERING SOUNDS

HENRY CRUN:

All right, hook it on.

FX:

THUDS, CHAIN RATTLING

HENRY CRUN:

Take the left tension.

FX:

CRANKING NOISE

MINNIE:

Left tension, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Now the right tension, right...

FX:

CRANKING NOISE

MINNIE:

Right tension, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Attach the grappling claws...

SEAGOON:

Help!

FX:

CRANKING NOISE

HENRY CRUN:

Take up the slack. Are you ready?

MINNIE:

Yes!

FX:

FACTORY WHISTLE

HENRY CRUN:

Lunch!

FX:

HORSE DRAWN FIRE ENGINE DISAPPEARS, SPEEDING UP AS IT GOES.

SEAGOON:

I never saw them again. I finally extricated myself from under the piano. Foaming with rage at the perpetrators of this outrage, I knocked at the door of the window from which the piano had been thrown.

FX:

KNOCKING, DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, we've been expecting you. Give me your hat and coat. Thank you. Now, get out.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS; FURIOUS KNOCKING; DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, we've been expecting you. You left your hat and coat. Here. Now, get out!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS; FURIOUS KNOCKING; DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, everyone's out.

SEAGOON:

Wait! I have a question. Are you a piano short?

GRYTPYPE:

Only one.

SEAGOON:

And... where is that?

GRYTPYPE:

I really couldn't say. I threw it out of the window one night and the next morning it was gone!

SEAGOON:

You careless, lackadaisical piano waster!

GRYTPYPE:

Needle-nardle-noo!

SEAGOON:

To name but a few!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Do you realize that it struck me on the bagpipes?

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'm going to sue you for wanton piano hurling and £50,000.

GRYTPYPE:

You can't have both.

SEAGOON:

Very well, I shall take the money.

MORIARTY:

You will have neither!

SEAGOON:

Great heavens, it's Count Foreign Fred Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Ah-ho!

SEAGOON:

The fiendish steamroller driver of Regent Street.

MORIARTY:

Yes, likewise we claim diplomatic immunity from charges that you have been struck by a piano.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

This is a Titicacan legation and that piano carries a Corp Diplomatic plate.

SEAGOON:

It does not! And, what is more, I had the bits stored in a secret bonded warehouse in Bond Street until I produce it as evidence in the forthcoming legal proceedings!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi piano! Unless we can get a Corp Diplomatique plate secretly screwed on that piano, we are psstt, tick, vounq!

GRYTPYPE:

Unless we can get a Corp Diplomatic plate securely screwed to that piano we are psstt, tick, vounq!

SEAGOON:

Sapristi piano! Unless they can get a Corp Diplomatic plate secretly screwed to that piano, they are psstt, tick, vounq!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in a stench-packing factory in Saigon.

FX:

CABARET MUSIC WITH HIGH PITCHED ORIENTAL SONG, ENDING "PSSTT, TICK, VOUNG!"

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to where we left off. Pist, tick, vung!

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

OMNES:

CAST CRACK UP BACKSTAGE

SEAGOON:

Dear listener, I realised I had them! Without that CD plate on the piano their cook was goosed! So I went to see the most astute legal mind in Trafalgar Square.

FX:

WATER RUSHING

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING)... the man from yiddle-ong-pong...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok! Bloodnok! I need your help!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, it's her day off.

SEAGOON:

I want you to sue the Titicacan legation for striking me with a piano.

BLOODNOK:

How much for?

SEAGOON:

They did it for nothing.

BLOODNOK:

No wonder we get so many overseas visitors.

SEAGOON:

I want you to sue them for £50,000.

BLOODNOK:

I accept the case, but first the man from Illiing-tong! Demonstrate with that mad banjo and split mackerel head!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"CLOUDBURST"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The Case of the Missing CD Plates, Part the Two.

SEAGOON:

Dear Listener, my legal advisor, Major Bloodnok, demands a salary of £40,000 before he will proceed with my case against the Titicacan legation and thus see justice done.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

You!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, how would you like £40,000?

SEAGOON:

In money.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, you drive a hard bargain.

SEAGOON:

Name the task.

GRYTPYPE:

It's very simple, dear boy, very simple. All you have to do is to go to a certain bonded warehouse in Bond Street, effect an entry and blindfolded, screw a small, white, metal plate to a certain object in the dark, which for the time being will remain incognito.

SEAGOON:

Wait. What's on this small plate?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, if I promise to tell you, will you promise not to tell anybody?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Then it'll be a secret between us.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll do it?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Stop! What is this object I am to screw this plate to?

GRYTPYPE:

I can't tell unless I keep completely silent about it.

SEAGOON:

Right. Tell me in silence then.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well.

FX:

LENGTHY SILENCE

SEAGOON:

I can't believe my ears!

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Then here's a screwdriver, a blindfold and a cucumber.

SEAGOON:

Cucumber?

GRYTPYPE:

You've got to eat, haven't you? Now then, off you go. (ASIDE) Little does this poor idiot know that inside the cucumber is a powerful infernal machine timed to explode the moment it detonates and to blow him to perdition when he has completed his task. Exits, humming. (HUMS INTO DISTANCE)

GREENSLADE:

By the magic of wireless we now take you to a tar barrel in Yokohama.

FX:

CABARET MUSIC WITH HIGH PITCHED ORIENTAL SONG, ENDING "PSSTT, TICK, VOUNG!"

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. The Diplomatic Case of Strange Immunity, Chapter Eight. A Case of Strange Diplomatic Immunity. Or, with Igloo, Jack Knife and Saxophone Along the Appian Way. Chapter Ten. It is midnight in a certain bonded warehouse in Bond Street.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERY MOOD MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? It is nice sitting on this glowing brazier being a night watchman, in't it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is fine being a night watchman.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Do you like being a night watchman?

ECCLES:

Yeah, fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I like being a night watchman. It is like being a day watchman only it's in the dark.

ECCLES:

Yeah, that's fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is fine to be a night watchman, in't it?

ECCLES:

Yeah fine, fine. (SINGS QUIETLY) "That man from Laramie".

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are a brave night watchman, aren't you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, sure, fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And I am a brave night watchman.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I like being a brave night watchman.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

We are both brave night watchmen.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCREAMS)

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

There's something crawling up my trowsies!

SEAGOON:

Ah, never fear! It's only me, little wooden-socked night watchman.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, my captain! Springs smartly to attention putting left toe into rat trap.

FX:

TRAP SHUTS

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCREAMS) Writhes in agony on floor. Thinks: What shall I thinks? Thinks: I can't think of a thinks. Unthinks.

SEAGOON:

Listen, tiny nerk!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I have a job for you. Now, take this plate and screwdriver and screw it into the object which I am told is in the far left-hand corner of this warehouse.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the reward, Capitain?

SEAGOON:

This lovely, green, succulent, prize-winning cucumber!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, goody!

SEAGOON:

Now, off you go and do your task. Come, Eccles. We must watch without to see that little nerk shall not disturb-ed be! Exunt Tucket and Treeze, fighting...

BLUEBOTTLE:

There. I have screwed the plate onto the piano. Now for a nice, succulent meal of luskious cucumber. Thinks: I wonder what it would be like to be a manmade salad-tite, 120 miles above the earth?

FX:

EXPLOSION, HOWLING WIND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, so this is what it's like! Ahhh!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

FX:

GAVEL RAPPING

JUDGE SCHNORRER:

[SELLERS]

The case of Seagoon versus the Titicacan Embassy. We award Count Morrisarty and Hercules... and Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Consule of no fixed address, the sum of 50,000 nicker for wrongful accusations. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

50,000 nicker! How will I get it? Wait! I know! (LAUGHS) I'll get even with them! I'll go to Titicaca!

GREENSLADE:

And so, Seagoon took a ship for Titicaca. Meanwhile, in a notorious fish shop in Baryschool in Yoshiwara... (VERY LONG SILENCE) By Jove, I do believe they're closed!

SEAGOON:

And so I arrived in Titicaca with my bagpipes, bent on revenge. All I had to do was to find a steamroller, throw myself under it and sue for damages. I hadn't long to wait. See! Here comes one now.

FX:

STEAMROLLER APPROACHES

BLOODNOK:

Look out!

FX:

NED SCREAMING, BAGPIPES DYING

GREENSLADE:

Dear Listener, the sound of Seagoon and his bagpipes being run over is the second sound in the series "These we have loved" as broadcast in the program, "David Whitfield Sings Again and again and again"

TITCACAN 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh! All right, lift him out gently, lads, and now, unroll him.

TITCACAN 2:

[SELLERS]

He keeps curling up like a blinder, matey.

TITCACAN 1:

Are you all right, Chum?

SEAGOON:

Arrest that man!

TITCACAN 2:

What man?

SEAGOON:

The driver of that steamroller! I demand £50,000 compensation!

TITCACAN 2:

Driver, did you hear that?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and I won't pay it!

SEAGOON:

You can't get out of it!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I can! See these CD plates on the steamroller? Diplomatic Immunity, you see!

SEAGOON:

You're not...

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I am! Major Bloodnok, British Ambassador to the Court of Titican!

SEAGOON:

You mean...

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I have diplomatic immunity! Keep away from me. And what is more, I shall charge you!

SEAGOON:

Indeed? And may I hear the charge?

BLOODNOK:

Certainly!

FX:

TRUMPET CHARGE, RUMBLE OF FEET RUNNING

SEAGOON:

Oh, no! Stop! You can't do this to me...!

ORCHESTRA:

End theme...

GREENSLADE:

And that was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO... "ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET"

Notes:

John Snagge was a BBC announcer.

Ava Gardner was a movie star and sex symbol, most popular in the forties and fifties.

'The man from Laramie' is a western movie released in 1955 and starring James Stewart. The theme song was also released by Jimmy Young and reached number 1 for 4 weeks.

The Appian Way was the most important ancient Roman road. It is also known for the 6000 slaves who were crucified along it after fighting for Spartacus, eventually losing to the Romans.

S6 E06 - Rommel's Treasure

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service, but please don't take it too hard.

SECOMBE:

(UNCOUTH) I seconds that!

SELLERS:

(UNCOUTH) I thirds it!

MILLIGAN:

(UNCOUTH) Motion carried!

SEAGOON:

Huzzah, we're in! This means yet another extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

GRAMS:

BIZARRE RECORDING OF PIANO STRINGS BEING STRUCK BY MALLETS.

SEAGOON:

Ah! They don't write tunes like that any more. Let's hear the other side.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED GRAMOPHONE RECORDING OF FOXTROT.

MILLIGAN:

Stop! Stop that crazy 'Shepherd's Bush' Mambo. You sinful people! Now put the screens around bed number two that he may not have to listen to the story of...

SEAGOON:

'The Search for Rommel's Treasure' or...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC WARTIME THEME. BRING IN GERMAN NATIONAL ANTHEM AND SERIES OF DRAMATIC CHORDS, CLIMAXING, THEN LOW OMINOUS NOTE HELD UNDER:

SEAGOON:

I forgot what I was going to say now. Oh, yes, 'The Search for Rommel's Treasure' or...

ORCHESTRA:

SECOND VERSION OF DRAMATIC WARTIME THEME. SHORTER BUT STILL WITH GERMAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

GRAMS:

DISTANT ARTILLERY. FADE UNDER.

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, dear listeners? I wonder what it is.

GREENSLADE:

It was El Alamein 1942.

GRAMS:

BRING UP SOUND OF SHELLING. MIX THROUGH INTO CHICKENS SQUAWKING.

SELLERS:

The sound of chickens has specially been added for people living in rural districts. Rommel's Treasure part ein. (GERMAN ACCENT) 'The hind quarters of the Afrika Corps'.

GRAMS:

BRING UP COMBINED SOUNDS OF SHELLING AND CHICKENS.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

[MILLIGAN]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Herr General Rommel! Herr General Rommel! Herr General Rommel. where are you?

ROMMEL:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Was ist los?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ah, there you are. The British have broken our line.

ROMMEL:

Curse! All our washing in the mud again.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Listen, Herr General, it is serious. We must retreat otherwise the British will lose.

ROMMEL:

You're right. It's a shame to disappoint zem after all ze trouble zey've been to. Corporal Choff?

THROAT:

Ja?

ROMMEL:

Pack mein Jewish piano. I'm leaving.

THROAT:

Ja.

ROMMEL:

Kapitän Moriarty.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ja, mein General.

ROMMEL:

You are one of the few Kapitän Moriartiess I can trust.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Thank you.

FX:

HEELS SNAP

ROMMEL:

Zonk you.

FX:

HEELS SNAP.

ROMMEL:

I haff a special job for you.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

It shall be done.

ROMMEL:

Gut. You see this mysterious black box?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ja.

ROMMEL:

You know what is in it?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Nein, mein Herr General.

ROMMEL:

Gut, then it is a secret between you and I.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

I give you my hand. Shake, rattle and roll.

ROMMEL:

Now we must bury the black box ten feet above the ground.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ten feet above ze... But people will see it.

ROMMEL:

Zat's a chance ve will have to take. Oberleutnant?

OBERLEUTNANT LEW:

Ja, mein hairy? My life, what am I doing in this army? I don't know.

ROMMEL:

Help us with zis black box.

OMNES:

Straining noises. (EXTENDED)

FX:

BOX LIFTING NOISES.

OBERLEUTNANT LEW:

There's nothing in my contract about lifting prop baskets, that's all I know. (GOING OFF) I don't want to know about this...

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

And so they buried the black box ten feet above the ground. Then Rommel made good his escape in James Mason's car. But I tell you, only just in time. Right then, the British arrived!

SEAGOON:

Hands up or I'll draw my rations!

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Himmel! It's an English NAAFI manager!

SEAGOON:

Don't move. Don't move or I'll turn the key in this tin of spam.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Sapristi.

SEAGOON:

Now, where's Jim Rommel?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

He's gone to see Fred Hitler. You will never catch him Englander. He's flying back to Deutschland.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. He's going to Germany. Private Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ah, ha ha hum?

SEAGOON:

Eccles, stay on guard at this spot and don't move until I come back.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Remember the code word is 'Habenere'.

ECCLES:

Remember the code word is 'Habenere'. Ok. 'Habenere'. I'll wait till you come back.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. I'll see you get demotion for this.

ECCLES:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now Kapitän... Kapitän, come! We must take you to the interrogation officer.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh ohhhhh ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

German officer outside sir.

BLOODNOK:

I surrender.

SEAGOON:

He's a prisoner, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Bring the coward and his money in.

FX:

TWO SET OF BOOTS STRUGGLING ACROSS FLOOR.

SEAGOON & MORIARTY:

(SHOUTING OVER)

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh ohhhhhhhh! So, you're him?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ja.

BLOODNOK:

Now then, regiment?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ekspanthen geschpanthenick panzergraben.

BLOODNOK:

Don't you dare do it here. Now, first name?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Hans...

BLOODNOK:

Second name?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Knitz...

BLOODNOK:

Hans Knitz?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

...and bumps-a-daisy!

BLOODNOK:

Seilung! Next dance, please.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

I was just beginning to enjoy this one.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Herr Capitan.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Ja?

BLOODNOK:

What I... that watch you're wearing.

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

What about it?

BLOODNOK:

That watch. How many numerals on the dial?

KAPITÄN MORIARTY:

Twelve.

BLOODNOK:

It's mine! Mine had twelve. Give me that watch!

KAPITÄN MORIARTY & BLOODNOK:

STRUGGLING SOUNDS.

BLOODNOK:

I'll prove it's mine. I'll just strap it round my wrist... Make another three holes... ach! There, it fits me perfectly. Take him away, geblungen!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

That melody signified the end of part one. Part Two. Five years after the war in a Tobruk Officer's mess.

OMNES:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS RHUBARB.

BLOODNOK:

I say, does anybody want to know the time.

(SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

Very well, I'll tell you. It's nine twenty-eight exactly.

GRAMS:

LARGE RASPBERRY.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. I feel no pain.

GREENSLADE:

And... and what of Captain Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, what of me?

GRAMS:

DISTANT ARABIC SINGING.

MORIARTY:

I was in Libya trying to find the elusive black box - Rommel's treasure.

GRYTPYPE:

Do try and remember where you buried it, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I've tried but I can't. If only we could locate the British Lieutenant who captured me. He might help us.

GRYTPYPE:

I wonder where he is?

MORIARTY:

I wonder.

SEAGOON:

I had retired from the Army and was on a goodwill tour of North Africa teaching Morris Dancing to the Arabs. They didn't seem to be quite getting the hang of it. (GIGGLES) Ha hum. However, one night, out of curiosity, I entered a curiosity shop.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening. Have a gorilla?

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. I've just put one out.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Can I help either of you two gentlemen?

SEAGOON:

Two? I'm alone.

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens. So you are.

SEAGOON:

Are you the proper-iota?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Mr. Hercules Grytpype Thynne, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor and Degree in Mathematics, Master of Arts, MA (Cant. EB) and Knight Order of the Bath.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. I wish I had those qualifications.

GRYTPYPE:

So do I. Are you absolutely sure that you won't have a gorilla?

SEAGOON:

No thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you what, I'm going back to England in a few days and I'd like to buy something for my wife - an antique.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, how about this early pottery record of Max Geldray?

SEAGOON:

Shall we dance?

GRYTPYPE:

I should love to.

PIANO:

SHORT INTRODUCTION.

HARMONICA (MAX GELDRAÏ):

FIRST PHRASE.

ELLINGTON:

That's nice, cor blimey!

PIANO & HARMONICA:

SECOND PHRASE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wish dat I could play the mouth-organ like that.

PIANO & HARMONICA:

THIRD PHRASE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Dat is nice.

PIANO & HARMONICA:

FOURTH PHRASE.

ECCLES:

Ooo!

PIANO, HARMONICA & ORCHESTRA:

JOIN AND COMPLETE THE NUMBER UNINTERRUPTED.

SEAGOON:

No, I don't think she'd care for that antique. How about something more Egyptian?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes? Well, here is a catalogue of our current pyramids for sale.

SEAGOON:

Pyramids? Ha ha ha! I couldn't take one of those back to England.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course not. You leave it here and every now and then we write letting you know how it's getting on.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES) Ha ha ha. Jolly English type joker.

GRYTPYPE:

(JOINING THE LAUGHTER) Yes.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

To name but a few.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Wait, wait! Come to think of it, it would be something to own a pyramid, eh, wouldn't it?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course it would.

SEAGOON:

Yes. This a catalogue here, is it?

GRYTPYPE:

That's my brochure.

SEAGOON:

Yes. How is your old brochure, alright? Yes. I say! How much is this pyramid on page three?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear Sir, you couldn't have chosen a better model. Only done 4000 years and had one previous owner.

SEAGOON:

Why is he selling?

GRYTPYPE:

He died.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I am sorry. I'm terribly sorry. How about this one here?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, that. Of course, that is the great Pyramid of Totmes the Third, son of Ka the sun god, great Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Nile Kingdoms, conqueror of the Syrians, the Assyrians, treasure vault of the Ptolemys and the greatest Pyramid in the world.

SEAGOON:

How much?

GRYTPYPE:

Eight bob.

SEAGOON:

Eight silver shillings for a pyramid? Pah! But it's second hand!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! The man must be an Egyptologist.

SEAGOON:

No, no. I can't pay eight shillings.

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, very well then - nine.

SEAGOON:

Nine and six.

GRYTPYPE:

Ten shillings.

SEAGOON:

Ten and six.

GRYTPYPE:

Sold to the nit in the plasticine boots and lead trilby!

SEAGOON:

Now, when can I see my pyramid?

GRYTPYPE:

Immediately. I'll have you driven there in my own private trousers. Moriarty?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

I heard you call, my Capitain.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, that's my line. I always...

MORIARTY:

Get out of here!

FX:

BODY BLOWS. SCUFFLE. DOOR CLOSES.

MORIARTY:

I'm very sorry about... You!

SEAGOON:

Captain Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I arrest you as an escaped prisoner of war.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi gnuckles, the war's over.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, it's only in interval.

GRYTPYPE:

Then shall we dance?

GRAMS:

ANOTHER OLD FASHIONED FOXTROT.

SEAGOON:

You're still as beautiful as when I married you.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop that sinful dancing. Grytpype, this is the Charlie who captured me at Alamein in 1942. See if he remembers where the spot was.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes. Mr. Seakroon, have you a good memory?

SEAGOON:

Have I? Ha ha ha! "In fourteen hundred and ninety two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

GRYTPYPE:

Really? Do you know, you're much older than I thought.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi blunge! Lieutenant Seakroon, what we want to know is - do you remember the name of the spot where you took me prisoner?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, I remember the spot well. It was a place called... um... ah... Africa, that's it, Africa!

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, but what I mean is the *exact* spot.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I can't recall.

MORIARTY:

Come, come, come. Can't you think of something?

SEAGOON:

Let me see now. Mmmm... Oh, now I come to think of it, I do remember something.

MORIARTY:

What!?

SEAGOON:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety two Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, Neddie. But don't you remember anything after that?

SEAGOON:

No, they threw me overboard.

MILLIGAN:

I don't wish to know that and stop ad-libbing.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo. Look, if you contact Major Bloodnok, he has the original maps which show the exact spot where you were captured.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid.

SEAGOON:

Well, then.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Mr. Sneekroon, thank you. Gladys?

ELLINGTON:

Yes darling?

GRYTPYPE:

Gladys darling, drive this Charlie out into the desert, drop him near something that looks like a pyramid and then leave him.

ELLINGTON:

Right-o darling. This way sir, cor blimey. Get in.

GRAMS:

VINTAGE CAR SPEEDS OFF. FREQUENT BACKFIRING. FADE.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Now, if listeners will adjust their ear-trumpets to the new high frequency, they will be able to hear 'Rommel's Treasure' part the drei. The scene – Libya. The time - the present day. Inside a British officer's mess at the Wadi of El Yah Want.

FX:

TELEPHONE. PICKS UP.

BLOODNOK:

Wadi-El-Yah-Want.

MORIARTY:

(ON END OF LINE) Is that Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and the time is exactly ten twenty-three and two seconds.

MORIARTY:

Is that the headquarters of the third filth-muck fusiliers?

BLOODNOK:

It is. And further more...

MORIARTY:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

...it is now ten twenty-three and three seconds.

MORIARTY:

Major, you have in your possession certain war maps that I would like to borrow.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

MORIARTY:

I've been trying to locate a certain spot in the desert.

BLOODNOK:

What makes you think that I'd lend you British military maps?

MORIARTY:

Money.

BLOODNOK:

What a lucky guess. I shall bring them round. What is the address, dear boy?

MORIARTY:

Gryptype-Thynne's Curiosity Shop, Mersa Mutt-Matru.

BLOODNOK:

Fine, fine. Look, before I leave, I... well, I do think that you ought to know something...

MORIARTY:

What?

BLOODNOK:

It's coming up to ten twenty-four exactly. Taxi, to the street of a thousand!

GRAMS:

VINTAGE CAR PUTTERS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS OVER) "I'll follow my secret heart... Let me like a soldier fall..."

GREENSLADE:

That recording is now on sale at all good chemists. Now, here is a recording of Neddie Seagoon in his taxi. If anybody wants me, I'll be in the announcer's rest room.

GRAMS:

TAXI SPEEDS UP. SCREECHES TO A HALT.

ELLINGTON:

Get out darling. This is your pyramid here, cor blimey.

GRAMS:

CAR DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Ooo! Thank you, darling. I saw before me a pile of earth ten foot high which, as yet, unbeknown to me, was the hiding place of Rommel's Treasure. Ha! Surely this couldn't be the great pyramid of Totmes, it's so small!

GRAMS:

TAXI SCREECHES AWAY. FADE INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

He's gone! He's gone, leaving me in charge of all this sand. Leaving me to starve in the desert. This is terrible! I... I haven't paid him!

ECCLES:

(SINGS IN DISTANCE) "I talk to the trees..."

SEAGOON:

Anyone behind that pyramid?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Habenere!

SEAGOON:

Habenere? (SHOUTS) Habenere what?

ECCLES:

Habenere for ten years.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, Private Eccles!

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING) Yeah...

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan Eccles...

ECCLES:

Yeah. You told me to wait here until you came back, remember?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. Oh, horror of horrors!

ECCLES:

Who, me?

SEAGOON:

Dear faithful old hairy English Tommy.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN SOLO OF "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY" UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Ten years you've waited here rather than disobey that last order I gave you. "Stay here till I came back", I said to him. He waited alone in the desert. He never wavered from his duty. He kept the name of servitude shining bright. Eccles. Eccles, you upheld the flag. You never questioned the order. You stayed out here alone. You, without food or water. You, without money. You, without anything to stop you walking away. You... you IDIOT!

ECCLES:

What? What? What? Me, an idiot? Let me put this violin down, I'll tell you. Now listen, you don't think for ten years I been standing here on guard? I mutinied! I refused to obey an order.

SEAGOON:

There was nobody here to give any orders.

ECCLES:

I gave them myself. Like this. Listen. Private Eccles, fall in!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT RUNNING ACROSS PARADE GROUND.

ECCLES:

You're late. Come on, hurry up, now then. Private Eccles, from the right, number.

ECCLES:

ONE!

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. From the left, number.

ECCLES:

ONE!

ECCLES:

Good, good. Private Eccles, my good man, slope arms.

ECCLES:

(REBELLIOUSLY) I ain't a-goin' to do it.

ECCLES:

Come, come, come, my good man. I'm giving you an order. Slope arms.

ECCLES:

(REBELLIOUSLY) I ain't a-goin' to slope my arms.

ECCLES:

Come, come, Private Eccles. Ooo... My good man, why are you pointing that gun at me? Put that gun down, my good man.

ECCLES:

(REBELLIOUSLY) I won't!

ECCLES:

Yes you will!

ECCLES:

I won't!

ECCLES:

Yes, you will... (ARGUMENT)

FX:

BODY BLOWS. QUICK PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

Oh! I shot 'im.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, I fear that ten years alone in the desert have softened his brain. He thinks he's two people. Eccles, come here, good lad.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Lie down. There, good boy. Steady now. That's it. Lie down. That's right. There. Now say after me, 'There is only one Eccles'.

ECCLES:

There is only one Eccles.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) What about me over here?

SEAGOON:

Arrhhhhggghh! No! I must be hearing things. Why, I'm even imagining I can hear Ray Ellington singing and playing a certain known melody. Exit for a short gorilla.

RAY ELLINGTON AND QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ECCLES:

Fine. Fine. Fine. Fine.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens it was all a mirage played by Ray Ellington. Now Eccles, do you know your way out of this desert?

ECCLES:

Oh, I can't say I do.

SEAGOON:

Well, say something else.

ECCLES:

I don't.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo, naughty hairy soldier. Get to the top of that ten foot pyramid, which up to now I don't know contains the black box, and scan the horizon.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh-k.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS CLAMBERING OVER ROCKS.

SEAGOON:

What can you see?

ECCLES:

Nothing.

SEAGOON:

Use your binoculars.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ah, that's better.

SEAGOON:

See anything now?

ECCLES:

No, but you can see it much clearer with these.

GRAMS:

AEROPLANE IN DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Listen.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's a record of an aeroplane approaching. We're saved! Fire your gun to attract his attention.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRAMS:

AEROPLANE PLUMMETING TO EARTH. CRASHES. FALLING METAL PIECES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DISTANT) You rotten swine, you. Ehi-hui! I was driving along like a happy boy airman when ping, split, plunge, the string on my joystick was severed. He-hui-hui!

SEAGOON:

Little long vested aviator, who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am Air-Ace Bluebottle, wonder-boy aviator, king of the air. I was just breaking the world's record for cardboard and string aeroplane when - ping! - you crashed me. Ehi-hou, I shall never be able to stand up again!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My trousers have come off. Hee hee!

SEAGOON:

Fear not, little Rhodes scholar with knees heavily wired for sound. You're in good hands.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, my Capitan, for them kind words. Thank you. Thinks: You rotten swine, you!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, here I was in a harassing position. One, I was with an old hairy English soldier who had lost his mind. Two, I had been sold a pyramid of much smaller size than I had bargained for. Three, actually it wasn't a pyramid but the burial place of Rommel's treasure, which up to now I did not know. Four, I had shot down the world's greatest cardboard and string aviator and five, it was early closing day in East Acton!

MILLIGAN:

Oh, no!

GRAMS:

WAILING.

SEAGOON:

There, there. Don't take it so hard, dear listener. They're opening again tomorrow. But hist! I hear someone approaching. Everyone, hide behind the horizon.

GRAMS:

VINTAGE CAR APPROACHING. FREQUENT BACKFIRING.

BLOODNOK:

Stop the car! Stop the car, will you! Switch something off, anything.

GRAMS:

RECORDING STOPS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohchh! This is the place. And we arrived here dead on eleven thirty.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! Look! That's it!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MORIARTY:

That ten foot mound there. Gladys, take this shovel and you'll find the black box at the top darling.

ELLINGTON:

Ah... yes, darling.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, soon we'll have the treasure.

SEAGOON:

I watched as they unearthed the black box, then I sprang. Hands up!

MORIARTY:

Ooooooooooh! A retired English NAAFI manager.

SEAGOON:

You devilish men. You sold me a phoney pyramid and left me in the desert to die!

MORIARTY:

To die? I thought it was yester-die.

SECOMBE:

(RASPBERRY) I don't wish to know that.

MILLIGAN:

I say, look here.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, don't take on so. (ASIDE) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Get the black box, which up to a moment ago Neddie didn't know was buried in the mound, and get it into the car.

MORIARTY:

Well said.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, it's all been a dreadful mistake. We'll refund you the money and here is an advance in Hittite pottery vases.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF AT SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop! Stop that taxi! The swine Moriarty's got away with Rommel's treasure.

SEAGOON:

Treasure? He won't get far. Eccles, bend down.

ECCLES:

O.K!

SEAGOON:

Right now, everybody on. Hold tight. Off you go Eccles.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AT JOGGING SPEED UNDER:

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, he's running beautifully.

SEAGOON:

Yes, he's only done four thousand miles.

GRYTPYPE:

My, what a lovely night.

SEAGOON:

Shall I... shall I tell you something?

GRYTPYPE:

What, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

You're just as beautiful as when I first married you.

GRYTPYPE:

You tease. Shall we dance?

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF FOXTROT.

GREENSLADE:

So, dear listeners, they danced in hot pursuit of Moriarty. Now here is a record of Moriarty and his taxi in full flight.

GRAMS:

VINTAGE CAR SPLUTTERING ALONG.

MORIARTY:

Faster! Faster, Gladys, darling! They're gaining. Bloodnok, what's the time?

BLOODNOK:

It's... um... Blast, it's stopped.

MORIARTY:

Good heavens! Wait, what's that sign ahead? Danger, minefields.

BLOODNOK:

Minefield?

MORIARTY:

Don't stop. It's only an old war sign. Keep driving on...

GRAMS:

LARGE EXPLOSION.

GREENSLADE:

People with television sets will see that the explosion blew Rommel's small black box up in the air and it lands on...

FX:

THUD ON HARD SURFACE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhhhhaeeeeiii! I have been nuted. Nuted by a black box. I'm too young to be nuted. I don't like this game.

SECOMBE:

(RASPBERRY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahi!

SEAGOON:

The black box, Rommel's treasure, which up to three hours ago I did not know was buried in the ten foot mound, etcetera, etcetera.

GRYTPYPE:

Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me, this gun is loaded! At last, the treasure. Now I'll just lift the lid.

FX:

WOODEN LID LIFTS.

GRAMS:

MUSIC BOX CHIMES.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, a music box.

SEAGOON:

Shall we dance?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, darling.

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE THEME.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

UP AND OUT.

Notes:

Erwin Rommel was one of the most distinguished German Field Marshals of World War Two. He was the commander of the Afrika Korps in North Africa and later commanded German forces in Europe.

Shepherd's Bush is a district in London.

'NAAFI' is the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. It provides food, supplies and entertainment facilities to military personnel. The supposed poor quality of its food etc. was a running joke for servicemen - something that many people in 1950's post-war Britain had first hand experience of.

Tobruk is a town and seaport in eastern Libya, North Africa.

A mess is the place where military personnel socialise and eat.

S6 E07 - Foiled By President Fred (In Honour Bound)

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections and edits by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. And candidly, I'm fed up with it.

SECOMBE:

Have a care there, Wallace, otherwise I'll be forced to speak to John Snagge.

GREENSLADE:

My dear fellow, everybody has to be *forced* to speak to John Snagge.

SECOMBE:

Come, curb those biting cynicisms and permit me to present the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

OLD DANCE MUSIC RECORD

MILLIGAN:

Stop! Ohohooo! Stop that sinful American music! Secombe? Take off those carbon plus-fours and listen to the story entitled... 'In Honour Bound'.

ORCHESTRA:

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH HERO THEME

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon. I was a gas meter inspector. It all began the day of the annual general board meeting of the South Balham Gas Board.

FX:

MURMURS - GAVEL

HENRY CRUN:

Gentlemen, I have here the books for the - mnk - financial year just ended

OLD GAS BOARD MEMBER:

[SECOMBE]

Well done! Well done!

HENRY CRUN:

And by the look of them, gas is here to stay. I am glad... glad to say... to say that the South Balham Gas Colossus has made a gross profit of no less than three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence. It proves... it proves that the...

OLD GAS BOARD MEMBER:

Well said.

HENRY CRUN:

Ahh, now then...

OLD SEAGOON:

Have you seen my teeth?

HENRY CRUN:

You left them on your saxophone.

OLD SEAGOON:

Oh, yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Now then, I'll read the vital balance sheets.

OLD MEMBER:

[GREENSLADE]

Hear, hear!

HENRY CRUN:

Credits, credits:

Sales of rare gases, £18.

Expenses:

One bag of coke, eight and eightpence.

Electric fire for office heating, two pounds, eleven and fourpence.

OLD SEAGOON:

Speak up!

HENRY CRUN:

Replace...

OLD SEAGOON:

I can't hear you.

HENRY CRUN:

Replacing light bulbs in Gas Board's premises, thirteen shillings and tenpence
Saxophone lessons for Chairman's wife, three pounds, eight shillings and ninepence

MINNIE:

Do we have to pay for saxophone lessons, buddy?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, - yes, yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear.

HENRY CRUN:

You... you never know when it might come in useful.

MINNIE:

It's sinful.

HENRY CRUN:

Next...

OLD SEAGOON:

What about our lads in Mafeking?

HENRY CRUN:

Next we have the... oh! Ah! Oh! I've overlooked an entry, here. An outstanding debt of four pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence!

GRAMS:

CRYING AND WHAILING

HENRY CRUN:

Don't worry! Don't worry! I shall set this right at once. (CALLS) Ned Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Gas meter inspector Seagoon reporting for duty, sir!

HENRY CRUN:

Seagoon, go to this address and serve them a seven-day final notice.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. What's this? President Fred, Casa Rosa, Avenida Varest? That's South America!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, is it? Oh, well, then you'd better borrow the Gas Board's bicycle.

SEAGOON:

But sir, it's overseas.

HENRY CRUN:

(ANGRY) What is our bicycle doing overseas!?

SEAGOON:

I mean Argentina is overseas. How can I get there on a bicycle?

HENRY CRUN:

Well, you must have it waterproofed, that's all.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

You can't get the wood you know.

SEAGOON:

I hadn't thought of that. Well, goodbye, sir.

OMNES:

GOODBYE - TA TA ETC.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo!

OMNES:

GOODBYE - TA TA ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, you doubtless are wondering how it is that the South Balham Gas Board supplies gas to Argentina. It was thanks to the enterprise of a British Major who, in 1939, shipped a cylinder of gas there.

SEAGOON:

Yes, on arrival in Argentina it was this man I contacted.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

RECORD OF FLAMENCO GUITAR

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Oh! The heat! The heat! Gladys?

ELLINGTON:

Si, señor?

BLOODNOK:

Turn off one of those women and put some more ice on the fire, will you.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

I surrender! Who's there?

SEAGOON:

Ned Seagoon, South Balham Gas Board.

BLOODNOK:

Quick quick! Burn the books. Tear up those revolting postcards. Chase those women out of my room. Take... take all those 'For Sale' signs off the furniture and help me get the floor back under this carpet. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry your journey's all been wasted. I posted the account books back to Balham this morning. Goodbye. Get out of here. Goodbye!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, LOUD KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

You can't come in. I'm in the bath.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) What are you doing in the bath?

BLOODNOK:

I'm...I'm... erm... I'm watching television.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Now look here, Major, enough of this tomfoolery.

BLOODNOK:

Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON:

Only during the mating season. Now look here. I'm here to deliver a final demand notice to a President Fred. Now, how do I contact him?

BLOODNOK:

Come to this window, lad.

FX:

WINDOW RAISED. DISTANT SHOTS AND SOUNDS OF WARFARE.

BLOODNOK:

That white house in the square is President Fred's headquarters.

SEAGOON:

But how can I get through that hail of bullets?

BLOODNOK:

Well, um... Look, be outside the back door at midnight. I shall send a man to guide you.

SEAGOON:

Very well. But remember - if I'm not back within seven days, don't hesitate to cut off their gas supply.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Farewell!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

FX:

PHONE DIALLING OVER...

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS "THE MAN FROM LARAMIE...")

BLOODNOK:

Hello, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Do you play the saxophone?

BLOODNOK:

Only in the mating season.

MORIARTY:

Good.

BLOODNOK:

Listen, there's a Charlie from Balham coming over to collect a gas bill from President Fred. It's only three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence.

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, that money was paid to you last month.

BLOODNOK:

Yes I know, I know, I know, but look...um... be a good fellow and settle it up.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yakamakakas! How can we pay him? President Fred has vanished with all the money. I think you'd better come over here right at once.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, I will. Pausing only for Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

'HAVE YOU EVER BEEN LONELY'

FX:

GUN SHOTS AND RICOCHETS

SEAGOON:

That night at midnight I waited in a specially darkened doorway for the coming of the stranger who was to guide me on my perilous mission. I was so heavily disguised that not even my own mother would have recognised me.

THROAT:

Evening, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Evening, mother. But wait! But wait! Who is this approaching, wearing an anthracite tie, lead waistcoat, with an electric guitar plugged into the train lines?

ECCLES:

(CLEARS THROAT) Are you Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

I am.

ECCLES:

Oh, good. You been waiting long?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Who for?

SEAGOON:

You, you idiot.

ECCLES:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

Now...

ECCLES:

Fine.

SEAGOON:

How do I get through the firing line to President Fred's headquarters?

ECCLES:

How do you get there? You go straight up that road there.

SEAGOON:

But they're shooting down it.

ECCLES:

Oh, don't go that way. You take this road here. They're not shooting up that one.

SEAGOON:

That road doesn't lead to it.

ECCLES:

No, don't take that one.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) I talk to the trees, that's why they...

SEAGOON:

Any other ideas?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better be getting along, now. (SINGS) I talk...

SEAGOON:

Don't go. Look! I've got an idea. The sewers! That's how we'll get there. Quick! Down this manhole.

FX:

MANHOLE COVER. TWO SPLASHES. WADING.

SEAGOON:

Now. I'm going to roll up my trousers.

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I've got nice legs. Wait!

ECCLES:

You naughty... you naughty, naughty man!

SEAGOON:

(AD-LIBS) The man from Llanelli. Wait! What's that ahead?

ECCLES:

It's a head!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but whose it is?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is mine, my captain! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you for the sausages.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, little cardboard-clad frogman?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will give you a musical clue. Close your eyes, first. Have you got them closed? Right. Moves left, picks up flannel zither. (SINGS 'HARRY LIME THEME' VERY BADLY) Plinka-plunka-plink-aplink... etc.

ECCLES:

I know. The Man from Laramie!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you!

ECCLES:

Take your hand off me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not the Laramie-type man. I'm the Hairy Lime-type man. Goes into second chorus. (SING AS BEFORE)

SEAGOON:

Save that lovely voice, little widget!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Save your zither.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh.

SEAGOON:

Tonight... tonight is not the Harry Lime game. Tonight...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Isn't it?

SEAGOON:

No, no. Tonight is the South American President Fred game!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Do not go, den. Wait for me, wait! Quickly throws away silly old zither, makes brown paper lariat, reverses Mum's old drawers to make cowboy trousers and picks up hair and fibre banjo. 'Ole! 'ole! Wait a minute, I've not said that right, it's... Olé, that's it. It's spelt 'ole. That's it. I'm ready for the new game. Ride, vaquero, ride!

SEAGOON:

Well done, little thrice-adolescent hybrid. Lead me to President Fred's headquarters and this quarter of liquorice allsorts is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh! Liquorice! Oh, I like this, good. Thinks: I must be careful how many of those I eat. Right, capitain, quick, jump onto this cardboard bootbox. Hurriedly wraps up capitain in brown paper parcel labelled "Explosives" and stuffs same through headquarters letter box. Jumps on to passing dustcart and exits left to buy bowler before the price goes up. Thinks: there wasn't a very big part for Bluebottle this week, was there?

GREENSLADE:

By the magic of liquorice, the scene now changes to the Suspicious Parcels Testing Chamber in President Fred's headquarters.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, this mysterious parcel has just arrived by mysterious parcel post, mysteriously.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. Steam the stamp off and cash it.

MORIARTY:

Right. Sapristi yakakaka-kuu!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

I don't like the expression on this parcel's label! I wonder what's in it!

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP.

GRYTPYPE:

Just a moment. Hello?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) I'll tell you what's in the parcel. It is I, gas meter Inspector Harry Seagoon, South Balham Gas Board. You have seven days to pay a gas bill of three pounds, twelve and nine.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh! Do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON:

Only occasionally. Now remember, you have seven days to pay. You can post your cheque to me, care of this parcel.

FX:

PHONE DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Open this parcel.

FX:

SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING AND TEARING PAPER UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Right, together. You're the strongest, you take the brown paper. I'll get the string.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Thank heavens you arrived.

GRYTPYPE:

Sapristi nerks!

SEAGOON:

The string was getting rather tight.

SEAGOON:

Now then, what about this gas bill, eh? President Fred owes the South Balham Gas Board three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence.

GRYTPYPE:

Look, I'll tell you what. Go down to the basement, read the meter and just make sure.

SEAGOON:

Right. Come, Eccles.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS.

GRYTPYPE:

That'll gives us a breathing space, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Good, good, good.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, how empty the room is without him.

FX:

BACKGROUND SHOOTING

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! The counter-revolutionaries with tanks are attacking.

GRYTPYPE:

We've got to evacuate.

MORIARTY:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

The rent's much too high here. Pack the floor, we're leaving.

MORIARTY:

I'll bring the ceiling.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS. DOOR BROKEN DOWN. SHOTS.

OMNES:

SHOUTS

GEN. ASTON VILLA:

[SELLERS]

(SOUTH AMERICAN ACCENT) Aha! So, the cowardly swines have run away. They are frightened of 'Heneral Aston Villa. Run up my personal flag. Shh, there is someone coming up the stairs.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Right, gentlemen, I've checked the meter and the bill is exactly four pounds.

GEN. ASTON VILLA:

What are you talking about, you miserable English creep?

SEAGOON:

Come, come, Mr. Grytpype. You can't fool the South Balham Gas Board with those childish disguises and silly changes of voice, ha ha ha. Four pounds, please.

GEN. ASTON VILLA:

There is, I think, some mistake, señor. We have just taken possession here this very minute. We only just lit the gas.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, I'm... Ooh, I'm dreadfully sorry. In that case, you couldn't have used more than a therm or two could you? I'll go down and read the meter again. Excuse me.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GEN. ASTON VILLA:

When he comes up, pay the bill and then kill him.

FX:

BURST OF FIRING

OBREGON:

[GELDRAY]

Quick! The President Fredists are attacking!

GEN. ASTON VILLA:

Everybody retreat!

FX:

GENERAL STAMPEDE OUT AND DOOR CLOSSES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty, well done.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

What a beautiful counter-attack.

MORIARTY:

Indeed.

GRYTPYPE:

We couldn't have continued to hold their headquarters, anyway. Three pounds, ten shillings a week, it's quite impossible!

MORIARTY:

Agreed.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Well, gentlemen, I've read the meter. And you were quite right. You've only put on one more therm, so that's one and six please.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Here's a photograph of two shillings.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And here's a photograph of sixpence change.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait, it's you back again! You've cheated me. You're the people who owe the three pounds, twelve shillings and ninepence!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, no, that's President Fred's responsibility. Go and see him. Room 509.

SEAGOON:

I will, I will, I will, I will. But wait! But wait. Who is this approaching, riding a kilted monkey and carrying a mackintosh saxophone? Why, it's Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'BIRTH OF THE BLUES'

GREENSLADE:

Here, for idiots, is a resumé. The revolution so far.

FX:

SHOOTING

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Chapter Two.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Cor blimey-o! El knocko on the door-o. Come in-o.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, President Fred. I've come to collect... Wait a minute. You don't look like President Fred.

BLOODNOK:

What a coincidence, neither do you.

SEAGOON:

But I'm not supposed to be him.

BLOODNOK:

So that's your excuse, is it? By the way, do you play the saxophone?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

I'll give you a lesson.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE MELODY

SEAGOON:

Stop that! Stop! I'm convinced you're not President Fred.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

You're Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense.

SEAGOON:

But if you're President Fred, there's a gas bill here which now stands at four pounds!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, right, well, I'll pay you. Here's a photograph of a four pound note.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much. Now I can report back to Major Bloodnok, 'Mission completed. Gas bill paid in full'.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLOODNOK:

Good, he's gone.

(PAUSE)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Ah! Bloodnok! You got rid of him, then.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Splendid. We, for our part, we've got rid of President Fred.

BLOODNOK:

You mean to say...?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. He gave us all his moolah to smuggle him out of the country.

BLOODNOK:

Well done, well done, lad. Now to divide his fifty million.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyuckos, yes. I have it here in this red sack.

BLOODNOK:

Good, we'll split evenly. I'll take the money and you take the sack.

MORIARTY:

No. Why should I get the lion's share?

BLOODNOK:

Well, well...

MORIARTY:

You have the sack and I'll take the money.

BLOODNOK:

Listen, Moriarty. Let us settle this thing amicably.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MORIARTY:

Oh, Sapristi Yongtong! Dead!

FX:

THUD

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! That pistol was loaded. Poor, poor Moriarty. I wonder if he played the saxophone. Taxi!

FX:

TAXI SPEEDS OFF. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Has he gone, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, yes, yes. He swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

I gave him a pistol with a blank cartridge and he took the red sack full of the forged banknotes.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, splendid. I've got the genuine money here in this blue sack.

MORIARTY:

Oh?

GRYTPYPE:

Now, you go to the airport, Moriarty, and arrange to buy two air tickets.

MORIARTY:

At once.

FX:

WHOOSH. DOOR SHUTS.

GRYTPYPE:

Fifty million, eh? (SINGS SOFTLY) Christmas in Capri, millions of moulah...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) "I talk to the trees. But they all put me...". Hallo!

GRYTPYPE:

Hello.

ECCLES:

Ooohh.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

I see you got that old red sack full of them forged notes ready for old Bloodnok, then, eh? Ha ho, ha ha hum. Say, that was a good idea of yours having *me* pack the two sacks eh? Eh?. That was fine, fine, fine. Here, where's the blue sack with the real stuff?

GRYTPYPE:

This *is* the blue one.

ECCLES:

Ooh! That fella was right, then.

GRYTPYPE:

What fellow?

ECCLES:

That oculist fellow who said I was colour-blind.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean Bloodnok's got the real money?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

FX:

WHOOSH!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) "I talks to the trees, that's why they put me away... I got a melody devine..."

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Has Mr. Grytpype gone, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Oh! Yeah! Yeah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And has he left us the blue sack with all the real money?

ECCLES:

Yeah!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(LAUGHING AND TEE-HEEING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I like this game, don't you Eccles?

ECCLES:

Oh, the money game...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes...

ECCLES:

...The big money game

BLUEBOTTLE:

...The money game

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGS) Christmas in Capri, plenty of mooolah, we got the money...

ORCHESTRA:

MEXICAN/SPANISH MUSICAL LINK

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

(BREATHLESSLY) Juan! Juan! Pack everything, I've millions of moulah. I must leave before Neddie gets back.

JUAN:

[ELLINGTON]

You'd better take that President Fred makeup off!

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh, yes, there!

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, my mission's completed. Here's a photograph of a four pound note.

BLOODNOK:

What? Wait! Wait! Wait! This note in the phototograph... It's a forgery!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no. Gad, I've been tricked! Bloodnok, I'll go right back!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) Christmas in Capri, let me count the moolah...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Ohh yaohh! Hands up!

BLOODNOK:

What! Great thundering widgets of Kludge!

MORIARTY:

Don't you dare do it!

BLOODNOK:

Put down that double-action hydraulic-recoil 18-inch Howitzer!

MORIARTY:

No! It belonged to my mother!

BLOODNOK:

What do you want?

MORIARTY:

Give *me* the sack of money.

BLOODNOK:

Come, come, Moriarty. Old friends mustn't fall out.

MORIARTY:

Very well, we'll settle this amicably.

BLOODNOK:

How?

MORIARTY:

Like this.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Shot through me gaiters!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, ying-ting-iddle-I po. Got him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Is he dead?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MORIARTY:

Ooooh! I'm shot in the kringe!

FX:

THUD

GRYTPYPE:

Got him!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

What are these men lying on the floor for?

GRYTPYPE:

We haven't got any carpets.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Look! Eccles told me that Bloodnok ran off with a red sack full of banknotes believing them to be real.

GRYTPYPE:

And weren't they?

SEAGOON:

No. The real ones are with Eccles.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh!

FX:

WHOOSH. DOOR SHUTS. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

"I talk..." Oh. Hullo. Has he gone?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. Fine, fine, fine. You know, I'm not really colour-blind at all. (GUFFAWS) I only said that to fool Bluebottle. The blue sack you're holding is full of the real stuff.

SEAGOON:

Blue? This is a red sack.

ECCLES:

Ooooh! Then *you* got the wrong stuff, Bluebottle's got the real stuff.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Then I must find him and collect the Gas Board's four pounds from President Fred's treasure.
Farewell!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Fine. (SINGS) "I'm only a strolling vagabond..."

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Has he gone, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehe, now we both got sacks.

ECCLES:

Say that again.

BLUEBOTTLE:

The red one and the blue one. We have both got sacks. This is a good game, you know, that, what is.
This is what is I'm liking this game. Eccles, which sack has the real money?

ECCLES:

The blue one.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then we'll split it fifty-fifty. You take that nice red one and I'll have this rotten stinking old blue one.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And you're quite sure that you're not colour-blind, ain't you?

ECCLES:

Oh, no, I'm not colour blind.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Well, goodbye, Encles.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Goodbye, Redbottle.

GREENSLADE:

Three weeks later, at the head office of the South Balham Gas Board.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

MANAGER:

[MILLIGAN]

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

MANAGER:

Secombe! Put that blasted violin down and get up off your knees. Here, I'll hold that celluloid baby.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC OUT

SEAGOON:

Please sir, please sir, I know I failed to collect that bill, but... but, couldn't I have my old job back?

MANAGER:

I'm sorry, it's gone. Allow me to introduce our new gas meter inspector, Balham area, President Fred.

BLOODNOK:

I'm pleased to meet you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, oh, yes...

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

South Balham is a town in the Wandsworth Borough of South-West London.

Mafeking is a town in South Africa. The Siege of Mafeking was the most famous British action in the Second Boer War.

'The man from Laramie' is a western movie released in 1955 and starring James Stewart. The theme song was also released by Jimmy Young and reached number 1 for 4 weeks.

Harry Lime is a character played by Orson Welles in the film "The Third man", released in 1949.

'Celluloid baby' refers to a type of vintage baby doll that was made from celluloid.

S6 E08 - Shangri-La Again

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service, brought to you by the British Broadcasting Corporation, makers of Faux Pas.

SECOMBE:

Yes indeedy, the makers of Faux Pas! And here is their greatest to date, entitled...

SELLERS:

The extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGING) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh.

ORCHESTRA:

(SINGING) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGING) Oooooohhhh Oooooaawwww.

ORCHESTRA:

(SINGING) Oooooohhhh Oooooaawwww.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGING) Oohh Ooaaw Oohh Ooaaw Ooaaw.

ORCHESTRA:

(SINGING) Oohh Ooaaw Oohh Ooaaw Ooaaw.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGING) Oooooohhhh (HIGHER PITCH) Oooooaawwww!!!!

ORCHESTRA:

(SINGING) Oooooohhhh (HIGHER PITCH) Oooooaawwww!!!!

MILLIGAN:

That's the end of that lot! Ha ha ha!

SECOMBE:

Well done, Milligoon. Well done! Well done! Well done! WEEELL DONE!

MILLIGAN:

Yes, well done! It leaves only me to announce the story of... 'Lost Horizon'. Ooooooooooh!

ORCHESTRA:

MAGICAL SCENE SETTING MUSIC. HARP AND MAJESTIC WOODWIND CHORDS.

GRAMS:

STRANGE ELECTRONIC TRILL. (CONTINUES UNDER)

SELLERS:

(ECHOEY) The story of Shangri-La is adopted from Fred Hilton's book 'Lost Horizontally' based on the legend of Shangra-Lu, from the play "Across Ava Gardner with stethoscope, Geigercounter." Shangri-la...

ORCHESTRA:

FURTHER MAGICAL SCENE SETTING.

GRAMS:

STRANGE ELECTRONIC TRILL CONTINUES.

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY ECHOEY) Shangri-la, I still hear the call of it. I, dear listener, was the only man in the world to see it and return... alive. Let me read the story from my diary. "December the 24th 1933 - have had news that a Japanese invasion of Manchuria is imminent. "

ORCHESTRA:

HARP CHORDS.

GRAMS:

DISTANT RIFLE FIRE. (CONTINUE UNDER)

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Seagoon, British Embassy, Peking here.

INFORMATION CLERK:

[MILLIGAN]

(ON PHONE) Hello sir. Information here. Japanese are closing in on Peking.

SEAGOON:

Then you must take every precaution.

INFORMATION CLERK:

I have, sir. Twenty armed men on the roof of the building. We've sand-bagged the entrance.

SEAGOON:

Good.

INFORMATION CLERK:

Three battalions of guards in slit trenches.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

INFORMATION CLERK:

And I've mined the whole area around me.

SEAGOON:

Good man. Where are you speaking from?

INFORMATION CLERK:

A phone box in East Acton.

SEAGOON:

Splendid fellow. I'll see you get Needle Nardle Noo and bar for this.

INFORMATION CLERK:

Thank you, sir. I must go now, my wife's boiling over.

FX:

HANDSET DOWN.

SEAGOON:

I wonder who he was?

FX:

PHONE RINGS. HANDSET LIFTS.

INFORMATION CLERK:

Jim Pills.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

HANDSET DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. Things look pretty grim. The situation calls for immediate action. First I must evacuate the British residents.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie. I want to see you.

SEAGOON:

This was Lord Grytpype-Thynne, British Consul General. How cool he looked in his porcelain vest and automatic self-igniting boots.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, Major Bloodnok has been detailed to order a plane to fly the British residents to safety. Would you be at Peking airport between midday and noon?

SEAGOON:

I'll get ready. (CALLS) Wong?

WONG:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah, yes sir?

SEAGOON:

Wong, I'm leaving for England.

WONG:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Pack my sleeping bag and send the other one home.

WONG:

Please, sir, cannot my brother, Jim Wong, and I come with you?

SEAGOON:

Sorry Wong. Only English people are allowed on the plane.

WONG:

But sir, we can pretend we are English.

SEAGOON:

Haha, nonsense. You know very well two Wongs don't make a white.

WONG:

They are wishing to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

Well said, Neddie. Who is it says that you haven't got a sense of humour?

SEAGOON:

Everybody.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Well, I'll see you at the airport in scrimpson skranson hours.

SEAGOON:

Sorry, sir. I can't be there until half-past skansons.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well then, half-past skansons, but don't be more than a skanson late will you?

SEAGOON:

I'll be there dead on skansons.

GRYTPYPE:

Needle nardle skinson!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

In half an hour I was ready to leave. I burnt the official documents, set the goat free and swallowed the union jack. I was just about to dismantle the official embassy saxophone when...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

HIGH SPEED RECORDING OF MILLIGAN GIBBERISH.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

I never saw him again.

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, oh, Seagoon, Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

It was Major Bloodnok of the third Disgusting Fusiliers.

BLOODNOK:

Rouse me splonger and blun! Oh, I've been through hell to get here.

SEAGOON:

There must be a cooler route?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I was surrounded by a Jap patrol. But I soon had them crawling for me on their hands and knees.

SEAGOON:

How's that?

BLOODNOK:

I hid in a drain-pipe. Shhh! There's someone outside the window. Look out!

GRAMS:

PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

BLOODNOK:

It's a gramophone record.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

GRAMS:

RECORDING (SLIGHTLY FASTER) PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

BLOODNOK:

It's a gramophone record.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

RECORDING WITHIN RECORDING (EVEN FASTER) PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

BLOODNOK:

It's a gramophone record.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

RECORDING WITHIN RECORDING (EVEN FASTER AGAIN) PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

BLOODNOK:

It's a gramophone record.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

RECORDING WITHIN RECORDING (TOP SPEED) PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

BLOODNOK:

It's a gramophone record.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

BLOODNOK:

Stretch me skallibonkers and flatten me Doreen Lundies! It's a Japanese mirror trick. We shall have to get out of here.

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! Yes! Now, what about the plane?

BLOODNOK:

The plane, the plane. Ooo! Ooo heavens!

SEAGOON:

What's up?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Heav... Look - if I tell, promise you won't blow up?

SEAGOON:

I promise.

BLOODNOK:

I forgot to order it.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

BLOODNOK:

You promised!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I don't like the way you're acting.

BLOODNOK:

Then get Lawrence Olivier.

SEAGOON:

Gladys?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, darling?

SEAGOON:

Is the transport ready to take us to the aerodrome?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, darling.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, darling. Here's an airing cupboard - go and have some fun. Now, Bloodnok! Where's your wife?

BLOODNOK:

My wife? Erm, my wife won't be coming with us, old lad. You see, I..., well, she can't leave her bed.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

I've sewn her in the mattress.

SEAGOON:

You skindrell of scoundrels, that's matricide!

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

GRAMS:

RIFLE FIRE.

SEAGOON:

They're getting closer. Eccles!

GRAMS:

COCONUT SHELLS APPROACHING AT THE GALLOP.

ECCLES:

Heeeeello!

SEAGOON:

Carry these. Oh, and check my automatic to see if it's loaded.

ECCLES:

OK. Let me see, now. Oh! Ah, they got three bullets in the magazine. What's it got...? Oh, yeah. One in the barrel. And, er...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

...one in my head.

SEAGOON:

Good man, Eccles. Keep up the good work.

ECCLES:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen.

ECCLES:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

We're about to journey through war-torn countryside.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

SEAGOON:

There'll be fighting all along the way. We've got to travel through it. Twenty-five miles in an open car. Therefore we must take precautions. Here. Here's two aspirins each. England forever! Followed closely by Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

'Lost Horizon' part two - Escape.

GRAMS:

THUNDERSTORM. RAIN CONTINUES UNDER:

SEAGOON:

In a tropical storm we arrived at the ruined Peking airport.

GRYTPYPE:

I thought you'd never get here, Neddie. Let me take your wet saxophone.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Ah, any luck with the plane?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we've had the offer of a private one from Count Fred Moriarty here. Count, this is Mr. N. Seagoon, Minister without portfolios.

MORIARTY:

I wondered why he wasn't wearing any.

SEAGOON:

Who is going to pilot this machine?

MORIARTY:

I am, for £10,000.

SEAGOON:

That's a lot of money.

MORIARTY:

Yukkakakkoo, I know. That's why I'm asking for it. You have the embassy funds?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. Hand them over, Neddie, there's a good boy. It's our only chance.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. I'll tell you what we'll do...

SEAGOON:

I did as I was instructed. But I was suspicious. Who was this Fred Moriarty? I became more suspicious as I watched him and Lord Grytpype rolling on the floor, pouring the embassy funds over their heads. Ha ha ha! Still, you're only young once.

MORIARTY:

(AD-LIB) Or, as in your case, twice.

SEAGOON:

(AD-LIB AND LAUGHS) You just thought of that.

MORIARTY:

(AD-LIB) Yes, I did.

SEAGOON:

(BLOWS RASPBERRY)

MORIARTY:

(AD-LIB) You just thought of that! (BACK TO SCRIPT) Now then, gentlemen, back to the story. We're ready to take off in the...

SEAGOON:

Right!

MORIARTY:

...flying type aeroplane.

SEAGOON:

Right. Ladies and gentlemen, there is room for thirteen on the plane.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

SEAGOON:

Unfortunately, there are fourteen of us. One of us has got to stop behind.

OMNES:

MUMBLING.

ECCLES:

I got bad legs. I got bad legs.

SEAGOON:

Don't rhubarb me! Any volunteers? Bloodnok!?

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh. Well, look here, I mean, I'd love to stay. But I made a vow that before I die I'd like to see the old country again.

SEAGOON:

What old country?

BLOODNOK:

ANY old country.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, you and Lieutenant Greenslade are the only two single men. It's between you two.

BLOODNOK:

Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Marry me, darling, marry me!

SEAGOON:

Stop this Noel Coward dialogue.

BLOODNOK:

I beg your pardon.

SEAGOON:

Now, you and Greenslade go behind that hut and decide who is to stay.

BLOODNOK:

Certainly. Come, Greenslade, dear lad. (FADES) I've always admired you, you know...

GRAMS:

BOOTS WALKING AWAY.

BLOODNOK:

I've always admired you...

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GREENSLADE:

Ahhhhhhh!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RETURNING.

BLOODNOK:

The gallant Greenslade has volunteered to stay.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! You're holding a pistol in your hand and it's smoking.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it steadies its nerves, you know. Very jumpy with the old trigger, you know.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you've done a murder. When you get back to England you'll pay for that.

BLOODNOK:

How much?

SEAGOON:

A pound down and three and nine a week.

BLOODNOK:

They're costing more these days.

SEAGOON:

It's the luxury tax, you know.

BLOODNOK:

Of course, of course!

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo! Silence! Everyone on board the flying aeroplane. Fasten your safety belts. Contact!

GRAMS:

AEROPLANE ENGINE STARTS.

ORCHESTRA:

Dramatic flying link.

GRAMS:

FURTHER AEROPLANE SOUNDS. CONTINUE UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Dawn, December the twenty-fifth. Have been airborne eight hours. Altitude twenty thousand feet, magnificent day, plane running very smoothly, engines in perfect condition, no wind, ideal weather for flying. Crashed.

MORIARTY:

Seagoon! Nobody's hurt but the plane is a wreck.

SEAGOON:

That's why it crashed. I wonder where we are?

ECCLES:

Well, I say we're miles from civilization.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

ECCLES:

Everything's so peaceful.

SEAGOON:

Well said. Well done. (HYSTERICAL) Well done! Well done! Well done! Ha ha hum, now...

ECCLES:

Oh, oh, oh!

SEAGOON:

What have you done?

ECCLES:

I've... I've broken my leg.

SEAGOON:

How did you do that?

ECCLES:

I just got a hammer and went WHACK!

SEAGOON:

Splendid man, Eccles. Keep up the good work. Here's a razorblade, have fun.

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! Neddie! We must repair the plane's talking radio. It's our only chance of contact with the outside world.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry. I've got a man working on it now. We'll just have to sit and wait. And so, dear listener, we sat and waited. Sometimes we stood and waited, which is like sitting down only higher. Ha-hum. Three weeks went by and then...

ECCLES:

Mr. Seagoon! The radio set... the radio set...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes?!

ECCLES:

It still ain't working.

SEAGOON:

Curse. That does it. We've had it, chaps.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, you've not hadded it. I have come to save you, little welsh ball.

SEAGOON:

I turned to meet the maker of this melodious voice. It was a short, thin, shivering youth, heavily wrapped up in rice paper and dental floss.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have been sented to save you from the dreaded starvation. Here, have a wine gum.

SEAGOON:

Little badly constructed wreck.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am the mysterious stranger of the snows. I am known as 'He who walks bare-footed through the frosty mountains'.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My boots is at the menders. He he he! He he he! Always a joke from little merry Blunebottle.

SEAGOON:

Intellectual giant, where do you hail from?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where do I hail from, he says. It is a place that lives in the memory forever. I got it writted down on a fag-packet, somewhere. Oh, yes. It is Shangra Lurn. Land of eternal youth. Land of purity. No drink, no sex, no sin. And I'm fed up with it, I am. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you, fellow sinners.

SEAGOON:

Hurricanes of bunions! This place Shangri-La, it sounds like Utopia.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it's spelt differently, I know that.

SEAGOON:

Don't tarry. Lead us to Shangri-La.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Follow me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MOUNTAIN SCALING LINK.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD WINDS.

SEAGOON:

On we plunged, through raging snow storms. Three weeks we battled on, right to starvation.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Many's the day we had to exist on a handful of caviar and champagne.

SEAGOON:

Yes. The weight of our baggage became too much. In a moment of desperation we ditched the following vital equipment; 18 hundred weight of rusty iron piping with fittings.

MILLIGAN:

Twenty four lead budgerigar perches.

BLOODNOK:

One long, thin object with no fixed abode.

SEAGOON:

One bronze bicycle with cement parachute ejector seat.

MILLIGAN:

One...(SINGING) Oooooo oooooo ooooooo!

BLOODNOK:

One bus.

LALKAKA:

Thirty six cardboard replicas of Nelson's Column from the inside.

BLOODNOK:

One rubber Mosque with detachable beard.

SEAGOON:

That's enough men. We daren't risk leaving any more behind. Now, get those pianos on your backs and away we go.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. Stop, stop I say! You must not go yet. You must hear the mysterious temple music of Lama Ray Ellington and his gulf stream and unshaven bongos.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Then, on the second of January, a miracle!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP CHORD, WOODWIND TRILLS (HOLD UNDER)

SEAGOON:

In a natural rocky gorge we reached a tunnel in the sheer cliff face. In darkness we stumbled along its interior. Then a shaft of light gleamed at the far end. We reached it exhausted. And lo! There before us lay Shangri-La.

ORCHESTRA:

MONUMENTAL FANFARE. DISTANT TEMPLE BELL. SOLEMN CHINESE THEME. (CONTINUE UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Dear listener, I looked out upon a pastoral scene that I'd only dreamed existed. It almost defied description. In warm sunshine a valley that sang with colour. Hillocks topped with banyan trees. And from their secret willow, doves sprang their wings bent skywards.

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF 'NEPTUNE' FROM HOLST'S PLANETS SUITE. (FIG VI TILL END)

SEAGOON:

Streams chuckled and vanished in early mists. Surmounting all lay a monastery, clean and white in the sun, against which coloured prayer flags fluttered like spilled paint. This, then, was Shangri-La, my paradise, my predestined resting place. (SHOUTING) MORE! What about the old radio awards for acting there?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy.

SEAGOON:

I'd forgotten all about that.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I had, too. Stop all this. You're spoiling the game, what is I like. This is the bit where I take you to see the great big head Lama and his great big head.

ORCHESTRA:

Gong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, J. Arthur Rank. Now, take off your shoes and face the great cardboard cut-out Kaboda for the Dali Lama.

SEAGOON:

Approaching me were two bags of dust on legs.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) I saw it at the window and I said...

FX:

TEASPOON DROPS.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! What's happened?

CRUN:

You can't get the Yetis, you know.

MINNIE:

I said we'd all be murdered in our monasteries and you didn't... you didn't come.

CRUN:

Grinn, k-nit, plung!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

CRUN:

Seacroon, welcome to Shangri-La!

MINNIE:

Yes.

CRUN:

All mod. cons. Light removals with horse and van.

MINNIE:

Listen, Buddy. We've brought you here to take Henry Crun's place when he retires.

SEAGOON:

You... you mean you want me to stay here until I die?

CRUN:

You can stop longer, if you wish. You see, I must retire. I'm seven hundred and nine years old.

SEAGOON:

Seven hundred and nine yea... I don't believe it. You look older.

MINNIE:

Gnyum gnyum... it's true.

SEAGOON:

You still alive?

CRUN:

It's true.

MINNIE:

The air in this valley keeps one young. Bluebottle here is only three hundred and ten.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Change those shorts.

SEAGOON:

Very well, I accept the post as Dalai Lama.

GREENSLADE:

'Lost Horizonedly' part three, four, five, six, etc. Ying tong idle I poo. Needle nardle noo. All's well that ends well and this is Wallace Greenslade, lover of good english, wishing he were dead.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GREENSLADE:

Oh!

MILLIGAN:

Wish granted.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you must stop killing Greenslade, he's not well.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry but my nerves are in rags, you know. I can't stand Shangri-La. We've been here nine months and... well, look here old man, I mean, I want to go back to Peking. My wife might be carrying on with someone.

SEAGOON:

How could she? She was sewn in a mattress.

BLOODNOK:

She might have met a man sewn in another mattress. After all, they've got to have something in common, haven't they?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Bloodnok, I can see there are no flies on you.

BLOODNOK:

I know. Shut that door!

MORIARTY:

Ying tong idle I po - Seacroon. I'm going to leave this place and what's more...ooh, ooh, ooh!...I'm taking this Shangri-oo-la-la girl with me here.

ORIENTAL FEMALE:

[SELLERS]

No. I go with Dennis Bloodnok. He says he live in beautiful cottage in Switzerland and we are to be married in a beautiful white chapel.

MORIARTY:

That's right. Married in Whitechapel. Live in Swiss Cottage.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Fools! The moment you take that girl into the outside air she'll crumble into her real age.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi cringe! Nyukkakukkakoo! Never mind. I tell you, I'm taking her and we're going!

SEAGOON:

Go then, my friends, all of you, but tempt me not. This valley is the paradise on earth for which I have searched all my life. And now, at last, would you rob me of the peace and happiness which is my due - yea, the due of all mortals? Go, I say! Leave me alone. For nothing - I repeat nothing - will ever make me leave. I'm staying.

ECCLES:

I'm staying with you.

SEAGOON:

(DESPERATE) No! No! Moriarty wait, I'm coming!

ECCLES:

Come back! No, come back!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

GREENSLADE:

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

ORCHESTRA:

UP AND OUT.

Notes:

Shangri-La is a fictional place described in the novel, Lost Horizon, written by British writer James Hilton in 1933. In it, "Shangri-La" is a mystical, harmonious valley, enclosed in the Himalayas. A film version was released in 1937. The story of Shangri-La is based on the concept of Shambhala, a mystical city in the Buddhist religion.

Ava Gardner was a movie star and sex symbol, most popular in the forties and fifties.

Manchuria is a name given to a vast territorial region in China, northeast Asia. In 1932, the Japanese army invaded Manchuria and threw out the Chinese.

East Acton is in the London Borough of Hammersmith & Fulham.

Peking (now known as Beijing), is the capital city in northern China.

Lawrence Olivier was an Oscar winning English actor and director, regarded by many critics as one of the greatest actors of the 20th century.

J. Arthur Rank was a British industrialist, film producer and founder of the Rank Organisation - Its opening film credits contained a man hitting a large gong.

Whitechapel and Swiss Cottage are areas of London.

S6 E09 - The International Christmas Pudding

Transcribed by absentmindedgenius, corrections by others. Additional corrections and edits by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...

GREENSLADE:

Would anybody start the bidding?

SECOMBE:

Ten shillings, there!

GREENSLADE:

Sold!

SECOMBE:

Good!

SECOMBE:

Then we're off on another remarkable wireless talking-type Goon Show!

GRAMS:

MUSIC, CONTINUES UNTIL...

SECOMBE:

Stop! Tonight... tonight, in honour of the occasion, we bring you, especially writted for the wireless, the classic tale of the Great International Christmas Pudding!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS AND SEND UP

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SPRIGGS:

The Great International Christmas Pudding. Where is it?

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Many years ago in the year five hundred and sixty two BC

The Great monumental International Christmas Pudding was struck by lightning

Which also struck a tree.

And the magnificent International Christmas Pudding, which had been erected by Sisygambus atop a temple tall,

Was broken into two portions by the knock it received during the fall.

And oh, these portions have been carried to a far corner of the earth

And this terrible disaster is not an occasion for mirth and oh...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP LINK

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was in 1843 that the discovery in the Sudan of a large fossilised fragment of this long forgotten pudding prompted a question in the House of Commons.

OMNES:

SNORING UNDER:

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) And the discovery of this portion of pudding prompts me to suggest that if all the portions... if all the portions of this emblem of international goodwill and understanding could be reassembled and set up in some appropriate spot...

SECOMBE:

Hear, hear!

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT:

...it might well be the turning point in the falling prestige of this wonderful country of ours.

SECOMBE:

Hear hear, all right, lads, tea up, tea up!

GREENSLADE:

And so it was, one autumn evening, that a tall stranger approached a young man secretly repairing a granite banjo in Hyde Park.

FX:

SCRATCHING AND SANDING SOUNDS.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening. Have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

I don't think you'll ever do it, I've tried and failed. May I come in?

SEAGOON:

But I'm outside.

GRYTPYPE:

Well you come in, then.

FX:

DOOR OPENS THEN SHUTS.

SEAGOON:

I found myself inside a twelve bob a week bed-sitting room in Temple Kilburn.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, we have a guest.

MORIARTY:

Good, at last we eat!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, just step into the oven, will you?

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

We'll soon dry those damp clothes for you.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Thank you very much.

FX:

OVEN DOOR CLOSED.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind lying down in the baking tin?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty, light the gas.

MORIARTY:

I can't, I've no money for the meter.

GRYTPYPE:

What? What happened to that penny?

MORIARTY:

I sold it for two ha'pennies.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I can lend you a penny.

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Ohahehihohehah!

GRYTPYPE:

You have money?

SEAGOON:

Oh, lots of it.

MORIARTY:

Money! Ohahehihohehah! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty. Please hide those bones.

MORIARTY:

I can't, they're mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, put a brown paper towel around them. Now Neddie, come out of the oven and sit down on this orange box.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty...

SEAGOON:

By heavens, it's stiff in there, you know. Haha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I'm sure. Moriarty, put that cardboard chicken on the table and play the record of a champagne bottle being opened, will you?

MORIARTY:

Right, I'll do it.

GRYTPYPE:

You say you're rich, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm an eccentric millionaire you know. Hehehehe, yes, yes. I really don't know what to do with money. I was thinking of giving it all to a fund for third rate music hall comedians.

MORIARTY:

What? I say! I say! I say! What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know. What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

MORIARTY:

Two corporation dustcarts!

GRYTPYPE:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

No, neither do I. (CLEARs THROAT) On second thoughts...

MORIARTY:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

SEAGOON:

I think I'll give it all to the next two men to swim the channel.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

TWO SPLASHES FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF MEN SWIMMING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

No, no, come back, come back.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF TWO MEN SWIMMING BACK.

MORIARTY:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I've changed my mind. No, no, I *will* give it to the next two men to swim the channel.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

TWO SPLASHES FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF MEN SWIMMING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

No, no no no no no (ETC, DIFFERENT PITCHES) Stop! I've changed my mind. I'll spend every penny on forming a new show band.

GRAMS:

BRASSY TYPE MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

No, I've got it. Yes, I've got it. I'll give it all to the man who runs a mile in three minutes.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF FEET RUNNING AWAY THEN RETURNING.

MORIARTY:

(PANTS) There, three minutes exactly.

SEAGOON:

No, I've changed my mind.

MORIARTY:

(DESPERATE) What? What? What? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

I don't know really. I tell you what. Have *you* any ideas on how to spend my money?

MORIARTY:

Ohohohoho.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, please. Let me look in my book of suggestions. A... B... C... Charlie. Neddie, have you ever heard of the Great International Christmas Pudding?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Do have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

Well, just this once. As I puffed my Queen Victoria, he told me the amazing story of the Great International Christmas Pudding, originally built at Alexandria in BC 2000, destroyed and sacked by the Catharginians under Plato's republic and its fragments scattered the length and length of the known world.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie, you saved me telling you.

SEAGOON:

Needle Nardle Noo!

GRYTPYPE:

But think, Neddie. If only all these fragments of the Great International Christmas Pudding could be found and reassembled under one roof, the whole magnificent structure could be completely restored. What an incentive to goodwill and understanding among men.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, how would... and think carefully.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

How would *you* like to join my Great International Christmas Pudding expedition?

SEAGOON:

Yesyesyesyesyesyes!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, no, though. I doubt if you have the stamina.

SEAGOON:

What? A test! A test! Give me a test!

GRYTPYPE:

Lift me on your back.

SEAGOON:

Child's play (STRAINS) Put your foot in... there!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Good! Now Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Easy (STRAINS) Watch out for the tenor's friend, there. Now what?

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) You sure you've got money?

SEAGOON:

Yes, of course I have.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Then the Ritz Carlton grill for lunch and step on it please, do you mind?

MORIARTY:

Yes and at all costs avoid Max Geldray.

GELDRAVY:

(HARMONICA SLIDE)

MORIARTY:

Too late!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ME AND MY GAL"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The Great International Christmas Pudding, second helping. Deeply impressed by the magnificent luncheon he'd bought for Lord Grytpype, Neddie decided to equip a complete Christmas Pudding expedition.

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

AFRICAN-STYLE DRUMMING AND SINGING MOYA MOYA MOYA MO, BOYA BOYA BOYA BOYA BO!

SEAGOON:

Yes, within a week, I had landed at Port Pakango. Awaiting for me on the quay was a resplendent figure wearing a tiger-skin busby, a scarlet duffel coat and kahki drill shorts and smoking a picture of Queen Victoria.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, a white man! Allow me to introduce myself, sir. Major Dennis Bloodnok, International Christmas Pudding agent for the Sudan.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what luck! The very man I'm looking for.

BLOODNOK:

You mean you're interested?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

BLOODNOK:

You don't know what you're undertaking. Do you realise there are men here who would be willing to drive you out of the country at any price?

SEAGOON:

Who are they?

BLOODNOK:

Taxi drivers.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

Neither do I.

SEAGOON:

Ha hmm. Tell me more about the pudding. Is there a portion somewhere in the Sudan?

BLOODNOK:

It's all here, lad, in Africa. Three quarters of it is worshipped as a god by the savage Naringi Burbas. And the other quarter's turned man-eater and is roaming the forest of Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

SEAGOON:

Gad! You mean that portion will have to be shot?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it will need a man with a steady eye, a hollow tooth and a wooden leg to bring it down.

SEAGOON:

Do you know of such a man?

BLOODNOK:

No, but I know a man whose advice would be invaluable to you, but, er, hmm, he'd be too expensive.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. Between you and me, how much should I offer him?

BLOODNOK:

Well, between you and me, his usual fee is a thousand, but in my estimation he's worth much more.

SEAGOON:

Two?

BLOODNOK:

Three.

SEAGOON:

Right. Who is he?

BLOODNOK:

Me.

SEAGOON:

Ahaha, Major Bloodnok. I've been told to offer you three thousand pounds.

BLOODNOK:

You've been very well advised.

SEAGOON:

Well now, what do you advise me to do?

BLOODNOK:

First, pay me the money. Er, you have money, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Of course I have money.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

Miss Throat?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Open my money chest and put on the gramophone record of seven thousand pounds in shillings.

THROAT:

Right.

GRAMS:

COINS FALLING ONTO FLOOR ONE BY ONE. CARRIES ON FOR 30 SECONDS.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute, that was only three thousand, five hundred pounds. Where's the rest of it?

SEAGOON:

I'll play you the other side.

BLOODNOK:

All right, I'll play the rest when I get home. Do have a picture of Queen Victoria, please.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Now... now tell me. What is your advice about the Great International Christmas Pudding?

BLOODNOK:

Forget all about it, lad, goodbye!

SEAGOON:

Stop! You mustn't go.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I've made up my mind. I'm going to get that Christmas Pudding and all for Britain. And I want you to accompany me on the safari.

BLOODNOK:

But I've never played one in my life.

SEAGOON:

I'll have a man flown out to teach you.

BLOODNOK:

Then I'll come. Of course, I shall need special equipment.

SEAGOON:

Such as?

BLOODNOK:

Money.

SEAGOON:

Very well. Here's a recording of a blank cheque.

GRAMS:

RECORDED SILENCE (WITH SURFACE RECORD NOISE).

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Just fill in the label for any amount you like. Now, what else do we need?

BLOODNOK:

A picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

On Bloodnok's advice, I also purchased the following vital equipment.

MILLIGAN:

One knee-action, self-reciprocating Christmas Pudding gun.

SECOMBE:

One hand-painted inflatable Christmas Pudding decoy with rubber hollow.

SELLERS:

One portable plastic and gravel road.

MILLIGAN:

One long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

SECOMBE:

One waterproof cover for same.

SELLERS:

One same.

MILLIGAN:

Thirty-three boxes of yellow kosher boots.

SECOMBE:

Another long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

SELLERS:

One uncooked leather trilby with sugar feather.

MILLIGAN:

One sixty foot explodable granite statue with built-in plunger

SECOMBE:

Detailed plans of what to do with long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

BLOODNOK:

Right, now, pack all that into the piano and burn it to ashes.

SEAGOON:

To ashes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they're much, much lighter to carry. Please, have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

Haha. Not before lunch.

BLOODNOK:

Right, then, follow me.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME, INTO MILITARY STYLE MARCH.

GRAMS:

EFFECT OF BOOTS TRAMPING ON GRAVEL.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, unknown to Seagoon, a different expedition has already reached the forest of Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po, collecting moss for the BBC. At this very moment indeed, its members are bedding down in their tents under the jungle moon.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Yim-bom-biddle-oh, melodies divine. Have you tucked the end of the sheets in, Henry?

HENRY:

Yes, yes, Min, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Have you put the hot water bottle in?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Good, good, good, good.

HENRY:

Oh, Min!

MINNIE:

It's very hot tonight, I think I'll have a cold water bottle.

HENRY:

Here, we will have to get these tents redecorated.

MINNIE:

Why?

HENRY:

The wallpaper is peeling.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I'll get a new roll from London, Henry.

HENRY:

Good, good, good.

MINNIE:

Yes, it is good.

HENRY:

Did you put the tiger out, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I did, I... I put the tiger out, Henry.

HENRY:

Then don't forget to tell the camel driver no milk tomorrow.

GRAMS:

LOUD DULL THUDS, CONTINUE UNDER FOLLOWING CONVERSATION:

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhhheeh.

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

What... what's that? What's that? Ohhh.

HENRY:

It's all right, Min, it's just those noisy people in the tent upstairs. (CALLS) Who's that walking about upstairs?

ECCLES:

(OFF) I'm the famous Eccles! I got friends in.

HENRY:

He's the famous Eccles and he's got friends in, Min. (CALLS) Do you mind taking those noisy boots off?

ECCLES:

(OFF) OK.

FX:

TWO THUDS.

MINNIE:

Ahh, that's better.

FX:

THUD

MINNIE:

Ohh, I didn't know he had three legs, Henry.

HENRY:

He hasn't, Min, he hasn't, he has a one legged friend. Good... goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, buddy.

FX:

THUD.

MINNIE AND HENRY:

Ohh!

HENRY:

He's got two one legged friends!

FX:

THUD.

MINNIE:

It's that or one three-legged friend, Henry.

HENRY:

Yes. Well, goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, little mmnnnn naughty Henry. Goodnight, little Henry! Goodnight.

FX:

ROARING.

MINNIE:

Ohh! What's that? We'll all be murdered in our beds!

HENRY:

Is that the tiger, Min? Let him in, let him in.

MINNIE:

Come in, pussy.

FX:

ROARING.

MINNIE:

Ohhoww! It isn't the tiger, Henry! It's a savage portion of the Christmas Pudding!

HENRY:

Help, Eccles, help!

MINNIE:

Helppp, Eccles!

HENRY:

Help, Eccles, help!

FX:

LOUD BANGING.

ECCLES:

(OFF) You two down there! Stop that naughty noise! I'm trying to get some sleep. I'm a brain-worker!

HENRY:

I'm sorry, Eccles. Not so loud, Min, quietly.

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(QUIETLY) Help, Eccles, help.

SEAGOON:

Keep calm, old couple. Keep calm. I heard your refined screams. Now, what's the trouble?

HENRY:

There's a savage portion of International Christmas Pudding loose in the long grass.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Just what I'm looking for. Quick, surround Africa!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

LOUD, FRANTIC SHOUTING.

SEAGOON:

Now, load that gun with thrupenny bits. Careful! Don't point that gun at me. Point it up at the ceiling.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. WHOOSH. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Look, I'm rich!

FX:

COIN FALLS ON FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Pull up your pants at once! Now then, if possible we must take the savage portion of pudding alive.

BLOODNOK:

Are you mad? That Christmas Pudding can never be held captive inside anything.

SEAGOON:

Then we must dig a pudding pit and line the sides with custard so it can't climb out.

BLOODNOK:

Brilliant, lad, brilliant. We have no time to waste. Ellington, play that crocodile quinge!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THE CROCODILE CRAWL"

GREENSLADE:

The Great International Christmas Pudding, third helping. A change of events. At dawn, a shock for our hunters.

GRAMS:

TRIBESMEN CALLING, GALLOPING AND GUNFIRE UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

Great walloping scraggles of nurgle! Look over there!

SEAGOON:

Quick. Hand me my semi-circular grass telescope.

BLOODNOK:

There.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Dear listeners. As I looked over my shoulder, I could see a terrible sight. Galloping at full tilt across the date fields was a savage portion of the Great International Christmas Pudding, hotly pursued by the ferocious tribe, the Naringi Burbas.

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Then, to our horror, they brought it down with a well aimed plasticine boomerang and saxophone mat. Curses and naughty words, we are forestalled!

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, lad, don't worry, it's a blessing in disguise.

SEAGOON:

What is?

BLOODNOK:

Sabrina with a beard.

SEAGOON:

I don't see what Sabrina needs a beard for. I think she looks attractive enough without one.

BLOODNOK:

I suppose she does really, I've never thought of it that way.

FX:

KNOCKING.

SEAGOON:

Heavens, it's two men carrying a door. Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddle.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype! So glad you came.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

Baaad, bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(AT THIS POINT, SECOMBE GETS RATHER MUDDLED AND MESSES UP THE NEXT LINE) The Naringi Burbas have captured the last pudding of the International Christmas Pudding portion. Ahahaha! Well, you know what I mean, don't you Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Hahaha! Anyway, they've had a go at it. Hmmhmm.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry Neddle. We have a guide here who knows where they live.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I know where they live, my capitain! Enter Bluebottle on cardboard horse. Signals applause on gramophone record.

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! I've had my fill of the clapping. Puts record in knapsack for next week.

SEAGOON:

Little East Finchley Arab chieftain in brown suede shoes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Lead us to the city of the Naringi Burbas and this quarter of jelly babies... is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhoh. Yehehe! I like this game! Follow me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

SINGS UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Following the tracks of the Naringi Burbas, Bluebottle led us to the great mud-walled city of Igh-East-Ac-Ton.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, there it is, capitain! Now for my reward.

SEAGOON:

Here, then, is your quarter of jelly babies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh! Thank you! Thinks: these jelly babies will increase my power of influence at school! This will make Molly Nasher think twice about me at playtime! Thinks again: I know, I will taunt her with my jelly babies. I will be a man of wealth and mystery! Ngingying! I'll make her forget about that rotten swine Harold Lane and his Tony Curtis-type haircut!

SEAGOON:

I say.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

The gates of the city aren't locked and there's no-one about.

BLOODNOK:

Flap me nurglers, the city's deserted.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yuckakakakooo!

FX:

ROARING. CONTINUES UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Oh! Run for your lives, look! The savage portion of the pudding has escaped!

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, the terrible pudding sprang into the deserted courtyard, its holly thrashing to and fro.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi Nyackoes! I know why the natives have fled. That pudding has hydrophobia!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Don't panic!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Don't panic chaps.

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Play it with the pudding cloth while I get this plate under it.

OMNES:

SHOUTING AND GROWLING.

SEAGOON:

Got it! Quick, quick, put the dish cover on!

FX:

CLANG.

BLOODNOK:

Well done, Ned. Unless you give that pudding an anti-hydrophobia injection, I promise you it won't live!

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie. You will have to do it. Take this hypodermic syringe.

SEAGOON:

All right, lift the dish-cover. Now!

FX:

COVER LIFTED. ROARING.

MORIARTY:

Under you go. Aah.

FX:

CLANG.

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty. That pudding will be worth a fortune. Now we'll ditch Neddie.

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGH) Hahahahahah.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DISH COVER.

MORIARTY:

Wait! He's knocking. Lift up the cover. Hup!

SEAGOON:

Ah. Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Neddie! How's the pudding?

SEAGOON:

(BURPS) Delicious!

MORIARTY:

You swine, Seagoon!

ORCHESTRA:

BEGIN PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

Alright, sorry, sorry, sorry, that's enough. Wooah, just a moment. Woah. Wait a moment, wait a moment, wait a moment. Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Jim Pills.

JIM PILLS

[MILLIGAN AS SPRIGGS]

(SINGS, MELODIES DIVINE - 40 SECONDS WORTH)

GREENSLADE:

Right right, thank you. Thank you, Mr. Pills. Mr. Pills was brought along to fill in as the programme was under-running.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade and the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

"CRAZY RHYTHM"

Notes:

Sisygambus was the mother of Darius II, King of Persia. Alexander the Great captured her in the Battle of Issus and held her hostage. But he treated her so well that, when peace was made and she was allowed to return to Darius, she refused.

S6 E10 - The Pevensey Bay Disaster

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

SHORT SHARP TRAIN WHISTLE.

GREENSLADE:

I would like to...

GRAMS:

TRAIN CHUGS OFF AT CARTOON SPEED.

SECOMBE:

Well, ha ha, that got rid of him. In the meantime, here is...THEGS!! Yes, THEGS. That's the short way of saying The Highly Esteemed Goon Show. Hum, hum, THEGS!!!

GRAMS:

SOLO CHINESE WOMAN SINGING HIGH-PITCHED WAILING SONG - SPEED IT UP TO GET A HIGH VIBRATO.

MILLIGAN:

Gad - how our Gracie has changed.

SELLERS:

Yes - I tell you that Isle of Capri is a sinful place.

SECOMBE:

Don't interrupt, Ned. Ned, don't interrupt. Rest your head on this razor blade and listen to the story of 'The Pevensey Bay Disaster'.

ORCHESTRA:

GREAT BUILDING TYMPANY ROLL. ANTI-CLIMAXED BY A DEMI-SEMI-QUAVER CHORD.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Here to open the tale of the great disaster is Poet and Tragedian William J. MacGoonagle.

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME (PLAYED VERY SOFTLY).

MACGOONAGLE:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooooooh!

'Twas in the month of December

In the year of 1882.

The railways lines near Pevensey Bay

Were buried under the snoo.

ECCLES:

Ooo.

MACGOONAGLE:

All through the night the blizzard fiend.

Did like a lion roar.

The snow rose up from inches three,

To inches three foot four...

And ooooo the snowwww...

GRAMS:

WIND UP AND OUT.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon, engine driver extraordinary. On the night of the great English blizzard I was dragged from a warm seat in Leicester Square and taken before the director of the famed Filthmuck and Scrampsons Railway.

LEW:

Neddie, little tittle Neddie. Sit down. Here, have a chopped liver cigarette.

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. I always chop my own.

LEW:

Good luck. Listen, Schlapper, listen. The lines between the Hastings and Pevensey Bay station are under twenty feet of schnow. Neddie... Neddie, we want you to drive a schnow-plough and clear the line before midnight.

SEAGOON:

I'll do it.

LEW:

Good, Schlapper. Here's a kosher wine gum. Off you go!

SEAGOON:

Thank you and goodbye.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

My duty was obvious - free the line at Pevensey Bay before midnight, leaving it clear for the Hastings Flyer to come through. Having given listeners the plot (BLOWS RASPBERRY), I... (CORPSES) What about a working song? Having given the listeners the plot, I made my way towards Euston Station.

MORIARTY:

Pardon me, little low suit-type man.

SEAGOON:

The stranger had stepped out of a dark overcoat. Another man stood at his shoulder.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you a match?

SEAGOON:

Only my own private one.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't look so worried, my friend and I here are members of parliament.

SEAGOON:

If you're politicians, why are you begging in the gutter?

GRYTPYPE:

Liberals.

SEAGOON:

I understand. Can I help?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Are you walking Euston station way?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, little nurke. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, this street is a non-smoker.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, my heavily oiled friend here and I are rather anxious to get to Pevensey Bay station tonight.

SEAGOON:

You'll never do it. There are no trains.

GRYTPYPE:

We know. Perhaps a lift on your snowplough?

SEAGOON:

Out of the question - it's against the rules.

GRYTPYPE:

We have money.

SEAGOON:

Money?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. To prove we're not lying, here's a photograph of a shilling.

SEAGOON:

(GASP) What wealth!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, and there are more photographs where that came from.

SEAGOON:

Gad! With that treasure hoard I could buy another match. No! I will not be tempted.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Moriarty, plan two. I'll play the violin.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN - 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, little Neddie. Have a heart, lad. We must get to Pevensey Bay station tonight. Pevensey Bay station tonight or we get killed. You see, Neddie, at midnight the Hastings Flyer is coming through. All we want to do is derail it, blow it up, open the mail van and take the gold bullion inside.

SEAGOON:

Stop! You're breaking my heart. I cannot refuse so simple a request. Be at platform 3 in 10 minutes or platform 10 in 3 minutes, whichever suits you best. But remember, bring me my photographs of the money.

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME.

MACGOONAGLE:

Ooooooooo!

Through the night the blizzard raged,
It covered Pevensy Bay station.
Inside the ticket office there,
The staff were in charge of the situation.
Ooooo.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

MINNIE:

Bim born biddle deee bim born I do dee...

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min, Minnie, Minnie. Stop that... that sinful singing.

MINNIE:

It's not sinful, it's the modern-style singing, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm not interested in the modern styles, Min. I'm more worried why we haven't sold any tickets today.

MINNIE:

I know, I know. I can't understand it.

HENRY CRUN:

Neither can I. It's the peak of our winter tourist season. I...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, yes I know.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

What... what's the weather like outside?

HENRY CRUN:

I can't see for all this snow coming down.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I think we'd better lock up for the night, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes. Only an idiot would come out on a night like this.

MINNIE:

Yes, I...

FX:

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh.

FX:

DOOR OPENS - GALE - WIND UP.

ECCLES:

Hallooooo.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh. How do you do sir?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. I'm the famous Eccles.

HENRY CRUN:

It's the famous Eccles, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooh!

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better be getting along now.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. WIND DOWN.

HENRY CRUN:

What a nice man to come a-visiting on such a night.

MINNIE:

A lovely man, Henry, lovely.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Did you see that beautiful brown paper suit he was wearing?

MINNIE:

I did, Henry, I did. There's a lot of money around these days, you know.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, there is, there must be. Well, off you go to bed, Min.

MINNIE:

Okay.

HENRY CRUN:

I think I'll keep the ticket office open a little longer just in case there's a sudden rush from the Continent.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

You never know.

GRAMS:

WINDS UP AND UNDER:-

MACGOONAGLE:

Ooooooooo

And through the night, the snow-plough train
was racing doon the line.

A lonely spectator who saw it pass
Looked up and said...

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

GRAMS:

OLD TRAIN CHUGGING ALONG. FADE UNDER:-

SEAGOON:

Gad! Race on, steel juggernaut. Hahaha. It's a wonder men can live at this speed.

GRYTPYPE:

Can't we go any faster?

SEAGOON:

Faster? Ha ha, you mad fool, we're doing eight miles an hour now.

GRYTPYPE:

Come on, be a devil.

SEAGOON:

Right. Stoker?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Take another twig out of the safe and hurl it on the furnace.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, what's the steam boiler pressure?

THROAT:

Ninety eight degrees.

SEAGOON:

Right. Run my bath.

MORIARTY:

Don't be a fool! This is no time to take a bath, it's getting late.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, plenty of time. According to the hairs on my wrist it's only half past ten.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISBELIEF) The hairs on your wrist say half past ten?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

You must be mad.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

The hairs on my wrist say eleven-thirty.

SEAGOON:

Still time for a bath *and* Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ONE TWO BUTTON MY SHOE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC RETURN TO STORY LINK.

GRAMS:

TRAIN CHUGGING THROUGH THE DRIVING BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

As I sat having my bath in the back of the snowplough, a foul trick was played.

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, Neddie! Drop that soap. Moriarty, tie his hands then hide them where he can't find them.

SEAGOON:

What a fiendish move. You naughty men! I'll write to The Times about this!

FX:

FURIOUS PEN SCRATCHING ON VELLUM OR PAPER.

SEAGOON:

Dear Sir, I wish to complain about an outbreak of hand-tying on snow-ploughs whilst taking hip baths.

GRYTPYPE:

(FURIOUS) Give me that letter! You'll not send that. Now then, lad.

FX:

FURIOUS WRITING.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear sir, today I heard the first cuckoo. There, sign that.

FX:

PEN.

SEAGOON:

You swine!

GRYTPYPE:

Good! Moriarty, post it. That'll put them off the perfume.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I'll just tie his hands again. Ahhh! There.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Now cut the knot off so he can't untie it.

MORIARTY:

Right. Right, here.

SEAGOON:

Steady with that scissors. Ooh!

MORIARTY:

Here put it in your pocket. Now, together... One! Two!

SEAGOON:

Don't throw me out!

MORIARTY:

Three.

SEAGOON:

HeIIIIppppppp...

GRAMS:

UPWARD RUSH OF TRAIN - STEAM - ROAR OF THE WHEELS GOING INTO DISTANCE (PAUSE) THEN JUST THE HOWL OF THE BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

(GASPS) I lay gasping on the railway bank. With the knot of my bonds in Grytpype-Thynne's pocket, it looked pretty hopeless for me.

ORCHESTRA:

(APPROACHING) BIG DRUM BEATING IN MARCH TIME.

BLOODNOK:

OooOoooh! I say, I say, have you seen a band go this way?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm sorry, I've only just arrived here.

BLOODNOK:

I must find them! They might be playing a different tune from me by now. Wait a minute. I know you. Aren't you Neddie Seagoon, the singing dwarf and current number one with the Grades?

SEAGOON:

If you put it that way, I am.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And you, aren't you the blaggard embezzler, no-good soak and layabout, Denis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

If you put it that way, I am.

SEAGOON:

Pleased to meet you.

BLOODNOK:

And what are you doing here?

SEAGOON:

I've just been thrown off a train.

BLOODNOK:

Any decent driver would have done the same!

SEAGOON:

If my hands weren't tied I'd strike you down with my mackerel pie and thunder straw.

BLOODNOK:

Your hands are tied?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ooo.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, take your hands off my wallet!

BLOODNOK:

(GOING OFF) Three pound ten - four pound, four pounds -

SEAGOON:

Come back with my wallet! That devil, he's gone. Thank heaven he didn't find my money belt.

GRAMS:

APPROACHING WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Aeioughh.

SEAGOON:

Take your hands off my money belt! The devil - taken all the money I stole from the kiddies' bank. But time was wasting. I had to warn the approaching Hastings Flyer of the plot to derail her. So thinking, I stumbled forwards through the blizzard. I made a pair of snow shoes but the heat of my feet melted them. Suddenly, from a nearby frozen pool I heard...

GRAMS:

SPLASH. MAN SWIMMING ON BACK, KICKING LEGS.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) In the good old summer tiiiiime. In the good old summer tiiiiime. I love swimmin'...

SEAGOON:

I say, you with the concrete underpants. Don't you feel cold in there?

ECCLES:

Nope, I got my overcoat on.

SEAGOON:

Listen, I've got to get to Pevensey Bay Station as soon as possible.

ECCLES:

Oh, you better get there as soon as possible. I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish do know that. Hey! That tricycle against the wall, whose is it?

ECCLES:

Mine. A present from an admirer.

SEAGOON:

Could you drive me to town on it?

ECCLES:

Oh, the tricycle isn't mine, the wall was the present.

SEAGOON:

Well, drive me there on that.

ECCLES:

Right, hold tight.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF MAD SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED TO SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF COMBUSTION ENGINE.

GREENSLADE:

The sound you are hearing is Neddie and Eccles driving a wall at speed. We thought you ought to know. Meantime, at Pevensey Bay station.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

HENRY CRUN:

Hello? Pevensey Bay station here.

GRAMS:

DISTORTED LONG MAD UNINTELLIGIBLE SPEECH.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm sorry, he's not in.

FX:

PHONE DOWN. DOOR BURSTS OPEN. DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(GASPING) Mr. Crun - has the snowplough been through yet?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I've had the door locked all day.

SEAGOON:

Thank yuckakabakkas we're still in time.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

First I must get these bonds untied. Have you got a knot?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, several.

SEAGOON:

Right, quick, glue one onto my bonds and then untie them.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, as knot gluing and untying has no audible sound we suggest you make your own. Within reason, that is.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER.

SEAGOON:

(DRY) I knew someone would spoil it. But now... now my hands were free, now for action.

HENRY CRUN:

What is all this about, may I ask?

SEAGOON:

Shhh, listen! Listen!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

What's that noise?

GRAMS:

VERY OBVIOUS TRAIN PULLING UP AT STATION.

HENRY CRUN:

What noise?

SEAGOON:

Listen!

HENRY CRUN:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Yes, it is! It is!

HENRY CRUN:

It's the snow-plough come to clear the line!

SEAGOON:

No. No. The two men on that snow-plough are train robbers!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

We must stop them.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't you worry, niki-niki-noo. The moment they step through that door, I'll shall let them have it with this leather blunderbuss.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) It's them! (ALoud) Ahem - come in, nice men.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. BLAST OF BLUNDERBUSS. METAL BITS FALL ON FLOOR.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you!!! What are you trying to do to Blunebottle? I was walking along collecting numbers like a happy boy train spotter when – blange! There was a blinding flash. I reeled backwards clutching my forehead. I looked down and my knees had gone. You swines, you!

SEAGOON:

Little cross-eyed hairless pipe-cleaner. Were you followed up the platform by two men?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not going to tell you, shooting at me like that.

SEAGOON:

Come, come, now, little two-stone Hercules. Tell me... tell me... tell me if you saw two men and you can have this quarter of dolly mixture.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, dolly mixtures? Thinks: With those-type sweets I could influence certain girls at playtime. That Brenda Pugh might be another Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON:

Then you'll tell me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! I saw the two nice mens walking up the line towards the signal box, yes.

SEAGOON:

We must stop them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

But we'll pause first to hear Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I WANT YOU TO BE MY BABY"

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, Ray Ellington, I'm sure you mean well. Well now, we rejoin 'The Great Pevensey Bay Disaster' inside the signal box west of Pevensey Bay station. Which will play a vitally unimportant part in the story.

GRAMS:

WIND.

WILLIUM:

Zzzzzzz, mate.

FX:

PHONE BELL RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, struth! Cor, stone-the-blind-crow-stone, mate.

FX:

PHONE BELL RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Ow ow ow ow, wossat, mate?

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's the talking telephone a-ringing, mate.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, there it goes agin, mate.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

And agin. And unless I'm mistooked, it's a-gonna go...

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

...again, mate.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK.

WILLIUM:

Hello, hello? Pevensey Bay signal box here, mate.

SEAGOON:

Listen mate, put the signals to danger. Stop the Hasting Flyer.

WILLIUM:

Oh! I'll do that, mate.

FX:

WALLOP ON HEAD.

WILLIUM:

Aaaaaeeooooouggghhh, mate!

SEAGOON:

(DISTORT) Hello? Hello? Hello, hello, mate. Hello, mate. Hello, hello, mate. Mate, hello.

FX:

PHONE IS DROPPED INTO PLACE ON HOOK.

GRYTPYPE:

All very nicely done, Moriarty mate. Now lets see, there's a bridge to the right – good. Take these sticks of dynamite, place them in the centre of the span, run the wires back here and when the Hastings Flyer comes across we just press the plunger.

MORIARTY:

Ha he ho har har. Then the money, the bullion van. Ho ho har...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Money!

GRYTPYPE:

The moolah!

MORIARTY:

April... Yes!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

April in Paris, we found a Charlie...

FX:

RATTLING OF PHONE HOOK.

SEAGOON:

Hello, signal box? Hello, hello, signal box? He's hung up.

ECCLES:

We'd better go and cut him down.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Eccles, get your wall started.

ECCLES:

Okay.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about me, Captain? Can't I come in this game?

SEAGOON:

Yes, only an idiot would leave you behind.

ECCLES:

Leave him behind!

SEAGOON:

Silence, the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

Silence, the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Take this photograph of a red flag.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Go and stand on the bridge near the signal box.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes and yes.

SEAGOON:

And if the Hastings Flyer approaches - stop it at all costs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, good, I will! I will! I will be a hero! My picture will be in the East Finchley Chronicles. 'Boy hero Blunebottles saves train from crashing' He he! Here, that will make that Muriel Bates run after me. But I will play hard to get. 'I'm sorry, Miss Bates. Shall I tell you that I am a busy boy hero? I have certain matters to attend to. Do you know that I have to be photographed with Sabrina?' He he! Yes, that is what I'll say, yes. 'Ere, thinks: That Sabrina's a nice big...

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, stop those thinks! Thinks: He's right, though, that Sabrina is a fine big girl.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, he he! I'd better start wearin' long trousers, soon.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: It's about time I started wearing them, too!

MINNIE:

Ohh, you... Oh, Mr. Seagoon. Don't leave us alone with those two train robbers about. We'll all be murdered in our long trousers.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Miss Bannister. Here, take this copy of the Nursing Mother. If you're attacked, don't hesitate to use it.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Safe at last. Ooooooh!

SEAGOON:

My dear madam, with your face you'd be safe in Portsmouth on pay night.

MINNIE:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

Come men, we must hurry. The hairs on my wrist say it's quarter to needle nardle noo.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, forward to the bridge!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY, UNCO-ORDINATED, OUT OF TUNE VERSION OF "YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, NOW / YOU'RE NOT BEHIND A PLOUGH..." INTO:

GRAMS:

FADE UP BLIZZARD AND DOWN.

WILLIUM:

Ow ow ow, you hit me on me head and tied me up, mate.

MORIARTY:

Shut up, mate!

WILLIUM:

Oh, mate.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yuk yuk kuk kukoo. Grytpype, the hairs on my wrist say it's midnight o'clock and there's no signs of the Hastings Flyer.

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, frog-eater, steady. Obviously the blizzard's delayed the train.

MORIARTY:

Well, I'm not going to wait any longer. My nerves are strained to breaking point.

FX:

VIOLIN STRING SNAPS.

MORIARTY:

There goes one now! I tell you, Grytpype, I can't stand the strain.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, will you, shut up! Open your mouth.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Close it.

MORIARTY:

Mmmm.

GRAMS:

GRENAD EXPLODES IN MOUTH. TEETH FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

You swine! My teeth! You put a grenade in my mouth! All my choppers have gone. My teeth!

GRYTPYPE:

Napoleonic swine. Frog-eating fiend, now control yourself.

MORIARTY:

Wha...? Listen!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BLOODNOK BEARING HIS BASS DRUM.

GRYTPYPE:

Great goose hooks!

MORIARTY:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, it's a military gentleman walking up the line, banging a drum.

MORIARTY:

You English are so musical.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the woods are full of them, you know. Now let's sit quietly and wait for the Hastings Flyer.

MORIARTY:

But my teeth, I must have my... (FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD UP. THEN UNDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, captain, look what I found in the bridge.

SEAGOON:

Dynamite! Thank heavens you found it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, heavens.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now, put it somewhere for safety.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I will. Moves right, puts dreaded dynamite under signal box for safety. Does not notice dreaded wires leading to plunger in signal cabin. Thinks: I'm in for the dreaded deading this week, alright.

SEAGOON:

Men, our two train robbers are up in that signal cabin.

ECCLES:

Oooh.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you go up the line and try to stop the Hastings Flyer. I'll try and put the signals to danger.

ECCLES:

Okay.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you keep me covered with this photograph of a gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right - let's go in!

FX:

DOOR KICKED.

SEAGOON:

Hands up!

GRYTPYPE:

So, Neddie, you managed to get your hands free.

SEAGOON:

Yes, they never cost me a penny, thanks to National Health!

GRAMS:

DISTANT TOOT OF TRAIN APPROACHING.

MORIARTY:

Listen, quiet, listen.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

It's the Hastings Flyer - with all the money on board. Oh, we've been foiled!

SEAGOON:

Yes! I've got to stop it or it'll crash into the snow plough at Pevensey Bay station.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, er, look, you can easily stop it. Just press this little plunger with the wires leading out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Right - ugh!

GRYTPYPE:

Here goes the bridge, Moriar...

GRAMS:

TREMENDOUS CRACKING EXPLOSION. RUBBLE HITS THE DECK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotton swines, you! You deaded Bottle-me again!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, they were all deaded. But, who got the money in the bullion van from the Hastings Flyer?

GRAMS:

DRUMS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, I'm in...

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:-

GREENSLADE:

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

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

Notes:

Pevensey Bay is a coastal town in East Sussex, UK.

On the day the show was recorded there was a serious train crash. Due to the fact that the show contains a train crash, the episode was not broadcast until two weeks after the end of the series. The script was also reused for episode 15 under the title 'The Hastings Flyer - Robbed'.

'Our Gracie' refers to Gracie Fields, an English singer and comedian who became one of the greatest stars of both cinema and music hall.

The Isle of Capri is an island off the Italian coast near Naples. In the 1950s, Capri became a popular destination for the international jet set.

Rita Hayworth was a film star and sex symbol.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

S6 E11 - The Sale of Manhattan (The Lost Colony)

Transcribed by Footo, corrections by others. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

What a beautiful melody.

SEAGOON:

Glad you like it, Mr. Greensleeves. It's the start of my great new Symphony Number Eight.

GREENSLADE:

Beautiful!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Play it again, lads!

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. You'll be pleased to note that I also wrote "The Blue Danube Waltz."

GREENSLADE:

And what about Johann Strauss?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I wrote that as well! But enough of me -- and believe me, there is enough of me. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) Listen now to the tale of... "The Lost Colony."

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SELLERS:

It was the spring of nineteen crid naught hundred and thews. The place, the Karl Marx room at the Athenaeum Club in Commercial Road. Inside were gathered important men. Men of letters. Letters like, "Dear Sir, my daughter tells me..." In one corner of a room, surrounded by a friend, was Sir Neddie Seagoon. Master at Arms, Doctor of Legs and Stoke-Newington twit. They are listening to the wireless set.

MILLIGAN:

(MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

FX:

GUNSHOT

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) You have just heard the right-honourable R.A. Butler on the financial prospects for the coming year.

SEAGOON:

Well, well well. Well, as I was saying, I said to St Bernard, 'Why not tie a gold-plated Rolls Royce round your neck and throw it off Beachy Head?'

LORD KNEES:

[SELLERS]

Why did you say that?

SEAGOON:

I haven't the slightest idea.

MEMBER:

[SELLERS]

I see, do you always make rash statements?

SEAGOON:

Only to people with rashes, mhmhm. The woods are full of them, you know.

MEMBER:

Full of what?

SEAGOON:

Trees. Ha hah ha! (LAUGHING) Woods are full of trees... (CLEARS THROAT). Well I... ah... I think I'll nip down to the stock exchange and buy a few thousand shares in plastic and twill dustbins.

LORD KNEES:

It's all right you buying these magnificent simulation shares, Seagoon, but what about the Empire, it's falling to pieces, old man.

SEAGOON:

Gad yes, Lord Knees, you're right.

LORD KNEES:

(GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

The Empire is in a state. Oh, cruel fate of a fallen giant.

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon me, sir, I couldn't help overhearing what you said.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

GRYTPYPE:

You're so blasted noisy.

SEAGOON:

Steady, flunky. Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

SEAGOON:

McCard, a Scotsman, eh? Hmm... Oh! (SHORT LAUGH) your card, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. 'Mister... Mister Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, professional patriot. Reasonable fees. Will travel anywhere. Own Union Jack. Vacant for pantomime'. Mm.

GRYTPYPE:

I can help you gentlemen reclaim portions of the Empire.

SEAGOON:

Whitechapel?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, even that.

SEAGOON:

Gad.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen of the Athenaeum Club, we shall need funds. Money!

FX:

RUNNING FEET, DOOR SLAM.

SEAGOON:

The cowards! They've all run away. (PAUSE) I stayed. Good job you grabbed me.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Good man. Now, Lord Seagoon, I've been told that you have certain monies.

SEAGOON:

Money? Me? (LAUGHS) Rubbish.

GRYTPYPE:

Empty your pockets.

FX:

SOUND OF RANDOM DROPPED OBJECTS

GRYTPYPE:

You're right, it is rubbish. One piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, Mickey Mouse watch, remains of small boiled chicken, life-size statue of Sabrina and a key.

SEAGOON:

That's the key to my uncle's safe.

GRYTPYPE:

A safe? Moriarty?

FX:

HOOFBEATS (COCONUT SHELLS)

MORIARTY:

Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Wax impression.

SEAGOON:

Wait, who is this steaming French wreck?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyukos! (BABBLE IN MOCK FRENCH) Have you never heard of the Champs Elysses?

SEAGOON:

Yes, why?

MORIARTY:

My mother. Better known to you as Montmartes. You insult me. We must fight a duel. Take this pistol.

SEAGOON:

I warn you, I never miss.

MORIARTY:

Nor I. "One Shot Moriarty" they call me. Now back to back, three paces and then we fire, monsieur.

FX:

THREE FOOTSTEPS, GUNSHOT, PAUSE, GUNSHOT, PAUSE, 2 RAPID GUNSHOTS

SEAGOON:

Shall we reload?

MORIARTY:

Thank you, they wish to know that. No, but I accept your apology.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you still interested in the Empire, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. I'd give anything to see the Union Jack flying over Grosvenor Square. Piloted by an Englishman, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, let me tell you a tale. In 1626, a Dutchman bought the land on which New York now stands from a Red Indian for a few paltry trinkets.

SEAGOON:

What were they?

GRYTPYPE:

A piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, a Mickey Mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken -- and a life-size statue of Sabrina.

SEAGOON:

The very things I had in my pocket!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes it means, Neddie, that you are a direct descendant of the Red Indian who sold the land.

SEAGOON:

What? You mean, my ancestors owned New York?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes, indeed, yes!

GRYTPYPE:

And you know what New York is worth today?

SEAGOON:

Forty thousand million billion dollars.

GRYTPYPE:

Correct. How did you know?

SEAGOON:

Just a shot in the dark.

MORIARTY:

Forty thousand million billion dollars? That money must be worth a fortune!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Well, to think they sold all that for a piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, a Mickey Mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken...

GRYTPYPE:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, yes, yes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

...a life-size...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. But what you don't know is that the man who bought New York in 1626 has since died.

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes and furthermore, Neddie, he died without any heirs.

SEAGOON:

He died bald?

MORIARTY:

Yes, but only from the waist up.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

GRYTPYPE:

Well said.

SEAGOON:

Yes it was, wasn't it?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, and this is most significant, it has been discovered that the sale of New York was illegal.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There, I said it well again.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It all means, of course, that New York really belongs to you.

SEAGOON:

Me? Then I must be a Red Indian!

GRYTPYPE:

That's it, Neddie. I'll prove it to you! Put your finger in your cake hole and wobble it about.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES INDIAN WAR WHOOP SOUND)

GRYTPYPE:

There, you speak the language fluently.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I do. (LOUDER WAR WHOOP)

GRYTPYPE:

Ha ha ha! No swearing yet.

SEAGOON:

Now, what next?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you must dress like an Indian. Take off those Welsh goatskins and wash the woad off.

FX:

THINGS FALLING ONTO FLOOR UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Yes, all right! Ha ha! Oh, watch the old tenor's... Oh, there it is, the old tenor's friend. Gad, I say, this is fun! Ha ha! Whoop! There, down to his birthday suit.

MORIARTY:

No man can look like that and live!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, now stick this feather behind your ear and put on this Indian loin cloth.

SEAGOON:

Aaahaah! Ooo! Come on, who's the joker who put a thistle in it?

MORIARTY:

Tell me, little Neddie, can you paddle a zinc bathtub?

SEAGOON:

Like a native.

MORIARTY:

Good! You're going to make the cheapest Atlantic crossing to America ever.

SEAGOON:

Not before I've heard Max Geldray play his leather earache and graphite dogbeard!

MORIARTY:

Well said.

MAX GELDRAY:

'BAIA'

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Max Geldray. Mr Geldray is always well supplied with work by his agents. In fact, his bank balance now stands at four hundred and eighty pounds in bright red letters. Now, we return you to the story 'The Lost Colony'.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

GRAMS:

OCEAN SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Yes, I paddled my zinc bath towards my rightful heritage. After a mere thirteen months, I entered the harbour of New York and pulled into the quay. I was given an ovation. I still have it on my mantelpiece to this day.

GRYTPYPE:

What Neddie didn't know was an American company, the makers of Filth Muck, the detergent with the lead bubbles, had offered a prize of twenty dollars to the first idiot to cross the Atlantic in a zinc bath dressed as a Red Indian.

SEAGOON:

As I lay in hospital recovering from my trip, the phone rang.

GRAMS:

FOGHORN

SEAGOON:

In American.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But how did you know it was me before I spoke?

SEAGOON:

Well, you're so tall.

GRYTPYPE:

So I am. But you too can be tall, Neddie. Buy my book, "How to be Three Inches Taller."

SEAGOON:

Then what?

GRYTPYPE:

Stand on it.

SEAGOON:

Never mind those subtle jokes. What about New York, eh? When do I get it? When do I? Hey? Hey? Hey? My heritage, when do I get it? Ha ha ha, hmm hmm.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well you see there's been a bit of a broohaha, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Well, America, it appears, won't give up New York to anybody without a legal tussle.

SEAGOON:

But I haven't got a legal tussle, my, folks were poor!

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind, Neddie, the woods are full of them. But first, I must get you an astute lawyer. Anyway, meantime you must disguise yourself as a beaver, swim cautiously up the Hudson, at all times keeping in touch by telephone.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRAMS:

LARGE SPLASH

SEAGOON:

I struck out with my powerful trudgen stroke. By dawn of the needle nardle noo, I had reached the Indian reservation of Standingroomonly!

BLOODNOK:

Aieargh ai-oh-ergh. Minnie haha. Little bull, big bull. Hiawatha and other Indian layabouts.
(WOBBLES FINGER IN MOUTH WITH SEAGOON)

SEAGOON:

Are you really a Red Indian?

BLOODNOK:

What? Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Are you really a Red Indian?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... yes, I am, yes.

SEAGOON:

Then why does the red keep coming off your skin?

BLOODNOK:

I'm anaemic, that's why. Aieargh Woai-oh-woergh. Woow! Now Grytpype tells me you want an Indian birth certificate.

SEAGOON:

I do, I do. Woowoowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Waargh! Now let's commence the mystical initiation ceremony. Chief Troubleitz.

CHIEF:

[ELLINGTON]

Me here. You call, needle nardle noo?

BLOODNOK:

Start playing the ancient tom-toms.

CHIEF:

Right!

ORCHESTRA:

FLUTE MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Eh! That's not a tom-tom, that's a piper!

CHIEF:

Yes, that's tom-tom the piper's son.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that! Now play that tom-tom or I'll cancel your booking with Geraldo tonight.

CHIEF:

I play, cor blimey.

GRAMS:

TOM-TOMS

BLOODNOK:

Ahh. Oh, brave Seagoon. Step forward for the mystical initiation ceremony.

SEAGOON:

Woowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Wooarghwarg! Now, place a hundred dollars in the palm of your hand.

SEAGOON:

Woowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Good. Now say after me, 'This is *your* hundred dollars'.

SEAGOON:

This is *your* hundred dollars.

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER SOUND

BLOODNOK:

Ah, the old Jewish piano! Now, give me your wallet, will you? Thank you.

CHIEF:

Look out, Bloodnok, man, the police!

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Weeiogh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS FLEEING

SEAGOON:

Oh, it was a sad sight to see the noble red chief running away from the horrors of the white man. But nevertheless, before he had gone, he had made me a full-blooded half-breed Welsh Red Indian. I was now ready to claim New York! Woowwoowhooo!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

GAVEL POUNDING

LEW:

Silence in court! The 24th court of the Brooklyn district of Manhattan is now in session. The case of Chief Ned Goon versus the United States of America. And I'll lay ten to one this Schnorrer gets thrown out on his ear. And now, the court will rise. Judge Feryerself presiding!

JUDGE:

[ELLINGTON]

Gentlemen!

ORCHESTRA:

SHAKING TAMBOURINE, THUMP.

JUDGE:

Be seated. Now, Is the counsel for Chief Ned Seagoon ready?

HENRY AND MINNIE:

Yes, we're coming buddy, we're coming, oh, dear.

JUDGE:

C'mon, hurry up then. I've got a robbery to do at three.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

We had to get the documents, you know.

MINNIE:

Must have the documents, you know.

HENRY:

Oh, yes. The documents have got to be got.

MINNIE:

Yes, bravo, Henry.

HENRY:

Bravo, Min. You did bring them, Min, didn't you?

MINNIE:

Well -- what?

HENRY:

The documents. You've got to have the documents.

MINNIE:

You've got to get them.

HENRY:

You've got to get them, Min.

SEAGOON:

This, then, was the great legal team, Bannister and Crun, who were to defend my claim. They were said to be the finest lawyers in Rockall.

HENRY:

Chief Seagoon, now what is this case all about?

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) I'm a Red Indian from Wales from the prairie, you see. Woowooo! And New York belongs to me!

MINNIE:

Oh...

HENRY:

And we're supposed to be defending you?

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye. Woowoo!

HENRY:

Your honour, we plead guilty but insane!

SEAGOON:

I'm not insane!

HENRY:

I'm not talking about you, *I'm* pleading guilty, but insane. I repeat, we plead insanity.

ECCLES:

I object!

HENRY:

Why?

ECCLES:

That's my excuse.

HENRY:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles.

JUDGE:

Oh, stop all this high-falutin' talking, cor blimey. Chief Seagoon, state what you are claiming.

SEAGOON:

I claim that New York belongs to me!

JUDGE:

Yeah? New York belongs to you? Man, I sentence you to be deported, or America will leave the country, cor blimey. And to make it worse, I'm going to sing!

MINNIE, HENRY, SEAGOON:

(GENERAL HUB-HUB)

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PERFORMS 'I LOVE TO RIDE'

SEAGOON:

That night, in my cell, I sat depressed. For three years I sat in darkness. I kept my eyes closed. But by tapping on the water pipes, I managed to converse with another prisoner.

FX:

TAPPING SOUNDS ON PIPES, WITH DISTANT REPLIES

SEAGOON:

In time we got quite friendly and had some quite chatty conversations.

FX:

VARIETY OF QUICK TAPPING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

For three years he and I communicated by tapping on the water pipes. It was all very silly, really; we were both in the same cell. So, in time, I was paroled. My first thoughts were of revenge against America. I'd blow it up, if only I had a brave friend.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will be your brave friend, my captain. Hooray! Enter Bluebottle making signs to audience for applause. I'll have to learn some more signs like that.

SEAGOON:

Little clever finger manipulator, let me tell you who I am.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'm great Red Indian chief Ned Seagoon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What, a Red Indian? Bang-bang, you're dead. I am Indian Scout of the Plains and Prairies Blunebottle. Bange-bange, you're dead. You're now writhing on the ground. It's all up with you, red chief devil. I am the fearless lion-hearted Blunebottle, brave killer of Indians. Bang -- aaaoooh! There's a caterpillar crawling up my neck!

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I'll get David Attenborough to take it away. Now... now, little East Finchley cardboard wreck.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Help me blow up New York and this quarter of Dolly mixtures is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhoh! Well, Dolly mixtures, where you heading? Thinks: With those type sweets, my teacher, Miss Gringe, would keep me in after school. I think that would be a good game, he he he!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, Bluebottle, stop those naughty thinks. Give me back those sweets. Now, where did you say this Miss Gringe lives?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, ooooh. I will not tell you where Miss Gringe is, hoo hoo. You shall not harm a hair on her head.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She's bald! Hoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Come, lad, enough of this. New York is to be blown up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll go and get a pump!

SEAGOON:

With dynamite, lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, here we go again! I'm frightened to do it alone.

SEAGOON:

Oh, if only there was another idiot.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Close the door, they're coming through the window. Close the door, they're coming up the stairs. Close the roof, they're coming through the ceiling. Those...

GRAMS:

VARIETY OF MAD SOUND EFFECTS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) ...are everywhere.

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

Help Bluebottle with this dynamite.

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll get it onto his back.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I must not carry that. I'm the superior-type brains, I have got.

ECCLES:

Oh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You carry it, you're less clever than me.

ECCLES:

Oh, no, I ain't. I'm clever. I got it up here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then. We will have a great test of brains. Whoever loses carries the box of dynamite.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. We'll see who's clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we will.

ECCLES:

We'll see who carries the box.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Go on... go on, then. Give me a... a tricky question.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then, I will. I'll give you a tricky one. What is one plus one?

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) (SOUNDS OF HEAVING) That's got the box on my back. Hey, wait. Wait a minute, you haven't answered a question from me, yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Give me one, my great brain is pounding.

ECCLES:

Okay! (ASIDE) This'll get him, folks. (NORMAL) Now then, what's the name of the Prime Minister?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Um, Lloyd George.

ECCLES:

Good, it's a good job for you you knew.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Yes, I did.

ECCLES:

Let that be a lesson to you.

SEAGOON:

All right, men. Enough of this intellectual sparring. Now, take this dynamite down to the New York sewers and at midnight, set it off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, follow me!

ECCLES:

Here, watch that.

ORCHESTRA:

MARCH, THEN DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

At five to midnight I lay in my penthouse. Five minutes more and I, the red man, will have revenged himself! (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Calm down, Neddie. Nothing to worry about, your records are selling well.

SEAGOON:

Yes, the woods are full of them.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, what is the plan for this Charlie?

GRYTPYPE:

Simple, Moriarty. The moment he blows up New York, we take him to the police and get the reward for handing in a felon.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BRITISH CONSUL:

[GREENSLADE]

Hello, Chief Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Wooowooowoo!

BRITISH CONSUL:

Good. British Consul, Washington, here.

SEAGOON:

How do you do, Mr. Washington?

BRITISH CONSUL:

Oh, fine, Jim. Fine, fine, thank you very much, Jim. Now, on the point of law, the United States government have discovered that you were right and that New York *is* yours. Therefore, they have decided to give it to you.

SEAGOON:

What? I'm rich! Rich! I'm rich! No! No, wait, wait! Hello, get me Bluebottle!

FX:

POUNDING ON PHONE CRADLE

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! Bluebottle, don't light the fuse on the...

GRAMS:

LOUD, LONG EXPLOSION, FADES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will be relieved to learn that what they are hearing is not really New York being blown up. It is a recording specially made to simulate the sound of New York being blown up. For this, a life-size replica of New York was built at Wanstead and blown up. And all this just for one pound a year.

ORCHESTRA:

MELANCHOLY VIOLIN PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND

SEAGOON:

Alas, New York, all destroyed. Wait, what is this little blackened twig lying prostrate in the gutter? I'll pick it up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Put me down, you rotten swine! You deaded me. I'm shattered and my beautiful cardboard sailor hat is all singed.

SEAGOON:

Rest in pieces, little nurk.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeough.

SEAGOON:

Your lot is better than mine. I, who have wilfully destroyed New York. New York, worth -- let me see, I've got it here on a piece of paper -- four billion, three million, eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty-four dollars and sixteen cents. Now look at it, a blackened ruin!

RED INDIAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Hmm, me buyum. Me buy wasteland, cor blimey.

SEAGOON:

A Red Indian! What'll you give me for it? Ten dollars? Fifty dollars?

RED INDIAN:

No, me give you - and I quote early part of show - a piece of string, eleven pence in notes, a mickey mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken...

SEAGOON:

(OVERLAPPING) Oh, no! No! No!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

Notes:

The Athenaeum Club is a gentlemen's club in London. It was founded in 1823 for individuals known for scientific, literary or artistic accomplishments and patrons of the same.

Grosvenor Square is a large garden square in the exclusive Mayfair district of London.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

The Hudson is a river running mainly through New York State.

Trudgen stroke is a type of swimming stroke.

Hiawatha who lived around 1550, was a leader of the Onondaga and Mohawk nations of Native Americans.

Geraldo was a British bandleader.

Rockall is a very small, rocky island in the North Atlantic.

David Attenborough is a presenter of natural history documentaries.

Lloyd George was a British statesman and the last member of the Liberal Party to be Prime Minister. He died in 1945, ten year before this episode was recorded.

Schnorrer is a Yiddish term meaning 'beggar' or 'sponger'.

S6 E12 - The Terrible Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu

Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Now here is a record.

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

"This is the BBC Light Programme."

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. We present the story of Fred Fu-Manchu and his Bamboo Saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE

SELLERS:

Now, let us turn back the clock to the year 1895. The year of the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE

FX:

FADE IN, CROWD NOISE

SECOMBE:

My lords, ladies and gentlemen. We come now to the concluding round of the world's international heavyweight saxophone contest. From the Orient, with his bamboo saxophone, Fred Fu-Manchu!

GRAMS:

SLIGHT CLAPPING

FU-MANCHU:

[MILLIGAN]

I thank you.

SECOMBE:

And on my right, representing the Empire and wearing the kilt, a shamrock, four leeks and a thistle, with a turban made out of our glorious Union Jack -- Major Dennis Bloodnok -- an Englishman!

GRAMS:

FURORE, CHEERS

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ohh...

SECOMBE:

Thank you, thank you. First, we will give a fair hearing to Mr Fred Fu-Manchu.

FU-MANCHU:

I thank you. (CLEARS THROAT)

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE - LAST 8 BARS OF 'VALSE VANITE', FOLLOWED BY SILENCE

SECOMBE:

And now -- the British contender -- Major Bloodnok!

GRAMS:

VAST CHEERS

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you. (CLEARS THROAT)

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE - A SINGLE NOTE

SECOMBE:

The winner!

GRAMS:

VAST CHEERS, CROWD SINGING 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY'

SECOMBE:

Quiet! Quiet please! Quiet! Settle down! By the merest chance, it so happens that Major Bloodnok's name is already engraved on this magnificent silver cup.

GRAMS:

SWAMP WITH CHEERS

FU-MANCHU:

Stop! Ahhhh! English people most dishonest! I make terrible revenge on white man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

'The Fearful Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu, the disappointed oriental bamboo saxophonist'. Chapter One. A Blow Is Struck.

FX:

THUD

GREENSLADE:

Oooh!

SELLERS:

Chapter Two. Funeral Of An Announcer.

GRAMS:

FAST FUNERAL MARCH (FADES)

SECOMBE:

Chapter Three.

GREENSLADE:

The scene is in Outer Mongolia where within a life-sized reproduction of the Kremlin, three sinister figures are stooped over a hellish brew in a magnificently-equipped laboratory.

GRAMS:

BUBBLING

OMNES:

CHINESE BABBLING

FU-MANCHU:

(RAGING) Listen, listen, listen to me! Oh, Boy! You see this liquid here? It will bling just letlibution on all white men for foul tlick played on me at Clystal Palacklicklack... Listen boys: Anybody dlinking one dlop of this liquid will immediately explode at anything he points at. Oh, boy! Now we have plenty fun with white devils!

CHINESE:

[SECOMBE]

But - but how are we going to get fatal liquid dlunk by stupid white man?

FU-MANCHU:

It is very simple! Put in whiskey bottle and leave bottle in Hyde Plark!

ORCHESTRA:

PASSAGE OF TIME

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Oh, la, la la la-la... (SPEAKS) Oh! Here I am, six months later in Hyde Park. And see! Someone has... someone has put a naughty bottle of whiskey by my ancestral home, i.e. the dustbin. Any questions? Ohh! And what? Unless I am much mistaken, I am about to open the bottle.

FX:

BOTTLE POP

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. (GULPS) Ah! That's better.

FX:

SLIGHT EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Manners!

FU-MANCHU:

Ah, pardon me, please.

BLOODNOK:

What do you want, you fiendish yellow devil carrying a bamboo saxophone?

FU-MANCHU:

What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Are you one of those Boxer villains?

FU-MANCHU:

Pardon?

BLOODNOK:

Have you never heard of the Boxer Rising?

FU-MANCHU:

Only after the count of ten.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that!

FU-MANCHU:

Neither do audience! Now listen, kind friend.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

FU-MANCHU:

Will do honorable flavour for me, please?

BLOODNOK:

What do you want me to do? What do you want me to do? How much? Anything for money, you know, anything. Here's the advertisement I put in the paper. Look here. 'Wanted -- Money! No reasonable offer refused'.

FU-MANCHU:

Now, please.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

FU-MANCHU:

Here. Take five shillings. Now, point finger at policeman over there.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, I've exploded a constable! I've never known a copper go so far. What does this mean?

FU-MANCHU:

It means you will point at everything I tell you and poof!

BLOODNOK:

I won't do it. I won't do it, do you hear me! You'll have to force me.

FU-MANCHU:

What with?

BLOODNOK:

Money.

FU-MANCHU:

Vely well. Vely well. But you are my plisoner.

BLOODNOK:

What?

FU-MANCHU:

Only I can remove your fatal plower.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

FU-MANCHU:

Raise hands and ears above head, please and follow me. (GOES OFF)

BLOODNOK:

You've got me, you've got me, you've got me... (ASIDE) But don't worry, dear listeners. Don't worry, dear listeners. I will secretly type a help note and leave it with a life-like oil-portrait of this yellow fiend underneath a convenient stone along with this recording of Max Geldray. There.

MAX GELDRAY:

"EXACTLY LIKE YOU"

GREENSLADE:

'The Dreadful Revenge of...' Er... That fellow... you know, that chap with the explodable finger. What's his name? Er... I'll get it in a minute. Don't go away. Erm... (HUMS AND HAWS)

SELLERS:

I'd like to tell listeners that Mr Greenslade is the only BBC announcer not so far approached by commercial television.

GREENSLADE:

I've got it! I've got it! 'Fred Fu-Manchu', Part Two.

SEAGOON:

You'll get it one day, Greenslade. (CLEARs THROAT) That night I was in my office at Scotland Yard listening to the commercial television with the picture turned down.

ANNOUNCER:

[ELLINGTON]

(DISTORTED) We interrupt this advertisement to give police message. Scotland Yard anxious to contact man with explodable finger, accompanied by sinister chinaman, who have already blown up 27,000 metal saxophones. Birmingham 4, Arsenal 0, cor blimey.

FX:

CLICK

SEAGOON:

Sergeant!

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

This is terrible!

THROAT:

What?

SEAGOON:

Birmingham 4, Arsenal 0? Yes. And then there's that dreadful Chinese saxophone destroyer! My honour as Chief Commissioner depends upon his instant apprehension. By heavens! I'll offer a thousand pounds for...

MORIARTY:

A thousand pounds for what? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Let me do the talking, Moriarty. Our card.

SEAGOON:

What's this? 'Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty'?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

'Eiffel Tower Specialists'?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

That's no good to me. I want men to track down the saxophone exploder.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. These Eiffel Towers are simply a disguise. Moriarty, take off your Eiffel Tower, would you?

MORIARTY:

(STRAINS) Ummmmm-mph.

GRYTPYPE:

There, you see underneath he's wearing his anti-saxophone exploding set.

SEAGOON:

The very men I want! Get Fred Fu-Manchu!

MORIARTY:

(MANIACAL LAUGH) What about the money? The money?

SEAGOON:

I'll give you an advance. Here's an oil painting of a cheque for three hundred pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. Moriarty, take this to the Royal Academy and cash it.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Back to the case. Now then, Neddie, whom do you suspect?

SEAGOON:

The Referee. He was obviously on Birmingham's side. I mean, Arsenal should have been three up by half time.

GRYTPYPE:

I know that, I know that, I know that, I know that. I mean the saxophone exploder.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. Fred Fu-Manchu.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

He's trying to finish Britain as a saxophone-playing nation.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! That goes pretty deep. Well, it's obvious that we've got to stop him. Where is this fiend?

SEAGOON:

I'm told he's in the vicinity.

GRYTPYPE:

Then we must wait until he comes out.

SEAGOON:

But he'll recognise us in these uniforms of plain-clothes men!

GRYTPYPE:

Then, we shall disguise ourselves. I know. I know, you put on Moriarty's Eiffel Tower and I'll walk behind him in mine.

SEAGOON:

But wait! If Fu-Manchu sees two Eiffel Towers together, he'll know one of them is a phoney.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you have a sharp mind.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Two Eiffel Towers must never be seen together. Take it off and we'll use my portable Nelson's column instead. You stand on top and I'll wheel you along.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but won't that be rather conspicuous?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, certainly not, Neddie. I'll enclose the whole thing in a cardboard replica of Charing Cross Station.

SEAGOON:

To think I doubted you!

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Have this water-colour of a cheque for 50 pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Moriarty!

FX:

WHOOSH

MORIARTY:

Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take this to the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters and have it changed into woodcuts.

FX:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Now then, Neddie, are you on top of the column?

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Right! Off we go!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Curse these blasted pigeons!

FX:

FADE IN UNDER FOLLOWING, SLIGHT TRAFFIC

GREENSLADE:

And so, disguised as Charing Cross Station on wheels, they moved cautiously up the Strand until they were suddenly halted at the Adelphi by a familiar voice.

BLOODNOK:

Roll up, there! Roll up! Tonight, for one night only, Jim Fu-Manchu, amazing oriental conjurer. No relation to naughty Fred. Seats at the box office or, at a slight reduction, from me personally. Magnificent simulation gold watch here.

SEAGOON:

Look! Look! Dennis Bloodnok, the confederate of Fu-Manchu! Jim must be Fred in disguise. No Chinaman could have a name like Jim.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, we've got him! You cover the back and we'll cover the front.

GRYTPYPE:

And that's how he got away at the side.

FX:

CHINESE GABBLING. CAR REVVED UP FAST AND AWAY

SEAGOON:

There he goes!

FX:

TWO SHOTS

MORIARTY:

I think you've wounded him. Yes! Look! Here's a trail of fresh noodles.

SEAGOON:

After him! After him! Quick! Into the squad car and hold tight.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS OR SLOW RECORD OF HORSE AND CART

SEAGOON:

Can't you go any faster?

MORIARTY:

Of course - giddap!

FX:

HORSE AND CART EFFECT SPEEDED UP TO FANTASTIC SPEED

SEAGOON:

Stop!

FX:

STOPS AT ONCE

SEAGOON:

We've reached a crossroads.

MORIARTY:

Wait! The trail of noodles has stopped and continues with preserved ginger!

SEAGOON:

We must hurry. He's reached his last course. Which road has he taken?

MORIARTY:

The one to Dewsbury. All Jews lead to the Dewsbury.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Then we haven't a moment to lose. Giddap there!

FX:

HORSE AND CARTS RESTARTS AND SPEEDS UP. FADE DOWN UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

Dewsbury! That was the significant word. As Seagoon well knew, in Dewsbury resided the player-owner of the last remaining metal saxophone in England.

FX:

(FADES IN) BUBBLING CAULDRON

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY HOT SAXPHONE SOLO: "YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS"

FX:

TERRIFIC STEAM JET

MINNIE:

(SCREAMS) Ooow-owwww, you... Oh, dear, ohhhh.... Dear, dear...

CRUN:

Keep still, Minnie, keep still. Hold that saxophone still.

MINNIE:

But it's getting hot, Henry.

CRUN:

I don't care, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

CRUN:

How can I get this jet of green steam up it if you jiggle about?

MINNIE:

Why... why do I have to have a jet of green steam up my saxophone? (MILLIGAN CRACKS UP)

CRUN:

I keep telling you. That naughty saxophone exploder, Fred Fu-Manchu, is after your saxophone.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

CRUN:

And this green steam will immunise it.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Now, once again. One... Two...

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONE SOLO: "IN THE MOOD"

FX:

TERRIFIC STEAM JET AS BEFORE

MINNIE:

(SCREAMS)

CRUN:

No, it's no good, Minnie. You were playing the wrong tune, you. It must be 'The Yellow Man from Texas'.

MINNIE:

I'm sick and tired of playing that one, buddy.

CRUN:

Then... then... then play the modern-rhythm-style "Riding on a Rainbow" and I'll put on this record of Mr Ray Ellington to accompany you.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RIDING ON A RAINBOW"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington of whom it has been said. Next, we present 'The Dreaded Revenge of Fred Fu-Manchu', Part 4. And I quote, 'Part 4'. The story up to now. By passing him twice, Seagoon managed to reach the Bannister residence ahead of the dreaded Fu-Manchu.

SEAGOON:

Now to organise the defence. Who'll volunteer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will, my captain, I will. Enter Balloonbottle, son of the regiment, with cardboard waterpistol and water in empty lemonade bottle.

SEAGOON:

Noble lad! Bluebottle - from the right - number!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sixty-three.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Curse! Sixty-two deserters. Oh, if we only had some more idiots to make up the number.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHES, SINGING) Twenty tiny fingers, twenty tiny toes. That's my boy.

SEAGOON:

You! From the right - number!

ECCLES:

One!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, form fours!

FX:

SQUAD FORMS FOURS

SEAGOON:

Let's see them do *that* on television! Now, Bluebottle, take this stick of dynamite.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I don't like this game.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Now. If you see Fu-Manchu come up that road, light the fuse, count scamson and throw it under his car. Understand?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Good! Farewell.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're going to light the nice stick of dynamite, aren't you?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How many have you got to count up to before it explodes?

ECCLES:

Oh... Um... I... I dunno.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you'd better light it and count how long it takes then you'll know, won't you?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah. I'll light it now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, not yet. Wait till I get behind that tree.

FX:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) It's all right!

FX:

MATCH STRUCK AND FIZZLE CONTINUING UNDER --

ECCLES:

OK. One... Two... Three... Four... Five... Erm... Six! It's getting difficult here. Ah! Seven. A good job I went to College. Seven... er...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) What are you waiting for, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) What comes after seven?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) What did you say? I can't hear what did you say.

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) I said, 'what comes after seven?'

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) I - can't - hear - you!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) OK, I'll come over.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHOUTING, OFF) No, no, no, no! Do not bring that dreaded dynamite over here to me. I'll come over to *you*! (APPROACHING) Now then, now then, what is it, then?

ECCLES:

Well, I want to know...

FX:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

(CALLING) Bluebottle? Bluebottle!? Ooooooh... What's this custard on the wall?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you touch me, you rotten swine, you. Scrape me off and take me home.

SEAGOON:

Keep quiet, you two.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Keep quiet you two, you two keep quiet!

SEAGOON:

(FLUFFS LINE) Oh, needle-nardle-needle-noodle-nardle-ha-hum-ho-hee-hoh.

MILLIGAN:

Well said!

SEAGOON:

I'm just about to knock at the Minnie Bannister Home for Part 5 of the Fearful Fu-Manchu Story.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

(RASPBERRY BLOWN) Ohhh! Who's there?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) It's me.

MINNIE:

Henry, there's a man called 'Me' at the door.

CRUN:

Me?

MINNIE:

Me.

CRUN:

He'll have to prove it. (RAISES VOICE) You, out there!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes?

CRUN:

Prove you're me.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) All right. I'm Henry Crun.

CRUN:

Oh, that's me, Minnie, yes. Min, open the door and let him in.

MINNIE:

But you are in, Hen.

CRUN:

Well, you'll have to let me out again.

MINNIE:

Why?

CRUN:

Because I'm out there waiting to come in.

MINNIE:

Oh, very well.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. PAUSE.

SEAGOON:

Now then, Mr Crun, I want to warn you that...

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Who... who's that out there?

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's me. You've locked me out.

CRUN:

Nonsense. Me just came in. He's here now.

MINNIE:

(OFF) No, no, it's me, Minnie.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Quick! That's the woman I'm here to protect. Open the door.

CRUN:

Very well, very well. But I must let Minnie in first.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Thank you, Henry.

CRUN:

That's all right, Min. Now then, dear, what were you...

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Who's there?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) It's me. She isn't here.

CRUN:

Rubbish! Rubbish. She *is* here, aren't you, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'm here, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, she...

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Well, you're not out here.

MINNIE:

Oh. Are you sure?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes. Come out and have a look.

MINNIE:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Ohhh! You're right, I'm not. Help! I'm lost! We'll all be murdered in our beds, oh! (GOES ON HAVING HYSTERICS)

GRAMS:

IN DISTANCE, 'Valse Vanite' ON SAXOPHONE

SEAGOON:

Listen! That's Fred Fu-Manchu playing his dreaded oriental bamboo saxophone. And the swine is playing in a different key.

MORIARTY:

Quick! We must fly. He's closing in from all directions.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BLOODNOK:

Aiaough! Don't move, anyone! I've got you covered with my finger!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you treacherous renegade!

BLOODNOK:

This is no time for compliments. Now where's that last English saxophone, eh? Come on!

MINNIE:

I won't show it to you.

BLOODNOK:

What! It's Minnie!

MINNIE:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse! Also the darling of his heavy one.

MINNIE:

Oh, Dennis. Daring Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, darling, dance with me.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...!

GRAMS:

FAST 'BLUE DANUBE'

SEAGOON:

Stop this! Stop this, you crazy Sabrina and Michael Wilding!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes. I was forgetting my duty to friend Fu-Manchu. Now then, where's the saxophone, eh? I intend to destroy it with my explodable finger.

ECCLES:

Over my dead body.

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

That's that settled!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you've killed the noble Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Well?

SEAGOON:

Congratulations.

ECCLES:

Yeah! Well done!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Enough of these pleasantries! Now, where's that saxophone? Fu-Manchu promised me ten pounds to destroy it.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you fifteen pounds to join *us*.

BLOODNOK:

The swine Fu-Manchu can't buy me with money!

SEAGOON:

Oh, noble Englishman!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind that. Where's the cash?

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Ah, the old Jewish piano.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

FU-MANCHU:

Ah! Fiendish Bloodnok, you have betrayed me. I point explodable finger at you. Take that!

FX:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's got Bloodnok.

FX:

THREE QUICK EXPLOSIONS

FU-MANCHU:

There! Have destroyed everybody except you, Mister Seagoon and Glytypy-Thynne.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no! Spare our lives and I'll give you the last metal saxophone to destroy.

FU-MANCHU:

Oh, boy, a tuddy! Now I will be champion bamboo saxophonist of Universe.

FX:

TYPING

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, I surreptitiously typed a short note to Grytypy-Thynne and passed it to him.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, listen. A letter from you.

SEAGOON:

Really? What does it say?

GRYTPYPE:

'Dear Grytypy, while I engage this bamboo saxophonist in mortal conversation, slip round under his kimono and bore a few holes in his bamboo saxophone'.

FU-MANCHU:

Please, not so loud, I can hear you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. (QUIETLY) 'P.S. Don't let him hear you reading this letter or it will mean certain death for both of us'.

FX:

TWO EXPLOSIONS

GREENSLADE:

And, by George, he was right. Tickets are now on sale in the foyer for tonight's recital by Fred Fu-Manchu, the world's only bamboo saxophonist. I thank you.

GRAMS:

'VALSE VANITE' ON SAXOPHONE, FADES

GREENSLADE:

All complaints about the Goon Show should be addressed to 'Life with the Lyons', Alexandra Palace, West Croydon. So, good night.

FX:

EXPLOSION

FU-MANCHU:

Oh, boy! I got him, too!

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 and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

The Boxer Rising was a Chinese rebellion against foreign influence in areas such as trade, politics, religion and technology that occurred in China from 1899 to 1901.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

Michael Wilding was an English actor.

'Life with the Lyons' was a BBC radio situation comedy. A TV version was also made.

S6 E13 - The Lost Year

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections by Paul Webster. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Gee-yup!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING AWAY.

SECOMBE:

He'll be back.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING BACK.

GREENSLADE:

Woah! Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah. (GASPING FOR BREATH) I'm... I'm... I'm awfully sorry. I omitted to say this is the highly esteemed Goon Show. Gee-yup there, gidup!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING AWAY.

SECOMBE:

There he goes, riding the Minister of Transport's Horse. Ha, ha, ha. Crazy Wallace Greenslade. The only BBC announcer the ITA won't take. And after all those presents he sent them! Ha, ha! Still... *mine* apparently did the trick. Ha, ha, ho-hum.

MILLIGAN:

Stop! Stop this sinful talk, you crazy people and let me tell you the story of... "The Lost Year". Oh, ho, ho, ho.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

HERN:

Yes, "The Lost Year". The greatest motion-picture of all time. You will want to see this film the moment you see the X certificate.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

HERN:

Yes, "The Lost Year" made at a cost of thirty-three billion dollars and filmed on the very spot in Spain, Madrid, Africa, Jersey, Gurnsey and socks. A cast of thousands. Ten years in the making. See handsome midget Harry Secombe with a singing voice of Mario Lanza and the body of Owen Bowels. See the voluptuous Minnie Bannister dance the sensuous sinful "Knees Up Mother Brown"

MINNIE:

Ahhh ha ha.

HERN:

See the famous Eccles in his greatest role to date. His *only* role to date. See it all on the new insanitary stethoscope four sided screen. Made in glorious three dimensional hysterical gorilla colour, with the new explodable multi-gringe sound process. You saw them in "Dustbins At Dawn". You saw "The Son Of Lassie's Owner". You saw "They Died With Their Boots Reversed". Then see them in "The Lost Year" and prove you're still an idiot when it comes to pictures. Here, then, like all the other Hollywood... is "The Lost Year"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK. HARP.

GRAMS:

BELLS - THREE STRIKES AT VARYING SPEED GOING UP THEN DOWN IN TONE.

FX:

TROTting HORSE SLOWING DOWN AS GREENSLADE STARTS SPEAKING:

GREENSLADE:

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah. (GASPING FOR BREATH) London, 1955. The scene, Pebble Lane off Fleet Street. Gee-yup there, gidup.

FX:

COCONUT SHELL - HORSE SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Ah, here we are. "Crun and Company - Stationers at Large"

FX:

DOOR OPENED. DOOR BELL TINKLE. DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Service! Shop! Anyone about? Hmm.

FX:

SMALL SHOP HAND BELL RAPIDLY SHAKEN.

SEAGOON:

Come, come, good shop keeper. Where are you? I'm in a hurry, you understand, I'm in a hurry. This delay will go hard with you, ho, ho, ho. I tell you I'm an MP and an honest citizen who desires a purchase. I have certain monies in my belt that I...

FX:

SHOP DOOR BELL. DOOR CLOSED.

ECCLES:

Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

ECCLES:

You can't fool me with them big words.

SEAGOON:

Stand a-both-sides, man. Now, come, come along, anybody about?

ECCLES:

Yeah me!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Hey, you goin' ta buy somethin'?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Mind if I watch?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. Here, sit in this photograph of a chair.

ECCLES:

Oh, thanks. I'll just put this photograph of me on it.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now, where's the proprietor? I want service, you understand! This is no way to run a shop. I tell you...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.

FX:

BUGLE SOUNDS.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Minnie? Stop playing your ear trumpet.

MINNIE:

I always play by ear, Henry.

SEAGOON:

I say, how about some service here? I've... I... I've been here five minutes.

CRUN:

I've been here fifty-two years.

SEAGOON:

Congratulations. Now then, do you keep stationery?

CRUN:

Only when I'm tired.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEER.

CRUN:

Thank you. Now then, what... er... what do you... um... Oh, dear, dear. Um... what do you... er...

SEAGOON:

I want to buy a calendar.

CRUN:

(ANGRY) Let me finish what I was going to say, do you mind!? (NORMAL) Um... now... um... what did you want, sir?

SEAGOON:

I want a calendar.

CRUN:

You said that before.

SEAGOON:

I know.

CRUN:

You haven't changed your mind, then?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm a man of iron will and wooden knees.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Now, look. Here's a map of the North Pole.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Go and find it.

ECCLES:

Ohh, thanks. Goodbye.

FX:

MULTIPLE RUNNING BOOTS, FADE INTO DISTANCE. DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

There goes the only man in the world to win a three-legged race... alone.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. Now, sir, um... what year calendar do you want?

SEAGOON:

What's the cheapest?

CRUN:

Oh, the year before last. One penny each.

SEAGOON:

A penny each?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. There's some catch in it somewhere.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. I want next year's.

CRUN:

I see, yes. Min? Minnie?

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! Don't keep me long, Henry. I've got to put the cat out.

CRUN:

Why?

MINNIE:

It's on fire.

CRUN:

Have we got any 1956 calendars, Min?

MINNIE:

No, you can't get them, Henry.

CRUN:

You can't get them, you know.

MINNIE:

You can't get the calendars.

CRUN:

You can't get the calendars.

SEAGOON:

'What nonsense', I thought. But after many efforts, I discovered, that in the length, length and length of England there were no calendars for the year 1956. Absolutely none at all. The whole of England was puzzled. Then, late one midnight morning at seven in the afternoon, a statement on the radio from our own Prime Minister, Sir Antony.

PRIME MINISTER:

[ELLINGTON]

Folks, I tell you the year 1956 is missin'. Mmmm mmm!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - GALLOPING HORSE SLOWING DOWN, RECORDING SLOWED DOWN.

GREENSLADE:

Woah, woah, woah woah, there. Woah, there. "The Lost Year" part two - Parliament is assembled.

GRAMS:

DRUNKEN SINGING OF "PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES" WITH WHISTLES ETC.

SEAGOON:

(OVER SINGING) Silence, honourable members. Silence, please.

GRAMS:

SINGING STOPS ABRUPTLY.

SEAGOON:

Silence! Oh! Thank you. I must say though, sir, it's time you stopped celebrating your birthday. Yes, quite, sir. Well now, gentlemen. As you now know, England is without a year 1956. It is missing. We'll start by blaming the Russians.

MP 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Blame the Russians? What for?

SEAGOON:

It's all the rage.

MP 2:

[SELLERS]

It's all very well talking about this simulation rage, but where are we going to start looking for this year 1956? That's what I want to know.

SEAGOON:

Let me see, it's 1956 AD.

MP 2:

So?

SEAGOON:

'A' and 'D' are the first and fourth letters of the alphabet.

MP 2:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

One, four...

MP 3:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, one for the road.

SEAGOON:

There are many roads.

MP 1:

Cecil Rhodes.

MP3:

He lived in Africa.

SEAGOON:

That's where I'll look for it - Africa! I leave at once.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Lost Year part three - The scene is a four shilling a week bed sitter, covered tap, with low ceiling and string bath at Kilburn.

FX:

BATH WATER SPLASHING NOISES (CONTINUE UNDER SCENE).

MORIARTY:

Ho i ho ye ho, (SINGS) Round and round went the dirty great wheel. (NORMAL) Grytpype! Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

What is it, reeking frog eater?

MORIARTY:

Light ano... light another candle under this sink. This bath water's getting cold. Oh, ye oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Never you mind that, my heavily oiled French Eiffel Tower champion. Listen to this in the heavily oiled English Times. "Believed stolen: the year 1956. Reward for recovery: ten thousand pounds. Apply Ned Seagoon on board the SS Venus"

MORIARTY:

Hoh, he ho ho ho. Ten thousand pounds! Follow that ship!

FX:

LARGE SPLASH, SPLASH... SPLASH.

GREENSLADE:

The third splash is, of course, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

"BLUE STAR"

ORCHESTRA:

LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Part four. Onboard the SS Venus

SEAGOON:

I hung over the ship's rail. I'm a very poor sailor. In fact most of the sailors on board were very poor. It was on the third day out that I noticed, approaching on 'B' deck, a man in cardboard furs with a sledge drawn by ten mongrels, two elephants and a tiger.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM BARKS AND CALLS OF MUSH GROWING LOUDER UNDER:

SEAGOON:

And surrounded by his own private blizzard.

ECCLES:

Mush, mush.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, Eccles! Eccles!

ECCLES:

Eccles! Oh, that's me. Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Turn off that blizzard.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM RECORDING SLOWLY WINDS DOWN.

SEAGOON:

That's better. Now, what are you doing onboard this ship?

ECCLES:

Like you said, I'm looking for the North Pole.

SEAGOON:

You silly man, you're going the wrong way. The North Pole is back there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, sorry. Mush, mush.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM AND BLIZZARD.

FX:

SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

It was a grand sight to know that the spirit of this second Elizabethan age was being kept alive by men like Eccles... from the first Elizabethan age.

MORIARTY:

Help!

GRYTPYPE:

Likewise.

SEAGOON:

Captain? Did you hear that?

CAPTAIN:

[GREENSLADE]

Yes, it's two men drowning.

SEAGOON:

Where?

CAPTAIN:

In the sea.

SEAGOON:

Gad! That's the worst place to drown.

CAPTAIN:

Can you see them?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! There they are! Clinging for dear life to that gramophone record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley".

MORIARTY:

Help! Throw us a gramophone or it'll be too late.

SEAGOON:

Here! Catch this rope, you brave patrons of a great singer.

FX:

SPLASH.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, the well-known danger to shipping.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, you saved our lives. How can we repay you?

SEAGOON:

Simple, just tell your friends to buy Harry Secombe's record of "On with the Motley" and...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes. "On with the Motsis", we know all about that, now.

CAPTAIN:

As Captain of the good ship Venus, may I ask what you two were doing so far out at sea?

GRYTPYPE:

We are following the trail of a man we believe to have stolen the year 1956.

SEAGOON:

What a coincidonce! So am I! You shall help me.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh?

MORIARTY:

We shall need a cash advance, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right! Here's a photograph of advancing cash. Taken under fire, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Well done. Tell me Grytpype, as man to mon, what do you think... what do you think the missing year is shaped like?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they do say the years roll by. It's in the shape of a roller.

SEAGOON:

By Zeus, Jupiter and Needle Nardle Noo! I must say it sounds a most plausible deduction.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean, you... you really believe me?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I... Well, I'll tear these other ideas up, then. (ASIDE) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

This is a real Charlie.

MORIARTY:

Before we start work we must have some money. Money, you understand, a-oi-a-oi...

SEAGOON:

Calm down, you French type frog eating gentleman. If it's money you're after, here's a photograph of the Bank of England. Go in and help yourself.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Oh-e-o-ar-o... (FADING OFF INTO DISTANCE)

FX:

ONE SET RUNNING BOOTS. PAUSE. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Good shot. He landed right in the sea. Now Grytpype, to business. You must come down to my cabin at once.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to hear a record of Harry Secombe singing...

GRYTPYPE:

"On with the Motley"

SEAGOON & GRYTPYPE:

Obtainable at all...

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

GREENSLADE:

After three weeks at sea and four weeks at land, the SS Venus docked in Africa at the military port of Tarms. But then you've all heard of port-arms.

SEAGOON:

As we stepped ashore, we were greeted by fierce dancing Zulu warriors.

GRAMS:

MASSED AFRICAN WARRIORS, BONGO DRUMS AND YELLING UNDER:

GRYTPYPE:

Say, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Here comes the chief.

ELLINGA:

Stop!

GRAMS:

WARRIORS STOP.

ELLINGA:

Clear the floor. Next dance, excuse-me Zulu fox trot.

SEAGOON:

Greetings, noble Zulu chieftain.

ELLINGA:

Greetings, cor-blimey. Me, chief Catalular. Me got five hundred wives.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Good luck. (LOUD, SLOW) We come here looking for lost year 1956. Tell me, noble Zulu chief, (NORMAL) played by Ray Ellington in Saville Row loin cloth. (LOUD, SLOW) Have you seen man pushing roller go this way?

ELLINGA:

No, no. Me no see anything. Me busy.

SEAGOON:

Busy? Why?

ELLINGA:

Me told you, me got five hundred wives.

SEAGOON:

Here. You'd better sit down.

ELLINGA:

Thank you, cor-blimey.

SEAGOON:

Well, did... er... did any of your wives see a man pushing a roller?

ELLINGA:

No, my wives always busy.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

ELLINGA:

Yes. When they are not on duty, they all sit on the coolarlumba and listen to Megatargu on pelarmatoo.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

ELLINGA:

Record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley" obtainable at all good stores...

SEAGOON:

Well done, well... oh, ho-hum.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, come, let's press forward.

SEAGOON:

Right. Forwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAMP, TRAMP TRAVELLING MUSIC USING BRASS LOUD, THEN QUIETLY UNDER:

SEAGOON:

On reaching the interior, we spotted for the first time the trail of a roller.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it's true then, Neddie. 1956 *is* shaped like a roller.

SEAGOON:

Well...

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS ADVANCING, GETTING LOUDER.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Listen! Look! Here comes a man riding a pair of coconut shells.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS SLOWING DOWN.

MORIARTY:

Woah, woah back.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS TO A STOP.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Secombe, you swine.

SEAGOON:

What's up, you ragged gigolo?

MORIARTY:

That photograph of the Bank of England you gave me, it was taken on a Wednesday.

SEAGOON:

Well?

MORIARTY:

The bank was closed, half day early closing!

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I should think so.

SEAGOON:

Here. Here's a photograph of the bank taken on a Thursday. Go in and help yourself.

MORIARTY:

Ohh ooo-eee-arr, thank you!

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. That's got rid of him. (CLEARs THROAT). Well, Grytpype, it's getting late. Ellinga?

ELLINGA:

What do you want, bwana?

SEAGOON:

Pitch my tent.

ELLINGA:

Where?

SEAGOON:

There. By that record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley". Ha ha.

ELLINGA:

Oh, cor-blimey, again?

SEAGOON:

Silence Ellinga, or I'll report you to Addit.

ELLINGA:

Who's Addit?

SEAGOON:

You have, if you don't belt up. hahaha. Now, play me your next tribal dance.

ELLINGA:

Ok, cor-blimey.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS - "BELIEVE IT, BELOVED" "GOT A BRAN' NEW SUIT"

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. I suppose the BBC do know what they're doing? And now to The Lost Year, part scampson scree. A hundred miles inland, Grytpype relieves Neddie of all his loose cash and leaves him with no water. Alone, he staggers on.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Water! Water! If only I had water. Water or a record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley". Water!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got one, my captain. Enter Bluebottle. Points to cardboard record of capitan.

SEAGOON:

Who are you? Better still, *what* are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am Tarzan Blunebottle of the jungle. (BEATS CHEST) Mmm neci-neci-gee nuim-nu-nurdu.

SEAGOON:

Well said.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Do you know that for three weeks I have worn nothing but this fidge leaf.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SELLERS FLUFFS LINE) Some rotten strine stolen my trousers. And my false teeth. It isn't half cold when you sit down in these things, I tell you. Harm can come to a young lad like that.

SEAGOON:

No, you must be a mirage. Yes, that's it, you're a mirage! Ha ha ha. A mirage, (SOBS).

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no, no. Do not frighten me. I'm not a mirange.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you are. Naught but a mirage.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You mean that I'm not really here?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you're nothing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I don't like being a nothing, nowhere. What's my little Freda going to say when I tell her I'm a nothing?

ECCLES:

Mush, mush, mush, mush, mush (OVER FOLLOWING GRAMS).

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM & BLIZZARD.

ECCLES:

Hullo. You seen a North Pole go this way?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not talk to me, Eccles. I'm a mirange, I'm not here.

ECCLES:

You're not here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, you tell me where you are and I'll go and see you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not anywhere. I'm a fidge of the imagination.

ECCLES:

Oh, you must think I'm mad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I do.

ECCLES:

Ain't got an answer to that.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, help me. I'm a sick man.

ECCLES:

Oh, Mr Seagoon. I've got a carrot to pick with you.

SEAGOON:

You mean a bone.

ECCLES:

No, I'm a vegetarian.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Ahh, shut up. Now help me, I'm ill. (ASIDE) Ham. (OVERACTING) All the suffering I've undergone. Looking for the lost year has made me a weak old man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you hear that, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's only a week old.

ECCLES:

Little diddums.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhh.

SEAGOON:

Stop that advanced type goon humour.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

Get me onto your sledge.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

I'm too ill to move.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) I'll get yer... I'll get yer...

SEAGOON:

Watch out for the tenor's friend.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Ah, oooooul... dere, dat's got you on.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, on the sledge at last. I was too weak to move myself. I'll just put this record of Harry Secombe...

ECCLES:

Mush, mush.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mush, mush, mush.

GRAMS:

FEW SECONDS OF DOGS & BLIZZARD

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC ADVANCING THEME LINK

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Lost Year, part six. On and on we plodded.

GREENSLADE:

Do you mind? That's *my* job.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get you at playtime, you rotten swine, you. I'll clout that big fat steaming nut of yours.

GREENSLADE:

Get out of it. (CLEARS THROAT).

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOES GREENSLADE AS HE SAYS NEXT LINE)

GREENSLADE:

On and on they plodded in search of the elusive lost year. Finally they reached... will you shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you shut up! Nooo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOS GREENSLADE AS HE SAYS NEXT LINE)

GREENSLADE:

Finally... they reached a British outpost.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh, (RASPBERRY BLOWN) arrrr, owwwwll and other naughty noises.

SEAGOON:

Gah! You're Bloodnok of the river, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Wrong, I'm Bloodnok of the river, no. Spelt G N O U H, "no".

SEAGOON:

You're Bloodnok of the river "No", yes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, "No".

SEAGOON:

No,

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Make up your mind.

BLOODNOK:

By the great measurements of Sabrina! Who... who the devil are you? You're not Mount Everest?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens! I... I can't stand heights.

SEAGOON:

No, I'm son of Mount Everest, Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you doing so far from your base?

SEAGOON:

Are you kidding? No man can be nearer his base than me without being a midget.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

We're in Africa, looking for the year 1956. Which is in the shape of a roller.

BLOODNOK:

Great dollops of steaming thund! Do you really believe that?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You must be mad. Mad!

SEAGOON:

And there's a reward of £10,000 for its return.

BLOODNOK:

(STRUGGLING) Ih, ah, er... Be with you in a jiffy, just get on this straight jacket, ahh, there. Forward!

ELLINGA:

Bwana! Bwana! Bwana! Good news! Me see two people pushing roller over other side of river.

SEAGOON:

Great work, Ellinga. Here, have a centrally heated loin cloth.

ELLINGA:

Ohhh, me put it on.

FX:

ELECTRICAL ZAPPING/SIZZLING.

ELLINGA:

Ahhhhhhh.

SEAGOON:

Curse, short circuit. Now, Eccles, put this basket on your head.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, everybody climb in.

BLOODNOK:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

Right, off you go, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

TWO STOMPING FEET CONTINUES UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Come along.

ECCLES:

(SINGING TO HIMSELF)

SEAGOON:

Stop!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, look Neddie. Here's the trail of the roller and two pairs of footsteps.

ECCLES:

My daddy.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut up. Look! There, behind that bush.

BLOODNOK:

The roller.

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's 1956 alright. And it's the same colour as the suit.

BLOODNOK:

What suit?

SEAGOON:

The suit Harry Secombe was wearing when he recorded "On with the Motley".

ECCLES:

Oh, ya, ya.

BLOODNOK:

You mean that you're not Mount Everest?

SEAGOON:

No, why?

BLOODNOK:

Your disguise is perfect sir.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Now! Let's examine this roller. Yes, yes, it's 1956, alright. But look! The devils, they've disguised it as 1897.

BLOODNOK:

So that's how they got it past the customs.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, there are more things in heaven and earth than man dreamed of.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Yah yah...

SEAGOON:

Action.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Action.

ECCLES:

What.

SEAGOON:

Who ever brought this roller here must be nearby. They might be dangerous, so we'll keep these sticks of dynamite handy. Now, who'll look after them?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home, my captain? I got...

SEAGOON:

No, no, quick into the bush. We wait here behind this record of Harry Secombe. Quickly, lads.

GREENSLADE:

So they waited in the bush for a year. And by then of course the year had gone. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

Theme.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

Notes:

Harry Secombe's first UK solo musical hit came in 1955 with 'On with the Motley'.

Kilburn is an area of north west London.

ITA is the Independent Television Authority. Created in 1954 to supervise the creation of the first commercial television network in the UK.

Mario Lanza was an Italian-American operatic tenor and Hollywood movie star who enjoyed success in the 1950s.

Savile Row is a road in central London famous for expensive men's tailors.

'Port-Arms' is Military gun control.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

S6 E14 - The Greenslade Story

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Kurt Adkins and Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

GASPS. WILD APPLAUSE. CRIES OF "ENCORE!"

GREENSLADE:

Encore? Certainly. (CLEARS THROAT) This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

WILD APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Hear that applause, dear listener? It was not for Danny Kaye. Not for Fred Lane. No. It was all for a common or garden BBC announcer, Wallace Greenslade. How did he come by this rapturous applause? It is with heavy heart and light kidneys that we tell you...

GREENSLADE:

The Greenslade Story or...

SELLERS:

Winds Light to Variable.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERY MUSIC

SNAGGE:

My name is Snagge, John Snagge.

FX:

TWO COINS LAND IN A CUP

SNAGGE:

Thank you, Sir Ian. It was in June, 19-quifty-qua that the lad, Wallace Greenslade, first came to the BBC seeking refuge from hard work.

FX:

TYPEWRITER. DOOR OPENS.

GREENSLADE:

Good morning, Miss. I'm Mr. W. Greenslade.

RECEPTIONIST:

[SELLERS]

(FEMALE) Oh, yes, you've come for the vacant post of announcer.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I have.

RECEPTIONIST:

Do take a seat with the other applicants.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. I sat down next to a man wearing a brass deerstalker, white cricket boots and a shredded cardboard wig.

ECCLES:

Ha-llo!

GREENSLADE:

Good morning.

ECCLES:

Winds light to variable.

GREENSLADE:

Pardon?

ECCLES:

I said, "Winds light to variable."

GREENSLADE:

Oh, really.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Winds light to variable. I'm practicing, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Don't tell me *you're* applying for the post of announcer?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah! And I'll get it, too, you see! I'm wearing a Cambridge tie!

GREENSLADE:

You? You were at Cambridge?

ECCLES:

Yeah!

GREENSLADE:

What were you doing there?

ECCLES:

Buying a tie.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

RECEPTIONIST:

Mr. Liddell will see you now, Mr. Eccles.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, my good woman. This is it 2,000... £2,000 a year and a pension...

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES AND RAPIDLY OPENS AGAIN

SELLERS:

Get out, you idiot!

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, wait a minute! You ain't even heard me speak yet!

SELLERS:

We'll write to you.

ECCLES:

Well, that's no good, I can't read.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

ECCLES:

Hey! Did you see that? He threw me out! Threw *me* out, the famous Eccles! He got no respect for the dead, that man! You can all laugh, but he never even let me say "winds light to variant." I'm going to tell my electrocution teacher about that...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

RECEPTIONIST:

Will you come in now, Mr Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, madam. I was lead into the presence of a BBC official. I took off my shoes and knelt down.

FX:

GONG SOUND

POMPOUS BBC OFFICIAL:

[SELLERS]

Now, Mr Greensleaves, can I... can I hear you say something?

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. Erm... "Winds light to variable."

POMPOUS BBC OFFICIAL:

By Jove, you couldn't have picked a more... appropriate phrase.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, it was nothing.

POMPOUS BBC OFFICIAL:

Come, come! Say it again. Say it again... with a smile in the voice.

GREENSLADE:

Of course. (CLEARs THROAT) "Winds light to variable."

POMPOUS BBC OFFICIAL:

Delicious! Quite enchanting! Now, say it as though it were a national catastrophe.

GREENSLADE:

(TRADEGIC)"Ohhhh! Winds light to variable! Ohhhhhh!"

POMPOUS BBC OFFICIAL:

(WEEPY) Very touching! Quite, quite touching. Yes I... I think you have it, Mr Greenslade. You can start work at once.

GREENSLADE:

Gad! *Me*, a BBC announcer!

FX:

VICTORY MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, how could my private school for announcers, with its 56,000 trainees succeed, if the BBC kept turning down my ace pupils like Eccles?

OMNES:

(SHOUTING) We want bread, bread we want...(CONTINUES UNDER)

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) Steady on, lads! Please! Lads! Thank you! Settle down! Settle down! Thank you! Please, gentlemen, keep up your spirits, lads. I mean, say after me, "Winds light to variable."

OMNES:

"WINDS LIGHT TO VARIABLE."

SEAGOON:

There you are, lads. Good! Doesn't that make you feel better?

OMNES:

NEGATIVE ANSWERS, PARTICULARLY FROM MAJOR BLOODNOK

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What's that? Bloodnok, please.

BLOODNOK:

Listen, listen, Neddie...

SEAGOON:

Mr. Bloodnok, please, I mean...

BLOODNOK:

Never mind these naughty winds light to variable! What about some earthquakes in East Acton?

SEAGOON:

What about earthquakes in East Acton?

BLOODNOK:

What about...? I've been training at this school for six years to say "earthquakes in East Acton."

SEAGOON:

So what?

BLOODNOK:

Well, they never have one!

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ah, yes! But at the slightest tremor, I'll write to the BBC!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh...

SEAGOON:

I will indeed!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh...

SEAGOON:

Now then, keep up your morale, man! Say after me: "Earthquakes in East Acton."

BLOODNOK:

Earthquakes in East Acton.

SEAGOON:

There you are.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yeah? How about that, eh? Eh? Eh?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... I... I feel better already.

SEAGOON:

Of course you do!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now here's a model of Sir Ian Jacob. Let's stick pins in it!

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS, RECEIVER LIFTED

ELLINGTON:

Owww! Man, don't you dare do that again!

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Fred Jacobs. Now... It's no good, dear listener. I can't deceive my pupils as to the seriousness of the situation. While Greenslade grew in popularity, I decided to strike!

FX:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(OMINOUS LAUGHING) Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

So, Neddie, you want us to kidnap the entire BBC announcing staff?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I've got to create vacancies for my own men. You'll be well paid.

MORIARTY:

Paid? Money? Money? How much? How much?

SEAGOON:

For every announcer removed I'll pay one simulation lead florin. And you can have that in writing.

GRYTPYPE:

We'd rather have it in cash, if you don't mind.

SEAGOON:

Very well, here's a photograph of a pound.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Moriarty, see if this is a forgery.

MORIARTY:

Ohh, at once, at once.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen, when do you start work?

GRYTPYPE:

When? Switch on the talking wireless.

FX:

CLICK

ANNOUNCER:

[MILLIGAN]

(ON RADIO) Here is the nyn a'clock noise. The president of Scrampsonpage drudnosit black...

(GRABBED BY THE THROAT)

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie, we've started already! Now, excuse me while...

FX:

WHOOOSH!

MORIARTY:

Don't switch off, listen to this.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON RADIO) We must apologise for the break in the news. In the meantime, here is a record...

(SELLERS CRACKS UP)

FX:

RADIO INTERFERENCE

ECCLES:

Hello, folks! Winds light to variable. Further outlook: Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

Wonderful! Or if you're French, wunderbar! At last, Mr Eccles was being heard on the radio. One by one, the BBC announcers were kidnapped. Or, if they're over 21, adultnapped! Get it? (LAUGHS) Adultnapped! (SIGHS) Max Geldray, pull up a bollard!

Minnie:

Ohhh!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

I still maintain it's all wrong. I can't understand it at all. I... I expect it's...

GRYTPYPE:

Relax, Neddie, relax.

SEAGOON:

Well, it... it's...

GRYTPYPE:

Your record's selling well, you've nothing to worry about...

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR], relax, you say. By heaven, it's three months since you promised to kidnap Greenslade, but still no result!

MORIARTY:

Oeoww! I tell you, don't worry, Neddie! At last we've found a chink in his armour

SEAGOON:

These Chinese get everywhere!

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Greenslade has a huge public. They want to see him in the flesh.

SEAGOON:

What, all of it?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

He's a danger to shipping!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we're going to offer him a contract to appear on the stage.

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes! If he leaves the BBC, the way will be clear for Mr. Eccles! An excellent plan! We'll do it!

GREENSLADE:

And do it they did. But the BBC didn't give me up without a fight. In fact, they even sent John Snagge round to my private abode.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

BUTLER:

[ELLINGTON]

Thou knocked? Oh, shivering white infidel, cor blimey!

SNAGGE:

Yes, is... er... Wallace in?

BUTLER:

"Wallace"? Does thou mean The Great Greenslade? He whose voice drips like honey 'pon the ears of the waiting world? He of the velvet petal tongue?

SNAGGE:

Yes, yes, that's Wal.

BUTLER:

Whom shall I say craves audience?

SNAGGE:

Tell him it's John Snagge. No, no, no, no, wait. Tell him... it's Snaggers. He who's voice once-yearly rings out from the Thames motor launch that usually fails. He who's voice tells the masses of a watery combat twixt men in two slender willow slim craft that race on the bosom of our river and race past Mortlake Brewery towards their Olympic goal.

BUTLER:

Cor blimey, man, follow me.

SNAGGE:

Dear listeners, I was lead across a marble courtyard of solid wood. And here and there silver fountains gushed claret. And there... there, lying in a silken hammock suspended between two former television toppers... was Wallace Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, John. Dear John! You couldn't have arrived at a better moment. I was just about to unveil a small, bronze statue of myself.

SNAGGE:

Now, look here, Wallace. There's a rumour going around the Corporation that you're thinking of leaving.

GREENSLADE:

Well, John, I have been getting offers.

SNAGGE:

But Wallace, you're not going to leave us. Remember you're British.

GREENSLADE:

Dear John. What can I say?

SNAGGE:

What's the matter, Wallace? Aren't you happy with us. Isn't £3.10 a week enough?

GREENSLADE:

Not quite, John.

SNAGGE:

But man alive! You've a free copy of the Radio Times every week.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, there is that.

SNAGGE:

Well... now, look, Wallace.

GREENSLADE:

What, John?

SNAGGE:

I've been given authority to offer you £4 a week. And you can read the 9 o'clock news at half past if you want to. And take your own time about...

SEAGOON:

Not so fast, Mr. John "Boatrace" Snagge!

SNAGGE:

That voice came out of a little ball of fat that sprang from behind a piano stool.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon!

SNAGGE:

What a memory you have.

SEAGOON:

Not so fast!

SNAGGE:

I said it as slowly as possible.

SEAGOON:

So! You're the famous John Snagge, eh? Known as the male Sabrina of Portland Place.

SNAGGE:

Now steady, Seagoon, or I'll ban your record on Housewife's Choice.

SEAGOON:

Huh-hum! (TITTERS AND STARTS TO SING) Be my lov... Never mind, I still have my shaving turn.

FX:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Mr. Snagge, I fear you have arrived too late to save Mr Greenslade. He has already signed a theatrical contract at £5 a week.

SNAGGE:

Five pounds? There *isn't* that much!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, there is. And here it is in used stamps.

SNAGGE:

Alas! I cannot offer him more. So this, then, is the end of the once-great BBC announcing staff.

ORCHESTRA:

A CORNET PLAYS THE "LAST POST" UNDER:

SNAGGE:

Where are they now? That noble band. Andrew Timothy - missing. Alvar Liddell - went down with his lift. Richard Dimpleby - overweight. And finally, Ronald Fletcher - gone to the dogs.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! (CRYING) You're breaking my heart. I could help you! I have a man here to take their place. Speak, lad, speak!

ECCLES:

Winds light to variable. Wait a minute, Mr. Nagg, you're... you're very lucky to get me!

SNAGGE:

I have no choice. Put him in a sack.

SEAGOON:

So saying, Mr Snagge took the famous Eccles off on his tricycle. Next day, we took Greenslade off on his triumphal stage tour. Everywhere he went, success. Then the first opening night at the London Palladium. What a night that was! What a night! His merest whim was catered for.

GREENSLADE:

Neddie, bring me a merest whim.

SEAGOON:

At once! At once, Wallace! In cellophane! Gad, there's a packed house out there waiting for you.

GREENSLADE:

How they love me!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

GREENSLADE:

Neddie? Say "come in" for me.

SEAGOON:

Of course, Wal, of course. Come in! Who is it?

LEW:

(YIDDISH) It's Lew. I've come to say good evening.

SEAGOON:

It's your agent! Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LEW:

Oh, my lovely little Wallace! Oh, you're gonna kill 'em tonight, you're a lovely boy! Ooh, you're lovely, make a lot of lovely money for me, make a fortune!

SEAGOON:

Don't forget, I'm his manager, you understand. I mean, I...

LEW:

Out the way, Secombe, you're finished. All that shaving and singing, it's all finished.

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhawhawhat?

LEW:

On with the motsers, It's all washed up.

SEAGOON:

You can't...

LEW:

Now, then, here. Wallace. Wallace, Wallace, Wallace. Val Parnell's outside tonight so do your best. I'll see you get a nice, big bonus. Goodbye, my lovely boy, the geld he's making for me...

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

You'd never think that man's father was a duke, would you?

GREENSLADE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Well, don't, cos he wasn't.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Who's there?

HENRY CRUN:

We are, mnk.

MINNIE:

Autograph hunters, buddy.

SEAGOON:

What do you want, Buddy?

HENRY CRUN:

An autograph.

MINNIE:

Autograph.

HENRY CRUN:

Autogram.

MINNIE:

We're modern-style bobby soxers, buddy. Dim-bund-giddle-oh! We want Wal's autograph, buddy.

SEAGOON:

I'm very sorry, Mr Greenslade left his autograph at home.

MINNIE:

Oh...

FX:

POUNDING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Stop that knocking-type knocking!

HENRY CRUN:

Who are you to stop us doing knocking-type knocking?

FX:

MORE POUNDING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

I'm Neddie Seagoon-type Neddie Seagoon.

HENRY CRUN:

Never heard of you-type, sir. Go away, sir.

SEAGOON:

Go away? Never heard...? I... I... I won't stand for this! Go away? Never heard of me? Open this door at once.

FX:

MORE POUNDING ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come along! Who's there?

HENRY CRUN:

Open the door!

SEAGOON:

I can't. Some fool's taken the bolt off. Can you open it your side?

MINNIE:

No, no, no. Don't come in, I'm in the bath.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in the bath?

MINNIE:

I'm not doing anything in the bath!

SEAGOON:

Miss Bannister!

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Explain what Mr Henry Crun is doing in your bathroom, you sinful woman!

MINNIE:

He's washing a savage tiger.

SEAGOON:

A tiger?

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A sinful savage tiger?

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

I've had enough of this!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

THROAT:

Urrrrrr!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS)

GREENSLADE:

Obviously time for Mr Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'JINGLE BELLS'. THE END OF THE SONG INCLUDES ELLINGTON BARKING LIKE A DOG.

GREENSLADE:

Ray Ellington is now appearing at the Battersea Dog's Home. The Wallace Greenslade Story, Part 3. As this scene opens, I am found in the star dressing room at the Palladium with my manager. I have five minutes to finish my Black Russian cigarette before I'm on.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LEW:

Oh, my life! Ruined! My business, my wife and children, my wail, ruined! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Something wrong, Lew?

LEW:

Something wrong he says? The audience, they've gone, the momsers! 5 to 9, they got up and left!

SEAGOON:

5 to 9? What? Wait! I've got a hunch!

GRYTPYPE:

It suits you.

SEAGOON:

Switch on the electric-type wireless.

FX:

CLICK

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Ha-llo, folks! Here's the old weather, there. The old winds light to variable. Gonna have the sun in the day and gonna get dark at night. (SINGS) The man from Coventry...

FX:

CLICK

SEAGOON:

So, that's where the audience are, back home listening to Eccles. He's the new idol. Greenslade? I fear he's stolen your public.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I... I feel faint.

ECCLES:

Relax.

GREENSLADE:

Pour some brandy down my throat.

SEAGOON:

Gad, Grytpype. You've got to kidnap Eccles or Greenslade is finished!

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Moriarty? Have you got a black jack?

MORIARTY:

No, mine's red.

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind, Eccles is colour-blind anyway. Let's go!

MORIARTY:

Gidup, there!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPS AWAY; SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Next morning, we read the terrible news.

GREENSLADE:

Listen, "Ace BBC announcer Eccles, signed by Grytpype-Thynne for stage tour."

SEAGOON:

The swine single-crossed us!

GREENSLADE:

You mean 'double'.

SEAGOON:

No, this is the first time.

GREENSLADE:

This means... ruin? No more... luxury? I'll have to stop eating in the canteen? Give up my subscription to The Nursing Mother?

SEAGOON:

And so, we became vagrants.

ORCHESTRA:

SINGLE VIOLIN - HEARTS AND FLOWERS

SEAGOON:

We wandered the streets. A bitter wind blew up from the east and I cursed the fact I was wearing a kilt! One Christmas we were trying to make a living by diving for coins in the gutter from passing ships, when we found ourselves outside the London Palladium.

FX:

STREET SCENE, COIN DROPS IN CUP

SEAGOON:

Thank you...

SEAGOON AND GREENSLADE:

(SINGING) Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys...

FX:

COIN DROPS IN CUP

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lady.

THROAT:

A pleasure.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Sharing each other's...

GREENSLADE:

Here comes a rich customer.

SEAGOON:

A hansom cab drew up and out stepped an ugly passenger.

ECCLES:

Stand aside, my good man, my public awaits for me.

SEAGOON:

Spare a copper for the guy?

ECCLES:

What guy?

SEAGOON:

This guy here, he's starving.

ECCLES:

You see my secretary, my good man, I've got... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

He brushed me aside with his brush. The north wind blew. Flakes of white settled on my shoulder.
To cap it all, I've got dandruff!

SEAGOON AND GREENSLADE:

(SINGING) Comrades...

SEAGOON:

Sadly.

SEAGOON AND GREENSLADE:

Comrades...

SEAGOON:

Sadly.

SEAGOON AND GREENSLADE:

Ever since we were boys...

FX:

COIN DROPPING INTO CUP

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you, kind sir.

SNAGGE:

It's nothing. I've plenty more buttons. Aren't you Jewell & Wallace, or Morecambe & Wise?

SEAGOON:

No, it's Seagoon & Greenslade.

SNAGGE:

Oh, horrors. How the mighty have fallen!

SEAGOON:

You, too?

SNAGGE:

Here, here's a photograph of a bowl of soup.

SEAGOON AND GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

SNAGGE:

And when you've finished it, come and see me at the BBC. In six weeks' time.

GREENSLADE:

And so, six weeks went by.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, Wal, six weeks have gone by!

GREENSLADE:

At the same time, inside the London Palladium, six weeks had also passed at the same speed.

ECCLES:

Winds light to variable, that's what I'll say to them out there.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Oh, who is it?

LEW:

It's Lew, I've come to say good evening to you.

ECCLES:

Come in, my good fellow.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LEW:

Oh, Eccles, Schmeccles, my lovely boy! You're gonna make a lot of money for me! We sold every seat in the place!

ECCLES:

What are they gonna sit on?

LEW:

(LAUGHS) What a sense of humour he's got, he's funny! Witty, yes. Here, do your best, my little Eccles. Oh, think of the geld, oh...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

What a nice fellow. That's a nice... I like that fellow! He's a ni...Oh, hello, I didn't see you standing there.

GRYTPYPE:

Eccles, don't forget, now. You do well tonight and we'll give you a five-shilling rise.

ECCLES:

Oh! That will bring my money up to 6 shillings a month! I'm rich! I'm rich! Oh, it's good to be alive!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. Steady, lad, steady. Don't let it go to your head.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Grytpype! Here's his pay check, just arrived.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Let's see. £2,000. Moriarty, take 6 shillings out and give it to our Charlie.

ECCLES:

I heard that. Don't you dare give that six bob to Charlie, that's *my* money!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LEW:

Oh, my life, it's happened again!

ECCLES:

What?

LEW:

The audience got up and gone home. Someone's took 'em away!

ECCLES:

I'm going home, then.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no, wait, wait. Switch on the radio.

FX:

CLICK. BIG BEN CHIMES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

This is the BBC Home Service. And here is Bluebottle with the news!

ECCLES:

You swine, Bluebottle! You...

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

And that was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and John Snagge, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

Danny Kaye was an American actor, singer and comedian.

John Snagge was a BBC newsreader and commentator on BBC Radio. He provided commentaries for the Boat Race.

Sir Ian Jacob was Director-General of the BBC from 1952 to 1959.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

Housewife's Choice was a radio show that played popular music.

Andrew Timothy, Alvar Liddell, Richard Dimbleby, Ronald Fletcher were all BBC announcers/presenters.

The Ed Sullivan Show was a long running US variety TV series, hosted by Ed Sullivan.

"On with the Motlers" refers to Harry Secombe's first UK solo musical hit entitled 'On with the Motley'.

Val Parnell was a British television producer and theatrical impresario.

Bobby soxer was a term coined in the 1940s to describe the overly zealous, usually teenage, fans of singer Frank Sinatra.

The Television Toppers were a group of very attractive female singers and dancers on the then popular TV programme, the Black and White Minstrel Show.

S6 E15 - The Hastings Flyer - Robbed

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

...C Home Service.

GRAMS:

SHORT SHARP TRAIN WHISTLE. TRAIN CHUGS OFF AT CARTOON SPEED, CARRYING GREENSLADE WITH IT.

GREENSLADE:

I would like to... ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....! (FADES)

SECOMBE:

Well that got rid of him! Hahaha. In the meantime here is... THEGS! Yes, THEGS. That's the short way of saying the Highly Esteemed Goon Show. THEGS!

GRAMS:

SOLO CHINESE WOMAN SINGING HIGH-PITCHED WAILING SONG - SPEED IT UP TO GET A HIGH VIBRATO.

SELLERS:

Gad - how our Gracie has changed.

MILLIGAN:

Well, silence! I tell you all - that Isle of Capri is a sinful place.

SECOMBE:

Shut up, Tom.

MILLIGAN:

Silence, Dick.

SELLERS:

I should think so, too, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Don't interrupt, Ned. Rest your bonce on this razor blade and listen to the story of 'The Hastings Flyer - Robbed'!

ORCHESTRA:

GREAT BUILDING TYMPANY ROLL. ANTI-CLIMAXED BY DEMI-SEMI-QUAVER CHORD.

SECOMBE:

Thank you and good-bye. Here to open the tale of the great drama is Poet and Tragedian - William J. MacGoonagle!

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME (PLAYED VERY SOFTLY)

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooooo - 'Twas in the month of December,
In the year of 1882.

The railways lines near Pevensey Bay,
Were buried under the snoo.

ECCLES:

Ooo!

McGOONIGAL:

All through the night the blizzard fiend,
Did like a lion roar,
The snow rose up from inches three,
To inches three foot four.
And ooooo the snowwww...

GRAMS:

WIND UP AND OUT

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon, engine driver extraordinary. The night of the great English blizzard I was dragged from a warm seat in Leicester Square and taken before the director of the famed Filthmuck and Scrampson Railway.

LEW:

Little tittle Neddie, sit down. Here, have a chopped liver cigarette.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I always chop my own.

LEW:

Good luck. Listen, Schlapper. The line between Hastings and Pevensey Bay station are under twenty feet of Schnow, already. Neddie, already. We want you to drive a snow-plough and clear the line before midnight.

SEAGOON:

But that would be a dangerous task.

LEW:

It is, it is!

SEAGOON:

I'll do it.

LEW:

Good, Schlapper, good. Here's a kosher wine gum. Off you go!

SEAGOON:

Thanks very much!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

My duty was obvious - clear the line at Pevensey Bay before midnight, leaving it clear for the Hastings Flyer to come clear through. Having given the listeners the plot, I made my way towards Euston Station.

FX:

TRAFFIC NOISES.

MORIARTY:

Oh-ee-ah. Pardon me, little low suit-type man.

SEAGOON:

The stranger had stepped out of a dark overcoat. Another man stood on his shoulders.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you a match?

SEAGOON:

Only my own private one.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't look so worried. My friend and I here are only MPs.

SEAGOON:

If you're politicians, why are you begging in the gutter?

GRYTPYPE:

Liberals.

SEAGOON:

I understand. Can I help?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyackos, yes! Are you walking Euston station way?

SEAGOON:

Sapristi nyackos, yes!

MORIARTY:

Could you... could you give us a lift?

SEAGOON:

I've just had my dinner.

MORIARTY:

Then you're full up.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Any room in the boot?

SEAGOON:

Sorry, there's a foot in it.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse. We'll have to run alongside you.

SEAGOON:

I'll go slow.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Nurke. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, this street's a non-smoker.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Neddie - little Neddie - my heavily-oiled friend here and I are rather anxious to get to Pevensey Bay station tonight.

SEAGOON:

You'll never do it - there are no trains.

GRYTPYPE:

We know, we know. Perhaps a lift on your snow-plough?

SEAGOON:

Out of the question. It's against the rules.

GRYTPYPE:

We have money.

SEAGOON:

Money?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. To prove we're not lying, here's a photograph of a shilling.

SEAGOON:

(GASP) What wealth!

GRYTPYPE:

And there are more photographs where that came from.

SEAGOON:

Aside: Gad, with that treasure horde I could buy another match! No! I will not be tempted.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Moriarty? My plan. I'll play the violin.

MORIARTY:

Right.

ORCHESTRA:

LONE VIOLIN - 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

MORIARTY:

Neddie, have a heart, lad. We must get to Pevensey Bay tonight. You see, Neddie, at midnight the Hastings Flyer is coming through. All we want to do is hold it up, blow open the mail van and take the gold bullion inside. That's all, Neddie. I swear.

SEAGOON:

Stop! You're breaking my heart. I cannot refuse so simple a request. Be at platform three in ten minutes or platform ten in three minutes, whichever suits you best. But remember, remember, bring me my photographs of the money.

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME

MACGOONAGLE:

Ooooooooo - Through the night the blizzard raged,
It covered Pevensey Bay station.
But inside the ticket office there,
The staff were in charge of the situation.
And oooooo.

GRAMS:

WIND

MINNIE:

Bim bom biddle deee. Seventeen a hundred and seventeen bim born I do dee...

HENRY CRUN:

Minnie? Minnie? Would you stop? No, you stop that sinful singing, Min, you.

MINNIE:

You're a square, buddy. This is the modern-style singing, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

I...

MINNIE:

Bim bom biddle-biddle...

HENRY CRUN:

It's scornful, it's scornful.

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

I'm not interested in the modern styles, Min.

MINNIE:

Alright.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm more worried why we haven't sold any tickets today.

MINNIE:

I can't understand nothing...

HENRY CRUN:

Neither can I, dear. It's the peak of our winter tourist season, too.

MINNIE:

Ohh! What's the weather like out?

HENRY CRUN:

I can't see for all this snow coming down.

MINNIE:

I think I'd better lock up for the night, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes.

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Seventeen...

HENRY CRUN:

Only an idiot would come out on a night like this.

FX:

KNOCKS

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS - GALE - WIND UP

ECCLES:

Hallooooo! I'm the famous Eccles.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better be getting along, now. Goodnight!

HENRY CRUN:

Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. WIND DOWN.

HENRY CRUN:

What a nice man to come a-visiting on such a night.

MINNIE:

What a nice man to come a-visiting...

HENRY CRUN:

Did you see that lovely brown paper suit he was wearing?

MINNIE:

I did... I did, Henry. There's lots of money around these days.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Sinful, sinful.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, off you go to bed, Min, with your saxophone.

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

And I'll keep the ticket office open a little longer. You never know, there might be a sudden rush from the Continent.

MINNIE:

Alright, buddy. Yim-bom-biddle... (FADING SELF OFF).

GRAMS:

WINDS UP AND UNDER

McGOONIGAL:

Oooooooooo...

And through the night the snow-plough train
was racing down the line.

A lonely spectator who saw it pass,
Looked up and said...

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

McGOONIGAL:

Oooooo...

GRAMS:

OLD TRAIN CHUGGING ALONG. FADE UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Gad - race on, steel juggernaut, a-ha ha! It's a wonder man can live at this speed.

GRYTPYPE:

Can't we go any faster?

SEAGOON:

Faster? Ha ha, you fool, you mad fool! We're doing eight miles an hour now!

GRYTPYPE:

Come on, be a devil.

SEAGOON:

All right. Stoker?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Take another twig out of the safe and hurl it on the furnace!

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

And while you're at it, what's the steam boiler pressure?

THROAT:

Ninety eight degrees.

SEAGOON:

Right - run my bath.

MORIARTY:

Don't be a fool, Neddie! This is no time to take a bath, it's getting late.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, there's plenty of time.

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

According to the hairs on my wrist it's only half past ten.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISBELIEF) The hairs on your wrist say half past ten?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

You must be mad.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

The hairs on my wrist say eleven-thirty.

MORIARTY:

I can vouchsafe for that. He set them right by the hairs on Big Ben this morning!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Bully for Ben. Still time for a bath. *And* Max Geldray!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ONE, TWO, BUTTON MY SHOE"

ORCHESTRA:

RETURN TO STORY LINK

GRAMS:

TRAIN CHUGGING THROUGH THE DRIVING BLIZZARD

SEAGOON:

As I sat having my bath in the back of the snow-plough, a foul trick was played!

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, Neddle! Moriarty, tie his hands.

MORIARTY:

I will!

GRYTPYPE:

Then hide them where he can't find them.

SEAGOON:

What a fiendish move! You naughty men!

GRYTPYPE:

Naughty, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll write to The Times about this!

FX:

FURIOUS PEN SCRATCHING ON VELLUM OR PAPER

SEAGOON:

Dear Sir, I wish to complain about an outbreak of hand-tying on snow-ploughs whilst taking hip baths.

GRYTPYPE:

(FURIOUS) Give me that letter! You'll not send that, lad. Now...

FX:

FURIOUS WRITING

GRYTPYPE:

Dear sir, today I heard the first cuckoo. There, sign that!

FX:

PEN

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Fiendish swine!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, post it.

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

That'll put them off the track.

MORIARTY:

I'll just tie his hands again.

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ooh! Ee! Aeihh! Ummm...

GRYTPYPE:

Now cut the knot off so he can't untie it.

MORIARTY:

Right. Put it in your pocket. Now, together...

BOTH:

One! Two!

SEAGOON:

Don't throw me out!

BOTH:

Threeeeeee!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhh.... (GOING OFF)

GRAMS:

UPWARD RUSH OF TRAIN - STEAM - ROAR OF THE WHEELS GOING INTO DISTANCE (PAUSE) THEN JUST THE HOWL OF THE BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

I lay gasping on the railway bank. With the knot of my bonds in Grytpype-Thynne's pocket, it looked pretty hopeless for me.

ORCHESTRA:

(APPROACHING) BIG DRUM BEATING IN MARCH TIME.

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! I say... um... have you seen a band go this way?

SEAGOON:

No. I'm sorry, I've only just arrived here.

BLOODNOK:

Have you? Oh, I must find them, you know. They might be playing a different tune from me by now. Wait a minute, wait a minute! I... I... I... I... I... I... I... I know you!

SEAGOON:

You do?

BLOODNOK:

Aren't you Neddie Seagoon, the singing dwarf, current number one with the Grades?

SEAGOON:

If you put it that way, I am. And you, aren't you the blaggard embezzler, no-good soak and layabout, Dennis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

If you put it that way, I am.

SEAGOON:

Pleased to meet you.

BLOODNOK:

And what are you doing here?

SEAGOON:

I've just been thrown off a train.

BLOODNOK:

Any decent driver would have done the same!

SEAGOON:

If my hands weren't tied I'd strike you down with my mackerel pie and thunder straw.

BLOODNOK:

Your hands are tied?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ooo.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, take your hands off my wallet!

FX:

CASH TILL

BLOODNOK:

(GOING OFF) Three pound ten... four pound...

SEAGOON:

Come back with my wallet, you! The military fool. He's gone. Thank heaven he didn't find my money belt. You devil from [UNCLEAR]! Taken all the money I stole from the kiddies' bank. But time was wasting. I had to warn the approaching Hastings Flyer of the plot to rob her. So thinking, I stumbled forwards through the blizzard. I made a pair of snow shoes but the heat of my feet melted them. Suddenly... suddenly, from a nearby frozen pool I heard...

GRAMS:

SPLASH. MAN SWIMMING ON BACK, KICKING LEGS.

ECCLES:

(OFF, SINGING) In the good old summer tiiiime - in the good old summer tiiiime...

SEAGOON:

I say, you! Don't you feel cold in there?

ECCLES:

Nope, I got my overcoat on. (SINGING) I'll melody divine...

SEAGOON:

Listen! You with the concrete vest, listen! I've got to get to Pevensey Bay Station as soon as possible.

ECCLES:

Ohhh! I'm the famous Eccles. In the good ol' summertime - and I'm the famous Eccles in the wintertime as well...

SEAGOON:

That's you, for a start.

ECCLES:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Now, then. Hey! That tricycle against the wall - whose is it?

ECCLES:

Mine. That's a present from an admirer.

SEAGOON:

Could you drive me to town on it?

ECCLES:

Oh, the tricycle ain't mine, the wall was the present.

SEAGOON:

Well, drive me there on that, then.

ECCLES:

Right - get on the wall and hold tight.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF MAD SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED TO SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF COMBUSTION ENGINE

GREENSLADE:

The sound you are hearing is Neddie and Eccles driving a wall at speed. We thought you ought to know. Meantime, at Pevensey Bay station.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

HENRY CRUN:

Hello, Pevensey Bay station here.

FX:

DISTORT-GRAM RECORDING: LONG MAD UNINTELLIGIBLE SPEECH

HENRY CRUN:

I'm sorry, he's not in.

FX:

PHONE DOWN. DOOR BURSTS OPEN. BLIZZARD UP. DOOR CLOSES. BLIZZARD OUT.

SEAGOON:

(GASPING) Mr. Crun! Mr. Crun! Has the snow-plough been through here yet?

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, I've had all the doors locked, you see.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Thank yuckakabakkakus, we're still in time. First, I must get these bonds untied. Have you got a knot?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Quick, glue one onto my bonds and then untie them.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, as knot-glueing and untying has no audible sound we suggest you make your own - within reason, that is.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

SEAGOON:

(DRY) I knew someone would spoil it! Now... Thank you, Fred the Oyster! But now... now, my hands were free. Now for action!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, but what is all this about? I'm... What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Shhh, listen - what's that noise?

HENRY CRUN:

What?

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLING UP AT STATION.

SEAGOON:

Listen! It can't be! It... it is, yes, yes, yes!

HENRY CRUN:

It's the snow-plough come to clear the line - hooray!!

SEAGOON:

No! No! The two men on that snow-plough are train robbers! We must stop them.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't you worry. The moment they step through that door, I'll let them have it with this leather blunderbuss.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) It's them - (ALoud) Ahem - come in, nice men.

FX:

DOOR OPENS - ROAR OF BLUNDERBUSS

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines you!!! What are you doing to Blunebottle? I was walking along collecting numbers like a happy boy train spotter when... blange! There was a blinding flash. I reeled backwards clutching my forehead. I looked down and my knees had gone! You swines, you!

SEAGOON:

Little cross-eyed hairless pipe-cleaner. Were you followed up the platform by two men?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not going to tell you. Shooting at me like that.

SEAGOON:

Come, come, little two-stone Hercules. Now, tell me if you saw two men and you can have this quarter of dolly mixture.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, dolly mixture! Thinks: with these-type sweets I could influence certain girls at playtime. Yeah. That Brenda Pugh might be another Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON:

Then you'll tell me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! I saw the two nice men walking up the line towards the signal box, yes.

SEAGOON:

We must stop them at once! But we'll pause first to hear Ray Ellington.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, smashing.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I WANT YOU TO BE MY BABY"

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, Ray Ellington. I'm sure you mean well. We rejoin 'The Hastings Flyer - Robbed'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(READS FOLLOWING LINE WITH GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Inside the signal box west... Inside the signal box west...

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you shut up, Bluebottle! Shut up. (STILL READS FOLLOWING LINE WITH GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Inside the signal box west of Pevensey Bay station. Which will play a vitally unimportant part in the story.

GRAMS:

WIND

WILLIUM:

Hello? Hello? The Pevensey Bay signal box man here, mate.

SEAGOON:

(DISTORT) Listen mate, put the signals to danger. Stop the Hasting Flyer!

WILLIUM:

Oh, I'll do that and I'll...

FX:

WALLOP ON HEAD.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh-arrggh-ohhhhh, mate!

SEAGOON:

(DISTORT) Hello? Hello? Hello, mate! Mate? Mate? Mate? Hello? Hello? Hello, mate? Mate, mate, mate, hello?

FX:

PHONE IS DROPPED INTO PLACE ON HOOK

GRYTPYPE:

All very nicely done, Moriarty, mate.

MORIARTY:

Ho, he, ha-ha, hooo, mate.

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's have a look. There's a bridge to the right, isn't there? Good. Now take these sticks of dynamite, place them in the centre of the span, run the wires back here. When the Hastings Flyer comes across - we press the plunger.

MORIARTY:

Ha he ho har har hooo! Then the money from the bullion van - ho ho har, the moolah! The moolah!

BOTH:

April in Paris... We found a Charlie...

FX:

RATTLING OF PHONE HOOK

SEAGOON:

Hello, signal box? Hello? Hello? He's hung up, mate.

ECCLES:

Better go and cut him down, mate.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Eccles, get your wall started.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about me, Captain? Can't I come in the game?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Only an idiot would leave you behind.

ECCLES:

Leave him behind!

SEAGOON:

Silence, the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

Silence, the famous Eccies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence the famous...

SEAGOON:

Oh, shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut your cakehole. Now, Bluebottle? Take this photograph of a red flag, go and stand on the bridge near the signal box. And if the Hastings Flyer approaches, stop it at all costs!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will! I will! I will be a hero! My picture will be in the East Finchley Chronic. 'Boy hero Bluebottle' That will make that Muriel Bates run after me. But I will play hard to get. 'I'm sorry, Miss Bates. I'm a busy boy hero. I have got certain matters to attend to. I have to be photographed with Sabrina'. Yes, ee-hehe! That's what I'll say. 'Ere. Thinks: that Sabrina's a fine big...

SEAGOON:

Stop those naughty thinks at once. Thinks: he's quite right though. That Sabrina is a fine big girl, isn't she? Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! He he! I think I'd better start wearin' long trousers soon.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Mr. Seagoon... Mr. Seagoon, don't leave us alone with these two train robbers about. We'll all be murdered in our beds, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Miss Bannister. Here, take this copy of the Nursing Mother.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

If you're attacked, don't hesitate to use it.

MINNIE:

Safe at last. Ohhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

My dear madam, with your face you'd be safe in Portsmouth on pay night.

MINNIE:

You naugh....

SEAGOON:

Come, men, we must hurry. The hairs on my wrist say it's quarter to needle nardle noo.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, forward to the bridge!

ORCHESTRA:

VERY TATTY BOYS' BRIGADE MARCH. FADE OUT.

GRAMS:

FADE UP BLIZZARD AND DOWN

WILLIUM:

Ow! Ow! Ow! You hit me on me 'ead and tied me up, mates.

MORIARTY:

Ah, shut up, mate!

WILLIUM:

Shut up, mate...

MORIARTY:

Shut up, mate, I tell you! Sapristi nuckoes! Grytpype, the hairs on my wrist say it's midnight o'clock and there's no sign of the Hastings Flyer!

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, frog-eater, steady. Obviously the blizzard's delayed the train.

MORIARTY:

(CRACKS UP) I'm can't wait any longer! My nerves are strained to breaking point!

FX:

BOING!

MORIARTY:

There goes one now! Ohh, I can't stand the strain, I tell you...

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up! Open your mouth. Say "Ahh".

MORIARTY:

Ahhh...

GRYTPYPE:

Close it.

GRAMS:

GRENADE EXPLODES. TEETH FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

You swine! You put a grenade in my mouth! All my choppers have gone! My teeth! My terrified little teeth have gone! Yukakaku!

GRYTPYPE:

Let that be a lesson to you. Now control yourself.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BLOODNOK BEARING HIS BASS DRUM.

GRYTPYPE:

What's that? Great goose hooks! Look, it's... it's a military gentleman walking up the line. And he's banging a drum.

MORIARTY:

You English are so musical.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the woods are full of them, you know.

MORIARTY:

I know.

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's sit quietly and wait for the Hastings Flyer.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD UP. THEN UNDER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! Captain! Look what I found in the bridge.

SEAGOON:

Dynamite! Thank heaven you found it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, heaven.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now, put it somewhere for safety.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! Moves right, puts dreaded dynamite under signal box for safety. Does not notice dreaded wires leading to plunger in signal cabin. Thinks: I reckon I'm in for a dreaded deading alright this week.

SEAGOON:

Men - our two train robbers are up in that signal box.

ECCLES:

Uh ho-ohhh?

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

SEAGOON:

You go up the line and try to stop the Hastings Flyer.

ECCLES:

O.K.

SEAGOON:

I'll try and put the signals to danger.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Alright?

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle?

Bluebottle:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

You keep me covered with this photograph of a gun. Right - let's go in...

FX:

DOOR KICKED

SEAGOON:

Hands up!

GRYTPYPE:

So, Neddie, you managed to get your hands free.

SEAGOON:

Yes, they never cost me a penny, thanks to National Health!

GRAMS:

DISTANT TOOT OF TRAIN APPROACHING

MORIARTY:

Listen!

GRYTPYPE:

What's that?

MORIARTY:

It's the Hastings Flyer!

GRYTPYPE:

What!

MORIARTY:

With all the money on board. We're gonna lose it! Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Yes! I've got to stop it or it'll bang into the snow plough at Pevensey Bay station.

GRYTPYPE:

(IDEA) Look, you can quite easily stop it.

SEAGOON:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

Just press that little plunger with the wires leading out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Right - ugh!

GRYTPYPE:

Here goes the bridge, Mori...

GRAMS:

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION. LITTLE BITS AND PIECES HIT THE DECK .

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, they're all deaded. But who got the money from the bullion van in the Hastings Flyer?

GRAMS:

BLOODNOK BANGING DRUM

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohh aighhhh! Ohhh....!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC reecorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

Notes:

Pevensey Bay is a coastal town in East Sussex, UK.

'Our Gracie' refers to Gracie Fields, an English singer and comedian who became one of the greatest stars of both cinema and music hall.

The Isle of Capri is an island off the Italian coast near Naples. In the 1950s, Capri became a popular destination for the international jet set.

Rita Hayworth was a film star and sex symbol.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

S6 E16 - The Mighty Wurlitzer

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Hip. Hip.

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, what fun we're having. Listeners, will you excuse this breach of corporation discipline, but, well - it is the festive season so... whoopee! (FINGER IN MOUTH WOBBLE)

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade! Stop taking those naughty elderly men's get-fit hormones.

GREENSLADE:

Get nurked, little Welsh bum.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Have a care, large bloated-type announcing gentleman. Or I'll belt the back of that great fat greasy nut of yours.

GREENSLADE:

Don't speak to me in those severe overtones. I'll have you know that I've been very ill. In fact I was at death's door twice.

SECOMBE:

Why didn't you knock? Enough of this Noel Coward-type dialogue. Remove those stained-glass corsets and give the listening listeners the old posh wireless chat, there, Wal. Go on, Wal. Go in, there.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the extraordinary talking-type wireless Goon Show.

SECOMBE:

Hip Hip.

MILLIGAN:

(RASPBERRY)

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Tonight's play was written by that great homeless author Lucky 'Smiling Jim' Milligan, the darling of Coventry. Now living in a damp leather wellington boot off the coast of Highgate.

MILLIGAN:

Tonight I present my masterpiece entitled 'The Mighty Wurlitzer'.

ORCHESTRA:

CRASHING DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

ORGAN PLAYING

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Yes, we can all hear it. Bach's Tocata and Fugue. By Batch. Written especially for Reg Dixon and his Blackpool Tower. It was that music that meed me mooned to take up the organ. But, that started many years ago in the Rhonda Valley, bach.

ORCHESTRA:

'SOSPAN BACH' MOTIF

FX:

VERY HEAVY DOOR RATTLING DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound listeners? A door.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING, WELSH ACCENT) Sospach Bach.

MAI JONES:

[SELLERS]

(WELSH ACCENT) Who's that?

SEAGOON:

I just brought your saucepan bach. Ha ha ha.

MAI JONES:

Oh, it's Harry son back from the pit, bach. You're back early from the pit, bach?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I found a piece of coal so they sent me home.

MAI JONES:

Oh, lovely. Now sit down on Grandad and eat your nice reeking black bread and goat pie, bach.

SEAGOON:

You killed the goat for Christmas, bach?

MAI JONES:

We had to, he ate the turkey, see. Only way we could get it back, bach.

MILLIGAN:

Meiouw. Meiouw.

SEAGOON:

Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss. Come here, puss, bach.

MILLIGAN:

Meiouw, meiouw, bach.

SEAGOON:

That's the first time I heard a cat bark.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS FAST

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie batch.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's Eccles the brain.

ECCLES:

Hello Nedieeee. Heelloo Nedieeee.

SEAGOON:

What the 'ell are you talking about?

ECCLES:

Ahhh, ohhhh. I've been taking talking lessons. Hallo Neddie. I'm gonna be an actor. To be or not to be, that is the question.

SEAGOON:

Shakespeare, huh?

ECCLES:

No, dat's Hamlet.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Have you seen Richard the Third?

ECCLES:

Oh, no. He died before I was born.

SEAGOON:

Dead? He can't be. Only last week I saw him in a picture.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Well, it must have been an old one. Friends, Romans and countrymen and those living in Coventry. Lend me your ears. I come...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles. Oh, that's me!

MAI JONES:

Harry, what's this I hear, you playing the organ in the chapel?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, mam. Play it lovely, I do.

MAI JONES:

Then why have half the congregation changed their religion?

SEAGOON:

They don't appreciate a musical genius, that's why.

MAI JONES:

Oh, well, they're rotten...

SEAGOON:

You see, one day I'll be another Reg the Dixon. Another Sandy the MacNabs.

FX:

HEAVY DOOR KNOB RATTLING, DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? A door.

GREENSLADE:

(USUAL POSH ENGLISH ACCENT) Good evening, Mrs. Seagoon batch. Look, it is I, isn't it, batch.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Who're you kidding?

MAI JONES:

Oh, it's Greenslade, the voice from under milkwood. Lovely man he is, too. Pull up Eccles and sit down.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh.

GREENSLADE:

Sorry, batch. Mrs. Seagoon, may I see you alone?

MAI JONES:

Ohhh, you devil! My husband's still in the house, as well.

GREENSLADE:

Madam, I came here merely to discuss Neddie. The villagers have sent me here with this money to send Neddie away for a musical education... (GOES OFF TALKING)

MAI JONES:

Well, really, I never thought it was like that, you know... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

And so Eccles and I left the village. As we reached the top of the hill we turned and waved and the villagers replied.

GRAMS:

RIFLE SHOTS, RICOCHETS IN FOREGROUND

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

For years we heard nothing from Neddie. And then, one day...

MAI JONES:

We heard nothing from him again.

GRAMS:

WELSH MALE VOICE CHOIR GENTLY SINGING

GREENSLADE:

We put a light in the window. Nothing much happened - except the house burnt down. The first people to see him again were two gentlemen purchasing arms for the Egyptians.

GRAMS:

OLD MOTOR CAR

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty and myself were searching the North African deserts for old derelict tanks and guns.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) I'm walking backwards for Christmas, across the Irish sea...

GRYTPYPE:

Stop the car. Stop the car.

GRAMS:

CAR STOPS DEAD

GRYTPYPE:

I thought I saw a Greek urn buried in the sand.

MORIARTY:

What's a Greek urn?

GRYTPYPE:

It's a vase made by Greeks for carrying liquids.

MORIARTY:

I didn't expect that answer.

GRYTPYPE:

Neither did quite a few smart alec listeners. Drive on, Moriarty.

GRAMS:

THE ORGAN APPROACHING

GRYTPYPE:

No wait... Listen.

GRAMS:

THE ORGAN APPROACHES AT SPEED - AND PASSES

MORIARTY:

By the great sweaters of Sabrina! Did you see that, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, yes. A man driving a cinema organ at speed.

MORIARTY:

Yes, I can't understand it, the nearest Odeon is at Clapham.

GRYTPYPE:

The poor devil must be lost.

MORIARTY:

Lost? Sapristi Nobollers! What's a cinema organist doing in the Sahara Desert?

GRYTPYPE:

It might be Sandy on holiday.

MORIARTY:

It's always Sandy on holiday in Sahara.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

Look, he's turning round and he's coming back.

GRAMS:

ORGAN APPROACHES AND SLOWS DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, put on evening dress, it's a white man.

SEAGOON:

I say, hello there.

GRYTPYPE:

We say hello there, too. Have a statue of George the Third.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, they give me a headache.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, bad luck.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha. Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

I saw you parked here, I thought you might be having trouble with your car.

MORIARTY:

We are.

SEAGOON:

What's wrong?

MORIARTY:

We can't keep up the instalments.

SEAGOON:

When did you buy it?

MORIARTY:

Yesterday.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, aren't you Ned Seagoon, the colden-voiced coon?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's me.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, at last we meet then, face to face.

SEAGOON:

Horrible isn't it? (CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

Only for me.

SEAGOON:

Remains to be seen.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

A turkey after Christmas. Ha ha! I say, look here.

GRYTPYPE:

Man to man, Neddie, how's the record selling?

SEAGOON:

Well, it's number scrimpson scree and throo on Housewives' Choice and third on the...

MORIARTY:

Stop this crazy-type talking! Let's get going, Grytpype. My wife is waiting for you to come home.

GRYTPYPE:

Not so fast, crazy-type frog-eater. Neddie? Allow me to introduce my heavily-oiled friend here, Count Fred Moriarty, crack leather bucaine player and voted Mr. Thin Legs of 1912.

MORIARTY:

Correction, please, Mr Thin Leg.

GRYTPYPE:

Leg?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I only entered one.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah.

MORIARTY:

Now Seagoon, tell us, what is that fifty-ton brass-bound contraption you're driving?

SEAGOON:

It's a Wurlitzer.

MORIARTY:

We thought it was a mirage.

SEAGOON:

A mirage? I've never heard of that make. Ha ha!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what wit. You're not the famous Evelyn Waugh, are you?

SEAGOON:

Heavens no, I wasn't born till 1918.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you must be the 1918 Waugh.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Touché.

SEAGOON:

Threeché.

MORIARTY:

Sabrina.

OMNES:

(SHARP) Hooray!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad two thirds of us agree. While the listeners are wondering what this all means, here is Max Geldray to play his perforated Arab neck twig and steam boot.

MAX GELDRAI:

'I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE'

GREENSLADE:

The Mighty Wurlitzer, Part Two. Hip hip.

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. It did not take long for Grytpype-Thynne to realise that Neddie's mighty high-speed organ would make good gun barrels for the tanks now waiting at Antwerp for shipment to Egypt.

SEAGOON:

Mr Grytpype-Thynne and Mr Thin Leg of 1912 took me to lunch at the Swank Hotel des Wogs in Cairo.

GRAMS:

WOG TRIO

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well, did you enjoy the meal, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

You asked me why I only play my organ whilst travelling at speed or faster. Well, I didn't want people to copy my technique. I didn't like them looking over my shoulder so the answer was... keep moving.

MORIARTY:

You're brilliant! You're the cleverest idiot I've ever met.

SEAGOON:

Then you haven't met the man who pumps the organ, Eccles.

FX:

FAST COCONUT SHELLS

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie. Now is the winter of our discontent...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, shut, up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up. Get up.

GRYTPYPE:

Sit down, Mr. Eccles. Now that you're here, you can do something useful.

ECCLES:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Go away. No, better still, better still, put this to your head and pull the trigger.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Oooooooooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now Neddie, I suppose you must be wondering why we brought you here.

SEAGOON:

You know, I've been wondering why you brought me here.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, (WHISPERING AWKWARDLY) Neddie, we've heard you play the organ and we don't rather think that you've got it.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish. Next to Reg Dixon I'm the greatest player in the world.

MORIARTY:

Nonsense, Ena Baga could play better than you.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to hear Ena Baga try it.

MORIARTY:

Little tone-deaf lad, I'm an authority on the organ playing. You haven't a hope in the world of becoming a great organ player.

SEAGOON:

What! (SOBS) Oh, what a terrible turribule shock! For ten years I've studied organ playing in the Sahara and now... failure! And sunburn! I ask you, what can I do with my fifty-ton brass-bound organ?

GRYTPYPE:

May I make a suggestion?

SEAGOON:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you could be the first man to break the world's land speed record in a Wurlitzer.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard such a ridiculous idea.

GRYTPYPE:

Neither have I, but there it is.

MORIARTY:

Neddie? Neddie, if you do this thing, it would make Reg Dixon green with envy, lad.

SEAGOON:

Mmm, that sounds interesting. What do you say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nuttin', I'm dead.

SEAGOON:

And it suits you.

FX:

PISTOL

SEAGOON:

Aaah!

ECCLES:

And it suits you, too.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop this crazy-type humour. Answer now, do you want to break the land speed record in a Wurlitzer?

SEAGOON:

Alright, what have I to lose?

MORIARTY:

Good work, Grytpype, we've got him. Ha ha ha!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SINGING) April in Paris... Armaments for Egypt...

ORCHESTRA:

RISING APRIL IN PARIS-CHORD LINK

SEAGOON:

By raising an overdraft at the Bank of Jerusalem, no mean feat in itself, I shipped my organ and its crew to Daytona Beach, America for the record run. There we engaged the world's greatest military organ engineer.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Whooooaaaargggghh! Slud blan dweeee, ohhh, that's better.

MORIARTY:

Then don't come near me. Now Bloodnok, remember, loosen all the nuts and bolts so that when he's travelling at speed the whole organ falls to pieces.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you for telling me the plot. Now then, what about the moolah?

MORIARTY:

Moolah? No money until the sabotage is done!

BLOODNOK:

What!? Great heaps of green splat! (CHICKEN CLUCKING NOISE)

MORIARTY:

Stop using that fowl language!

SEAGOON:

Hello, I presume you're Major Bloodnok come to help me maintain my organ.

BLOODNOK:

I am, and how is the Wurlitzer this morning?

SEAGOON:

Running like a bird. (CLUCKING) I'm rather broody. Yes, I... I warmed her up with Handel's Largo then two laps with Reg Dixon's Blackpool Nights Medley.

MILLIGAN:

(QUIET) Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

What melody are you playing for the record run?

SEAGOON:

Twelfth Street Rag. It's the fastest tune in the world.

BLOODNOK:

Well, to wish you luck I shall have a nip of brandy. Are you going to have a tiny tot?

SEAGOON:

If I did it would be the sensation of the medical world.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you... you naughty-type Wurlitzer player, you!

SEAGOON:

Major, I want you to meet my organ pumper, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello... Major!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Private Eccles!

ECCLES:

Private Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Me old batman!

ECCLES:

Old batman.

BLOODNOK:

You remember me, Major Bloodnok?

ECCLES:

I remember you, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Aeiough, yes.

ECCLES:

Aeiough, yes.

BLOODNOK:

You must remember the good times we had?

ECCLES:

I remember the good times we had.

BLOODNOK:

Remember that Naafi bird?

ECCLES:

I remember that Naafi bird.

BLOODNOK:

What was her name now?

ECCLES:

Now.

BLOODNOK:

Filthy Gladys.

ECCLES:

Her name was Filthy Gladys.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Course you were too young to enjoy it but me and the lads, we had a wonderful time with her, Ohhhhh...

ECCLES:

Ohhhh... you and the lads had a wonderful time wid her.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I wonder what became of old Filthy Gladys.

ECCLES:

I married her. And then... and then I deserted.

BLOODNOK:

Deserted? Then why are you wearing that military medal?

ECCLES:

All my clothes are at the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

Heavens, you mean they accepted them?

ECCLES:

Only for burning.

BLOODNOK:

Of course, of course! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. All was set, then. Tomorrow, the world's land speed record for Wurlitzers. In the meantime, Ray Ellington will play his canvas porridge bin and oiled groin bush.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'LATE NIGHT FINAL'

ECCLES:

Oooaarrgghhoo...

GREENSLADE:

The Mighty Wurlitzer, part the three. Hip Hip

OMNES:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Next morning on Daytona Beach, a shock was in store for Neddie.

FX:

TAPPING AND FILING

SEAGOON:

Yes. To my horror a second great organ, the festival organ, was being prepared for an attack on the world's land speed record.

FX:

TAPPING AND FILING

MINNIE BANNISTER:

(SINGING) Bom bom biddle bo... (GETTING JAZZIER THEN MILLIGAN CORPSES)

HENRY CRUN:

Stop that sinful, sexy, crazy American rhythm singing.

MINNIE:

Aaaaooohhh. You're corny, buddy. Yes, remember what Jim Davidson said? Get modern in six weeks or get out. (SINGS) Have you ever heard two love birds talk, yakka bacca cooo... (ETC)

HENRY CRUN:

Listen, you mustn't talk like that to me, I'm... I'm a friend of Paul Fenoulhet.

MINNIE:

...Naughty... (CONTINUES SINGING)

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS) Stop it Min!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

You're driving me into a frenzy of evil dancing.

MINNIE:

No, I'm not gonna stop my rhythm...

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(ARGUING FURIOUSLY - STOP SUDDENLY)

MINNIE:

Aaaaooooohhh.

HENRY CRUN:

Stop it, I say! Stop it! Stop that crazy rhythm, you sinful woman, Min. Now let's get on with the work. Have you cleared that E flat pipe yet?

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy. Yes, try it now.

GRAMS:

TWO TOOTS ON ORGAN

MILLIGAN:

Hear that sound, listeners? Yakaka.

HENRY CRUN:

Eureka! It's clear, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, it sounds real cool.

MINNIE:

Real cool, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Get your woollen crash helmet on, I'm taking it out on a trial run.

MINNIE:

You're taking my crash helmet on a trial run, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, Min.

MINNIE:

You – no, Hen.

HENRY CRUN:

Get in, buddy.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy. Get...

HENRY CRUN:

Hold tight.

MINNIE:

Crazy...

GRAMS:

MOTOR CAR STARTING; PROGRESSION OF GEAR CHANGING INTO DIFFERENT SPEED ORGAN TUNES, GOES INTO DISTANCE WITH MINNIE DOING VARIOUS NOISES

SEAGOON:

Great wrinkled things! Did you see that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I saw that, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Another organ trying to break the record. This is more than fat and bone can stand. Any of you spectators have any knowledge of that organ?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have certain knowledges, I have. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Hooray! Large amounts of the... your Archers are in the audiences. Enter Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it is a little cardboard East Finchley mechanic.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Lad, lad, now. Tell me, what speed does Mr. Crun's organ do?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I shall not telle-d you! I have been sworn to secrencyns by Mr. Crunge and Miss Ballistrade.

SEAGOON:

Lad, lad, lad. Tell me and these two ounces of cardboard brandy balls are yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, cardboard brandy balls. Thank you. Thinks: with these type sweets my prestinge will increase at school. Yes. Thinks again: if I gave one of them to Winnie Hemp, it... it might act like a love philtre on her. And then... ehhe heheheheee...

SEAGOON:

Thinks: you dirty little devil!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: are you referring to me?

SEAGOON:

Thinks: yes I am.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: you big, fat steaming nit, you.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Take that!

FX:

WALLOP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: O000ooohhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

There, there, don't take it so hard. It was only in thinks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mmm. Thinks: doesn't say anything, just thinks.

SEAGOON:

Here, lad. Now here are the brandy balls. Now, how fast does Mr. Crun's Wurlitzer go?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will tell you. Eighty mumph.

SEAGOON:

Mumph?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Eighty M.P.H. Mumph.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Gad, gid! Mine's only ever done 50 mumph!

MORIARTY:

Then it must be destroyed! (TO LISTENERS) This means more scrap for us, listeners. (TO NEDDIE)
Here, Neddie, put this bomb in the E flat organ pipe.

SEAGOON:

I'm too fat to get in that.

MORIARTY:

Er, let me see now, who's thin enough to get in?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I go home now, captain, I got my...

SEAGOON:

Yes, you!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH AWAY

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MILES AWAY) Goodbye!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, come down off that Mount Everest.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, you will dead me! 'Blange', you will go and I will be blanged.

SEAGOON:

Here's a picture of Sabriiiinaaaa!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Where? Where? Where?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok! Throw that sofa away! Now... Bloodnok, Bloodnok come here, you'll do. Now, put this bomb in Mr Crun's Wurlitzer.

BLOODNOK:

What? Yeah alright, I'll do it. But for fifty pounds.

SEAGOON:

Gad, there are no flies on you.

BLOODNOK:

I know, but they'll be back in the spring again.

SEAGOON:

There, fifty pounds in used custard.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRAMS:

CRUN'S ORGAN DRIVES UP TO A STOP

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ahh, ahh, there, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

We've just done sixty miles an hour in the organ, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll beat that. Stand aside! So saying, I sprang into the cockpit of my Wurlitzer.

GRAMS:

ORGAN STARTS UP, THEN FALLS TO PIECES; SOUND OF GREAT HOLLOW ORGAN PIPES HITTING THE GROUND

MORIARTY:

Hoe arr! Good work, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(APPROACH) Oohh ohhhh. Cruel, cruel fate. My Wurlitzer - fallen to pieces.

HENRY CRUN:

Then we hold the record for Wurlitzers. Hooray!

SEAGOON:

No, no, I'll not be forestalled or fivestalled! Out of my way.

BLOODNOK:

So saying, he sprang into Crun's Wurlitzer and strapped himself into the leather playing seat.

GRAMS:

ORGAN STARTS UP, DRIVES AWAY

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, Did you remember to put the bomb in?

BLOODNOK:

Er, let me think, I... I...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was how Neddie Seagoon broke the world altitude record for organs. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

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

Notes:

Reg Dixon was a well-known organist who played in the ballroom under the Blackpool Tower.

Sandy MacNabs is cockney rhyming slang for crabs (pubic lice)

Evelyn Waugh was an English writer.

Paul Fenoulhet was a conductor of various BBC orchestras.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

S6 E17 - The Raid of the International Christmas Pudding

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Before the next part of the programme, here is "The Goon Show".

ORCHESTRA:

DISCORDANT CHORD.

SELLERS:

For years now, the feathered non-saxophone-playing Senapati tribesmen have been sweeping down from the date fields of Northern Waziristan.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SELLERS:

Thank you. The reason for these destructive raids was an attempt to capture and imprison the recipe for the Great International Christmas Pudding.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

And, thank you. My name is Captain Neddie Seagoon, though why my mother christened me Captain I shall never know. (CHUCKLES) Take a look at this picture of the regiment. See what I mean? (CHUCKLES, CLEARS THROAT) But... but I'm digressing. China, 1884. The province of Sikiang is bleak, barren and desolate. There are no gas works and all the rivers are under water. Therefore, our story will take place in India!

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine!

GRYTPYPE:

It was a meeting in the spring of a late autumn in 1862 when the strange secret was first disclosed.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISE OF RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Gentleman!

OMNES:

CROWD NOISE OF RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Rhubarb. Gentlemen! At ease. You may smoke. Put that cigarette out!

ECCLES:

You said I could smoke!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but not tobacco.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentleman, we are facing a serious situation. Therefore, let's all turn round!

ECCLES:

(MUTED VOICE IN CROWD) Fine, that's a good idea.

SEAGOON:

The destructive raids of the Red Bladder's tribesmen are endangering the Great International Christmas Pudding.

OMNES:

(CROWD OF DISTRESSED VOICES) What... look here... rhubarb, rhubarb (ETC).

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! Eccles, put that saxophone out!

ECCLES:

You said we could smoke!

SEAGOON:

But not saxophones! Rhubarb, I tell you. Now, you see this large map of the Decca and Amritsar area showing the high ground and Sunday trains to Delhi?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

I put this map up for a very special reason.

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Really sir, what's that?

SEAGOON:

To cover that filthy great porridge stain on the wall! Now...

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

Rhubarb, rhubarb.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to play you a military gramophone record. Listen carefully.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF GUNFIRE, BUGLES, ARTILLERY, YELLS.

SEAGOON:

Right, gentlemen, come out from under the seats. Eccles, put that horse out!

ECCLES:

But you said we could smoke!

SEAGOON:

Not horses!

ECCLES:

This one's cork tipped.

SEAGOON:

Which only goes to prove. Now, then! Gentlemen, do you know what record that was? It was the recording of the Battle of Plassey.

FLOWERDEW:

You mean you actually recorded an entire battle, sir?

SEAGOON:

Not just one, Flowerdew - 400! In fact, every battle ever fought in India has been recorded.

FLOWERDEW:

Can you... can you buy them locally, sir?

FUDGEKNUCKLE:

I mean, are they on the hit parade, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, no they aren't, Fudgeknuckle. The only copies are in the Indian Museum of Battle Records in Poona.

UNKNOWN OFFICER:

Gad!

SEAGOON:

Yes, one of these recordings has fallen into the hands of the Red Bladder!

OMNES:

Good heavens, Rhubarb (ETC).

SEAGOON:

Yes, Lieutenant Custard and that's not all. The record that was stolen was the one of the only victory the Red Bladder had over the British.

GREENSLADE:

Sir, of what *possible* use can this record *possibly* be to the Red Bladder?

SEAGOON:

A good question. I wish I had a good answer.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Is it not a fact, sir, that the captured record is being played daily over the Red Bladder's wireless to incite his tribesmen to renewed savagery?

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Yes! But we *are* successfully countering.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

[MILLIGAN]

How, Sir? Tell us, how? Elucidate! Clarify this statement! Tell us how, sir? How? Do speak! Explain! Tell us! How? How? Tell me, how?

SEAGOON:

Lieutenant Bowser.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

I'm putting you on a charge.

LIEUTENANT BOWSER:

What for, sir?

SEAGOON:

Overacting. Now gentlemen, we *are* thwarting, and I repeat, thwarting the Red Bladder by broadcasting in reply all the gramophone records of *our* victories over him.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, yes?

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP.

SEAGOON:

Men, bad news. The Red Bladder has surrounded our radio station at Chatagan. All our records are in danger.

UNKNOWN OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, does this mean, does this mean, war, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Men, I'm calling for volunteers.

FX:

SOUND OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Now why didn't I think of that?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Ergh, sorry I'm late, it took me all morning to shake her off.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Just the man. We have a dangerous mission for you.

FX:

SOUND OF FLEEING. WHOOSH, DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Stop him before he gets to the bus stop!

ABDUL:

I've got him, sir, I've got him sir. C'mon.

BLOODNOK:

Take your filthy hands off my filthy arm, will you! I've never been so yakabakkakked in all my...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop yakabakkakkering.

BLOODNOK:

Yakabakkakka.

SEAGOON:

Yakabakkakka, Ooo! You will assume command at once of the Fourth Battalion Night Schlappers and march to the relief of Chatagan.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF MARCHING.

BLOODNOK:

And so we marched. Oh, how we marched. Week after week, month after month I led them. It seemed we'd never reach Chatagan. Then unluckily I took a wrong turning... and we arrived.

OMNES:

CHEERING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Men... men of Chatagan radio station. You've all heard of me, Major Bloodnok, haven't you?

UNKNOWN:

No.

UNKNOWN:

[SECOMBE]

No.

UNKNOWN:

No, sir.

SEAGOON-ALIKE:

(CHUCKLES) No, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well in that case I appoint myself mess-treasurer. I second that. Now then, what I want to know is...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

...who's going to...

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]

Ahh, Major Bloodnok. At last I meet you, cor blimey.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

RED BLADDER:

My card.

BLOODNOK:

It's the naughty-type Red Bladder! Aaahh!

FX:

WHOOSH!

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok, come out from under that bed.

BLOODNOK:

Don't hit me, then, don't hit me. Here, have my OBE.

RED BLADDER:

Listen. You have in your possession, here, 399 records of battles in which the British pigs beat my soldiers. Hand them over, cor blimey.

BLOODNOK:

And betray my secret trust? What do you take me for?

RED BLADDER:

Rogue, liar and a coward.

BLOODNOK:

Sit down, I think we can do business. Red Bladder, I'll make a deal with you. Here's a record of a British victory. Call off your attack.

RED BLADDER:

Ok, mate.

ANNOUNCER:

No attack took place that day. But the following morning...

GRAMS:

BUGLER, FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF ATTACK.

ABDUL:

Aaattaack! The Red Bladder is attacking again, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What what what?

ABDUL:

Ahhhh...

BLOODNOK:

Quick Abdul, post him another battle record, that'll keep him quiet. Thank heaven we've got 397 more. We're safe for 13 months and 3 days. Tell Miss Johnston I'm ready for her now, will you?

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile at Indian army HQ in Poona, I happened one evening to be listening to the wireless.

GRAMS:

MUSIC WITH INDIAN TYPE VOICE OVER TOP.

INDIAN ANNOUNCER:

[MILLIGAN]

Good morning wog wives. This is Abdul Nelric with your choice for this morning. And now for Mrs. The Red Bladder of two The Cages, Grand Pass Road, Khyber Pass, here is a record of the Battle of Pondicherry in which the British got a good bashing from the Red Bladder, Hooray.

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Great Scott! Do you hear that, Field Marshal Carruthers?

CARRUTHERS:

[SELLERS]

Yes, but we didn't lose the battle of Pondicherry, sir.

SEAGOON:

Great galloping crabs! Do you know what they're doing?

CARRUTHERS:

What?

SEAGOON:

They're playing that record backwards, to make it sound as if the British were losing!

CARRUTHERS:

Then it doesn't take an idiot to know that our radio station and Major Bloodnok have been completely wiped out, sir.

SEAGOON:

Heavens, yes. We must send help. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Hold forth.

FX:

STANDING TO ATTENTION.

SEAGOON:

Off you go!

ECCLES:

Left, Right...

FX:

MARCHING FEET (CONTINUES UNDER)

CARRUTHERS:

Do you think one man's really enough sir?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. We'll follow behind with another man, namely, Max Geldray!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

MAX GELDRAY:

"APRIL IN PARIS".

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE. LINK MUSIC.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BATTLE.

ABDUL:

Ah, sahib! Sahib! The Red Bladder's attacking again, mwah!

BLOODNOK:

Uh? I've got no more records, left! This Red Bladder's causing a lot of trouble!

GRAMS:

BUGLE CALL, STRANGULATED AT END

BLOODNOK:

Listen, where's me elastic telescope. Ah, good. Good heavens, it's a bugle call followed immediately by Seagoon and two men-type soldiers!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Waaugh!

SEAGOON:

Take off that Sabrina outfit and explain how the Red Bladder has been getting these records of British victories.

BLOODNOK:

He employed a mean, low, cunning trick, sir!

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He bribed me! I'd have been mad to turn it down, of course.

SEAGOON:

Then he's got every record?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and believe me, our morale-boosting programme sounds pretty thin with just the whistler and his dog. Especially as the whistler died last week.

SEAGOON:

Gadjigoo this is terrible gigoogar.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

We've got to stop him playing our records.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And so that night with the enemy at the gates, firing through the windows, throwing grenades into the compound, shooting up through the floor and dropping bombs through the ceiling, we were forced to take dinner from the kneeling position.

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS, GUNSHOTS (CONTINUES UNDER).

SEAGOON:

General, have you noticed anything strange about those stewed prunes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, no custard.

SEAGOON:

Correct. And another thing, we're being attacked.

BLOODNOK:

What's more, the Red Bladder's got fresh troops.

SEAGOON:

Who told you?

GRAMS:

BACKGROUND NOISE FADES

BLOODNOK:

One of the women they got fresh with. I'm on the wrong side, you know...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop blacking up.

BLOODNOK:

Stop blacking up. (SINGS) Maa-mee..

SEAGOON:

Yakabakkakagoo. Now, listen. Our first counter-move. Any suggestions? (PAUSE) Very well, our second counter-move. We'll form three companies of commandos, numbered one, two and three. Each will be thoroughly trained in the lost art of removing a gramophone needle from its soundbox and destroying it. Now, look at this chart.

CARRUTHERS:

Why sir? It's a photograph of a gramophone needle.

SEAGOON:

Correct. It's the actual gramophone needle the enemy is using in their insulting campaign, photographed at great risk by air reconnaissance at low level.

CARRUTHERS:

How did they manage to get so low?

SEAGOON:

They walked. Now, we're going to destroy Red Bladder's gramophone needle. We'll call this "Operation Needle."

MILLIGAN:

Nardle noo!

SEAGOON:

Thank you! "Operation Needle Nardle Noo" is on!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

Our heroes reported immediately for an intensive eight-year course at the army needle-destroying depot at Umbala.

FX:

DRILLING SOUND.

INSTRUCTOR:

[MILLIGAN]

There gentlemen. Having drilled a hole in the gramophone needle; you must do this very carefully, by the way; you put into the hollow of the needle, one eye-dropper full of the nitro-glycerine. Now be most careful about this, it's extremely dangerous. Now, next we attach the detonator leads and set the fuse, so. Now, we withdraw quickly to two miles distance, follow me.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello everybody! Sorry I'm late. Ooh, there's nobody here. Thinks: There's nobody here. I know, I will sit here quietly wntil the talking lecture-man comes back. Starts to cut out six boxtops of Scrappo thus enabling me to get the Scrappo Boy's bravery badge for eating six boxes of Scrappo. I think I will sing a little song to keep my spirints up. (SINGS) Oh, my love, my darling, I hunger for your touch, a long lonely time...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Hallo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. It's the famous Eccles!

ECCLES:

It's the famous Eccles!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccles?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let's have a game.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You close your eyes and guess who you are.

ECCLES:

Fine, I like the sound of that, I'll close my eyes. Now let me see... who am I? Who am I? I'm not going to tell you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, while he is guessing, I think... oh! What are all dem funny things on dis lecturer's desk? Oh, it is a little needule full of needule juice. Oh... and what is this big box here with the red labels saying "danger nintroglmcerine... explosive"? Thinks: I wish I had not readed that bit. I know, I will tiptoe out of the room. Thinks: This is one week Bluebottle's not going to be deaded. Reaches door, so far so good. Opens door, very carefully.

FX:

VERY QUIET CREAKING OPEN OF DOOR.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Turns back for one last look of triumph.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You have exploded me! Where's my leg? I don't like this game, I've done a bunk... I don't like this... (GOES OFF MUTTERING)

GREENSLADE:

The experiment had succeeded. The needle was entirely blunted.

SEAGOON:

So we prepared to raid the Red Bladder's dreaded radio station.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF FROGS ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, that night our heroes crept through the jungle, playing their tom-toms as quietly as possible and holding umbrellas painted to resemble mango trees.

ECCLES:

Oh! I'm frightened!

SEAGOON:

What's up, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I just spotted a leopard!

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, leopards are always spotted. Now then, if it had only been a dog we could have all had lunch.

ECCLES:

Oh, spotted dog!

SECOMBE:

That'd explain the gag!

ECCLES:

Hey, oh, oh, I just saw a tree move!

BLOODNOK:

It must have spotted a dog as well!

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that! Now then...

ECCLES:

The tree did.

SEAGOON:

Let's check our bearings. Let me see now, one, two, three, four. That's one bearing each. Make them last as long as you can.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Every man should have a military bearing. Wait a minute... this is a civilian bearing!

SEAGOON:

Of course. We're in disguise.

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Now let's check our position. Put on that gramophone record of a map.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

MARCHING FEET.

SEAGOON:

Aah, yes. Just as I thought. We're marching up a road.

BLOODNOK:

Wait, listen.

GRAMS:

SPEEDING CAR SOUND APPROACHING.

SEAGOON:

Look out!

GRAMS:

CAR AND RECEDING.

SEAGOON:

Swine! He was driving on the wrong side of the record. Anybody hurt?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I'm hurt.

ECCLES:

He's hurting.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put on a record of a doctor's house.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's not in. He must be away on another record. Well, never mind. Here's a phonograph of Gracie Fields playing Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PLAYS GRACIE FIELDS' "SALLY" WITH SOME VARIANT LYRICS.

MINNIE:

Well done, Ray. Well done.

BLOODNOK:

Now stop this crazy type photographic humour. We must find the Red Bladder's radio station or my name's not Dennis Diana Dors Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

What's Diana Dors doing in the middle?

BLOODNOK:

Can you think of a better place? Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Shhhh. Quiet men.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I'm a wag.

SEAGOON:

I think we're within a stone's throw of the Red Bladder's secret radio. I'll make a test. Hand me that elephant.

BLOODNOK:

Here you are.

ECCLES:

Ohh, just take his hat off.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now then. (STRAINING SOUNDS) Ugh!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS THEN ELEPHANT TRUMPET NOISE.

SEAGOON:

I knew it! I knew it. We're also within elephant-throwing distance. But there's open ground between. How are we going to cross it?

ECCLES:

Here, how are we going to gonna get across it?

SEAGOON:

Ssssh, sssh... (SHOOSH NOISE GRADUALLY TURNS INTO STEAM ENGINE IMITATION). And so we arrived by train. Now men, we must effect entry by a cunning ruse. We'll say we are plumbers.

BLOODNOK:

But we don't know how to do plumbing.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. There's no plumbing in the Red Bladder fort. It's only to afford an entry.

ECCLES:

I can't afford an entry, I haven't got any money with me, I didn't...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles! (REPEATED BY ALL) Stop it! The plumbers disguises. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Put this spanner behind your ear and wrap these 50 feet of lead tubing around your legs.

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

Candidly, it suits you.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

You, Bloodnok, you take this copy of "10,000 Plumber's Gags."

BLOODNOK:

Ahh.

SEAGOON:

Now, who knows how to ring a doorbell?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can, Captain, I have been to college.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, right. Ring!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ding a ling a ling a ling.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

RED BLADDER:

Yes, what d'you want, cor blimey!

SEAGOON:

We're plumbers.

RED BLADDER:

Come in, cor blimey!

SEAGOON:

Wait, noble Red Bladder. Why have you got your trouser legs rolled up above your neck?

RED BLADDER:

Got burst pipe.

BLOODNOK:

That's done it, we can't repair any burst pipes. (CLEARS THROAT) Tell me, where is the pipe?

RED BLADDER:

In hareem.

BLOODNOK:

Weahahh!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, come back here!

RED BLADDER:

Come, come. Hurry up and mend burst pipe, cor blimey. Four of my wives are underwater.

SEAGOON:

I'm... well, I'm terribly sorry, we... we were on strike, you know. We never repair wives under water. Well, goodbye!

RED BLADDER:

Me suspicious of them, cor blimey.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

RED BLADDER:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

RED BLADDER:

What d'you want?

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) This'll get us in safely listeners. (NORMAL) I'm Doctor Seagoon and we are strolling brain surgeons and tigers' dentists.

RED BLADDER:

Good! My tiger got strolling brain and two bad teeth. This way, please.

SEAGOON:

Right, you know, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, we... we've all just been struck off the rolls.

RED BLADDER:

Why?

SEAGOON:

The baker didn't like us sleeping on them. Ha ha! Good day!

RED BLADDER:

Cor blimey. Me very suspicious now! First plumber, then strolling brain surgeons, then corny gag about struck off rolls! Now what?

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

One, two, three.

SEAGOON AND COMPANY:

(SINGING) We three kings of Orient are...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Owww.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) We two kings of Orient are...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Owww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Noel, Noel...

RED BLADDER:

Stop! Stop! Christmas not here for another eleven months!

SEAGOON:

Well, can we come in and wait?

RED BLADDER:

Very well, on one condition.

SEAGOON:

What?

RED BLADDER:

That you go away at once.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we will, on one condition.

RED BLADDER:

What?

SEAGOON:

That you let us stay.

RED BLADDER:

Snap!

SEAGOON:

We're in, lads.

RED BLADDER:

You sit here and wait for Merry Christmas, cor blimey. Me go put frogman suit on, talk to four submerged wives.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

We must hurry, chaps. The Red Bladder is due to broadcast Wog Wives Choice in five minutes. We must blow up the gramophone needle before then. So much for the plot. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Now, follow me down this passage. What's in here?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

EXOTIC MUSIC.

ECCLES:

OoooOooo...

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here! Get those trousers pressed, will you?

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

He'll be sorry when the cold weather comes. (CLEARS THROAT)

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Look. Here is the vital record-type-playing room.

ECCLES:

Ooo.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Well done, Bluebottle, good work. Gaddidgooliette. What's this record on the turntable?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is a South American one.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It says 78 revolutions a minute. Thinks: Joke.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Whallop.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: Oh, my nut!

SEAGOON:

Hurriedly we drilled a hole in that gramophone needle, filled it with nitro-glycerine and screwed it back in.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good. The Red Bladder's coming, Capitan!

ECCLES:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

Quick, disguise yourselves as gramophone records!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Put these labels on.

ECCLES:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

And remember at all costs, if he plays you...

ECCLES:

Yuh?

SEAGOON:

...sing!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeh.

SEAGOON:

Shhh.

RED BLADDER:

What's this, cor blimey. Three new records? Me put one on.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I watched horrified as he put Bluebottle on the turntable. Would Bluebottle succeed in deceiving the Red Bladder?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING 'THE THIRD MAN' THEME) Ding a ding a ding a ding, ding a ling a ding a ding. Ooh, wait a minute. This needle's full of the dreaded nitro...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

GREENSLADE:

And it was. An heroic British victory with the loss of only three idiots. This show was recorded on a double-sided Bluebottle. Good night, listeners.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC-recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet (FADED OUT).

S6 E18 - Tales of Montmartre

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections from Paul Winalski and others. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Or if you're French, 'Zis is ze B.B.C. 'ome servis'.

ORCHESTRA:

OFFENBACH'S "THE FRENCH CAN-CAN POLKA"

SECOMBE:

Hear that French-type music, listeners? Hmm, hmmm, hmm. It gives you a clue as to what country tonight's play is set. Have any of you guessed?

ECCLES:

No.

SECOMBE:

Try again, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Um hum.

SECOMBE:

Now here's another subtle musical clue.

ORCHESTRA:

CAN-CAN FOLLOWED BY "SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS"

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) No.

SECOMBE:

It is difficult, I know.

ECCLES:

Ahh.

SECOMBE:

But from time to time we will give you further clues. Now, Mister Greenslade, continue.

GREENSLADE:

Mesdames et messieurs. Presenting 'Tales of Montmartre'. One, two, three.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ORCHESTRA:

SPIRITED CAN-CAN WITH CALLS AND YELPS.

TOULOUSE:

(SECOMBE, NEDDIE VOICE) It was Paris in 1880. My name is...

MILLIGAN:

One moment. Get on this chair.

FX:

GRUNTS AND CLAMBERING UP ON CHAIR NOISES.

TOULOUSE:

Merki. My name is Toulouse-Lautrec. Neddie Toulouse-Lautrec. Of Leeds. My story is of a great love, Fifi. But more of her later. Much more.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

TOULOUSE:

It was a bleak Parisian evening when I entered a small art shop and haberdashery.

FX:

DOOR OPENED. SHOP BELL.

CRUN:

Arh, ah.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Bone sewer.

TOULOUSE:

Bone idle, Monsieur le patron. I want to buy a twenty foot easel.

CRUN:

Twenty foot? Whatever for?

TOULOUSE:

I want people to think I'm tall.

CRUN:

But if you stand by a twenty foot easel it'll make you look even shorter.

TOULOUSE:

That's just it, I'm not going to stand by it. Hmph. I'll stand somewhere else. A-ha, ha. I'm not a fool, you know.

CRUN:

If you're not going to stand near it, why buy it?

TOULOUSE:

I've got to buy it so as to have something tall not stand by. Ha, ha. It's no good not standing by something tall that's not there is it, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha.(CLEARS THROAT).

CRUN:

Yes. Supposing someone comes in unexpectedly when you're standing near it?

TOULOUSE:

Then I shall deny every word of it and stand on a ladder.

CRUN:

I see. Madam Bannister?

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

CRUN:

Have you got that easel?

MINNIE:

Wee, wee, buddy.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Here. Twenty foot high. Shall I wrap it up for you, buddy?

TOULOUSE:

No. Just strap it on my back and put my hat on top. I'll show them how tall I can look. Ha, ha, ha!

FX:

DOOR OPENED SHOP BELL.

TOULOUSE:

Bon sy-er.

MINNIE:

Bon sy-er.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED WITH NOISE OF SHOP BELL.

GRAMS:

"MOULIN ROGUE" THEME (FILM 1952)

TOULOUSE:

(SINGING THEME FROM MOULIN ROGUE)tell me where is your heart?

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

Ahhh, home at last. So saying, I set up my twenty foot easel and started to paint. (HUMMING TO PREVIOUS TUNE) Hmmm hmm, hmm-hmm-hmm.

MORIARTY:

Good evening in French.

TOULOUSE:

Needle nardle noo! Who are you?

MORIARTY:

I am Count Fred Moriarty.

TOULOUSE:

Then why are you disguised as Major Bloodnok?

MORIARTY:

He couldn't come. It's the dreaded lurgi, you know.

TOULOUSE:

The dreaded lurgi, a likely story. Or a lurgi story. Hmm, hmm, hmm. You come in here, a complete stranger and...

MORIARTY:

Correction, correction. An incomplete stranger.

TOULOUSE:

Explain.

MORIARTY:

I have a wooden leg.

FX:

SAWING OF WOODEN LEG

MORIARTY:

Stop sawing my leg through, I tell you! Stop...

TOULOUSE:

Timberrrr...

FX:

SOUND OF TREE CREAKING, OVER:

MORIARTY:

Aiiiiiiiii.

FX:

TREE CRASHING TO GROUND.

MORIARTY:

Oi, sapristi nabolos!

TOULOUSE:

Yes! That's cut you down to my size. Now, explain what you were doing in mon studio.

MORIARTY:

Well, as I said, mon name is Count Fred Moriartee, from... you and I speak French, now.

TOULOUSE:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GOBBLEDEEGOOK).

TOULOUSE:

Hold it! Hold it! I'll get a bucket.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas. You make a joke of me! Insult! We must fight a duel. Three paces and fire.

FX:

TWO PISTOL SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

MORIARTY:

Thank you, honour is satisfied. Now to business.

TOULOUSE:

Business? What is your business?

MORIARTY:

I, Monsieur... I, Monsieur, am a collector.

TOULOUSE:

What do you collect?

MORIARTY:

Firewood. I pay two francs a bundle.

TOULOUSE:

Two francs?

FX:

SAWING.

MORIARTY:

(URGENTLY) Stop sawing my wooden leg!

FX:

SAWING STOPS.

MORIARTY:

You insult me, we must fight another duel. Three paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PISTOL SHOT.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Honour is satisfied. Monsieur Lautrec, I can do business with you.

TOULOUSE:

Me? I am but a poor old painter.

MORIARTY:

So I see by your poor old paintings.

TOULOUSE:

You insult me! We must fight a duel! En garde!

MORIARTY:

En garde!

FX:

CLASH OF SABRES.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you. Honour is satisfied.

MORIARTY:

Merci.

TOULOUSE:

Now, what do you want?

MORIARTY:

That painting on that twenty foot easel. Ten francs?

TOULOUSE:

(ASIDE) Ten francs! He's made an offer. I've sold my first painting.

MORIARTY:

Correction: You've sold your first easel.

TOULOUSE:

That twenty foot easel is not for sale.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Sapristi, sapristi. Curses, dear listeners. That great easel, sawn up, would made fifty bundles of French type firewood. I must have it. I'll think of a plan. (GOING OFF) Oww! ze plan, I'll think of a plan, oh, oi oi oi...

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

TOULOUSE:

Pardon me.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

GAUGUIN:

(SELLERS, GRYTPYPE VOICE) Oh, good evening. Is your mother in, sonny?

TOULOUSE:

Sonny? I... I... I... I'm Toulouse-Lautrec.

GAUGUIN:

Oh? And where are you going to lose him?

TOULOUSE:

Have a care, sir. I'm not a man to be laughed at.

GAUGUIN:

Really? I heard your record and I just couldn't stop!

TOULOUSE:

(GETTING FASTER AND FASTER) What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what what?

GAUGUIN:

What a Brouhaha..

TOULOUSE:

hah hah, har u ar u, Who are you?

GAUGUIN:

Gauguin, Monsieur Paul Gauguin.

TOULOUSE:

(IN AWE) Gauguin?

GAUGUIN:

You've... you've heard of me?

TOULOUSE:

Oh, yes. I've read all of your paintings from cover to cover. Entré.

GAUGUIN:

Thank you, little squadged-out nurk.

TOULOUSE:

Gauguin dismounted. He appeared to be a fastidious man. Before entering, he wiped his feet on the van Gogh, rolled himself a Renoir and lit it with a Botticelli.

GAUGUIN:

Nice little studio. The fourteenth floor, isn't it?

TOULOUSE:

Yes, it's the highest basement in Paris. Now, wait here and I'll go and make a pot of wine for us.

GAUGUIN:

Oh, that's very kind of you.

TOULOUSE:

(GOING OFF) If you'd care to come along with me, perhaps, I might be... (FADES).

MORIARTY:

So, this man Gauguin was a painter, eh? Now, if I could get him to paint a portrait of the twenty foot easel, then I could take the actual easel for firewood, leaving the painting in its place and Neddie would never know the difference. (CLEARS THROAT).

FX:

SOUND OF NEDDIE AND GAUGUIN TALKING IN BACKGROUND.

MORIARTY:

Monsieur.

GAUGUIN:

Oui?

MORIARTY:

Monsieur, yes. I want you to paint a portrait of a twenty foot easel.

GAUGUIN:

I shall have to have a model.

MORIARTY:

You can have my poor old grandmother. Meantime, paint that easel.

GAUGUIN:

Not so fast, lopsided frog eater.

MORIARTY:

What!?

GAUGUIN:

You can't *order* me to paint. If you want a painting you must commission me.

MORIARTY:

Right. Sew these pips on your shoulders. Now get on with it, Captain.

GAUGUIN:

Stand to attention when you're talking to me.

MORIARTY:

Merci.

GAUGUIN:

Now before I start painting, here is Max Geldray to play a melody divine. Shall we dance, Neddie?

TOULOUSE:

I'd love to.

GAUGUIN:

Come along...

MAX GELDRAY:

"JEEPERS CREEPERS".

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray playing his harmonica. I wonder what excuse he'll give this week. And now, Tales Of Montmartre, part the derx. Enter... enter Figh-Figh. Or if you're French, 'Fee-fee'.

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE"(1952).

TOULOUSE:

Gauguin stayed with me and for weeks worked on a painting. He never let me see it. At night he kept it covered with a layer of black paint.

GAUGUIN:

Neddie? Answer the door.

TOULOUSE:

What door?

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR.

GAUGUIN:

That door, Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

FIFI:

[CHARLOTTE MITCHELL]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Toulouse! Darling Toulouse! Ohhh, darlingggg.

TOULOUSE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Good evening.

FIFI:

Here is a ladder. Kissss meeee.

FX:

LOUD KISSING NOISES, FOLLOWED BY A POP.

TOULOUSE:

Arrrrrgggghh! (TARZAN-TYPE YODEL) aha aha aha aha aha aha (SINGS) Be my looooooove... (INDIAN WAR WHOOPS ETC).

FX:

EXPLOSION RESOUNDING LIKE THUNDER.

TOULOUSE:

Who are you?

FIFI:

Don't try and fight it, darlinggg.

TOULOUSE:

Eh?

FIFI:

Zis is bigger than both of us. Look.

TOULOUSE:

Gad. A photo of the Eiffel Tower.

FIFI:

Yes, I was born on top of it.

TOULOUSE:

You've come down in the world.

FIFI:

Come, darling, kiss me. Time is so short and so are you. I am Fifi, I've come to help you. I am a model.

TOULOUSE:

Oh. (CLEARS THROAT) Well, (AHEM) you can disrobe behind those screens.

FIFI:

For three weeks I posed for Toulouse. Ohhh, how I posed.

TOULOUSE:

That's enough for today, Fifi. The light's failing and my eyes are hurting.

FIFI:

But Toulouse, when are you going to start painting me?

TOULOUSE:

I say, that's a golly good idea! Yes, well, I'm hopeless at nudes. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) And so we got married.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GAUGUIN:

Have you got a spare sack butt, mines gone out and I... What? Aaaaoooooooooooooooooh...

FIFI:

Helloooo.

TOULOUSE:

Ohh, you two haven't met before, have you? Well, this is Fifi, my wife, and Fifi, this is my trusted friend...

FX:

WHOOSH.

GAUGUIN:

Ohhh, how delighted...

FX:

NOISEY KISSING CONTINUES UNDER:

TOULOUSE:

This is, um... Fifi? Er... Fifi? (CLEARS THROAT) (LOUDER) Fifi? This is, um...

FX:

DOOR OPENED. DOOR CLOSED. PHONE RINGS. PICKED UP.

FIFI:

Darling... Hello?

TOULOUSE:

I just wanted to say his name is Paul Gauguin.

FIFI:

Thank you.

FX:

HANG UP PHONE.

GAUGUIN:

Who was that, dear?

FX:

DOOR NOISILY OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

(PANTING) Me!

GAUGUIN:

Neddie? Naughty Neddie. You never told me about your jolly little wife.

TOULOUSE:

Well, I knew you were busy.

GAUGUIN:

(CHUCKLES) Neddie, we three are going to be jolly happy together. Aren't we, dearest?

FIFI:

Yes. Let's go away, together.

GAUGUIN:

Yes, let's. Oh, darling, I find you...

FX:

KISSING.

TOULOUSE:

I'm so happy you and Paul are going to get along together. At first I thought you might fight. Ha ha ha. Well, let's celebrate, shall we? I'll make dinner. Now, I'll just light the stove. Where are those, um...? Fifi? Oh, Fifi? (CLEARS THROAT) Darling? (WHISTLES) Just a minute. Woo-ooo, Fifi? I say?

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

FIFI:

Hello? Hello?

TOULOUSE:

Darling? Where are the matches?

FIFI:

On the cupboard.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you.

FX:

HANGS UP.

FIFI:

Ohhh, how happy we three were, together.

TOULOUSE:

Yes. I didn't see much of Fifi. For that matter, I didn't see much of Paul so that evened things up. Then one French evening.

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE" UNDER:

FIFI:

(CRYING) Oh, (GASP), Oh, ho ho oh, (BREATH) Oh, mon coeur! (TRANSLATION: "OH MY HEART/DEAR!") (BREATH) Oh, hoho.

TOULOUSE:

Here, let me take that heavy gramophone.

FX:

NEEDLE BEING DRAGGED ACROSS RECORD. MUSIC STOPS.

FIFI:

(SOBS) C'est triste (BREATH)! Couer terrible! (TRANSLATION: "HOW SAD! HEART DREADFUL!")

TOULOUSE:

Don't stop darling, tell me all.

FIFI:

(10 SECONDS OF PASSIONATE 'FRENCH' WHICH IN FACT IS JUST A STRING OF FRENCH PHRASES)
(BREATH)

Défense de cracher, défense de fumer, (NO SPITTING, NO SMOKING)

Boulevard Saint Germain (???),

c'est Radio France, aux Champs-Élysées (RADIO FRANCE, WITH THE CHAMPS ELYSEES)

(BREATH)

la plume de ma tante (MY AUNT'S PEN)

galerie (???), théâtre (???) toujours,

toujours la tristesse, (BREATH)

toujour pour jadis toujours (SADNESS STILL, ALWAYS, THEN AND STILL NOW)

(BREATH)

côté de la mer (???),

sur le Pont d'Avignon, Père Auguste (ON THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON, PÈRE AUGUSTE)

(BREATH)

TOULOUSE:

Gad! If I could only speak French.

FIFI:

(HOWLS) Ohhhh (UNDER)

TOULOUSE:

There, there, there. Please don't... don't... don't cry. You're making your moustache all droopy.

FIFI:

It's Paul, you must speak to him.

TOULOUSE:

Certainly. Hello Paul, I see Arsenal took another bashing!

FIFI:

No. Paul didn't come home to me last night.

TOULOUSE:

He can't do that to a wife of mine.

FIFI:

He has been unfaithful to us.

TOULOUSE:

I'll thrash him within a hundred miles of my life. Shhh, listen.

FX:

NOISE OF KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENING QUIETLY.

FIFI:

It's Paul.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

You swine, Gauguin! Take that.

FX:

CRASH, SOUNDS OF MEN STRUGGLING. WOODEN AND OTHER OBJECTS DROPPING. BUGLES BLOWING. SOUND OF MANY MEN YELLING IN BATTLE. OVER:

FIFI:

Ohh, how they fought. They were still at it when I came back from the pictures. I could not see who was winning, but I knew it was one of them.

TOULOUSE:

Ngurgh, ah, there. (PANTING) Now, you swine, what have you got to say for yourself?

ECCLES:

Yugoslavia.

TOULOUSE:

Eh?

ECCLES:

I've been thinking about that music you played at the beginning and I say this story takes place in Yugoslavia!

TOULOUSE:

No, no. Try again. Now get out, Eccles.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

FIFI:

Oh, darling, darling, look! You have cut yourself fighting. Let me kiss away those broken bones.

FX:

KISSING.

FIFI:

There, is that better?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

TOULOUSE:

Get out, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Get out, Eccles.

TOULOUSE:

Get out.

ECCLES:

Get out.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

FIFI:

Oh, now, darling, we are alone.

ECCLES:

Yeah, darling.

FX:

POUNDING ON DOOR OVER:

TOULOUSE:

Let me in, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Let me in, Eccles.

TOULOUSE:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

Now, get out, you little idiot.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

TOULOUSE:

(PANTING) I'm sorry about that interruption, darling.

ECCLES:

That's ok, darling.

TOULOUSE:

(YELLS) GET OUT!

FIFI:

Toulouse... Toulouse, who was that woman?

TOULOUSE:

Woman? That was a man.

GRAMS:

HORSE WHINNYING.

FX:

GALLOPING HOOVES. DOOR CLOSED.

TOULOUSE:

Mad, impulsive girl. Oh, well, she's obviously gone for a breath of fresh air and a brioche.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

TOULOUSE:

Ah, darling, you're back. You look much better after your little walk.

FX:

LOTS OF KISSING BY TOULOUSE.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now to business. My name is Major Dennis Bloodnok.

TOULOUSE:

Then why are you disguised as a steak and kidney pudding?

BLOODNOK:

It's lunch time. How many live here?

TOULOUSE:

Let me see, there's my wife, Paul Gauguin...

BLOODNOK:

So your wife is Paul Gauguin? Well, everyone to his own tastes, I always say.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

What, what, what?

TOULOUSE:

What do you want here, you ragged bum?

BLOODNOK:

Ragged bum? A duel, sir! Four paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Right, honour is satisfied.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FIFI:

Toulouse, darling, what is all the noise a...

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoho.

TOULOUSE:

This is Fifi, my wife. Fifi, this is Major...

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoho.

FX:

WHOOSH. KISSING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you little beauty! You lovely little naughty thing. You're a lucky man, sir, I say. I think I'll take my pack off for a few moments, I...

TOULOUSE:

Excuse me!

BLOODNOK:

How dare you talk while I'm kissing your wife. Who do you think you are?

TOULOUSE:

I am Toulouse-Lautrec, the famous French impressionist.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, do Al Jolson.

ELLINGTON:

Maamee.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, shall we dance?

TOULOUSE:

I'd love to.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'PLEASANT AS A SUMMER BREEZE'...."ONE ALONE"

(SOMEONE DOES A RASPBERRY NEAR THE BEGINNING AND ECCLES JOINS IN WITH "HAVE A GOOD TIME" IN THE MIDDLE).

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. The BBC are not responsible for the loss of valuables. And now Tales of Montmartre, part the troys.

ORCHESTRA:

WAH WAH WAH LINK.

MORIARTY:

That girl Fifi was a menace. Paul Gauguin was very slow in painting the portrait of the easel. So I sent Bloodnok to offer Neddie a slightly higher price for the twenty foot easel.

BLOODNOK:

(FADING IN) Yes, I offer you ninety five francs in French currency.

TOULOUSE:

In French currency? That means I could stay in this country to spend it.

FX:

THUMP ON TABLE.

BLOODNOK:

Here's a hundred franc note.

TOULOUSE:

I've no change. Have you nothing smaller?

BLOODNOK:

I have a bus ticket.

TOULOUSE:

Not enough.

BLOODNOK:

Two bus tickets and an empty matchbox.

TOULOUSE:

I accept.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

FX:

RING UP SALE ON TILL.

TOULOUSE:

Wait, how do I know these bus tickets are genuine?

BLOODNOK:

Great boiling buckets of bringe. I used them myself only this morning. Look, here's a photograph of me being thrown off a bus, here you are.

TOULOUSE:

Proof enough. I'm sorry I doubted you. Now, here's a twenty foot easel all wrapped up in brown type paper.

FX:

PAPER BEING RUSTLED.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Moriarty, I got it, I've...oh....

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ohhh (FADING).

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING.

MORIARTY:

Six o'clock. Sapristi Nabolos. I told that fool, Bloodnok, to meet me here outside Monsieur Crun's shop.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, Moriarty! I've got it, I've got it.

MORIARTY:

I knew you'd get it one day. You must see a vet at once.

BLOODNOK:

Naughty Moriarty. Look, I've got the easel.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh ho oi oi, good.

BLOODNOK:

I managed to get it for only a hundred and fifty francs.

FX:

RING UP SALE ON TILL.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, what about the commission?

MORIARTY:

Here it is, two francs in unused socks.

BLOODNOK:

What! You've deceived me! We must fight a duel. Three paces and then fire.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PAUSE. PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Honour is satisfied. Now then, I'll come in the shop and see how much you're going to sell it for.

MORIARTY:

Oh, sapristi no! No, no, no. I must do it alone.

BLOODNOK:

arrhhh ah hah ha ho, oh, no. You're not going to get rid of old dirty Dennis quite so easily. Oh, no, I'm going to...

MORIARTY:

Police!!

BLOODNOK:

(YELLS) Arrrrggghhh.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha, got rid of him.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. SHOP DOOR BELL. DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Count Morinarty mon aimy.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Monsieur Crun, Monsieur Crun. Look! I have here a twenty foot easel to sell for firewood.

CRUN:

Oh, good, good.

MORIARTY:

Now to business.

CRUN:

Yes, well

FX:

NOISE OF UNWRAPPING OVER:

MORIARTY:

I'll unwrap the easel and show you how much of it there is. And it's solid wood except for the peg holes. And they're solid air. There.

CRUN:

Wait a minute. This isn't a twenty foot easel. It's a painting of the easel.

MORIARTY:

Oh, eh oh, eh ho eh o! Oi e oh. In French. I've been swindled.

CRUN:

(ASIDE) This painting is signed by Paul Gauguin. (CLEARS THROAT) I'll um give you, ah, a thousand francs for this.

MORIARTY:

What! (ASIDE) If a *painting* of the twenty foot easel is worth a thousand francs, then the original easel must be worth a fortune! I must get it. Ho ho. Wait here.

FX:

WHOOSH. DOOR SLAMS.

MORIARTY:

Cabby, cabby in French. Ici (FRENCH 'HERE').

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard your French-type call, mon capitan. Enter French Bottle-Bleu. Voy-la. Cracks whip.

FX:

SLAPSTICK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, mon ear-'ole. I'm always doin' that.

MORIARTY:

Silence. Drive me to the studio of Toulouse-Lautrec. And step on it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Step on what, Captain?

MORIARTY:

Go fast, hurry!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't got a horse. Oh, I know. I will pull the carriage myself. Gets in shaft, puts on harness.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi cardboard harness, hurry man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you go on ahead and I'll catch you up.

MORIARTY:

Do you know the address?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'll follow you.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, I don't know the address.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, then you'd better follow me.

MORIARTY:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Gets coconut shells and starts up. Gid up.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop! This is the place. And here is something for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ta. What is it? It is a nice...

FX:

SHORT EXPLOSION.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you...ee-he...

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE".

FIFI:

Oh, Paul.

GAUGUIN:

Darling, how lovely you are. (GAUGUIN AND FIFI MURMURING TO EACH OTHER IN BACKGROUND)

TOULOUSE:

Dear listeners, this had been going on for some time. Gauguin, I'm going to come to the point. What's the matter, Fifi? Don't you love me any longer?

GAUGUIN:

If you were longer, she'd love you much more.

TOULOUSE:

Swine! Then I hit on a plan. To try to draw her attention, I set fire to myself. It moved her. She fried an egg on me. To keep me going, they chopped up the twenty foot easel and threw that on me.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MORIARTY:

Neddie! Neddie! Ne... Oh, Stop! Fools, you've burnt the easel. Oh, ruined! Oh!

FIFI:

Ohhhh, kiss me.

FX:

WHOOSH.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ho, ho, my little beauty, I love you.

FX:

KISS KISS KISS KISS (PECK PECK TYPE KISSES).

FIFI:

I bet you say that to all the girls.

MORIARTY:

Well, it's no good saying it to all the boys.

GAUGUIN:

You swine, we must fight a duel. Three paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh in French.

GAUGUIN:

Got him! And now, Fifi, let's go.

TOULOUSE:

So you're... you're both leaving me. Leaving me penniless.

GAUGUIN:

Not quite, you can keep my paintings.

TOULOUSE:

What good are they?

GAUGUIN:

Nothing now, they'll be worth a fortune after I'm dead.

TOULOUSE:

After you're dead?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GAUGUIN:

Urgghh.

TOULOUSE:

I'm rich! heh heh. Now, Fifi, we can be happy.

FIFI:

No, there's someone else.

TOULOUSE:

Who?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you ready, Fifi, my little love?

TOULOUSE:

You rotten swine, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehehehehe!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND DOWN FOR:

GREENSLADE:

That was the goon show. A BBC recorded program, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Charlotte Mitchell. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade. Program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

END OF THEME TUNE.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

S6 E19 - The Jet-Propelled Guided NAAFI

Transcript by Alan Dicey, adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Program.

FX:

SMALL COIN DROPPING INTO TIN CUP

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Greenslade! Abandon these financial irregularities! Hand over that copper coin of the realm and read this extract from a recent issue of the Telegraph.

GREENSLADE:

Yes sir. "In building a new residence for the High Commissioner in Colombo, the British Government was taken for a ride by the contractors. A witness at an enquiry said a semi-circular settee cost £420."

SEAGOON:

Which naturally brings us to the highly esteemed Goon Show. Scene 1: we continue with the enquiry.

FX:

GAVEL KNOCK X 3

CRUN:

That's all very well, but why a semi-circular settee?

GREENSLADE:

Because, sir, it was for the use of a semi-circular Vice-Consul.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

What about Mafeking?

CRUN:

Has the Minister of Works anything to say? What about the Ministry of Works? Isn't...? What...? What...? Where is he?

ECCLES:

Ummm, I chose all that furniture myself. I chose it all... I chose all that furniture.

CRUN:

What is all this about?

MINNIE:

What about the...?

CRUN:

What are we all here for?

MINNIE:

We haven't had the...

SECOMBE:

What about our lads in Korea then?

MINNIE:

What about the...?

SECOMBE:

What about the lads in...?

MINNIE:

What...? Let me finish...

SECOMBE:

What about the lads?

MINNIE:

Let me finish. I said what about the drains in Hackney?

CRUN:

What about the drains in East Finchley?

MINNIE:

Never mind them in Finchley.

CRUN:

I don't...

MINNIE:

I live in Hackney and the drains pong.

SEAGOON:

What about the Welsh reactionaries, then?

MINNIE:

Shut up, Mr Bevin.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

But what about all this washing outside Number Ten, that's what...

GREENSLADE:

Please, gen...

MINNIE:

Shut up, you big...

CRUN:

Shut up.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, shut up, yourself.

MINNIE:

Why don't... We've got... oh, get on...

GREENSLADE:

Please, gentlemen.

SECOMBE:

Give over [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

I'm not a gentleman!

GREENSLADE:

You said it. Gentlemen, this is an enquiry into the cost of a Government building in Colombo.

MINNIE:

Ooohh!

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Hoorah! Hooray!

CRUN:

Who authorised this? Who au...?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, Mr Eccles, here.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I chose all the furniture myself.

CRUN:

Mr Eccles, why did a seven-and-sixpenny window-seat cost £246?

ECCLES:

Ummmmm... I Resign! You speak to my secretary. You can't talk to a Government Minister like that! I won't be out of work long, you see! I'll get that Ministry of Fishery job, you watch. I've kept goldfish!

GREENSLADE:

Mr Eccles... Mr Eccles, we are not for one moment doubting your sincerity.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

GREENSLADE:

It's just your intelligence that's in question.

ECCLES:

Well, I accept your apology.

CRUN:

How dare you interrupt me when I wasn't saying anything! How dare you?

ECCLES:

I Resign!

CRUN:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up, Eccles! Shut up!

CRUN:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

One moment, please.

MINNIE:

Aaah, Shut up! You steaming nit, you.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo. Now, as a strolling Prime Minister of no fixed address, I must protest at this gross mis-spending of public funds.

MINNIE:

Ohhh....

SEAGOON:

This... this... this building in Ceylon was supposed to cost £25,000! In fact, it cost £59,000!

MINNIE:

Ohhh....

BLOODNOK:

We mustn't stand for this.

SEAGOON:

We're not going to!

MINNIE:

Bravo!

SEAGOON:

We're not going to indeed!

MINNIE:

Ah, bravo!

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

To teach those concerned with this disgusting waste a severe lesson, I've ordered the building burned to the ground and a new building put up at the proper price.

FX:

APPLAUSE, FOOT-STAMPING, HALF-CHORUS OF "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. Thank you, lads. You'll get your OBEs as you go out.

GREENSLADE:

That afternoon, the strolling Prime Minister was summoned urgently from The Windmill to attend, of all things, a vital Cabinet meeting.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLED, DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm sorry I'm late. Sabrina wasn't on til after the interval. I...

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

[SELLERS]

I'm glad you got here. Now Mr Prime Minister, first question: What is the liquid that most inspires the British soldier while on active duty?

SEAGOON:

Tea!

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Tea is correct, a big hand for the lucky winner!

GRAMS:

CLAPPING AND CHEERING.

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Now, d'you wanna double your salary? Good! Question number two: What is the organisation that supplies tea to the troops?

SEAGOON:

The NAAFI!

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Right again!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Now, I'll just pour this bucket of custard over your head to prove that Prime Ministers are funny!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, WHISTLES.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Now, sir. We want you to peruse these vital secret plans.

SEAGOON:

I'll read them tonight in bed.

SPRIGGS:

What?

SEAGOON:

And now gentlemen, I want you to peruse *these* plans.

SPRIGGS:

What are they, sir

SEAGOON:

A new secret tunnel between the House of Lords and the Folies Bergere.

SPRIGGS:

But sir, I thought we were cutting down on this sinful national expenditure?

SEAGOON:

Of course we are! We haven't built any lighthouses in The Strand this year. And... and besides, we've cut the tunnel estimates down to the barest essentials.

UNINTELLIGABLE PISSED LORD:

You mean there'll only be one [UNCLEAR]?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And only plain silver chandeliers.

ECCLES:

I... I... I Resign!

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I dunno.

SEAGOON:

Well, shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

CRUN:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Please, lets not start that again.

MINNIE:

What about the drains in Hackney?

SEAGOON:

Please. Gentlemen. Now, don't forget. Economy is the watchword. Black Rod?

ELLINGTON:

Yes sir?

SEAGOON:

Carry me to my car.

ORCHESTRA:

PONDEROUS CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

That night in bed, Britain's strolling Prime Minister unrolled the secret document.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, good evening, sir. May I help you?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Sir Grytpype, my trusted butler, confidante, best friend, sincerest critic and author of "Ten Years as a Russian Spy at Number Ten". Help me unroll this top secret document which nobody must unroll.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, sir. First, do let me take a holiday snapshot of you.

SEAGOON:

By all means. By all means. I'll just slip on my bathing costume. There!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now, a little smile, sir? Good. Look, just hold the plans right up in front of your face.

FX:

CLICK OF SHUTTER

GRYTPYPE:

There. Thank you very much, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Ha, ha. Now, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Read these plans to me. No, no, wait.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

No-one must see these plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Of Course!

SEAGOON:

Put on your dark glasses and look the other way as you read them.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly, sir. Anything for the old country.

SEAGOON:

Good. And to make doubly sure, I won't listen. Now, what *are* these plans?

GRYTPYPE:

Now let me see. (MUMBLES NONSENSE) Good heavens, sir. It's a plan of a new Guided NAAFI! A self-contained... a self-contained missile capable of carrying 82 staff, 10 NAAFI pianos, 60,000 gallons of tea and 12 tons of buttered crumpets being shot 6,000 miles up and set fully operative at the point of impact in 16 seconds. It sounds quite impossible.

SEAGOON:

Do you think so? Give me that phone. (PICKS UP PHONE) Hello? Tell the NAAFI launching site at Rockall to launch the prototype guided NAAFI to Malaya and report on arrival.(HANGS UP PHONE) I'll show you, old faithful servant. (PHONE RINGS) Yes?

WILLIUM:

NAAFI Manager Kuala Lumpur, here. The old tea's ready, now, sir.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

There you are. Shot to Malaya and set up in 7 seconds!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what a fiendish weapon. With this, Britain is unbeatable.

SEAGOON:

Yes. What a pity we can't build more. Economy, you know. After all, the country can't afford tunnels to the Folies Bergere *and* Guided NAAFI's, can we? Ha ha ha! Shhh! Quick! Hide these plans. Here's Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY AND THE ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE

SEAGOON:

(SNORES)

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh. Our little strolling Prime Minister of no fixed address is asleep.

MORIARTY:

Pssst!

GRYTPYPE:

Who's that?

MORIARTY:

Psssst!

GRYTPYPE:

How do you spell it?

MORIARTY:

(RASPBERRY)

GRYTPYPE:

You illiterate swine. It's Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

Here. In the piano.

GRYTPYPE:

What the devil are you doing in there?

MORIARTY:

I'm hidin'.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't be silly, Haydn's been dead for years.

MORIARTY:

Silence! I don't wish to know that!

GRYTPYPE:

Neither do I.

MORIARTY:

I say, look here. Now, help me out! I'm disguised as one of the piano strings

GRYTPYPE:

Which string are you?

MORIARTY:

I think I'm a G-string.

GRYTPYPE:

So that's why I can't see you?

MORIARTY:

Now then, I'm not sure which string I am, so you'd better play a scale.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Doh.

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Rey.

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

(STRIKES A NOTE) Mi.

MORIARTY:

Me, that's Me! Help me up.

FX:

CLANKS AND CREAKS.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens, Moriarty, you're two feet taller than you used to be! How did that happen?

MORIARTY:

Some swine sent in a piano-tuner.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you always were musical.

MORIARTY:

Dwoinnng.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty, I want you to photograph this photograph of the Guided NAAFI plans.

MORIARTY:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Record it on tape.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Swallow it, raise your right leg and flee the country. Farewell!

MORIARTY:

Farewell!

FX:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

What's going on down here?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing, sir, nothing at all.

SEAGOON:

That's funny Grytpype. I thought I heard the sound of a man photographing the photograph of the secret plans, recording them on tape, swallowing them, raising his right leg and fleeing the country.

GRYTPYPE:

Quite impossible. We were whispering.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry. I must have been mistaken. Answer that phone.

GRYTPYPE:

What phone?

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

That one. Give it to me! Hello?

WILLIUM:

This is the manager of the Guided NAAFI at Kuala Lumpur, sir. Do you want this tea we brewed up?
Or shall we throw it all away?

SEAGOON:

Certainly not. I will not tolerate waste. How much tea is there?

WILLIUM:

10,000 cups.

SEAGOON:

Right. Keep it on the boil. I'll attend to it.

FX:

PUTS PHONE DOWN

SEAGOON:

Grytpype, we're going to Malaya.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Prepare airliners to carry 10,000 troops. Tell them we're going to Malaya for tea.

GRYTPYPE:

That will mean tropical kit, sir.

SEAGOON:

Tropical Kitt, I love that woman! Ooohh, you mean uniforms.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, have them issued at once.

GRYTPYPE:

You will have your little joke.

SEAGOON:

Yes, needle nardle noo, Ha, ha, ha. Eyes that [UNCLEAR]. No expense must be spared to see that this tea is not wasted. The watchword is still... economy!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, sir.

ORCHESTRA:

OMINOUS, SLIGHTLY FAR-EASTERN LINK.

GRAMS:

MARCHING FEET. SERGEANT-MAJOR SHOUTS "CPNEEEE - HALT" OR SOMETHING SIMILAR.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, what a magnificent economical sight. 1200 planes, 10,000 men. All pledged to avert tea-wastage. Well, goodbye, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, just a moment, sir. It's 10 to 12.

SEAGOON:

Well?

GRYTPYPE:

Time for your OBE, sir. Say Ahh.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Oohhh, that's better.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Well, goodbye, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Goodbye, Charlie.

SEAGOON:

My name's not Charlie, it's Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

I know but somehow I always think of you as Charlie.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Farewell, friend.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MORIARTY:

Hello, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

I'm hiding in the lining of your underpants.

GRYTPYPE:

Fool. What are you doing there?

MORIARTY:

I couldn't get out of the country with the plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

The fares have gone up again.

GRYTPYPE:

Great Heavens! Wait a moment, we'll travel free, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

We'll reach Moscow via Malaya. Now quick, crawl through this photograph of a hole in the fuselage of this aeroplane.

MORIARTY:

(STRAINS) Right, we're in.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

Now throw away that photograph of the hole before we fall out.

GRAMS:

AEROPLANE TAKING OFF

ORCHESTRA:

TRAIN-WHISTLE TYPE CHORDS.

GRAMS:

DRONE OF PROPELLORS...

GREENSLADE:

By dawn, the mighty aerial fleet were approaching Ceylon.

SEAGOON:

I've worked it all out, here. Now, the cost of firing the Guided NAAFI to Malaya was a quarter of a million pounds. Manager's wages, eight pounds ten, making a total of erm . . . making a total of errr . . . Ah! Chancellor of the Exchequer, just the man. Now, how much is a quarter of a million pounds plus eight pounds ten?

ECCLES:

I resign! You can't talk to me like that!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Here, step outside this door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SOUND OF WIND: DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

He always wanted to visit Ceylon. Tell the Minister of Aerial Music to ask the Black Watch to play for dancing for all ranks.

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"SHE'S A THREE-HANDED WOMAN"

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS, DENOTING ARRIVAL

GREENSLADE:

That night, the aerial armada landed and the troops, under Major Bloodnok, bivouacked in the steaming jungles, a mere days march from the Guided NAAFI.

OMNES:

SNORES AND OTHER SOUNDS DENOTING SLEEPING SQUADDIES.

MORIARTY:

Psssst! Psssst! Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohh. Don't come in my tent yet, please, just a moment. Goodnight darling, I'll see you later.

THROAT:

Goodnight, darling.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, out you... er... hmm-hmm... Come In!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, Major le Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

A civilian! How dare you enter my tent, sir.

MORIARTY:

That's the only way I could get in!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! For all you know I might have had some ladies in here. Get Out!

MORIARTY:

Be quiet or I'll tell them who sold those three cardboard tanks.

BLOODNOK:

What! It's all lies! In any case they never paid me. Is there no honesty? You know what happened to me last night?

MORIARTY:

No?

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven for that. Now then, state your business, sir.

MORIARTY:

Now, listen!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MORIARTY:

Tomorrow we reach the only jet-propelled Guided NAAFI in the world. It must be destroyed!

BLOODNOK:

What! Are you a spy?

MORIARTY:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Then why are you covered in mince?

MORIARTY:

I'm a mince spy!

BLOODNOK:

A Merry Christmas!

MORIARTY:

They wish to know that. A merry Christmas to you, too. Now listen, would you be willing to sabotage this secret guided NAAFI?

BLOODNOK:

I'll have you know that I am a patriotic English gentleman, sir.

MORIARTY:

And what does that mean?

BLOODNOK:

It means I'll only do it for money.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Here, here is a carbon copy of an imitation £100 note.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment! How do I know this carbon copy isn't a forgery?

MORIARTY:

How? Look here! Here's a life-size oil painting of me robbing the bank with it.

BLOODNOK:

But it shows you clean-shaven

MORIARTY:

I was wearing an invisible beard!

BLOODNOK:

Great malleable lumps of steaming thun!

MORIARTY:

I apologise.

BLOODNOK:

You Chinese think of everything.

MORIARTY:

But I'm not Chinese!

BLOODNOK:

Then you must have forgotten something! You should be more careful, give me the money.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL, COIN DROPPING IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now then, what do I do?

MORIARTY:

Now listen. All has been arranged. Hand this parcel of explosive sausages to the guided NAAFI manager.

BLOODNOK:

Right. Gad, there he goes, off to join Grytpype-Thynne in an attempt to reach Moscow with a photograph of the plans. See Page 4 of the script. Any questions? Good. Part 5, arrival at the NAAFI.

ORCHESTRA:

VAGUELY MILITARY BUGLE CALL VERY DISTORTED GOING UP AND DOWN IN SPEED

SEAGOON:

Men! I think that takes most of you in. We're here to drink NAAFI tea. (SOUND OF TIN MUG BOUNCING OFF HARD HEAD) Oooooowwwwww! Who threw that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I did, Captain.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot. Thinks: I'm a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot.

SEAGOON:

Great larrups of dongle. He thinks he's a little tea-stained, crumpet-ridden idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Don't shout so loud! You'll wake up the Minister for Defence Against Surprise Air Attack.

ECCLES:

I'm awake and I resign!

SEAGOON:

Good! And as you're out of work you can fill a vacancy that's just occurred.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We need a Minister for Defence Against Surprise Air Attacks.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. Okay Bluebottle, address the men.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Soldier men of England. You have been broughted here to drink all this lovely thick brown lukewarm NAAFI tea. Drink and be merry, I say.

OMNES:

(GRUMBLES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you for your encouraging words. Everybody inside! Oooh, I like this game, being the wonder-boy NAAFI manager. Thinks: this is what a nice clean life leads to. Hmmmm, why did I ever lead one?

ECCLES:

Hello, my good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello, Lord Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Lord Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you the Ministrer for Food?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Oh, look here, here's a parcel of naughty sausages for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

Major Bloodnok gave them to me just before he deserted.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooooh, I love sausings.

ECCLES:

Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I thinks we will have a feast...

ECCLES:

Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...of lovely little sausages. We'll put them in the refridgimerators and go and get the frying pan.
Come on, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENED, THEN SHUTS.

FX:

ANOTHER DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Keep going, Moriarty. We can't be far now.

MORIARTY:

Yes. According to my calculations we are only a hundred yards from the Soviet border.

GRYTPYPE:

Theres a sign, what does it say?

MORIARTY:

Let me see. Eggs and Chips, twelve-and-nine. Beans on Toast, ten shillings

GRYTPYPE:

You big steaming nit, you.

MORIARTY:

What!

GRYTPYPE:

You've lead us back to this dashed guided NAAFI

MORIARTY:

Sapristiyakakabakacooandneedlenardlenoo! It's that confounded compass. It's the last time I buy those cheap Christmas crackers.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhh. Someone's coming. Quick, into the fridge.

MORIARTY:

Into the fridge, quick!

FX:

FRIDGE DOOR SHUTS.

MORIARTY:

Now we're in here we'll change clothes and come out disguised as each other.

GRYTPYPE:

Brilliant! You'll get a Russian OBE for this.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi. Wait! The plans! They mustn't find these plans.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, wrap them round these naughty sausages.

MORIARTY:

Right. And now we imitate the sound of eight ounces of dripping.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

FX:

SOUNDS OF WRAPPING. DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah. You rotten, naughty sausages. Well, I will just pop them into this nice boiling hot frying pan.

FX:

SIZZLE. EXPLOSION!

BLUEBOTTLE:

So that's why they call them bangers.

SEAGOON:

Where did those sausages come from?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The rotten Minister of Food!

ECCLES:

I resign!

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, all of you!

SEAGOON:

Don't be a fool, Grytpype. Drop that cucumber.

GRYTPYPE:

What?! And leave myself cucumberless in the Salad Season? Not likely. Moriarty, we've lost all the plans in the explosion.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, I still have something up my sleeve.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

My arm.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. We'll use that.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Go to the launching control.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Point the whole of this guided NAAFI to Moscow and off we go!

MORIARTY:

Fire!

FX:

BIG EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

And that is how, 15 seconds later, under Sir Neddie Seagoon's great economy drive, the lucky natives of Aldershot were delighted to find a fully-operating three million pound NAAFI in their midst.

GRYTPYPE:

Aldershot? How have we come to Aldershot?

MORIARTY:

That's the last time I buy a box of those cheap Christmas crackers!

GRYTPYPE:

You steaming nit, you...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

"CRAZY RHYTHM" PLAYOUT

S6 E20 - The House of Teeth

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

Ahem. Mr. Stott! Mood music, please.

ORCHESTRA:

BROODING CHORDS, NOT LOUD BUT SINISTER

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

The jolly Goons present a play entitled...

FX:

LOUD FEMALE SCREAM

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

...in three parts. Part one is entitled...

GRAMS:

WALLOP ON BACK OF HEAD, POP OF LARGE POP GUN, SET OF FALSE TEETH HITTING INSIDE OF BUCKET, SCREAM, ARGGHHHHH

SEAGOON:

I'll never forget that terrible sound, listeners. Perhaps you'd better hear it again.

GRAMS:

FAST: WALLOP ON BACK OF HEAD, POP OF LARGE POP GUN, SET OF FALSE TEETH HITTING INSIDE OF BUCKET, SCREAM, ARGGHHHHH

SEAGOON:

It started back in 1889.

GRAMS:

CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING, ROLL OF THUNDER, DRIVING RAIN, WIND SQUALLS, HORSE AND CART TRUNDLING ALONG ROUGH MOUNTAIN ROAD

SEAGOON:

It was the worst storm they'd ever known in the Dolomites. I, Lord Seagoon, daredevil fretwork champion, was lost with my servants on the side of a precipitous mountain in a horse-drawn motor car.

GRAMS:

HORSE REARS & NEIGHS. CARRIAGE STOPS.

SEAGOON:

Why have we stopped, O'Brien?

O'BRIEN:

[ELLINGTON]

I think the horse must be tired, sir.

SEAGOON:

Why?

O'BRIEN:

He's got his pyjamas on, begorrah.

WILLIUM:

I think we're lost, mate.

SEAGOON:

Tut, tut, what a nuisance! Well, there's naught for it, mate. We'll spend the night here. I'll sleep in the ditch and you sleep standing up holding an umbrella over me.

WILLIUM:

I'm gonna vote Labour next time, mate.

SEAGOON:

Silence, you political hot-head.

WILLIUM:

Well...

O'BRIEN:

Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

You... you...

O'BRIEN:

Me no like to spend the night on this pitch black road.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, you won't be noticed.

O'BRIEN:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

Now, as we're staying the night here, unroll my brass bedstead and erect my marble wash stand. Abdul?

ABDUL:

(APPROACHING) What you want, sahib? Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Before I retire, prepare a light sixteen-course banquet.

ABDUL:

I go and connect the gas stove up to the horse. Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Mind you get the right end this time. Willium? Lay out my evening dress.

WILLIUM:

Cor strewth, you wearing evening dress in this rain and mud, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Remember, all of you - we're British. Together - hip hip!

WILLIUM, O'BRIEN AND ABDUL:

(MISERABLE) Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Good. Next, hoist a small Union Jack and unveil a bust of Queen Victoria. Now I'll just make a rough 'Englishman Lost On The Mountainside' menu. Brown Windsor soup, meat, two veg, cabinet pudding - boiled and jam. Hehehe. Fair makes your mouth water.

GRAMS:

LONE BELL RINGS HIGH UP ON MOUNTAIN

WILLIUM:

Listen, mate.

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

There it is again, mate.

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

And again, mate. Unless I'm mistaken, it's going to go...

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

...again, mate.

SEAGOON:

I wonder what it is, mate.

WILLIUM:

It's a bell ringing, mate.

SEAGOON:

There you go, jumping to conclusions. We'll soon find out. O'Brien? Strike one of my monogrammed matches.

FX:

MATCH STRIKING, FLARES

SEAGOON:

Look! A castle a mere twenty miles away. After it, before it gets away!

GRAMS:

RUNNING LIKE MAD OF TEN PAIRS OF BOOTS, MEN SHOUTING - VOICES GET DISTANT AND HIGHER
AS RECORD IS SPEEDED UP

ORCHESTRA:

ONE SOMBRE CHORD, WEIRD FLUTE MELODY SUPERIMPOSED

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING TO A STOP

SEAGOON:

Well, here we are men. This is the place.

O'BRIEN:

Thank heaven. My feet have been killing me.

SEAGOON:

You're not the only one they've been killing. Right! Abdul, hoist a French Union Jack. Now - let's see how we get into this castle. Ah, a door! O'Brien, lay out my knocking-on-door suit. Now lift me up and I'll knock.

O'BRIEN:

Me vote labour next time, begorrah.

SEAGOON:

Silence, O'Brien. Lift!

GRAMS:

THREE KNOCKS ON HEAVY OAK DOOR, ECHOES AWAY BEHIND ALONG THE CORRIDOR, SLOW GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, ECHOEY LOCKS BEING UNLOCKED, GREAT DOOR STARTS TO OPEN WITH CHAINS, ETC.

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk - ahahaha - grmnpppp - ah. Who left this door unlocked?

SEAGOON:

There, standing in the doorway, was a bag of dust in a night shirt. Speak to him, O'Brien.

O'BRIEN:

Good evening, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

No coal tonight, coalman.

O'BRIEN:

What????

GRAMS:

SOUND OF CRUN BEING WHIRLED AROUND A MAN'S HEAD.

SEAGOON:

O'Brien, stop swinging him round your head.

CRUN:

Ah!

FX:

CRUN LANDS WITH A THUMP

HENRY CRUN:

Oweeee! What... what's the big idea, buddy?

SEAGOON:

Old wrinkled retainer! Now, listen...

HENRY CRUN:

Power, power.

SEAGOON:

My retinue and I require kippo for the night. I'm willing to pay.

HENRY CRUN:

I...

MILLIGAN:

(ECHO) (SCREAMS)

HENRY CRUN:

Min, I think he wants to go out.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Who wants to go out?

HENRY CRUN:

We don't know what it is, but when it wants to go, it screams.

MINNIE:

Ohh, who are these men, Crun?

HENRY CRUN:

They're men, Min.

MINNIE:

They're men, Min.

HENRY CRUN:

They're staying the night.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! What room we going to put them in, Crun? I don't know what room.

HENRY CRUN:

What about the power... the power room? (AUDIENCE LAUGH)

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Fiendish power room. Well, I don't know.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear, I... Oh, they've gone. Where are you, sirs?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Upstairs in bed!

HENRY CRUN:

Goodnight.

DR LONGDONGLE:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

Good evening, Crun. We have fresh visitors, then.

HENRY CRUN:

(A LITTLE AFRAID) Ohh, Dr. Londongle.

ORCHESTRA:

SOFT HORROR CHORD, TROMBONES

HENRY CRUN:

You're home early tonight, sir.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, Crun. I watched her dance again tonight. Oh, how she danced! She danced like spots before the eyes... (CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND UNDER...)

HENRY CRUN:

He's talking about Señorita la Tigernutta. Every night he goes to the Café Filthmuck to watch her dance.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, Crun. Three years ago she said, 'Dr. Londongle, the day you can give me fifty pairs of castanets, I'll marry you'. Well, I've got forty-eight pairs!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Naughty man. Then... then, Doctor Longdongler, you only want two more pairs, eh, buddy?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, buddy, just two.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

I nearly got them tonight but just failed. Crun!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Take my skull-clouting mallet and teeth-catching bucket.

MILLIGAN:

(SCREAM)

DR LONGDONGLE:

How sweet, the children are awake. It's... it's little green wretch. He needs changing. See, now what did I change him for last time? Ha-haaaa, ha-haaaa! Bannister?

MINNIE:

Yes?

DR LONGDONGLE:

A moment of quiet meditation. Play me a gramophone record.

MINNIE:

Right.

GRAMS:

SURFACE HISS. THEN WOMAN SCREAMING BEING CHASED BY A SEX-CRAZED MANIAC. GIBBERISH. LAUGHTER. THEN WALLOP. POP. CLANG OF TEETH IN BUCKET. LAST SOB THEN SILENCE.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahh, Crun, they don't write tunes like that any more.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, then, Max Geldray gets pretty near it, you know.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Needle nardle noo!

MINNIE:

Stop!

DR LONGDONGLE:

More brown power!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ST LOUIS BLUES"

ORCHESTRA:

THREE SOMBRE CHORDS.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

We present Part three - Midnight in the Castle.

GRAMS:

LAST FEW STROKES OF MIDNIGHT

O'BRIEN:

(LOUD) Zzzzzzzzzzzzz... cor blimey.

SEAGOON:

(LOUD) Zzzzzzzzzzzzz...

WILLIUM:

You asleep, mate?

SEAGOON:

Of course we are. You don't think we make this noise when we're awake, do you? O'Brien, lay out my waking-up suit.

WILLIUM:

Ooooh! There's somethin' under the bed, mate!

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven for that!

WILLIUM:

It's been moving about, mate!

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it, mate.

WILLIUM:

Shhhhh. Listen.

ECCLES:

(UNDER BED, SINGS) How would you like to be - Under the bed wid me.

SEAGOON:

Come out, you singer of music.

ECCLES:

Hellooooo!

SEAGOON:

Before me stood a ragged idiot dressed in a grass skirt, water wings and a perforated bronze trilby.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahh!

ECCLES:

Oh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

There you are, naughty little Eccles!

ECCLES:

Hallo, Doctor Lingledongler.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Naughty lad, getting out of bed after I'd tucked you in and battered you unconscious for the night.

ECCLES:

Hallo.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Gentlemen, I am the caretaker. My apologies. You won't be disturbed further. Ahhhhh! What lovely teeth you have. False?

SEAGOON:

No, perfectly true. They are lovely teeth. Why?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Nothing. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Jolly fellow. What's the time - Gad! - one o'clock. Goodnight all.

CAST:

(FAST) Goodnight - Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...

FX:

CHURCH BELL STRIKING THE HOUR

DR LONGDONGLE:

They're fast asleep. Hand me the skull mallet.

MINNIE:

There.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Hold the teeth bucket in front of his cake-hole. Now - ugghhh.

GRAMS:

WALLOP, POP OF POP GUN, FALSE TEETH SHOOT OUT AND LAND IN BUCKET

WILLIUM:

(NO TEETH) Ohhhwhy - mate.

SEAGOON:

That was the sound I told you of earlier, dear listeners. Hurriedly I struck a match and lit a light bulb. There... there on the floor was Willium.

WILLIUM:

Ohh, me choppers have gone, mate. Someone hit me on the back of me nut and out flew my false teef mate, ohh...

SEAGOON:

O'Brien? Lay out my looking-for-teeth suit. Wait! I've suddenly realised something. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in... (SEACOMBE FLUFFS LINE AND LAUGHS) I'll start again. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in this castle has teeth. I'm going to have a word with him. O'Brien, lay out my having-a-word-with-him suit.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Wait here.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS, FOOTSTEPS ALONG LONG LONELY CORRIDOR

SEAGOON:

Dr. Londongle? Dr. Lector Donglonge - Ingledongle – Dr... I want to speak to you! Dr. Longdongleeeeeee! Dr. Londongle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you stop all dat shouting! I'm trying to have a kip.

SEAGOON:

Come here, little nurk.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let go my ear'ole, you! Let go or I'll call Little Jim.

SEAGOON:

Call him, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Jimmm? Little Jim, Little Jim. Where are you, Little Jim? Little Jim?

SEAGOON:

Why doesn't he answer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's in Africa.

SEAGOON:

Where's Dr. Londongle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't know Mister Dongler.

SEAGOON:

Speak, rapscaillon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop, you're pulling my ear'ole. Ohh, now look what you done, you pulled it off! Give it to me, I only borrowed it for the day.

SEAGOON:

Come on, hairless little nurk. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am a purehearted-type English scout on the camping-type holiday.

SEAGOON:

Camping? Why are you camping indoors?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's too parky outside. I'm the new indoor scout. I say? Have you got any pictures of Sabrina?

SEAGOON:

You dirty little devil. I'll tell your Scout Master.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's the one who told us to collect them.

SEAGOON:

The naughty man. You'd better come with me. I might need you for protection. I'll use you as a club.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no! I'm no good at protection! I'm a rotten coward, I am! Look, here's my junior coward's badge.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Oooooohohoh, ohohohoh, ohh eheehehe hehehe oheheh...

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's David Whitfield.

SEAGOON:

Gad, he's improved.

MORIARTY:

Ohhahhh.

SEAGOON:

Gid gad gude. That voice is coming from under this floor. I'll just put on my floor-lifting suit. Now - lift - uggggghhhhh! Ugghhhh - uggghhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't stand there making a noise, give me a hand, you big fat...

SEAGOON:

Ahem. Lift - uggghhhh.

FX:

STONE FLAG BEING LIFTED FROM TOP OF A DUNGEON

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) Ohh! Saved! Saved! Teeth! Give us our teeth!

CAST:

(GUMMY) Give us our teeth teeth ohhh teethhhhhh. (ETC)

SEAGOON:

Is this the Goonish movement? Dear listeners, from out of an underground dungeon came a crowd of toothless ragged men in brown paper nightshirts.

GRYTPYPE:

(GUMS) Let me explain, short-type man. Forty-eight of us have been kept prisoner down there after having our false teeth stolen.

MORIARTY:

But we must have our teeth back.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me. First, let's drop this flagstone back in place.

FX:

CLANG OF FLAGSTONE FALLING BACK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaayyyaayy! Look, my foot! Look what you've done to it, it's shaped like a starting handle.

SEAGOON:

Excellent. O'Brien? Lay out my leader-of-toothless-men suit. Right, gentlemen! Follow me. We march to find the missing teeth. One! Two!

CAST:

(SING THE MOUNTIES' SONG FROM 'ROSE MARIE')

On through the hail,

Like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail.

We are after you dead or alive.

We are out to get you, dead or alive. (GO OFF MARCHING)

FX:

MARCHING BOX

O'BRIEN:

Folks? While I still got my choppers, here's my song, begorrah.

MINNIE:

Swing it, buddy. Oh, yuck-yuck-yuck...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WHO'S GOT THE MONEY"

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to Part Three. The Castle of Missing Teeth.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

CASTANETS (ONE PAIR) PLAYING IN 6/8 TEMPO

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ha-ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa-type laughing! Look, aren't they beautiful, mother dear?

THROAT:

Oh, lovely, lovely.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Another pair of castanets for Señorita La Tigernutta. That's forty-nine pairs I've got. One more pair and she's promised to be mine.

THROAT:

Oh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

So much for the tatty plot!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

DR LONGDONGLE:

Quick, mother, hide! Under the carpet.

THROAT:

Right.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ah, good evening. Uuummm, any possibility of contacting the police from here?

DR LONGDONGLE:

I'm afraid not.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven, safe at last. Oeiugh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

What brings you here at this late hour?

BLOODNOK:

I'm lost, dear fellow, lost, completely lost. Me and the Regiment were marching along ya know, when suddenly, quite by accident, me and the regimental funds took the wrong turning.

DR LONGDONGLE:

How rotten for the Regiment.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Don't they want you back?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, indeed, yes. Everywhere you'll see my notices - 'Wanted - Major Bloodnok'.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

I should say... I say, sir... Look here, why are you staring at me like that?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Your teeth. Are they false?

BLOODNOK:

Hm? Oh, yes, yes. Oh, yes, yes. And what's more, they're of great sentimental value. You see (TEARFUL) they belonged to my great-grandmother.

DR LONGDONGLE:

It must be wonderful to have a family heirloom.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Mmmmm, do you mind if I take my kilt off, it's rather hot in here. Oooow!

DR LONGDONGLE:

What's up?

BLOODNOK:

That lump in the carpet - it moved!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes - it's the only carpet in the world with a moving lump.

BLOODNOK:

Must be quite valuable then.

DR LONGDONGLE:

It has a great sentimental value. You see (TEARFUL) that lump belongs to my mother.

BLOODNOK:

What a lovely heirloom to leave behind. A large moving lump. People aren't as thoughtful these days, you know.

DR LONGDONGLE:

This bucket, you see, is also an heirloom.

BLOODNOK:

Mmmmmm, ohhh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Just bend over it to look at the bottom.

BLOODNOK:

I can't see anything to...

FX:

WALLOP, POP, CLANG

BLOODNOK:

(GUMS) Ohh, me choppers!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Got 'em. Ha ha ha ha ha.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Not so fast, Dr. Londongler.

OMNES:

Teeth. We want our teeth.

SEAGOON:

Where are you hiding these men's teeth?

OMNES:

We want teeth.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Silence! Silence! Don't move, any of you, or I'll shoot!

SEAGOON:

Fool, put down that tin of potted shrimps.

DR LONGDONGLE:

And starve to death? Never!

SEAGOON:

Londongler, I'm willing to bargain with you.

DR LONGDONGLE:

What's your offer?

SEAGOON:

These outsize ladies' bloomers at three and eleven three.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Fool! The ones I'm wearing only cost two and nine three.

SEAGOON:

Curse, I've failed. Very well, another offer. Give these man back their choppers and we'll see you get a fair trial, shot dead, strangled and set free.

DR LONGDONGLE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

DR LONGDONGLE:

You might be lying and it sounds risky.

SEAGOON:

Then... ying tong iddle I po.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Never! Never ying tong iddle i po. No, gentlemen, I'll not be forestalled now. Ha Ha. I'm too near my goal!

FX:

FOOTBALL WHISTLE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Off side, he's too near his own goal.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Enkles.

OMNES:

SHUT UP, ETC...

MORIARTY:

Help! Help! Who's turned out the light? Who's turned the light out?

DR LONGDONGLE:

It was me, ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Economical devil. Trying to save electricity, eh? O'Brien?

O'BRIEN:

Yeah? Begorrah, mate.

SEAGOON:

Put on this invisible beard, creep up on the light switch and while you can't see you, switch it on!

O'BRIEN:

Okay, begorrah. Okay!

SEAGOON:

Huzah. Right men, open your eyes, the light's on.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Dr. Londongler - he's gone.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, he won't get far in those cheap woollen bloomers. There's frost about. In any case, the moment he steps outside this castle the wolves are bound to get him.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

(DRY) They're looking for a new goal-keeper. Men, to catch this Dr. Londongler won't be easy. He's very clever.

MORIARTY:

You mean..?

SEAGOON:

We're going to need brains!

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) Well, I'll go and make the tea.

GRAMS:

HORSE AND CARRIAGE DOWN IN COBBLED COURTYARD STARTS OFF AT A GALLOP

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, great scorched thund bringe. Look, there, down there! Londongler's escaping.

SEAGOON:

Where?

BLOODNOK:

There - stick your head out of the window.

GRAMS:

HEAD BEING STUFFED THROUGH GLASS WINDOW, BREAKING GLASS

BLOODNOK:

Bandage?

SEAGOON:

No thanks. O'Brien? Lay out my leaving-the-castle-suit. Men - after him! One! Two!

OMNES:

(FAST) (SINGS) On through the hail,
Like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail.

FX:

MARCHING BOX

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS TO SUGGEST BEGINNING OF A GREAT ADVENTURE (MACABRE)

GREENSLADE:

With a small stove, Lord Seagoon set off in hot pursuit in his horse-drawn motor car. The trail of missing teeth led them to the village of (TARZAN YELL). And there, next to a newsvendor's shop in which this week's copy of the Radio Times is now on sale, they stopped.

FX:

HORSES HOOVES ON COBBLESTONE COMING TO A HALT.

SEAGOON:

All out, now, men. Wait - it looks like he's in this Café Filthmuck.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I think there's something funny going on inside.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I can hear somebody laughing.

SEAGOON:

Stop this crazy-type toothless humour and follow me in, men.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SOUND OF A BEER GARDEN, DISTANT ZITHER

MORIARTY:

What do we do now?

SEAGOON:

Now, we don't want to look suspicious so put your coats over your heads and crawl nonchalantly across the floor on your backs. And keep your Union Jacks down. Follow me. A-ha, ha. This is fooling them, eh? Ughhh.

FLOWERDEW:

I say, you lot on the floor, hurry up, we're waiting to dance. Oh, it makes you spit, doesn't it!

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, madam. We were looking for escaped miniature convicts.

ORCHESTRA:

ROLL ON DRUM AND CYMBAL CRASH

DR LONGDONGLE:

(ANNOUNCING A LITTLE OFF) Mein lieber damunherren -

SEAGOON:

Look - it's Londongler!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Presenting the cabaret! That queen of reeking Spanish dancers - Señorita Gladys la Tigernutta - my fiancée, with her fifty steaming castanet dancers.

GRAMS:

FLAMENCO MUSIC AND CASTANETS

SEAGOON:

Keep calm, men. Let's see what happens.

GRYTPYPE:

Look, the black's coming off the castanets.

SEAGOON:

Yes - they're white underneath! Could they be what the listeners have known all along?

MORIARTY:

It's our teeth - teeethhhhhh!

OMNES:

SHOUTS OF "TEETH", "TEETH"

FX:

SNAPPING OF TEETH

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC UP AND OUT

SEAGOON:

And that, folks, is how we found Londongler's missing teeth horde. He disappeared from human ken. And I often wonder if he ever continued his teeth activities.

GREENSLADE:

(GUMS) You've been listening to The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S6 E21 - Tales of Old Dartmoor

Transcribed by Reed hedges. Edits by Tony Wills, additional adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. And here is a photograph of me saying it.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Friese-Greene. Or, as he came out of an icebox, deep-freeze Greene.

GREENSLADE:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

Stop those carefully rehearsed and written ad-libs and proceed with your task of announcing radio's answer to TV.

SELLERS:

(OLDER VOICE) Namely the original lantern-slide type wireless Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT BRASS NOTE.

SEAGOON:

Try and get that on a long player! All right, so much for melody. And now, segregate the sinful sexes...

SELLERS:

Wait! How many sexes are there?

SEAGOON:

Two.

SELLERS:

It's not enough, I say. Go out and order some more.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Sellers, throw away that fur-lined chin strap and make a statement.

SELLERS:

(DIFFERENT VOICE) What is a jail break?

MILLIGAN:

Answer - A brake used for stopping jails!

FX:

SHOT. BODY FALLS TO GROUND.

SEAGOON:

Wrong. A jail break has nothing to do with tonight's story which is entitled "Tales of Old Dartmoor".

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT VERSION OF DRAGNET TV SERIES TUNE - DUM DA DUM-DUM DUUUM.

GREENSLADE:

This is the story of a desperate man in prison.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was I. I was the governor. Question: Why was I desperate?

MILLIGAN:

Answer: Because your record hasn't reached the hit parade!

FX:

SHOT. BODY FALLS TO GROUND.

SEAGOON:

Wrong. I was desperate for a very different reason.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS: PICK UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, prison governor here.

SUPERINTENDANT:

(SELLERS, OVER PHONE) Oh, yes, this is the superintendent of county jails. We're stocktaking.

SEAGOON:

Oh, really? How jolly for you!

SUPERINTENDANT:

(OVER PHONE) How many convicts have you got in?

SEAGOON:

Well, let me see now, there's Jim the crazy vicar. Hoo, no, no. No, he escaped. There's... um... meat-axe George. Oh, no, no, no, no, no. He bought himself out, yes. Then there's that confidence trickster. No, he became an MP. Hmm. Number 34128 was released. Fred was transferred. You know, ha ha, I do believe we've run completely out of them.

SUPERINTENDANT:

Do you know what this means, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes, we're empty.

SUPERINTENDANT:

Empty!? By the way Seagoon, are you standing to attention?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

SUPERINTENDANT:

Good. Now look here, Seagoon, you can't walk around with an empty prison. Your job will be in jeopardy.

SEAGOON:

In Jeopardy? I don't want to go abroad!

SUPERINTENDANT:

Seagoon, I'm giving you a warning. Get that prison filled with convicts or you're fired, underline, fired!

FX:

PHONE DOWN.

SEAGOON:

It's all very well for him to talk, but nobody's committing any crimes. Here I am working my fingers to the bone, sweeping out empty cells, oiling unused locks, polishing handcuffs and giving transfusions to blood hounds! And never a word of thanks. Where can I get convicts?

FX:

CHICKEN SQUAWK.

SEAGOON:

It's the front door. Coming!!! I'll be there in a moment (FAR OFF) Don't get broody.

FX:

BOLTS CLANK ETC OF HEAVY METAL DOORS.

GRYTPYPE:

May I come in?

SEAGOON:

Have you committed any crime?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm afraid not.

SEAGOON:

Then, you can't come in.

GRYTPYPE:

Take off your hat. (ASIDE) Now!

FX:

THUNK!

SEAGOON:

OWOOO OW OW OWOWOOWO! Come in.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ououooiiuiuuou.

FX:

STEEL DOOR DRAGGED SHUT.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow us to introduce ourselves. My card.

SEAGOON:

But it's blank!

GRYTPYPE:

Business is bad.

SEAGOON:

That's funny, so's mine. I haven't got a convict in the place.

GRYTPYPE:

Perhaps we can help you, Neddie. For a consideration. Moriarty, explain the (WHISPER) *plan*.

MORIARTY:

Ou Certainment! ouioiuuuoiu. oiwoo. Listen: We will guarantee you a constant supply of convicts at our reduced summer rate of three shillings per head per day.

SEAGOON:

Three shillings, eh?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

The government give me five that leaves two, take away the convicts you first thought of... mheh heh... You're on! When do they come in?

GRYTPYPE:

Open that door.

FX:

DOOR OPEN.

GRAMS:

ENTER MARCHING CONVICTS SINGING

GRYTPYPE:

There you are Neddie, eleven hundred and eighty two of them.

SEAGOON:

Wonderful! Who said Britain was finished as a criminal nation? I'll address them in the mess hall.

MORIARTY:

Where's the mess hall?

SEAGOON:

Here.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES: CONVERSATION, SOME GOONY FOOLISHNESS THROWN IN...

MORIARTY:

Right, address them!

SEAGOON:

Very well, I will. Ahem. (LOUDLY) Men, ladies and gentlemen. It is indeed a great pleasure to welcome you to Dartmoor prison. (RASPBERRY) Thank you! You will find... you will find we have a great tradition here. And I don't want a single one of you to feel you're not wanted.

MORIARTY:

What do you mean they're not wanted? These men are wanted everywhere.

SEAGOON:

Really? Who the devil wants this lot?

MORIARTY:

The police.

SEAGOON:

Well, they're safe here.

MORIARTY:

Good.

SEAGOON:

ALRIGHT MEN, OFF TO YOUR CELLS, NOW. DON'T FORGET, 'LISTEN WITH MOTHER' AT TWO THIRTY.

THROAT:

Goodbye.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISE ETC.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, once again Dartmoor prison was chock full as of old. And the prison yard rang to the happy sound of rock breaking, mailbag sewing and warder bashing.

SEAGOON:

Yes and as governor I was receiving congratulations from every corner of the circular globe. Look at this telegram here: "Good luck Seagoon, a full prison is a happy one. Signed Home Secretary". And this here: "Good work Seagoon, please find enclosed three OBEs. Try and get shot of the other two, signed minister of OBEs, P.S. How would you like to be a peer?" Yes. Yes. I'll be a peer. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I've just made myself a peer.

MORIARTY:

Good, I'll get down on the end of it and start a concert party.

SEAGOON:

Come back... come back here, it's... It's not that kind of peer.

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

'P' double-'E' 'R' not 'P' 'I' 'E' 'R'!

FX:

SPLASH!

MORIARTY:

(FAR OFF) Oh, you swine, you...

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! He's fallen in the wet-type water!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, you're a very short peer, Neddie. In fact hardly room for even a Max Geldray-type Max Geldray to play his nylon dog cardigan and plastic mule rest.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Max Geldray. And, if I were he, I wouldn't let it generally be known. (RASPBERRY). And now, 'Tales of Old Dartmoor' part two.

ORCHESTRA:

SOME MUSIC-- QUITE DRAMATIC AND MYSTERIOUS.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING.

SEAGOON:

Entry in prison diary. January twenty second: Convict Eccles fell into a bucket of wet cement and looks like becoming a hardened criminal. hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TA DAA!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you! Second entry. Convict Grytpype-Thynne made a strange request today.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, do you mind if I sit down?

SEAGOON:

Pull up a bollard and sit down.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Make yourself at home.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie...

SEAGOON:

Treat the cell as your own.

GRYTPYPE:

I will, I will.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you any more brandy?

SEAGOON:

All gone.

GRYTPYPE:

Sorry. Do you mind if I have a strange request? It's this: (HEAVY WHISPER) I really want... (WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER)...

SEAGOON:

Of course! I'll do it at once!

FX:

CHAINS, LOCK, BOLT. ROLL OPEN DOOR. STEPS RETREAT INTO DISTANCE. OPEN & CLOSE DISTANT DOOR. OPEN & CLOSE DISTANT DOOR. STEPS. BOLT, LOCK, CHAINS, DOOR. SILENCE...

SEAGOON:

What was it you asked for?

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind, I'll smoke one of my own. Now Neddie, the prisoners are getting restless.

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhatwhatwhat? They had Sabrina for the cabaret last night!? I mean...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes I know culture's all very well, Neddie, but what the lads really need is a holiday.

SEAGOON:

Holiday? Where?

MORIARTY:

Well, well, well, I... um... I've spoken to the lads.

SEAGOON:

Nice of you.

MORIARTY:

And they all had their hearts set on the south of France.

SEAGOON:

But I can't let them out of prison.

MORIARTY:

What?!

GRYTPYPE:

'Course not Neddie. We'll take the prison with us.

SEAGOON:

But... but... you can't move the prison! People will talk!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we're going to leave a cardboard replica.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see, yes. Ah, but wait a minute. Where are we going to stay in France?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah. I've made arrangements with one of the French governments for our prison to be the guest of the Chateau d'If, the historic Gaelic penitentiary.

SEAGOON:

Well, I must say, it all sounds very attractive indeed.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'll agree to it!

GRYTPYPE:

Good! Then unchain our visas and we'll all be off!

MORIARTY:

Gid up there! Gid up little horsey! (HORSES AND WHEELS ON COBBLESTONES..)

SEAGOON:

It was a wonderful experience to be jogging along the Queen's highway in one of her Majesty's prisons on this fine morning. Gid up, there! (HORSES) (SINGS RATHER BADLY) A gypsy am !! I travel the roooooad! Whoooo cares! The lark in the skyyyy! To bid you goodbyyyyyyye! I travel the roooooooooad! Alooooooone!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted governor, you!

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW TRUMPET RENDITION OF FIRST LINE OF LA MARSEILLAISE

SEAGOON:

Entry in prison diary. February the second. At sea. (SEASICK OVER SIDE). Coast of France visible through the bars of F-block.

BLOODNOK:

Er... good morning... er... Captain Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Good morning. Wait a minute! You're not one of my convicts!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, I'm a stowaway.

SEAGOON:

Well you'll have to get off. You'll have to get off. Stop the prison!!

FX:

SHIP SIGNAL BELL..

SEAGOON:

On your left side, now... (ETC)

BLOODNOK:

No, no, look, look. No...

SEAGOON:

Stop the prison!! (ETC)

BLOODNOK:

Don't stop it just for me, I'm not complaining, old man, I... I...

SEAGOON:

That's not the point! That's not the point, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Yeah, I know, but I mean I'm not...

SEAGOON:

We're full up. Look here, we are full up! We've a maximum complement of convicts! Two thousand one hundred and eighty three.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What? What? What? Two thousand one hundred and eighty *two*, if you don't mind. One was drowned this morning.

SEAGOON:

Drowned? How?

BLOODNOK:

Poor lad, he tried to tunnel his way out.

SEAGOON:

Fooooo. Very well. You can have his cell. That will be three shillings, please.

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

BLOODNOK:

There you are, three shillings in kosher maragruite.

SEAGOON:

Good, I'll spread it on my chequebook at once. (ASIDE) I wonder why this man wants to join our prison.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I have reason to believe that the Chateau d'If contains the clue to the treasure of the count of Monte Christo.

MORIARTY:

Finished?

BLOODNOK:

(WHISPERS) Yes.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERS) Right. (ASIDE) Little does Bloodnok know that I also know that the Chateau D'If contains the clue to a treasure.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. (ASIDE) Little do either of these Charlies know that I've planned this whole move to bring down our prison, bring it into direct contact with the Chateau D'If precisely to obtain the clue to the aforementioned treasure. Little do they know.

SEAGOON:

Finished?

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Yes.

SEAGOON:

Great heavily whispered asides! (ASIDE) Little do they know how little I know about the little they know. If only I knew what the little that they know, I'd know a little. I'll have to keep my little ears open you know. (HAUU!). End of long, boring asides!

ECCLES:

HO! LAND AHEAD!

FX:

BIG CRASH! SPLASH.

ECCLES:

I shoulda said that sooner, shouldn't I?

GREENSLADE:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Ahh, monsieur le prisonnier anglaise [UNCLEAR] le bienvenue. Welcome to the Chateau d'If.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhh, what an honour! It is none other than Wallace Greenslade playing the part of the French prefect of police! And playing it very badly!

GREENSLADE:

(NORMAL) Don't... don't give me away. It was this or making tea for John Snagge.

SEAGOON:

I'll have two lumps. Thank you and goodbye. And so began a happy day at the Chateau d'If. By evening, each convict had dismantled his old cell, carried the bricks into the Chateau, wrapped in brown paper and labelled accordingly, donned the traditional French convict's red white and blue trousers and waltzed the whole night through!

GRAMS:

WALTZ, WITH CHAINS. UNDER...

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you look divine. Might I have the next dance?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry I promised it to 924378.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, But he's in solitary.

SEAGOON:

Then he'll have to dance by himself.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, hah ha ha.

FRENCHMAN:

Ahhh, good evening monsieur governor.

SEAGOON:

'ello mate.

FRENCHMAN:

What? The prisoners want the band to play a special request.

SEAGOON:

What?

FRENCHMAN:

Unchained Melody!

SEAGOON:

Right! Convict Ellington, release your pianist and play those chains.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PLAYS 'TENDER TRAP'

ORCHESTRA:

SOME TRANSITION-TYPE MUSIC, BUDDY.

GREENSLADE:

Tales of Old Dartmoor, part three. That night, in the deepest dungeon of the Chateau D'If, two figures are at work.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(GRUNT AND GROAN)

FX:

HAMMER AND CHISEL REPEATEDLY. CLANG!

MORIARTY:

Oh! dropped it. Sapristi look! Here it is. A black box! La box noir!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Lift it up and unroll it.

FX:

GRUNT, THUD.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh! Just as I anticipated.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know what it is.

MORIARTY:

Wait! It's an old long playing wax cylinder gramophone record.

GRYTPYPE:

Then play it!

MORIARTY:

But there's no gramophone.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we must dig for one.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

GRUNT, GROAN FAST DIGGING SOUNDS.

MORIARTY:

Got it.

GRYTPYPE:

Put it on.

MORIARTY:

(GRUNT) It doesn't fit me at all!

GRYTPYPE:

Then play it!

MORIARTY:

Very well. Here goes...

GREENSLADE:

(SCRATCHY GRAMOPHONE) This record is a clue to the treasure of Monte Christo. Go to the prison yard where you will find, wrapped up in brown paper parcels, another prison. Re-assemble it and you will find the treasure buried under the floor of cell number six two six, in the basement.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi.

GRYTPYPE:

Come on, Moriarty, we'll get..

FX:

DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype! Dreadful news!

GRYTPYPE:

What?.

SEAGOON:

Our holiday is over as somebody's stolen all the bricks of our prison! What's more, it was to have sailed home tomorrow with the tide.

MORIARTY:

AHonoinonino! iouoiu!! oiu! We're homeless!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and someone's found out about the treasure.

SEAGOON:

Come on now, who's hiding our prison? Hands up all those who know anything about this!

PAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Me and Eccles know where it's gone captain.

ECCLES:

Yah, we know.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, lads. Tell me where it is and I'll reduce your sentence from two years to four.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it... um... went... um... Thinks: where did it went? It wented... um... Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you remember, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, I remember Eccles!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well does he know where it wented?

ECCLES:

I'll ask him. (AHM) Do you know where it wented?

PAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

What does he say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

He hasn't answered yet, I think he's out.

SEAGOON:

Curse! What bad luck!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What bad luck.

ECCLES:

What bad luck!

SEAGOON:

Yes, what bad luck.

ECCLES:

What bad luck!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

shut up.

SEAGOON:

SHUT UP!!

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

We can't wait for him to come back. We'll have to give chase in the Chateau D'If. All hands on deck!!
Cast off!! Full speed ahead!!

OMNES:

MUMBLE ETC.

FX:

SHIPS ENGINE BELLS, CHAINS ETC.

OMNES:

MUMBLE 'OUOIUOTUUU', RHUBARB ETC

SEAGOON:

And Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Pin a note to the rock saying we've only borrowed the Chateau temporarily.

ECCLES:

I thought it was the Chateau D'If.

SEAGOON:

No, it's the Chateau Temporarily. We're in disguise.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Mister Christian,

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Issue cheese to all hands! Cast divits to the wind and unlatch the keel!

SAILOR:

[SELLERS]

Bernard Miles, sir!

ORCHESTRA:

RUMBLE... SEAGOING SUNRISE TYPE MUSIC.

GRAMS:

WAVES, SEAGULLS.

SEAGOON:

Log of the French prison Chateau D'If. At sea. (SEASICK OVER SIDE) No sign yet of Her Majesty's prison Dartmoor.

FX:

BOSUNS WHISTLE.

SAILOR:

Prison on the starboard bow, rah!

SEAGOON:

Gad, it might be the Dartmoor! Get my telescope out of its cell. Thank you. By gad, yes, it is!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, yes! Look at that flag! It's flying the skull and crossbones.

SEAGOON:

Wrong. It's a photograph of David Nixon with his arms folded!

SAILOR:

Captain, he's heaving to!

SEAGOON:

Well, don't stand there, heave to back at him!

FX:

BOOM!

SEAGOON:

He's opened fire! Duck!

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

There's a cannonball coming.

ECCLES:

Right, I'll see you after the ball is over.

FX:

BOOM!

SEAGOON:

Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Stricken. Ohhhh! Ohhhh! I've been stricken. Grytpype, call the doctor.

GRYTPYPE:

Not likely, I'm next in line for Admiral.

SEAGOON:

Wait! This... this isn't blood.

MORIARTY:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

It's custard. The swine! He's fired Christmas puddings!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, you know what this means, Neddie. It's the twenty fifth of December.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Gad, I'll teach them to fire the afters before we've fired the main course. Men, load all guns with roast turkey. With the parson's nose outwards!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, you devil! With the parson's nose outwards? If you hit him with those he'll go to the bottom!

SEAGOON:

FIRE!

FX:

BOOM!

SEAGOON:

Dash it! Missed! Load another salvo of turkeys.

ECCLES:

Aye, aye.

SEAGOON:

This time with bread sauce.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I've a better idea. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

GRYTPYPE:

I haven't said it yet. Eccles, put that big iron ball you've chained to your leg into that cannon.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

ROLL... CLUNK.

ECCLES:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

FIRE!

FX:

BOOM! CHAIN PLAYING OUT...

ECCLES:

Ahhh! There it goes with the jghglaahh--!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, come back! After him! He's deserting!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, aboard Her Majesty's prison Dartmoor.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohhoh, they're gaining on us! Curse these French frog eating prisons, much speedier than ours, I say.

FX:

BOOM!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhow! Struck by a...

ECCLES:

Hallo!

BLOODNOK:

Convict Eccles.

ECCLES:

Convict Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Just the man I'm looking for. I want you to take a message to the Chateau D'If. Tell them I shall never surrender.

ECCLES:

But they're two miles away! I can't swim all that...

BLOODNOK:

Never you mind. Get in here.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

FIRE!

FX:

BOOM!

BLOODNOK:

There he goes. Let that be a lesson to them, they can't get rid of their surplus idiots on me, you know. Great Scott, they're closing in! Stand by to repel boarders!

MILLIGAN:

How do you repel boarders?

BLOODNOK:

Stop changing the bed linen.

MILLIGAN:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

Look out, they're coming along side.

SEAGOON:

Right men, cutlasses out. Board her!

OMNES:

THE GOONS BOARD WITH LOTS OF NOISE AND SHOUTS OF RHUBARB! CUSTARD!
CUSTARDMACCUSTARDMACRHUBARB! AND OTHER SUCH NONSENSE.

GRYTPYPE:

Come on Moriarty, while they're all occupied let's go down and get the treasure. Now remember, it's under the floor of cell number six two six. Quick, down these stairs.

FX:

WHOOSH WHOOSH, RICOCHET NOISE.

GRYTPYPE:

(OUT OF BREATH) Here it is. Cell six two six.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Sapristi naborlis! Whatever's under this floor is all ours.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Together...

BOTH:

Lift! Uhh!

FX:

CLUNKK.

MORIARTY:

Oouoiu! It's water. Salt water.

GRAMS:

FAINT SOUND OF WATER.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me taste it. You're right. It's the Atlantic Ocean.

MORIARTY:

We're rich! We're rich! Look, there's more of it there! Look! It's all coming in!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop, you fool! We're sinking! Ahhhh!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh!

BOTH:

Ahhhh!

FX:

SOUND OF WATER RUSHING IN.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT ENDING TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

And that, dear listeners, is how Her Majesty's prison Dartmoor is in the Atlantic and why the Dartmoor we know today is only a cardboard replica.

ORCHESTRA:

END OF GOON SHOW MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell. Script by Spike Milligan . Announcer Wallace Greenslade. Programme produced by Peter Eaton.

Notes:

1) William Friese-Greene (1855-1921), English photographer who invented a way to expose a sequence of photographs to be projected as lantern slides to produce a moving image.

2) Bernard Miles was an actor/manager and radio comedian who was know for his west country/nautical accents.

3) David Nixon was a TV performer and conjuror who had thin features and a bald head, so would look like the Jolly Roger when his arms were folded!

S6 E22 - The Choking Horror

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections from Paul Winalski and Derek Wills. Additional amendments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. There was a young lady of...

SEAGOON:

Mister Greenslade! Not in front of the natives.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry, Sir.

SEAGOON:

I should think so.

GREENSLADE:

I... I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me.

SEAGOON:

Well?

GREENSLADE:

It must be those elderly men's get fit hormones.

SEAGOON:

Well, just this once we'll forget all about it. Now, kindly remove that ostrich feather and get dressed.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. But first, here is the highly esteemed... Goon Show.

GRAMS:

CORNY FLAT CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

SELLERS:

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we present a masterpiece. From the socks of Terrance Rattigan we bring you a book originally scored for viola, harpsichord and E-flat Appian Way. Entitled "The Choking Horror".

ORCHESTRA:

LONG BUILDING DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

London, the heart of a mighty empire of restrictive practices. The year was MXMDCXX1B11111 one and a half. The place, 1913. As usual, England is on the verge of war with somebody or other. It is, midnight.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES AT VARYING SPEED. TWICE.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

What? What? Dear listeners, at that knock I was awake instantly.

GRYTPYPE:

He was sleeping in the doorway.

SEAGOON:

That voice came from a tall cadaverous man wearing a watered-down shredded bowler.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you the strolling Home Office trichologist?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I've got a puncture at the moment.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi tubeless tyre.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

MORIARTY:

Don't joke. What? What? What? What? We're from Scotland Yard. Are you Doctor Seajune?

SEAGOON:

Yes 'Seagoon', spelt with one G two O's and two I's.

MORIARTY:

Two I's in 'Seagoon'?

SEAGOON:

Of course, how else could I see? (LAUGHS) How else could I...? Ahem. How dare you force me to tell brilliant jokes at this time of night.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, Sir. Here is an orchestration of an apology I'll be sending you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And here's a marble statue of my acceptance. Now, what can I do for you gentlemen?

GRYTPYPE:

Something terribly important has come up, Sir.

SEAGOON:

Ohh?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It could even mean war.

SEAGOON:

War? Anyone we know?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, I'm not allowed to divulge names, Sir. Now, will you come quietly? I've got a splitting headache.

SEAGOON:

Certainly. I'll just pack a few vital scientific instruments.

FX:

POURING AND SHAKING A BOX FULL OF MANY METAL INSTRUMENTS - CUTLERY.

SEAGOON:

You can't be too careful, Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm. Now just a quick tune on the trampoline. Hup.

FX:

DUCK WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, that's better.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Sir, you're wasting time and the wind's in your favour. Now, if you'll fall in on either side of me, I'll follow you.

MORIARTY:

And remember - you must walk backwards.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MORIARTY:

It's all the rage. Ahol!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, I was taken to a dark car, blindfolded and left behind.

GRYTPYPE:

That's just a decoy. We follow in front in this small car with close set headlamps and a pronounced limp.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Now hurry up, in you get.

SEAGOON:

I can't see with this blindfold.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry. I'll tie your hands to the steering wheel.

SEAGOON:

What? You want me to drive blindfolded?

MORIARTY:

Only 'til we get there.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Neddie, off you go and don't go over the traffic lights, they're too high.

SEAGOON:

Right, hold tight.

FX:

CAR DRIVING OFF FAST. SQUEAL OF TYRES. CRASH, FALLING BITS OF METAL. FX STOP ABRUPTLY.
CAR DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Well, here we are.

GRYTPYPE:

Out you get.

SEAGOON:

Just a minute, exactly who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm exactly superintendent Grytpype-Thynne of criminal records.

SEAGOON:

Got any of David Whitfields?

GRYTPYPE:

Lots.

MORIARTY:

Listen.

FX:

CLATTER OF SOMETHING LIKE CASSETTE CASES BEING OPENED AND SHUT.

SEAGOON:

That is beautiful.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much.

MORIARTY:

Get off your knees, time for fun later. Now first, do you recognise what we're standing on?

SEAGOON:

Feet!

MORIARTY:

Correct! Now then, monsieur, what are your feet resting on?

SEAGOON:

(SAME VOICE USED FOR THE ATTENDANT AT THE TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER) The Tower Bridge.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) Sapristi! He knows the name of the Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Well, we couldn't keep it a secret forever.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) What?

GRYTPYPE:

Doctor Seagoon, come over here by this stanchion, whatever that means.

SEAGOON:

Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well?

GRYTPYPE:

What *is* this stuff growing on the ironwork?

SEAGOON:

Just hold the bridge up whilst I examine it.

OMNES:

Owwwl (STRAINING NOISES), 'Heave', 'I've got it', 'Mind my tenor's friend'

SEAGOON:

Now... Great squirts of gringe.

FX:

DRAMATIC CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, through the cardboard lens of my kiddy's junior microscope. Send six box tops of Footo the athletes friend. Through it, I saw on the ironwork of Tower Bridge, a strange follicular growth. Whatever that means.

MORIARTY:

Well? Well? Well? Well? What does it mean?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'd rather not say until I've made my laboratory tests on my dictionary.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll be taking away portions of the bridge, then?

SEAGOON:

(EAGER) May I?

GRYTPYPE:

Have any bit you fancy.

SEAGOON:

Oh, right. How about that blond policewoman sunbathing on top of the black maria.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, she's just for recruiting purposes.

MORIARTY:

I say, stop. I... No, please. No, no, don't... Stop that naughty-type police joking. We must find out what this is growing on the bridge. Sergeant yapabakarka, wrap up that forty foot span and one of the towers and post it at once to Doctor Seagoon's laboratory.

SEAGOON:

I'll post it for you, I'm going that way. I'll let you have my report within the millennium. Farewell.

MORIARTY:

Farewell.

FX:

FEET RUNNING AWAY, SPEEDING UP.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

For three days Doctor Seagoon awaited the arrival of the Tower Bridge portions. During which time, Max Geldray played a lead knee gavel from the crouch.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

BUBBLING NOISES FROM 'THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT' BEHIND:

GREENSLADE:

The Choking Horror, part two. Working through the night in his laboratory, Doctor Seagoon made a startling discovery.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens!

FX:

BUBBLES STOP

SEAGOON:

I've got egg on my lapel. Willium, pass the salt.

WILLIUM:

Right mate.

FX:

SMASH.

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Thank you. Now... (LIP SMACKING NOISES, SWALLOWS) Ah... What the devil could have happened to the parcel of Tower Bridge portions? I posted it to this address three days ago. I wonder what's holding it up.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Pipe down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hul... What do you say?

SEAGOON:

Pipe down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Pipe down, my foot.

SEAGOON:

That's a funny place to keep a pipe.

ECCLES:

Hu ha hah ha hum. ha hah ha har.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles. Shut up. Shut... ooh, wait a minute. You can't talk to me like that. Do you... do you know who I am?

SEAGOON:

No, I don...

ECCLES:

Shut up! I'll... I'll have you... well, I... um... I'm... I'm... I'm the financial advisor to the British Government.

SEAGOON:

I thought it must be somebody like you. Now, state your business.

ECCLES:

I got a parcel for you.

SEAGOON:

It's the Tower Bridge portions! Quick, unwrap it!

FX:

TEARING, UNWRAPPING CONTINUES UNDER:

ECCLES:

Right, ~~~ that's ~~~ corner ~~~ right ~~~

SEAGOON:

Here we are... Cut the string here, that's it. Right, here we go. Right, that's it.

FX:

CLANG

ECCLES:

Oh, you... you dropped this.

SEAGOON:

I'm always dropping them. Now, get this girder under the microscope.

SEAGOON & ECCLES:

Urrghh, I got it, right... (ETC, PANTING)

SEAGOON:

Right! Now to scrutinise it with an intense scrute.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

SEAGOON:

Hmmm. Great leaping crabs!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, as I examined the portions of the Tower Bridge, I observed that the strange follicular growth had increased in length.

WILLIUM:

It looks like 'air, mate.

SEAGOON:

It feels like hair.

ECCLES:

It tastes like hair.

SEAGOON:

Spit that girder out at once.

FX:

CLUNK CLANG

WILLIUM:

Owww! My foot, mate!

SEAGOON:

Silence. Here, put on this record of a bandage.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, for heaven's sake, answer that phone.

FX:

DOOR OPENED WITH MUCH RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

ECCLES:

Hulllooo.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Is that her groin nine tocks yang fune theng?

ECCLES:

Arhh, oh, yah, yuh.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Doctor Seagoon?

ECCLES:

(QUIETLY) It's for you.

SEAGOON:

Give it to me.

FX:

MUCH RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

SEAGOON:

Hullo, inspector? That stuff growing on Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I think it's hair.

GRYTPYPE:

Hair? Good heavens.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Hello?

FX:

RATTLE.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?

FX:

RATTLE.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He's hung up.

FX:

DOOR SLAMMED. RING OF TELEPHONE.

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

PHONE BEING GRABBED OFF HANDSET.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Now then, what's this we hear about hair?

GRYTPYPE:

It's true, isn't it, Doctor?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm not so sure, but I know the very man to consult. Bring that girder and follow me!

FX:

RAPID RUNNING OF MANY BOOTS. FADES.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD.

FX:

SNIP, SNIP OF SCISSORS UNDER:

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, dear. The Choking Horror part three.

MINNIE:

Never mind about that, Henry, we... Concentrate on the vital hair cutting-type customer, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

You nicked him you know.

CRUN:

Don't get a paddy on, Min.

MINNIE:

I'm not getting a paddy on...

CRUN:

Now, don't start that.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Just hand me the curling tongs.

MINNIE:

Okay. Here they are.

CRUN:

Arrggghhh! Thank you, Min.

MINNIE:

Pleasure.

CRUN:

Now some more kiss curls, here.

MINNIE:

Steady, steady, steady, don't ruin it.

CRUN:

And another one there. A blonde streak in the front. Now I'll just tie it in a horses tail at the back. There, Min. How do you like that?

MINNIE:

(PAUSE) It doesn't suit you, Henry.

CRUN:

No good, Min. Let's face it, business is bad, you know. There's no power. Three customers this morning and two of them were bald.

MINNIE:

Two out of three isn't bad, Henry.

CRUN:

They were women.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

We'd have lost money if it weren't for them needing a shave, you know. A vital... I'll tell you, Min, mnk mnk ya yooo ooh... Min... Minnie, stop that sinful Marilyn Monroe-type walking.

MINNIE:

I'm missing you already, Larry. Get this crazy melody, Crun (SINGS) Yim buda buta buta bing Yim buda da doo, yuka tuka yee, buta buta bum, yaa yooull yuh

CRUN:

Stop that sinful modern singing, Min. That sensuous veleta you're doing.

MINNIE:

Crazy corn. You're corny buddy. You're... (SINGS) Red hot rhythm, Red hot rhythm, Yyaka... brown power.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Mister Crun, back to your own bed! Miss Bannister, remove that feather duster and get dressed.

MINNIE:

Oh, oh.

MORIARTY:

Let me do the talking. Mister Crun, you see this girder? Tell us - what is this peculiar growth on it?

CRUN:

Oh, that is... um... hair.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. It's hair!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Come over here behind this ah... behind this horse. Not that end.

MORIARTY:

Ngg, too late. Now, what is it?

GRYTPYPE:

What is it? My dear fellow, the chemical composition of Tower Bridge is such that it can grow hair.

MORIARTY:

Well?

GRYTPYPE:

Well don't you see? If we could only grind Tower Bridge into a paste, pack it into handy two ounce jars, we could make a fortune selling it to...

MORIARTY:

Bald headed men!

GRYTPYPE:

There's a clever idiot.

MORIARTY:

That's it! That's it! Bald headed men will do. Oh, hand me something. The money! The money! Where there's money, ooh! The money, money, money, money, money, money, ar a woo ee ye wee. Money! Brown power! Money! Win, win, win, win, money, money! Oah ow! ah ow! Money, money, money, money! Ah, ow! yu ow! a we a owl. Money.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop that filling in time type dialogue. Now then, tonight I've arranged for Tower Bridge to be secretly removed and replaced by a life sized photograph.

MORIARTY:

Brilliant, they'll never notice the difference.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the moolah! The money!

GRYTPYPE:

The moolah! The brown moolah!

MORIARTY:

The Tower Bridge Nut Paste Company for bald headed men.

ORCHESTRA:

VERY TINNY MUSIC HALL LINK.

OMNES:

Hay!

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now, here's a record of Wallace Greenslade.

GRAMS:

CLUMP OF NEEDLE AND SURFACE NOISE BEHIND

GREENSLADE:

(AS A RECORD) Good evening. The Choking Horror part four. Three months have passed.

MORIARTY:

Take that record off at once! Didn't you here what he said? Three months have passed. Ah, hoo a owwl a owwl.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! Amazing news.

MORIARTY:

There's a gentleman with amazing news.

GRYTPYPE:

Doctor Seagoon, what's up?

SEAGOON:

(PANTS) I'm exhausted.

MORIARTY:

Here, have a chair.

SEAGOON:

(PANTS, GULPS, SMACKS LIPS) Ah, that's better. Now listen, London is in the grip of a choking horror. Hair is starting to grow on monuments and buildings.

MORIARTY:

What. Sapristi Choking Horror part six.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, part hair. We must inform Parliament of this choking horror.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Pausing only to hear Ray Ellington strumming E-flat Appian Way with coelacanth ear-mute.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I WAS BLUE AND I WAS ALWAYS WEARING A FROWN .. THAT'S WHEN THE OLD GREY CLOUD BURST

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

OMNES:

SIX SECONDS OF RHUBARBS...

SEAGOON:

(ECHOING IN LARGE HALL) Yes, honourable members of Parliament, well you may murmur 'rhubarb' in Choking Horror part six, but it doesn't alter the fact that in the past ten months the following buildings have also been declared hairy: The National Gallery; St Pauls; Nelson's Column; The Windmill Theatre!

OMNES:

LOUD GRUMBLES AND MUTTERING, RHUBARBS

MP1:

(MILLIGAN, NASAL VOICE - SPRIGGS?) I tell you, please, honourable members

OMNES:

RHUBARB

MP1:

Please, silence, please

SEAGOON:

Custard.

MP1:

We must take action at once!

BLOODNOK:

I agree, I agree!

MP1:

Well said.

BLOODNOK:

The Albert Hall is a dreadful sight. Hair is hanging down its back.

MINNIE:

That's... that's nothing. Graham Sunderland's portrait of Sir Winston Churchill is completely hidden.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Thank heavens for that.

SEAGOON:

Have no fear, I have taken action. I'm commencing by having the Albert Hall's hair cut, with Mister Crun supervising.

CRUN:

Yes, I'm going to give it a real military hair cut.

MP1:

Military? The Albert Hall is a civilian, sir!

CRUN:

What?

MP1:

It's a civilian. Its hair should be parted in the middle, well greased and brushed down on either side.

CRUN:

No, no, no. That style is much too young for the Albert Hall.

MP1:

Nonsense, I tell you I've seen several brown powers with them.

CRUN:

Excuse me...

FX:

GAVEL BANGED LOUDLY FIVE TIMES

MILLIGAN:

(INDIAN WOOPS)

CRUN:

Arrr ng...

MILLIGAN:

Yabababab...

SEAGOON:

Silence! The honourable Minister For War is trying to attract attention.

MP2:

[SELLERS]

Yes, yes, I... I'm... I'm... I'm sorry to interrupt but I've had a letter from Berlin, I think you all should hear. Ah, just have a read. Oh, no, that's not... yes. Ah, 'Dear England, as from midnight tonight, 1914, a state of war exists between us. Yours sincerely, Germany'. Yes I think that... that's right, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now about this hair style for the Albert Hall. How about a fringe?

MINNIE:

No, no, buddy, it wouldn't be able to see where it was going. I... du owwwwl! Did you say we were at war, young man?

MP2:

Ah, yes, yes.

MINNIE:

(GOING OFF) I'd better go and get the smalls in at once.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Better not let Antony see you doing that.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS, MUTTERING ETC)

GREENSLADE:

Three weeks passed and the House was informed of startling type news.

CRUN:

Honourable members.

MINNIE:

What, what? Speak up.

CRUN:

Startling type news of the hairy situation. St Paul's is going bald!

OMNES:

Terrible, terrible.

BLOODNOK:

This is terrible, we... we can't have St Paul's going around with a bald head.

SEAGOON:

I concur. The solution is obvious. It must be fitted with a wig!

CRUN:

Never! A wig on England's finest dome? No, Sir, never! St Paul's will have to wear a trilby, Sir!

SEAGOON:

Of course, a hat. What size does it take?

MP3:

A hundred and four and three eighths.

BLOODNOK:

Big head!

ORCHESTRA:

BRITANNIA TYPE LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The war passed into its second year.

MILLIGAN & SELLERS:

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to...

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

ALL:

(LOTS OF SHUT UPS BACK AND FORTH)

GREENSLADE:

The war passed into its second year. And a sad state of affairs existed.

SEAGOON:

Yes. One by one the hairy buildings have gone prematurely grey.

GRYTPYPE:

Obviously it's the worry of these naughty Zeppelin raids by that fiend Count Zeppelin.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. For that reason we have called in Lance Captain Hugh Jympton.

JYMPTON:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, sir. Just hold this globe of England. Gentlemen, the secret service has discovered the reason for our hairy buildings. Just before the war, German saboteurs painted them with a secret hair growing paint which turns silver grey.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi gav-on! So that's why the Zeppelins have been able to bomb them in the dark.

JYMPTON:

Exactly. But, we foiled their little plan with an ingenious counter move. Gentlemen, every grey haired building is now wearing a bowler hat.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, I must inspect these bowlers at once. Captain, get in your car and follow me.

FX:

CAR DOOR CLOSING. FEET RUNNING, CAR DRIVING OFF. FOOTSTEPS FADING.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait! Silly boy, he's left his E-flat Appian Way behind.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, he's got the band parts for the Great North Road.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank heavens.

FX:

PHONE RINGING

MORIARTY:

That phone ringing! Hand me a gun.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

It's ringing in German.

FX:

PHONE UP.

MORIARTY:

Hands up in German.

EIDELBURGER:

(DISTORT) Drop that gun in English. Now listen, I am Justin Eidelburger.

MORIARTY:

The famous German spy?

EIDELBURGER:

(DISTORT) Thank you for telling the listeners. Now, remove that ostrich feather from behind your ear-'ole and listen. Ten thousand Polynesian roubles or a statue of Diana Dors in cash if you remove those bowler hats tonight.

MORIARTY:

No! No! But I tell you what. We'll do it for a thousand gallons of that secret hair growing paint of yours.

EIDELBURGER:

Agreed, You'll find a large thousand gallon tank of it hidden under a bush on the Air Ministry roof.

MORIARTY:

Done!

EIDELBURGER:

You certainly have been.

MORIARTY:

Now, listen. I promise we'll remove every bowler hat from the grey haired buildings immediately.

EIDELBURGER:

Excellent, geblungen. These are the ones we bomb... tonight!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK. WA WA AT END.

GREENSLADE:

The Choking Horror, part the plinge. The Air Ministry roof.

FX:

RUMBLE OF ZEPPELIN ENGINES UNDER SCENE:

SEAGOON:

We'll watch the raid from here. How do you like being a fire watcher?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a smashing game, captain. I will defend England 'til the last tram goes. Sucks peppermint.

FX:

RUMBLE GROWING LOUDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, what is that sound?

SEAGOON:

They're Zeppelins, coming to destroy London.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I'm frightened. Look, my legs have gone green.

SEAGOON:

Fear not, little defender. You'll be safe in that thousand gallon tank over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oer, thank you.

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS. PAUSE. SPLASH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you. It's full of smelly type drowning paint. I'll get into trouble, I've got my mums best bloomers on.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. Eccles, open that stop cock.

ECCLES:

Right, cock.

FX:

DRAINING GURGLING WATER.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! There, that'll drain it all out. Bluebottle, grab my hand, quickly. Right... (STRAINING NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you. Ohhh, look. I've got dirty great long grey hairs growing all over me. Getting all 'airy.

SEAGOON:

Think of the girls, (SINGS) They'll be wild about hairy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, no. Look, it's growing longer.

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here. And this grey hair, it's growing all over the building, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Copycat building.

SEAGOON:

Wait, grey hair growing on the building? Run for it!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh

FX:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. RUMBLE GROWING LOUDER UNDER: CREAK OF TRAP DOOR. CLUNK OPEN.

GRYTPYPE:

(GASP) Come, frog eater, up through this trap door.

MORIARTY:

Right. (GASP)

GRYTPYPE:

There's nobody about.

MORIARTY:

Mind what you're doing.

MORIARTY:

Look!

GRYTPYPE:

(QUIETLY) What?

MORIARTY:

There's the thousand gallon tank! We're going to be rich. Ah, ho ha ha ha! Rich! All that money with the... Wait.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, ho-hooow. Look! This building's covered in grey hair! Ah, hu hol. And there's a Zeppelin... right overhead.

GRYTPYPE:

And we haven't removed the bowler hats from the other buildings, have we?

FX:

RUMBLE. WHISTLING OF BOMBS (TONE GETTING LOWER AND LOWER THROUGH SCENE) UNDER:

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Then Moriarty, we're standing on the only grey haired building visible from the air.

MORIARTY:

(SADLY) Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Shall we dance?

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you come here often?

MORIARTY:

Only during air-raids.

FX:

LOW BOMB WHISTLE. EXPLOSION. FALLING RUBBLE AND BRICKS.

SEAGOON:

And so perish all enemies of the King.

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Of course, that was forty years ago. Those years of wearing tight bowlers caused premature baldness in the buildings. And if you don't believe us, go and see St Paul's today - it hasn't got a hair on its head. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE START:

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE TO END.

S6 E23 - The Great Tuscan Salami Scandal

Transcribed by Alan Dicey, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

I will not appear in a show which employs musicians. Farewell!

SEAGOON:

Wallace! Wallace, what are you saying?

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry, Mr. Seagoon. I am a member of the announcers union and we've been instructed by Mr. John Snagge. I tell you, I won't have any blacklegs in this show.

SEAGOON:

Then Ray Ellington hasn't a leg to stand on!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

Stop it, stop it. I say, stop it. I'm leaving.

OMNES:

Just a moment, you can't go, we can't...

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOP OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's gone. And we've no orchestra.

SPRIGGS:

Never mind, I say. Never mind. Let me help you. I am Adolphus Spriggs, a non-playing musician. Allow me to do all the orchestral links.

SEAGOON:

But supposing you're recognised by musicians, you'll be assassinated.

SPRIGGS:

(GURGLING SHRIEK) Don't worry. I'll disguise myself as a bale of tobacco.

SEAGOON:

Saved in the nick o'time! Very well, Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

You can do the orchestral links. So, now, let's start all over again, shall we?

SPRIGGS:

Fine. Fine, fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

By Jove he's right, you know. We'll have to change out of these teddy-boy's clothes. I thought we were on the Light!

GREENSLADE:

Wait a minute. What does all this mean?

SEAGOON:

Nothing at all. But I wish to make a statement.

GREENSLADE:

Speak.

SEAGOON:

The Goon Show!

SPRIGGS:

IMITATES A GRAND ORCHESTRAL LINK

SEAGOON:

Well done, Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

I'm sure nobody noticed the difference.

GREENSLADE:

Look. Look, just a moment. Isn't there an easier way of getting into this show?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. It's the suspense that keeps them interested, you see. Some of our best moments in this show have been suspenses!

FX:

GUNSHOT

SPRIGGS:

OwwOowww

FX:

HEAVY DOUBLE THUMP.

SEAGOON:

There's no need to take it so hard, Wallace. Sellers?

SELLERS:

Wha...?

SEAGOON:

Fill him up with anti-freeze and lay him in the fridge. And above all, be careful of the Tuscan Salami.

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC, ECHOEY)The Tuscan Salami? Hohohehawhehoho...

GREENSLADE:

Attention listeners. At this point we should have had four sharp, dramatic semiquavers. And, by Gad, we will. Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Bum, bum, bubububumm

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, thank you. (RASPBERRY)

SEAGOON:

It was one day during my period of office as part-time strolling Prime Minister that I was handed the ukulele parts for Lohengrin. But he was out at the time. Ha, ha ha - er, hum. However, that night, two sound-effects men knocked on the door.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

KING OF ITALY:

[SELLERS]

Buena sera, senor, I am ze King of Italy.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Bonaspear. Have a cigarette. You will find the machine and papers in my spare boot.

KING OF ITALY:

Look, please, don't joke. I come-a to ask just-a one-a question

SEAGOON:

Well, make it quick. I've got to collect my Union Jack from the launderette.

KING OF ITALY:

Never mind about the Indian joke, mate. Whats-a happened to Gina, this-a beautiful female Tuscan salami what the Italian peoples are giving you as a goodwill present?

SEAGOON:

Ohhhh, she's in the zoo with her mate.

KING OF ITALY:

Not in the zoo with her mate. Gina! Don't you ever read the newspapers?

SEAGOON:

Not on my salary. 18 guineas for the Evening News? Ha! I'd never have given that Macmillan a job if I'd known he's going to do. Forty guineas for a pencil! (LAUGHS) It's disgusting.

KING OF ITALY:

Stop-a this! You find that so-beautiful Tuscan salami Gina, or it is war.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SPRIGGS:

Tum, tum, tum, tummm.

SEAGOON:

You're getting better, Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners: let me explain. This was terrible news, you understand. Gina was one of a pair of Tuscan salamis which were given to Britain by Italy and were the sole breeders of the rare Tuscan-type sandwich salami as used in all espresso bars and the well-known hors d'oeuvre. This is known to you all, I understand. But, Greenslade, let the John Snagge explain. Put the record on.

SNAGGE:

(RECORDING) Last night, over a sleepy Houndsditch, a new and secret missile of terrifying potentiality was successfully tested. It is the so-called Hot Dog. A pre-heated salami fitted with a warhead.

SEAGOON:

Yes, dear listeners. And strange to relate, these fiendish weapons were not manufactured but bred in captivity.

SPRIGGS:

Dramatic chord: lomtadayahahooomm.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

You were a peddle short there.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

How dare you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. DOOR KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS.

SCOTTISH ASSISTANT:

[MILLIGAN]

Inspector McGregorrrrrr: The parrrrt-time Prime Minister to see you, sirrrrrr.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Here's an airing-cupboard, have fun. Now, Inspector McGregor, what's the latest on the salami situation?

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES UNDER MCGREGOR'S LINES

MCGREGOR:

[SELLERS]

Sirrrr, it appears they got away with the female but the male is still safe.

SEAGOON:

Who got away?

MCGREGOR:

Weeerrr not quite certain sirrr, but there's been a leakage.

SEAGOON:

I know, it's this cold weather. My pipes have had it, too, you know.

MCGREGOR:

Evidence points to the Forrrreign Office, sirrr.

SEAGOON:

It's rude to point!

MCGREGOR:

Shut up, sirrr! Those two missing diplomats, Burrrgess and McTeeth.

SEAGOON:

No!

MCGREGOR:

Aye, aye, they've fooled us all. Under the pretence of going out to buy a copy of Pravda, they took a taxi from Dover to Ostende, thats what fooled us! We thought they'd take the boat.

SEAGOON:

And then?

MCGREGOR:

Then they took the rrrroad to Berrrlin.

SEAGOON:

What on earth did they take a road to Berlin for? They've got roads there, already. Where are they now?

MCGREGOR:

Nobody knows. The moment they crossed the Polish frontier into Russia and settled in Moscow in a flat on Gorky Street, we lost all trace of them, sir.

SEAGOON:

Great leaping lurgis.

MCGREGOR:

(AFFIRMATIVE GURGLE)

SEAGOON:

The British people... the British people mustn't learn a word of all this

MCGREGOR:

(AFFIRMATIVE GURGLE)

SEAGOON:

Publish a White Paper about drains and have the Albert Memorial retouched. But wait a minute - if they only have the female salami, its no good to them without the male.

MCGREGOR:

On the contrary. Professor Pavlov, the Off-White Russian scientist, (SELLERS CORPSES) is about to perfect a synthetic imitation Russian-speaking Tuscan male salami that may completely deceive the unsuspecting female.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Then there's not a moment to be lost. McGregor!

MCGREGOR:

AarrrrSirrerrr?

SEAGOON:

Take me to the launderette!

MCGREGOR:

Aarrrr - RRrrrrr – RRRrrrrRRrrrRRRrrrrr.....

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SPEEDING UP AND AWAY

GREENSLADE:

The sound of bagpipes has been specially added for Scottish listeners. And now, the Tuscan Salami Scandal, part... erm...

LEW:

'ere, no, stop the show. Stop it, stop it. 'Ang on a minute. I got a beautiful boy singer, 'ere. 'E's got a song you never 'eard nothing like in all your natural. Its a marvellous new wonder song. It is straight from me own County Down in the old Ireland. Melody, it's got feelin', pathos, Samos, Guernsey, Rockall and Sark. Oh, I'm referrin' to the old Graham Sark, of course. This boy 'ad 'is tonsils specially sprayed with Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder.

SPRIGGS:

(NASAL WHINE)

LEW:

Not yet, Adolphus, not yet. Save it, save it. 'E's dead keen, this boy, dead keen. North Korean Johnny Ray, I'm not kidding. Never put a tonsil wrong. 'Ere, I say, you got the cultured talkin' voice, ain't you?

SEAGOON:

Yer.

LEW:

Well... er... talk this bit what I writ 'ere. Talk that... er...

SEAGOON:

Right-oh, there.

LEW:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Presenting Adolphus Spriggs, the voice of mediocrity. Direct from his triumph in Looe, near Leslie in Regent Street. In the wonder song, "I'm Walking Backwards for Christmas". Take it away, boy!

SPRIGGS:

Can I have my introduction, please?

(MILLIGAN PROCEEDS TO SING "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS" WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT FROM SELLERS..)

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
Across the Irish Sea.
I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
It's the finest thing for me.

I've tried walking sideways,
And walking to the front.
They just look at me,
Saying it's a publicity stunt.

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
To prove my love for you.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall walk backwards singing the song at the same time, at no extra charge. I'm walking backwards for Christmas...

FX:

SPRIGGS FALLS OFF THE STAGE

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. I'd love to give you an encore, but I'm too expensive. Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Three months have passed away and so, fortunately, has Adolphus Spriggs. And no news yet of the missing diplomats or the kidnapped salami. With Italy threatening war...

KING OF ITALY:

Yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, King of Italy.

OMNES:

(VARIOUS CRIES OF "SHUT UP!" INTO...)

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

With Italy threatening war, the breeding of ground-to-ground missiles at a standstill and with Arsenal 3, Tottenham 2, the situation was desperate.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And what's more, from the Zoo itself came the Zoo Manager himself bearing grave tidings.

FX:

COCONUT-SHELLS-HOOF-BEATS

ECCLES:

Hallooo. Oooh, this is serious.

SEAGOON:

What is?

ECCLES:

I just split my leopard-skin tights. That leopard will never be able to wear 'em again.

SEAGOON:

Stop these animal-type jokes. Are you really the manager of the Zoo?

ECCLES:

Yeah. All them wild animals - I'm in charge.

SEAGOON:

No wonder they're wild. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Now, what's the trouble?

ECCLES:

Ah, well... um... where am I? Oh, erm... The Chairman of the Zoological Society asked me to see you.

SEAGOON:

He did?

ECCLES:

Yep. He wants you to fill a vacancy.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Step in this cage.

SEAGOON:

Don't be a Charlie. My soup's on fire.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Oh, I'm sorry. Well, he wanted me to give you this telephone.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

He's on the other end.

FX:

PICKS UP TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CHAIRMAN:

[SELLERS]

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) I... I... I say, look here, I... I'm speaking from the elephant house.

SEAGOON:

Oh, a trunk call.

FX:

ELEPHANT TRUMPETS

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) The elephants don't wish to know about that. No, it's this male salami.

SEAGOON:

You mean old Fred?

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) Yes, yes. He's... er... starting to pine, you see. He's shrunk quite a bit already and if we don't get Gina back quick he'll be down to the size of a small frankfurter.

SEAGOON:

That's no good as a guided missile.

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me, I'll think of something.

FX:

REPLACES PHONE

SEAGOON:

I've got it. We must send two absolutely trustworthy Foreign-Office types to Russia to steal Gina back again.

FX:

PICKS UP TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello? Labour Exchange?

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

SEAGOON:

Can you send up two absolutely trustworthy Foreign-Office types for Top Secret duty?

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

FX:

REPLACES PHONE

GRYTPYPE:

Sorry we're late, Neddie, but we only just got the message.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi stolen salami. What do you want us for?

SEAGOON:

Just a minute. What are your names?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm Grytpype-Thynne, former gypsy saxophonist to the House of Romanoff and temporary railway saboteur of the Russian railways and my friend here is Count Serge Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Serge?

GRYTPYPE:

Only because he couldn't afford flannel.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now, are you sure that you're both utterly trustworthy patriotic Englishmen and unimpeachable security risks?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear sir, our Union Jacks are at the same laundrette as yours.

SEAGOON:

Proof positive.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS)

MORIARTY:

But Charlie...

SEAGOON:

But wait, dear listeners. How did these complete strangers know that my private Union Jack was at the laundrette? Is someone talking indiscreetly? Wait here, gentlemen, wait here. Help yourselves to a glass of samovar from the saucepan on the hob.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

MORIARTY:

He's gone! He's gone, He's gone!

GRYTPYPE:

Quick. Rifle his desk, photograph the plans of the male salami, telephone the Kremlin and mind that bust of Queen Victoria.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Meanwhile I'll play two quick choruses of "When I'm Cleaning Windows" on my leather euphonium just to cover any noise, now get going.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

HAMMER BLOWS, SAWING, BREAKING GLASS ETC OVER MORIARTY'S GRUNTS AND GRYTPYPE-THYNNE IMPERSONATING A LEATHER EUPHONIUM.

MORIARTY:

Stopstopstopstopstop! Hah! Look what I found!

GRYTPYPE:

Let me see. Moriarty, you've done a great day's work!

MORIARTY:

So that's why I'm feeling tired.

GRYTPYPE:

You Siberian spy, do you know what this paper is? It's the plans of a *female* salami!

MORIARTY:

But we don't *need* them!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Our agents, Burgess and McTeeth, took Gina the female salami with them to Moscow.

GRYTPYPE:

That's what the world and Beaverbrook thinks. The truth is quite otherwise. Those fools Burgess and McTeeth got hungry on the way and ate the only female Tuscan salami this side of the spaghetti curtain.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi... Sapristi noodles, then... the male salami's no good!

GRYTPYPE:

Not at all. You know the fiendish Professor Pavlov has already nearly completed an artificial male salami.

MORIARTY:

(GASPS)

GRYTPYPE:

With these plans of the female he can breed a million more and bombard Soho with its own deadly kind.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi sapristi! Then this means...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! The Tuscan Salami Scandal Part Three, which begins with a substitute for Ray Ellington.

SEAGOON:

That's me, folks! Presenting Neddie Seagoon with his 1909-type phonographic request recital, complete with a set of non-explodable records.

FX:

BANG!

SEAGOON:

Curse! A dud. Now, first of all, for Mrs Heironymous Clun of 4, The Villas, Cleethorpes Sinks, here is the very record she hasn't asked for. The Rites of Spring, by Ripsi-Korsettssoff played by the Gulf Stream Tearoom Quartet from the oblique position.

GRAMS:

WOODWIND AND BRASS EXCERPT, WITH VARIABLE SPEED (NONE CORRECT)

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Songs my mother loved. Now you know why father shot her! And now, Private Wretch of the 4th Mudguards has asked for a record of his sergeant falling down a manhole. And here it is, accompanied without orchestra, by Geraldo.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS - - - SCREAM - - - THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes; patriots all. Now on the serious side, Elsie Sprugg and Gladys Legg of Rowton House Champagne Bar have asked for a record of Sir Gwilym Cludge conducting the Four in Jeopardy with knee-bracket accompaniment and silent dogs with the Massed Bands of the Hybrid Spahi's Banjo Society and the 4th Coolies Harmonica Chorus recorded in the natural surroundings of the living room of Jim Davidson's Saxophone Parlour and Part-Time Egg Hatchery with a solo by Rawicz and Landauer. Well, Elsie and Gladys, we haven't got it. But! Here is a record of Fred Clute and His Nubian Monsters playing cribbage!

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP ACCORDION SOLO, VAGUELY SWISS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Finally, Miss Frewina Kellogg would like to hear Sabrina sing. So would I. Goodnight, Housewives and once again, a Merry Christmas!

GRAMS:

ANONYMOUS CLOSING THEME

GREENSLADE:

And so, Neddie Seagoon packs his horn-type phonograph and collection of chipped cardboard records. Leaving behind his plasticene needle, he hurries to consult the head of M.I.5, Sir Henry Crun, to make a double security check on Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR, FADING INTO SNORING. KNOCKING PERSISTS, UNDER MIN AND HENRY

CRUN:

Ah, dear, dear, dear. Why must people call in the middle of the night? Why can't they come at a reasonable time? Min?

MINNIE:

What? What? What? What? Yes, Buddy?

CRUN:

There's... somebody knocking, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, yes. Somebody knocking.

CRUN:

One of us will have to answer the door, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. You answer it, Henry. I can't find my boot in the dark.

CRUN:

Well then, turn on the light, Min.

MINNIE:

I can't, Henry.

CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

When it's dark I can't find the light.

CRUN:

I've just had a clever idea, Minnie.

MINNIE:

What, er... Have you, Henry?

CRUN:

Yes, Min, dear. It is a very clever idea.

MINNIE:

OoOoooOooOOOoooooh! How did you come to think of it, Henry?

CRUN:

You know, it came to me when I was thinking about... thinking... er... Min!

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

I've forgotten what it was I was thinking about when I got the idea.

MINNIE:

Oh. Never mind, Henry. What was the idea?

CRUN:

Forgotten, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. (LIP SMACKING)

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

Ye... yes, Henry?

CRUN:

He's stopped knocking, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Perhaps he's gone away, buddy.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, what a pity.

MINNIE:

Why, Henry?

CRUN:

I've just remembered the clever idea I had.

MINNIE:

Oh. What was it, Henry?

CRUN:

Well, we should throw the key out of the window, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. That *was* a clever idea, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, it was, wasn't it, yes.

MINNIE:

Yes. Yes, yes.

CRUN:

(MORE LIP SMACKING) Oh, dear. Dear, dear, dear.

MINNIE:

Henry?

CRUN:

Mmmm?

MINNIE:

Supposing he comes back?

CRUN:

He won't be able to get in, Min. You can't get in without the key, you know. You must have the key to get in.

MINNIE:

But he hasn't got the key, Henry.

CRUN:

What key, Min?

MINNIE:

The key to the door.

CRUN:

Well, then, he won't be able to get in.

MINNIE:

No, no, Henry. I know that.

CRUN:

He must have the key, Min, otherwise he can't get through the door.

MINNIE:

No, I know, I know. But you've got the key, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, then he can't get in. He must have the key, you know. You can't get in without keys, you can't get...

MINNIE:

Why, yes. (GURGLE) Why don't you throw the key out of the window, Henry?

CRUN:

Oh, that's an idea, isn't it?

MINNIE:

It's a clever idea.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

A clever one.

CRUN:

How did you ever think of such a clever idea?

MINNIE:

What idea, Henry?

CRUN:

The idea that... what... What... what *was* the idea?

MINNIE:

I don't know, I've no idea, Henry.

CRUN:

But you said you had one, Min.

MINNIE:

Had one what?

CRUN:

What I'm asking you!

MINNIE:

What are you asking me about!

CRUN:

You stupid old...

MINNIE:

What...?

CRUN:

I was asking you...

MINNIE:

Don't you start shouting at me, again, I'm... oooooahhhh...

FX:

KNOCKING STARTS AGAIN

CRUN:

Once round the room does me good, you know.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

He's knocking again.

MINNIE:

I know, Henry, I know.

CRUN:

One of us will have to answer the door, Min.

MINNIE:

You answer it, Henry, I can't find my boot in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(OUTSIDE AND ECHOY) Hey! Hey in there! If you don't want to come down, throw me the key and I'll let myself in.

MINNIE:

Throw him the key, Henry.

CRUN:

That's a very clever idea, Min. I'll just open the window.

FX:

CREAKY WINDOW OPENS.

CRUN:

Watch out, here it comes.

FX:

KEY DROPS ON PAVEMENT. GLUG.

SEAGOON:

Curses. I missed it. It's gone down the drain.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, they've fallen down the drain. Now he can't get in, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh.

CRUN:

He can't get in without the key, you know. I wish he hadn't come. Why did he have to come, Min?

MINNIE:

I don't know, Crun, you'd better ask him, I don't know.

CRUN:

I don't... That's an idea, I'll ask him, yes. I say! Why did you come?

SEAGOON:

Well, aren't you Sir Henry Crun, the Head of M.I.5?

CRUN:

He wants to know if I'm Henry Crun, Min. Yes.

MINNIE:

Well, tell him, tell him.

CRUN:

I've got to tell you, I'm Henry Crun, Head of M.I.5. What do you want, sir?

SEAGOON:

Do you know anything about two men called Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty?

CRUN:

Do I know anything about two men called Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, you do, Henry, yes.

CRUN:

Yes I do, Henry.

SEAGOON:

Well. Do you consider them absolutely trustworthy?

CRUN:

I can't hear him.

MINNIE:

No, it must...

CRUN:

We should never have come to live here at the top of the Albert Hall, you know.

MINNIE:

Well... ahhh... give him an evasive answer. Tell him to clear off, buddy!

CRUN:

Clear off, Buddy!

MINNIE:

Clear off!

SEAGOON:

The fool! Can anyone here tell me anything about Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can, my Captain! Enter Bluebottle with large bounding strides. Springs into air. Spring!

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaiiiiie! Who left that manhole cover off?

SEAGOON:

Never mind, tiny nerk, I'll join you.

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

SEAGOON:

Now wring out those wet socks and tell me what you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I bear terrible news, my Captain. Them two naughty mens, Mr Thynne and Mr. Morinanty are wicked-type, Russian-style spies. They've stolen your plans of Mrs. Salami and are fleeing the country in a captive balloon. Look, there it is now!

SEAGOON:

Quick, after them!

OMNES:

VOCAL SIMULATION OF DRAMATIC CHASE LINK

GREENSLADE:

Bicycling rapidly to Victoria Coach Station, Seagoon hired a self-drive charabanc with anti-spy hook and forced-jet salami gun. In a matter of weeks they had reached the Chiswick Alps and the balloon was directly below them.

FX:

HIGH-ALTITUDE WIND

SEAGOON:

Look! Look, that balloon. There's something suspicious about it. Hand me my binoculars. Yes. The envelope is addressed to Moscow. Hah, hah, hah, you can't fool me. That's no balloon, its a MIG fighter in bloomers! Driver!

BLOODNOK:

What do you want? I'm in the bath.

SEAGOON:

We must attract their attention. Send up a smoke signal and tell them to come out with their hands up.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, no smoke signals. This charabanc's a fumeless carriage, madam.

SEAGOON:

I'm not madam.

BLOODNOK:

At your age it doesn't really matter, does it. Pass the soap, would you?

SEAGOON:

Then load the salami gun with this ground-to-ground explosive sausage.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, we haven't got any explosive sausages in stock.

SEAGOON:

Cardboard courier Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Captain!

SEAGOON:

Take your socks off and slide these rockets up your boots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, mind what you're doing with them. Harm can come to a young lad like that. Eeeheeheee! They tickle!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now get into this long barrel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, right-oh, then. Ahh. It's all dark in here. Just like Piccadilly Underground...

SEAGOON:

Quick! Close the breech.

FX:

CLUNK

SEAGOON:

Fire!

FX:

WHOOSH OF AN ARTILLERY SHELL. DOOR OPENING.

MILLIGAN:

Record for you.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you!

SEAGOON:

Curse it, missed. We've wasted an entire Bluebottle. Wait a minute. Where's that balloon? It's not ahead. It's not astern. It's not on either side of us?

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, directly above them...

GRYTPYPE:

They're right underneath, Moriarty. Release the piano.

MORIARTY:

Piano away!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, directly below...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, have you ever had the feeling that you were going to be struck by a piano?

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh, what nonsense. We're not the type.

FX:

CRASH OF PIANO

SEAGOON:

Ooowooowooow.

FX:

JANGLING OF PIANO STRINGS.

ORCHESTRA:

MOURNFUL TROMBONE

GREENSLADE:

We found him lying prostrate in the ditch, amid the ruins of a bent Bloodnok and a piano. Gently, we raised his feet.

SEAGOON:

Ooowoowoowoow. Have they escaped?

GREENSLADE:

No, sir. They were shot by the customs for leaving the country without a piano.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Good work. Then, there's just one question left. Has my Union Jack come back from the laundrette?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Lay it over me. This floors parky.

GREENSLADE:

And so, we laid him on a parquet floor. And over him we raised this simple inscription: - Sleeping. Call me in time for the next Goon Show.

(GREENSLADE IMITATES GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE)

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, who also wrote the script. We also heard from Adolphus Spriggs, the North Korean Johnny Ray and the Three in Jeopardy, unaccompanied by the orchestra, not conducted by the conductor. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Pat Dixon. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, will you please stand for the signature tune. Mr Norwich?

PLAYOUT - SELLERS SINGS "WE'RE RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF A WAVE" TO PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

NOTES:

No band, Max Geldray or Ray Ellington on this show due to a musicians strike. Spike had to write enough dialog to fill in - hence Min and Henry's even-more-extended-than-usual wittering.

S6 E24 - The Treasure in the Lake

Transcribed by Moriarty, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SECOMBE:

Let that be a lesson to you!

GREENSLADE:

I'll strike you down, sir!

SECOMBE:

Don't you dare raise your Radio Times to me! One false move and I'll horse-whip you with this.

ECCLES:

(MUFFLED) Put me down!

SECOMBE:

Eccles, you must stop wearing those leather suits.

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, both of you!

ECCLES:

Shut up, both of you!

SECOMBE:

Kindly allow me... please! Kindly allow me to announce The Highly Esteemed...

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DISTORTED CHORD INTERRUPTS SECOMBE

SECOMBE:

...Goon Show. You come in too quick, there, Mister Conductor. Hmm, hmm, hmm. Close your eyes.

FX:

GUNSHOT

CONDUCTOR:

Aeiough!

FX:

THUD

SECOMBE:

Get up, man, get up. Stop sulking about that silly little hole in your head. Mister Greenslade, cease framing that copy of The Listener and give us the old chat, there. Come along, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlelonlamonge. Presenting the story of...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL

SCOTSMAN:

[SELLERS]

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) 'The Treasure of Loch Lomond'. It was six hundred years ago that the Spanish treasure galleon, San Itary, sank in Loch Lomond with great treasure aboard her.

GREENSLADE:

So much for the clumsy, heavily-laboured plot. We move now to the clumsy, heavily-laboured hero.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie MC Seagoon. My story starts one warm day in London. My business partner had just handed me a vital financial report.

WILLIUM:

We're skint, mate!

SEAGOON:

Skint, mate? Well, let's try Leicester Square, they... they like good music there.

WILLIUM:

Well, you take the solo this time, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'm not afraid. Give me your tin hat.

WILLIUM:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

Keep an eye open for coppers.

WILLIUM:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

And silver.

SEAGOON & WILLIUM:

('SING') Twen'y tiny fingo', twen'y tiny toe', two angel faces, eac' wi'a turn up no'!

FX:

COIN IN MUG

WILLIUM:

Give it here!

SEAGOON:

It's mine!

WILLIUM:

It's mine! It's mine!

SEAGOON:

Here! Give that back to me! Let go of it!

WILLIUM:

Let go of it! I've got it...

SEAGOON:

That penny's mine! I'm the company director.

WILLIUM:

I'll bring this up at the next board meeting, mate, you see if I don't. After all, it was in my mug it had fell in to, mate.

SEAGOON:

I don't care, I'm the lead singer. You're always moaning.

WILLIUM:

No, I'm not. I stop when I'm asleep, don't I? Oowa! Look out, here come the rozzers, mate.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Ha, that's given them the slip. Bolt the door.

FX:

HAMMERING BOLT BEING SLID HOME

WILLIUM:

Oooh, he's coming up the stairs, mate.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick! We'll fool him. Slide this window under your wig.

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

SEAGOON:

There. Now, help me fold up the walls. (STRAINS OVER FX)

FX:

SQUEAKING

SEAGOON:

That's better. Now, get the floor into this sack. (STRAINS WITH WILLIUM)

FX:

THUD

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha. He won't find this house here anymore.

WILLIUM:

Mate, the floor's stuck, mate.

SEAGOON:

Fool, you're standing on it.

WILLIUM:

What?

FX:

SLIDING OBJECT, THUD, KNOCK ON DOOR

WILLIUM:

Aeoough! He's at the door, mate.

SEAGOON:

Hurry. Let's put the door up on the ceiling where he can't reach it. (STRAINS WITH WILLIUM)

FX:

A COUPLE OF THUDS

SEAGOON:

There.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) I say, you two down there! Open up in the name of the knee.

SEAGOON:

It's no good, we're trapped. Put on these master disguises. This lead beard for you. Hurry, man. Now I'll just put this pear of plastic ears around my waist (STRAINS). There, now he'll never recognise us. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SPRIGGS:

Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(SADLY) Yes.

NORRIS TOOF:

[SELLERS]

I'm Norris Toof of Messers Meal, Thin and Thudder, commissioners for oaths and small bets placed.

SEAGOON:

You should know.

NORRIS TOOF:

I've been instructed to inform you that you are next in line to the treasures of Laird McGool. It's a heritage, sir, worth 10,000 pounds.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well, I'll have to inform the Labour Exchange.

NORRIS TOOF:

One point, sir, before you do. You must prove to me that you are of Scottish blood.

SEAGOON:

Simple, (COUGHS). Ochay, mon. It's a warm black munich nach un it (moon lit night tonight). Robert the Bruce. Partick Thistle 3, Celtic Rangers nil. PS, down with England. Mon hoots.

NORRIS TOOF:

Proof positive, sir, proof positive.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle McNoo.

NORRIS TOOF:

You can't go a word against a (GIBBERISH AS SELLERS FLUFFS LINE. SECOMBE LAUGHS) You... You can't go against the word of a patriot. You must leave for Scotland at once.

SEAGOON:

Well, how do I get there, mon. I've nier siller, mon. No silver, man.

NORRIS TOOF:

Your dear uncle has provided for the journey. Put these boots on and... off you go.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

(SINGS. SPEEDS UP AS HE GOES) For he'll take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye. Where me and my true love, will never meet again, on the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK (BAGPIPES) ENDING MESSILY

GREENSLADE:

At dawn the following year, Ned Seagoon galloped into the great yard of the castle McGool.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING AND FADING IN

SEAGOON:

Whoa, proud beauty!

ELLINGTON:

Welcome to Scotland, white man! Ah. Let me help you down off these coconut shells.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a member of the black watch! Are you the night porter?

ELLINGTON:

No. No, I am a Gillie.

SEAGOON:

Of course, the famous Gillie Porter, hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAAA CHORD

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. (LAUGHS) Now, I'll have you know I am of Finchley blood. I've come to claim my treasures and heritage. I bring with me all the wealth of my London domain.

ELLINGTON:

Ah, let me take the honourable prince's brown-paper parcel.

SEAGOON:

I... ah... I admit I have been travelling light.

ELLINGTON:

Too light. You forgot your trousers.

SEAGOON:

I didn't forget them, I just came prepared for the kilting season.

McGOOL:

[SELLERS]

(BAGPIPE MUSIC EVERY TIME HE TALKS) (GIBBERISH SCOTTISH FOR 5 SEC) You must be wee Neddie.

SEAGOON:

And you, you must be my uncle, Laird McGool.

McGOOL:

Come in, lad, you must be cold. You must be cold. Put on this porridge. Come in. Come in and warm yourself by this roaring candle.

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you, uncle. Real regal Scots' hospitality. Tell me, Mc uncle, why have you brought me to Mac Scotland?

McGOOL:

The truth is, Neddie, I've no heirs left.

SEAGOON:

I've gone a bit thin myself (LAUGHS AT JOKE, CLEARS THROAT)

McGOOL:

There's treasure waiting for ye. Ten thousand poonds. It's yours. You get it when I die.

SEAGOON:

Only when you die?

McGOOL:

Ah, yeah.

SEAGOON:

How's your health been lately?

McGOOL:

Fine, fine, fine. I've one weakness, mind. Me chest, er...

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's stuffy in here, I'll open a window.

FX:

WINDOW SLIDING OPEN

GRAMS:

GALE WIND, BAGPIPE MUSIC PLAYING AT VARIOUS SPEEDS

McGOOL:

(CHOKES AND COUGHS)

GRAMS:

STOP

FX:

WINDOW SLIDING CLOSED

McGOOL:

(CHOKES MORE FOR 2 SEC) Oh, you devil! Ye tried to get rid of me, the noo! Now, ye get out or I set the hounds on you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, I was only joking, I didn't...

McGOOL:

Rover, see 'im off, boy, go on.

ECCLES:

OK. Bow ow ow ow ow wow, bow wow wow wow!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you Mc idiot. You're not a dog.

ECCLES:

Ssh, don't give me away, all found and free collar. Bow ow ow ow ow.

SEAGOON:

I'm going. I'm going. But you haven't heard the last of me. I'm on Housewives' Choice tomorrow.

McGOOL:

You're always on Housewives' Choice. Get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Bow wow wow.

McGOOL:

Good work, Rover, good dog.

ECCLES:

(DOG PANTS)

McGOOL:

Now, off you go to the loch and bring up some more of that treasure from the sunken galley.

ECCLES:

OK and you listen to Max McGeldray.

McGOOL:

(GIBBERISH SCOTTISH)

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESRTA:

"I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT" / "YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY"

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Loch, part Mc two.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK ENDING MESSILY

GRAMS:

BIRD CALLS, HOWLING WIND

MORIARTY:

Sapristi freezing blue Mc sporrans! Three days we've stood waist-deep in this ice-bound Loch Lomond. What's the idea, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you like fishing, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Fishing? Oiawiwiwuw. Type O! We haven't any rods. How do you catch fish like this?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they've go to die sometime. We just wait until then.

MORIARTY:

By the great measurements of Sabrina, you must be off your nut!

GRYTPYPE:

Ssh! Frog eater, look.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Bow wow wow wow wow wow wow, doa doa doa, my love, wow wow wow wow wow, wow wow wow wow . . .

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) It's a ragged idiot wearing a dog collar.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Quick, dive down and put out the fire, we don't want to be spotted.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) Too late, I've already been spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) How?

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) I had measles.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Silence, heavily-oiled French joker. Observe yon dog-type man.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

MORIARTY:

What's he dived in for?

GRYTPYPE:

You'll see when he surfaces.

GRAMS:

WATER BUBBLING

MORIARTY:

(OVER GRAMS) Do you think he's trapped on the bottom?

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GRAMS) No, he would've shouted for help.

ECCLES:

Ow, be my love, bow . . .

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Look! See what he's got round his hind leg.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) Sapristi! A platinum chandelier with a diamond studded candalabra. Pass the telescope. Now hold the jewellers glass on the end. Sapristi, those diamonds are genuine. After him! Money! Moolah! Ooooooh, money, money, money! Ooooooyoooooyoo. Stop me.

GRYTPYPE:

Silence. Silence, reeking garlic wreck. There's more... there's more diamonds where that comes from at the bottom of the loch.

MORIARTY:

But neither of us can swim under water. How do we get down to it?

GRYTPYPE:

We'll drain the loch. The question is, how?

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, there, good fishermen. Are they biting today?

MORIARTY:

Yes and I've been scratching them all night as well.

SEAGOON:

Ah, well. I must be on my way. It seems as though I must leave Scotland for I and take the open road.

ORCHESTRA:

SNARE DRUM ACCOMPANIES SEAGOON:

SEAGOON:

(SINGS TERRIBLY)

I've got a great big rock for my pillow

And a tuft of grass for my bed.

I sleep naked by the roadside

It's a wonder why I'm not dead!

Walking through the fields of corn,

Leaning up against a rick of new mown hay.

The open road,

The open road,

The open road for meeeeeeeeeee! (CLEARS THROAT)

GRYTPYPE:

You raving idiot, you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Have you been here long?

GRYTPYPE:

Three hundred years.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) What are you talking about, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Shut up, shut up. It's the plan, my plan.

SEAGOON:

You've been here three hundred years, eh? Ha, ha, ha. They don't give holidays like that anymore.

(GIVES SHRILL SHRIEK) You're three hundred years old!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes it is a shock, I know. Let me explain. You see, my fast disintegrating friend and I have been keen drinkers of the loch waters. You see it has a sort of mysterious properties that rather prolong the lifespan.

SEAGOON:

I don't believe this longevity story.

GRYTPYPE:

Is that so? See that mountain? That's over two thousand years old.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and it's not full grown, either.

SEAGOON:

Proof positive.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) So that's why it's bald.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS). Well you can't go against the word of a mountain, can you?

GRYTPYPE:

Indeed.

SEAGOON:

Oooh, dear friend, what a lucky break. If I drink this lake water, I'm sure to live longer than my uncle Laird McGool and thereby inherit his treasures. (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Is that so? Well, we'll help you, won't we, Moriarty? Give Neddie a glass of the loch water.

MORIARTY:

Here, one shilling.

FX:

CASH REGISTER DING

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

FX:

COIN FALLING IN

GRYTPYPE:

Fiendish French [UNCLEAR]. Give the gentleman back that ha'penny and the silver paper. This glass of loch water is on the house.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Here's health. (THREE GULPS). Ah, marvellous. I'll outlive him!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course you will, Neddie. You've put ten years on your life.

MORIARTY:

He'd put ten years on anybody's life.

GRYTPYPE:

Here, Neddie, here's another.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

(UNDER GULPS) Moriarty, this is the Charlie who's going to drink Loch Lomond for us.

MORIARTY:

Of course! Then that would reveal the treasure at the bottom. Ohhyhooyhooooo! Money, money, money, money! Oooooooooo.

SEAGOON:

Ah, lovely.

GRYTPYPE:

Have another.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

And again, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Thank you, I... (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

And more.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Is the level of the loch going down?

MORIARTY:

No. This way it will take years.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. Ah, Neddie? Lie down. Good. Now, put this end of the hose in your mouth.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, put the other end in the lake.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, suck away.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Good boy. Drink as much as you can. That's it, it's all free.

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) It's going down! Slowly, mark you, but it is going down.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Yes.

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS AND GRAMS) Ooh, sapristi! What bad luck, it's starting to rain.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Drink faster, Neddie, faster.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS FASTER)

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) There's a charabanc... There's a charabanc of... er... pensioners arriving. Er... drink, drink, drink.

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) That's it! That's it! Drink, little water pipe.

SEAGOON:

(MORE GULPS)

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) Quick, plug his ear, it's leaking.

SEAGOON:

Hah, it's no good. I have to stop.

MORIARTY:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Can't you guess? I'm feeling faint.

MORIARTY:

Faint? Feel faint?

SEAGOON:

Yeah.

MORIARTY:

Here, drink this glass of water.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, on with the drinking. You want to live longer, don't you?

SEAGOON:

Oh, (GULPS). No more tonight, please. I must get a good night's sleep! I promise... I promise I'll come back tomorrow. Needle nardle McNoo. I'll be... I'll be staying over in that old, red lodge. Goodnight.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, tomorrow's too late! We must have that treasure tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Our plane leaves for Amsterdam at dawn.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me think, I have it. The water for that old red lodge comes from the lake.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go and turn all the taps on and fix 'em so they can't be turned off.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait! The water comes for that old red lodge comes from the lake. Let's go and turn all the taps on and fix 'em so they can't be turned off.

MORIARTY:

I heard you the first time.

GRYTPYPE:

You don't count, I'm only interested in the listeners. Ssh, Ray Ellington!

MORIARTY:

Let's hide!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'VE CHANGED MY MIND A THOUSAND TIMES" / "WHO'S SORRY NOW?" / "HOLD HIM TIGHT"

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure of Loch Lomond, part Mc three the noo. Otch aye.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK ENDING MESSILY

GRAMS:

GUSH OF WATER

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaw. Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaw.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

What's going on in here, Min? You're waking all the people in the lodge.

MINNIE:

I can't turn this tap off, Henry.

HENRY:

Give me the hammer.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT TO A FANCY RHYTHM

HENRY:

Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Hen?

HENRY:

I can't turn it off. I know, I know. Hold my saxophone a minute. Now, just roll up my kilt.

MINNIE:

Not too high, Henry!

HENRY:

Min, have you got the monkey wrench?

MINNIE:

I gave it back to the monkey.

HENRY:

We don't wish to know that type joke, Min.

MINNIE:

I got it from a very expensive Christmas cracker, buddy.

HENRY:

Oh, we'd better do something, the water's up to my sporran. Call a plumber, Min.

MINNIE:

Plumber, Min.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, dear landlord, I heard running water so I came running down. Good heavens - you're flooded.

HENRY:

We've got a burst pipe.

SEAGOON:

Which one of you.

MINNIE:

Naughty Neddie! Naughty, naughty, naughty needle nardle noo, Neddie. It's... It's the tap.

SEAGOON:

Ah, I see. Let me try. I didn't study astronavigation in the isotopes Peru for nothing, you know.
(LAUGHS)

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT 3 TIMES, METAL OBJECT HITTING FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There - that's got the tap off.

HENRY:

The water's still coming out of the pipe.

SEAGOON:

What bad luck. Where's the stopcock?

HENRY:

We don't know, cock.

MINNIE:

Ooooooh, look, there's a... there's something coming out of the burst pipe. Ohhhh....

FX:

SQUEEZING, POP

GRAMS:

POP, SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle through pipe! Thank you, thank you, little sausage makers, thank you. Returns to serious business of acting. Strikes Frank Sinatra, man with golden arm pose. Thinks: 'ere, I like that bit where Kim Novac keeps him warm, eee hee hee!

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm Mac Blunebottle! Talk of North Finchley. I go through life with a smile and a songe. With a smile and a song, life is like...

FX:

THUD WITH METAL OBJECT

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR]. Who threw that porcelain-type sink at me?

SEAGOON:

I did.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

How dare you come through Mr. Crun's water pipe without knocking?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm sorry, it was not my fault, Captain. Do you know that I was swimming in the lake with my first class swimmer's badge pinned to my water wing, when suddenly, ploodgee! I was sucked up into the nasty water pipe. Then there was hours of darkness and writhing agony. And finally, splunge, blat, I was squirted out into this bathtub, here. But I was not afraid.

SEAGOON:

Spoken like a man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I can do impressions, you know. Ooh, I have got a message for you. Major Bloodnok says he wants you all to start building him a boat.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's drowning in the lake.

FX:

THUD WITH METAL OBJECT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiiiy! Stop clouting me with that sink-type sink. I must not be natted by strangers.

SEAGOON:

Wait!

SEAGOON & BLUEBOTTLE:

If this young, cardboard Captain Webbers tale is true, then this pipe is draining the lake of its life prolonging waters.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

All this water here must be returned to the lake. Form a bucket chain!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I help?

SEAGOON:

No, I must do this alone. A horse and bucket. Horse and bucket.

BLUEBOTTLE & MINNIE:

(WITH RHYTHM) They go together like a...

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Gid up, Dobbin. Come on, Dobbin.

ECCLES:

OK, neeeeeeeiiiigh!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you're not a horse, you're a dog.

ECCLES:

I know, but I do impressions.

SEAGOON:

Right, gid up there, come on. To the lake, Dobbin!

ECCLES:

OK. (STARTS MAKING CHICKEN NOISES) No, that isn't a horse, no. (MAKES DOG NOISES) That's a dog. (MAKES CAR NOISES) No, no, I'll get it, I'll get it, I...

SEAGOON:

I can't wait, I must save the lake. Out of my waaaaaay!

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPING

ORCHESTRA:

ALLEGRO, DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

So started that epic night of adventure. Back and forth went Seagoon with his bucket, trying to return the water. Meantime, back at the lake:

GRAMS:

BIRD CALLS

MORIARTY:

It's going down fast.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, it won't be long now.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

It's got to the ceiling.

HENRY:

Swim, Min swim.

MINNIE:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on the road to the lake:

GRAMS:

GALLOPING

SEAGOON:

On, proud beauty!

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

Well done, Neddie, the water's going down.

GREENSLADE:

Back at the lake:

MORIARTY:

Sapritsti, the water's going up!

GREENSLADE:

On the road to the lake:

GRAMS:

GALLOPING

SEAGOON:

The water's going backwards and forwards!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the middle of the lake:

BLOODNOK:

Help, oh, heeeelp, oh!

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

HENRY:

We must stop it rising.

MINNIE:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Back at the lake:

MORIARTY:

We must stop it rising.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the steam baths in Edgeware Road:

THROAT:

Cor blimey!

GREENSLADE:

And... and in the cafe Fred:

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC SPED UP.

MORIARTY:

You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but the water's reached flood level.

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

The water's reached flood level.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about me?

GRAMS:

LONG EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eeeh, hee, hee!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the studio I was about to say, 'Meantime, back at the castle':

McGOOL:

You've been good to me, laddie. For the last 18 years you've been salvaging the treasures of the sunken galleon.

ECCLES:

Yeah, for the last 18 years! Yeah.

McGOOL:

Aye. And now we've got the lot. £20,000!

ECCLES:

£20,000. That money must be worth a fortune.

McGOOL:

You know what it means to us both?

ECCLES:

No.

McGOOL:

It means that I'm a rich man and you're a far better swimmer.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the bathroom. (SILENCE). Meantime, back in the lake. (SILENCE) Back on the road to the lake. (SILENCE) Don't some people get discouraged easily. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAA CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now Mr Adolphus Spriggs with Rubin Croucher at the piano.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO GIVES INTRO. THEN ACCOMPANIES SPRIGGS:

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS)

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
Across the Irish Sea.
I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
It's the only thing for me.

I've tried walking sideways,
And walking to the front.
But people just look at me,
And say it's a publicity stunt.

I'm walking backwards for Chriiiiistmas,
To prove that I love you!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC: "LUCKY STRIKE"

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Pat Dixon!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC CONTINUES

NOTES:

Spanish treasure galleon Sanitary is pronounced San Itary, as a play on words (Spanish names typically starting San as in San Cristobal, or even San Fransisco).

S6 E25 - The Fear of Wages

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

MILLIGAN:

Brown power!

SECOMBE:

Aye, wee, the brown power. Shop!

GREENSLADE:

This...

SECOMBE:

(SOUNDS LIKE) Boot wing(?).

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Enter a short idiot.

SECOMBE:

Good evening, folks. I commence by walking backward for Christmas.

GREENSLADE:

Why?

SECOMBE:

It's all the rage! (LAUGHTER) Next, an excerpt from East Lynn: "Dead! Dead! And never called me mother!"

ECCLES:

But you were his father.

SECOMBE:

Shut up, the famous Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, the famous Eccles!

SECOMBE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut up, the famous...

SECOMBE:

Shut up!

GREENSLADE:

(IMPATIENTLY) Mr. Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Mr. Seagoon.

GREENSLADE:

Please remove that false bald woman's wig.

SECOMBE:

And leave myself naked in the mating season? Ha-ha, ha! Never!

GREENSLADE:

Very well. I sentence you to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

SICKLY TRUMPET BLARE

SECOMBE:

They can go home today. Presenting Wallace Greenslade and his daring announcement entitled:

GREENSLADE:

La saleur d'la peur

SECOMBE:

Meaning "The Wages of Fear", or in England:

WILLIUM:

The Fear of Wages! Ohhhh!

FX:

MUSICAL CRESCENDO

GREENSLADE:

Part 1. The Missing Regiment.

FX:

GUNFIRE

SELLERS:

Burma, sixth of March, 1956.

SEAGOON:

These Japs can't hold out much longer.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I don't know, this is the 14th year we've been fighting 'em.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Major. They can't stand much more of your drunken singing and bottle throwing.

BLOODNOK:

I'm only doing my duty, sir! And they'd better surrender soon, we've had no food or pay since that silly telegram.

SEAGOON:

Telegram? You know, it... Give it here!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

OPENS NOTE

SEAGOON:

Um... "British Forces, Burma. Japan has surrendered. End of World War II. Book now for World War III." Signed: Jim Mountbatten. Dated: August 1945?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, I... well... I've never shown it to you before because it was obviously the work of a practical joker.

SEAGOON:

Well, I can... I can only hope it is!

ABDUL:

Ahhh, stop, stop, stop! A Japanese officer is attacking us with a white flag, hooray!

SEAGOON:

Gad! And it's a new Mark III armour piercing-type white flag.

THROAT:

Cor, blimey, I'm off.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, look, look, look, don't panic! I'll show that Jap a thing or two. Help me off with my jodhpurs, now.

SEAGOON:

No, Major, please!

BLOODNOK:

Out of my way! Just... there, you Japanese devil, look at that!

SEAGOON:

Dear Listeners. From the waist downwards, Bloodnok was tattooed with a pair of false legs. Facing the wrong way.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they're all the rage, you know.

YAKAMOTO:

(FAKE JAPANESE SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Please, do not shoot!

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you yellow swine?

BLOODNOK:

You remember me, Dennis Bloodnok. I was...

SEAGOON:

Not you! Come forward, military Japanese gentleman. But.... keep your right leg raised.

YAKAMOTO:

Please, I am General Yakamoto, Commander of all Imperial Japanese troops in that tree.

SEAGOON:

Well? Yellow devil!

YAKAMOTO:

(JAPANESE MUMBLE) Request, please: have unexpectedly run short of ammunition. Please, can we borrow two boxes until end of the war?

BLOODNOK:

You Japanese are always on the tap.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah!

BLOODNOK:

You... you haven't returned our lawnmower, yet!

YAKAMOTO:

I... yukabah... I'm... I'm velly solly but have not finished mowing jungle.

BLOODNOK:

No! No more credit! Clear off!

YAKAMOTO:

Then I'm forced to surrender.

SEAGOON:

Surrender? This means war!

YAKAMOTO:

War? I'm solly, have no alternative. To whom do we sullender honorable Japanese military stores, please?

BLOODNOK:

Stores? You've got stores?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, I've got stores. 1,000 tons of nitro-glycerine.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

YAKAMOTO:

And 2,000 cans of sake

BLOODNOK:

Ehh!

YAKAMOTO:

(ASIDE)Sake being potent Japanese rice wine.

BLOODNOK:

Sake being potent Japanese rice wine?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! I am forced... forced to accept your 2,000-cans-of-sake surrender. Stack it under me bed, will you?

YAKAMOTO:

Please. Which are your tents, please?

BLOODNOK:

The white one with the red cross on it and the... ah... three dummy nurses outside. Go on, don't say you don't trust me.

YAKAMOTO:

I don't trust you.

BLOODNOK:

Swine, I told you not to say it!

YAKAMOTO:

Sorry.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me my Royal Engineers saxophone, issue type. Now, you Japanese devil... quick, march!
(PLAYS, FADING AWAY)

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a day this has been! A triumph for British arms! Now I must inform the War Office that after 14 years of fighting, the Japanese army in that tree has finally surrendered!

FX:

COINS FALLING INTO CALLBOX. DIALLING, LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY PLAYS IN BACKGROUND

SEAGOON:

Dial on, brave telephone! Send those triumphant, electric-type impulses athwart the sleeping continent to the automatic-type exchanges in London and list...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Even now sounds the tintinnabulation of the phone bell that will arouse the helmsmen of England to whom I carry the victorious news!

WILLIUM:

Battersea Dog's Home, mate.

SEAGOON:

Curse, wrong number. I shall have hurry through to The Fear of Wages, part...

GREENSLADE:

Do you mind? (RASPBERRY) Do you mind, I'll make this announcement.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

The Fear of Wages, part II. The same day, four hours later.

FX:

MUSIC

MORIARTY:

Brown power! Ooooh! Money! Money, money, money! Little money, money, money, money!
Oheooheeeoh! Lovely money! It's all the rage!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, shhh! Pull that transparent blind down, you fool! Now, have you sewn that £10,000 into the lining of your socks?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Then help me get this £100 in fivers under my wig.

MORIARTY:

Right! (SOUNDS OF LIFTING) Down on your right hand... Back a bit... Ah... Right... Mind the [UNCLEAR]. Ah, there.

GRYTPYPE:

Good man. Any more left?

MORIARTY:

Only this £50,000 in loose silver.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Now where can I hide that? Erm... (SNAPS FINGERS) I've got it! Moriarty? Say "Ahhh".

MORIARTY:

Ahhh...

FX:

SHOVELLING, SWALLOWING

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty, keep your mouth shut, I don't want...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

GRYTPYPE:

Army Pay Corps here, Chief Cashier speaking. Yes. What? Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

(SPITS COINS ON FLOOR) I'm... I'm... I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I... I'm sorry, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes... Never mind about that. Moriarty, we're... we're... we're in the grit cart, now. Remember the 3rd Armored Thunderboxes who vanished in Burma 10 years ago?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they're still alive.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

And that was their commander, Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Oheeeoh!-type Oh! But we spent all their back pay!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

£40,000! Sapristy Court Marshall, cashiered, shot at dawn, take aim, fire, bang (HUMS TAPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Now, don't panic, don't panic.

MORIARTY:

(GUNSHOT NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

My malodorous Gaelic Charlie. We'll have to think of something else. Meanwhile, Max Geldray and his chromatic clinge.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the horrors of brown power! Aieeee!

MAX GELDRY:

MUSIC INTERLUDE: "SIDE BY SIDE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

Night in the jungle encampment of the 4th Armored Thunderboxes.

BLOODNOK:

(WRITING) Dear Sirs: I am a keen art student over the age of 21. Please forward me your selection of continental art studies in the plain wrapper. Care of C. N. Stokes...

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh! Don't come in for a minute, don't come in. Abdul, quick, put screens round my bed. Ohhh. Come in, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major, I was just walking backwards for Christmas and I thought...Oh. (CLEARS THROAT) I... ha-ha... I beg your pardon, madam, I...

BLOODNOK:

Get behind that screen, Gladys! Judy, Judy, Judy, [UNCLEAR]. My wife, you know, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see, yes.

BLOODNOK:

It's all lies, we're just good friends, of course. Ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Major.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Grave-type news. I've spoken to Whitehall...

BLOODNOK:

Mmm?

SEAGOON:

...and the Pay Corps deny that we're alive!

BLOODNOK:

What! I've never had a day's death in my life! And what about our ten years' back pay? Did you tell them we've been fighting all this time?

SEAGOON:

I did. But they said these Japs we are fighting must be forgeries!

BLOODNOK:

You mean... they're worthless?

SEAGOON:

They said no bank would cash them.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's only one way to get our back pay. We must return to England with the entire Japanese army in that tree there.

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. Sergeant Goldberg?

GOLDBERG:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) Yes, sir! What is it, sir? Carry on.

SEAGOON:

Uproot that tree and replant it in the back of a lorry. And try not to shake any Japs down.

GOLDBERG:

Will yers be taking all that Japanese liquor and wine with you?

BLOODNOK:

The sake, oh, yes, of course, yes. And don't forget those screens round my bed. It's all the rage, you know, I must have the screens...

GOLDBERG:

Yes, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

You know...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the old screens.

SEAGOON:

You know, Bloodnok, I think we'd better leave all that nitro-glycerine behind.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

You can't leave all that nitro-glycerine behind, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I wasn't going to. I was going to leave it behind Bloodnok. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT)

GRYTPYPE:

Naughty Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

GRYTPYPE:

No ad libbing now. Now listen, nurk - and this, dear listeners, is where we sow the seeds of Neddies demese. (CLEARS THROAT) Neddie? Stand at... Ease!

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS STANDING AT EASE

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie: There's no question of you leaving that naughty unexploded nitro-glycerine behind. If you want your back pay, all Japanese stores *must* be surrendered to the War Office.

SEAGOON:

But... it's so dangerous. Nitro-glycerine? A lorry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! (EVIL LAUGHTER)

FX:

EVIL MUSICAL NOTES; SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Dawn. And the 4th Armored Thunderboxes prepare for the long journey home. Before departure, the surrender document is signed.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Now, General Yakamoto will sign here. We'll... er... fill in the amount later.

SEAGOON:

I watched enthralled as slowly we hauled down the Imperial Japanese Credit note and ran up the victorious bouncing British cheque.

YAKAMOTO:

There! Honorable signature on surrender document.

SEAGOON:

Sign of the cross, eh? Huh! You illiterate swine, you. Pass me the ink pad. Uhh! There! There's my thumb print. Now we've *both* signed, mate. Now get back in your tree.

YAKAMOTO:

Right-oh.

BLOODNOK:

Hurry up, Seagoon, we're ready to leave.

SEAGOON:

Are the lorries warmed up?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we had 'em in the oven all night. How do you like yours?

SEAGOON:

Medium rare.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid! Then you'd better drive the medium rare lorry carrying the nitro.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) I... ah... I... (LAUGHS) I'd rather drive the lorry with the sake.

BLOODNOK:

No, but you're a teetotaler. No, I insist on driving with the sake.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's a long, long story... er... I mean, I... Well... erm... There's a little yellow idol to the north of Kathmandu...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I know.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

But I refuse to drive the nitro lorry.

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

Well, it's a long story. You see, there's a little yellow idol to the north of Kathmandu...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Seagoon. And here's a record of me saying it. (RECORD) Shut up, Seagoon.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up, Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Shut up, the Famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up, the Famous Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Shut up.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Get off this record at once!

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Okay. (RUNNING CLOSER)

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

(LIVE) Hallo!

SEAGOON:

Private Eccles! Just the man! You see that lorry that everybody's keeping clear of?

ECCLES:

Ah, yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Well, drive it back to London. Gently.

ECCLES:

Okay! Okay! Goodbye!

FX:

LORRY DRIVES AWAY. THEN, TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

(QUIETLY) A good job I wasn't on it.

SEAGOON:

What? Then who was driving it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eheeheehee! I was kipping in the back of that lorry, like a happy boy traveller, when...blungee! I was blown backwards out of my boots.

SEAGOON:

Little blackened, hairless, singed goon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehee!

SEAGOON:

What were you doing in that lorry?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it's a long story, Captain. You see, there's a little cardboard idol to the north of East Finchley. And the smoke was...

SEAGOON:

Shh! Here's Ray Ellington

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, smashing.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"PINK CHAMPAGNE"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington, the demon plasterer, but then you'll have guessed. And now, The Fear of Wages part the scrand. Five weeks of travel saw the lorries well on their way.

FX:

LORRY SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

(DRINKING)

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, Bloodnok, you must stop drinking that sake. Without it, no back pay.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, come on, just this one. It's thirsty work, this drinking, you know.

YAKAMOTO:

(ASIDE) Little do English fool know that it are not sake he are drinking but nitro-glycerine that I substitute. Ha-ha-ha in Japanese.

BLOODNOK:

Keep quiet up that tree there!

YAKAMOTO:

Sorry, was just giving listeners story of plot.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in England, at Number 10 Thrift Street.

OMNES:

PEOPLE MULLING ABOUT AS IN PARLIAMENT - RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB, ETC.

SECOMBE:

Custard.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, you say the nitro exploded when they were in the lorry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Fred. Our little plan went for a burton. That's why I've arranged this meeting.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS VOICE) I say, are you positive that this missing regiment has reappeared and is even now on its way back to England?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Mister Chancellor of the Exchequer. And according to our records, their combined back pay and accrued interests amounts to £33 million.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. This will ruin my budget.

CHUCHILL:

[SELLERS]

You've already ruined it yourself.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Stop it, you sinful people! That regiment must be stopped before it reaches England!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, we'll declare war on them.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

What? England can't declare war on English troops!

GRYTPYPE:

Why not? Everyone else does.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

No, no, no, no. We must get a foreign power to do it.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, choose one.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Well, Japan isn't doing anything at the moment.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll inform Tokyo at once.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(YELLS TO TOKYO) Hello, Tokyo!

TOKYO:

[SECOMBE]

Yakamakaka! Ying-tong-iddle-i-po! Needle-nardle-noo!

GRYTPYPE:

Declare war on the 4th Armored Thunderboxes, now in Burma.

TOKYO:

I do at once. Hello, Commander of the Imperial Japanese forces in that tree on back of lorry in Burma.

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, sir?

TOKYO:

Declare war on 4th Armored Thunderboxes.

YAKAMOTO:

I do. Very good. Fire!

FX:

GUNFIRE

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop the lorry! Those Japs are firing at us!

BLOODNOK:

The treacherous devils! Help me off with me jodhpurs!

SEAGOON:

No, Major, please! Not Leo the lion.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Please, not that again. They know that tattooed leg trick now.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there you are, it's done the trick. They've stopped firing.

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, I've run out of ammunition.

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, there's no dice here, you've had enough on tick for a month already.

YAKAMOTO:

Wait a minute. Please tell me, how much we owe?

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, play him back his account.

SEAGOON:

Right-oh. (SOMETHING SHORT ON JAPANESE-SOUNDING HARP) And six pence ha'penny.

YAKAMOTO:

Please, believe, please. I promise I pay you back at a rate of (SOMETHING ELSE SHORT ON JAPANESE-SOUNDING HARP) a week.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, how much is (YAKAMOTO'S HARP MUSIC) in English money?

SEAGOON:

It's about (ENGLISH CALLIOPE MUSIC), sir.

BLOODNOK:

It's not enough, do you hear! Here, hold me trousers. I'll...

SEAGOON:

No!

BLOODNOK:

I'll get him out of that tree! We've got this one!

FX:

SAWING, GUN FIRE

BLOODNOK:

The treacherous devils! They've... they've found more ammunition! They must have had a Red Cross parcel from home!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick, into the driving cab, it's bullet proof.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid! We can drive on and continue engaging the enemy in that tree in the back of the lorry all at the same time!

SEAGOON:

A magnificent exposition of the plot, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you!

SEAGOON:

And under enemy fire, too!

BLOODNOK:

Of course!

SEAGOON:

Have a knighthood.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ta, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right, then. Drive on, Sir Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Beep beep! Oooh!

FX:

SOUNDS OF DRIVING, GUNFIRE, FIGHTING OVER:

SEAGOON:

You swine, [UNCLEAR]

BLOODNOK:

Careful, don't antagonise them, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Get your hands off, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

(SPEEDED UP) Help! Cover me!

BLOODNOK:

(SPEEDED UP) I'll have you yet, you Chinese fiendish... Japanese... German fiends. Stop! [UNCLEAR].

Oh, just be a [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(SPEEDED UP) Take that!

BLOODNOK:

(SPEEDED UP) Ah!

ORCHESTRA:

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY FAST

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB, ETC.

SECOMBE:

Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Cabinet, Rhubarb, Cabinet Meeting, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Custard, Rhubarb...

MILLIGAN:

Rhubarb, cabinet, cabinet meeting..

GRYTPYPE:

Well, thank you for your cabinet meeting rhubarbs. Now, gentlemen, our plan to stop the 4th Armored Thunderboxes has failed.

MP 1:

[SECOMBE]

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

We shall probably have to give them all their back pay.

MP2:

[MILLIGAN]

What?

MP 1:

What? What?

MP2:

What?

MP 1:

What?

MP 2:

I said it first.

MP 1:

Custard.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUOR:

What? Didn't the Japanese declare World War III on them?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but Seagoon has managed to get the war on to the back of a lorry and is driving it here.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUOR:

Horrors!

OMNES:

GENERAL PANDEMONIUM

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty! Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

I must get in touch with them. What's the number of that lorry?

MORIARTY:

Ah, GXK-639

GRYTPYPE:

(DIALING) G... X... K... 6... (FADES)

FX:

GUNFIRE, A PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Take the wheel, Bloodnok.

FX:

PHONE IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? World War III speaking.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Where are you speaking from?

SEAGOON:

We're just rolling up outside Number 10 Thrift Street.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

That's us at the door, now.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Moriarty, answer it.

FX:

OPENS DOOR

MORIARTY:

Saprisit measurements! It's Sabrina!

SEAGOON:

Wrong! It's me with my arms folded. Seagoon's the name.

MORIARTY:

Seagoon? Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh! It can't be! You're a lying charlatan.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish, I'm a truthful charlatan. Now, where's our back pay?

MORIARTY:

Back pay? (MAKES WORRIED SOUNDS) Sapristi [UNCLEAR] glasshouse.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, stop shaving your head. Welcome, Colonel Secombe, welcome. Now, before you get your back pay, there is a little matter of handing over the enemy stores.

SEAGOON:

Of course! There's the lorry. The captured Japanese force is up that tree, but the nitro-glycerine exploded.

GRYTPYPE:

And the thousand cans of sake?

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Ah, I'm afraid... Bloodnok drank it.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I'm sorry, Seagoon. No sake, no back pay.

SEAGOON:

What! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

Get an empty bucket, quick! Now, grab Bloodnok's ankles. (GRABS BLOODNOK)

BLOODNOK:

What's going on here?

SEAGOON:

Hold his head over the bucket. Now, shake him, go on.

BLOODNOK:

(MAKES BEING SHAKEN SOUNDS)

SEAGOON:

No sake, no pay.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will recall that Bloodnok has not been drinking sake but nitro-glycerine. Therefore...

FX:

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND BUILDING PIECES FALLING ALL ABOUT

GREENSLADE:

And so ended World War III. Book now for World War IV.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mr. Greenslinge? Would you mind telling the nice people that I have not been deaded this week?

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. Ladies and Gentlemen (BLUEBOTTLE MIMICS HIM QUIETLY FROM HERE), it is both a privilege and a pleasure to announce that... shut up, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Bluebottle!

GREENSLADE:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

GREENSLADE:

A privilege and a pleasure (BLUEBOTTLE READS ALONG AGAIN IN BACKGROUND) to announce that the lad, Bluebottle, was not deaded this week.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...not deaded this week... Here, that was a good game, that was, wasn't it? I like this game! Hee-hee-hee!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and 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 Pat Dixon.

S6 E26 - Scradge

Transcribed by Peter Harris, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. We present the golden tones of yours and my favourite singer. (SINGS)
Oh, my beloved daddy. I love him, yes (FALSETTO) I do-oo-oo.

SEAGOON:

Shut that great, steaming, porridge-muncher! And give the listeners the new low in Goon Show plots.

GREENSLADE:

We present the awesome, fearful and, on the admission of the authors, incomprehensible story of...

MILLIGAN:

Scradje!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ta. Next bit.

GRAMS:

WEIRD ARABIAN MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hear that next bit, dear listeners? It's the lovely date-encrusted voice of that great Arab singer, Lee Lawrence of Arabia.

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SEAGOON:

Yes, listeners, those mysterious explosions were the first of many. It is that story we tell tonight.
(GIBBERISH)?

SELLERS:

Kinninidge.

SEAGOON:

Twidge gul.

SELLERS:

Arg thug 'uun.

SEAGOON:

Well, hurry up, then.

SELLERS:

Plinge. It was in the autumn of nineteen quinty-quodge, the year Major Bloodnok was discharged from the army.

SECOMBE:

Yes, it was the usual. Cowardice in the face of ENSA. Found dressed as a woman in the ATS barracks.

BLOODNOK:

Lies! All lies, do you hear! It was carnival night, I tell you!

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Shh! Please, Major Bloodnok. My name is Jympton, Captain Hugh Jympton. I remember the time both Bloodnok and Lord Seagoon became members of the Athenaeum Club, Glasshouse Street.

GRAMS:

JAZZ PIECE ENDING

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Hm. Gad, you waltz divinely, my darling. What's your name?

MAJOR BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok. Dennis Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I hardly recognised you in that tartan beard.

BLOODNOK:

I wear it for sentimental reasons. (SAD) You see, it belonged to my mother. By the way, Neddie, I hear you've been de-mobbed.

SEAGOON:

Afraid so, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Well, don't take it to heart, lad...

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

BLOODNOK:

Great naked kippers! Me boots have exploded!

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. Major! How could you?

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Look! Your old Etonian socks have got holes in them!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... I know, but... er... I have to wear them. You see, (SAD) they belonged to my mother. But look at me boots! They've had it, lad.

SEAGOON:

There, there, there, Bloodnok. How are you going to break the news to mother?

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, the usual way. Small two-page column in The Times.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. I wonder what could have caused them to go so quickly?

MINNIE:

I'll tell you what's happened to them, buddy. Your boots exploded because you've been doing all that sinful Charlestoning and modern rhythm-type dancing, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Madam Bannister! What are you doing off the bandstand?

MINNIE:

I...

SEAGOON:

Get back to your saxophone at once! You can't leave Mr Crun up there alone with that loaded, E-flat carpet-loom!

MINNIE:

He can't play it. I put the safety-catch on. Now, next dance, please, boys.

SEAGOON AND MINNIE:

(SILLY HUMMING, "YIM-BOM-BIDDLE-I DO-OO-O" ETC. CONTINUES OVER FOLLOWING. BLOODNOK TAKES OVER DURING SEAGOON'S LINES)

BLOODNOK:

Stop that pulsating melody-singing, Madam!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Stop it! Stop it! You've got my feet tapping in a frenzy of primitive rhythms!

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaaaagh!

BLOODNOK:

Great knobbly plates of toes! Your... your boots have exploded! Ohhhh....!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC, SINISTER CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

With the exploding of his boots, Seagoon realised that something sinister was afoot. With the aid of a 129A bus and several lengths of road, he took his shattered boots to the strolling, Home Office pathologist, who carefully patholed them.

PATHOLOGIST:

[MILLIGAN]

(POSH) Uh-uh. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Are they... are they... dead, doctor?

PATHOLOGIST:

I'm afraid so. We did all we could but... I'm afraid the welt was too far gone.

GRAMS:

SOBBING VIOLIN, OVER FOLLOWING

SEAGOON:

(CRIES) My poor, beloved boots. Gone. Gone and... and never called me mother.

PATHOLOGIST:

Never mind, Madam. I tell you what, I'll keep these boots...

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION

PATHOLOGIST:

Ow! Good heavens! The buttons on my boots have exploded! I say, what's going to happen?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. With the exploding of those boot-buttons I decided it was time for action. Brooking no delay, I caught the next hockey-stick factory up to London, where I called a meeting of England's leading scientists.

GRAMS:

LOUD SILLINESS. SHOUTING, WHISTLING, INSTRUMENTAL BREAKS, CLAPPING ETC. FADES OUT

JIM SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. Cease these impressions of stars of stage, screen and labour-exchange. And now, pray silence for his excellent shortness, Lord Neddie Seagoon, sixth in succession for the Muswell Hill tube station.

WILLIUM:

'Urry up, mate, 'urry up. We scientists is busy men, mate, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

I know, mate. I'm fully aware. But I've called you here to find the reasons for these mysterious boot-explosions. Now, has anyone any suggestions?

GRAMS:

SILLY SHOUTING, NOISES, FARMYARD IMPERSONATIONS, SILLY INSTRUMENTAL BREAKS ETC

SEAGOON:

No. I don't think it's that.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I tell you, Lord Seagoon, it's the work of a practical joker.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen and fellows of the Royal College of Charlies.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a cadaverous stranger who peered down at us from the top of an isosceles triangle.

GRYTPYPE:

(SAD) Yes. It belonged to my mother. (NORMAL) Gentlemen, Lord Seagoon is not alone. There are other victims of these mysterious boot-explosions.

SEAGOON:

May we ask why your friend is wearing bare feet and a black, cardboard trilby?

GRYTPYPE:

He is Monsieur le Compte Fredrique "Jim" Moriarty of the house of Frutt. Tell them the story, Compte.

MORIARTY:

Certainment. (VERY LONG SILLY SPEECH IN SPOOF FRENCH, INCLUDING SOUND-EFFECTS, MUSIC ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, need he say more? Each one of him can tell a similar story of tragedy. The Count will now pass amongst you, his fellow scientists, with a collecting-box and a professional strangler.

THROAT:

Oh, blimey, I'm off.

GRYTPYPE:

To cover the screams of dying Scotsmen, here is Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. Gentlemen, that voluntary collection for the victim Moriarty amounted to four and ninepence in pennies. Many from this country.

SEAGOON:

Mr... erm...

GRYTPYPE:

Thynne, Thynne. Professor Thynne. The strolling anchor-man for the Penge and district tug-o'-war team and fruit-bottler extraordinary to the house of Chatterley.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) And Gamekeeper.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much indeed. You didn't say what this collection was for.

GRYTPYPE:

Money. My dear, short sir! These accumulated monies, this... this... this four and ninepence, will be used for vital scientific purposes such as... er... food, rent, laundry and...

SEAGOON:

But we want a solution to these mysterious boot-explosions.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well that will be extra.

SEAGOON:

My dear professor Thynne, the expense is no object at all.

GRYTPYPE:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I'll just sign this blank wall. There. Fill in the bricks yourself.

GRYTPYPE:

That's very, very kind of you, I'll cash it at the Building Society. Count, will you explain the phenomena, please?

MORIARTY:

Certainment. Certainment. Gentlemen, these boot-explosions are caused by a weakening in Britain's deposits of Scradje.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES, OVER

SCOTSMAN:

[SELLERS]

Scradje? Did you say Scradje, the noo?

MORIARTY:

Certainment-ment. Scradje is a substance found beneath the Earth's surface. This Scradje radiates upwards, keeping level with the Gulf-stream and keeps the pressure on the Earth's surface at an even level. Thus preventing boots from exploding. Unfortunately, Britain's Scradje deposits are rapidly losing their potency. With the results that have now become apparent.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES, OVER

SCOTSMAN:

(LAUGHS) I've heard nay such a lot o' rubbish since I left the House o' Commons. Scradje indeed! If you think I'd believe one word of that...

FX:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SCOTSMAN:

Aaargh!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SLOW DOWN TO A STOP

SEAGOON:

Great green squirts of gringe! He's exploded completely.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING SINISTER CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Indeed, the Scottish gentlemen had disintegrated. From then on, the boot-explosions became fiercer. That night, on the Light Programme:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF ALMA COGAN SINGING "TWENTY TINY FINGERS", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

Yes, yes, Alma Cogan exploded. Then on March the third in the Home Service:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF DAVID WHITFIELD SINGING "CARA MIA MINE", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

SELLERS:

(POSH) Poor David, how he must have suffered. Please! The worst was to come. The following night, on the Third Programme:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF THE MILLIGAN SINGING "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Up to now I had not believed Moriarty's story of Scradje. But now it was obviously true.

SELLERS:

(POSH) Yes, Britain had to find fresh Scradje deposits or explode, one by one.

GREENSLADE:

The Home Secretary sent a warning on the wireless.

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Good evening. I'm speaking to you about these boot-explosions. We, the government are doing all in our power to rectify this grave Scradje deficiency which apparently exists. Until then, the British public must take the following precautions. To prevent yourselves exploding, remove your boots, reverse the buttons on your socks and walk backwards holding a gas stove above your head. I do hope this is only a temporary measure. Good night.

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to Scradje, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

On the suggestion of Professor Thynne and Moriarty, the government financed a Scradje expedition. Myself in charge. Armed with an elephant boot-protractor.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. I took charge of the money and directed operations from the treacherous camp three, just north of Monte Carlo.

MORIARTY:

Which way have you sent those Charlies on the Scradje expedition?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, right now they should be nearing the north pole and certain death.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(LAUGHTER, FADING OFF)

GRAMS:

WIND WHISTLING AND SLED-DOGS BARKING

BLOODNOK:

Mush! Mush! Get along you hairy little doggies, you!

SEAGOON:

Good work! Good work, Bloodnok! You're a born leader of dogs.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I used to be a boxer, you know.

ECCLES:

(FADES IN SINGING) Land of hope and glory, mother of the sea...

SEAGOON:

Ah, here comes the Doctor.

ECCLES:

He-llo!

SEAGOON:

How are the men?

ECCLES:

Oh, fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

Any cases of frozen feet?

ECCLES:

You didn't order any cases of frozen feet!

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll have to get along without them, that's all.

BLOODNOK:

But we've got to eat, Seagoon.

ECCLES:

OK, I'll put him in the oven.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up you idiot!

ECCLES:

Shut up you idiot!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up you idiot!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, both of you.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up, shut up.

SEAGOON:

Quiet, please, please, gentlemen, please. We're here to find Scradje, not to fight! Now, think of those poor people in England walking backwards with their boots off, carrying gas-stoves above their heads!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Now, lower those fudge replicas of the Eiffel Tower.

ECCLES:

(MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

Come along, Eccles. Drop that Eiffel Tower!

FX:

CLANG

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeh! My nut! Ooh, you swine, you. I was sittin on the top of the Eiffel Tower, eating my East Finchley boy-scout-type lunch, when... whongey! Blong! Blat! Splurgie! Spludgedoodoo! And then, clout on the nut! Jumps up, says "Oooh!" So there.

ECCLES:

Dong!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, it's silly old Eccles.

ECCLES:

Silly old.. Oh, he-he-he-re! Woaaaaah. I'm... I'm not silly any more, I'm the doc.. er... um... Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles! I'm... I'm the... I'm the doctor in this game.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, doctor?

ECCLES:

Yer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Feee-eee. Do you do operations?

ECCLES:

No, but we all got to start sometime. Now lay down.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, n-no, no.

ECCLES:

(DISTRACTED HUMMING, OVER FOLLOWING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, mind what you're doing with those sharp sausage-knives! Harm can come to a young lad like that!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Ooooh, he hasn't long to beeeee.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here! Stop cutting a hole in my shirt!

ECCLES:

Don't be frightened, I'm only lookin' round.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You'd better not, then.

ECCLES:

Oooh, let me say it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

I won't touch anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well don't, 'cos that's all new stuff in there.

ECCLES:

(HUMS, STOPS) Ooooooooooh. Ooooh, h-h-h-here! What's dis?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's Ray Ellington and his Quartet.

ECCLES:

Oh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, the Scradje, the part the plinge. On and on pressed the Scradje arctic expedition. Following the route charted by the famous Dr. Eccles to the North pole.

GRAMS:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's... it's hot at the pole for this time of the year.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, I... I've never known it so hot.

GRAMS:

DIVING AIRCRAFT, STRAFING MACHINE-GUN FIRE, ROARS AWAY

BLOODNOK:

Blast these arctic mosquitoes!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! How far are we from the pole now?

BLOODNOK:

Just three inches.

SEAGOON:

Aaah! Gad! We'll never make it before nightfall.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we shall have to stop here.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I know, let... let us try and erect some sort of rude shelter.

BLOODNOK:

You build the walls and I'll write on them. Ah-ha-ha! Bloodnok, you tonic you! Ooooooh!

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) I'm a happy-go-lucky la-a-d Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Wait!

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, there's a pyramid!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Let's see if they can put us up for the night. I'll do the talking.

BLOODNOK:

I'll do the silences.

SEAGOON:

I knew we could rely on you.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. Knock-knock!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Who's there?

SEAGOON:

Cohen!

MINNIE:

Cohen who?

SEAGOON:

Cohen you put us up for the night? Ha-ha-ha! I like working these little jokes.

MINNIE:

Well, you can work that one for a start.

SEAGOON:

Ahem.

CRUN:

Minnie! Shut that naughty, hairy pyramid door!

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's Crun and Bannister! What are you doing here?

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Um... special job, buddy, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes. Mister Thyne pays us a goodly sum to mix "Footo" the Wonder Boot-Exploder into boot-polish that is then exported to England.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! What a fiendish plot!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I wonder who wrote it?

SEAGOON:

Of course! Of course! Those boot-explosions were deliberately caused by this mixture of "Footo" and boot-polish. There's... there's no such thing as Scradje!

BLOODNOK:

The naughty men! They've got all the expedition money!

SEAGOON:

They won't keep that money for long, lads!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're not a long lad! You won't get any!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Hand me my saxophone!

ORCHESTRA:

SINGLE BASS SAXOPHONE NOTE

SEAGOON:

Ah, that's better! Ahem. Now - who can drive a pyramid?

ELLINGTON:

Me drive pyramid, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right! Drive us to Monte Carlo. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

PURSUIT MUSIC LINK INTO

GRAMS:

CAR NOISES

GREENSLADE:

In the huge pyramid with its powerful 2000 BC engine, the avengers of the Scradje hoax fraud were soon seeking out Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne. Who were sipping the most expensive cooking-type sherry.

GRAMS:

ITALIAN CAFÉ MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(HUMS ALONG)

GRYTPYPE:

Don't rock the hammock so much, Moriarty. You'll have us both out.

MORIARTY:

Think, Grytpype, it was all so easy. Now we're millionaires thanks to "Footo" the Wonder Boot Exploder.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) And we'll never grow another leg.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, sir.

MORIARTY:

What is it, Chilvers? Can't you see we're engaged?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, congratulations, sir! I hope you'll both be very happy together.

GRYTPYPE:

Thanks you, Chilvers.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... there's a pyramid in the lounge, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Really? What's his name?

GREENSLADE:

I don't know. He didn't say, sir. He was a tall, bearded pyramid with hieroglyphics.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, do!

FX:

CRASH, FALLING BRICKS

GRYTPYPE:

Now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

Hands up! I'm no pyramid. This plaster and string fez is a fake! I'm Neddie Seagoon!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD, CYMBAL SMASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! The game is up!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, can't we talk this over like normal...

SEAGOON:

Don't come too near! This gun is ready to load! Now, come on, you swine. Where's all that money gone?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, that four and ninepence you collected from us.

SEAGOON:

And that blank wall I signed.

GRYTPYPE:

That blank wall was a bouncer. Sent back "refer to builder"

SEAGOON:

Nonsense! I've got ten thousand bricks in my account. Come on, empty your wallet!

FX:

FALLING BRICKS, GRUNTING

BLOODNOK:

Great steaming lumps of therk! It's a British wall!

SEAGOON:

Yes. But the bricks are in French.

BLOODNOK:

Curses! Foiled by French bricks!

SEAGOON:

Come on! I want the original wall! We're waiting, Moriarty! Talk! And talk fast!

MORIARTY:

Certainly! (HIGH-SPEED, SPOOF GABBLING)

SEAGOON:

Rubbish!

GRYTPYPE:

But beautifully spoken.

SEAGOON:

Right! Bind these two Scradje-hoaxers to the bed-rails and stack the tins of their own fiendish boot-polish around the base of Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll help you.

SEAGOON:

What's the idea? Thynne? Why are you turning on Moriarty?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just found his tap.

SEAGOON:

You can't joke your way out of this, Grytpype. Tie him up men! Right, light the fuse.

MILLIGAN:

Right!

FX:

SIZZLING OF BURNING FUSE

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now, gentlemen, you've got three minutes to tell us where that four and ninepence is.

MORIARTY:

We'll talk! We'll talk!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! Quick! Extinguish the fuse!

GRYTPYPE:

Here's your four-and-nine and your wall, damn you!

SEAGOON:

Right, you may go.

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Gloating laugh. (LAUGHS) So, dear listeners, you see? Honesty triumphs over n...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain?

SEAGOON:

Shh! Shh! Please!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Honesty triumphs over naughtiness. And in the end...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Captain?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What was that that you told me to do?

SEAGOON:

Told you to...The fuse!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiiieee!

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Good evening. Since I last spoke to you, the dreaded boot-explosions have ceased. Thanks to the courageous and untiring efforts of Professor Grytpype-Thynne and Mr. Moriarty, both of whom are to be knighted. Therefore, as from now, you can all stop walking backwards, put on your boots and lower your gas stoves to the ground. (STRAINS)

FX:

CLANK

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Oh, puff! Heavy, weren't they? Good night.

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 and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S6 E27 - The Man Who Never Was

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas and James H.G. Redekop. Corrections by thegoonshow.net.
Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. Here is an impression of a British Embassy:

FX:

CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

SECOMBE:

And thank you, Wal. Here's your hat. Giddup!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPS OFF, SPEEDS UP

SECOMBE:

So much for horse lovers and theirs. Next week at your local cinemas they're showing:

SELLERS:

The Man Who Never Was.

FX:

FANFARE, THEN ANTHEM UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

April the first, 1944. For the Allies, the first hope of victory was almost in sight. North Africa has been won with the aid of Lance Bombardier Milligan and Gunner Secombe. And Burma was holding out with leading aircraftsman Peter Sellers. But the main problem: how to prevent the Germans from learning our intention of landing in Sicily? Let's go back to that fateful night in Jurn, Mammom.

SEAGOON:

It was that very night that I, Captain Neddie Seagoon, was sitting in the lounge of the House of Lords Yacht Club at Southend. Suddenly the footman came over and tapped me on the shoulder with his foot.

FOOTMAN:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me, sir, Colonel Minge would be pleased to see you out on the balcony, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh. So he's out there, is he?

FOOTMAN:

No, sir, he's in here, that's why he'd be pleased to see you out there.

SEAGOON:

Well. I think I'll go for a breath of fresh air.

FOOTMAN:

Thank you very much, sir, it'll save us opening a window.

GREENSLADE:

Grabbing his flying jacket as it flew by him, Captain Seagoon strode swiftly up the wall, across the crowded ceiling, pushing aside the other members who were hurling themselves to the floor below with cries of...

SEAGOON:

Fools! You shouldn't be up here! And you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, do not throw me down! I'm... I'm always up here!

SEAGOON:

Are you a member?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm a Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

What's that you're... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) What's that you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A flypaper. Ehee!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon flung the interloper aside with a muttered oath. Donning his straw hat, raffia coat and deadly nightshade trousers, he ran casually down to the sea.

SEAGOON:

I followed behind. And there, on the beach, I saw - and this is where the story really starts - there, in the sand, was a pair of uncooked German army boots.

FX:

DRAMATIC CHORD

SELLERS:

Like any quick thinking Englishman, Seagoon hurriedly tried them on for size.

SEAGOON:

Curse! They're too tight. Then, dear listeners, I saw why. In each boot was a pair of human feet!

ECCLES:

They're mine!

SEAGOON:

What? What are you doing in uncooked German army boots?

ECCLES:

I was hungry.

SEAGOON:

But where did you find them?

ECCLES:

Aooeoh! Um, they were washed ashore.

SEAGOON:

Let me see them. (GASPS) This boot has a false bottom!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooh!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, by inserting a skeleton saxophone under the welt, I managed to unlock the sole. And there, glistening in the light of my paraffin shilling, lay a roll of microfilm! There was only one thing to do - take it to the Chief of Military Intelligence himself!

FX:

BLOODNOK'S FANFARE, LEADING INTO A SWARM OF FLIES

BLOODNOK:

(OVER FLIES) Ooooh! Gah! Oooof!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was Major Denis Bloodnok, crack wartime layabout and consequently Head of the British International Intelligence Organisation, who, at this very moment, is interrogating a German prisoner for the sole purpose of lengthening the script and giving Seagoon a golden opportunity of displaying his histrionic abilities before a long-suffering public.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Have you finished? Thank you, thank you. Right. Now, march in that suspected German spy, would you?

SERGEANT:

[ELLINGTON]

Sir! Prisonerrrrrrr... Har!

FX:

SINGLE STOMP OF MASSED BOOTS

SERGEANT:

Quiiiiiiiiiick... Har!

FX:

MARCHING FOOTSTEPS

SERGEANT:

(OVER) Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right! Prisonerrrrrrr... halt!

FX:

MARCHING RECORD COMICALLY SLOWS TO A STOP

BLOODNOK:

Now then, who's this?

SERGEANT:

A suspected German spy, sir. He was caught loitering off the coast of Britain.

BLOODNOK:

So what's your excuse?

SPY:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) I was waiting for a number 10-A submarine.

BLOODNOK:

At this time of night? A likely story. They stop running at eleven, you know, oh! Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

What's this German's name?

SERGEANT:

Herr Komezebriede.

SPY:

Permission to speak, Hairy Major.

BLOODNOK:

Permission granted, hairy prisoner.

SPY:

I would like to say...

BLOODNOK:

Silong! Volkeshere berebackter. Gablunden kaput siesiegempire grung dang! Go gablunden hungun!

SPY:

Does your vife know zis?

BLOODNOK:

Achtung! Ger-shut up! Admit it, sir, you're a spy!

SPY:

I'm not a shpy!

BLOODNOK:

Oh? What's your name, then?

SPY:

Jim Furter.

BLOODNOK:

Jim Furter? I knew your brother Frank! Who said we Germans haven't got a corny old sense of humour? Oh, I'm out of condition tonight!

SPY:

I'll have a gin Tunic.

BLOODNOK:

That is a damned insult, sir! (ASIDE) But he's perfectly right, you know. (TO SPY) Now, are you married?

SPY:

Ja, two years.

BLOODNOK:

Any children?

SPY:

Nein.

BLOODNOK:

Nine in two years? You're a blaggard, sir! You, you... Hand me that shotgun.

SPY:

Nicht, nicht! Ve are just good friends.

BLOODNOK:

What!? Sergeant, march this scoundrel backwards for Christmas with a gas stove over his head.

SERGEANT:

Right, sir.

SPY:

Please, please! Bitte, believe! I'm not a shpy. I come here seeking political asylum.

BLOODNOK:

Take a bus to the House of Commons, that's the finest political asylum in the world! Ooohh, yes! They've got 'em all there you know! Aaaaooooowalalalalaaaaaaaaaaaaayeeaaahhhhhhaaa! Including Max Geldray, the well-known long playing record!! Thank you, Max.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, we have great pleasure in returning you to the Goon Show. And this is where the story really starts. Now showing at your local radio, disguised as The Was Who Never Man, part the ping, thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

FX:

DOOR OPENING

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Major Bloodnok, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Gladys?

GLADYS:

Captain Seagoon's coming up the stairs, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Quick! Quick! Burn this photograph!

GLADYS:

Who is it?

BLOODNOK:

Me and his wife. Hurry, man! (SINGS) In love with my...

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie! We're just good friends, I tell you! I... I was just passing... Good heavens! What's that you've got in your hand?

SEAGOON:

It's a roll of microfilm, sir! Found in some German boots washed ashore at Southend.

BLOODNOK:

This is an important find. I'll just put this microfilm under this powerful magnifying glass. It'll keep it flat while I put my glasses on. Now, um... Oh, yes, yes, I... yes, oh, dear, yes. Some kind of secret plan!

SEAGOON:

Now supposing these are German invasion plans.

BLOODNOK:

Don't you worry about that. If the Germans every invade England, we war office chiefs have Plan B ready.

SEAGOON:

Plan B?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, fast plane to Dublin, submarine to South America.

SEAGOON:

Major, you're not going to run away from the enemy?

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's no point in running away from anyone else, is there? I mean... I mean... I mean...

SEAGOON:

Alright. Alright, Bloodnok, be it on your head as you wish. But... we all know what happened to Colonel Bentine.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhh, yes.

SEAGOON:

He sat right where you're sitting, now. In that very spot. He was frightened of the enemy, too. Dead scared. He put a thousand pounds in gold in his kit bag, booked a fast plane to Dublin and had a submarine laid on to take him to South America. Poor fool, heh, heh, heh. He thought he'd get away with it. You know what happened to him, don't you?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) He got away with it! (PAUSE) Bloodnok! None of that Plan B packing lark. And stop packing your kit! Put that gold back in my tooth!

BLOODNOK:

What about the Plan B, then?

SEAGOON:

These plans have to be analysed. England's future is at stake.

BLOODNOK:

Look here, Seagoon...

FX:

CHORDS OVER...

BLOODNOK:

I must tell you, Seagoon, I won't have any of it!

SEAGOON:

It must go through, it has to go through, Sir John!

GREENSLADE:

And all through the night - and this is where the story really starts - all through the night, with an intelligence officer, Seagoon and Bloodnok pored over the plans. Sometimes they'd pored on the floor. Sometimes they poured in the glass, but mostly they pored over the plans.

OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, I have every reason to believe that these gin soaked plans of a secret German weapon are really the *brandy* soaked plans of a secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Is there no end to their fiendish ingenuity?

OFFICER:

I fear not.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. Bloodnok, realising the significance of the discovery, leapt to his feet and shouted for a messenger with a voice like thunder.

BLOODNOK:

Send in a messenger with a voice like thunder!

THROAT:

Right, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Thund, tell my ATS driver to put the car away, I shall be needing her later. Seagoon... Now, then. Take the microfilm at once to the Woolwich Arsenal and get the experts there to build this secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

I'll do my best, gentlemen.

MILLIGAN:

But we can't afford failures!

BLOODNOK:

Rubbish! You've been paying me for years and that singing layabout, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Despite that insult, I left the building with my head held high. And my feet held higher.

BLOODNOK:

In that position, we threw him out.

SEAGOON:

Soon, I was speeding through the sleeping streets, crouched over my brass pogo-stick. Ere long, I was at the gates of the Woolwich Arsenal, where I was challenged by a sentry.

FX:

BANG, BANG-BANG. BANG BANG BANG BANG, BANG-BANG

WILLIUM:

'Aaaalt! Oo goes there?

SEAGOON:

Friend!

WILLIUM:

Oh, thank 'eavens for that. Advance and be shot at, mate.

SEAGOON:

I was, mate.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, I recognise you.

SEAGOON:

Do you?

WILLIUM:

You're the bloke I was just shooting at, wun't you?

SEAGOON:

What makes you so sure?

WILLIUM:

All them 'oles in your nut.

SEAGOON:

Silly man! They're *old* bullet holes!

WILLIUM:

I know, I was using old bullets!

SEAGOON:

Fool of fools, you might've killed me! Now, where's the – your officer in charge?

WILLIUM:

(CALLING) Captain General, mate!

MORIARTY:

Oisabayageea, mate?

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! It's the valiant Comte Fredrique Jim Moriarty of the House of Reeks! I thought you were at the front?

MORIARTY:

I (INCOMPREHENSIBLE MORIARTISH FRENCH-TYPE WORDS) you at the front.

SEAGOON:

Then... why did you come all the way back here?

MORIARTY:

Je suis [UNCLEAR] civilian Francais. Non? Je suis [UNCLEAR] saxophon in la café. Je. [UNCLEAR] (HUMS) Do dedoo dedootdooooo, do dedoo, dedoooooooooo! (SPEAKS) Alors. Bonjour. Comment c'est la guerre? Je suis Capitain Jim Moriarty. Somebody in charge [UNCLEAR]. C'est un deux Charlies in the army. Alors, comment [UNCLEAR]? Advance! Attack le Germans! (HUMS MARSEILLESE) (MAKES MARCHING NOISE) Aieeee! Vive les soldat de la patrie. Alors! Apres deux heurs sur la kippers. [UNCLEAR] sur la tres fatigue. Alors. Halt! C'est sur le grand last push! Shhh! Silence! Attention! Listen! (WHISTLE OF BOMB. EXPLOSION) OOOOOOH! Right turn! Detach! Dans le [UNCLEAR]. Je toute de suite pour l'Angleterre. Je non Charlie sur le front.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Very interesting, but... what made you come back to England so quickly?

MORIARTY:

My braces were caught on a bollard at Southend Pier!

SEAGOON:

Just the man we want! A man with a pier tied to his braces. A perfect disguise.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Now then, here are sealed orders from Whitehall. I shall contact you later. Until then, here is an unsealed envelope containing Ray Ellington and his Quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And so the Woolwich Arsenal set about building a full scale model of the secret German weapon. And soon the Arsenal rang to the sound of British workmen at top pressure.

WORKMAN:

(SOMEONE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SOMEONE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SOMEONE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SOMEONE WHISTLING)

FX:

LUNCH WHISTLE, TOOL DROPPED, MANY PEOPLE RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Gad! They were away rather smartish, weren't they? Don't those workmen know there's a war on?

BLOODNOK:

I haven't had the heart to tell them. It'd be madness. If they knew they'd rush off and join the army. Anything rather than work, you know.

SEAGOON:

Haha... Ahem, yes. Well, I'll tell you why I called this meeting. It is essential that we fool the Germans into thinking that we haven't got the plans of their secret weapon. Isn't that so, Captain Hugh Jympton?

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, yes, yes, ah, er, perfectly correct, sir. Yes, I... I... I... I... I suppose it is, yes, sir. Ah... yes, you're perfectly correct, sir. Yes, sir, I... It is, yes.

FX:

GUNSHOT

JYMPTON:

Ow!

FX:

THUD

SEAGOON:

Well done, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

I... I hated to see him suffer, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen, I think we're wasting time! I have here a man who claims that he has the perfect plan to hoodwink these naughty Germans with regard to their secret weapon.

SEAGOON:

Oh! How do you do sir?

CRUN:

Ahhhh... Mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! He's... he's... he's going to say "how do you do".

SEAGOON:

Well, tell him not to bother.

MINNIE:

The man... the man... the man says not to bother to say "how do you do", Henry.

CRUN:

How do you do, Henry?

MINNIE:

Very well, Henry.

SEAGOON:

Sir, please. Would you care to give us a brief resume of your plan?

MINNIE:

Give him the...

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

...the resume. Give him the remisine.

CRUN:

I got the whole idea... from a Sunday newspaper.

SEAGOON:

You get some wonderful ideas from those, can't you?

MINNIE:

Ohhh, naughty, naughty Seagoon!

CRUN:

Naughty Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Oh, the vapours! You... we don't spend our Sunday mornings reading that kind of sinful Sunday newspaper.

CRUN:

No, we just sleep on 'til teatime.

MINNIE:

Then we read the sinful Sunday newspapers. Ohhhhhh, that naughty-type music! (SINGS) Yim-bolla-bakka... (ETC)

FX:

MINNIE DANCING

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Stop that sinful gyrating the lower portion of the torso-type dancing!

MINNIE:

It's all the rage, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Please, please! Explain this plan!

LEW:

[SELLERS]

Yes, wait a minute, I got this all 'ere. I know all about, I'm his agent.

MINNIE:

He's our agent.

LEW:

I know... I know what it's all about, let me speak for them cos they can't chat, y'see, they can't do the spiel, alright? You see, we put a copy of a German microfilm into the pocket of a man dressed up as a German Naval officer and float him ashore from a submarine onto the enemy coast. And then, for an encore...

SEAGOON:

We don't need an encore! I have my own piano.

LEW:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Commander Ginsberg, you'll get an OBE for this.

LEW:

What have I done? I'm living a good life, 'ain't I? Ain't I Leslie?

LESLIE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Commander, who would be idiot enough to be dressed up as a German Admiral and thrown overboard from a submarine? Tell me.

LEW:

Don't worry, don't worry. I have in this box 'ere an idiot who's been specially drowned for the job. Leslie, take the lid off.

LESLIE:

Yes, yes, I'll... I'll take it off.

FX:

WOODEN BOX BEING PRIZED APART TYPE NOISE AND SOMETHING LUMPY FALLING OUT

LEW:

That'll do, it'll be good enough. There you are gentlemen, meet the man who never was!

ECCLES:

'Aaaallo!

SEAGOON:

Wait a moment. This man is damp.

ECCLES:

Ooh!

LEW:

Of course he's damp. We damped him down for the night, I told you! He's the only Field Marshal with a private's baton in his knapsack.

SEAGOON:

But can we spare a Field Marshall?

LEW:

This Field Marshall don't count.

SEAGOON:

He doesn't count?

LEW:

No! He don't read or write, either! That's why he's working at the Romford this week. He might get out with a bit of luck, I dunno.

SEAGOON:

But we can't float him ashore, he's not dead!

ECCLES:

Wanna bet?

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles! Shut up! Shut up, Eccles! You shut up when you say shut up to me! (SINGS) Young and foolish. (SPEAKS) Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Oh, dear. This man is completely S-T-U-P-I-D.

ECCLES:

I... I 'eard that! Oooooow! I 'eard that! Soooo, you think that I'm S-T-U-P-I-D?

SEAGOON:

Candidly? Yes I do.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh. Well, it's a good thing for you that I can't spell. Good thing! It's a good thing for you I'm (SINGS) young and foolish... (SPEAKS) Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles! Shut up when I'm (SINGS) young and foolish... (SPEAKS) S-T-U-I-P... A-hum! (SINGS) Young and foolish... (ETC) (SPEAKS) Shut up! What? Shut up, Eccles! (SINGS) Young and foolish...

BLOODNOK:

Look here, let's forget about this idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, they have gotted ready the secret German weapon which they have builded from the microfilm plan.

SEAGOON:

Great news, little cardboard grenadier!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!

SEAGOON:

Here's an orange.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Can I come with you to the testings of diss weapon, Captain?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, Bluebottle, it's too dangerous. We can't afford to risk the lives of a young idiot like you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is that why they're sending an old idiot like you?

SEAGOON:

Exactly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

OMNES:

VARIOUS MUTTERINGS AND RHUBARBS

SELLERS:

(OFF) Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

SEAGOON:

It... It was an exciting moment as I stood amongst the high ranking officers. In the centre of the testing area stood the sinister outline of the mysterious German secret weapon.

OFFICER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, before we remove the cover from the V-3, I'd like to say that we're not quite sure what it's potential is. It might well be the most devastating weapon we've ever tested in the Woolwich Arsenal, I assure you.

OFFICER 2:

[SELLERS]

Yes. We've, ah, taken great care to construct an exact replica of the plans found in the uncooked German boot.

SEAGOON:

Hear, hear! Well done! Good show. Well done!

OFFICER 2:

Oh, dear. Charlie's here. Now then, as I remove the covers, you will note that the weapon is mounted on a pair of wheels. At one end we have two shafts which are obviously used for manipulating the weapon into position. Now, the rather ominous part. The only operating mechanism is this small metal handle slotted high up in body. Before we turn it, gentlemen, we must take precautions. Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, sir? Gentlmen, will you all please take up positions behind that forty inch, anti-gamma-ray, lead-lined wall.

OFFICER 2:

Right, Sergeant. Close main protection doors and put on warning lights.

OFFICER 1:

(OFF) Warning light on, sir!

FX:

MACHINERY NOISE

SEAGOON:

I trembled with excitement as the moment drew nigh. Here we had a German weapon which they did not know we possessed. With it, we could well turn the tables on the Bosh!

OFFICER 2:

Right, gentlemen. I shall be turning the handle five seconds from now.

OFFICER 1:

Ready now, sir!

OFFICER 2:

Five, four, three, two, one. Turn.

FX:

JET ENGINE POWERING UP, TURNING INTO BARREL ORGAN TYPE MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen... Plan B!

FX:

RUSH OF FEET, PANICKED YELLING

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, 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 programme produced by Pat Dixon.

S6 Special 1 - The Goons Hit Wales

Transcribed by Darius Prancunas. 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:

Ooooh, 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!"

S6 Special 2 - China Story

Transcribed by Simon Rushbroo, Kurt Adkins, corrections Paul Webster and Tony Wills. Additional adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

RASPBERRY.

GREENSLADE:

And jo... And Jolly good programmes they put on, too.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh, isn't he a lovely talker, he is.

SECOMBE:

(LEW) Here, could you say some more, mister, of that lovely talking?

GREENSLADE:

Why, certainly. This is Wallace Greenslade saying "Winds light to variable".

SECOMBE:

(LEW) Oh, beautiful.

GREENSLADE:

(VERY THEATRICAL) Oh, Greenslade, how can they afford you?

SECOMBE:

Because twelve shilling a week is nothing to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

GRAMS:

ETHNIC PERCUSSION AND VOCALS, AFRICAN STYLE.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Harry Davidson and his old timers. Mister Greenslade, unleash that lead head corset and announce the nine o'clock needle-nardle-noo.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners and losteners.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

GREENSLADE:

We present an ancient Chinese play translated from an old Greek soup recipe found engraved on the seat of a dustman's trousers in East Acton. The trousers can now be inspected in the Science Museum internal combustion section. This play was especially writted for the wireless.

SELLERS:

(VERY THEATRICAL) Wireless! Curse! This means the end of the horned phonograph and the little doggie that looks in to it. Exits left with king mackerel case, ooowl.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

SELLERS:

(CHINESE GIBBERISH SOUNDING NOISES) Hello, there you, empire people. Get this, we give you a hot story of old home town. (MORE GIBBERISH) Okay, Wally Stott, take it away. Overture and beginners for China Story. Oh, boy.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LEAD IN - CHINESE FLAVOUR.

OMNES:

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

OMNES:

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

SEAGOON:

Strange people, the Chinese. There's over 500 million of them.

FLOWERDEW:

Well they've only got themselves to blame!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, registrar of births. My name is Neddie Seagoon, though my char-lady calls me "Ducks". Due to a certain disease I have! I'm well-known in China and voted best... (FLUFFS LINE AND MAKES SILLY NOISE) I'm well-known in China and voted best dressed man of 1904 - in 1956. Hmm.

GRAMS:

CHINESE TYPE MUSIC, WITH 'CHINESE' CHATTER, FOLLOWED BY A SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

It was Christmas night in Shanghai. As I walked backwards through the crowded streets, people seemed to know I was British. Was it my bearing? The cut of my dentures? Or was it the eight foot flood-lit Union Jack tied round my head? I'll never know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yoiks, Tally-Ho! Have a noodle.

SEAGOON:

The words came from a two-legged, grey-headed man going bald at the knees. He was bent backwards eating a plate of un-chopped-suey from a leopard skin seal bladder. With a wave of his muscular foot he beckoned me over.

GRYTPYPE:

He ignored my invitation and my muscular foot, but then I said something that had him at my side. Money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Money? Money? Money? Money? Money? Money? Where? Where? Where? Money? Money? Money? (WHISTLES) Money? Money? Money? Money?

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, laddie. Steady, laddie

SEAGOON:

Money? Money? Money? (DEGENERATES INTO CLUCKING NOISES, THEN BROODY CHICKEN NOISES).

GRYTPYPE:

Have a noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. What does your muscular foot want?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you have a kind face.

SEAGOON:

You can't have it, it's a fixture.

GRYTPYPE:

Ooh, you are lumbered, aren't you.

SEAGOON:

Have a care, sir, I'm not a man to be laughed at.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, I've seen your act. The... um... singing shaver, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

I'll have you know I'm at the Palladium, seats in all parts.

GRYTPYPE:

Is it true that you're miming to records of Zhebee?

SEAGOON:

Lies. I have my dark secrets.

ELLINGTON:

Man, so have I!

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington! Or I'll have the white-wash brush to yuh.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, this gentleman here with the power is Count Fred Moriarty, French overland saxophone champion.

SEAGOON:

(SPEAKING FRENCH FLUENTLY).

MORIARTY:

So, the pen of your aunt is in the garden, eh? Are you a stranger in China?

SEAGOON:

Stranger? I came here as a boy.

GRYTPYPE:

I didn't think you came here as a girl. Oh, I don't know, though. You Chinese are damn clever people, really.

SEAGOON:

I'll have you know I'm English!

MORIARTY:

English? But you're in rags.

SEAGOON:

I happen to be in my working clothes.

MORIARTY:

What are you?

SEAGOON:

The British Ambassador.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you attached to the Embassy?

SEAGOON:

Attached? I love every brick of it.

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fellow, you must be starving. Have a noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter, two iced-rickshaws and picture of Colonel Nassa, please

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Don't mention that name here. (SINGS) There'll always be an England. And England shall be free. If England means as much to you as England meeeans tooooo meeeeee.

GRYTPYPE:

Now we'll never get it back.

SEAGOON:

We don't need Suez, we can get to India another way - the Manchester ship canal!

GRYTPYPE:

Have another noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now, Seagoon, come here. Come here, little lad. You've heard of the fiendish Chinese nationalist leader?

SEAGOON:

Not General Kash-Mai-Chek?

MORIARTY:

Yes! He's willing to pay ten thousand yen in Lire to anybody who can smuggle him a certain English Rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, gentlemen.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Neddie, pull up a power.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Pardon me gentlemen. (CLEARS THROAT) Will you be sitting here for the next few moments?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, Yes?

SPRIGGS:

Good (CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS)
I'm only a strolling vagabond.
So good night, pretty maiden of the night.
I'm bound for the hills
and the valleys below.
So good night, pretty maiden, good night.
Good night.
Good night.
Good night, pretty maiden, goooooood nighhhht.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Seagoon, this is the idea I...

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen. You heard my melody and I...

FX:

MONEY BOX SHAKING.

SPRIGGS:

...think that the wooden box with the hole in the top speaks for itself, gentlemen, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Well, Neddie, the first thing you have to do...

SPRIGGS:

Oh, ho hi. Of course, I understand gentlemen. You... you want an encore. Ohhhh (SINGS) I'm walking back...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SPRIGGS:

Urgghh!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty. Check the little wooden box, would you? Now, Seagoon, think our offer over and I'll get in touch with you on the phone tomorrow.

SEAGOON:

Till tomorrow, then.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTERING.

SEAGOON:

Back at the embassy I pondered over Grytpype Thynne's offer. Why on earth did General Kash-Mai-Chek want a certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders? Cunning people, the fiendish Chinese. You never know which way they're going to go! Especially the women. I was just about to retire for the night when there was a tap at the window.

FX:

TAP ON WINDOW - OPEN WINDOW.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Anybody out there in the dark?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vaga...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Got 'im!

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR

[SELLERS]

(EFFEMINATE) Call for you, you're through.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING DOWN PHONE) Oh, goodnight, pretty maiden, good...

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Blast that man.

FX:

RATTLING DOOR HANDLE, DOOR OPENS.

DELIVERY MAN:

[SELLERS]

Sir, this record has just arrived, marked urgent.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

FX:

SCRATCHY GRAMOPHONE STARTS PLAYING.

GRAMS:

(ANOTHER BETTER SINGER) Oh, goodnight, pretty maiden...

FX:

RECORD BREAKING/SNAPPING/DROPPED IN BIN.

SEAGOON:

A pox on the fellow.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Will you stop singing that infernal melody divine, you understand? I don't wish to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT - OTHER END OF THE PHONE) Thank you. Neddie, Grytpype-Thynne, here. Have you made your decision about the certain English upright, yet?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I need the money. I'll do the job. But where do I get that certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Go to the tea-house of the August Goon.

SEAGOON:

Just a minute, I'll take that down.

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Got that down?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now burn it at once.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now set fire to the ashes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Done that.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Splendid, now memorise the remains.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Right. Now say after me, "I am an idiot".

SEAGOON:

I am an idiot.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now then, when you arrive there, knock six thousand times and ask for Ah-Pong.

SEAGOON:

But how do I get there?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Where are you now?

SEAGOON:

I'm standing by the phone.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Good, start asking your way from there.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

PHONE PUT BACK ON HOOK.

SEAGOON:

I should be there in three minutes. Just enough time for a fiendish Chinese gentleman, Mlax Glederudle, to have a blowout.

MAX GELDRAI AND THE ORCHESTRA

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTERING.

SEAGOON:

On arrival at the tea house, as instructed, I knocked six thousand times.

GRAMS:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING
TAKES 36 SECS ALTOGETHER

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Tea house of the August Goon?

THROAT:

No.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Curse, it's next door! It's always next door in China!

GRAMS:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING - 28 SECONDS.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

AH-PONG:

[SELLERS]

(CHINESE) Ah! Somebody knock?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Tea-house of August Goon?

AH-PONG:

Ah, yah! Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Are you Ah-Pong?

AH-PONG:

Yes, we are ah-pong till eleven o'clock. Ah, more to come, yah.

SEAGOON:

I've come about a certain English rosewood upright.

AH-PONG:

Yah, yah-yah. Oh, ahhh, you are Neledy Sleegoon.

SEAGOON:

Y-les. Blitish Ambassador.

AH-PONG:

Oh, glood, glood, glood, glood! Follow me, please. (MORE SLURRED 'CHINESE' SOUNDING WORDS).

SEAGOON:

I was lead through a bead curtain and across a floor so cunningly laid that no matter where you stood it was always under your feet.

GRAMS:

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

FX:

PST-TOOK-BLLONG.

GRAMS:

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

In the far corner of the tea-room I could see the sinister oriental saxophonist Fred Fu Manchu playing strict tempo Chinese ballroom music. Finally I was lead before a military man reclining on a coolie.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! So you're the man who's going to do the job, are you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Speak Chinese?

SEAGOON:

A Smattering.

BLOODNOK:

Smattering? How about Chinese?

SEAGOON:

Not a word.

BLOODNOK:

Lower me gringers, you'll have to learn the lingo, you see. Our journey takes us through bandit territory.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I speak bandit fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Say a few words in bandit for me.

SEAGOON:

Hands up, your money or your life.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, without a trace of an accent. Splendid. Now, about the certain English rosewood upright piano.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Where is it?

BLOODNOK:

Up river at the Kowloon Missionary.

SEAGOON:

Kowloon? That's six hundred miles from here!

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE, PAUSE, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING BACK TOWARDS MICROPHONE.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Yes. It's exactly six hundred miles.

BLOODNOK:

Much too far to travel. Therefore, we'll take the fiendish Chinese river-steamer tonight.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC, ORIENTAL FLAVOUR.

SEAGOON:

In the darkness we sat huddled on the fiendish Chinese river-steamer. The silence broken only by the silence of the silence being broken.

FX:

BURP.

BLOODNOK:

I've just been speaking to the fiendish Chinese Captain, he says we'll be in Kowloon at twenty three hundred hours.

SEAGOON:

What time's that?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, my watch only goes up to twelve.

SEAGOON:

Curse this fiendish Chinese triple-summertime.

FX:

SPLASH.

CHINESE SAILOR:

[MILLIGAN]

Man overboard.

SEAGOON:

I see him. Quick, Bloodnok, hold my coat.

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

What a Brave man Seagoon is. What a brave, brave man. Now let's see. (SINGS TO HIMSELF) La dee-dee. Looo-dum. Blast! Not a penny in any pockets in his coat.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I've got him! [UNCLEAR] Haul me aboard.

FX:

STRUGGLING SOUNDS, 'CHINESE' MUTTERINGS.

SEAGOON:

Lay him down.

BLOODNOK:

Poor fellow, he's soaking wet.

SEAGOON:

Strange, it hasn't been raining.

SPRIGGS:

Uunnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming one.

SPRIGGS:

Uunnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming two.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, poor wayfarer?

SPRIGGS:

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS) I'm... I'm only a strolling vag... aaahhhhh!!

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Well hurled! Full spleed ahelad.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC NAUTICAL LINK.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER UNDER:

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

SEAGOON:

By mid-day the following month we arrived at the fiendish Chinese river port of Kowloon.

BLOODNOK:

But to our heared horror we discovered that missionary Crun had put the certain piano up for auction.

SEAGOON:

We had no option but to bid against three hundred fiendish oriental John Chinamen.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTER UNDER:

FX:

GAVEL HIT THREE TIMES.

CRUN:

Attention, fiendish Chinese bidders. The auction... will commence.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Thank you, Min. First object to come under the hammer is this glass jar.

FX:

GLASS JAR SMASHED BY HAMMER.

CRUN:

The next object is this certain English rosewood upright.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Let us start the bidding at one pound.

SECOMBE:

(CHINESE) One pound ten.

CRUN:

Two pounds.

GREENSLADE:

(CHINESE) Three pound.

SECOMBE:

Three pounds ten.

SELLERS:

(CHINESE) Three pound fifteen.

SECOMBE:

Thlee pounds flifteen and slixpence.

MILLIGAN:

Four pounds.

GREENSLADE:

Four pounds ten.

SELLERS:

Four pounds ten and seberence.

SECOMBE:

Five plounds.

CRUN:

Any advance on flive pounds?

GREENSLADE:

(CHINESE) Flive pounds flive flup-pence.

MILLIGAN:

Flip-flong.

SECOMBE:

Seven plouns.

ELLINGTON:

Seven pouns ten and fluppence.

SECOMBE:

Bing-bang-bloom.

SELLERS:

Bing-bang-blom.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

OMNES:

Yaooh!

CRUN:

Any advance on Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po?.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

GREENSLADE:

(HIMSELF) Ladies and gentlemen, the BBC have asked me to tell you the sentence Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po has no meaning at all and is not a form of currency. Therefore, in bidding Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po for the piano, it has proved that the bidders are fiendish Chinese. We return you now to the fiendish auction.

MINNIE:

Well said, Wallace, well said.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTERING UNDER:

CRUN:

Any advance on fiendish Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po?

SEAGOON:

Ten pounds!

MINNIE:

Ahhh eee orrr noooo!

CRUN:

Sold for ten pounds!

MORIARTY:

Well done, Neddie, well done, lad!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty! Grytpype Thynne! What are you doing here?

MORIARTY:

This is the reason: Before that piano can be dispatched, the keyboard must be reversed.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie, Chinese pianists always play from right to left.

SEAGOON:

Fiendish Chinese cunning!

GRYTPYPE:

Now out you go and get some Coolies.

SEAGOON:

Right.

MORIARTY:

Cork tipped.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, do you think he suspects?

MORIARTY:

About the bomb in the piano? No.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Have you wired it up to explode?

MORIARTY:

Yes. It detonates when a certain note is played. Listen...

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS A TUNE (PIZZICATO BY LEO DELIBES) MINUS LAST NOTE OF REFRAIN.

MORIARTY:

Now this is the note.

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL NOTE OF REFRAIN PLAYED.

MORIARTY:

That will send it off.

GRYTPYPE:

You have a copy of that music?

MORIARTY:

Yes, backwards and forwards and sideways at the same time.

GRYTPYPE:

In Chinese?

MORIARTY:

Scored upwards and downwards and backwards and back to the front and the ying-tong-iddle-i-po.

GRYTPYPE:

And for Christmas?

MORIARTY:

Always.

GRYTPYPE:

Brilliant! Then tomorrow we send Seagoon and the piano to the secret Chinese NAAFI and that'll be the last of our dreaded rival, General Kash-Mai-Chek.

MINNIE:

Well said.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh, thank you, madam. Now, what am I bid for this record of the fiendish Ray Ellington?

MINNIE:

Ahh, orrrr.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LOVER COME BACK TO ME".

ORCHESTRA:

A LINK OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

FX:

HORSES WALKING ON COBBLES.

SEAGOON:

August the third. Moving inland through the bandit province of Yanghtsee towards the secret Chinese NAAFI, strapped to the back of a mule was the certain English etcetera etcetera with brass candle-holders. I said etcetera etcetera because it saved me saying the full sentence which was: a certain English rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders. (LAUGHS) That's why I said etcetera etcetera, etcetera etcetera. Ha ha. (WHINY VOICE) Thought you might like to know.

MINNIE:

Well said, young man.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, stop the caravan! There's somebody behind those fiendish Chinese bushes ahead.

SEAGOON:

Hand me that loaded Chinaman.

SELLERS:

Alli llung.

SEAGOON:

Who's that behind that bush? Come on, who are you?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING) I'm only a strolling vagabond...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SPRIGGS:

Owwowww!

SEAGOON:

Got him! Wait! There's someone else. Ahoy there, come out from behind that bush!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, don't shoot.

SEAGOON:

Come out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle. Thinks: Is the Bluebottle popularity slipping? Don't know about that.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, little hybrid wreck?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a member of General Kash-Mai-Chek's secret NAAFI. Strikes dramatic pose as done in Richard the Third and Hamlet. Trousers fall down to reveal I'm wearing mum's old bloomers.

SEAGOON:

Have you proof of your identity?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I have, my captain, yes. Here's my name written inside my LCC type putting shoe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. But...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't think of anything to think about.

SEAGOON:

Why have you got that boot full of Chinese porridge strapped to your head?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I always have a boot of Chinese porridge strapped on my head on a Monday.

SEAGOON:

But today's Tuesday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it? Oh, I feel a proper fool, now, I do! Tee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Stop those radio Oscar jokes. How far are we from the secret Chinese NAAFI of Kash-Mai-Chek?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not tell you! You're not talking nicely to little Blunebottle.

SEAGOON:

Chinaman Ellington, take charge of this man.

ELLINGTON:

Right! Come on, you mushroom legs!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeeh! Take your hairy rotten hands off my little arms. You might rub off on me. You're not Chinese, I can tell by your eyes. They go that way.

ELLINGTON:

Come on, cor blimey. How far to the secret NAAFI?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I do not like this game. I don't like this game. Let's play naughty Diana Dors falling in the swimming pool for good...

SEAGOON:

Tell us or we play Bluebottle and taxidermists for posterity.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wish I had married Dennis Hamilton, he'd 'ave punched you on the nose for talking to me like that. I'll tell you! It is across this river. It is behind the Great Wall of China. Ying-Tong-Iddle-Idding-Ing-Ping.

SEAGOON:

Guards! Forward!

GRAMS:

FOUR WHOOSHES IN A ROW.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, here we are at the secret fiendish Chinese NAAFI.

ECCLES:

He-llo!

OMNES:

Shut up, Eccles! (BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS BETWEEN ECCLES AND OTHERS ABOUT 20 REPETITIONS).

ECCLES:

I'll knock on the door of the secret Chinese NAAFI.

FX:

TUBE TRAIN APPROACHING FROM FAR OFF, WARNING TOOT ON HORN, CRASH INTO DOOR, TINKLE. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

That's a Chinese door.

KASH-MAI-CHEK

[SELLERS]

(CHINESE) Ahh! Ohh! Hoolay, hoolay! It a Bluebottle and Teddie Seagoon with honourable piano.

(DISTANT NEIGHING OF HORSE INTERRUPTS PERFORMANCE) Keep that child quiet, please, madam.

(HUGE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Ah, it a Bluebottle and the honourable NAAFI piano! Look, boys, honourable NAAFI piano all alive.

OMNES:

(CHINESE) Hip-Hip-Hurray! Hip-Hip-Hurray!

SEAGOON:

Together... lift!

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, while our heroes are getting the certain English piano up onto the stage of the secret Chinese NAAFI, I would like to draw your attention to the back page of this week's Radio Times. (BLUEBOTTLE REPEATING HIS WORDS UNDER) It shows a three-quarter semi-profile view of a distinguished lady wearing a pair of corsets. Will you shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

OMNES:

SHUT UP. (REPEATED, YELLS, ETC).

GREENSLADE:

We would like to point out that this is an advertisement and not a programme. Though... um... I must say, it might be the basis of a jolly good show. I see (OMNES START REPEATING EVERY WORD AND GETTING LOUDER) now that the certain English piano is in position and a fiendish Chinese pianist is about to play.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

OMNES:

Shut up, shut up, shut up.

SECOMBE:

(CHINESE) Silence, please! Honourable pianist will now play western style tune.

CHINAMAN:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse it, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

He hasn't played the note!

MORIARTY:

He might try again.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

MORIARTY:

(OVER TOP OF PLAYING) Look out. Here he goes. Here it...

GRYTPYPE:

He's missed it again!

SPRIGGS:

Ohh-ah! Please, gentlemen, don't fret! Don't worry if your piano can't be played I shall sing you a melody and save the day. Could I have an 'A' please?

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS AN A, THE FINAL NOTE OF THE PREVIOUS TUNE.

GRAMS:

GIANT EXPLOSION.

GRYTPYPE:

They're damn clever, these Chinese!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, recorded at the radio exhibition at Earls Court and featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

ORCHESTRA:

FINISH THEME TUNE AND PLAY OUT.

Notes:

From the 'Goon Show Companion' by Roger Wilmut:

On August 24, the Goons invaded the annual exhibition, the National Radio Show, which in those days was a major event in the world of broadcasting. They recorded a new production of 'China Story' in the special studio at Earl's Court, with Dennis Main Wilson in charge. The performance is in fact slightly better than the original version of twenty months earlier; the script is identical. However, the 5th series performance was the one chosen for issue in 1968 on a long-playing record.

1) "I'm Only a Strolling Vagabond" from the musical play "Cousin from Nowhere" by Kunneke: sung in 'China Story' (5/17) - 'Goon Show Companion' by Roger Wilmut.

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.

Aaaa!!?!

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) Oooon 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 GELDRAIY:

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:

Oooooohhaahoho! 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 BWARK BWARK BWARK!

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:

Awww...

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. Eeeeeaaooo. Ooooo. All this strain-ing 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.

S7 E02 - Drums Along the Mersey

Transcribed by John Koster, corrections by Paul Winalski, Tony Wills. Additional minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. (RASPBERRY) There will now be thirty minutes of, including several, and also one or two. And now the voice of...

SECOMBE:

(SINGS) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

GREENSLADE:

That was the world's highest paid idiot, Mr. Seagoon. One of the world's leading, also one of the world's biggest.

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade, deflate that pneumatic statue of Marilyn Monroe and read the inscription on the head of this pin.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... the... Goon... Show.

SECOMBE:

Well said, well said, Wal. Hurray for the Goon Show! Hurray, hurray, hurray!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, stop that noise, you little greasy Welsh bubble.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Just for that, read this piece of paper.

GREENSLADE:

You are... *fired?*!

SECOMBE:

Yes, fired. And here's a week...

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

SECOMBE:

...in lieu of.

GREENSLADE:

Preposterous! Absolutely preposterous. You know very well my weekly in lieu of is always...

FX:

CASH REGISTER, ARRGHH. POP GUN. TINGGGGGGGG

SECOMBE:

Agreed! But, first kindly diagnose this week's portion of Spike Milligan's head!

MILLIGAN:

What? What? What?

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Right. Forceps.

SECOMBE:

Five-ceps, big nuts. hahaha.

GREENSLADE:

Just as I thought. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting: Drums Along the Mersey.

FX:

RHYTHMIC BEATING OF WAR DRUMS.

SEAGOON:

My name is the honourable Nedward Seagoon, undefended world champion 1936 and scion of the noble House of Rowton. Any questions? No? Right! Drums Along the Mersey, part two.

FX:

SNORING AND SMACKING OF LIPS

SEAGOON:

As I lay on the floor of the bridal suite, I was aroused from my slumbers by a loud gesture.

FX:

FRED THE OYSTER

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, the windows are closed!

BLOODNOK:

I know, it's hell in here, lad. I... I can't sleep. Just reading my bedding. Er... look at this in the personal column.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. If Nedward Seagoon, last heard of in a drunken stupor off the coast of Ireland, will contact Messieurs McHairy McLegs, Scotland, he will inherit a million pounds. A million pounds? I'm off!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, wait! Neddie! A million pounds? Ohh! Oooooohhh, oh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

FX:

SNORING.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear all that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

OhooooOh, oohhho! What a power of money, ohhh, the money! Ohoh, a million pounds, ohhow! Oow.

GRYTPYPE:

One of our inmates is heir to a million pounds.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ohaaaow! Million pounds! Oho, money, money. Ooaahohohoho, ooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Right! Now get up, you steaming international opportunist! Oil yourself and pack the jam tins. We're leaving at once for the Scotlands!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE AND DRUM MUSIC, SPEEDING UP.

EXECUTOR:

[GREENSLADE]

Well, I am very happy to see you in Scotland.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

EXECUTOR:

Ah, ah, yes. So *you* are Neddie Seagoon?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I am, yes. Now, what about the million pounds? I... er... I don't want it all at once. Twelve shillings will see me alright for the week, I... I'm used to money, you know, I... er...

EXECUTOR:

Well, you'll have to wait till we read the will.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, the will. Well, read it, read it. You don't doubt that I'm Neddie Seagoon do you? I don't care what the milkman says, I tell you I *am* Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SCOT:

[MILLIGAN]

Sir, there's a Mr. Seagoon outside for you.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh...

FX:

BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND.

EXECUTOR:

He's fainted downwards. Send in the gentleman.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good morning.

MORIARTY:

Ah, good morning, otch aye, mon.

GRYTPYPE:

We are Neddie Seagoon.

EXECUTOR:

Both of you?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, both of us. You see, Neddie Seagoon was twins.

EXECUTOR:

He's bigger than I thought.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SCOT:

Pardon, there's a Mr. Seagoon outside for you.

GRYTPYPE:

Run for it, Moriarty!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, FOLLOWED BY BREAKING GLASS.

EXECUTOR:

Next, please.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

Ah, thanks! I am Neddie Seagoon!

EXECUTOR:

Yes, but... erm... this gentleman feigning a swoon on the floor said *he* was Neddie Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie Neddie, it's a lie.

SEAGOON:

(OVER TOP OF BLOODNOKS PREVIOUS LINE) Ooieyooieyoo.

BLOODNOK:

I was only *saying* I was Neddie Seagoon till *you* got here.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You don't want your shoes cleaned do, you? Then I was going to let *you* say it.

EXECUTOR:

Well, now, this... er... this... er... new gentleman fits the horrifying description given in these documents.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (DEGENERATES INTO CHICKEN CLUCKS)

EXECUTOR:

All right, all right, right. So now, if you'll put on these baggy bladder kilts, my partner Mr. McRed Hairy McLegs here will read Baron Seagoon's will.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES UNDER:

McRED HAIRY McLEGS:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH GIBBERISH. LOTS OF ROLLED R'S ETC)

SEAGOON:

The will, the will!

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

Aye, aye.

SEAGOON:

Aye, arlllll.

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

I, Baron Seagoon, being of partially soun' mind, leave Neddie Seagoon one million poon'!

SEAGOON:

I'm rich! I can buy a wig!

MCRED HAIRY MCLEGS:

Aye. But yer not allowed to spend the million till yur hundredth birthday!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaahaaw! I can't spend it until I'm a hundred?

BLOODNOK:

Take it, lad, we'll sell it.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I'll sell it! Part three: an auction sale!

FX:

MURMURS. THREE STRIKES OF GAVEL.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! The last item in our auction today is the valuable, attractive million pounds! What am I bid for one million pounds? (SILENCE) What? What? What? What? What? It's worth twice that, it's not enough. Very well! We'll auction Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA

FX:

WAR DRUMS.

GREENSLADE:

Drums along the Mersey, part three, the third. Pooooor Neddie Seagoon.

MILLIGAN:

Oohohohoho! Ohhh, go in, there.

GREENSLADE:

With a million pounds which he couldn't auction and couldn't spend till his hundredth birthday.

SEAGOON:

Well done, Wal! (CLAPS)

MILLIGAN:

Well done, well done.

SEAGOON:

Then... a stroke of luck! I was called to the British Museum.

MINNIE:

Ooaah, we sent for you Mr. Seagoon. Oh, dear, dear. Oh, dear, dear. We got a proposition to put to you buddy. (SINGS) Yim bob diddaly daaah. Yim bop diddaly daaah. (STOPS SINGING) Oh, I love that Rocking Roll, buddy. Oh, yes, I remember now. We'd like to hire your million pounds for our display of unique exhibits. Ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Well I... um... I... uuuwhee...

MINNIE:

It would be placed in a position of honour, buddy. Next to this ancient Peruvian calendar stone.

SEAGOON:

Calendar?

MINNIE:

You've heard of them, of course. They're different from ours.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MINNIE:

For instance, Jim, where were you born?

SEAGOON:

1921.

MINNIE:

That's a nice place to be born. If... if you were a Peruvian, you'd be... um... you'd be a hundred years old, now.

SEAGOON:

A hundred years old? Did you hear that, Bloodnok? The million is mine if I become a Peruvian!

BLOODNOK:

Quick! To Peruvia!

FX:

CAR DRIVING AWAY AT SPEED. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

From there on we took a boat. Then... disaster!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

FX:

SEA SOUNDS, WAVES.

BLOODNOK:

In, out! Out, in. Oh, oh! Cast adrift in an open boat, with only the sea to keep us... afloat.

SEAGOON:

You're the cause of this all the strife, getting caught with the captain's wife.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie, Mr Fry, we were just good friends.

SEAGOON:

Good friends? It's a wonder both of you didn't catch your death of cold!

BLOODNOK:

I know, I know. I... I behaved like an absolute bounder and a cad. It's the only way you can enjoy yourself these days.

MORIARTY:

(FAR OFF) Ahoy, ahoy, ahoy

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, look! We're saved! Saved! Look what's bearing down on us!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, two men in lifebelts.

MORIARTY:

Ahoy.

GRYTPYPE:

Helloooo, Neddle!

SEAGOON:

I seem to recognise that tone of face.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we bring good tidings. May we come in?

SEAGOON:

Of course, but wipe your feet. I've just done the step.

MORIARTY:

Oooh!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we have... er... just discovered, through the courtesy of Mr. Bentine, that you are a Peruvian.

SEAGOON:

What? But mother said I was born in South Wales!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course! Didn't you know that Cardiff originally came from Peru on a raft?

SEAGOON:

This is wonderful, man. But how can I prove that all Welsh people come from Peru?

GRYTPYPE:

Really, it's quit simple. You sail from South America to Cardiff on this cardboard raft.

SEAGOON:

Aye?

GRYTPYPE:

And the million pounds is yours to spend right away. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes, sir, yes. Yes indeed, little Welsh blubber. You try this Kon-Tiki type craft at once.

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

There!

SEAGOON:

Gad! It fits the ocean perfectly.

MORIARTY:

I know, it was specially tailored for the Atlantic.

SELLERS:

Yes, yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Now, look at all those holes we've made. You can't get them like this these days.

GRYTPYPE:

And all we're asking is three and six.

SEAGOON:

It's a deal! No! No, wait. (WORRIED LAUGHTER)

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got any money.

MORIARTY:

Owww! What about the million pounds?

SEAGOON:

But I can't spend it.

GRYTPYPE:

You can pawn it.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, inflate the rubber pawn shop.

FX:

PNEUMATIC SOUNDS.

MORIARTY:

Huh! Voila! Step inside, little Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. SHOP BELL.

CRUN:

Good morning, sir. Nice day for a pawn?

SEAGOON:

This million pounds, how much will you allow me on it?

CRUN:

English money, eh? Now, we don't usually lend money on antiques.

SEAGOON:

Antiques? These pounds are right up to date. Why, only the other day an American offered me a shilling for one of them.

CRUN:

Oh, that's different. If the Hens like them, I can... I can let you have... erm... seven shillings.

SEAGOON:

Here, Moriarty, seven shillings. The raft is mine! Cast off!

FX:

ROWING IN WATER

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Maybe it's because i'm peruvian, (SPEEDS UP FASTER AND FASTER) that I love England so. Maybe it's because I'm Peruvian, that I love [UNCLEAR]. Ying-tong-iddle-I-po.

GRYTPYPE:

There he goes with his specially tempered map and compass. Bon voyage, little Welshman. Goodbye.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

FX:

SEA SOUNDS, WAVES. SEAGULLS.

GREENSLADE:

On February, Seagoon's attempt to prove the Peruvians were Welsh, began.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we left the coast of Peru and, using Moriarty's special map and tempered compass, carried the raft inland.

FX:

FAR OFF WAR DRUMS. FROGS.

SEAGOON:

Hurrrh, hurrrrh, hurrrrh. Pant. Hurrrh.

BLOODNOK:

Look here, Seagoon, you... you carry it a while. I... I think I'll get up in the crow's nest.

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. A hundred miles inland and no sign of Wales.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, I've got my big naval harpoon ready.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, I'm not looking for whales the fish, I'm looking for Wales the land. Wait a minute! This compass. What's the time by your watch?

BLOODNOK:

East-nor-nor-east.

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought. This compass is slow. It says twenty past two.

BLOODNOK:

Great brown nuttred nurglers! Those villains! They've switched the compass for the wristwatch.

SEAGOON:

Gad! And not being men of the sea, we don't know which is which!

BLOODNOK:

Well! Now here's a pretty kettle of fish!

SEAGOON:

So it is and a damned silly place to leave it!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Well, we can't stand here all day making these wonderful jokes.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Forward!

FX:

SPLASH. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! I think we're near a river.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense! No river could survive with me in it. I've been banned by the LCC Public Baths Anti-Pollution Committee.

SEAGOON:

I know. Let's get out of the water and see if our drawers cellular are wet.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

FX:

SPLASHES.

SEAGOON:

They *are* wet. So it is a river!

BLOODNOK:

What? Then I'll soon tell you its name. Give me that mug.

FX:

SPLASH, GULP, LIP SMACKING NOISES (AND OTHER RATTLY NOISES?)

BLOODNOK:

It's the Amazon.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

It says so on the map, here.

SEAGOON:

A river on the map? We can't leave it there. Help me get it back into the water. One, two, hup!

FX:

SPLASH!

BLOODNOK:

Good shot, sir! Right between the banks!

SEAGOON:

How painful! Wait! What fools we are!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

How are we going to get the raft across? The river's full of water.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's quite simple. Build a bridge and carry it across, how else?

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

[ELLINGTON]

Yim, bom, ballaboo. Liberace, too!

BLOODNOK:

I don't know who he is but he's got the right idea!

SEAGOON:

It's a native drummer and his quartet, about to play their latest recording! Hup!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET

SEAGOON:

Stop that anti-Seagoon applause. And you, sir! How dare you sing in the middle of a steaming jungle without dressing for steaming dinner?

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

Me Tulla Jakkabulla.

BLOODNOK:

Not in these trousers, you won't.

TULLA JAKKABULLA:

Come, come, white man. You follow me. Me keep missionary burning in the window for you.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS, DRUMS WAY OFF, FROGS, BIRDS? UNDER:

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) With the aid of a rough jungle bier I was carried inland.

BLOODNOK:

I had a rough jungle brandy and followed much later.

SEAGOON:

How much further, chief?

ELLINGTON:

Only two miles. Or, with your legs, twenty.

SEAGOON:

Duck's disease. The curse of the Seagoons!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lad. You're still clearing the ground behind. I say, though, it's a good job you haven't got the curse of the Bloodnoks.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, Dennis, what is the curse of the Bloodnoks?

BLOODNOK:

Me! You see, I'm the black sheep of the family.

ELLINGTON:

Don't worry. Me also black sheep of the family.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I supp... Oh, yes! Yes.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Look!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

A native village. Then this must be... "Drums along the Mersey", part three.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) I see, yes.

FX:

WAR DRUMS.

SEAGOON:

We were led to a rude wooden hut.

BLOODNOK:

Inside was a rude wooden bed.

SEAGOON:

On it lay a rude wooden man.

BARON SEAGOON:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

And a rude wooden welcome to Peru, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, it's rude wooden Baron Seagoon. The man who left me a million pounds in his rude will.

BLOODNOK:

Then it *is* true. He is rudely dead!

BARON SEAGOON:

That was mere rude idle gossip. I just overslept one morning. Now, Neddie, hand over the million pounds. It's not yours till I die.

SEAGOON:

I... I... I... I haven't got it.

BARON SEAGOON:

Quit stalling. I planned this plan to get *my* million pounds out of England.

SEAGOON:

So this is all a trick. Well, it's misfired. I was forced to pawn the money with Grytpype-Thynne.

BARON SEAGOON:

Him! But this was his idea. The double-crosser! Where is he?

SEAGOON:

In a pawn shop in the Atlantic.

BARON SEAGOON:

Then we've got him cornered! Show me the way and I'll give you half the million.

BLOODNOK:

Which half?

BARON SEAGOON:

The other half.

BLOODNOK:

Which half are you having?

BARON SEAGOON:

The other other half.

BLOODNOK:

I say, you're cutting it fine, aren't you?

BARON SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up!

BARON SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

We accept! But we warn you, Baron, if you try anything funny, you won't get a laugh from us!

BARON SEAGOON:

Right! Give me the pawn ticket. Follow me!

FX:

SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Into the Atlantic we plunged. I swam strongly. My duck's disease is now being a boon.

MILLIGAN:

(THREE QUIET CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

BLOODNOK:

We swam steadily for a week. Then another week, in that order.

SEAGOON:

I think... this is the spot.

BARON SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

SEAGOON:

Positive! I recognise the ocean.

BARON SEAGOON:

Well, the pawnshop's not here.

SEAGOON:

Perhaps it moved.

BARON SEAGOON:

Moved! What a cunning method of concealment. After them!

FX:

HORSES GALLOPING AWAY.

GREENSLADE:

Weary of swimming, our heroes remounted and headed for the Savoy Hotel, Frith Street.

FX:

RATTLING OF COINS UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Oooh, lovely moolah.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the power of money. Let's count it again, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

A million pounds and all in money. Ooh, buddy, oohoho.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what luxury, Moriarty. Let's face it; we've never had it so good. Moriarty, say something for me.

MORIARTY:

Diana Dors.

GRYTPYPE:

Aoooh!

MORIARTY:

With hinges!

GRYTPYPE:

Oooh!

MORIARTY:

Hohoho!

FX:

KNOCKING.

GRYTPYPE:

Say "come in" for me, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Come in for me, Moriarty.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

MANAGER:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Gentlemen, I am ze manager. Is everything to your liking?

GRYTPYPE:

Everything, except your impression of a Frenchman.

MANAGER:

Merky, mon ah-me. Er... was your breakfast satisfactory this evening?

GRYTPYPE:

The fish had a bone in it.

MANAGER:

I'll have it dismissed at once. Poisson, you are fired!

GARÇON:

Aaah!

FX:

SPLASH.

MANAGER:

Errrr... by the way sir, there are three gentlemen on horseback swimming up the stairs to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Well, lay out my horsehair bathing costume and rubber toga. And... er... ask them to come in, would you?

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

BARON SEAGOON:

Hands up! All of you!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

MORIARTY:

Ooh. It's him!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. We're on your side!

BARON SEAGOON:

Not any more, Neddie. I want my million pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

It's the Baron! What are you doing out of the jungle? You'll catch your death of cold.

BARON SEAGOON:

I want that million pounds and I want it fast. I'm going to sing the whole of act three from Tosca and if you haven't handed it over by then... I shall sing act four!

GRYTPYPE:

You vocal devil incarnate.

SEAGOON:

But there isn't any act four in Tosca.

BARON SEAGOON:

Then you've less time than you think. (SINGS TO TUNE OF TOSCA) Ying tong iddle i poo la lee daa...

MANAGER:

Ah, gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

YA LA LA DIIIIII!

MANAGER:

Gentlemen, please...

BARON SEAGOON:

YA LA LA DEEE!

MANAGER:

Oh, please, gentlemen! Ohhhh...

BARON SEAGOON:

(STILL SINGING) YING TONG IDDL E I POO!

MANAGER:

Gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

Brown power!

MANAGER:

Oowaa, gentlemen, please! Please, gentlemen...

BARON SEAGOON:

YING TONG IDDLE III...

MANAGER:

Ah, mais non (SPEAKS FRENCH) Gentlemen. Gentlemen. Gentlemen, please. There is a charge of six pounds... (SINGING STOPS) There is a charge for six pounds for singing and fighting in the royal suites.

BARON SEAGOON:

That's what I was afraid of. It's a pleasure, here.

MANAGER:

Ta. Wait, this money is a forgery!

GRYTPYPE:

What! Moriarty that six pounds came from the million, that means the whole lot is a forgery.

MORIARTY:

Oh... (GROWL)

BARON SEAGOON:

Come on! Hand it over. But keep both hands raised in the air. Now, anybody got a ladder? (PAUSE)
No? Well...

MANAGER:

I... I... I'm going to call the police. Police?

ECCLES:

Hello, my good man, what's going on 'ere?

MANAGER:

Are you a policeman?

ECCLES:

Yep. Wanna know the time?

SEAGOON:

Just a minute.

ECCLES:

That right! It's just a minute past... that's right. Ah, goodbye. Have a good time. How's your old dad? Everything's fine. (SINGS) Ah, my love... (MILLIGAN CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

Just a moment, officer. That rhythm Baron is in possession of forged money.

ECCLES:

I arrest you... I arrest you in the nim of the loo!

BARON SEAGOON:

No! No, no, no! It's not mine. It belongs to Neddie. I left it him in my will.

SEAGOON:

But it's not mine until you're dead.

BARON SEAGOON:

Well, you'll soon have it! Goodbye!

FX:

GUNSHOT, BODY FALLING TO GROUND.

GRYTPYPE:

There, now, it's all yours, Neddie. Officer, arrest that forger.

SEAGOON:

You can't arrest me; I'm a Peruvian, ha, ha, ha.

ECCLES:

A Peruvian forger. You'll get life for this, Neddie. Come on...

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know this (YELLS OF PROTEST UNDER:)

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, Valentine Dyall. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... yes. Well now, here is an announcement for listeners still wondering why this programme was called 'Drums Along the Mersey'. While the... um... programme was being broadcast, there were in fact several drums beating along the Mersey. Those with their windows open may have heard them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey, why wasn't I in this week?

MAX GELDRAI:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) "There were several Rowton Houses in London: they were working men's hostels provided by Lord Rowton (Montague William Lowry, 1838-1903), but by the 50s they were apparently no better than doss houses."

2) This is a reference to the famous 1947 expedition that sailed a balsa wood raft named Kon-Tiki from Peru to the Polynesian islands to show that South Americans could have travelled to and settled in Polynesia in pre-Columbian times. The story became a bestselling book (1948) and documentary film (1951).

S7 E03 - The Nadger Plague

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade, never mind the commercials, mate.

GREENSLADE:

Oh!

SECOMBE:

Enough of this splin-splan-slon a-hern-hern. Give us a magic lantern lecture on this week's show.

GREENSLADE:

As you will, sir.

FX:

LANTERN SLIDE OPERATION.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, on inserting the first colour slide we perceive the title to be, 'The Great Nadger Plague'.

PIANO:

LONG RAMBLING INTRODUCTION

SELLERS:

According to the next slide it was in the year 1656 that the dreaded Nadger plague swept across Europe like the dreaded Nadger plague of 1656. The next slide says...

SPRIGGS:

Ooooh, Jim! Jim, men were cut down in the prim of their prime. They went down like pins of nine! Ohhhh! Oh, hirror! Ooh, horror! Ooh, horror!

SELLERS:

(IRISH ACCENT) Did you say O'Hara?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, damn, here you go!

SELLERS:

No, stop it.

SPRIGGS:

We present the musical lantern slide which follows immediately, Jim.

SELLERS:

(IN FAR BACKGROUND) Oh, nooo...

FX:

LANTERN SLIDE OPERATION.

ORCHESTRA:

BUCOLIC INTRODUCTION ON FLUTE & HARP. BANNISTER ON VOCALS. (CONTINUE UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

As you see ladies and gentlemen, this beautiful slide shows the scene on the eve of the disaster. The stiddley Hume of Lord Seagoon's hountry coose at Ninfield in the sounty of Cussex. The year, 1656. Or, for our regular customers, at the reduced rate of 1537.

FX:

CROQUET BALLS IN PLAY.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Oh, a ploon of plun! Like croquet, Lady Plutt, you have fecked me ball and merry crackie card. Ha ha ha! See you later, m'carte.

THROAT:

Right, darling.

SEAGOON:

Begone, then, delicate creature. But see! Who approaches?

ELLINGTON:

I pray pard your plin, me Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Ah, me Lord Footman. How tarries?

ELLINGTON:

Oh, a quill of quolls and quarms. But I splon. I deviate. Two ragged aristocrats await you.

SEAGOON:

Usher them on in. Or in on. Strike out that which does not apply.

GRYTPYPE:

(APPROACHING) There's no need m'Lud. We took the liberty of striking it out ourselves.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from one of two tall naked men.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Pray pardon our 'al fresco' appearance but our tailor is ill.

SEAGOON:

What's his name.

GRYTPYPE:

Al Fresco.

SEAGOON:

I'm not of humours to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

Would you just step over here by this reeking unmade bed.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Who is he?

GRYTPYPE:

This bed is, and I quote from this prison discharge paper, the Compte de Jim Reeking Moriarty, Knight of a hundred stars, Cheval de Notre Caleur and fish potter extraordinary.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Lord Seagoon. Your humble.

SEAGOON:

You're revolting.

GRYTPYPE:

And now, of course, allow me to introduce myself. Moriarty, announce my name.

MORIARTY:

Certain-mate. (ANNOUNCING) Oh, ladies and gentlemen, announcing, in the brown corner, at two hundred pounds, four shillings and eightpence, my Lord Hercules Grite-pype Thynne.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Moriarty. Neddie, we come from France seeking the hospitality for which the English are so ill-famed.

SEAGOON:

My Lords! You couldn't have come to a better place.

GRYTPYPE:

We could have, but we didn't have the money.

SEAGOON:

You jest i' faith.

GRYTPYPE:

You're jest a Charlie. Hahahaha!

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh, nitty-nutty-noo.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. A chamber for you. Othello, smoke out the bedding in room number six. It's the tick, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

We have them every year about this time. What *is* the time?

GRYTPYPE:

Four twenty.

SEAGOON:

Gad! They're late this year. (SCREAMS) Arrrrgh! Dear listeners, at that moment the two men turned to go to their room, and I observed the seats of their trousers were burned out. I knew that sign only too well. It meant... that these men were stricken with the dreaded nadger plague. (SCREAMS) Arrrrgh! Run for it! The nadgers! The plague!

OMNES:

The plague!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will no doubt be puzzled at Seagoon's terror on seeing a pair of burnt-out trouser seats. To find the explanation, I will insert another coloured lantern slide which shows the good people of Ninfield assembled in the Corn Exchange.

FX:

LANTERN SLIDE OPERATION.

OMNES:

VARIOUS COUNTRY MUMBLES AND LINCOLNSHIRE RHUBARBS.

FX:

GAVEL

CRUN:

Gentlemen. Lord Seagoon is right in calling this meeting.

SPRIGGS:

Well said, Jim.

CRUN:

As chief apothecary of Ninfield I have been studying the humours of the trousers for many years. And I can tell you that the two gentlemen staying at Lord Seagoon's house are clear cases of the dreaded nadger plague!

GRAMS:

DUCK QUACKS. HORSE NEIGHS. CHICKEN CLUCKS. COW MOOS.

SEAGOON:

Citizens of Ninfield, I must warn you. Beware the moment the seats of your trousers start to burn. Then you've got it.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, tell me, sir. How can we avoid catching this dreaded malady?

SEAGOON:

There is no cure, Jim. But there is a preventative measure.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Ohhh! As the disease only strikes the seat of the trousers, it is best that we desist from wearing any.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, horrors of horrors! But would it not be unwise for the men of Ninfield to walk abroad without their nether garments? Remember, there's a hard frost in the morning.

SEAGOON:

He's right. We can't risk damage to our crops. However... however, I have an alternative. As the seat of the trousers is the vulnerable part, that portion shall be cut out.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh.

BLOODNOK:

This is a lot of rubbish. Nadgers? I've never heard of it. It's all fish and vinegar, do you hear! (SNIFFS) Can you smell...(SNIFFS) Oh, me britches! Oohhh!

SEAGOON:

Run for your lives! The nadgers!

OMNES:

The nadgers!

GRAMS:

SCREAMING. BOOTS RUNNING AWAY AT SPEED.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Dear viewers, as you will observe on this lantern slide, Lord Bloodnok had indeed been stricken by the nadgers. Now here on the next slide you'll see the men of the village filing past Doctor Crun to have the seats of their trousers removed.

FX:

SCISSORS SNIPPING.

SEAGOON:

Oops! Mind how you go, Doctor Crun!

CRUN:

I'm sorry. Next, please. Your name, sir?

GELDRAI:

Max Geldray, English gentleman.

CRUN:

Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray, BBC Contract artist now under the threat of death. However, with the seat of his trousers removed he can now face the world with a smile. Now, The Nadger Plague, coloured slide number four.

FX:

LANTERN SLIDE OPERATION.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGH)

MORIARTY:

You naughty... you naughty Gright-pype Thine! Oh-ho-hohh! The way they all ran away from the manor, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. That was a brilliant idea of mine that you thought of.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Burning those fake nadger holes in our trousers. Now, put on that lantern slide of Lord Seagoon's treasure chest.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

LANTERN SLIDE OPERATION.

MORIARTY:

There. What a beautiful picture.

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't it.

MORIARTY:

(STRAINS) I can't get the chest open.

GRYTPYPE:

Well try this lantern slide of a bunch of keys.

FX:

KEYS JANGLING.

MORIARTY:

Oh! Voila, voila! They all fit perfectly.

GRYTPYPE:

And look what's inside! A lantern slide of four pounds seven shillings in coppers.

MORIARTY:

(RAVES) Then it's true! He is a millionaire!

FX:

DISTANT HAND BELL.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Hear ye! Hear ye! The proclamation sayeth; The plague... the plague having come to Ninfield...

GRYTPYPE:

The plague? He must be joking.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) No, I'm not! The plague! The King has decreed that the village shall be put in quaren-nine and in quarantine and surrounded by a cordon of... cordon of... cordon of sol-jers.

GRYTPYPE:

What! Let's get out of here.

MORIARTY:

Awwwww!

GRAMS:

DOUBLE WHOOSH.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS.

SEAGOON:

Curse. Just as the listeners already know, Thynne and Moriarty in fake nadger trousers have made off with my entire fortune in coppers. Pausing only for an English summer, I leap on my favourite Arab. Hup...

GRAMS:

PENGUIN-TYPE QUACKS

SEAGOON:

Ahh! That's better. Now, tango after them!

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF TANGO (PIANO, VIOLIN AND BASS COMBO). OVERLAY WITH GALLOPING HORSES HOOVES. SPEED THE WHOLE THING UP AND FADE INTO DISTANCE. PAUSE. COCKEREL CROWING.

GREENSLADE:

We included that recording of a cockerel for people who like that sort of thing. And... and now, here is a recording for people who *don't* like that sort of thing.

MILLIGAN:

(COCKEREL IMITATION)

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

MILLIGAN:

Aaagh!

GREENSLADE:

If listeners will stand on their beds and face north, they'll be able to see a portion of the ensuing lantern slide which shows a sentry on duty at the nadger-ridden village of Ninfield.

GRAMS:

NIGHT SOUNDS. DISTANT OWL.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Halt, who goes there? Oh. It is a little owl. Hello, little owl. Thinks: I will make up a poetry up.

Hello, little owl.

I can hear you 'owl, little howl.

(GOING OFF) You little lovely howl.

MORIARTY:

(VERY CLOSE) Shh. Shh. Shh! Look. Look, Grytpype. Look over there. That...

GRYTPYPE:

Mm?

MORIARTY:

It's a...

GRYTPYPE:

Uh?

MORIARTY:

What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

It's... er... Hand me that book on British wildlife. Let's see. Lady Docker? No, it can't be her. Errrrr... Ah, yes, yes! The lesser spotted sentry boy.

MORIARTY:

Splendid, Grytpype Thynne. I should talk to him because I'm wearing the hat.

GRYTPYPE:

Right and I'll accompany you on this waistcoat.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) AMATEUR PIANO ARPEGGIOS IN C

GRYTPYPE:

Is that alright for you?

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Me. Me. Yes, right. (CLEARS THROAT) (CALLS OUT) I say! Little ragged lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh. You're not an owl.

MORIARTY:

Of course not. Of course I'm not an owl, I'm on holiday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But I heard one. I heard-ed one.

MORIARTY:

You heard-ed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It went HOOT, HOOT, HOOTIE! It's fake howl makes an 'owl howl.

MORIARTY:

Quelle brilliant impression. Tell me, little lad, can you do an impression of a sentry fast asleep?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I can, yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Lays on ground, closes eyes. Does imitation cardboard snoring. Imitation ten seconds from now - onetwothreefoursevensnineten. (SNORES)

MORIARTY:

Alright.

BLUEBOTTLE:

This is my mimitation now.

MORIARTY:

Oh, he's not finished. Right. All clear, Grytpype. Lets go [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

DOUBLE WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! A piece of knotted string asleep at his post. Get up, you rotten twine!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhie! Don't shake my ITMA-type catchphrases. Stop shaking me. You'll shake my knots off. I'm not doing real sleeping. I was doing an impression of sleeping.

SEAGOON:

Well, do an impression of waking up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SMACKS LIPS) 'Ello, mum. What's for breakfast?

SEAGOON:

Very good. Now tell me, little string-type soldier, did you see two criminals go by with four pounds seven shillings in coppers?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, but I saw two coppers go by with four pounds seven shillings in criminals! Yeoue-hee-hee-hee-hee! I have made a little jockules.

FX:

THUD ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-heough! Type oh-heough!

SEAGOON:

Shut-type up! Type, shut up-type fool.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

You've let two men go through disguised as two other men. After the four of them. Wait. Why is that gas stove wearing a hat?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's going out. That gas stove is Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Splin, splan, splon. Poor little cardboard grenadier. Ha-ha. He thinks that the noble Eccles is a noble gas stove. Just to prove that he is mad and I am sane, I will question the gas stove in its own tongue. A-hem. Hello, gas stove.

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddle.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh-ahhhhgh! Nowts, norts, newts! It's true! Eccles *is* a gas stove. Tell me, Eccles, what's cooking? Ah-ha ha ha! What's cooking!

ECCLES:

I... I don't wish to cook that.

SEAGOON:

Get out of my oven.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

I mean, how did this fate befall you?

ECCLES:

Well, Neddie. When I heard about the nadger plague... (MUMBLES UNDER)

SEAGOON:

While he was mumbling I read an amazing story. Seemingly, as Eccles had no trousers he could not avoid the plague by having the seat cut out and had therefore swallowed a witch's magic potion which had changed him into a gas stove thus making him immune to the plague. This has given me an idea. I will hie me to the witch. Eccles, lead the way. But first, an impression of Ray Ellington.

ECCLES:

That's easy.

RAY ELLINGTON

GRAMS:

OBJECT DROPPED INTO CAULDRON. STEAM AND BUBBLING LIQUID.

MINNIE:

(INCANTING) Yim bom biddelly doh!

Double, double,

toil and trouble,

fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fire burn you sennacower frog,

Ooh, debuk and hair of a dog.

Ohiee, yim bom biddelly doh!

CRUN:

Stop making those naughty spells, Min.

MINNIE:

I'm not making a naughty spell.

CRUN:

You are. You made a naughty spell.

MINNIE:

I'm not. Henry, hand me that carton of frozen asses gall and a nose of a tack buddy.

CRUN:

Oh, yum, yum, yum.

MINNIE:

Yum to you!

CRUN:

Are you using Mrs. Beaton's cookery book?

MINNIE:

Of course, it's the first thing that I put in.

CRUN:

Oh.

FX:

SLOW KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

The door was opened by an elderly cupboard with the drawers open.

CRUN:

Yes, I'm just putting some clean newspaper in. Yes, I was...

SEAGOON:

I understand. Some of my best friends are cupboards.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh! Did you want *me*, young welsh buddy?

SEAGOON:

Mistress Bannister. Are you the witch?

MINNIE:

Only part time, bud. You see, the B.M.A. don't recognise me.

SEAGOON:

I didn't recognise you, myself. You've aged so much.

MINNIE:

You...? Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Don't you talk to Min like that.

MINNIE:

Go on, tell them.

CRUN:

Or I'll... I'll... ohie-er... (FIBRILLATIONS)

SEAGOON:

I caught him as he fell. Mistress Bannister!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

I want a magic potion that will change me into some inanimate object.

CRUN:

You mean, you're not one? Ha ha ha...(LAUGHS. DEVELOPS INTO HEART ATTACK)

SEAGOON:

I caught him as he fell.

MINNIE:

Here, young man, take this bottle of green liquid. Drink it when your powder's running low and then you'll be transformed into any object you want, buddy, ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, ma'am. Here's my personal, unsigned, plasticine A.E.I.O.U.

MINNIE:

Thank you. And here's a tip, buddy. Grytpype Thynne and Moriarty are on their way to the Green Sailor's Inn. Ooooooh!

SEAGOON:

What? Hup! Onwaaaaaard!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES. SPEED UP GRADUALLY AND FADE. WIND, DISTANT THUNDER CRACK.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

WILLIUM:

Coming, mate, coming. 'Old on a minute, mate. I don't know. I'm coming. I don't know what mates are doing out on a night like this, mate. I dunno, it's... um... mate night for nobody, mate.

FX:

LOCKS BEING DRAWN BACK. DOOR OPENS.

WILLIUM:

It's not a night...

GREENSLADE:

Is this the Green Sailor Inn?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate.

GREENSLADE:

Then part seven. In which two travellers arrive at the inn.

WILLIUM:

Oh. Well, I'd better go and get the beds ready, mate.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, mate. Yes, mate. And a bowl of steaming venison and a side of mead for our horse's friends.

WILLIUM:

Who's your horse's friends?

MORIARTY:

We are.

WILLIUM:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

And landlord, we want a room with the walls facing inwards, a table laid with your best silver and napery...

MORIARTY:

Yes! And a window overlooking our horse and a set of knotted sheets hanging there from.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, wait a minute, mate.

MORIARTY:

What, mate?

WILLIUM:

Sheets hanging out the window?

MORIARTY:

Yes, mate.

WILLIUM:

I know what you're going to do, matey. The moment my back's turned that horse'll be up them sheets for a free night's kip. No, no.

MORIARTY:

Curse it! Curse it! Curse it, Grytpype, he's guessed our plan.

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, landlord, you've rumbled us. Put the horse on the bill.

MORIARTY:

Yes, and hurry.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

WILLIUM:

Alright, mates, in here. Room number ninety-nine. Named it after me old Dad, I did.

MORIARTY:

Ooh! What a lovely room your father must have been.

WILLIUM:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Wait! (AUDIENCE LAUGH) Wait for the laugh. So, yes, look! And a gas stove in the corner, mate.

WILLIUM:

Yes, a bloke left it here earlier on. And that clock on the mantelpiece. Left his horse behind and all.

MORIARTY:

Oh. I've never heard of a man with a horse behind but I'll take your word for it.

WILLIUM:

It's the nadgers what do it, you know.

MORIARTY:

Really?

WILLIUM:

I'll go and get your dinner.

MORIARTY:

Thank you, lad, thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

MORIARTY:

Now, then, Grytpype. Let's count Seagoon's fortune and see how much it comes to this time.

FX:

PAPER BEING DEALT OUT ON WOODEN TABLE.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(DISTANT COUNTING OF MONEY).

SEAGOON:

Hello listeners. Hear that ticking? Yes. That clock on the mantelpiece was none other than I, Neddie Seagoon. I had drunk the witch's magic potion and been transformed into an eight day, all weather clock with device to waking you up with a cup of tea. Now I must maintain the deception. A-hem. (SINGS LIKE CLOCK STRIKING THE HOUR) Dong, dong, dong, dong. Dong, dong, dong, dong. Dong, dong, dong, dong. Dong, dong, dong, dong. DONG! DONG! DONG!

MORIARTY:

Three o'clock? *My* watch says four.

SEAGOON:

DONG!

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense, I make it seven.

SEAGOON:

DONG! DONG! DONG!

MORIARTY:

There's something strange going on in this room. That clock's slow. I'll wind it up from behind.

SEAGOON:

Don't you dare touch me or I'll strike.

MORIARTY:

Ooooh! That clock spoke!

GRYTPYPE:

It's witchery! Run for it!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUN OFF AT SPEED. PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Listeners, they've fled leaving the Seagoon fortune behind.

ECCLES:

Ha-ha! Listeners, they've fled leaving the Seagoon for...

SEAGOON:

Shut up, the gas stove.

ECCLES:

Shut up! Clock.

SEAGOON:

Now to change into human form again. Hand me the magic potion.

ECCLES:

I can't move. I'm a gas stove.

SEAGOON:

Well, change back to Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ok. Hand me the magic bottle.

SEAGOON:

I can't. I'm a clock.

GRAMS:

TICKING OF CLOCK.

GREENSLADE:

And that, dear listeners, was three hundred years ago. To this day there is a room in the Green Sailor's Inn available for travellers, complete with gas stove, clock and four pounds seven shillings in coppers. Goodnight, Charlies, everywhere.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, 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 programme produced by Pat Dixon.

S7 E04 - The MacReekie Rising of '74

Transcribed by Moriarty, minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

(In this episode Milligan was indisposed, so Sellers played Eccles and Minnie Bannister and Secombe played Moriarty. George Chisholm played a minor role, known in this episode as McChisholm)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. Any offers?

ECCLES:

[SELLERS]

Ten shillin's

GREENSLADE:

Sold.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SECOMBE:

Yes, folks. Sold to the gentleman with the rolled-gold trilby and transparent head. Now, Mr. Greenslade, hold this piece of seaweed, raise your right leg, point north and discharge your duty, namely a weather report of this week's show!

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

GREENSLADE:

According to the humidity of my knees, which are sweeping in from the Azores on a broad front, we present "The McReekie Rising of '74"

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH INTRODUCTION INTERRUPTED BY A SHOWBIZ INTRO.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

OMNES:

(OVER GRAMS) Rhubarb, rhubarb, McRhubard, McCustard, McRhubarb, rhubarb etc.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC SPEEDS UP AND FADES OUT

McCHISHOLM:

Lads, hear me, the noo. I, Chisholm McChisholm of the MacShowband, bring grave Mc news. Mac Scotland is in Mac peril.

OMNES:

Oooooorrrr, McRhubarb etc.

SECOMBE:

McRhubarb, McCustard, McRhu... Silence, lads! A word from our chief, the laird Red Hairy McLegs.

McLEGS:

[SELLERS]

Ooorrr neei, or nei, oorr. Ma hairies! Ma brave hairies! The great hairy caber of the clan MacReekie, symbol of Scottish power and manhood, has been stolen by the reeking non-hairy sassenach English!

OMNES:

Ooorrrr, McNo, McNo!

McLEGS:

Tonight we march north to England!

SECOMBE:

But England's south.

McLEGS:

Aye, we're going to march right round the world and sneak up on them from behind! Forward to MacReekie!!!!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC AND SINGING, STARTS VERY SLOW THEN SPEEDS UP

GREENSLADE:

Thank heaven they've gone. You know, they make such a mess of the place. And now, according to this air ministry roof I'm holding, a band of Scots are approaching the tower of London where, on the ramparts, a British garrison stand alert and ready.

BLOODNOK:

(SNORES)

GRAMS:

'FRED THE OYSTER'

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhh, that's better. Oh!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, up there! Let me in.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? You're not her husband, are you?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, thank heaven for that. Right, right, here's the key, let yourself in, lad. Supper's in the oven.

FX:

GAS OVEN OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you. I'm captain Ned Seagoon of the third foot.

BLOODNOK:

So, you've grown another one.

SEAGOON:

Only for the three-legged race.

BLOODNOK:

Of course. You won't find any of them here, you know.

SEAGOON:

Enough of the splin, splan, splon.

BLOODNOK:

Needle.

SEAGOON:

Now, you are Bloodnok of the tower.

BLOODNOK:

The same, the same. Wait a moment, what's that sixty-foot hairy pole hidden under your coat?

SEAGOON:

So you spotted it, eh?

BLOODNOK:

Only when the sun glinted on it.

SEAGOON:

This pole was captured in battle from the Scots. It's the great McHairy McCaber of the MacReekie.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, you three-legged military fool, you. They'll slaughter us for bringing that to England. Abdul, pack my kit and Mrs Fitzsimmons, we're leaving for foreign parts.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you're a miserable coward.

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Mrs Fitzsimmons?

GREENSLADE:

Um, there's a hairy army outside, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaow! The Scots!

GREENSLADE:

And this registered Scotsman arrived this morning.

McCHISHOLM:

Aye. I bring word from our Laird. Return the red hairy caber or we'll close wi' you, the noo!

BLOODNOK:

It's Chisholm McChisholm, the steaming celt.

McCHISHOLM:

I'm warning you, Seagoon! Listen, I'm warning you. We've got the whole of England surrounded by water.

SEAGOON:

Curse, we're trapped! Man the lifeboats! Alright, McChisholm. Tell your hairies, we fight!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

GREENSLADE:

With the drop of low pressure settling under my chair, and the glass falling in all directions, the defenders of the Tower of London await the hairy Scots' attack.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) Halt! Who goes there, mate?

FRED NURKE:

[SECOMBE]

Hello, Willium, I've come to relieve you.

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) Ooooh, you're too late, mate.

FRED NURKE:

I say... I say, Willium, where are yer, lad?

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) I'm... er... I'm inside the barrel of this cannon, mate.

FRED NURKE:

Are we out of ammunition, then?

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) No, no, no, matey, it come on to rain, you see, and I only had me thin summer armour on so... er... I got in here, you see, out of it.

FRED NURKE:

I see.

WILLIUM:

Give me an 'and to get out, will yer?

FRED NURKE:

Right, on the left, turn down a bit.

WILLIUM:

Right-oh.

FRED NURKE:

Aaah!

GRAMS:

POP

WILLIUM:

Herh, ooh. Well, I'll see ya later, mate. Ta, ta, fer now.

FRED NURKE:

All the best, lad.

WILLIUM:

(OFF, SINGING) Maybe it's because I'm a Chinaman, that I love London so...

FRED NURKE:

Neeee yeeeeeyyyyyyy. What a silly bloke he was, getting inside the barrel of that cannon? Hahaha! He won't catch old Fred Nurke doing that, ha-ha, I'll tell 'ee. After all, someone might come along and fire it.

GRAMS:

RAIN

FRED NURKE:

Curse, it's come on to rain. Well. Perhaps if I put only 'alf of me in the cannon that might improve matters. I'll just get down inside. (STRAINS) Oh, certainly keeps you dry, don't it? Ha-ha. Aye, aye. Me head's getting wet. I will insinuate myself in the barrel for just a short period.

GRAMS:

RAIN STOPS

FRED NURKE:

(MUFFLED) (YAWNS) It's nice and dry inside the barrel (YAWNS, SNORES. SNORES UNDER..)

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH SINGING FOR 10 SEC) Ooh! Look, a naughty little fuse. Oh, look at that naughty little fuse! I will light that naughty little fuse on the cannon. Light up the naughty fuse.

FX:

STRIKES MATCH

A tragedy, sir. He was counterattacking when he tripped and fell right in the oubliette.

BLOODNOK:

Well, well, have him hosed down and send him in, will you?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, you underestimate the grivity of the satuition. You underestimate the sovity of the gravitation. You inder... (CLEARs THROAT, SINGS AWFULLY) Falling in love, with love, is falling for make-believe. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul, cancel my tickets for the Palladium, will you?

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Bloodnok, Bloodnok, we must get the caber to a place of safety.

BLOODNOK:

I know, the crown jewels room, that's empty.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What have you done with the crown jewels, you rogue?

BLOODNOK:

How dare you insinuate, sir! They're perfectly safe, I tell you. That pawn ticket's under lock and key.

SEAGOON:

Alright. Private Willium?

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir, mate, sir, yes?

SEAGOON:

Carry the sixty-foot hairy caber into the crown jewels room.

WILLIUM:

Right. (STRAINS) Ohhhhhh, mate, ooh. Oh, it won't go through the door, mate, it's too 'igh. I'll have to saw a bit off the top, mate.

SEAGOON:

You won't have to do that, you fool, just make the doorway higher.

GREENSLADE:

Erm, may I suggest you take it in horizontally?

WILLIUM:

Right, I'll do that, mate. I'll lie down, mate. I shouldn't be doing this. Man of my age, I got a chit. I'm excused cabers, I am.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, SPLAT

WILLIUM:

Oooh, aaaw aaaw! Who threw that?

SEAGOON:

Poor Willium, he's been hit by a great steaming spludge. What is it?

WILLIUM:

(TASTE NOISE) Here, taste it.

SEAGOON:

(TASTE NOISE, GULPS) Good heavens. Issue umbrellas, the Scots are firing porridge!

BLOODNOK:

Porridge at teatime? The devils, they're trying to unbalance our diet.

SEAGOON:

Gad, you're right. Not a word to the men.

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Very well, then. If the Scots want to make it a war of nutrition, we have an English dish in our armoury twice as deficient in calories as porridge. And twice as deadly.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, you're not going to fire...

SEAGOON:

Yes. Brown Windsor soup!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MINNIE:

[SELLERS]

Naaaaw! (SINGS) You've got to rock and roll in a military way! Yim bum bum bidle day, yum bum bum bum bum, bubble bo! Num num with a shiny jewel, yum bum bum, diddle doo!

HENRY CRUN:

What's happening in this steaming room, Minnie?

MINNIE:

I'm pouring brown Windsor soup into these naughty cannon balls, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, haven't we got any soup plates, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good, good.

MINNIE:

Ooooh. What's... what's good, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

It's good that we've got soup plates, Min.

MINNIE:

But we've always had soup plates, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Yes, it's always been good, Min, yes.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, yes.

HENRY CRUN:

(SURPRISED)

SEAGOON:

Now, come on, Tarzan. Seal those cannon balls and take them up to the cannoniers.

HENRY CRUN:

They're too heavy for me to carry, sir

SEAGOON:

Well, have you got a dumb waiter?

HENRY CRUN:

Only Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Ah, just the man! Eccles, take one of these cannon balls.

ECCLES:

OK. (SWALLOWS)

SEAGOON:

You fool, you!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Pardon.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The MacReekie '74. With the weather vanes exposed to the Gulf Stream and equinox in the ascendance, the Scots maintained a non-stop barrage of bagpipes, which slowly had its effect on the English garrison.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES CONTINUE

GRYTPYPE:

Have you got the earplugs, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

[SECOMBE]

Six hundred pairs of them, ooooooh, hiwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

If the English want to stay sane they should buy the lot.

MORIARTY:

Ooh, yes. We'll make some money. Ooh, the moolah, the lolly, the ackers[?], the grisby[?]? Ohhhh!
Power, more power!

GRYTPYPE:

Silence, you steaming infested Gaelic wreck.

MORIARTY:

Oooh, hiwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop shrieking and steaming.

MORIARTY:

Oooh, hiwww!

GRYTPYPE:

You'll bring the hairies down on us.

MORIARTY:

Ooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, straighten those knees, wipe that filthy handkerchief off your face and don't forget I shall do the talking.

MORIARTY:

Right. And I'll join in the choruses, iiiiwww!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

GREENSLADE:

Halt, who goes there, sir? English or German?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Is there a garrison living here by the name of 'beleaguered'?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Could I speak to the owner?

GREENSLADE:

Certainly, sir. Erm... would you care to wait in here with these other chairs?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. You don't mind if we smoke our own?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, no, by all means.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES, DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, gentlemen. I'm sorry I'm late. It's the matinees, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, they can be painful, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now... er... what is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Well we have reason to believe that your garrison are being sorely tried by the noise of bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. But what's that to you?

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) My friend and I represent a leading firm of earplug manufacturers.

SEAGOON:

What? We'll take the lot! Er, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Er, what is it?

SEAGOON:

Look! The answer to the bagpipe noise.

BLOODNOK:

Earplugs! Yes, let's test them.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly. Put them in your ears and I'll bang this drum.

SEAGOON:

Right, got them in. (LAUGHS) Bang away.

(7 SEC. SILENT PAUSE)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, the silence you are now hearing is not the silence brought on by the insertion of earplugs. It is the silence brought on by Grytpype-Thynne who, fiend that he is, is actually playing the drum with silent drumsticks. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Aha! He's stopped playing, now. Well his earplugs seem to be alright. How much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds.

(SHORT PAUSE)

SEAGOON:

How much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred... (LAUGHS) Take your earplugs out.

SEAGOON:

Why don't you answer? I asked you how much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds.

SEAGOON:

That's funny, I... I can't hear him.

GRYTPYPE:

They cost one hundred... Look, take out the earplugs.

SEAGOON:

Stop all that silly miming, man. How much?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds!

SEAGOON:

I've had enough of this, Bloodnok. He obviously doesn't want to do business. Come on, get out, get out!

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, look here, you just gave me one hundred pounds...

SEAGOON:

Get out, you steaming English idiots, get out, get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES

SEAGOON:

One hundred pounds for earplugs we can hear through? (LAUGHS) Not likely.

GREENSLADE:

There seems to be some doubt...

SEAGOON & GRYTPYPE:

(UNDER GREENSLADE) (ARGUE) Earplugs etc.

GREENSLADE:

...as to the efficacy of the earplugs. There's only one positive test: Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LULU'S BACK IN TOWN"

GREENSLADE:

With the quality of the earplugs still unproven, the British were forced to step up their barrages of brown Windsor soup.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

It's no good, we can't hold out much longer against this fiendish bagpipe playing.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, there's one thing that will shatter the Scots: a kilt removing patrol.

BLOODNOK:

But look here, isn't that a bit near the knuckle?

SEAGOON:

It depends on how you look at it. Now, who will go out and remove the enemy's kilts?

(PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

Alright then, we'll draw for it. Now one of these straws I'm holding is shorter than the rest. Now come on, draw.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

BLOODNOK:

Well, well, now, who's got the shortest?

SEAGOON:

You have.

BLOODNOK:

Mmm? Oh! Well, off you go, lads, off you go. And the best of luck, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir. Now listen, lads, reports indicate that our barrages of brown Windsor soup have badly stained the Scotsmens' kilts. Now, (LAUGHS) here is my cunning plan. The splin splan splon of the needle nardle noo...

GREENSLADE:

That evening in the Scottish camp:

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC, GUNSHOT, MUSIC SPEEDS UP, SHATTERING GLASS, MUSIC SPEEDS UP MORE, MORE GUNSHOTS AND SHATTERING GLASS AS MUSIC SPEEDS UP MORE AND ENDS WITH SPEEDED UP CHORD

McLEGS:

Next dance, please.

McCHISHOLM:

Laird... laird Hairy McLegs?

McLEGS:

Aye.

McCHISHOLM:

This Chinese laundryman wants a word with you.

McLEGS:

Oh, aye.

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) Greetings, honorable haily Scotsman.

McLEGS:

What do you want here, jock Chinaman?

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) Me bling splecial offeler. Me wash all Scotmen's sloup-stains kilts flee of charge.

McLEGS:

Off wi' your kilts, lads.

SEAGOON:

Ohhhhhh ho ho ho!

McLEGS:

Jock Chinaman, have them kilts back wi' ye in one hour.

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) I plomise, one hour. Gloodblye!

McLEGS:

Right, lads, take your partners for the slow frenzy.

GRAMS:

SAME DANCE MUSIC, GUNSHOTS & SHATTERING GLASS AS MUSIC SPEEDS UP AND FADES OUT.
CRICKETS

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SQUEAKS

SEAGOON:

Hah. Is Corporal Bluebottle's raiding party back yet?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is. And look here, I've got a hundred and ninety kilts.

SEAGOON:

Kilts? Those are skirts.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, no wonder they put up such a fight. Yeeheheeee!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you must learn to tell the difference. What's your tale, little musketeer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will tell you my tale, sir. Listen. On the night of the dreaded kilt snatching patrol, I blackened my face and whited my boots and in that position I approached the Scottish camp and I hid in the bushes! Then I used the special Bluebottle mind over matter plan. I stared at them with my undefeatable power of eyes look and I willed their kilts to drop off.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! I looked the kilts straight in the sporrings and I went straaaaiiiin! "Fall down, naughty kilt", I said in my mind. Straaaaiiiin, strain! Dotted lines out of eyes towards kilt showing direction of power. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot. Little kilt, you cannot stay up against my superior North Finchley will power. Extra heavy strain: straiiiin! Dotted lines change to daggers showing increase of power. (REALLY STRAINING) burch burch burch burch burch. Straaaaiiiin! And then, rip! Whoosh! Thud!

SEAGOON:

What happened?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My trousers fell down.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, little thin East Finchley Liberace.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Herheeeehehe!

SEAGOON:

I've got all their kilts. The trouble is, how am I going to get them washed and back in an hour?

GREENSLADE:

You're taking them back?

SEAGOON:

Of course, I promised. I can't break my word as a Chinaman.

GREENSLADE:

You're only *disguised* as a Chinaman, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven you noticed! (LAUGHS) But for your keen eye, I'd have been washing chop suey all day.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, bad news! We've had it, lad. The ravens have been stolen by the Scots and everybody knows the legend that if the ravens leave the tower, the tower will surely fall.

SEAGOON:

If everybody knows, what do you say it for?

BLOODNOK:

It's for me, I'd never heard of it, you see.

SEAGOON:

Men, we can't fight the legend. The ravens have gone. This... is the end.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Oohoohoo. (SADLY) Let the Scotsmen in.

GRAMS:

SAD BUGLE BALLARD

SEAGOON:

Open the gates. Men, put down your arms.

FX:

GATES SLIDE OPEN

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, MCCUSTARD, MCRHUBARB, RHUBARB

McLEGS:

Well, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

We surrender, here's your hairy caber back. (STRAINS)

McLEGS:

(STRAINS). Ta.

SEAGOON:

All we want back now is our ravens.

McLEGS:

We've no got your ravens, lad.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? Then... then... then where can they be?

MINNIE:

Dinner's ready, boys. Forty hairy black birds baked in a hairy pie.

SEAGOON:

Help! We've been betrayed! Aaaaaaaaaa!

MINNIE:

(UNDER SEAGOON) Hahahaha!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC: "LUCKY STRIKE" CONTINUES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe. With the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. The Glasgow-type Glasgow voice was played by George Chisholm. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Pat Dixon.

S7 E05 - The Spectre of Tintagel

Transcribed by Alan Burton, corrections by the team at www.thegoonshow.co.uk, Tony Wills.
Additional minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING MUSIC LINK.

SELLERS:

The Spectre of Tintagel.

MILLIGAN:

(RISING SCREAM) oooooohhhaarrrrggghhhhhh.

GRAMS:

SPLASH, SEAGULLS.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORALE MUSIC ("TINTAGEL") FADES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(ECHOEY) Tintagel... Tintagel.... Tintagelllll....

DYALL:

(OVER MUSIC)

Sometimes on a still-ed night,
from misty summer seas.
There comes a-riding clean and white,
two Knights on Palfreys.
Avoid you then that haunted dell
that skirts the rocks of... Tintagel.

ORCHESTRA:

TEN SECONDS OF CHORALE MUSIC TO FOREGROUND, THEN BACK BEHIND:

SEAGOON:

My name is... Ha ha. No, you'll laugh. But the fact is I was christened King Arthur Seagoon. You see, my parents were illiterate, but they had a round table. This led me to believe that I might be descended from Mallory's Mort d'Arthur.

GREENSLADE:

And what did you do about it, Mr King Arthur Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Do? Do, young Wallace? In the bleak autumn of 1946, I made my way to the country of the Arthurian legend.

ORCHESTRA:

10 SECONDS CHORAL MUSIC LINK THEN FADES TO A STOP UNDER NEXT GRAMS:

FX:

CLINKING OF JUG AND BEER MUGS.

YOKEL:

Two pints, please.

MINNIE:

Oh, thank you, a small gin. I can [UNCLEAR]...

OMNES:

Ooh, arr arr ooh, (ETC).

YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

Arr, there be ghosts in there, they say.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, cherry-nosed Cornishman.

YOKEL:

Arr. They do say as how at midnight you hears 'em.

SEAGOON:

Does 'em?

YOKEL:

Arr. When I was a boy, I remember...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

YOKEL:

I can't remember. My mind's gone dry.

SEAGOON:

Two pints, please, Landlord.

GRAMS:

CLINKING OF JUG AND BEER MUGS, POURING.

YOKEL:

(GASP OF AIR AFTER TAKING LONG SWIG) Arr, 'tis coming back to me, now. That's right. There's a haunted manor near Tintagel. They do say King Arthur buried his treasure there.

SEAGOON:

(EAGER) Buried his treasure?

YOKEL:

Arr. And when the Moon is full, they do say as how the Spectre walks and plays strange music.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

YOKEL:

And if you hears that tune, three times... you dies. Good health, sir.

SEAGOON:

Mazel tov!

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN BREAK.

SEAGOON:

After said investigations, I discovered the Spectre haunted Tintagel Manor, allegedly built on the site of Sir Galahad's hunting lodge. Eventually I found the house agents, too, in a cave at the bottom of Dead Man's Cliff.

GRAMS:

WAVES CRASHING ON SHORE, CRYING OF SEAGULLS.

MORIARTY:

Owww eeyowwww. (SINGS)
I must go down to the sea again,
to wash my dirty socks.
And all I ask is a bar of soap
and a...

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, my reeking French lascar.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Did you sleep well?

MORIARTY:

No, no, at three o'clock this morning I had to get out of bed.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh?

MORIARTY:

I was shivering wet.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? And how was that, sonny?

MORIARTY:

The tide came in.

GRYTPYPE:

Uninvited? Damned impertinence! Take a letter to the editor of The Times.

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait till I've written it will you?

MORIARTY:

Oh, I...

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITER OVER:

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, let me see. Dear Sir, I must complain about the abnormally high tides in Cornwall. Is this a record? Er... sign it 'Liberace' then they'll print it.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, er, what's for breakfast this evening?

MORIARTY:

This steaming debris fracoule.

GRYTPYPE:

Oooh.

MORIARTY:

Here, taste it.

FX:

SMACKING OF LIPS.

MORIARTY:

A dish fit for a king, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Only if he's abdicated.

MORIARTY:

What?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MORIARTY:

I'll see who it is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF WAVES ON SHORE. LAPPING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry for bursting in like this.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, sir, come in. Excuse the mess, we've got the sea in.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. What a splendid cure for Mal-de-Mer.

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't it, isn't it. Er... who is that who came in with you?

SEAGOON:

The Atlantic Ocean.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. It's the Equinox, you know.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Tell me, are you the agents for Tintagel Manor?

GRYTPYPE:

You want to rent it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Aahheeeeeeeoooo.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhh, Moriarty, you fool. Have you a car?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

We'll drive you there. Off we go.

GRAMS:

SLOW HORSE'S HOOVES.

MORIARTY:

Er, pardon mon ignorance, mon ami, but quelle type of car is this?

SEAGOON:

It's one of le new carriage-less horses.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, the wonders of the steam age.

SEAGOON:

Owwhoyeee.

MORIARTY:

I know.

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES SPEEDING UP TO FAST CANTER.

GRYTPYPE:

Whoa!

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, dismount and put a brick under the horse.

MORIARTY:

Isn't that dangerous?

SEAGOON:

So this is Tintagel Manor?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

How much is the rent for, say, a month?

GRYTPYPE:

Open your wallet.

GRAMS:

CREAKING & CLUNKS OF OPENING A VAULT.

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Seagoon, how remarkable. You've brought the exact amount. Moriarty, count this lot and see how much there is, would you?

GRAMS:

RAPID COUNTING OF A PILE OF BANKNOTES.

MORIARTY:

(COUNTS SLOWLY, NOT IN TIME WITH THE ABOVE) One... two... three... four... five. Two pounds and worth every penny of it.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. Now how do I get in?

MORIARTY:

Here's a ladder.

SEAGOON:

Ladder? I want the keys.

MORIARTY:

There's no keys to this ladder, it's already open.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, the wonders of the steam age!

GRYTPYPE:

And here's another wonder of the stream age... Max Geldray.

SEAGOON:

Don't leave me!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Spectre of Tintagel part two. Placing a ladder up against the door of Tintagel Manor, Mister King Arthur Seagoon climbed up and rang the bell.

GRAMS:

CHURCH BELL RINGS ONCE.

FX:

BOLT BEING SLID BACK, DRAGGING OPEN OFF DOOR.

BUTLER:

[DYALL]

Did you toll, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes. My mama done toll me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! My mamma done told me!

BUTLER:

I have no wish to know that, sir.

SEAGOON:

I am King Arthur Seagoon, the new tenant.

BUTLER:

Curses! So they let the old manor at last. I'll see his stay is short and brief.

SEAGOON:

Finished?

BUTLER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right. Please carry in my brown paper luggage.

BUTLER:

(SCARED) I'm sorry, sir. I won't go back into that house - the sun's gone in.

SEAGOON:

But surely there's room for you both?

BUTLER:

(SCARED) No, no, no, sir. After dark I'd rather go home to mother. You see, sir, in Tintagel Manor there's... there's something... nasty in the woodshed.

SEAGOON:

Who did it?

BUTLER:

(SCARED) I... I think, sir, I think the Phantom's struck again. If you're wise, sir, you'll leave this place at once, otherwise you'll hear the ghastly music. Goodnight! Mind the doors.

GRAMS:

LONDON UNDERGROUND TRAIN PULLS OUT OF STATION. SPEEDS UP.

SEAGOON:

Gad, they run late! "Beware the music". Of course, the music! What did that old Cornishman say?

YOKEL:

I said, if you hear the music three time you die. Good health.

SEAGOON:

Thank you for coming.

YOKEL:

Goodbye, arr.

SEAGOON:

And thank you for going. Well I'd... I'd better get inside.

FX:

CREAKING DOOR.

BUTLER:

(MENACING VOICE) Let the fool go in, he won't be there in the morning. (FIENDISH) A-ha ha ha...

ORCHESTRA:

SPOOKY MUSIC LINK.

GRAMS:

SINGLE CHURCH BELL, SPED UP AT END.

SEAGOON:

One o'clock. The witching hour. I must prepare my equipment with which I hope to record the voices of long dead knights, which will give me a clue as to my direct descent from King Mort d'Arthur. Now let me check the equipment in stores. One quon of thynne, a spin of blatz, a plun of quords, a thin of monders, a therg of nurglars... (FADES).

GREENSLADE:

And so, he settled down for the night.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

SEAGOON:

(SNORING)

GRAMS:

COCKEREL CROWS.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SNORING.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello, 'ello. Who's this kipping on the floor? What's this label round his neck say? (READS) "I am the new tenant 'ere". Oh, are you, mate? What's this second label say? (READS) "Yes, I am".

SEAGOON:

(SNORING).

WILLIUM:

Well, I'll just tie this label saying "Wake up, mate" round his neck.

SEAGOON:

(SNORES, SMACKING OF LIPS, YAWNING, SMAKING LIPS, SHAKES HEAD CLEARING THROAT) Good Heavens! Look at the label on my watch. It says half past eight. What does your label say?.

WILLIUM:

Ten to nine.

SEAGOON:

Your label's slow.

WILLIUM:

I'm Willium the gardener, mate.

SEAGOON:

Well... go and grow me a breakfast.

WILLIUM:

Oh, right, right, mate.

FX:

DOOR.

BUTLER:

(SINGING) I bring along a smile and a song for everyone... (STARTLED) You! Still here? Didn't you hear anything during the night?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I fell into a heavy trance, six foot deep.

BUTLER:

Didn't you hear the dying screams of a Zulu caught in the clutches of a man-eating Matabele Iguana plant?

SEAGOON:

No.

BUTLER:

But... didn't you see me whitened up with flour sacks and a false head screaming?

SEAGOON:

Come to think of it... no.

BUTLER:

Curses! At least you must have heard the agonised moans of Sabrina being passed through an electric sausage machine?

SEAGOON:

I'd have heard that.

BUTLER:

A pox on it! To think I paid Peter Kavanagh a fortune in ha'pennies and all he could drink from the tap for those impressions.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Tonight I shall stay awake and track down the Spectre of Tintagel.

BUTLER:

I'm afraid that is impossible, sir. The ghost only plays when it's daytime in Australia and Wednesday over here.

SEAGOON:

This ghost has a map and a calendar? I must contact him.

BUTLER:

I admire your vacuity, sir. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll go and prepare your demise.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, please leave it in the oven.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Tonight for sure I'll lay this ghost. Even now my gallant squire hastens hencewards to assist me. But! Eeeyarrgggh! What are these blackened twigs approaching?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They are my legs, my Captain.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is I, Blunebottle, all ready for the game. Moves right, transfers quarter of Jelly Babies from pocket to gob.

SEAGOON:

Good lad. Now listen, we must lie in wait behind the arras.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, be careful my Captain, 'cause I readded in Hamlet that Palonius was stabbed through the arras.

SEAGOON:

Shhh, here's an orange.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! Ta, Captain. I like oranges, Captain.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Shhh, keep quiet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(3SEC PAUSE) Why are you keeping me quiet, my Captain?

SEAGOON:

Shhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) Captain? Why have you turned the light off?

SEAGOON:

Shhhhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) Don't shush me, my Captain. I don't like eating oranges in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Well, don't eat it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And I don't not like oranges eating in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Well, what *do* you like doing in the dark?.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeheeheehee!

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Yes, but there's no time for that, now. It'll be here any moment.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) (SCARED) What'll be here any moment, Captain?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) The Spectre of Tintagel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Inspector of Tintangel? Is he on nights, then?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) No, the Spectre is a ghost.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCARED) Ghost, Captain?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Yes, he's due here at one o'clock.

GRAMS:

CHURCH CLOCK STRIKES ONE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home, now, Captain? I left the cat running in the sink.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

Listen, it's ghostly music.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like it, captain. It's not on the hit parade.

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Hist! A melody not heard for a thousand, nay, nay, two thousand years.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC, TURNS INTO A HOT FIDDLE BREAK, THEN SCRAPING OF BOW.

SEAGOON:

At last I've heard it, the Spectre of Tintagel. If I can meet him perhaps I can learn the secret of my lineage. But hold, what did the old Cornishman say?

YOKEL:

If you hears that ghostly music three times you dies. Good health.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN PULLS OUT FROM STATION. SPEEDS UP.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The wonders of the steam age.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the wonder of the steam age, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Steam.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. How does it work?

SEAGOON:

On the same principle as the boiling kettle. Let me demonstrate. Fill your mouth with water.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sip.

SEAGOON:

Now, put this whistle between your lips. Good. Now, sit over this candle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahu ha hu.

SEAGOON:

And wait. But hist, here is more ghostly music.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WELL ALL RIGHT OK YOU WIN..."

SEAGOON:

Curses! It was Ray Ellington, I recognised the applause.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

The spectral music again and for the second time! It appears to be coming from outside.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's dark out here. It must be nighttime. What did that long streak say?

BUTLER:

(MENACING) I said the ghost only plays when it's daytime in Australia and Wednesday over here.

SEAGOON:

You! What are you doing here? And I say, why are you taking my hat off?

BUTLER:

(SINGING) Only a rose I bring you (ETC).

SEAGOON:

(OVER VALENTINE DYALL'S SINGING) Why are you parting my hair in the middle? I say, why are you chalking a cross on my head? Why are you raising that iron girder and sighting it towards my nut? Why are you...?

FX:

CLANG.

SEAGOON:

Arrrrraarrgggh.

GRAMS:

THUD OF BODY HITTING THE GROUND.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh, you nuttred him, mate.

BUTLER:

(OVER BUGLE, TAPS) Yes, there he lies in the corner of some foreign suit that is forever England.

WILLIUM:

Come on. Let's go in, Mr Valentine, it's nearly two o'clock and the mist's coming up on the moors.

BUTLER:

Yes, I'll put a light in the window and a pound in the till to guide the master safely back home.

GRAMS:

DISTANT THUD. DISTANT CHURCH CLOCK STRIKES TWO. SIRENS. (GETTING LOUDER...) BAYING OF HOUNDS, BARKING, RUNNING FEET, SHOUTING...

FX:

POUNDING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

(PANTS) Quick! Hide me.

BUTLER:

Master, welcome home. Willum, lay out the final demand notices.

WILLIUM:

Right.

FX:

DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohh, it's good to be home.

BUTLER:

Yes, sir. How did you find your way in this mist?

BLOODNOK:

I followed the arrows on my suit. Quick, quick, burn it, I wouldn't like the dogs to get my scent.

BUTLER:

I wouldn't like anyone to get your scent, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You're not my best friend. Don't you realise I... I've been passed nadger free. By the way, what was that lump lying in the garden?

BUTLER:

That, sir, was a Mister King Arthur Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

BUTLER:

He took a lease on the house and we couldn't get rid of him. He will be unconscious for hours.

BLOODNOK:

Lucky devil! Now, lets dig up the loot and then scarper.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, at great expense, we are placing a microphone by an inert lump in the garden.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

SEAGOON:

Ohh! Oof! What hit me? Ahhahh! Struck down on the old Welsh nut from behind in my prime! Oooh, oooh.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

Listen! The Spectre of Tintagel again. But hist! See? The Spectre draweth nigh from out yon bushes! Hold, oh, long departed minstrel! Speak!

ECCLES:

Ha-llo.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, Spectre, aid me.

ECCLES:

Ahh.

SEAGOON:

Sire, I seek to prove I'm descended from King Arthur.

ECCLES:

Good Luck.

SEAGOON:

Wait!

ECCLES:

Wait?

SEAGOON:

I'll recognise your voice!

ECCLES:

Heeeee recognises my voice.

SEAGOON:

You're the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

I'm the Famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Wait. Was it...?

ECCLES:

Eh? What? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Who put you up to this false-type haunting?

ECCLES:

That false-type Mr Valentine Dyall.

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Valentine Dyall, eh?

ECCLES:

Ah, oul ah ol.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK.

GRAMS:

CLANKING OF THIN METAL PLATES.

BLOODNOK:

Three hundred golden cups and a hundred silver goblets. Yes, it's all here. The entire regimental plate of the Second Poona Horse.

BUTLER:

Splendid.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhaha.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

BUTLER:

Ooh, somebody run out and tell Eccles to stop playing that fake ghost music.

ECCLES:

But I'm in here.

BLOODNOK:

Then, that must be the *real* Spectre of Tintagel.

BUTLER:

Run for it!

GRAMS:

CRY OF AHH, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS-SPEED UP.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Hahaha. That taught the devils a lesson, he ha. I'm glad now I learned the violin, even if it did take me all afternoon. Great sputting thuns, what's this? Golden platters! This must be the lost treasure of Tintagel revealed to me as a sign that I am a direct descendant of King Arthur.

GRYTPYPE:

Three months at the Palladium and he thinks he's the King of England.

SEAGOON:

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

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

INSPECTOR:

[SELLERS]

Oh, er, good evening, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Inspector.

INSPECTOR:

Are you the owner of this manor?

SEAGOON:

That is correct.

INSPECTOR:

I see. Then perhaps you could explain this gold plate here?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. It's mine.

INSPECTOR:

The stolen regimental plate of the Second Poona Horse is yours?

SEAGOON:

Yes! By Royal Prerogative.

INSPECTOR:

Royal Prerogative? I see. What did you say your name was, sir?

SEAGOON:

King Arthur.

INSPECTOR:

King Arthur?

SEAGOON:

That's right, yes.

INSPECTOR:

Well, you'd better come with me, Your Majesty, there's a... plain van outside that all our King Arthurs and three Napoleons have ridden in.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. That's good enough for me.

INSPECTOR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Of course, this means the end of the House of Windsor, of course.

INSPECTOR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Prince Philip will have to go, you know.

INSPECTOR:

You come with me, Your Majesty, it'll all be all right in a moment, you just come outside.

SEAGOON:

I think I'll make you Prime Minister, you've got the right build, you know.

INSPECTOR:

That's very kind of you, Your Majesty, just follow me outside.

SEAGOON:

Would you fancy Ireland? Wales is doing nothing at the moment.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

GRAMS:

POLICE VAN DRIVES RAPIDLY AWAY, BELL RINGING, FADES OUT.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO MUSIC STARTS.

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe Spike Milligan Valentine Dyal, 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.

ORCHESTRA:

CRAZY RHYTHM PLAYOUT.

Notes:

1) From Martin Purdy '...the Spectre of Tintagel contains some orchestral link music that sounds quite ghostly and fits (in my view) very well with the theme of the show. The whole piece was played on the talking-type wireless this morning and sure enough, it's called "Tintagel", by Arnold Bax. No wonder it sounded right...

{Sir Arnold Trevor Bax, 1883 - 1953}

S7 E06 - The Sleeping Prince

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This the BBC Home Service. Here is the result of last night's big fight. Patrick O'Donovan, labourer of no fixed address, 6 months. Michael O'Bolligan, fined £5. And now, at eight stone seven pounds, in transparent shorts, the Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE PACIFIC REPUBLIC OF YUKKABUKKOO. (MILLIGAN'S SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G). NANNY GOAT TRUMPET, BASS TROMBONE, PIANO, FLUTE, TRIANGLE, BARITONE SAXOPHONE AND BASS DRUM.

SEAGOON:

But that's another story. Mr Greenslade, divulge to the listeners this weeks secret title.

PRINCE:

[MILLIGAN]
SNORING.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, as you can hear we present 'The Sleeping Prince'.

GRAMS:

DISTANT CARILLON OF BELLS.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was Christmas night in the labour exchange and the inmates were scraping the afters off the walls.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BAD JAZZ PIANO, CROWD NOISES.

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas, everybody!

GRYTPYPE:

I say, you with the four helpings on your face!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? The voice came from a tall hand-painted man with holly attached.

GRYTPYPE:

Step over here, little mass unemployment.

SEAGOON:

A merry Christmas, gentlemen! Merry Christmas.

GRYTPYPE:

We've been watching your progress and we feel it's time you went out into the world.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Err, anywhere. What kind of unemployment do you want?

SEAGOON:

I'd like a job with no work attached.

GRYTPYPE:

No, that went this morning.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? Went this morning! To whom?

GRYTPYPE:

The manager of the labour exchange.

SEAGOON:

Does he want an assistant?

MORIARTY:

No!

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven. Then I'm still one of the lads! Ah, ha ha! A merry Christmas to ye!

GRYTPYPE:

And a merry Christmas, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to introduce this steaming wreck.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. I am Count Fred 'Legs' Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Woo-eee-oooh!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Unimportant minister extraordinary to the republic of Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

MORIARTY:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you must stop those witty sallies and report to me at once.

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. Now, Neddie, if you'll pardon the expression, there's an unemployed job going with monies. Now would you... would you kindly report to desk B?

SEAGOON:

Hurrah! At last, some money with unemployment attached. Ha ha ha ha ha ha! (GOING OFF)

MORIARTY:

That was beautifully done, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. We must now report to the revolutionary committee of Yukka-ba-cool and tell them that all is well.

MORIARTY:

I'll say that for you. Yukkabukkoo!

GRYTPYPE:

Pronunciation was perfect.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Meantime, over to Seagoon and Clerk Spriggs.

MORIARTY:

(VERY FAINTLY) I will do my voice.

GRAMS:

OFFICE NOISES. QUIET CHATTER.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL RINGS.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Anybody at home?

SPRIGGS:

Ah, yes. Yes, Jim. Now then, come over here. Now, name, please?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Tom Dick Harry Seagoon.

SPRIGGS:

We can't give jobs to any Tom Dick or Harry Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Too late. I've been chosen by the minister of Yukkabukkoo...

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Of course, of course.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Er... now tell me, have you ever been president of a pacific republic before?

SEAGOON:

No, but I've got a good suit.

SPRIGGS:

Splendid, Jim. The job is yours.

SEAGOON:

What job?

SPRIGGS:

The president of the republic of Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

How much does it pay?

SPRIGGS:

It pays £40,000 in Yukkabukkoo money.

SEAGOON:

What! What! What are the hours?

SPRIGGS:

Nine till five with a tea break at eleven.

SEAGOON:

I accept. I accept! Where is it?

SPRIGGS:

In the south pacific.

SEAGOON:

The south pacific. The land of seas! Yoiheheheheho. Then, southward ho!

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS BAND ARRANGEMENT OF 'OVER THERE!'.

PRINCE:

FURTHER SNORING.

GREENSLADE:

As you can hear, this is 'The Sleeping Prince' part two. And now a reading from Morse.

GRAMS:

MORSE SENDER. FADE UNDER.

ED HERN:

This is station Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern network. Ed Hern reporting. Today on board the liner SS. Hern-Hern arriving at the port of Pont Quinottas in the republic of Yukka-ba-cool is the newly elected president Mr Neddie Tom Dick Harry Seagoon of London England, Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern. High hopes are entertained that the installation this twenty-three stone president will have a stabilising effect on the country. (MORSE KEY FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

DISTANT SHIPS SIREN. BRASS BAND ON WHARF. DISTANT CROWDS CHEERING. INCREASE IN VOLUME. ADD TUGBOAT HOOTERS FOR EFFECT.

GRYTPYPE:

Here comes Mr Seagoon now. Down both gangplanks, too.

MORIARTY:

What a fine presidential figure he makes in that morning suit and flat cap.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Here, Moriarty, put these teeth in and smile.

MORIARTY:

(SUCTION NOISES) Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

That's enough.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Err, over here, Neddle!

SEAGOON:

I say, aren't you from the Battersea labour exchange?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but we have a small branch out here licensed to sell strawberry teas and morris dancing.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha! Sending British culture abroad, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Best place for it, what?

MORIARTY:

Now then, Mr Seagoon. We, the people of glorious republic of Yukkabukkoo!

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

MORIARTY:

Give a glorious welcome to you, our new glorious president.

SEAGOON:

Don't mention it. Where do I clock in?

GRYTPYPE:

Here.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now then, mon president, the triumphant procession. If you'll drive to the streets in this open necked shirt, we'll follow behind in this bulletproof car. But first - our glorious national anthem!

ORCHESTRA:

MILLIGAN'S SYMPHONY NO.1 IN G

SEAGOON:

What a beautiful tune. Has anyone set it to music?

GRYTPYPE:

No one has had the courage.

MORIARTY:

Now then, come, president, to the palazzo des veritas.

SEAGOON:

The palace of varieties, of course. Drive on!

MORIARTY:

But first, our glorious Max Geldray!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

With that rousing ovation ringing in his ears, Seagoon arrived at the palace and was shown to the president's private chambers.

WILLIUM:

Welcome, mate.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

WILLIUM:

Private Chambers, mate. I'm your valet.

SEAGOON:

Wait. You're a south pacific cockney?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate. I got the job at the Battersea labour exchange. You see, they're a bit short of south pacific cockneys out here.

SEAGOON:

Right. Unpack my matching brown paper parcels and lay out my mess tins.

WILLIUM:

You going to have some mess, then?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm... I'm dining with the British ambassador.

WILLIUM:

Oh, same thing, innit, yeah. Well you'd better take some grub along, mate, they haven't had any connor since the revolution started.

SEAGOON:

Revolution? Where?

WILLIUM:

Here, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'll soon put a stop to that. Get them on the phone.

FX:

HAND CRANKED PHONE.

WILLIUM:

Hello?

GRAMS:

WHISTLING BULLETS. DISTANT RIFLE FIRE.

WILLIUM:

It's on now, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. Hello, revolution?

GRAMS:

WHISTLING BULLETS. DISTANT RIFLE FIRE.

SEAGOON:

How dare you talk to me like that! Drop that telephone at once.

FX:

TELEPHONE INTO CRADLE.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. That taught them a lesson.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GONZALES METZ:

[SELLERS]

Senor President. I am General Gonzales Metz. Leader of both sides in the glorious revolution. Now you will kindly step onto this balcony for your reception.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

HIGH POWERED MACHINE GUN NEST IN FULL ACTION.

SEAGOON:

Hey! Somebody shot at me!

GONZALES METZ:

It's your imagination.

SEAGOON:

Then what are these bullet holes in my bed sheets?

GONZALES METZ:

They are for looking through, senor.

SEAGOON:

Looking through at what?

GONZALES METZ:

Anybody who is on the other side!

SEAGOON:

Gad! You brilliant passionate southerners!

GONZALES METZ:

I do not come from the south, senior. I am from the north.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GONZALES METZ:

Oldham labour exchange.

SEAGOON:

Of course. I should have recognised that north country accent. Now, I'd better go and inspect the drains and...

GRAMS:

FACTORY HOOTER.

SEAGOON:

Too late. Lunch, lads. Must keep to the union hours.

FX:

CLOCK-PUNCH.

GONZALES METZ:

Just a minute, before we all clock off, our glorious anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN G.

GRAMS:

MORSE KEY IN ACTION.

ED HERN:

This is station Hern-Hern of the Hern. Ed Hern reporting. Latest Hern reports from the republic of Yukka Ba Koo state that this evening a high powered bath drew up outside of the British Embassy. The president stepped out and presented his credentials.

FX:

CLOCK-PUNCH.

SEAGOON:

Evening, lads. Sorry I'm late. I had to buy a new shoe. Now, where's the British ambassador?

MORIARTY:

In this reeking thirty bob-a-week bed-sitter, here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoohohohoh! Who's that? Oh! Oh. Oh. Oh. Ooo. Ohhh, come in, come in.

MORIARTY:

I'll open a window.

BLOODNOK:

You'll excuse the mess, I'm just doing the laundry. The... um... bullet holes in my white flag were dirty, you know.

SEAGOON:

Mr Ambassador, I am the new president.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid! I'll open a tin of prunes. Oh, yes. I'll... er...

GRAMS:

HEAVY BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.

BLOODNOK:

Great twisted nurglers, they're early tonight.

SEAGOON:

Who are?

BLOODNOK:

The naughty revolution, part two.

SEAGOON:

You mean, they're doing matinees?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Disgraceful. Fighting after five o'clock? Eiougheiougheioughoooo! We can't afford to pay them overtime. Commander in chief, fall in my army.

ELLINGTON:

Si, senior. But first, our glorious national anthem!

SEAGOON:

No!

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G.

ELLINGTON:

Hoi!

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas.

ELLINGTON:

Thank you, signor. Now, imperial army of Yukkabukkoo...

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

ELLINGTON:

On parade!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING.

ELLINGTON:

Imperial army... 'shun!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT COMING TO ATTENTION.

ELLINGTON:

Preseeeeeent... h'arms!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT RIFLE DRILL.

ELLINGTON:

Imperial army... from the right... number!

ECCLES:

One.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Two.

ELLINGTON:

All correct, senor.

SEAGOON:

Right. Men, we're going to march to stop the revolution. Part two. Those men who have been fighting overtime and...

GRAMS:

FACTORY SIREN.

SEAGOON:

Six o'clock! That's all for tonight, lads. All tonight.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCHING.

SEAGOON:

Don't forget the morning. You coming, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

No. Me gonna sing overtime.

ECCLES:

I'm going.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

PRINCE:

SNORING. (EXTENDED. CONTINUE UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

As you can hear, this is 'The Sleeping Prince' part three. And now, a further reading from Morse.

GRAMS:

MORSE CODE. (CONTINUE UNDER)

ED HERN:

Station Hern-Hern the Hern, Ed Hern reporting of the Hern-Hern. This evening the new president of...

MILLIGAN:

Yukkabukkoo!

ED HERN:

...marched his army into the rebel held jungle. Following a well worn carpet of dead leaves (SELF FADE) they were soon on the...

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES. CRICKETS, FROGS AND GECKOS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where did you get the job of being half the president's army?

ECCLES:

Oh, I won it in a raffle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor. I got mine from a cracker at Myrtle Sprigg's birthday party.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's living.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Here... here, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Where did you get that nice uniform?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I cut it out of the back of a cornflake packet.

ECCLES:

Ooo. I wondered why it gave me such an appetite.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, did you know that a uniform attracts women like flies?

ECCLES:

Ooo. I wondered why all your women looked like flies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yehehehehehe! Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ha-haa!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That was funny.

ECCLES:

That was a... Made a joke, I made a joke, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

They were all laughing at *me*, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee hee hee! Eccles? Have you ever fired your gun yet?

ECCLES:

Oh, no! Oh, no!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Let us fire it, then.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. Yeah, dat's a good idea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fire, then.

ECCLES:

Oh, no, no. Now you...you... you... no, you fire the gun.

ECCLES:

No, you're the one with the bullets, you do it.

ECCLES:

No, no. No, I haven't signed for it. You... I don't want to do that. I don't want... I don't want to have any trouble on my hands. I don't want...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, alright then.

ECCLES:

I been to the doctor and he said I've got... (MUMBLES INCOHERENTLY) I got an uncle in Australia. You be careful what you say to me, I've got an uncle in Australia!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You heard of the Balls Pond Road best shirt wash?

ECCLES:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well then, you watch what you're saying, then.

ECCLES:

You fire the gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright then, you rotten spoilsport, you. (SINGS) Da de dah dan deen dah dah...

ECCLES:

Is dat on the hit parade?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that dirty little piece of curved metal sticking out from under your rifle?

ECCLES:

Dat? Um... dat's... um... Oh, I don't know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Place your finger on it and then see what happens.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

LARGE EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Did someone fire that gun at me?

ECCLES:

Oh, no!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no.

ECCLES:

Oh, no.

SEAGOON:

Then what's this hole in the seat of my trousers?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's... that's for looking through.

ECCLES:

'Ere, let me have a look through. Oooooooooooooooooo! Oh, dear, dear! Oh...

SEAGOON:

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

ECCLES:

Dere's somebody inside.

SEAGOON:

A stowaway! Come on out and fight.

BLOODNOK:

(MUFFLED) Don't shoot Neddle, don't shoot. I'll come out.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The British ambassador. What were you doing in my trousers?

BLOODNOK:

Slumming. I've come to warn you... Look here, they've only made you president so as to assassinate you and take your wages.

SEAGOON:

What? The devils! I resign.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

SEAGOON:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Hold hard, Neddle. What's this? Clocking off early? I'm afraid we shall have to dock you some salary.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. If I stay as president they'll shoot me.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, nonsense dear boy. The people of...

MILLIGAN:

Yukkabukkoo!

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

GRYTPYPE:

...they love you, they love you.

MORIARTY:

Of course. Come on, Neddle, clock on again as president. Come on, clock on!

SEAGOON:

(BASHFUL) Oh, very well.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Missed!

SEAGOON:

Alright, Grytpype. Who fired that smoking pistol you're pointing at me?

GRYTPYPE:

Err, two men called Jim.

SEAGOON:

Right. There's only one thing for it.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

We'll have to storm the rebel's stronghold or they'll usurp me.

BLOODNOK:

How painful.

SEAGOON:

Come, forward one man called Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohohohohhhhhoooo, yes, ippumm, um, yes! But first, our glorious Yukkabukkooian anthem.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

GRAMS:

MASSED RIFLE FIRE.

BLOODNOK:

Great salty skalibonkers, the rebels are attacking. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Form square and face outwards.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ohh, it hurts.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, come on. Let's duck out of here, things are getting too hot.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH.

GREENSLADE:

(DISTANT) Allo! Mes brave! Attention, s'il vous plaît.

SEAGOON:

Look! It's a great fat rebel carrying an unarmed white flag.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, comment allez vous? Ying tong idle I po!

SEAGOON:

Listen. He's speaking French in a foreign language. Is anyone here bi-lingual?

ECCLES:

Oh, I speak two languages, my good man.

SEAGOON:

Riiiiight, my good man. Say 'yes' in French.

ECCLES:

Ok. Si, si.

SEAGOON:

That's Italian.

ECCLES:

What do you know, I speak three languages!

SEAGOON:

Find out what he wants.

ECCLES:

Find out what you want.

GREENSLADE:

Listen, my friend. My leader, 'el grabou', demands unconditional surrender.

SEAGOON:

What are his terms?

GREENSLADE:

Five pounds down and three and nine a week.

SEAGOON:

Tell him we'll think it over.

GREENSLADE:

Very well.

BLOODNOK:

But wait, look here, we can't spend all night in this jungle, Seagoon. It hasn't been aired.

GREENSLADE:

Don't worry. Come with me. You can sleep in the rebel prison free of charge.

SEAGOON:

I say, that's damned decent of you. Come, chaps!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAGIC ' MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD' MUSIC.

GRAMS:

FADE IN MORSE SIGNAL.

ED HERN:

Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern reporting again on the Hern-Hern on the Lester Hern-Hern. It is reported that president Ned off duty spent the night resting in the rebel condemned cell, dad. Latest news from rebel headquarters... (SELF FADE)

SEAGOON:

(MASSIVE SNORING)

MINNIE:

That's the fellow there, Henry.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

He's [UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

Yes. Wake up, sir, wake up. Wake up, it's time for your daily execution.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Thank you. Put it on the table and draw my bath.

CRUN:

They're not going to drown you, sir, they're going... arrrggghh... they're going to shoot you.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Shoot me? You can't shoot me. I'm not the president until nine o'clock.

MORIARTY:

That's ten minutes' time. Right, till then... our glorious nation anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

THE FIRST FOUR BARS OF THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

SEAGOON:

Stop! Please, stop. Please, you can't keep me here. I'm not president until nine.

MORIARTY:

Well said!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm leaving the country before then.

MORIARTY:

Eugh! Then allow us first to decorate you with the Grand Order of Charlies.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

GRYTPYPE:

This magnificent bandage to be worn over your eyes, so.

SEAGOON:

I say, how terribly restful. But, it's dark inside this bandage.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, we turned the light out.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Now then, little Neddie. Just stand against this wall for a free farewell photograph. (MOVING OFF)
Right now, photographers... LOAD!

GRAMS:

FIRING SQUAD LOADING GUNS.

MORIARTY:

Take... AIM!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, any last request before your... departure?

SEAGOON:

Yes. For Plunger Bailey, White, Chunky, Pinhead and all the lads in queue seven at Battersea Labour Exchange, I'd like you to play your glorious national anthem.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Alright. Everyone salute.

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

MORIARTY:

He's... he's gone.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Foiled by our own national anthem and a quick thinking fat man called Ned.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

PRINCE:

SNORING (EXTENDED)

GREENSLADE:

You have just been listening to 'The Sleeping Prince'. Oh, Prince? Prince?

PRINCE:

(WAKING UP) What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Come on, Prince. Time to go home.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

GREENSLADE:

And so ends this weeks Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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.

S7 E07 - The Great Bank Robbery

Transcribed by Moriarty. Adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

FX:

GUNSHOT

GREENSLADE:

Ooooooh, yarooool! Who shot me?

SECOMBE:

Me, Wal. Just seeing if you were alert.

GREENSLADE:

My senses are very alert.

SECOMBE:

Never mind, little steaming nut announcer. Worororahum. Open up that parcel of mangos and read the contents.

GREENSLADE:

Right. The title of the mango I'm holding is 'The Great Bank Robbery'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC TIMPANI ROLL ANTICLIMAXED BY CORNY WOODWIND CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Next dance, please! 'The Great Bank Robbery', part one, an idiot in an attic.

ORCHESTRA:

BASS DRUM BANGING TO A MARCHING RHYTHM

SEAGOON:

(IN TIME WITH BASS DRUM) Ho-hup! Two-three. Ho-hup! Two-three. Hup!

FX:

RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Curse! How dare someone get me out of bed at this time of night?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, may we get out of our beds and come in?

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

Er, Moriarty, show him the photograph of who I am.

MORIARTY:

Certainmont. Voyla!

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's you. Entres!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Have a bugle.

ORCHESTRA:

BUGLE PLAYS HIGH Bb NOTE

SEAGOON:

Lovely. So fragrant!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And only 10 and 6 a packet.

SEAGOON:

Now, who's your friend?

GRYTPYPE:

This is – and I quote from...

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Tell him, tell him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yeah, I will. I quote from this plasticine monument of Gilbert Harding. This is Count Jim 'Thighs'...

MORIARTY:

Aaaaw...

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. International chauffeur extraordinary and general handyman.

SEAGOON:

What can I do for you?

MORIARTY:

We heard you playing... melody.

GRYTPYPE:

Melody.

MORIARTY:

Melody.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that melody. You... you like it, eh? (CHUCKLES)

MORIARTY:

It's beautiful.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm practising to enter the world's long distance bass drum race, from John O'Groats to land's end.

GRYTPYPE:

And just the right weather for it, too, by jove.

MORIARTY:

It sounded like it.

SEAGOON:

Alas, unfortunately I have not the wherewithal to buy a really fast racing drum.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Neddie, have a Trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE PLAYS LOW D NOTE

SEAGOON:

My, they're lower than bugles.

GRYTPYPE:

And they suit you, yes. Tell me, Neddie, how much wherewithal do you need for this racing drum?

SEAGOON:

£8/10 wherewithal.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmn. Neddie, with your help, I think we can raise the necessary wherewithal.

SEAGOON:

(GOING UP TO VERY HIGH PITCH) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, please don't do that full face, do you mind? Now, Neddie, we're going to play a little naughty game. Now this is what we do. First, we sew you into this mattress, like so.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(SMALL STRAINS)

GREENSLADE:

According to the markings on this Albino turnip, and the seating arrangements on this banana, Neddie was about to become an innocent participant in a fiendish-type robbery.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you, innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll...

SEAGOON:

I wasn't there, I was with Jim. You know Jim? Big Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just...

SEAGOON:

Big Jim. Little Jim. Big Jim's brother.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just li...

SEAGOON:

Little Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, will you shut up?!

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

N... Now if you'll just...

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up?!

ECCLES:

He's innocent, he said.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just listen by this...

SEAGOON:

Innocent, ha ha ha!

GREENSLADE:

I'll get it in if it kills me. Now, if you'll just listen by this window, you will hear part two.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS CONTINUE)

CRUN:

Quiet, here, quiet. Quiet, please! Gentlemen, quiet.

FX:

MORE RAPID HAMMERING

CRUN:

(RHUBARBS STOP) Gentlemen, as I was saying; I decided to start this bank, so I got a financier to put up the money and a builder to put up the building.

MINNIE:

Aaahhaaaaha...

CRUN:

Mm? What?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

What? Speak up.

MINNIE:

Listen, what did, ooooo, what did you put up, buddy?

CRUN:

I put up a sign saying, 'Henry Crun, Banker'.

MINNIE:

Hooray!

CRUN:

'Licensed to sell the moneys'.

OLD SECOMBE:

No offence meant, mark you, Mr Crun, but... er... look 'ere, why... um... mmmmmmm. Why did you... why did you call it 'Crun's Bank'?

CRUN:

After my dear daddy, Lance Corporal Hoggins.

OLD SECOMBE:

Butn... butn... butn... you... you... you haven't... haven't... haven't called the bank that!

CRUN:

Of course I haven't, you can't call a bank 'Lance Corporal Hoggins'. This is not a military bank, you know, it's not a...

SPRIGGS:

Aaaaah, just a minute, Jim.

CRUN:

What? What?

SPRIGGS:

If we put our wherewithal, the money, in [UNCLEAR] this bank... if we put this money in the bank, how do we know it'll be safe, Jim?

OLD SECOMBE:

Aye, that's right, aye, fair dos, aye.

SPRIGGS:

I am right. That man can't even afford teeth, let alone money. As I was saying, if I put this money in the bank, how do I know it'll be safe? I've always kept my money in a mattress!

OLD SECOMBE:

And I've... I've always been satisfied, nnnn nnn, with my wherewithal... the money... the money... in.. in... in my mattress.

MINNIE:

Ayyyye.

CRUN:

(CHUCKLES) Oh, dear, dear, gentlemen, gentlemen.

MINNIE:

Speak up, will you, I can't hear...

CRUN:

What? What? This... this ancient method of keeping monies in mattresses is stupid.

OLD SECOMBE:

Well.

CRUN:

In my bank, the monies are placed in a... they're placed in a tea caddy and *then* they're put in a mattress. Double strength security!

MINNIE:

Hurray!

OLD SECOMBE:

Wait, wait a minute, Mr Crun. Is this... ummmmm... is this yon mattress burglar-proof?

MINNIE:

He said is it burglar-proof?

OLD SECOMBE:

Burglar-proof? Is it burglar-proof?

CRUN:

Sure it is, hand-sewn by a locksmith.

MINNIE:

What type of locksmith?

CRUN:

A Latvian locksmith. And only one other person knows the combination.

SPRIGGS:

Who's that?

CRUN:

The swine who stole all the money last night!

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

FX:

RATTLING COINS AND CASH REGISTERS OPENING

CRUN:

Gentlemen. Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop these naughty withdrawals. There's no need to worry. It was only a fake desk robbery done by the insurance agent to test out security guards.

SPRIGGS:

And was he satisfied?

CRUN:

I don't know, the guard shot him. I...

OMNES:

(CLAPS) Hurray, well done, (ETC.)

CRUN:

Thank you, thank you for your support, I shall always wear it. And now, gentlemen... I declare the bank OPEN! Ohhhh!

MINNIE:

Hurray!

FX:

SHOP BELL

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, cashier. We... er... we would like to open an account and pay (STRAINS) in this mattress.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly, sir. I'll just count it.

FX:

BOING!

GREENSLADE:

One. Yes, it's all here, sir. Erm...

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

I say, sir. There's a *man* in there!

GRYTPYPE:

Um... yes. Yes, he's a friend of ours.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

I'm... we're putting him up for the night, aren't we?

GREENSLADE:

Oooh

MORIARTY:

He's a very light sleeper, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I see. In that case, I'll have it put into your own vault and if anything happens, it's your own vault. Ha ha ha!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. And now, to the next customer in the red, Max Geldray.

MORIARTY:

The new sound, aaw!

MAX GELDRAY:

"HOW ABOUT YOU?"

GREENSLADE:

Now, according to this parcel of fruit from Australia marked 'Fragile', and the damage contents therein, we present...

GRYTPYPE:

(MUTTERING UNDER GREENSLADE) Yes, yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

...'The Great Bank Robbery' part three.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I'll take over from here, Wallace, if you don't mind.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMING AT VARIABLE SPEEDS

GRYTPYPE:

With midnight chiming in all directions and Neddie safe inside Crun's bullion vaults, the plan for the daring bank robbery was put into operation. So over now to a secret blacked out airshipdrome at Potter's Bar.

GRAMS:

SPINNING PROPELLER

FRED NURKE:

Right-oh, lads. Settle down, Eidelburger, settle down.

EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

Settle down, he says? Me, who's been married ten times? And all on the National Health?

FRED NURKE:

Quiet, Mein Herr. Now where's that Japanese Jap pilot, Yakamoto?

YAKAMOTO:

(GIBBERISH JAPANESE FOR 2 SEC) I am here, Mr Bloss. Er... was just combing my teeth. Er... could not find a brush.

FRED NURKE:

Right-oh, lads. Belt up now, then. This is Grytpype's plan, eh? At three seconds to one, or thereabouts, we take off in Count Eidelburger's zeppelin in the direction of up.

EIDELBURGER:

(GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

YAKAMOTO:

Oh, boy!

FRED NURKE:

At half past, we hover over Crun's Bank and lower four sky-hoops.

YAKAMOTO:

Whoopee!

FRED NURKE:

A gentleman already secreted i... I say, can we have a bit of music? This part's a bit boring.

YAKAMOTO:

I play saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE PLAYS LIVELY MELODY - UNDER:

FRED NURKE:

Thank you. Right, well, as I was saying: a gentleman already secreted in a mattress will affix the hoops to the sides of the bank and we winch the whole lot up. Now, pay off the flute player and off we go.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

FRED NURKE:

Is that clear to you?

EIDELBURGER:

No.

FRED NURKE:

Why not?

EIDELBURGER:

Zere's a heavy mist.

FRED NURKE:

Let me look. (STRAINS) Four pounds, ten ounces. By the centre, it's heavy.

EIDELBURGER:

Not only by the centre, but at both ends, too! Now get in this zeppelin, mit aus kabloongen volkischer bierwerken kreuzkrrrgggg.

FRED NURKE:

Are you a German, Eidelberger?

EIDELBURGER:

Nein. No self-respecting German would have a phoney accent like zis!

YAKAMOTO:

Please, ah, second phoney accent would like to speak. Ah... fiendish hand-painted zeppelin stuffed with horse hair... ah... ready for takeoff in general direction of up.

FRED NURKE:

Wait a moment, it looks like a 7:20 train to Bradford, does that.

EIDELBURGER:

Exactly. That, my friend, is a zeppelin in disguise.

YAKAMOTO:

Ya.

FRED NURKE:

Ooh. Well, right-oh, in you get. Contact! Cast-off! Put the dinner on!

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, ah!

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN CHUGS FADE AWAY GETTING FASTER

GREENSLADE:

Listeners with keen ears and socks to match will recognise that even the *sound* of the zeppelin has been disguised as a 7:20 train to Bradford. Quel merveilleuse ingenuitay!

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent. I'm innocent, I tell you. Absolutely innocent. I was with Filthy Fred.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

You know Filthy Fred?

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up?! Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

I wasn't there. Ha ha!

GREENSLADE:

According to this...

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, according to this fine head of cabbage now under treatment at an LCC Chiropractors...

MINNIE:

Got a message... message for you. The young man over there said that he's innocent, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Champions of liberty!

GREENSLADE:

I've never heard of Millicent. Anyhow, we find that back at the bank, the vaults are being patrolled by a stalwart security guard with a loaded bullet.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, BOING, STRAIN!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! What was that? I heard a sound plunge. Plunge, plat, ploogie!

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED STRAINING NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooooooh! Mummy! There's somebody straining in a dark corner over there! Switches on torch. Switch! As done by switch. Beam of light falls on eerie scene. Oooooh! There's someone struggling in a mattress. I will make a simple test and find out what is in it.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

Aeough!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have shot him in his mattress!

SEAGOON:

You fool, I'm only playing a game.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Now take this knife and cut me out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Okay, then. Rip, riiiiip!

SEAGOON:

Whoop! Thank you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What was you doing inside the mattress, captain?

SEAGOON:

It was short of stuffing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaehh. You're well stuffed, aren't you, captain!

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was a Christmas present from my auntie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What are you stuffed with, then?

SEAGOON:

With horse hair.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fancy that, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Do horses wear widges on their ears?

SEAGOON:

Widges? No... no such thing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then what is an earwidge, captain?

SEAGOON:

What do you think? He's a captain of earwidges!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

MILLIGAN:

Hoy!

SEAGOON:

That didn't get much of a laugh, did it? (GIGGLES) They'll be better second house. Now, 'The Great Bank Robbery', part four.

GRAMS:

WHIRR OF AERIAL VEHICLE

SEAGOON:

Listen... listen, gerblunden. They're playing the record of a horse hair-stuffed zeppelin right above us! This is the game Grytpype told me about. Little lad, see what's up there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, a zellepin, captain.

SEAGOON:

A good try, lad. Wait, who's this being lowered from the zellepin by his feet?

ECCLES:

Ooohoho! Hallo, fellers! (AUDIENCE APPLAUDE) Thank you, thank you. Hey, what are you doing upside down?

SEAGOON:

The newcomer was a blackened wreck bearing signs of a recent devastating explosion.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Some naughty man gave me a cigar stuffed with horse hair.

SEAGOON:

How did that explode?

ECCLES:

I put it out in a barrel of gunpowder.

SEAGOON:

What were you doing in a barrel of gunpowder?

ECCLES:

I was practicing exploding myself for Guy Fawkes Night.

SEAGOON:

What a beautiful melody. How does it go again?

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Ah, they don't write tunes like that these days.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm glad.

SEAGOON:

Well, lads. If you'll just help me stick these hoops in the four corners of the bank, then we can all go home!

FX:

HAMMERING AND RATTLING CHAINS

BLUEBOTTLE, ECCLES & SEAGOON:

(RHUBARB OVER FX)

SEAGOON:

That's it! Right! Now, I... I'm off to get the money from Grytpype.

EIDELBURGER:

Eccles! Are you all set down zhere?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Haul away up there.

GRAMS:

STRAINING FLOORBOARDS, FALLING BRICKS, METAL WORK PULLING

GRYTPYPE:

Dear listeners, from the Drunkard's Lounge of the Temperence Hotel opposite, I watched Crun's Bank hoisted into the belly of the zellepin. The noise of the operation being covered by a recording of a piece of cardboard highly amplified by Ray Ellington.

MORIARTY:

The new cardboard sound, folks.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RAZZLE DAZZLE"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington. I say, *he's* done well for himself. Now, according to this tray of ready-stoned walnuts, the news of the zeppelin bank robbery flashed round the world and finally came to the notice of, of all people, the British police!

FX:

PHONE RINGS, HANDSET LIFTS UP

BLOODNOK:

What? Yes!

FX:

HANDSET PUT DOWN

BLOODNOK:

Ooohoho! Gentlemen, a mystery has been committed. Prepare the police airship for immediate pursuit.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Issue the following description.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir.

FX:

TYPING TYPEWRITER OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Wanted.

MILLIGAN:

Wanted.

BLOODNOK:

One large horse hair poltis stuffed zeppelin disguised as a 7:20 train to Bradford with Crun's Bank attached. Last seen going in the direction of up near Blackpool.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir. (SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) Ah... er... er... pardon me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What? What? What?

MILLIGAN:

(SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) The... ah... the police airship has been...

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Mm?

MILLIGAN:

Just a minute, sir. (SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) The police airship has been stuffed with... fresh horse hair.

BLOODNOK:

Mm?

MILLIGAN:

And is... waiting... directly... over... head.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Here, have a Benzedrine.

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, sir. (GULPS) I say, how long do the...(SPEEDS UP TO GIBBERISH)

BLOODNOK:

Right. Lower skyhooks and haul up the police station.

MILLIGAN:

(MORE SPED UP GIBBERISH)

GRAMS:

METAL WORK PULLING, REVOLVING PROPELLER, POLICE BELL

MORIARTY:

Oooh! Great steaming bowlers, Grytpype! Look through this modern chop whisker telescope.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! It's a police airship going in the direction of up near Blackpool.

MORIARTY:

Quick, I'll get von Eidelburger on the Morse code. I'll just strap myself in.

FX:

MORSE CODE BUZZING

EIDELBURGER:

(IN THIS SCENE: THROUGH PHONE) (TO MORSE CODE) Ya ya ya ya. Ya ya ya ya. Ya ya ya.

MORIARTY:

(MORIARTY-TYPE GIBBERISH)? Eidelburger, what course are you on?

EIDELBURGER:

Prunes and custard.

MORIARTY:

You fool! Listen, you must throw yourself overboard at once. A police airship is chasing you and they've already reached a speed of hot pie and peas!

EIDELBURGER:

Gerfalshit snorkel arolsich (AND SIMILAR GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) standing on ze Edgware Road. Yakamoto!

YAKAMOTO:

(GIBBERISH ORIENTAL)

EIDELBURGER:

Serve cheese and biscuits and full speed ahead!

MORIARTY:

Right. Make for John O'Groats. He's a friend of mine.

FX:

PHONE HANDSET PUT DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, BASS DRUM BANGING

MORIARTY:

It's the Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Ah, Neddie! Have a piano.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS EXTENDED C CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ta. Well, I've finished the game at the bank. Now where's the eight pound ten?

GRYTPYPE:

Surprise, Neddie, surprise. We've spent the money on a new racing drum.

MORIARTY:

(GETS EXCITED) Yes, it'll be waiting for you at the starting line of the drum race at John O'Groats.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! (LAUGHS) Gad, with this drum I'll be the first past the post at Land's End. Goodbye!

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

Goodbye...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Charlie! Little Charlie, ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Naughty little Charlie! And Moriarty, guess what Neddie'll be carrying inside his new racing drum.

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaaaaaw!

GRYTPYPE:

Aaaaaaaaaw!

MORIARTY:

Fifty thousand pounds from Crun's Bank in crisp notes! (GETS REALLY EXCITED)

GRYTPYPE:

Money to burn!

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaaaaaw!

GRYTPYPE:

Go and get the sardine tins and oil yourself, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

And while Bloodnok's police zeppelin is heading north to find it, the money will be coming safely south inside an innocent-looking racing bass drum. And with that boring exposé of the plot, over to the BBC.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Part five: the last day of the Tour de Britain Bass Drum Race. Hup!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS WITH LOTS OF BANGING BASS DRUMS

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(OVER GRAMS) Well, hello, folks. Here we are at Cob's Corner, a bare half mile from the finishing post of the Tour De Britain five day bass drum race. And here... here comes Stirling Moss beating a 1926 all wood British racing drum, followed closely by Sheila van Dan beating her highly tuned father. And... what's this now? Yes! Yes! My goodness me, they're really coming along, here! It's a wonderful day! You can see them all beating their drums as they come...! Yes, that was the Italian ace, Giuseppe Fred Saponee, thundering into the straight of the sticks of a very fast waltz drum. So over now to the finishing line!

GRAMS:

PREVIOUS GRAMS WITH CHEERING

ECCLES:

Oorooy! Oorrooy! Oorrooy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wonder where Neddie is.

ECCLES:

I wonder where Neddie is, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wonder where Neddie is.

ECCLES:

Wonder where that Neddie is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All the other runners have finished.

ECCLES:

Ooooh! Then he stands a good chance of coming in last.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SLOWLY) He stands a good chance of coming in last! Yeah.

FX:

RUNNING AND BANGING

ECCLES:

Oooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Here he comes!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here he... hairy comes!

ECCLES:

Hairy comes!

SEAGOON:

Ah! At last! Land's End! To go further would be silly. I made it! Scilly, get it? Scilly Isles! Get it? Ha ha ha! Scilly Isle.

ECCLES:

A-ha, ha. Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

I'm guilty.

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Captain Seagoon? Welcome to Land's End, my dear.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CORNISHMAN:

Now the traditional privilege of the last man in. We give you this cheque for eight pound ten and then we burns your old drum on the bonfire. Ar har har har!

GRAMS:

ROARING FIRE, CRACKLING

SEAGOON:

Will this be a happy ending?

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

(OUT OF BREATH)

MORIARTY:

Ask him, ask him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Ask him!

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie, hello. So sorry we're late. Mmmnnnnn. Now, where's the bass drum?

MORIARTY:

Yes, where's the bass drum?

GRYTPYPE:

Where is it?

SEAGOON:

Well, that's it up there on top of the fire.

MORIARTY:

Oooooow! The money's inside!

GRYTPYPE:

The fire! Start the water! Fire! Fire! Get that fire!

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

(MAKE WORRYING SOUNDS, UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

Here is an announcement. Early this morning, two men were admitted to Brook Street Hospital with scorched fingers. A foreign office spokesman said the men were trying to retrieve a bass drum from a bonfire. Who said the British aren't musical? Goodnight, Charlies, everywhere.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT: "LUCKY STRIKE"

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 programme produced by Pat Dixon

OMNES:

('SING' TO THE MUSIC)

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(WITH SAX SOLO) Bum bum bada diddle dee, yam boddie dooo! Etc.

MORIARTY:

(WITH INTERLUDE) Oh, I've melody. I've got melo melody. Racing drum, lucky...

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(WITH TROMBONE SOLO) (MORE 'SINGING')

BLOODNOK:

Come along Min, now!

MINNIE:

(WITH PIANO SOLO) Yim bum yibble dee... etc.

THROAT:

(WITH GUITAR SOLO) (MORE YIM BUM ETC)

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(ON LAST CHORD) Ooooooooooh!

MAX GELDRAÏ / RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY"

S7 E08 - Personal Narrative

Transcribed by Tony Wills. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. We present!

SELLERS:

The Personal Narrative of Captain Neddie Seagoon RN. A jolly jack tar in the employ of His Majesty's Navy.

FX:

WOODEN SHIP NOISES IN BACKGROUND (SEA, RIGGING)

SEADOG 1:

[SELLERS]

Moby Dick on the Bernard Miles. Arrrrggg.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

FX:

WOODEN SHIP NOISES IN BACKGROUND (SEA, RIGGING)

SEADOG 1:

(SEADOG SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEADOG 2:

[SECOMBE]

(SEADOG SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Log of HMS Resolute, 18th of May 1662. Squalls all day. Child must be teething. Position Nor' Nor' East of Dover. Heard a knock at the door.

FX:

6 KNOCKS ON LIGHT WOODEN DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Said come in.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, captain, mate, RN. I've... er... I've just spotted someone in the crow's nest.

SEAGOON:

Really?

WILLIUM:

Yer, yer. And 'e spotted something on the horizon.

SEAGOON:

Describe it.

WILLIUM:

Er, well, er, it was a big long thing made of wood. Sharp at one end, blunt at the other. With sailors on it.

SEAGOON:

A ship!

WILLIUM:

I thought it were and... only I... well, I didn't like talkin' out of turn.

SEAGOON:

Whose turn was it?

WILLIUM:

Your'n. That's why I let you say it, mate, RN.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, mate, RN. You say they're made of wood, eh?

WILLIUM:

Yer, yer, yer.

SEAGOON:

Hand me my telescope.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

SEAGOON:

Mmmn, mnm. Yes. That's wood alright.

WILLIUM:

You're looking at the inside of our cabin, mate.

SEAGOON:

So I am. What a silly RN. Open the porthole, Willium.

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Open the porthole, Willium, from the inside.

WILLIUM:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I just like to make these points clear, you understand.

FX:

TWANG.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Gad, you're right Willium, it is a ship. It's Dutch.

WILLIUM:

You sure?

SEAGOON:

Certainly, it's wearing clogs. Captain Lawnmower?

LAWNMOWER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah... aye, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you, sir.

LAWNMOWER:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

These Dutch ships, find out where they come from.

LAWNMOWER:

I'll just look it up, sir.

FX:

RIFLING THROUGH LARGE NUMBER OF PAGES.

LAWNMOWER:

Ah... um... 'D'... Ah, Dutch come from Holland, sir.

SEAGOON:

Foreigners! Gentlemen, keep my dinner warm. I'm going to inform the Admiralty. Goodbye.

FX:

FOOT STEPS TROTTING OFF. SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

Psssst. Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

How long must we hide in this reeking powder barrel.

GRYTPYPE:

Not long now, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon's heading for London. We've got to stop him.

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Perquoise.

GRYTPYPE:

Perquoise? This Dutch spy, Max von Geldray, crouching behind you, says that the Hollanders will pay ten thousand gelders if we can sabotage the British fleet. That's what you said didn't you?

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Ik loop terug voor kerstmis over de Ierse Zee, hey! Hi! (TRANSLATION: "I'M WALKING BACK FOR CHRISTMAS ACROSS THE IRISH SEA")

MORIARTY:

What did he say? What did he say?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, but there you are. He's offering five thousand gelders if we can stop Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Let's go! Money, money, money! Owwww!

FX:

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY. SPLASH.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

CRICKETS 5 SECS BY THEMSELVES THEN UNDER REST OF SCENE, SLOWLY FADING OUT

GRYTPYPE:

My moon dial says it's nearly midnight. Any sign of him, yet?

MORIARTY:

No, but he has got to go past here. This is the only road that runs direct between his ship and London.

GRYTPYPE:

Is he coming by road?

MORIARTY:

No, by horse. I tell you he's got to pass this point! I've spent all day sharpening it.

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind the needle nardle noo...

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

...have you prepared Captain Seagoon RN's fatal accident.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, I have. Yes, I've stretched fourteen trip wires across the road.

GRYTPYPE:

Supposing the horse jumps them?

MORIARTY:

Then the rider's head will come in contact with a hundred tonne iron girder suspended from a twig.

GRYTPYPE:

I see, I see. But what if he misses both?

MORIARTY:

Arrr. Then there's a hundred and fifty foot deep pit, full of deep water.

GRYTPYPE:

Trip wires, iron girder, deep pit with deep water. It's fool proof, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Of course it is, of course it is!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Ssh, ssh. Huc huc heeck. Here he comes now.

FX:

RAPIDLY GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS APPROACHING AND PASSING.

FX:

SILENCE.

GRYTPYPE:

It didn't work.

MORIARTY:

Of course not, that wasn't Captain Seagoon RN.

GRYTPYPE:

Then where the devil is he?

SEAGOON:

I'm in London.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick after him.

FX:

GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS... TWANG. CLANG CLATTER, SPLASH, TREADING WATER NOISES.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

Oh, ho hi ho.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, what fool put trip wires and iron girder and deep water in our way?

GRYTPYPE:

Help me dismount, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

My horse can only swim on his back.

MORIARTY:

Let me get his bathing costume on. Oh!

FX:

SLASHING THROUGH WATER, GRUMBLING.

GREENSLADE:

In London, meantime an important meeting at the Admiralty is in session.

OMNES:

BACKGROUND MUMBLING - NAVAL RHUBARB ETC.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

[MILLIGAN]

My Lords, RN. This courier brings a message from Sir Richard Grenville, RN, who needs help, dessssssperately.

BLOODNOK:

Oh? And what is the message, my man?

ECCLES:

I have run fifty miles. I... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you, thank you. Thank you. Thank you, members of the Admiralty. Now then, I said I have run fifty miles til I'm out of breath. I have run all the way in the face of death. I have run through the rain and snow and hail, to deliver this message without fail. I have run since early December...

BLOODNOK:

But what's the message?

ECCLES:

I can't remember.

BLOODNOK:

Look here, do an impression of a hole and we'll fill you in later. Next.

SEAGOON:

Sir, RN, that ship on the van trump and van driver is in the Channel.

ADMIRAL 1:

Ohhoho, I don't know what we can do about that.

ADMIRAL 2:

[SELLERS]

England is in danger.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

What! This is serious, my Lords, RN. We'll have to build a battleship, RN.

ADMIRAL FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

My lords, RN. As for sea lords, RN, it's nothing to do with me but I know we've already got a battleship somewhere but I can't think... Um... I... I know, I had a picture of it in my bedroom.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

Splendid! But where is it?

ADMIRAL FLOWERDEW:

Hanging over the wash stand.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, RN, my Lord, RN, is right. We *have* got a battleship, I know, I drive it.

ADMIRAL 2:

Then have you got a license, sir?

SEAGOON:

Only a provisional one.

ADMIRAL 1:

Oheeeohh.

SEAGOON:

So we must attack the Dutch before it expires.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

Very well. The signal for you to open fire will be a bonfire lit on Nags Head. Now report back to your ship and water. Meantime, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

ORCHESTRA:

NAVAL THEME.

FX:

SEAMEN CALLING. THUMP, WHISTLE AND EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Oh, ee, oww, owww.

FX:

WHISTLE, EXPLOSION. TYPING ON TYPEWRITER.

SEAGOON:

19th of May 1652. Under fire from Dutch ship. Am waiting for beacon on mainland to signal for me to retaliate.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Captain Seagoon, I've... I've just spliced the main brace. Fortunately, I didn't tell the crew.

SEAGOON:

Splendid news. I've got bad news.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The Dutch have been joined by another ship.

BLOODNOK:

Two?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

We're surrounded. What flag are they flying?

SEAGOON:

A white one with an onion on it.

BLOODNOK:

Spaniards! Oh! Well... let them all come and then we'll all go.

SEAGOON:

Go? Retreat? Admiral Bloodnok, you're a miserable coward.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, I'm a perfectly happy one, do you hear?

FX:

THUMP/EXPLOSION OF CANNON BALL.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Blast!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Why don't they light that beacon? If these Dutch close with us we'll be caught with our pants down.

BLOODNOK:

I know. What's holding them up?

SEAGOON:

My braces. What's holding yours up?

BLOODNOK:

Me!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL SNAP.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And now for further news of the beacon lighting, over to the mainland.

FX:

9 RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR, THE MUCH FUMBLING WITH DOOR KNOB, CREAK OF DOOR OPENING, PAUSE.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, sir, yes.

RIDER:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Could you tell us where the beacon lighter lives, please?

CRUN:

Number 18A, Gallows Lane.

RIDER:

Is... er...is that on this side of the street?

CRUN:

(QUIETLY) Yes, it is.

RIDER:

Thank you, thank you. Gidup there, gidup.

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING AWAY (FADE OUT), PAUSE, FADE IN HORSE RETURNING AND STOPPING.

RIDER:

Whooooaa!

FX:

7 KNOCKS, DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Yes?

RIDER:

Is this 18A, Gallows Lane?

CRUN:

Yes. I told you it was on this side of the street.

RIDER:

I'd like to have words with the official beacon lighter. Very urgent.

CRUN:

Urgent, yes. Just... just a minute. Minnie?

MINNIE:

Just... just a minute, I've got to get... get my teeth in. (LIP SMACKING NOISES) What is it, Crun? What is it?

CRUN:

Call the... call the beacon lighter, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear. Sebastiaaaaaan?

SEBASTIAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Yeah?

MINNIE:

Oh! Call the beacon lighter, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN:

Gladys?

GLADYS:

[GREENSLADE]

(FEMALE) Yes, darling?

SEBASTIAN:

Call the beacon lighter.

GLADYS:

Beacon lighter, there's someone at the door for you.

CRUN:

I know, I opened it for him. Now, sir, do you wish the beacon litten?

RIDER:

Aye and... ahhh... hurry!

CRUN:

Right. I'll prepare the... the vital ignitions. Minnie?

MINNIE:

What... what... what is it, I... I put my teeth in the water, again.

CRUN:

Put them back in, I can't get...

MINNIE:

(LIP SMACKING, THEN CUUC CUUC CUUC) Oh, what do you want now?

CRUN:

Where are the... the... the... the matches, Min?

MINNIE:

Albert's got them.

CRUN:

Albert?

MINNIE:

Yeh.

CRUN:

(CALLS) Albert!

MINNIE:

(ECHOS) Alberrrrrrrrrt.

CRUN:

Alberrrrrttttt.

MINNIE:

Alberrrrrt.

GREENSLADE:

Albert!

SEBASTIAN:

Albert.

(ALL CARRY ON CALLING ALBERT)

(PAUSE)

RIDER:

Why doesn't he answer?

CRUN:

He's in Africa.

RIDER:

Has nobody got a match, then?

MORIARTY:

(GUTTURAL NOISES) Gentlemen, I happened to overhear your conversation as I was passing in that tree. Allow... allow *me*, Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty...

SEAGOON:

Ahfewafew!

MORIARTY:

...to loan you this genuine box of wooden matches. Fifty in number, packed in a little box, with a merry joke on the back. Huho.

FX:

SCRAPE OF BOX BEING PASSED OVER

CRUN:

Oh, thank you. I'll... I'll... I'll get ready, then.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERS) Got 'im.

MINNIE:

You mustn't go out without a cooked meal, Henry.

CRUN:

Why not, Min?

MINNIE:

You must have a lining to your stomach.

CRUN:

I've got a...

RIDER:

There's no time for linings, I clean my teeth twice a day.

BANNISTER & CRUN:

(TALKING TOGETHER)

RIDER:

Come on, get on the horse. I've got room on the crossbar for both of you. Gid up, there! Come on, there!

FX:

SPED UP HORSE GALLOPING AWAY FASTER & FASTER, CRIES FROM MIN & CRUN.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you dampen those matches?

MORIARTY:

Of course! I put them in my pocket and stood in a lake all night.

GRYTPYPE:

Right.

MORIARTY:

I'm no fool, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

But there was no need to go *that* far. Right, lets collect the 15,000 gelders.

MORIARTY:

Owww! Come on, now, let's get it.

ORCHESTRA:

URGENT LINK THEN NAUTICAL.

FX:

SEAMEN CALLS. THUMP, WHISTLE, BOOOOMMM

BLOODNOK:

Arghhhooooh! Scuttle me galley clogs. Half me rigging shot away. Oh! And me britches at half mast.

SEAGOON:

You can't walk the decks in that exposed position. Get in this barrel.

BLOODNOK:

It's *your* turn in the barrel, I say.

IRISH:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, sir! Pardon me, sir. Sir, there's a fire in number three hold.

BLOODNOK:

I'll come right away, it's freezing up here.

SEAGOON:

Right, everything under control. I've put two special lookouts in the crow's nest to watch for the beacon. (FADE)

FX:

HOWL OF WIND, CREAKING OF RIGGING, CLANK OF CHAINS. LAPPING OF SEA, OCCASIONAL CLINK OF CHAINS UNDER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you see anything, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, I can see anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh? What can you see now, then?

ECCLES:

I'll just get my telescope now. Ah, I can see you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, RN. I can't.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, you stand over here and look through this telescope and an' you'll see.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ok.

ECCLES:

There!

FX:

TWO FOOT FALLS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. I still can't see him.

ECCLES:

What? Give me that telescope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

There.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. He's gone. He's gone, you know, he's... he's gone.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

He's gone!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) A life on the ocean wave. A life on the ocean wave. I didle i dum diddle i. I got my legs to keep me warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

RN. Do you like being up here in the crow's nest?

ECCLES:

Yeh! It's fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Being in the crow's nest...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

...is fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why did you join the Navy?

ECCLES:

I needed the money.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What for?

ECCLES:

To buy myself out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho!

ECCLES:

I've been forty two years in the Navy now and I've been saving all the time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! (SNIFF) You must have travelled.

ECCLES:

I've travelled.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a man of the world!

ECCLES:

I've had visions.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh?

ECCLES:

No, RN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever been out with women in grass skirts?

ECCLES:

No, I'm not allowed to wear 'em. Ha ha.

ELLINGTON:

Hey! Okay, fellas, seven bells.

ECCLES:

Oh. What? What? What?

ELLINGTON:

And it's my turn in the crow's nest.

ECCLES:

Oh, your turn in the...

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTS) Kipper on the cardboard cow, (NORMAL) cor blimey.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why! It's Ray Ellington, RN.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Give us a nautical songe, Mr sailor-type man.

ECCLES:

Play that melody!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"ONE AND ONE AND TWO PLUS TWO, THAT'S RIGHT"

FX:

HOWLING WINDS UNDER:

MINNIE:

Oh.

FX:

REMOVAL OF MATCHES FROM BOX, STRIKING OF MATCHES WHICH DON'T LIGHT. KEEPS TRYING THROUGH:

CRUN:

Dear, dear.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, I... don't know where that draft's coming from but I know where it's going to. Never... We'll never get this beacon lit, Henry.

CRUN:

No, we... we...

MINNIE:

Never.

CRUN:

Never come out without a cooked meal, you know.

MINNIE:

You should have a lining to your stomach.

CRUN:

Yes. And these matches won't light.

MINNIE:

What! Oh, they appear to be damp.

RIDER:

Hurry up, the dawn's coming up like thunder, like a [UNCLEAR] out of the bay, [UNCLEAR]. You can't do this to me, look y'ere...

MINNIE:

Oh.

RIDER:

And... and when it does, them Dutch will open fire on Captain Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Oh.

RIDER:

They can't miss him at that range.

CRUN:

Nobody could miss him at any range.

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

CRUN:

Ohhh. Oh, dear what's the matter...

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

MINNIE:

Use the power of your arms...

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

MINNIE:

...in striking.

CRUN:

I can't...

RIDER:

Are you striking them right?

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

What!

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

CRUN:

I studied match striking under mister Guy Fawkes.

RIDER:

Are there any instructions on the box?

CRUN:

Yes, it's on the back here. "Conundrum. To you. How do you make a Maltese Cross? A - Stick a lighted match in his ear."

MINNIE:

Look! Look... look, Henry, the beacon's taken fire.

CRUN:

Ohhwww.

MINNIE:

Ohww.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

CREAKING OF RIGGING, HOWLING WIND, CHAINS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! Captain! They've litted the beacon on Nag's Head.

SEAGOON:

Poor animal. Right, Bluebottle, fire the gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang, boom, blun, blun.

SEAGOON:

Stringy North Finchley Lad, why don't you fire the cannons?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The matches is damp.

SEAGOON:

Damp?! Where d'ya get 'em from?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That nice gentleman standing in the lake.

SEAGOON:

What! (CALLS) You there! Come out from behind that water!

MORIARTY:

Don't shoot, I'm not well.

SEAGOON:

You don't deserve to be.

MILLIGAN:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Then... you're not well? Then who are you?

MORIARTY:

Interpreter, tell him who I am in interpret.

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Hij is de bekende man van de Nederlandse radio omroep, Hilversum een! Hi! (TRANSLATION: "HE IS THE WELL-KNOWN MAN FROM DUTCH RADIO BROADCASTING, HILVERSUM")

SEAGOON:

A Dutchman! A Dutchman! Drop that tulip!

GRYTPYPE:

He'll... he'll do no such thing, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You've got two minutes to abandon ship.

SEAGOON:

You mean... you lit a powder trail in the hold?

GRYTPYPE:

So you've read the book as well?

SEAGOON:

Yes. We'll soon get a brave seaman to extinguish it. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've gone home, captain. I'm on passion leave, there was jam for tea.

SEAGOON:

That's next week. Here, take this cup of water and put the fuse out (FADES).

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Ohh, captain!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Come on, let's do it now, come on...

GREENSLADE:

Is Moriarty lying? Has Grytpype really lit a powder trail in the hold? Will Bluebottle extinguish it in time? Listen again next week when you'll hear...

FX:

MASSIVE EXPLOSION, CRASH AND THUNDER, FINISHING WITH FALLING ODD BLOCKS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Arrrrggghhh oh, ho ho! You rotten swine, you! Why've you started that lark again?

SEAGOON:

It's only a game, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like that game.

SEAGOON:

You've got your head on back to front.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho ho, ohhhh.

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, the program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) Translation:

"I'm walking back for Christmas across the Irish Sea" - Based on the Milligan song "I'm walking backwards for Christmas, across the Irish Sea"

2) Translation:

"He is the well-known man from Dutch radio broadcasting, Hilversum 1"

In the early days of radio, little children were often told that there was a little man inside the radio (het mannetje van de radio, (the little man in the radio)). I think he is referring to that. Hilversum 1 was one of the two Dutch radio stations in the fifties. Hilversum is a city between Amsterdam and Utrecht, where most of the Dutch broadcasting organisations are based.

S7 E09 - The Mystery of the Fake Neddie Seagoon

Transcribed by erklenerkle. Corrections by various people, minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Something follows almost immediately.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF SOUNDS INDICATING A METAL MACHINE SLOWLY FALLING TO PIECES BIT BY BIT AT IRRITATING INTERVALS. ALL ENDS WITH DUCK CALL.

SEAGOON:

Ah, they don't make things like that any more.

GREENSLADE:

What was it, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Me.

GREENSLADE:

You mean that at one time they were mass-producing Neddie Seagoons?

SEAGOON:

Only a limited number for connoisseurs, you understand.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

You see, at that time there were only a limited number of connoisseurs.

GREENSLADE:

Are you implying that there are other Ned Seagoons in existence?

SEAGOON:

Yes. But there's only one signed original.

GREENSLADE:

Ah? And who owns that?

SEAGOON:

My wife.

GRAMS:

FAST CHATTERING OF A WOMAN'S VOICE AT VERY HIGH SPEED. ACTUALLY, BLOODNOK'S LINE FROM 'MARY CELESTE (SOLVED): "ALL LIES, DO YOU HEAR ME? LIES! I WAS IN BANGALORE AT THE TIME. I DENY EVERY WORD! ")

SEAGOON:

Coming, dear! I'm the master really, you know.

GREENSLADE:

(CYNICALLY) Yes, I'm sure you are, dear.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Stop taking the mickey! *I'm* the funny man, I get the laughs in this show. Watch.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF LAUGHTER

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon! Pull your trousers up at once. This is not I.T.V. television! This is not I.T.V. television! Now, if you'll just shave your head and...

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

...put on this bald ginger wig, you'll be ready for your part in - 'The Great Art Mystery'.

ECCLES:

(IN BACKGROUND) Ooooooh!

GREENSLADE:

'The Case of the Fake Neddie Seagoon'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MYSTERIOUS CHORDS

GRAMS:

SINISTER HIGH-PITCHED LAUGHTER

GRYTPYPE:

I'll never forget the day I met Neddie. The golden morning sunlight was bathing the Devon hills as he made his way through a reeking slum alley off Lyle Street.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING TO HIMSELF) By the dustbins of Rome where I met her... by the dustbins...

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING LIFTED

MILLIGAN:

(ALLEY CAT NOISES).

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, it's an impression of a cat done by Spike Milligan. (GIGGLES-DRAWS APPLAUSE)

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, further cat noises will follow, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Does Percy Edwards know about this? Here! Pussy! A fishbone for you... and a fishbone for me...
(GULPS)

GRAMS:

RAPID AND ROUGH KNOCKING SOUNDS.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Listeners - the sound you are hearing is the fishbone actually passing down Mr. Seagoon's gullet on its way South. Only with the modern miracle of wireless is this possible. We now return you to the speaking end of Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

(BURP) Oh! That's better. Aahh, now, then. Let's see what delicate morsel is in here.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID OFF

SEAGOON:

Pooh!

MORIARTY:

Aaaeerghh... Go away - this rubbish is reserved for members of Rowton House.

SEAGOON:

What are you... what are you doing in this dustbin?

GRYTPYPE:

We're waiting for the next delivery.

SEAGOON:

I have the fishing rights for all these bins, I tell you. Out you get.

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaeegh! Sapristi nabbollers! Take that! This!

FX:

WHACK. SMASH! TEETH FALLING INTO CAN

SEAGOON:

Ow, my teeth! Oh-ho, har-har, my teeth! You devil of the dustbins.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie! How dare you strike Moriarty in his army boot with the full force of your teeth!

ECCLES:

What's going on here?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'd better go, then.

GREENSLADE:

The part of the mysterious stranger was played by Eccles. The rest of him was played by Rawicz and Landauer.

SEAGOON:

(GOING OFF) All of ye, clear off from these dustbins. Go on. Shoo! Get out of it!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON, QUIETLY) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just recognised him.

MORIARTY:

You have?

GRYTPYPE:

He's a Neddie Seagoon!

MORIARTY:

Ooooh! Type-Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

If he's an original Neddie Seagoon,

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPERING) He's worth a fortune.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERING) Speak to him! Speak to him at once!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. (ALOUD) Er... Neddie?

SEAGOON:

(APPROACHING, TOOTHLESS) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

(SMACKING LIPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we... we owe you an apology.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I should cocoa. A-ham-ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to reset your teeth free of charge.

ORCHESTRA:

QUICK HOT BREAK ON XYLOPHONE - ENDING WITH GLISS (ANDO). UPWARDS

SEAGOON:

Ta.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Neddie... Neddie, let us escort you into your rightful dustbin, Lad.

FX:

CLANG OF DUSTBIN LID BANGED DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Got him!

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Let me out! Let me out! You devils!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty...

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go and get the car from somebody's garage... and take him to an art expert for cleansing and restoring.

MORIARTY:

(GOING) Ooeewww! Money! We'll make money out of him! The grisbee, ohhh!

GRAMS:

TWO WHOOSHES OFF

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Curse! Trapped inside a dark, donk dustbin. But wait... (SLOWLY) there's somebody in the dustbin with me! (IN A WHISPER) He's coming over. I'll... I'll pretend I haven't seen him.

GRAMS:

RAPID, ECHOED FOOTSTEPS APPROACH FROM FAR DISTANCE AND EVENTUALLY STOP

ECCLES:

(SMACKS LIPS) He-llo. (DRAWS APPLAUSE) Ta, ta,ta.

SEAGOON:

It's the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

It's the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

How did you get in this dustbin?

ECCLES:

I've got influence. I know the man at the door.

SEAGOON:

Then... then you can help me get out of here.

ECCLES:

Get out of here? Who wants to get out of a place like this? This is livin'! I've never had it so good!
Have a... have a fishbone. Have a fishbone, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

I've just had one, I don't feel so well. Listen! Listen!

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Look! Dear listeners.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Through the bead curtains of the dustbin I saw a large dustcart draw up outside.

ECCLES:

Oh, ho!

SEAGOON:

To the sound of silent bugles, two dustmen slid to the ground and rowed themselves towards us.

ECCLES:

Yer! That's the W.V.S. Dustbin Collection Society.

SEAGOON:

Really? What's it for?

ECCLES:

They make parcels of rubbish up for the poor peoples of Acton.

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

What for?! There's people in Acton who can't afford rubbish of their own.

SEAGOON:

Even as the famous Eccles spoke...

ECCLES:

As I spoke.

SEAGOON:

As he spoke.

ECCLES:

As I spoke.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know this.

ECCLES:

I don't think.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!!

SEAGOON:

Our...

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut... I shut up.

SEAGOON:

Our bin... you're done, 'ave you?

ECCLES:

I've done.

SEAGOON:

Our bin was hoisted aboard the ghostly dustcart and driven away to the sound of Max Geldray.

ECCLES:

Oh, I like that man.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

'BOO-DAH'

MAX:

(OFF) (FADING YELL)

GRAMS:

HEAVY SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray playing an entrechat on an unloaded seagull. Next week, 'Fifty Years of Song' arranged for wardrobe and Ernest Longstaffe. Book your teeth early. And now we return you to a certain type of entertainment.

ORCHESTRA:

LAST EIGHT BARS 'LIMEHOUSE BLUES' PLAYED IN FAST 2/4 TIME

CRUN:

(SLOWLY) Ooohh...aaaoooghh...ooooaaagghh...aaaaooooooooaahh.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear, oh, dear. Where are you, Henry?

CRUN:

(SPEAKS IN SYNC WITH PLONKING ON PIANO STRINGS) I'm trapped behind the rosewood piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh... Oh, dear, dear! Which rosewood piano are you behind, Henry?

CRUN:

Which? (PIANO PLONKING IN SYNC WITH VOICE) How many rosewood pianos have we got, Min?

MINNIE:

I'll count them, Henry. (STARTS COUNTING) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Forty, forty-five, forty-six. Five... Fifty-six, fifty-seven. Oh, dear. (MUMBLES) Sixty-eight, Henry.

CRUN:

(PIANO PLONKS) That's the one. I'm behind one of that one, Min.

MINNIE:

Oohh... Keep still, Henry. I'll get it off your...

FX:

LONG SERIES OF LUSTY OOWWS -OOOHS- LAUGHS- PIANO PLONKS - BOOMING VIBRATIONS - THUDS. ETC.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh! Oh! There you are, Henry, you can come out now. Ououoh! Ouuuuoooooooouughh!

CRUN:

(PIANO PLONKS) What's the matter, Min?

MINNIE:

You're... you're not behind this piano, Henry.

CRUN:

(VOICE AND PIANO PLONKS GETTING WILDLY DESPERATE) Oh, dear. You'd better find me soon, Min, you... you'd better find me soooooon...

FX:

ENERGETIC KNOCK ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Oooohhh...

CRUN:

I'll get it, Bebe.

MINNIE:

Okay, Ben. I wonder how many people will recognise that impression of modern-type radio show.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

What is it, gentlemen?

SPRIGGS:

I'm sorry to interrupt you in the middle of the day like this, sir, but I... I have a load of rubbish for you outside.

CRUN:

It's a music publisher, Min.

SPRIGGS:

You don't understand, sir and Maurice Burman. What I mean is... we have a dustbin of selected rubbish especially for you.

CRUN:

You mean it's free?

SPRIGGS:

Yep, not a penny piece to pay!

CRUN:

Oooohhyooooo! Min! Min!

MINNIE:

There, steady, Hen. I hope you've got your binder on.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ah, did he say rubbish?

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Oh, at last we can look our neighbours in the face. We've got our own rubbish!

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ooohh, hallelujah.

CRUN:

Would you just leave it in the hall here, Mr. Man?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, and... er... you must excuse the mess, sir, but we've got us in.

SPRIGGS:

(STRAINING) Ah, there, madam. And there's plenty more rubbish where that came from. England's getting back on its feet, I tell you. Good-day to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

CRUN:

Ohh, look, Min, look.

MINNIE:

Treasure!

CRUN:

Our own rubbish at last!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Henry?

CRUN:

Yes?

MINNIE:

Where shall we put it?

CRUN:

On the mantelpiece.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

CRUN:

Where people can see it, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, lovely!

SEAGOON:

(VERY MUFFLED GABBLE)

MINNIE:

Henry! The rubbish bin spoke, Henry! Ooohh.

CRUN:

It's not dead yet, Min. It's still ponging.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ping!!

CRUN:

Pong!!

MINNIE:

Ping!!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Tang!

MINNIE:

Ping!!

CRUN:

Come out from inside, you coward. Come out and fight... Minnie Bannister!

FX:

LID OF DUSTBIN OFF

SEAGOON:

Please! Please help me.

ECCLES:

Please help him.

SEAGOON:

I've been kidnapped!

ECCLES:

He's been kidnapped!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

CRUN:

Don't you try and lie your way out of this. You're our rubbish!

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

MINNIE:

You're our rubbish!

MORIARTY:

Aaaahhooooo... Nobody move! We've got him, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. Don't try anything funny, *we* want the laughs here. Now get inside that piano.

SEAGOON:

But I'm not musical.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, I bought your records.

SEAGOON:

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

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! Stop joking! Get inside that rosewood piano.

SEAGOON:

No, it might be infectious.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you worry, I shall drive.

SEAGOON:

I was forced at postul punt into the back of the piano and driven away at breakneck speed – by a driver with a broken neck.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTING UP VERY FAST - WITH OVERLAY OF PIANO-PLAYING AT HIGH SPEED. FADE UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Ho, ho, ho. Faster, Grytpype, faster. Can't this piano go any faster?

GRYTPYPE:

No, I'm out of practice. I haven't played for years.

GRAMS:

DISTANT POLICE GONGING APPROACHING

SEAGOON:

I'm saved! We're being gonged by a police piano!

GRAMS:

PIANO/CAR PULLS UP SUDDENLY - GONGING STOPS MUSIC SAXOPHONE - 'POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY'

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! Here comes a police saxophonist.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Keep Seagoon covered with this copy of Chopin's Nocturnes.

SEAGOON:

You devil, you know I don't know it.

MORIARTY:

Oh, don't worry, you...

BASS:

[SECOMBE]

(APPROACHING) 'Allo, 'allo, what's goin' on 'ere? Do you know you're breakin' the law?

GRYTPYPE:

What's the charge?

BASS:

Playing the piano on the wrong side of the street, fine £5.

GRYTPYPE:

Well naturally, it's a French piano.

BASS:

Then the fine will be five hundred francs.

FX:

TILL

BASS:

Murky.

MORIARTY:

Murky to you!

BASS:

And here's an aerial photograph of a receipt.

ORCHESTRA:

TAA RAAA THIN CHORD CYMBAL

SELLERS:

I say, monsieur!

GREENSLADE:

Part three, in which Neddie is taken to an art expert to discover whether or not he is an original Seagoon. Over, then, to the expert.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaoh... oooooohhh! Oooooohhhh, that's better, ohhh! Never again, never again. Now, Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, European Major-type, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Now, here are those export masterpieces for the Americans.

ABDUL:

Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Just check this list, will you?

ABDUL:

All right, all right.

BLOODNOK:

Original Portrait of Miss Marilyn Monroe by Michaelangelo.

ABDUL:

Ha, ha, ha! Correct, sir.

BLOODNOK:

President Eisenhower by Gainsborough.

ABDUL:

Good luck, sir. And Gainsborough by President Eisenhower.

BLOODNOK:

Excellent. Good, good, good.

ABDUL:

Good, good to you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Vincent van Gogh by Kirk Douglas, R.A. Say, what's he doing in the Artillery?

ABDUL:

Making a film, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhh!

GRAMS:

WHISTLE - TRIANGLE - FLUTE - STRAIN - TILL- POP- DUCK CALL-BURP. ALL DONE AT AN EVEN TEMPO

BLOODNOK:

Answer the door, Abdul.

ABDUL:

Right, sir.

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, coming, sir.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, don't worry.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Let me open the doors, Abdul.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

I'm coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

ABDUL:

European-type coming, all the same, sir, don't worry.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

I'm coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir. Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Do not get excited, now, sir, I'm coming, all the same.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Aye, there's nothing Bombay can do [UNCLEAR]. Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, now.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

ABDUL:

Thank you very much.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Oh, [UNCLEAR], you got [UNCLEAR], don't worry, don't worry.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Good luck with the [UNCLEAR], sir. Thank you very much, coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir! Don't worry, don't worry.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

[UNCLEAR].

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

In the name of [UNCLEAR], coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Don't worry, sir, now then...

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming, coming.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Don't worry, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Yes, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Nervous of burglars?

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, we want to see if this is an original Seagoon or not.

SEAGOON:

What! You're going to examine me?

BLOODNOK:

Only down wind. Now, as with all oil paintings like this...

SEAGOON:

What? I'm no oil painting.

BLOODNOK:

I'll say you're not. We must first remove the layers of centuries of dirt and grime.

SEAGOON:

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

BLOODNOK:

Silung, painting.

GRYTPYPE:

Silung! Silung, you... you... you...

SEAGOON:

I tell you there's no need for this. I *am* the original Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Proof!

SEAGOON:

I've got the signature on my bottom left-hand corner.

BLOODNOK:

Whose?

SEAGOON:

My father's.

BLOODNOK:

Let me see.

FX:

RIP OF CLOTH

SEAGOON:

Oooops.

BLOODNOK:

(READS) Fred Seagoon... Yes, the signature's genuine. But wait! Your bottom left-hand-corner looks to me like a forgery.

SEAGOON:

But it can't be. I use my bottom left-hand corner every day.

BLOODNOK:

We shall soon see. Quick! Get him in this bath of turpentine.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Oooooooooeeough! (BUBBLING-GURGLING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yorrr...

MORIARTY:

Here, take him downwwwn.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, oh, yes!

MORIARTY:

Put him under again!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh!

MORIARTY:

Press him under the duck!

BLOODNOK:

Now, while he's soaking, let us listen to this oil painting of Ray Ellington.

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME'

GRAMS:

HAMMER CHIPPING ON A STONE

GREENSLADE:

The sound you are hearing, folks, is Major Bloodnok chipping away the outer layer of the Neddie Seagoon in question.

SEAGOON:

Ooops! Mind what you're doing down there, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Silung. Gentlemen and Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

BLOODNOK:

After extensive tests, I have removed Seagoon's outer layer...

MORIARTY:

How painful!

BLOODNOK:

...and guess what I found underneath?

MORIARTY:

What!?

BLOODNOK:

A portrait of a man in his underwear.

MORIARTY:

No!

SEAGOON:

It's a lie!

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen, this Neddie Seagoon, is a forgery!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.....

SEAGOON:

Me? A forgery? This is a trick! A plot! A plit! Er... a trock... a plick... a trot... I'm Seddie Neagoon! I...!
I'll say that again. It's a kick... a plock... I'm Geggie Sea...!

GREENSLADE:

Excuse me, may I help?

SEAGOON:

Ah! A trained talker. Proceed.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. (LOUD AND CLEAR) It's a trick - a plot - I'm Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

CLANG OF DUSTBIN LID DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Got him.

GREENSLADE:

Ahhh!

MORIARTY:

Well done, Grytpype. So... Wallace the Greenslade is the original Neddie the Seagoon, overpainted with a portrait of a BBC announcer.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it'll... it'll take years to remove all those layers of Greenslading.

MORIARTY:

Oooohhhh...

SEAGOON:

I tell you, I am the original Neddie Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense! You're only a head and shoulders.

SEAGOON:

I'm a full-length portrait.

BLOODNOK:

No man your size could be a full-length...

SEAGOON:

I was 6 ft 3 when I was young, but I was struck by a lift.

MORIARTY:

Wait a minute! That may have gone well at the Palladium but listen to me... (DRAWS APPLAUSE).
Explain to me, Neddie, If you are an original Neddie Seagoon, why are you such a funny shape?

SEAGOON:

(PAUSES) I was done by Picasso.

MORIARTY:

Oooohhh...

GRYTPYPE:

Bloodnok, we're taking Greenslade to the only man who can tell us whether he's an original Greenslade or a fake Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Who's that?

GRYTPYPE:

John Snagge.

ORCHESTRA:

THIN CHORD - CHOKED CYMBAL

GRYTPYPE:

(BREATHLESS) We're back.

SEAGOON:

Well?

MORIARTY:

The Greenslade was a fake. After we removed the layers of green slade... look what we found underneath!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID UP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, captain.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, a genuine Blue Bottle by El Greco!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Jim El Greco of Finchley. I'm going to be hung in the National Gallery.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, I must get tickets. So, *you* were the person behind Greenslade!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I was the brains. I was just using his large-type front and posh-type talking act to work my way to a position of importance in the BBC.

SEAGOON:

Silly lad! There are no positions of importance in the BBC.

MORIARTY:

I agree. Now, Sapristi! The question is – where... oooooohhhhh... where is the Original Neddie Seagoon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My auntie's got an original Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Oooowwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

I've gotta go Ooowww. Listen! Little friend of man. Little nice... little nice cardboard mate.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oyeeee!

MORIARTY:

If I give you this quarter of dolly mixtures, would you show me this original?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SPELLBOUND) Cor! Dolly mixtures! Thinks: with that quarter of dolly mixture, I can show him the original thing.

MORIARTY:

Ooohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Follow me!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAA THIN CHORD. CYMBAL CRASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Part two.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening, madam. Erm... we understand you have an original.

MINNIE:

Ooaa, mn, oh, dear, mn, mn. Oh, come in, will you, I...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello Auntie. Hello, Auntie Min.

MINNIE:

It's young Bottle! Why aren't you at school, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's broken up for winter. They're using it as firewood.

MINNIE:

Oh, I love those old Etonian customs.

GRYTPYPE:

(RESTRAINED IMPATIENCE) Yes, yes, yes, madam.

MINNIE:

I've [UNCLEAR] them a million times.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Could we inspect the... er... original?

MINNIE:

I don't know where, Henry... he's behind a rosewood piano, you know. He's been there 18 years, I... he must need a shave, now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never mind, Auntie. I know where it is, it's in this dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID OFF

ECCLES:

Hallo!

GRYTPYPE:

This idiot isn't an original Seagoon.

ECCLES:

This idiot is the famous Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment. I recognise that thin veneer.

ECCLES:

Well!

BLOODNOK:

Quick! Get behind this X-ray screen.

ECCLES:

Right!

FX:

CONTINUOUS ELECTRIC BUZZER SOUND

ECCLES:

Oooh ooohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Just as I thought.

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He's had a plate of porridge for breakfast.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Feed line. (ALoud) How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

I can see the plate. Quick! Quick!

ECCLES:

Not a good...

BLOODNOK:

Chuck him in this bath of turpentine.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

(GURGGLING NOISES IN WATER)

MORIARTY:

Get him in. Get him in. Get him in.

BLOODNOK:

So...

ECCLES:

Oh! Here! Here! Help!

GRAMS:

SPLASH. THEN PRE-RECORDING:

GRAMS:

(HARRY) OOOOH... Help! Help!

BLOODNOK:

What?! Oh! What the...?

SEAGOON:

Help!

BLOODNOK:

Look! Just as I thought! The Eccles has washed away revealing an original Neddie Seagoon by Elder the Breughel.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish! That man is not an original Seagoon!

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) I'll have you know I am!'

SEAGOON 1:

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

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) Please don't do that full-face.

SEAGOON 1:

I... I... I... I... I can prove that I'm the original Seagoon. Listen: (SINGS BRIEF FAST SCALE)

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) (SINGS MUCH BETTER AND HIGHER) (SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Let that be a lesson to you, you impostor!

(BOTH SEAGOONS START ARGUING WILDLY, SPED UP)

SEAGOON 1:

Look, I'm not an imposter! I'm not an imposter!

SEAGOON 2:

[UNCLEAR] that face telling me you're not an imposter.

SEAGOON 1:

(SOUNDS LIKE) I've got to get an eye on it. I say!

SEAGOON 2:

[UNCLEAR] here! Wellll, my fellow with the face that ladies [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON 1:

I...

SEAGOON 2:

Follow the man [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON 1:

I can't hear him, what are you saying? Eh?

SEAGOON 2:

I don't wish to know this. Take that stomach off. I know you, you were struck by a lift when you were 12.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON 2:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

ECCLES:

Don't let him get away with it.

SEAGOON 2:

Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

SEAGOON 1:

That was no lady, that was my wife.

SEAGOON 2:

I don't wish to know that. I say, [UNCLEAR] in this theatre. Take that stomach off, now.

SEAGOON 1:

Get 'aht of it!

SEAGOON 2:

(SINGS)

BLOODNOK:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Look, stop! No, stop! Stop! Please, please, stop!

SEAGOON 2:

Little short, fat fellow with the glasses, 'e's been doing 'is nut.

BLOODNOK:

Stop, please. Just a moment, stand side by side. Now, listeners - dear listeners, take a good look - and decide which one you think is the... is the genuine Neddie Seagoon. The end follows almost immediately. Good-night. (MUTTERING, GOING OFF) I don't know how we get away with it...

ORCHESTRA:

'LUCKY STRIKE'

GREENSLADE:

(OVER MUSIC) 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 programme was produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG. TUNE UP TO END.

MAX & QUARTET:

'STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY'

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:

Frunkly, I do.

SECOMBE:

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

GREENSLADE:

I have. (CONSPIRATORIALLY) 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

GELDRAIY:

Max Geldray. Plugeee! Plugeee!

MAX GELDRAIY:

"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! Ahhahaha! 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:

Ohheoew. 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.

S7 E11 - The Telephone

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SEAGOON:

I say Greenslade, that's a bit near the knuckle.

GREENSLADE:

Never mind, Mr Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhh.... (UNDER GREENSLADE'S NEXT LINE).

GREENSLADE:

...never mind. Comfort yourself with a leading part in this daring sex drama...

MILLIGAN:

Awwwww...

GREENSLADE:

...entitled... "The Telephone".

MILLIGAN:

Sinful!

ORCHESTRA:

"OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE" BRIGHT BRASS BAND TYPE LINK ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH

SELLERS:

Act one, scene one. The North London GPO telephone manager's office.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SPRIGGS:

What's that, Jim?

NASAL VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Er... telephone call.

SPRIGGS:

Awww! So they've installed it at last, Jim. Call a meeting of all the people we keep especially for meetings. And make it three o'clock.

NASAL:

Right. I'll put the hands forward.

FX:

CLOCKWORK MECHANISM STARTING UP, RATCHETTING NOISE. BELL STRIKES THREE TIMES.

OMNES:

(HUBBUB OF VOICES) Oh, I, Thank you, thank you. Rhubarb, rhubarb. GPO telephone type rhubarb...

SPRIGGS:

Silence!

OMNES:

Custard, rhubarb.

SPRIGGS:

Silence. Silence members of the rhubarb society. Gentlemen, this first meeting of the telephone managers will be presided over, in his new underpants, by mister Jasper Bus at 6 4 10.

JASPER:

[SECOMBE]

Thank you, thank you. Settle down.

SPRIGGS:

Who's next, Jim?

FLOWERDEW:

There's somebody in my district who wants a phone.

OMNES:

Good heavens! Alarm, alarm. Rhubarb. Terrible. Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb. Ying tong iddle I po...

SPRIGGS:

Have you got the name of this sensual, pleasure loving devil?

FLOWERDEW:

Henry Albert Sebastopol Queen Victoria Crun!

SPRIGGS:

Disgusting!

FLOWERDEW:

I've held him off for eight years but my supplies of our printed refusal cards is running so low. The things they use them for, I tell you, I...

GREENSLADE:

Ahhh, may I inter... ahh... just a moment, please, may I interrupt here, gentlemen?

SPRIGGS:

You have. You have interrupted.

GREENSLADE:

I happen to know that Mr Crun is the inventor of the black telephone.

SPRIGGS:

The black...?

NORTH:

Rubbish! Argy bargy. What about Edison Bell?

GREENSLADE:

Edison Bell, sir, invented the *brown* telephone.

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen. If we know what's good for us, we'll give this chap, Crun, a telephone immediately.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TUNE AS BEFORE

SEAGOON:

Hello, listeners. The job of installing Crun's phone fell to me, Ned Seagoon!

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TUNE AS BEFORE

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you, ha ha. As you've guessed by that tune, I was the senior outdoor line layer, Uxbridge area.

GREENSLADE:

That is quite true.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon had just finished a brilliant military career by climbing over the wall at Aldershot. He arrived at Mr Cruns house.

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. DOOR OPENED.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, good morning, postman. Three pints, please.

SEAGOON:

No, no no, you don't understand, I've come to install a black telephone.

GRYTPYPE:

Four pints and a small brown.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I've only got a large black.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww. A large black? Sapristi bombet! What type talking are you doing, there?

SEAGOON:

I'm from the GPO.

MORIARTY:

We have nothing to hide.

GRYTPYPE:

And we have nothing to show either. But do come in, G'PO. You'll... umm...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) GPO, please.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll pardon the mess, we can't help it, really, we're bachelors, you know.

SEAGOON:

I see. Why don't you get married?

GRYTPYPE:

I would but Moriarty doesn't love me.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Um, ah, are you Mr Crun?

GRYTPYPE:

No, I'm... er... Grytpype Thynne, criminal by appointment to the royal household cavalry.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

SEAGOON:

Really? Why are you living in a hole in the ground?

GRYTPYPE:

Something to do with the shortage of money, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ohh. Mr Crun's moved then?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, to 17A Africa.

SEAGOON:

17A Africa. Hmmm. Can I get there down the Finchley Road?

GRYTPYPE:

Eventually, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd better write that down. E V E N C H E W, chew, A L Y – 'eventually'.

MORIARTY:

No, wait, wait, wait.

SEAGOON:

Right, goodbye.

MORIARTY:

No, not yet! Come back, little boiling bubble. Listen to me, before you go to 17A Africa.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Would you take this suspicious-looking brown paper parcel, wrapped in string and tied with newspaper?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. Certainly. Ok, Willium, 17A Africa and step on it!

FX:

MULTIPLE BOOTED FOOTSTEPS SPEEDING UP TO A RUN.

GREENSLADE:

Eight months later.

GRAMS:

STOMPING, CLAPPING CHANTING AFRICAN-SOUNDING SONG.

ECCLES:

(COMING IN ON SONG) A dum da dee.

FX:

BOOTS AT JOGGING PACE (FAST MARCH)

WILLIUM:

Oh, 'ere, mate, you sure we're still in the Finchley Road?

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Of course. Now, let's see. We've... we've used forty-eight thousand miles of cable. Willium, you'd better nip back to Acton for another telegraph pole.

WILLIUM:

Oh, mate, I'm fed up going back, I... port comes only from Prortingal, you know. It's dark when I gets home at night. And as soon as I gets back I has to turn round and cycle back here in the morning.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I see. It does seem a long way out here. Perhaps we should ask our way. Pardon me?

GELDRAY:

Sorry boy, I'm a stranger round here. Ploogee.

WILLIUM:

Cor, Max Geldray! Blimey, I'm off... (FADES)

MAX GELDRAI:

"AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'"

FX:

TOM-TOMS BEATING. SCRATCHING OF NIB ON PARCHMENT

SELLERS:

As Neddie staggered blindly through Africa, at the extreme end of the Finchley road, he little knew he was within a telephone call's throw of the British Telephone supply depot, Ulumgarla.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

FX:

RASPBERRY UNDERNEATH:

BLOODNOK:

Owww! Arghh! Oowwww! Oohhhh. Well, I can't sit here all day.

ABDUL:

Sahib! Sahib, sahib, sahib, sahib, sahib. A palladium-type comic-type gentleman has just collapsed in a heap outside.

BLOODNOK:

I know, I just tripped over that heap myself only this morning. Now lift up his wig and let's have a look at him.

SEAGOON:

Argghh, owwwl.

BLOODNOK:

Steady, lad. Fan him with a thermometer and put a copy of the Lancet under his head.

SEAGOON:

Arg oooh, oooh, argh...

ABDUL:

Ah, goodness gracious, he is... he is seriously unconscious Major.

BLOODNOK:

No wonder. I'll just lift that heavy wallet off him. (STRAINS)

FX:

RUSTLE OF BANK NOTES BEING COUNTED UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

(COUNTING RAPIDLY) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, thirty-three, thirty-five, thirty-eight, thirty-nine. No wonder, there were forty pounds pressing on his chest. Now we'll restore the circulation in his arms with the toad ointment.

SEAGOON:

Awww (COMING ROUND NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

Just put this pen in his hand and run it lightly over this cheque, there.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Ohh! Where am I?

BLOODNOK:

In the red.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens! A British bank manager.

BLOODNOK:

He... he's delirious. Hold him down while I force this brandy between my lips.

FX:

BUBBLES

BLOODNOK:

(GASP OF CATCHING BREATH) Yes, you... you look much better now, lad.

SEAGOON:

So do you. Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Now, if you'll pardon me, I'll just stand in this hole facing north.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

It's all the rage, you know.

SEAGOON:

Gad, It must be hell in there!

BLOODNOK:

Further down it is.

BLOODNOK:

Now, lad, what brings you from the steaming hell of Finchley?

SEAGOON:

I'm looking for the inventor of the telephone.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, that's Crun, Henry Crun. So you're looking for that cool, high stepping fool, are you? Him and his sensual Caucasian knee dancing. That's how he tempted poor Minnie away from me. Ohh, Min!

SEAGOON:

Oh! Come now, Major Dennis, please.

BLOODNOK:

What? Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Dry your tears on this marble statue of a handkerchief.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Poor Min. Abducted in the prime of her twilight. Oh, it... it's a long story. I... I remember it all started on the road to Mandaley.

SEAGOON:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) Where the flying fishes play and ya-owwwll...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. Yes, yes. Yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes. But... but that's your pigeon.

BLOODNOK:

So it is! How did it get out? Take this pigeon away and bring me a clothes brush.

SEAGOON:

Major, a simple question - where is 17A Africa?

BLOODNOK:

17A? You're on the wrong side of the continent.

SEAGOON:

Ohh.

BLOODNOK:

Odd numbers are right over on the other side.

SEAGOON:

Well, could you let me have two hunters and a safari to escort me?

BLOODNOK:

For a consideration.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. COIN IN TILL.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. You'll find them encamped in a hole in the ground at core-what-a-gonger.

SEAGOON:

Right. Right, goodbye, Major.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Sitting over an all night camp fire, awaiting the arrival of Seagoon, sit two all night sun tanned veterans of the safari.

GRAMS:

CRACKLE OF FIRE, HYENAS, OTHER NIGHT ANIMALS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Time for beddy-byes, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ok. I'll slip on my pyjamas.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why? Are they greasy?

ECCLES:

Ah, ha ha ha ho ho, hu hu ha ha ho. Ohhh, you made a funny joke, then. Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Shall I tell you another one, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I'd like that. Like, fine, fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I... I like telling stories... 'cause...

ECCLES & BLUEBOTTLE:

Telling stories is fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

This story is only for big boys.

ECCLES:

Oh. I'll put my hat on, then. Ok.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You won't tell my mum, will you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(SOFTLY) Oh, no, no. This is just between me and you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Ok, now, then. Go on, Bottle. Go on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I... I...

ECCLES:

Come on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

ECCLES:

Ah, ho ho hu hoooo! Oh, you naughty boy! Oh, ho ho, ah, hu ho! You naughty fella. Oh, it's a good job for you I'm a man of the world! Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Eh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That was not the end. It finishes up - "To get to the other side"

ECCLES:

Oh, ah. Wait a... no, no, no, no. That's... that's not as funny as the first one. Oh, dear, oh, dear. That was... that... that was was funny, Bottle. [UNCLEAR] funny, funny. "Why did the chicken cross the..."

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no.

ECCLES:

Oh, dear.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You do not appreciate my modern style back of match box type joking. I do not wish to discourse further.

ECCLES:

Oooh

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got other matters to think of.

ECCLES:

Oh, Bottle, steady, now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Arreeeye! There's something in my bed.

ECCLES:

The Phantom's struck again!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a crocodile!

ECCLES:

Oh, a crocodile, that's lucky.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(INCREDULOUS) A crocodile lucky?

ECCLES:

Of course he's lucky, he's got a bed to sleep in.

GRAMS:

CRICKETS IN BACKGROUND GETTING LOUDER UNDER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeehehheh. I'll just switch off the candle. "Switch!" Good night, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Good night, Bottle.

FX:

LIP SMACKING NOISES

GRAMS:

CRICKETS VERY LOUD, QUIET PURRING/SNORING

ECCLES:

(YAWN)(CHUCKLES) "Why did the chicken cross the road!" Oh, dear, dear. Oh, dear. That's real stag party stuff, Bottle'. You're a man of the world, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oh! (GURGLES TO HIMSELF) Bottle! Bluebottle! Bottle, don't laugh. Don't laugh, I'm in danger.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

Give me the gun, quick.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ALARMED) Why?!

ECCLES:

There's something moving on the end of my foot.

FX:

SHOT.

ECCLES:

That got rid of it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What was it?

ECCLES:

My toe!

FX:

RATTLING OF DOOR?

SEAGOON:

Excuse me.

ECCLES & BLUEBOTTLE:

(YELLING IN CONFUSION)

SEAGOON:

Silence! Shut...!

ECCLES:

Shut up, shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut up, Eccles!

(PAUSE)

SEAGOON:

Silen gablunden. Stop all this hern, hern, hoon, hoon. Who do you think you are?

ECCLES:

Napoleon.

SEAGOON:

You're Napoleon?

ECCLES:

No, but that's who I think I am.

SEAGOON:

If you're Napoleon, I'm the Duke of Wellington.

ECCLES:

Want a fight?

SEAGOON:

Listen, little glass of water. I'm Neddie Seagoon. I believe you're the two guides to take me to 17A Africa.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. We have got all your stores ready for the journey. Check!

ECCLES:

Check!

BLUEBOTTLE:

One knitted human bath chair. One long-playing record of a naked woman.

SEAGOON:

With clothes on, of course.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, her clothes are on the other side!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(LAUGH TOGETHER)

ECCLES:

Let's turn the record over.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aheee.

SEAGOON:

Then I trust you'll only play that record in the dark. Mr Ellington! A demonstration on your quonge.

ECCLES:

Ahhh, he's going to quonge.

ECCLES:

What's a quonge, Bottle?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS - "SINGIN' THE BLUES"

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GRAMS:

FROGS

FX:

HACKING AT BUSH NOISES

SELLERS:

With the sun directly overhead and the ground directly underfoot, telephone engineer Seagoon pushed forward to install the telephone before the rains came and the Jones' went.

SEAGOON:

We'll need a telegraph pole here. Bloodnok, hand me those two bananas from my binocular case.

BLOODNOK:

Here.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I say, that's funny, I can see a French sign. "Caution. Le-Sahara desert ahead. Le warning - No telephone engineers". I say, we can't stand for that!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Put up a British sign, immediately.

FX:

RHYTHMIC HAMMERING.

SEAGOON:

There! "No hawkers, no circulars".

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

I say, can't you read? "No hawkers, no circulars".

ELLINGA:

Me not a hawker.

SEAGOON:

Then you must be a circular. A-ha, ha, ha. Get that! If you're not a hawker, you'd be a circular! You must be... Ha, he... hahum. (PAUSE) English joke.

ELLINGA:

African silence.

SEAGOON:

Didn't they tell you, back in England I'm on the TV every week.

ELLINGA:

I know, that's why I come to Africa. Listen, little corny comic. Mr Crun sent me to find out if you've go a parcel for Moriarty, cor-blimey.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. I'd forgotten all about that.

ELLINGA:

So had the listeners. And that is why I mention it.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now listen, chief Ellinga, you show me where bwana Crun live.

ELLINGA:

Right, you follow me.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a little love nest at 17A Africa.

ORCHESTRA:

JAZZY UPBEAT SAXOPHONE SOLO, DRUM BEATING IN TIME WITH MUSIC

CRUN:

Min, Min, Min. Min, Min, Min.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STOPS

CRUN:

Min.

MINNIE:

What is it?

CRUN:

Min, stop playing that saxophone in Africa and put it back in the fridge. You know they go off in this weather.

FX:

EXPLOSION.

CRUN:

You see, there goes one now. Now Min, tonight you must wear your tiara and long raffia drawers.

MINNIE:

What for, Henry?

CRUN:

It's Henry's guest night, Min. And I shall entertain you with my sensual caucasian knee dancing.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! I'm fed up with your caucasian knee dance. The rolling your trousers up and klacking those knobbly knees together. Kickety knack, knacky, clip, clack clock...

CRUN:

You mean, my knees are losing their magic?

MINNIE:

Yes. I want to go back to Dennis Bloodnok, the bounder of Ropers Light Horse.

CRUN:

Don't you fear, mixed up creature., Min...

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Yip dit dit da, ya ar ardol, nee nar nin...

CRUN:

Stop that sinful wobbling, you.

MINNIE:

Sorry, Henry.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO INTRO CHORDS

MINNIE:

The first careless rapture is overdone.

MINNIE & HENRY:

(SINGS)

Someday I'll find you,
Moonlight behind you,
Turn to the dream I am dreaming.
Yes, I can hear you,
Your smile as it smiles.
Oooh!

GREENSLADE:

During this tender duet, approaching this scene is chief Ellinga, followed on foot by Eccles, Bluebottle and the head linesman from Finchley telephone exchange. These little snippets of information do help, don't they? Well, I won't hold up your fun any longer. If anybody wants me, I shall be in the residents' lounge.

FX:

RASPBERRY

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA, CYMBAL CRASH.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Here we are, 17A Africa and the end of the Finchley Road.

SEAGOON:

Right. Eccles, break the door down by inserting the key in the lock.

ECCLES:

Right, there!

FX:

RATTLE DOOR, OPEN

BLOODNOK:

Alright, you high stepping cool fool, you. Now where's that fair Minnie Banister?

MINNIE:

I haven't got the fare.

BLOODNOK:

Then, we shall have to waltz.

MINNIE:

Ta-da.

BLOODNOK:

Minnie, I'm taking you away from the squalor that you live in.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

To the squalor that I live in.

ORCHESTRA:

INTRO PIANO NOTES.

BLOODNOK & MINNIE:

(SINGS)

Someday I'll find you,
Moonlight behind you...

FX:

WALLOP

BLOODNOK & MINNIE:

Ahhhowww.

MINNIE:

I've been got! I've been got.

SEAGOON:

Well, that's one character less for Sellers to play.

CRUN:

Yes, have you got the parcel from Moriarty?

SEAGOON:

Yes I have, Henry. But first, where would you like your telephone?

CRUN:

In my study, please.

SEAGOON:

Where's that.

CRUN:

Inside my house in North Finchley.

GRAMS:

RAPID RUNNING OF BOOTS.

SEAGOON:

Arrrrrrrrggggggghhhh arrghhhhhh arggggh.

GREENSLADE:

I say, that *was* a bit of bad luck for Mr Seagoon, wasn't it? And now, of course, I know you're all wondering what was in that brown paper parcel. Well, goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

END 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, program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

Notes:

1) Full lyrics (Noel Coward)... "Some day I'll find you. Moonlight behind you. True to the dream I am dreaming. As I draw near you you'll smile a little smile; For a little while we shall stand hand in hand."

S7 E12 - The Flea

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas. Additions by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Ladies and gentlemen, The Goon Show.

FX:

LOTS OF SELLERS-TYPE PIANO MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Gad! Didn't that music do something to you, Wallace?

GREENSLADE:

No, but I'd like to do something to that music.

SEAGOON:

What? You realise, of course, you're talking of Peter Sellers, the world's greatest outdoor pianist? Did you hear that build up I gave you, Mr. Sellers?

SELLERS:

(VROOM-BRRRRRRR-TYPE CAR NOISE)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) I say... Don't tell me you're down to *that* in motorcars?

SELLERS:

No, I've just ordered a new Super-Spon Reversal Senna-pod twelve horse power convertible. I was only making that noise until it arrived. Then it can do it for me. (BRRRRRR CAR-TYPE NOISE)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) How jolly for you, Fred Sellers.

SELLERS:

Hup!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, if you'll kindly stop sticking pins in that clay model of Lew Grade, we'll persuood (STUMBLES) to the hern hern and the hern. This week the play is entitled...

FX:

GREAT BUILD UP FANFARE

SEAGOON:

I've forgotten what it was, now. (GIGGLES)

GREENSLADE:

Allow me...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, OVER) Al-ow ow ow...

GREENSLADE:

...allow me, you silly little nit.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, GARBLED)

SECOMBE:

(OFF) What? (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

GREENSLADE:

We present... We present The Flea. (DRAMATIC MUSSORGSKY-TYPE SINGING) Ah, ha, ha, The Flea.
Ah,ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha, The Flea.

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

FX:

MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The year, 1665. 1665? Good heavens, I must hurry! I'll miss my bus!

FX:

QUILL AND PARCHMENT NOISES

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) December, 1665. Did rise, betimes. Finding much snow without, did put on my belly binder and warm knees. Sported thereafter with Mrs. Fitzsimmons and did high me later to Ward's coffee house to break my fast.

FX:

FANFARE

OMNES:

(MURMUR)

DAISY:

[SELLERS]

(CAMP) Oh, good morrow, Master Pepys. Cappuccino?

SEAGOON:

No. Just coffee, Daisy.

DAISY:

Black or white?

SEAGOON:

White, with a dash of milk.

DAISY:

Oh, ho-ho! You tease!

SEAGOON:

Now, with whom can I make gossip, this chilly morn? I see nobody, though, and nobody sees me. What a coincident, egad, spon, to be sure, hern hern, hi diddle dee, needle nardle noo, splin splan splon, ying tong iddle-i-po. And remember, you've got to go owwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

How very interesting that was.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I didn't see you standing in that coffee pot.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, we had the lid down.

SEAGOON:

We? Where's your friend?

GRYTPYPE:

He's up the spout.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww. You got to go owwwwwww!

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR]. He's just been owwwwwed.

FX:

FANFARE

GELDRAVY:

Hi!

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, you will excuse this steaming Gaul. He is, er, given to short temper as he has no lodgings for the night.

SEAGOON:

Oh! I can't see a French Count sleeping in the street.

MORIARTY:

Of course not, I've got up now! Owwww, owwww, oww.

GRYTPYPE:

He's just been oww again!

SEAGOON:

I should like to accomodate you for the night, but...

MORIARTY:

We accept!

GRYTPYPE:

I second that! Moriarty, go and pack the jam tins.

MORIARTY:

I am gonna go an' go an' erm... owwwwooooowwoowo...

FX:

QUILL AND PARCHMENT NOISES

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) Did return home with the two gentlemen. Did not sport with Mrs. Fitzsimmons owing to the cold weather and the presence of the French Count and his manager who occupied my second best bed.

GRYTPYPE:

You... you heard that nice gentleman, Moriarty, put on your second best pyjamas.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww...

GRYTPYPE:

There he goes again. He never thinks of anything else, these days. By the way, Moriarty, did you notice the brass name plate on our host's door?

MORIARTY:

Yes! I've got it here!

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm, you clever... you clever little vandal, you! You see what it says: "Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Navy". We couldn't have picked a better Charlie for our plan.

MORIARTY:

Hoiooioioiooooo! Owwwoooooow. Sapristi nadgers! If it works, we'll get rich beyond the dreams of Olwen! Oheoooo! The money! The moolah! The grisby! Owwwwwyee. Owww owww owww owww.

GRYTPYPE:

He's gonna have one of his turns again.

SEAGOON:

Is he?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd better go, then.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

MORIARTY:

He's gone!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, where's François, the flea?

MORIARTY:

François, the flea, is inside my sock. He likes to travel on foot! Hoihoihoihoioooooo! Hoi!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty, are you sure this flea is reliable?

MORIARTY:

Reliable? Mon rippers! This flea has bitten all the crown heads of Europe - and sometimes lower than that!

GRYTPYPE:

You mean that this flea has royal blood?

MORIARTY:

Oouiiii, oouiiii.

GRYTPYPE:

In that case he might be fussy. We shall have to blindfold him. He must never know who he's biting. Let's have a look at him.

MORIARTY:

I'll just unchain him. Voyla!

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm! Let's see him jump.

MORIARTY:

Right! François, hup!

FX:

BOING BOING BOING BOING BOING

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Steady, steady. Save your energy, boy. Save it! Steady, steady. Whooooaa.

GRYTPYPE:

I see he favours the western role. Now, action, Moriarty! Chain him to your nightshirt.

MORIARTY:

Right!

FX:

CHAINS

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Ahh, ah, ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, during the night, on a given signal, François will bite you...

MORIARTY:

Owww. I'm too young!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, the reward will be great! You'll be able to retire François to stud on a dog of his own. He'll be able to go...

MORIARTY:

Oooww, oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, off you go to ninny-byes while I strum Max Geldray.

MORIARTY:

(OVER MAX) Oooww, Max Geldray...

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MORIARTY:

Thank you. And now: (YOWLS IN PAIN) Ooooiohohooo!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

MORIARTY:

(OVER) My pectorals!

SEAGOON:

What ails... What ails my many screaming guests?

GRYTPYPE:

Mr. Pepys! The Count Jim "Thighs" Moriarty has been bitten by one of your English fleas.

MORIARTY:

Yes! This means war!

SEAGOON:

A physic on you! There are no fleas in my house.

GRYTPYPE:

No? Moriarty, bend down and show the gentleman the bites.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense! This bedding is flea free. It's burnt twice a day!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh! Then what's this on the sheets?

SEAGOON:

Let me see... (READING) Siberian Railways.

MORIARTY:

Proof positive! No wonder there's fleas.

GRYTPYPE:

Master Pepys, I must warn you. Anything you take down will be up-rooted, replanted in Trafalgar Square and used in evidence against you.

FX:

TA-DAAAAA

GELDRAÏ:

Hi!

FX:

QUILL AND PARCHMENT NOISES

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) Fifth of December. Did sport with Mrs Fitsimmonds and then to the law courts.

FX:

ORCHESTRA TUNING UP, FOLLOWED BY A GAVEL

ELLINGTON:

Silence! Silence in court. Silence. The court will now rise for the Lord Chief Justice, Jim Spriggs.

OMNES:

(MOANS) Er, Rhubarb! Rhubarb rhubarb.

SPRIGGS:

Please, be seated, please. The case is come to Jim "Thighs" Moriarty, minister without underpants, versus the British Crown, *with* underpants. Will the plaintiff open the case?

PLAINTIFF:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) My lord, we claim damages of forty thousand golden crowns for the savage attack by an English flea residing under the roof of Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Navy.

SPRIGGS:

Ahhh. Well acted! Now then, what is a Navy?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) A Navy, my lord, is an army entirely surrounded by water!

SPRIGGS:

Silence! Silence, please, or I'll have the court cleared.

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, very much. Now then, what makes you think the British Crown should pay for this... Flea bite?

GRYTPYPE:

It was a British flea, my lord.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING AGAIN) My lord! I object! I move that the flea's nationality be proven before this case proceeds!

SPRIGGS:

Agreed! Call the flea!

ELLINGTON:

The flea!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) The flea!

SELLERS:

(OFF) The flea!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING TOWARD US

WILLIUM:

(OVER, AS HORSE SLOWS TO A STOP) Wooooa, wooa, mate. Woooo-ooh-oh.

SPRIGGS:

Great Jupiter, mate. Is that thing a flea?

WILLIUM:

No, it's an 'orse, mate.

SPRIGGS:

A horse?

WILLIUM:

Yes.

SPRIGGS:

Take his hat off.

WILLIUM:

There.

SPRIGGS:

You're right, it is a horse. Where... where's the flea?

WILLIUM:

He's on the 'orse, mate. I thought he'd get here quicker that way, you see.

SPRIGGS:

I see. Now then, as he's not riding side saddle I presume he's a male flea...

WILLIUM:

Yeah, yes.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, ha. Will the flea... will the flea raise his right leg and swear to tell the truth.

FX:

BOING BOING

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Thank you, thank you. Now, Mr. Pepys, will you please take the... the flea in the palm of your right hand and see if you can identify him.

SEAGOON:

(STILL SHOUTING) My lord! I can honestly say, I have never seen this flea before in my life! I claim that he is a foreigner!

OMNES:

(MOANS) Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, suppose they discover François is French?

GRYTPYPE:

Impossible! I destroyed his passport, I tell you.

SPRIGGS:

Silence! It is the opinion of this court that the flea will re... will remain in custody while a description of him is circulated to Interpol.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, I spring forward at this moment to mention to those of you who have not been in jug on the Continent that Interpol is an international organisation of policemen. I do hope you find these little snippets of information helpful. If they are, then my job has been well worthwhile.

FX:

FANFARE

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Continue, please...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) And now, The Flea, part two. In which Moriarty and Grytpype high them to a flea circus with a plan.

MINNIE:

Roll up!

CRUN:

Roll up!

MINNIE:

Roll up!

CRUN:

See the greatest flea circus on earth...

MINNIE:

Every one hand picked, buddy!

CRUN:

Come and see War and Peace done by a cast of fleas.

MINNIE:

Roll up.

CRUN:

Flea dialogue with human subtitles.

MINNIE:

Roll up.

CRUN:

Roll up.

MINNIE:

Roll up, you people.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that Moriarty? A flea circus.

MORIARTY:

Yes, let's go and buy one quickly.

GRYTPYPE:

Buy one? What do you think I've brought this dog along for?

MORIARTY:

Explain to me and the listeners.

GRYTPYPE:

We're going to look for a British flea with exactly the same markings as François.

MORIARTY:

And then we change them over.

GRYTPYPE:

There goes the plot, listeners. Come, let's go and recon.

FX:

DRUM ROLL

CRUN:

Ladies and gentlemen, the hero of tonight's performance of War and Peace is the wonder flea, star of knee, thigh and chest, who has just returned from a highly successful tour of Mrs. Fitzsimmons. Here he is, Little Jim!

FX:

DOGS BARKING, BOING BOING BOING BOING BOING BOING

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, hand me those lorgnettes. What luck! Little Jim is the living image of François, even to the scar on his chin.

MORIARTY:

What now?

GRYTPYPE:

After the performance we take this shaggy dog backstage. No flea could resist a ride on a dog like this.

MORIARTY:

You're right...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Er, excuse me, please. Excuse me, just a moment. Excuse me, please.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, at this stage the BBC are concerned about the possibility of this show causing listeners some, erm, irritation. I should like to state, therefore, that there are no real fleas taking part in this programme. The parts of all the fleas are taken by small grasshoppers, painted black.

SECOMBE:

Have you done?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

December the sixth.

FX:

QUILL AND PARCHMENT

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) Did sport with Mrs. Fitzsimmons.

MILLIGAN:

Owwwwww...

SEAGOON:

And, being suspicious of Grytpype Thynne, I did place two stalwart guards outside the accused flea's cell in Newgate Prison.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS AND JANGLING KEYS. BOING, BOING, BOING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever guarded a flea before, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No. This is the first big job I had. Just a minute... (OFF) Hoi!

FX:

BOING

ECCLES:

That made him jump! Did you hear that? Doing! That's him, when he goes... Doing! He goes... he goes doing! Doing, he goes that all the time. He goes the lum...

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a naughty, cruel thing, Eccles. You should not do that! You may have fleas of your own one day.

ECCLES:

Oohhh, I'm... I'm sorry Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Lance Corporal Bottle, to you!

ECCLES:

Sorry, Lance Corporal Bottle to you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I should jollyd well think so, too! Stand... Stand to cardboard attention!

ECCLES:

Owwwowowow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Chin up! Chest in!

ECCLES:

But it hurts!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: I will teach this naughty man a lesson. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Raise right leg!

ECCLES:

OK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, raise left leg.

ECCLES:

Right. (SILENT PAUSE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh! How is it that you got three legs, Eccles?

ECCLES:

'Cause the forth one fell off. (SHORT PAUSE) Oww, oow... (GIGGLES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(GIGGLES)

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, wait a minute. What are you laughing at?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well I don't like to be left behind.

ECCLES:

Well, well.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, we've given them enough Terrance Rattigan-type dialogue. It's time to exercise our flea-type prisoner. Private Eccles, open flea pit!

FX:

CREAK OF FLEA PIT HINGES

ECCLES:

(OVER) Oohh! Here, do you think it's safe to take his leg shackles off?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not worry, Eccles. I will keep him covered with this flea powder.

ECCLES:

Oh, dear. OK, well, I'll... I'll run the flea round the yard on his lead.

FX:

BOING, BOING, BOING, BOING, BOING

ECCLES:

(OVER) Oh, oh! Steady! Wooo. Wooo, stop, please. Wooo, steady, steady now. Woa, woa. Woa, woa.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeoeah! Eccles, don't let him come near me! I don't want to be bited. I'm an East Finchley-type boy and... there are no fleas in East Finchley. Flealess Fincherly, they call it! Eeehehe! I don't like this game! I'm all itchy-coo!

GREENSLADE:

Er, listeners, we should like to reassure you once again that at no stage in this drama do genuine fleas take part. Before commencing it, all actors were searched by John Snagge. To allow you to relax here is Ray Ellington and his DDT quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

1812 OVERTURE

SEAGOON:

1812? And in 1665! Ahahaha! So much for humour. Well, now.

FX:

QUILL AND PARCHMENT

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) December the splon. Did sport with Mrs Fitzsimmons. Haa-mm. Suddenly...

FX:

DOOR OPENING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(PANICKY) Captain, Mr. Pepys, sir...! (POLITELY) Hello, Mrs. Fitzsimmons. (PANICKY AGAIN) Captain, two men crept up on us from behind and overpowered us with a quarter of Pontefract cakes.

SEAGOON:

They nearly had you on the run!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! Then, thinking that I... that... em... Thinking that they had made us unconcious with the dredded Prontelfracts, they switched fleas and made off with our one! (POLITELY AGAIN) Hello, Mrs. Fitzsimmons.

SEAGOON:

So! Moriarty's flea *was* a forigener! We must stop it leaving the country or the crown will lose the case. To the military!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ENTHUSIASTIC) To the Millingtree! (AGAIN POLITELY) Good-bye, Mrs. Fitzsimmons.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohooooooo! Ohhohooo! Ohhh! Oh, you caught me out then, lads, you did!

FX:

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

BLOODNOK:

Ooohohhoo! Out the back, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, dear. Ohoho! (OFF) Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Ah, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoho! Oho!

SEAGOON:

Helllloo, Mrs. Fitzsimmons! (TO BLOODNOK) Any signs of these men, with the fugitive flea?

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no.

SEAGOON:

It's not good enough, Major!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Are your men reliable?

BLOODNOK:

Myuk!? My men reliable? My...? Captain Caruthers. Tell him.

CARUTHERS:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhh... well... er... they are... er... eraahhh... men, sir. Ahhh... you see, er... well... aaaaahhhhhh, I... I... I... I suppose they arrrrrhhhh. Well, um... you... ahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhh...

BLOODNOK:

Well, Seagoon. Does *that* answer your question?

SEAGOON:

I can't remember what the question was.

CARUTHERS:

Neither can I!

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Excuse me a moment, Major!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

CARUTHERS:

What? Yeahhhhh...

FX:

DOOR CLOSING, FOLLOWED BY QUILL AND PARCHMENT

SEAGOON:

(WRITING) I retired to adjacent room, where I did briefly sport with Mrs. Fitzsimmons.

FX:

DOOR OPENING/CLOSING

CARUTHERS:

(OVER AND OFF) Oh, not again!

SEAGOON:

Ahemm. Well now, Major Bloodnok. We suspect that the, er, foreign flea might be an exact replica of the flea I've got in this horse box.

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! What cunninnng.

McGREGOR:

[ELLINGTON]

(OFF) Er, excuse me, Major. A company of my highlanders have caught two men trying to slip past on a banana skin.

BLOODNOK:

Bring them in, McGregor!

SEAGOON:

How did *he* get in a Scottish regiment?

BLOODNOK:

He lied about his age.

McGREGOR:

Come on! Come on, you two, there! Come on! Come on, get in here, you two. Come on.

MORIARTY AND GRYPPE:

(MOANS OF RESENTMENT)

GRYTPYPE:

Stop pushing us! Don't push.

McGREGOR:

Come on!

MORIARTY:

Ahhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Steaming nit!

McGREGOR:

Get up.

MORIARTY:

Take your filthy hand of my filthy neck.

McGREGOR:

Make one false step and I'll report you to Victor Sylvester.

MORIARTY:

Oowwww.

SEAGOON:

That's him! I recognise him by his...

MORIARTY:

Oow!

SEAGOON:

Now. Where's that French flea?

GRYTPYPE:

Outside on a sheepdog.

FX:

DOOR OPENING, DOGS BARKING

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Forty long haired sheepdogs! Which one is he on?

BLOODNOK:

I'll soon find him – in a military way! Dogs, from the right, number!

OMNES:

WOOFs OF VARIOUS TYPES UNTIL... HOWWWWL!

BLOODNOK:

That's the one, that's the one! Search him!

FX:

BOING

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ahhh! Now, into the dustbin with him.

FX:

CLANG

BLOODNOK:

Ha! Got him!

MORIARTY:

They've got the flea in there!

SEAGOON:

We've got him there! Well, Grytpype, ahahahaha, this is the end of your nefarious career!

MORIARTY:

Ooowww!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and yours!

SEAGOON:

(RISING IN PITCH) What? (LOW PITCHED) What do you mean?

GRYTPYPE:

Mr. Pepys, we've found a diary. Let me read you a sample extract. (READING) December the third. Whilst the King was away, did sport madly with Nell Gwyn.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWS) Oh, come, chaps, you're joking! Hahaha-nelly! Let's forget everything, eh? L-l-l-l-l-l-lets go owwww, together! Ahahaha!

MORIARTY:

Yes. For one thousand pounds.

SEAGOON:

Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

He's just been oooooooooowwwww'd.

MORIARTY:

One thousand ponds...

FX:

CLOSING MUSIC

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwwwwwww!

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 Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

NOTES:

Samuel Pepys (pronounced "peeps") was a real historical figure, with a real historical diary, which is well-known for some real historical reason. In addition to having been Secretary of the Navy, he's known as the publisher of Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia Mathematica" (1666), the book which founded modern science. Also, Nell Gwyn was an actual mistress of Charles II, the king at the time.

When Moriarty says "we'll get rich beyond the dreams of Olwen", this is a reference to the late 1940s film, "Dream of Olwen". It also went under the title "While I live".

Lorgnettes are a pair of eyeglasses or opera glasses with a short handle.

S7 E13 - Six Charlies in Search of an Author

Transcribed by Josh Hayes, adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

MILLIGAN:

Well said.

SEAGOON:

Wal. Walter Greenslade. Where do you get your advance information from?

GREENSLADE:

I sit in the Stranger's Gallery at Rowton House.

SEAGOON:

You're no stranger to Rowton House. I see you there every night.

GREENSLADE:

Soooo! You see through my Sir William Roots tramp disguise!

SEAGOON:

Yes. And the penalty is announcing The Goon Show.

MILLIGAN:

Ooh, horrors!

GREENSLADE:

Right... The Goon Show.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. It's hardly worth your while comin' here, is it, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Ahh, my dear Secombe.

(RASPBERRY)

GREENSLADE:

There's much more, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ooh, well done. Where? What? What? Tell us.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, because, you see...

MILLIGAN:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

...this week it's Jim Spriggs' immortal book,

MILLIGAN:

Yes?

SELLERS:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

'Six Charlies in Search of an Author'.

GRAMS:

DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYED AT VARYING SPEEDS

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Chapter One. Neddie meets Grytpype-Thynne.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! I'm supposed to meet Grytpype-Thynne in Chapter One! I... I... I'd better hurry!

FX:

FRANTIC BANGING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, you must be the Charlie I'm supposed to meet in Chapter One.

SEAGOON:

Correct.

GRYTPYPE:

What a thrilling start.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

There's one in every family.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? bock bock cluck bugock (GOES ON DOING CHICKEN IMPRESSION, THEN STOPS)

(A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE)

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind facing... do you mind facing west when you do that, it gets all over me. Now, to whom do I owe the pleasure of this nauseating visit?

SEAGOON:

The author.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course, you must excuse me, I'm only new in this book, really.

SEAGOON:

I see. What part do you play?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm a bone specialist.

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Bones.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) I haven't got any bones.

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense, nonsense, you'd fall down without them. You'd fall *down* without them.

SEAGOON:

You'd fall down without *them*.

GRYTPYPE:

You'd fall down without them.

SELLERS:

(HERN) Take yer choice. (NORMAL – OFF) I know...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Handy.

GRYTPYPE:

I know for a fact that you have a large number of them tucked away somewhere.

SEAGOON:

Have you been prying into my family album of X-rays?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, tell him what you found.

MORIARTY:

Ah, sapristi spon, I will! Mister Seagoon... (AT AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Quiet, please! We're getting nowhere fast tonight! So a Merry Christmas to you all!

SELLERS:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] ...in a good spirit, there.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi spon, let me tell you Mister Seagoon, we have a very compromising X-ray photograph of two sets of bones! Yours - and a lady's!

SEAGOON:

It's a lie! We're just good friends! Ahem. How much do you want for that X-ray?

GRYTPYPE:

Ten pounds, Neddie, to be paid in money before Chapter Ten!

MORIARTY:

Yes! And don't try and slip past us, Neddie, because we've got an armed man in the index!

SEAGOON:

Curses! So they're going to catch me by the index! Oh, dear readers, here am I, due to marry the beautiful millionairess, Gladys Minkwater, in Chapter Eight!

MINNIE:

Ooowwww!

SEAGOON:

Before then I must get that compromising X-ray photograph back! Ten pounds they want, eh?
(CHUCKLES) Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI ROARING UP

SEAGOON:

The nearest pawn shop. Put your foot down and keep your flag up.

WILLIUM:

Right, mate.

GRAMS:

TAXI UP AND EXPLOSION, RUBBLE FALLING

WILLIUM:

I got it, mate, that's three bob on the clock.

SEAGOON:

Right. Here's a pound for your trouble.

WILLIUM:

I ain't got no trouble, mate.

SEAGOON:

You have now, mate, that pound's a forgery.

WILLIUM:

Oooohhww, mate! Ohhww!

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL TINKLES

HENRY:

Good morning, sir, welcome to Chapter Two.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, I should like to pawn myself.

HENRY:

I'm sorry, we don't take antiques here.

SEAGOON:

Have a care, old prune-faced fossil.

HENRY:

Owwwwww!

SEAGOON:

I'm not an antique. Look! Here's the date of my birth stamped on the bottom!

HENRY:

OoooOOOOoooh. This is a Welsh birthmark. Go up to the fourth floor, room three.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

CLIMBING MANY FLIGHTS OF STEPS, NED PUFFS AND GROANS

SEAGOON:

Fourth floor.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

What is it, sir?

SEAGOON:

I'd like to pawn myself.

HENRY:

Who sent you up here?

SEAGOON:

You did!

HENRY:

Then you've come to the right man. Get into this lift.

GRAMS:

LIFT DOOR OPENS, WINCH STARTS UP.

MINNIE:

Going down. Page 18. 17. Page 16, yim bumble dee ooooh. 15. Chapter 1, Crun's pawnshop. Seagoon enters and pawns himself. Oh, it's a very small part for me this week.

HENRY:

[UNCLEAR], Min, you naughty...

SEAGOON:

We're back where we started. What did you send me up to the 4th floor for?

HENRY:

To get me.

SEAGOON:

To get you? Wait a minute - how did you get up there before me?

HENRY:

(CACKLING) I skipped a couple of pages! (CACKLES SOME MORE THEN HAS AN ATTACK)

SEAGOON:

I've got a good mind to tell the author.

HENRY:

No, no, don't do that, he might have me killed off in a later chapter, don't...

SEAGOON:

Now look, Mister Crun, how much money will you give me on me?

HENRY:

Well, first I must scrutinise you with an intense scrute. Just take your clothes off.

MINNIE:

I made the room, first, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Hi! There!

HENRY:

Now like under this magnifying glass.

SEAGOON:

Ooh! It's cold, isn't it? Ooh! There! How do I look?

HENRY:

Ohhhhh, even bigger! Just stand on these scales, please.

GRAMS:

CABLES STRETCH, SPRING BOINGS

HENRY:

18 stone.

SEAGOON:

Shall I put the other leg on now?

HENRY:

No, no, no, no. As deadweight alone I'll offer you ten pounds, you'll come in useful for filling in holes.

SEAGOON:

Done!

HENRY:

You certainly have been! (CACKLES OFF) Did you hear that joke, did you?

SEAGOON:

Ten years ago.

HENRY:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Now, where's the money?

HENRY:

There, ten pounds in crisp green farthings.

SEAGOON:

Ta. Goodbye!

HENRY:

No, wait, wait, you can't go 'til someone comes to redeem you.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) What?

HENRY:

Kindly step into this safe and Geldray, play me the key.

MAX GELDRAV:

Ploogee!

MAX GELDRAV:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

FX:

TYPING UNDER...

SPRIGGS:

Six Charlies in search of an author, folks. Chapter Three, in which I see fit to have the character Neddie Seagoon still inside Crun's fiendish pawnshop safe.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY THROUGHOUT SCENE) Yes, dear readers. Inside the safe all was dark. I took out a book of matches and began to read it. Page one: to ignite match, detach one and strike it against bottom.

GRAMS:

SCRRRRRITCH

SEAGOON:

Whoop! By the light of my burning trousers I could see that...

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY THROUGHOUT SCENE) Put that light out! Put that light out, my good man! Put that... ooh! Who put that light out? Who put that light out? Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles! Shut up... Who put the light out? (GABBLES A BIT)

SEAGOON:

The idiot stranger was a complete idiot stranger to me. He was tall and carried a cement sack with an outlet at the base. His legs were neat and carefully pressed. And on his head he wore a rubber dinghy with a hand-made cardboard peak.

ECCLES:

Hallo, Neddie. Have you pawned yourself?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm pledge number 32. Have you got a pledge number?

ECCLES:

No, no. I only pawned my socks.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Then why don't you go home?

ECCLES:

I can't get my boots off.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITER

SPRIGGS:

(OVER TYPING - ECHOEY) Chapter Four, in which Seagoon has a brilliant idea.

SEAGOON:

(OVER BANGING ON SAFE DOOR) Mister Crun! Let me out! I had a brilliant idea!

HENRY:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

I want to redeem myself.

HENRY:

Certainly.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Ten pounds, please.

GRAMS:

TILL, COINS

HENRY:

Ahh..

SEAGOON:

Now to buy back that compromising X-ray photograph. Where did I put that... ten pounds! The ten p... The t... It's gone! I've been robbed! What happens now, Mister Greenslade? I *must* know!

ECCLES:

We must know.

GREENSLADE:

Well, you see, I hate peeking at the end of the book, but in Chapter Seven Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty ship the compromising X-ray photograph in a plain wrapper to an art connoisseur in Paris.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME, SLOWS AT THE END

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, boys. That just gave me time to smuggle her out of the room.

FX:

RATTLING OF DOOR

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie! Ohh! Ohhh, naughty postcards? I've never heard of them, I tell you! How dare you come in here and offer me money for these postcards over there which are not here!

SEAGOON:

Major, enough of this needle nardle noo!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhh!

SEAGOON:

Major, please.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

For the compromising X-ray photo of myself and a lady, how much do you want?

BLOODNOK:

Ten thousand francs.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) AhhooooooooOOOOooo!

BLOODNOK:

He's fainted in the direction of down! Doris, darling?

THROAT:

Yes, darling?

BLOODNOK:

Help me lift him in the direction of up.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

ooOOOulp. I... I haven't got ten thousand francs.

BLOODNOK:

What?!

THROAT:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Throw him in the direction of out.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! I *have* got ten pounds!

BLOODNOK:

Put him in the direction of down again. Wait, don't turn over the page yet, I... I recognise that wallet. It's young Private Needle Seagoon, retired. My ex-batman and spon runner, Oooowww!

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, for the benefit of those of you who don't know what a 'spon runner' is - neither do I. I just want you to know that you are not alone. Wallace is one of you.

ECCLES:

Ooh!

GREENSLADE:

And now, Chapter Seven, page seventy-two. Seagoon does not recognise Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! I didn't recognise you in that false room.

BLOODNOK:

Well I was only wearing it to keep the rain off. I wouldn't wear it out of doors, of course.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Let me help you off with it.

BLOODNOK AND SEAGOON:

(GROANING EFFORT NOISES)

FX:

A COUPLE OF THUDS

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Good heavens, we're outside and it's raining in the direction of down.

SEAGOON:

You'd better put your room on in the direction of on.

BLOODNOK:

(GROANING EFFORT NOISES)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Oh, that's better. It's much warmer with this direction on. Now Neddie, pull up a chair and sit down.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather stand if you don't mind.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, pull up a floor, then.

SEAGOON:

Major, please, don't...

BLOODNOK:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Don't joke. (BOTH START LAUGHING, RASPBERRY BLOWN)

BLOODNOK:

Pardon me, I'm... Sorry. I can't help it, you know.

SEAGOON:

Major, please don't. I must have that compromising X-ray photo.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR]. I can't help it, I'm afraid. It... it's in that safe and Grytpype has the key. And there's nothing on this page we can open it with.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I'll write something in. Let me see, erm...

FX:

TYPING

SEAGOON:

'Looking around the room that Bloodnok was wearing, Neddie's eye lit upon the following: one 18-foot crowbar and one sledgehammer'.

BLOODNOK:

What a splendid piece of descriptive writing! Now, who's going to do all the work?

FX:

TYPING

SEAGOON:

'Without hesitation, brave Bloodnok picked up the crowbar and began to force open the safe'.

GRAMS:

METALLIC CLANGING

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ooh, you cad Edward, making me do all that. Give me that typewriter, will you?

FX:

TYPING

BLOODNOK:

'Neddie, horrified at the sight of a retired Indian Army Major labouring, snatched the crowbar and set to work himself'.

SEAGOON:

(GROANS, WORKING NOISES, CLANGING GOES ON AGAIN) It's starting to give!

SPRIGGS:

(FROM OFF) Hello! Who are you, you two characters? Stop! Stop, I say!

BLOODNOK:

It's a copper.

SPRIGGS:

I'm not a policeman!

BLOODNOK:

I beg your pardon, madam.

SPRIGGS:

I'm not a policewoman, either!

BLOODNOK:

I say, you're cutting it rather fine, aren't you?

SEAGOON:

The newcomer was a small pair of pince-nez spectacles, tied in a writing desk with the drawers open.

SPRIGGS:

Put a curb on your tongue, below.

SEAGOON:

Tongue, tongue.

SPRIGGS:

I am Jim Spriggs, author of this book. I put you in it!

SEAGOON:

Right in it!

SPRIGGS:

Silence!

BLOODNOK:

Look here, if you're the author, couldn't you have made me a little younger?

SPRIGGS:

What?

BLOODNOK:

I mean, in... in Chapter Three I met a delightful young lady but alas, me fires had gone out.

SPRIGGS:

Do not worry.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SPRIGGS:

I've made sure you don't get any older.

BLOODNOK:

(RELIEVED) Oh!

SPRIGGS:

On the next page you're run over by a steamroller, lad!

BLOODNOK:

Ooowwww!

SEAGOON:

Mister author, I implore you, I've got to get that safe open!

SPRIGGS:

Fear not, Little Jim! (SINGS) Fear not, Little Jimmmmm! (NORMAL) I'll write you a new character who will assist you.

FX:

TYPING

SPRIGGS:

'The door opened'.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SPRIGGS:

'And a virile figure leapt into the centre of the room'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, captin! Springes into centre of room. Springe!

SPRIGGS:

Stay a moment, steaming lad. Did I write *you* in?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

SPRIGGS:

It's no good. I shall have to go to the country for a long rest.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SEAGOON:

And who are you, little blotchy lad?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will show you. Moves right, keeping hole in seat of trousers away from vulgar gaze of audience. Now, then. Whip! Whip! Whip! Takes off false boots revealing... false feet!

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT TA-DAAA WITH CYMBAL

MILLIGAN:

Hoy!

SEAGOON:

So that's who you are.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Footo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Footo! Secret agent Bluebottle, the mastermind behind the second Finchley wolf cubs!

SEAGOON:

Yes. But can you blow open the safe?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Just you watch me. (BLOWS INTO MIC) No, I cannot blow it open. Wait a moment. I know what I shall do! I shall insert my liquorice in the keyhole.

SEAGOON:

But we need an explosive.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Liquorice IS an explosive!

SEAGOON:

No. No, we daren't risk any loud explosions. The author might hear us.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got an idea. Electric light bulb lights up above head. Flash, flash, flash, it goes! I have got a packet of silent TNT which I readed about in Black Claw, Emperor of the Universe. In a boy's mag, price tuppence with free elastic and cardboard jet fighter.

SEAGOON:

Silent TNT! Quick, light it, little pimply lad, and put it under the safe.

ELLINGTON:

No, no, no, wait.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ELLINGTON:

First let me sing my bit and then I can clear off, mate.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Right! Now light the fuse of the silent TNT!

GRAMS:

FUSE LIGHTING SOUND

SEAGOON:

Quick! Everyone out! Go! Go! Quick! Quickly, get out! Quickly!

OMNES:

HUBBUB NOISES

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

OMNES:

ALL HUFF AND PUFF

SEAGOON:

Wait!

ECCLES:

Uh?

SEAGOON:

We're still in the room!

ECCLES:

Oh-hooo!

BLOODNOK:

Of course we are. I'm still wearing it.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Get this room off!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Gad!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Who built this door [UNCLEAR]?

GRAMS:

DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING

BLOODNOK:

Ah! That's got it off. Now, [UNCLEAR].

OMNES:

MUMBLE, MUMBLE, RHUBARB, RHUBARB UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners... dear listeners, I don't know about you but I find this all rather far-fetched. As soon as it's all over I'm going to tell John Snagge.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, you BBC devil, you!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, how do I know when the silent TNT has exploded?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh? Oh, I never thought of that. I suppose that when you hear nothing, that's it.

SEAGOON:

Can't anybody hear it explode?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Only idiots.

GRAMS:

HUGE EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

Did you hear anything, Captain?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good. 'Cuz only idiots can hear explosions like that.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

ECCLES:

Here! What was that big explosion? It blew me backwards out of my underpants! I'm back to front now. For Christmas, of course.

SEAGOON:

So you heard it, too?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLOODNOK:

No comment. Help me on with this room and we'll see if it's safe's blown open.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Hands up, you steaming fools!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) You said that before.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie, that was only a *recording* of a silent explosion, specially written in without the author's knowledge.

SEAGOON:

Oh? Well, two can play at that game!

MORIARTY:

What do you mean?

FX:

TYPING

SEAGOON:

'Moriarty's finger squeezed the trigger, but there was only a hollow...'

FX:

CLANK

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! He's written in an empty gun for me!

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind.

FX:

TYPING

GRYTPYPE:

'Before Seagoon could alter the next line, Grytpype and Moriarty were already on the motorboat, speeding up the Amazon River with the compromising X-ray photo safely in the hold'.

SPRIGGS:

What's going on here, Jim? (SINGS) What going on heeeere? (NORMAL) What are these... what are those men doing sailing up the Amazon river in *my* book? (SINGS) Don't you dare change another woooord.

BLOODNOK:

Hands up, Mister author.

SPRIGGS:

What? Oh, you great big leaping crab, you, don't be a fool! Drop that typewriter!

FX:

TYPING

BLOODNOK:

'The author turned and left the room'.

SPRIGGS:

I don't agree with your...

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT

BLOODNOK:

That's got rid of him.

SEAGOON:

Now what?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I have a go at that typewriter, Captain?

FX:

TYPES VERY SLOWLY

BLUEBOTTLE:

'In a matter of seconds, blunebottoms was at the helm of a powerful elastic-driven speedboat, chasing the naughty Grytpype-Thynnes up the Amazon. But suddenly, they was attacked by Black Claw and his Chinese pirates from the boy's mag'.

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS UP OVER SPEEDBOAT NOISES

SEAGOON:

You blithering idiot! Look what you've written us into! Quick, swim for the bank!

BLOODNOK:

Not here, I'm overdrawn.

GRAMS:

SPLASHES

ECCLES:

Okay! Here! Oh! Here! Here! Let me help you out.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! How did you get ashore?

ECCLES:

I walked across on that log.

SEAGOON:

That's not a log, that's a crocodile!

ECCLES:

Ooooooh. I... I wondered why my legs kept getting shorter.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners... listeners will note that that was a repeat of the joke first heard in the Goon Show, second series, 1952. Repeated by special request of the authors. I should like to remind listeners that there are now only 364 shopping days to Christmas.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! We must hurry!

HENRY:

Water, water...

ECCLES:

It's Mr Crun in the Amazon!

SEAGOON:

Mister Crun! How did you get out here?

HENRY:

Somebody gave Min a typewriter and here I am!

SEAGOON:

Well, we're completely lost.

BLOODNOK:

I suspect the listeners are, too.

SEAGOON:

We must find our way to Chapter Ten.

ECCLES:

We must find our way to Chapter Ten.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

We must...

SEAGOON:

Thank you and good night, Gladys Young. (GIGGLING) We must find our way to Chapter Ten, that's where Grytpype's heading for. Come on, and keep your eyes open for a 211A bus.

ECCLES:

What for?

SEAGOON:

It goes right past Brixton jail.

HENRY:

Why do you want to go right past there?

SEAGOON:

Well, I don't want to go *in*.

SPRIGGS:

Seagoon! Oh, Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

It's the author!

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens! I say, look here, could you write us in a good dinner? We're starving, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Don't... don't worry, steaming lads. I've written a happy ending for you all on the next page. So go on, (SINGS) turn it oveeeerrrr.

FX:

PAGES TURNING

GRAMS:

WEDDING BELLS, WEDDING MARCH ON ORGAN

MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

I now pronounce you, Neddie Seagoon, and you, Gladys Minkwater, man and wife. And leave you to discover which is which.

SEAGOON:

Oh! And we live happily ever after.

FX:

SLOW TYPEWRITING

BLUEBOTTLE:

'But even as Seagoon and his mallion-hairess bride stepped outside, she noticed in the crowd a certain handsome virile youth: Wolfcub Bluebottle. So she ran over to his car and...'

GRAMS:

CAR REVVING UP AND AWAY

SEAGOON:

Who gave him that typewriter? Come baaaack! You're too young for that sort of thing!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's what you think! Yeeheehee!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC OFF

S7 E14 - Emperor of the Universe

Transcribed by the GPS. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

And beautifully preserved, too.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, that's because we always keep it under glass.

SEAGOON:

I see. Mr. Greenslade, I've just noticed. Do you always do your announcing without any clothes on?

GREENSLADE:

No, but this is a special occasion. Presenting...

FX:

GONG

GREENSLADE:

Emperor of the Universe.

SEAGOON:

I say... that sounds sinister.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Now, put on this black trilby with a zip front, release these racing vultures and prepare yourself to take part in Bulldog Seagoon's first case, entitled...

FX:

GONG

ORCHESTRA:

'FOGGY LONDON' THEME

GRAMS:

FOGHORNS, DOCK SOUNDS, TROTting HORSE APPROACHING ON COBBLESTONES

MILLIGAN:

(OVER HORSE, CLUCKING LIKE A CHICKEN)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Gad, Algy, it's a dark, dank October evening in London.

ALGY:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, Bulldog.

SEAGOON:

Yuckoo.

ALGY:

And a thick fog is swirling against the window panes of your apartment overlooking the River Thames in London. Lighting-up time, six-forty-flum.

SEAGOON:

High tide, pleet twill.

ALGY:

(GIBBERISH).

SEAGOON:

Yes, Algernon. And here on the walls of my study at eleventeen Sussex Gardens...

ALGY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Are the fruits of eighty years globe-trotting and rug-making.

ALGY:

Yes, indeed, Bulldog. And standing there, in your Norfolk jacket and drawers, you must be terribly, terribly proud of your collection of weapons.

SEAGOON:

Jove, indeed, Algernon.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

SEAGOON:

As I draw casually on my pipe... (BRIEFLY DRAWS ON PIPE)... letting a luxuriant whisp of smoke escape from the bowl...

ALGY:

Really.

SEAGOON:

I insert a fresh whisp and say, 'Yes, there you see the Ghurka kukri'.

ALGY:

Kukri.

SEAGOON:

It's a cook'ry book! This is the Zulu assegai.

ALGY:

An' assegai who done it.

SEAGOON:

Up to... I don't wish to know that, Algernoon. Up here on the floor of the Prussian Sabre and there... there, Algernoon...

ALGY:

(ASIDE) Here, he clenched his lips and the knuckles show white to the ears on his skin.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Algernoon, there we have surely the most dreaded weapon of all, the British rolled newspaper.

ALGY:

Yes, indeed, sir. An awesome sight, Bulldog.

SEAGOON:

True, Algy, true. These lumps on my head could tell a tale.

ALGY:

Then why don't they?

SEAGOON:

I've sworn them to silence.

ALGY:

A well-chosen spoken word.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

ALGY:

More... more devilish brandy, sir?

SEAGOON:

Just a chota pint.

ALGY:

Right. Milk and sugar?

SEAGOON:

Please. One sugar and two milks. I'm on the water-wagon, you know.

ALGY:

I wondered why you looked so tall.

SEAGOON:

Ye-es. I'm driving. I say.

ALGY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I say, Algernoon, ha ha... I... I say, have you... have you seen this rather interesting item in The Times? 'Government officials are concerned by the alarming decrease in the number of Englishmen per capita'.

ALGY:

Good heavens, Bulldog! This is right up your street!

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's why I live here.

ALGY:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, well... yes. Well, I... I... you know, I wouldn't be surprised at all if even as I speak I received a phone call from the Guv...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Just a moment, I've not done yet!

FX:

RECEIVER HUNG UP

SEAGOON:

(QUICKLY) From the Government.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

There they are now.

FX:

PHONE CLICKS

SEAGOON:

Hello? This is Spon 3829.

GERALDO:

[SELLERS]

(ON PHONE) Is that Mingely 0607?

SEAGOON:

No, This is, er... (PAUSE)

GERALDO:

(ON PHONE) What is the number?

SEAGOON:

I've just read it. This is 'Nurglar, oh, oh, oh, oh'.

GERALDO:

(ON PHONE) Have you hurt yourself?

SEAGOON:

Only in the past. Mm.

GERALDO:

(ON PHONE) And the best time to do it, too. I'm speaking for the Foreign Secretary. He's having his teeth repaired.

SEAGOON:

Really? He should have had them lagged, this weather. (AHEM)

GERALDO:

(ON PHONE) Listen, Bulldog, it's regarding the missing Englishmen. Can you come over here right away?

SEAGOON:

Certainly.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP, PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GERALDO:

(ON PHONE) Goodbye.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

SEAGOON:

Algy, tell the chauffeur to drive my boots around.

ALGY:

Wouldn't plimsolls be faster, sir?

SEAGOON:

Of course. Hurry!

ALGY:

Right.

ORCHESTRA:

'DICK BARTON HURRY' LINK

FX:

THREE SLOW KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

On the Foreign Office door. Just thought I'd let you know where I was, folks. Aha ha ha.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

As I entered the Foreign Secretary's office, I became aware of a distinguished white face peering down from the top of an airing cupboard.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Morning! Sit down.

SEAGOON:

Sit down! Ah,ha, ha, ha, hay, ah, oh, ho-hooo. The plot thickens.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Bulldog, have a bus ticket.

SEAGOON:

Well, just a tuppenny one.

FX:

TICKET BEING PUNCHED

SEAGOON:

(SNIFF) Mm. Mmm. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Delicious.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, they're hand-punched, do you know.

SEAGOON:

I might have guessed. My father smoked fourpennies, they go further.

MORIARTY:

Owwwowwowww.

SEAGOON:

(MIMIC) Owww.

MORIARTY:

Quelle brilliant grasp of la panan. Oowwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Keep quiet in there, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Bulldog, you've heard about this mysterious disappearance of Englishmen. In one year, twenty-five million have vanished.

SEAGOON:

England is short of Englishmen?

GRYTPYPE:

Desperately.

SEAGOON:

Are Welshmen short, too?

GRYTPYPE:

Just look at you!

SEAGOON:

Duck's disease, the curse of the Seagoons!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it must be hell down there!

SEAGOON:

It is!

GRYTPYPE:

There, there, there, have...

SEAGOON:

(OVERCOME) Ahhhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

... another bus ticket, please.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, you have one of mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, thank you. If you don't mind, I'll clip it later.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Now, this shortage of Englishmen, is it having repercussions?

GRYTPYPE:

Is it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know what gilt-edged Englishmen are fetching on the Stock Exchange? Fifty pounds apiece.

SEAGOON:

Who's paying fifty pounds apiece for Englishmen?

GRYTPYPE:

English women. Depending on the piece they're after, of course.

SEAGOON:

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

MILLIGAN:

(CHICKEN CLUCKING)

SEAGOON:

What? (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

GRYTPYPE:

Please don't do that with your head on. Spoils the view.

SEAGOON:

How can I help England in its darkest hour?

GRYTPYPE:

Turn on your radio and I'll tell you.

GRAMS:

RADIO SWITCHED ON, OSCILLATIONS

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER, DISTORT AS ON RADIO) Now, Bulldog, solve this mystery and we'll pay you a fee of two long green things with nails in the end.

SEAGOON:

At last! A fortune in long green things with nails in the end! I'll commence investigooshuns immonilenity. Goodbye!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Alright Moriarty, he's gone. You can come out of that fountain pen now.

MORIARTY:

(LONG GROAN)

FX:

POP

MORIARTY:

Ah! Right. Grytpype, I nearly drowned in there!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, Moriarty, I refilled the pen without thinking. Take a message.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

TYPING

GRYTPYPE:

No no, don't use the typewriter, you might be overheard.

MORIARTY:

Right. I'll use a saw. Then no-one will saw it except me.

GRYTPYPE:

It's bad English but a good excuse.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, saw out this address and don't fret. It's um...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Triumph of writing, folks.

GRYTPYPE:

Quelle sparkling dialogue, Moriarty. Address it to Mr., er...

FX:

GONG

GRYTPYPE:

... Emperor of the Universe.

FX:

SAWING WOOD

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Disappearing Englishmen causing Government to be suspicious.

MORIARTY:

(OVER SAWING) Not too fast, not too fast.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER SAWING) Have succeeded in putting a right Charlie on the job. Assure you he is too stupid to discover anything. Signed, Grypype-Thynne, acting Foreign Secretary.

MORIARTY:

How do you spell that?

GRYTPYPE:

Er... give me that saw.

FX:

SAWING

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) G-R-Y-T-P-Y-P-E T-H-Y-N-N-E. P.S. Find enclosed one Max Geldray.

MORIARTY:

Ah, yes, get on...

MUSIC:

MAX GELDRAID PLAYS 'EXACTLY LIKE YOU'

SEAGOON:

Silence, please!

GELDRAY:

Hi!

SEAGOON:

(FIGHT ANNOUNCER) Ladiiiies...

MINNIE:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

(FIGHT ANNOUNCER) ...and gentlemeeeen. (NORMAL) I have just been told of an incident which may give us an important clue to the missing Englishmen. Odium?

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

Yah. (GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Start up the car.

ODIUM:

(GIBBERISH) (IMPRESSION OF CAR STARTING UP, CHANGING GEARS, MOTORING ALONG. FADES INTO DISTANCE)

SEAGOON:

I don't know where he gets the petrol from. After him!

GRAMS:

MANY BOOTS RUNNING AWAY... FADES

MILLIGAN:

(PAUSE, THEN IMPRESSION OF CAR APPROACHING, SCREECH OF BRAKES, STOPS)

SEAGOON:

Ah. This looks like the place in the script.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Ah, come in Mr. Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Come in, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Now, what's gone wrong?

HENRY:

It's our Irish cook, Ray Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING, MUTTERS CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Little shirts of linen! He's turned into a Chinese! When did this happen?

ELLINGTON:

(CHINESE) After breakfast.

SEAGOON:

What did you eat?

ELLINGTON:

(CHINESE) Imported Chinese egg.

SEAGOON:

Which way did it go?

ELLINGTON:

(CHINESE) Downwards.

SEAGOON:

Quick! After it!

MILLIGAN:

(IMPRESSION OF SPEEDING CAR)

HENRY:

(OVER) Stop, there's no need to...

MILLIGAN:

(IMPRESSION CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP)

HENRY:

... no need to, I've got a duplicate Chinese egg here under this piano leg.

SEAGOON:

Professer Jympton, put that egg under the eggsray.

JYMPTON:

[SELLERS]

Right, sir, I'll just take its hat off first. Now.

FX:

CLICK, BUZZING

JYMPTON:

(OVER BUZZING) Jove, look what's inside the egg! A white and a yolk! But observe, sir, what's in the centre.

SEAGOON:

(LONG GROAN) It looks like a...

JYMPTON:

False pigtail.

SEAGOON:

You... you mean, if... if... if... if... (SNEEZES) achoo! If an Englishman were unwittingly to swallow that pigtail, he'd... turn into a Chinese?

JYMPTON:

Indubitably, sir.

SEAGOON:

Don't mess about, yes or no?

JYMPTON:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What's this stamped on the shell? 'Chinese Egg Refinery, Proprietors...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

... and Sons! Mm, we've no time to waste. Take the next tram out to China!

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE) Al-light then.

GRAMS:

TRAM BELL, TRAM MOVES OFF, GAINS SPEED, FADES...

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF SEA-TRAVEL LINK

GRAMS:

WAVES AGAINST SIDE OF BOAT

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Do the old chat, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

We present...

FX:

GONG

GREENSLADE:

... Part Two. If listeners who can afford it will hire launches, they will be able to draw alongside the police tram as it sails slowly through the China Sea to Peking. I will leave the BBC microphone on board the tram...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well done, yes.

GREENSLADE:

... so that you may hear those little witticisms that sailors are wont to utter.

GRAMS:

WAVES, THEN FADE UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) You ever been in a tram at sea before, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Um... no. No, but... No, but I... I've bee... I've been on a trolley-bus up the Edgware Road.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dat is a naughty road.

ECCLES:

Yeah. And it was nearly mmmmidnight.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor!

ECCLES:

An... and... and do you know, da bus conductor... was a woman!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECSTATIC) Ayiohhh! My knees are goin' up and down! Wippy woppy wippy! Ahheehee! What did you say to her, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I... I... I... I said, um...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Oh, no, you're too young, you're too young!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, come on, Eccles, I'm older since you said dat.

ECCLES:

Oh, alright, den. Yeah, but don't... don't tell anybody dis, will you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

I wa... I... I went up to her and I said, 'A two-and-a-half to Kilburn, please'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DEFLATED) I do not t'ink much o' dat, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ah, but it was da way I said it! I said it like dis...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP FLOURISH

ECCLES:

(DREAMY) 'Ello, Miss. Two and a half... to Kilburn.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh. You've lived a life of sin, you have. Oh, you... oh.

ECCLES:

Oh. 'Ere, you... you... you ever been on a bus with a woman conductor?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes...

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

... I have.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Wippy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wippy, woppy, woopee!

ECCLES:

My knees are goin' now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here...

ECCLES:

Did you talk to her?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I did not, because I was in a brown paper parcel under da stairs.

ECCLES:

Oh? Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My Scottish uncle was takin' me for a bus ride.

ECCLES:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Alright, you two, that's your spot over. Settle down. Now, we're coming into Shanghai harbour.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I'll put my hat on den.

ECCLES:

I... I put mine on.

SEAGOON:

Stop the tram, drop anchor and change the seats round facing the other way. All ashore! And keep your eyes open for a man called...

FX:

GONG

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT CHINESE VERSION OF 'LIMEHOUSE BLUES'

SEAGOON:

It'll never get on the hit parade.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No ad-libbing there, captain.

SEAGOON:

Needle, nardle noo.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I thought dat someone else was goin' to say a line, den.

SEAGOON:

Silung, gerblunden. Or I'll cancel your subscription to 'The Sunbathing Weekly'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, what pain! Just when I'd entered the 'Beautiful Britain' snapshot contest.

SEAGOON:

Now, I wonder where...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

... and his Chinese Eggery are?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got a Boy Scout street map o' Shanghai in da linin' o' my toggle.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Let's see.

FX:

PAPER UNFOLDING

SEAGOON:

Ohh, yes. Now, we're in this street here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(INDIGNANT) We know dat!

SEAGOON:

No, if we go up this street here and ahh...there's the Egg Refinery there.

ECCLES:

Right, I'll knock.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) We are... yes... yes, please?

SEAGOON:

Are you Mr...

FX:

GONG

MILLIGAN:

No, I am not Mr...

FX:

GONG

MILLIGAN:

I am...

FX:

HIGHER-PITCHED GONG

MILLIGAN:

... son of...

FX:

PREVIOUS, ORDINARY GONG

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MILLIGAN:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

Well... well, we've got a complaint about your father's eggs.

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

You see this Chinaman here?

MILLIGAN:

Mm.

SEAGOON:

He's really Ray Ellington.

MILLIGAN:

No Chinaman can have name like Ray Ellington. I do not believe.

SEAGOON:

Ellington, prove it... while we nip round the back for a chota pint of brandy.

ELLINGTON:

(CHINESE) All-light, cor blimey.

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

ELLINGTON:

SINGS 'BOOM'

SEAGOON:

There you are, living proof that he's Chinese.

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Yes, indeed, he lar... he are Chinese. And now, please to follow me, please.

GRAMS:

A FEW PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT FOR 29 SECONDS

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOR FIRST FEW SECONDS OVER FOOTSTEPS)

SEAGOON:

(AFTER FOOTSTEPS STOP, PAUSE) We can't stand here all day listenin' to a record of footsteps.

MILLIGAN:

Please, please, sir, that record... are number one on Chinese hit parade.

SEAGOON:

Really?

MILLIGAN:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

How does it go?

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOR 10 SECONDS, THEN SINGS) 'I Got My Love to Keep Me Warm'.

SEAGOON:

You want to get it orchestrated.

MILLIGAN:

I tell you, you come in here, blad egg department in here, please.

SEAGOON:

(MIMIC) L'en lopen lup la dloor.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MILLIGAN:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

ORCHESTRA:

CHINESE-STYLED BLOODNOK THEME WITH CHINESE ENDING

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhohhohho. Ahohhohh. Oh, that's better, but these fiendish Chinese eggs... some of them are bad, I'll be bound.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What? Me, Major Bloodnok? It's a mistake, I'm Lie Ying.

SEAGOON:

Of course you're lying, you're Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I recognise that army-surplus pigtail.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhohhohh!

SEAGOON:

So this is where they insert pigtails into the eggs, eh?

BLOODNOK:

It's hell, I tell you, Neddie, it's hell.

SEAGOON:

D'you realise that Englishmen are eating these eggs and turning into Chinese? Whatever made you do this dastardly job?

BLOODNOK:

Pain and agony, Neddie. Do you know what they did to me, an Englishman?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

The Chinese water torture.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

BLOODNOK:

They gave me a bath!

SEAGOON:

Oh! Gad, it must have been hell in there!

BLOODNOK:

It was. But I resisted, Neddie, I resisted. They had to cut my socks away before they got me in.

SEAGOON:

Here, rub this good old British dirt round your neck - you'll feel better.

FX:

SCRAPING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohho, thank you. That's lovely, ohhh. Ohhhohhhohh.

SEAGOON:

Now, what's inside that door?

BLOODNOK:

Wood.

SEAGOON:

And behind it?

BLOODNOK:

A room.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Let's go in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ORCHESTRA & OMNES:

CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FROM CROWD

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Dear listeners...

ORCHESTRA & OMNES:

CHATTER STOPS

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners... Deeeear listeners... I walked into a badly-lit room. And there before us were twenty-five million Chinese in bowler hats, carrying rolled umbrellas and copies of The Times.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Those are your missing Englishmen, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Gad, this must be the work of...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

... and his son...

FX:

SMALLER, HIGHER-SOUNDING GONG. DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhohhh! We're locked in.

ORCHESTRA:

TERROR CHORDS

GRAMS:

WATER TRICKLING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohhh, no! They're flooding the room as well, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

And with water.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(CALLS) Eccles! Bluebottle!

ECCLES:

Yep.

SEAGOON:

Swim...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right.

SEAGOON:

...for the ceiling!

ECCLES:

OK, yeah.

SEAGOON:

(EFFORT) Oo!

GRAMS:

MOVEMENT IN WATER, HELD UNDER FOLLOWING...

ECCLES:

(EFFORT) Here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(EFFORT) Ah.

SEAGOON:

(EFFORT) Ah. Rhubarb. Struggling, rhubarb.

ECCLES:

(EFFORT) Ooh! Ahh! (MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

(EFFORT) Ooh! Ooh! Ah!

ECCLES:

(EFFORT) Yeah.

BLOODNOK:

It's no good, look here, it... it's almost up to the roof.

SEAGOON:

Men, there's only one thing for it.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We've got to drink this water... or drown.

ECCLES:

OK.

SEAGOON:

Here we go.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright den.

OMNES:

(SLURPING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sip! Sip!

OMNES:

(SLURPING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Mm.

SEAGOON:

Bmmm.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh. Weak. Oh.

SEAGOON:

Ooh. Stretch it, lads. Ooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah.

ECCLES:

Oh, I... can't take much more, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Hm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Si... si... si... sip!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

GRAMS:

WATER LAPPING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) We've drunk about eight gallons and the water's still rising.

SEAGOON:

One of us must be leaking.

ECCLES:

It... it's me, I got a hole in my sock.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Look! There's a hole in the ceiling.

ECCLES:

That's not mine!

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Let's turn the room upside down and empty it.

ECCLES:

Oh, good idea!

OMNES:

(EFFORT)

GRAMS:

GURGLING, AS WATER DRAINS

ECCLES:

Ohh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wicky wicky wicky!

SEAGOON:

Ahhah.

GRAMS:

WATER STOPS

SEAGOON:

Saved by a hole in the ceiling.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(VOICE LOWERED) Sshh! Look who's come in! It's Grytpype and Moriarty.

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Up there, on the floor.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) What are you doing up there on the ceiling?

SEAGOON:

I've got news for you, Mr. Thynne. This room's upside down.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Sapristi!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) What?

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You mean we're...

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

(COMING ON-MIC) Ahhhhhh!

FX:

TWO BODIES FALLING TO THE FLOOR

MORIARTY:

Oww!

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh!

MORIARTY:

Oh, my splon!

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh. Curse this law of gravity! Who passed it?

SEAGOON:

Sir Isaac Newton.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll get him for this! I'll have you know, Neddie, that I am...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

You spell it...

ORCHESTRA:

SEQUENCE ON DRUMS, TEMPLE BLOCKS AND BELLS, ENDING WITH COD DUCK CALL

GRYTPYPE:

But it's pronounced...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

Ah! So you were...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

... all the time.

BLOODNOK:

Quick, Neddie, tie him to the chandelier while I keep him covered with these measurements of Sabrina.

ECCLES:

Sabrina!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And take them to the police!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

Thank you. That's all, thank you for that all, thank you...

GREENSLADE:

Oh. Oh.

SELLERS:

Alright.

GREENSLADE:

Just a...

SEAGOON:

Get your trousers on... (MUMBLES)

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Secombe...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about da money?

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Secombe...

ECCLES:

OK, let... let's hear 'im, let's... let's hear 'im, 'e...

SEAGOON:

Alright, alright.

ECCLES:

... didn't have much of a part, he didn't...

SEAGOON:

Come on, Wal, let's have it then.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Secombe, you haven't told us what became of...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

Ah, simple. I Successfully changed all the Chinese back into Englishmen by giving them injections of Brown Windsor Soup and inhalations of soot, smoke and beans on toast.

ECCLES:

But what happened to...

FX:

GONG

SEAGOON:

We... him?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Oh, he's working for me at the moment. Come up to our house for dinner any day and you'll hear this sound.

FX:

TAPPING ON GONG

SELLERS:

(OVER) Dinner is served.

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE, 'LUCKY STRIKE'

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.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(JOINS WAL IN READING THE CREDITS FROM 'QUARTET' ONWARDS)

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SING ALONG AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT, TO 'LUCK STRIKE', AS FOLLOWS: 'DUP A DUPPA DAI' ETC. AD LIB)

ORCHESTRA & MAX GELDRAI:

PLAYOUT

S7 E15 - Wings Over Dagenham

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

So, you admit it, then? Six months hard labour, to be done in twelve monthly instalments.

FX:

GAVEL

GREENSLADE:

I shall appeal.

SEAGOON:

Very well. Released on bail of five long twisted things with holes in the end. Next case.

SELLERS:

A mental picture of the Goon Show, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? Sentenced to half an hour a week on the electric wireless, to commence this week with 'Wings over Dagenham'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC HORNS

SPRIGGS:

Hear that stirring music, folks? It was specially composed to give you a mental picture of an aeroplane carrying supplies to the besieged garrison at Fort Spon in Nineteen Hundred and Two, one year before the invention of the aeroplane! Oohhhh...

FX:

GUNSHOTS

SELLERS:

Yes, we of the besieged garrison were grateful for that mental picture of an aeroplane bringing us supplies. We prayed for the day when someone would invent one and save us all at Fort Spon.

FX:

MORE GUNSHOTS

SPRIGGS:

Little did he know, poor fellow, that in a shed off Lisle Street, a genius in grease-stained evening dress, assisted by a dour Scots gentleman in a...

FX:

CLINK CLUNK HAMMERING NOISES

MILLIGAN:

(OVER)...grease stained body, were at work on a strange and wonderful, grease-stained machine.

SEAGOON & McCHISHOLM:

(IN TIME WITH HAMMERING)

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong yi...

SEAGOON:

McChisholm! It's finished!

McCHISHOLM:

Oh, thank heavens for that, I couldn't remember any more of the words!

SEAGOON:

Remember your Scottish acting, here. Fred Chislehurst. Now, my masterpiece! This... apparatus!

McCHISHOLM:

Ohhh! If it's no a rude question, sir, what's it supposed to be?

SEAGOON:

I wish I knew. I'd feel much happier.

McCHISHOLM:

You... you said it was to be a mangle.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I know. But I added a bit here and a bit there, it got completely out of hand.

McCHISHOLM:

I'll... I'll tell you what, man. You get in the seat and I'll swing the propeller.

SEAGOON:

(CAMP) Mad, impulsive boy. Mmmmmm! But, as you wish.

McCHISHOLM:

(SHOUTING) CONTACT!

SEAGOON:

Gad, you've invented the method for starting an aeroplane! CONTACT!

FX:

PLANE ENGINE STARTING, A FEW MISFIRES, BACKFIRES. IT STALLS, FOLLOWED BY LOTS OF BITS FALLING OFF

SEAGOON:

Well. What shall we build now?

McCHISHOLM:

Ha! Mister Seagoon! Did you no notice? A moment before it fell to bits, it rose seven feet off the ground!

SEAGOON:

Correction, five feet. Two of those feet were mine!

McCHISHOLM:

If... if you ask me, sir, we've invented the hairyplane.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

(SPEAKING OVER TELEPHONE) I hear you've invented the aeroplane.

SEAGOON:

Who's this speaking?

GRYTPYPE:

The Air Ministry.

SEAGOON:

Air Ministry? How are you off for air? Ahahahaha! (CHUCKLING) Air Ministry! How are you off for air?! Ahahahaha! Ahahaha! Aha. Ahem.

GRYTPYPE:

Listen, little square pudding. The question is, how are *you* off for air?

SEAGOON:

I'm just full of it.

GRYTPYPE:

So I've heard!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (DEGENERATES INTO A CLUCKING CHICKEN)

GRYTPYPE:

It's all very well saying that, Neddie, but if you've in... if you've invented the aeroplane, you'll need air to fly it in. And we are the sole agents.

SEAGOON:

You low down, thieving, twisting, stinking spiv!

GRYTPYPE:

I see you're a wit, as well! Well, flattery will get you nowhere. Now, how much air do you need?

SEAGOON:

Any chance of a supplementary ration?

GRYTPYPE:

You get your machine finished and we'll come round and see you.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

RECEIVER BEING REPLACED, HAMMERING NOISES, HAMMER BEING DROPPED

SEAGOON:

Finished!

FX:

DOOR BEING OPENED

GRYTPYPE:

And only just in time! Moriety, there it is!

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! It looks like an aeroplane.

GRYTPYPE:

It smells like one..

MORIARTY:

And further more... (TASTING NOISES) ...it tastes like an aeroplane!

GRYTPYPE:

Let me try a slice. (SPEAKING WITH MOUTH FULL) Hummm, Neddie! This aeroplane is beautifully cooked.

SEAGOON:

Yes. We've had it in the oven all night!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! Now, Neddie, what does this aeroplane do?

SEAGOON:

It flies.

GRYTPYPE:

It flies? This will revolutionise aviation.

MORIARTY:

You realise that this means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin!

GRYTPYPE:

Tempis fugit, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What? To that I can only say, kee dubbie... (ASIDE) Whasit say? (ALoud) Ahalib in fairy dun shetty galare!

SEAGOON:

No fighting, please, you intellectual gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Just sign this document, Neddie.

FX:

PAPER NOISE

SEAGOON:

For use of the air over Lisle Street...

MORIARTY:

(SEPARATE CONVERSATION, OVER SEAGOON AND BARELY AUDIBLE) Contacts away.

GRYTPYPE:

(AS ABOVE) Yes, we've got them now Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

...£10, 17 shillings a quarter, payable in monthly instalments of £50 a year per week. Hmmm. That seems remarkably cheap.

FX:

TILL OPENING

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. Now, don't forget, when you want to fly, just phone us up and we'll have the air fixed in place over Lisle Street immediately.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

Well, I'd like some air right now.

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray, start blowing! Ploogie!

MORIARTY:

Let's get some brandy in boys, hahaha!!

SEAGOON:

(OVER MAX) Ploogie ploogie! Ploogieeeeeee!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) That's so much more than we got.

GREENSLADE:

That music was designed to give listeners in the Lake District a mental picture of Max Geldray playing a nude mouth organ.

LITTLE JIM:

He fell in the wa-tah!

GREENSLADE:

And now... and now, here is a piece of music to give you a mental picture of the Air Ministry.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

MORIARTY:

Ohhh, folks! That music - supposed to give you a mental picture which means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin.

GRYTPYPE:

But Moriarty, I tell you, you must stop manufacturing these zeppelins.

MORIARTY:

But I've just managed to get orders from the London Passenger Transport Board. Ohhhhh, why did I em-na-a-me-a yin tong iddle I pohh... and other words that I can't think of... yampayamayabam.

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, Moriarty! I'm just getting a mental picture of Seagoon opening that door.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

GRYTPYPE:

He's going to say.

FX:

DOOR CLOSING, DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

MORIARTY:

You were right!

SEAGOON:

My aeroplane won't take off in Lisle Street.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you concentrating, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

I tell you Grytters, I can't get off the ground.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, if you can't get off in Lisle Street, you'll never get off anywhere.

SEAGOON:

The trouble is just as the plane starts to gain speed the lights turn red!

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! Neddie, what you need is a new modern-type taking off aerodrome.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, tell the orchestra to give us a mental picture of a meeting of aerodrome inventors.

MORIARTY:

Here it comes.

ORCHESTRA:

COMIC FANFARE

MORIARTY:

(OVER FANFARE AND OFF) Ahh! Ohh! Eee!

OMNES:

(OVER) Flying rhubarb. Flying rhubarb. Rhubarb. Flying rhubarb, aerodrome, rhubarb. Flying. Aerodrome. Rhubarb. Flying custard and rhubarb. Flying rhustard coobar hopba... (AND VARIOUS MUTTERINGS)

SPRIGGS:

We get paid for this, too. Gentlemen! Gentlemen. Mister Grytpype-Thynne has called this mental picture of a meeting at the request of the beleaguered garrison at:

SECOMBE:

(BARELY AUDIBLE) Fort Rhubarb.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS)Fort Spon!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, gentlemen. I have just returned from the very thin of the fray. Fort Spon will fall any day now.

SPRIGGS:

But we've just had it wallpapered!

BLOODNOK:

That's no use, I tell you.

SPRIGGS:

Double strength!

BLOODNOK:

The defenders are weaponless. Some swine sold the men's rifles to the enemy for £10,000.

SEAGOON:

How much?

BLOODNOK:

Just a minute, I'll count it again... er...

SPRIGGS:

You mean...

BLOODNOK:

Yes, £10,000.

SPRIGGS:

You mean that those men have only got bullets to defend themselves?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, build me a taking-off type aerodrome and I will fly out rifles in my newly invented aeroplane.

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon, I have got here the plans of my proposed portable aerodrome.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Let's have a look.

FX:

PAPER NOISES

SEAGOON:

Mmmm. What have you called it, Mister Crun?

CRUN:

Erm. "Croydon Airport".

SEAGOON:

Oh. And where are you going to build it?

CRUN:

At Croydon.

SEAGOON:

I say! How splendid. That'll save changing the name!

CRUN:

Yes. Now then, is there any questions?

MINNIE:

Um, ah, how are you going to build this aerodrome?

CRUN:

Well, I... I... I had intended... After consulting certain graphs and measures and having architectural surveys of certain Grecian soup recipes and other rare nyakamooieeoii... umm... I was going to build it flat.

SEAGOON:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

CRUN:

Well, now that you've asked me a straightforward question, I have no option... na-er... but to give you a direct answer. What was the question again?

SEAGOON:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

CRUN:

Land on what?

SEAGOON:

The aerodrome!

CRUN:

Ohh! Am I building one of those?

SEAGOON:

Yes and you... you're calling it "Croydon Airport".

CRUN:

Splendid! Then I can build it near Croydon.

SEAGOON:

The very place for it!

CRUN:

Yes. Now, to finance. Apart from the aerodrome, we shall need £5,000 for the hangars.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather hand my coat on a nail.

GRYTPYPE:

Mister Crun was referring to aeroplane hangars.

SEAGOON:

Erm, will my aeroplane need a hangar?

CRUN:

It would lose it's shape hanging on a nail, you know. But I have a great built-in... in the great...

MINNIE:

Speak up, Buddy!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! yapartaneetcapnepatagarpotogol...

SEAGOON:

Well, Mister Crun sounds like our idiot, mmm. What salary would you like?

CRUN:

£10,000 a year?

SEAGOON:

Who'll second that?

CRUN:

I will.

SEAGOON:

Right, those in favour, raise their hands. Aha. Come, Mister Crun, you can't vote for yourself.

CRUN:

I'm not!

SEAGOON:

Then why are you holding your hand up when you...

FX:

DOOR OPENING/CLOSING

SEAGOON:

I see.

GRYTPYPE:

He's gone, of course, to give the workmen a mental picture of what he has in mind.

GREENSLADE:

And if listeners in Croyden in Nineteen Hundred and Two will open their windows, they'll be able to hear a mental picture of the portable aerodrome under construction.

GRAMS:

CONSTRUCTION SITE TYPE NOISES

WELSHMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, boy, er, where do you want this load of 500 ton iron girders?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I think you'd better put them in the safe. You see, there's been a lot of pilfering lately.

WELSHMAN:

Right-o. Dai, see me back, will you?

ECCLES:

(OFF) O.K., Dai! Come on, now. Look you, Dai! Sospan Bach! Abbergavenny. Look you, now. Leeks. Cardiff O. Swansea docks. Er... it's no good, folks. I can't keep up this accent any longer. I'm not a Welshman at all, I'm the famous Eccles.

DAI:

You'll get my fist round the back of your famous filthy neck if you don't hurry up.

ECCLES:

O.K. Get this lorry back. Come on, back now.

FX:

LORRY PULLING AWAY

ECCLES:

(OVER) Come on. Back. Come on. Steady! Left hand down. As you are. Straighten! Straighten up. Come on. Come on. Right hand. Left hand. Middle. Come on. Come on, now! Plenty of room. Come on. Come on.

FX:

CRASHING SOUNDS

ECCLES:

O.K., that's enough.

SEAGOON:

(GRAMS SLOWLY BEING SPED UP) You dull, stupid, half witted, useless, jumped up, never come down, idle, dull-headed twinnick! If I get my hands on you, I'll beat all the sawdust out of that thick nut of yours! You'll be sponned and herved within an inch of your life! Your head is the size of a number two grapefruit. Not to mention your wife's not as young. Thick nut. Never come down. Half-witted, stupid, twinnick, [UNCLEAR] the lot of you.

ECCLES:

(OVER SEAGOON) What? Who? Wait a..? What? You... stop. What? Ohh, ahh! No. What? No, look... listen... You... Stop. Don't you... (SEAGOON STOPS, SILENCE) SHUT UP! Ahhh. Let that be a lesson to him. Let that be a lesson to him.

SEAGOON:

Never mind talking to that record of me, Eccles. Great news!

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Oooh, ooaawoo! The lights turned green in Lisle Street and my test pilot finally got the plane off the ground.

ECCLES:

What a strain!

CRUN:

Oh, you got to stop him from landing, the aerodrome's not quite ready yet. We haven't started.

SEAGOON:

Right. McChisholm? Contact the plane.

McCHISHOLM:

He's on the phone now, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well said!

SEAGOON:

Calling... calling B-4. Calling B-4. Hello? Control calling B-4.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, captin!

SEAGOON:

Is that you, B-4?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't you answer me, B-4?

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Cause I didn't hear you before.

SEAGOON:

Listen! Warning! Do not land at Croydon Airport because it's not there yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-o, then!

SEAGOON:

Now, what is your exact position?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm lying on my side, with my knees drawn up under my chin.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm at home in bed.

SEAGOON:

You fool, McChisholm. You've got the wrong number!

SELLERS:

(OVER RADIO) Hello, hello. Calling the proposed Croydon Airport.

SEAGOON:

That's my pilot now, that's my boy. Hello there! Don't land!

SELLERS:

I can't land.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

SELLERS:

I haven't got enough petrol.

SEAGOON:

Curse!

SELLERS:

I tell you, you must get liquid petrol up to me or I'll never play the violin again!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

SELLERS:

It's a petrol driven violin, do you hear?

SEAGOON:

Horrors, hirrors, hurruhs! Horrors, hurrens! The world's first horseless aeroplane, trapped in the air!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL AND COMIC FANFARE ON BUGLE

SEAGOON:

Ahem. That music was intended to give you a mental picture of a change in plan.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. With a shortage... with a shortage of petrol, the invention of the aeroplane had to be delayed.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. But still the burning question was to get guns to the garrison at Fort Spon.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

CRUN:

As luck would have it, gentlemen, I've got here the plans of a steam-driven rocket.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And goodbye Gladys Young. That... that would overcome the petrol shortage. We'll build one right away!

MORIARTY:

Ah, I suppose this means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, well, Moriarty. Et sequitor ad nausium, spon.

MORIARTY:

Ow! You got to go...

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

Oooww!

ELLINGTON:

Oh, Moriarty. Now stop plugging your record and remain silent while I plug one of mine, do you mind?

MINNIE:

(OVER RAY) Play it, buddy!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that sound was specially recorded to give you a mental picture of the records they're playing at the besieged garrison of Fort Spon.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, folks. If you were in this BBC studio you'd see, apart from the tatty curtains, bare floorboards and outdated guilt scrollwork specially commissioned by the corporation, a large steam-driven rocket.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Oohho!

SEAGOON:

Ahoi-hoi-hoi-ohho! Now gather round, early British aviators!

OMNES:

(MOANS)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Early British rhubarb. Early British rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb rhubarb! R-r-rhubarb! And, custard.

INTELLECTUAL:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me. I'm from the, er, Geographical Society.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, BARELY AUDIBLE) I'm from the rhubarb!

INTELLECTUAL:

May I come along to your flight, so that I can photograph the Earth from a great height?

SEAGOON:

Whatever for?

INTELLECTUAL:

Because, sir! There are some stupid fools who are still arguing whether the Earth is round or flat.

SEAGOON:

And so?

INTELLECTUAL:

I'm going to prove to them that it *is* flat.

SEAGOON:

Prove the Earth is flat? Hahaha! What a waste of time!

INTELLECTUAL:

Why? Why? Why?

SEAGOON:

Everybody *knows* it's flat!

INTELLECTUAL:

Aha, ha, ha, ha, haa.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, haa!

INTELLECTUAL:

Aha, ha, ha, har!

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha!

INTELLECTUAL:

But there are idiots in this world, you know.

SEAGOON:

Have you met them?

INTELLECTUAL:

Met them? I listen to you every week!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

MILLIGAN:

Folks! That chord was to give you a mental picture of a steam-driven rocket about to take off. What a thrill for you all.

FX:

CLINK CLINK CLINK CLUNK CLUNK CLINK (HAMMERING)

ECCLES:

(OVER, SINGS) (GARBLED) Some broccoli, land on my dream! I travel the road in broccoli. I travel...

SEAGOON:

Here, Eccles!

ECCLES:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Let me help you with that flange.

FX:

FAST HAMMERING

SEAGOON:

There! That's got it off!

ECCLES:

I was trying to get it on! I tried to get it on!

CRUN:

Gentlemen, I've been driven here from Ryegate to say this line... Um-gad! Erm, erm er... The rocket is... ready. Hooray. Ooo-oww!

SPRIGGS:

He's gone in the direction of down! Now, about this rocket, gentlemen. Now, who knows how to drive it?

SEAGOON:

Drive it? Good heavens! You're not going to let a little thing like that stop us?

BLOODNOK:

Of course not! We can decide who's to drive when we're up there.

SEAGOON:

Yes. We'll draw lots.

ECCLES:

I can't draw lots! I don't even know what shape they are!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up...

OMNES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

MORIARTY:

Ahh, gentlemen, one thing. One thing, gentlemen. May I take an Arab stallion on board with us?

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

MORIARTY:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Whatever for?

MORIARTY:

Whatever for? To prove that the horse still has its place in air travel! Especially if it pulls a Zeppelin!

BLOODNOK:

Yes and I'm taking an elephant!

SEAGOON:

Are you mad?

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Are you mad?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I am! You don't get normal people taking elephants on rockets, do you?

SEAGOON:

Well, he'll have to travel third class.

BLOODNOK:

If you wish.

SEAGOON:

How old is the elephant?

BLOODNOK:

Why do you want to know? Tell me, tell me before I strike you down! Why?

SEAGOON:

Well, if the elephant's under fourteen, he travels half fare.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER PICKED UP, DIALLED

BLOODNOK:

Hello? Just a moment. You speak to the lady, would you?

SEAGOON:

Hello? Ah, can you tell we how old this elephant is?

FEMALE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, he's six an' a half.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

FEMALE:

I should 'ope so, I'm his mother.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER PUT DOWN

SEAGOON:

That was a trunk call. Now... I don't wish to know that. Kindly leave the theatre. I say, look... Now then, who's going to be at the controls when we take off?

ECCLES:

Um, well, which way are we going?

SEAGOON:

Up!

ECCLES:

Ooh, I'll drive, I know that way.

SEAGOON:

Stout fella!

ECCLES:

Me, a stout fella? You'd make two of me!

SEAGOON:

I'll make two of you! Give me that axe!

ECCLES:

What? Get away!

FX:

PHONE RINGING, RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Yes? Right.

FX:

RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen?

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

The garrison at Fort Spon are desperate!

ECCLES:

Oh, hohoho!

SEAGOON:

Ah,hahahahaha!

ECCLES:

Hahehehe!

SEAGOON:

Ahahahum!

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

We must take off at once! Rifles on board?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right. Close plinge doors.

ECCLES:

Plinge doors closed.

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Close plinge doors!

SEAGOON:

Stand by!

ECCLES:

Stand by!

SEAGOON:

Secure ports.

ECCLES:

Secure ports.

SEAGOON:

Close all berks!

MILLIGAN:

Close all berks.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, tighten your belt.

THROAT:

(BURP)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why captain?

SEAGOON:

Your trousers are falling down.

SEAGOON:

Full steam! Maximum power!

MILLIGAN:

Maximum power.

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR]!

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR]!

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR]!

MILLIGAN:

Right!

SEAGOON:

Cut the string!

FX:

RECORDING OF A TRAIN WHISTLE, FOLLOWED BY A TRAIN LEAVING A STATION, SLOWLY BEING SPED UP

SEAGOON:

Men! Put on your pressurised shin pads and switch on oxygen. I'm going to accelerate to 30 miles an hour!

BLOODNOK:

Don't be a fool, Seagoon. No man can live at that speed!

SEAGOON:

The devil with it Bloodders, I've always lived dangerously. Hang on!

FX:

TRAIN LEAVING STATION, SLOWLY BEING SPED UP (AS BEFORE)

SPRIGGS:

Oh, steady! Steady, you demon of the speed! Beware! Observe: the wallpaper's already coming away from Bluebottle's hat!

INTELLECTUAL:

Er, could you slow down just a bit here, I want to take that photograph of the Earth.

ECCLES:

Oh, here. I just saw the Earth through the clouds.

INTELLECTUAL:

Did it look round?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but I don't think it saw me.

SEAGOON:

You're right, Eccles! And look! There's the besieged Fort Spon directly beneath us. Quick! Parachute the rifles down to them.

BLOODNOK:

Rifles away!

SEAGOON:

They've got them!

MORIARTY:

They're loading them!

BLOODNOK:

They've fired!

SEAGOON:

The enemy are all dead! Success!

MORIARTY:

Curse! This is the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin!

GREENSLADE:

And it's also the end of the horse-drawn Goon Show. Goodnight!

MORIARTY:

Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

(OVER) (GARBLED)

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With George Chisholm, The Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

Notes:

1) Lisle Street in a Street in London that was infamous for its prostitution. Hence the Grytpype-Thynne comment: "Well if you can't get off in Lisle Street, you'll never get off anywhere."

S7 E16 - The Rent Collectors

Transcribed by Peter Harris, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

And so say all of us, Wal!

GREENSLADE:

I say, it's dashed decent of you to concur.

SEAGOON:

Ha, isn't it? What's this 1957 bill of fare, mate?

GREENSLADE:

It's a Goon Show called The Rent Collectors.

SEAGOON:

Now, as...

ORCHESTRA:

OLDE ENGLISH LINK A LA 'GREENSLEEVES', SECOMBE SINGING OLDE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH

GREENSLADE:

In a lonely mountain bog in the Pennines, the chill wind blew a tattered fragment of newspaper onto the face of a sleeping gentleman.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, do you see that fragment of newspaper which has just been blown onto the frontal lobes of that disgusting Lithuanian shepherd?

MORIARTY:

Oww, yes! Hand me my mutton-chop telescope.

GRYTPYPE:

There you are.

MORIARTY:

Yes, I can read it. Grytpype! Listen to this!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

'Crun and Partners, Commissioners for Oaths...'

GRYTPYPE:

(GASPS)

MORIARTY:

'...will pay handsomely for men willing to face the hazards of rent collecting in the fair district of East Acton'.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, quick! Let's do it!

FX:

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! PEN SCRATCHING PAPER, OVER...

CRUN:

Er, now, now, now. What next, now, um...? (READS) Mister Patrick Murphy of no fixed abodee, sevenpence-ha'penny behind in his rent. Mrs...

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henry, er...

CRUN:

(WRITING STOPS) What? What? What?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Oh, (MUTTERS, LIP SMACKING). Hen... Henreee!

CRUN:

Ah, drat that modern melody-woman.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Yim-bom-biddle... (SILLY SINGING, PAUSES). Pfwo-o-ow!

CRUN:

What do you... what... what is it, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) The cat wants to go out.

CRUN:

What makes you think that, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) He's just put his hat and coat on. Ooooh...

CRUN:

Dear, oh, dear. Why do we have to have a loony moggie that insists on wearing a hat and coat? Why can't he be like other cats and just wear a knitted pullover, I...? Now, where was I?

MINNIE:

(OFF, INTERRUPTS) Because the dog's wearing the pullover, you know that.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's his turn to have the pullover, you know that.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(MUTTERED EXCHANGES)

CRUN:

Now, back to my writing...

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING PAPER

CRUN:

Mrs. Spon, eleven and fourpence.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henry! Henreeee!

CRUN:

What is it now, Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Can't you hear, Henry, there's no-one knocking at the door.

CRUN:

Then I won't answer it, Min. You never know who it might not be.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Aaaaaaah! But it might not be somebody we know.

CRUN:

Oh, then I'd better see who isn't there.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening. My name is Grytpype-Thynne.

SECOMBE:

(COCKNEY IDIOT, OFF) 'Ere! When do I get a part in this play, then?

GRYTPYPE:

Later... later, Neddie, later. (LAUGHS OVER)

SECOMBE:

Page three and no posh chat, yet!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, you'll get your posh chat later, Neddie.

SECOMBE:

Look 'ere, look, there's no red lines on my script, look 'ere. Page three. Well, it's all right for some.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) You're going on a bit.

SECOMBE:

Needle-nardle-noo. Hern, hern.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, get back in the wings, will you?

SECOMBE:

Ahh, there'll be no brandy left for you, then.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty. Will you do... will you do the talking while I take the part of Mr. Crun?

MORIARTY:

Alright, Grytpype.

SECOMBE:

(RASPBERRY)

MORIARTY:

Now, are you ready?

CRUN:

Yes, I'm ready now. What do you want?

MORIARTY:

We want the job as rent-collectors.

CRUN:

Yes, well the job is...

MORIARTY:

Yes?

CRUN:

Collecting the rent from some tenants of ours.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww.

CRUN:

You see, they owe us eight thousand pound, eleven and fourpence in arrears.

MORIARTY:

In arrears!

CRUN:

Of which a thousand pound is yours if you can collect it.

MORIARTY:

Oww, ooh! (SMACKS LIPS) A thousand pounds! Ow-eh-oh, we'll do it! We'lllllllll do iiiiiit. What's the address?

CRUN:

Death Grange, Slaughter Hill.

MORIARTY:

That place?

CRUN:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

We'll never do it, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

It's more than our life's worth, to go to...

SEAGOON:

(COCKNEY IDIOT, OFF) What about me? What about the acting part of it? Can't stand round the back 'ere drinking brandy all night. I been doin' my nut, there.

GRYTPYPE:

Why not? You always do.

MORIARTY:

Wait a minute. Come here, little Neddie. Put down that goat-skin full of brandy and answer me one question. Have you ever heard of Death Grange, Slaughter Hill?

SEAGOON:

No. Is it a holiday camp?

MORIARTY:

Ohhhhhh. This is just the Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. I'll do the talking, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right and I'll put in the punctuation.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie,

MORIARTY:

Comma!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Coma.

GRYTPYPE:

How would you like to earn five pounds?

MORIARTY:

Question mark!

GRYTPYPE:

All you have to do is to go and collect the rent from Death Grange.

MORIARTY:

Full stop.

SEAGOON:

Certainly, how do I...?

MORIARTY:

Just get on this bus.

SEAGOON:

Does it go past the house?

MORIARTY:

Yes, but you can jump off.

SEAGOON:

Right! Goodbye!

FX:

DING

GRAMS:

BUS DRIVES OFF

CONDUCTRESS:

[SELLERS]

Fares, please! All fares, please!

SEAGOON:

Slaughter Hill, please.

CONDUCTRESS:

Slaughter Hill? Ooh, you're asking for trouble, you are.

SEAGOON:

No, I'm asking for a ticket. Ha-ha-ha. You're too tall for me. Ha-ha-ha. A-hem. Fourpenny one, please.

CONDUCTRESS:

Fourpence? It's sixpence to Slaughter Hill!

SEAGOON:

Oh, right-oh. (ASIDE) Little does she know that it's actually ninepence.

CONDUCTRESS:

Little does he know that I'm not even the conductress on this bus.

ORCHESTRA:

PASSAGE OF TIME LINK

GRAMS:

BUS NOISES

CONDUCTRESS:

Slaughter 'ill!

SEAGOON:

Well, stop the bus, then.

CONDUCTRESS:

Not likely! Won't catch us stoppin' 'ere, you'll have to jump for it.

SEAGOON:

Right! Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH OF BODY HITTING WATER

SELLERS:

(POSH, UNCLE MAC) Oh, dear, children. Look what has happened to poor Uncle Harry.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GREENSLADE:

On arrival in the canal, Seagoon immediately inflated his Mae West, blew up his rubber dinghy, put on his water wings and sank like a stone. Which, of course, brings us to Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

MAN STRUGGLING IN WATER, UNDER

SEAGOON:

Heeeeelp! Haullllp! Hilp! Or if you're French, au secourrrrrs!

GRAMS:

SLOW MOTOR-BOAT

SEAGOON:

What's that? It's a nautical gramophone playing a recording of a motor-boat.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. We heard your cries of help, holp, hilp and hulp.

SEAGOON:

Which one are you answering?

GRYTPYPE:

Heelp.

SEAGOON:

Gad, you're cutting it fine.

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie. What's all the noise about?

SEAGOON:

I have it on good authority that I'm drowning.

GRYTPYPE:

For a fee of one and six, we can salvage you.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

COIN IN TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. And here is a waterproof receipt.

SEAGOON:

Just the thing for my submerged accountant.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) James Grafton!

SEAGOON:

And now. Heeeeeeeelp! I'm going down for the third time! Now.

MORIARTY:

The second... the second time! That'll be another sevenpence.

SEAGOON:

What for?

MORIARTY:

For keeping count of the number of times you go down.

FX:

COIN IN TILL

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now, please help me out, I've paid you two shillings already.

GRYTPYPE:

Two and a penny, Neddie! And that'll be another half-crown for keeping your account.

FX:

COIN IN TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Now, let us help you into the boat.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND SEAGOON:

(HUP! STRAINING, OVER)

GRAMS:

MAN BEING PULLED OUT OF WATER

MORIARTY:

Now... now, Neddie. You want to be taken ashore?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

One shilling, please.

SEAGOON:

I... er... I haven't any more money.

MORIARTY:

No more money? Hup!

SEAGOON:

Oh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH OF BODY INTO WATER. MOTORBOAT, SPEEDING UP AND AWAY

SEAGOON:

Heeeeelp!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Goodbye!

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Goodbye in French!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. Left alone in the canal, with no hope of rescue, I was forced to swim to the bank and... and climb out.

GRAMS:

MAN GETTING OUT OF WATER

SEAGOON:

Huh! Gasp! Gasp!

CONSTABLE:

[SELLERS]

(OOOH-AAR RUSTIC, TOOTHLESS POLICEMAN) 'ello, 'ello, 'ello? What's this 'ere, mate?

SEAGOON:

Constabule!

CONSTABLE:

Caught you in the act, didn't I, my dear? Swimmin' in the canal thereby contravenin' By-law thirtny-seven.

SEAGOON:

But I had to swim, oh, toothless one! Otherwise... otherwise I'd have drowned.

CONSTABLE:

Aren't no law in this village against drownin', only swimmin'. Swimmin's a criminals offence.

SEAGOON:

But Constabule!

CONSTABLE:

You'll 'ave to appear before the Magistrate, my dear. Ain't nobody swammed in the canal since old Jim Prong fell in... (SELLERS LOSES IT) Since old Jim Prong fell in, dead drunk, in his long underwear.

SEAGOON:

And did *he* have to go in front of the Magistrate?

CONSTABLE:

He *was* the Magistrate.

LITTLE JIM:

He fell in the wa-tah.

CONSTABLE:

Aahaar! Say it, again my little darlin'.

LITTLE JIM:

That man felled in the wa-tah.

CONSTABLE:

You 'eard what 'e said. Come on, you're for the High Court of Little Filthmuck. But don't worry, my dear, I'll stand by you.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CONSTABLE:

It'll make me look taller. Ahaaar.

SEAGOON:

Ducks disease! The curse of the Seagoons!

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

FARMYARD NOISES, COWS, PIGS, CHICKENS

OMNES:

(RHUBARB, RHUBARB ETC)

FX:

GAVEL BANGING

BAILIFF:

[SELLERS]

(ANOTHER RUSTIC) Silence! Silence in cow-shed. The Court will stand for his worship, the Lord Chief Magistrate of Little Filthmuck.

BERNARD MILES:

Hello, me old dears. Now then, is everybody nice and comfortable?

OMNES:

Aaargh! (ETC)

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I'm not!

MILES:

Nobody's worried about you. 'Ere and keep away from them pigs, we don't want them to catch anything before the Cattle Show. Right, now I declare that I will try the prisoner fairly and that I am entirely unbiased one way or the other, right?

BAILIFF:

Right, sir!

MILES:

Good! (ASIDE) Now, Tom. Just run across the road and get some good, strong rope. Now then. Mr. Spriggs, did the jury swear the hoath?

BAILIFF:

Yes, sir.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Yes, sir.

MILES:

Did the prisoner swear?

BAILIFF:

I never 'eard such language, sir.

MILES:

Right then, proceed with the hevidence.

BAILIFF:

Right, sir, ahem. The prisoner was apprehended while swimmin' in the canal. When brought before me, he was soaking wet and drippin' without due care and attention. I asked him his name and he said it was "R. Tishoo"

MILES:

Arrr. Chinese prisoner, eh?

SEAGOON:

What nonsense! My name is.. Ah, ah, ah-choo! (SNEEZES)

BAILIFF:

You see, he admits it, sir.

MILES:

Ah, well, you heard all... you've heard all the hevidence. Now, what shall we do to the prisoner?

RUSTIC:

[SELLERS]

(YET ANOTHER RUSTIC, QUIETLY) 'ang 'im. Little Bootle 'ad two 'angings this year and we only 'ad one.

MILES:

Arrr, it'd be a chance at catchin' up with 'em, wouldn't it?

RUSTIC:

Aaaah. Let's 'ang 'im now.

MILES:

Ooh, no. Come, come, come, come, come.

RUSTIC:

Come on, 'ang 'im now!

MILES:

No, no, no, no.

OMNES:

(RISING "ARRR"S, "'ANG 'IM"S ETC) You can't beat a long stretch like that.

MILES:

No, no, no, no, no. No, no. You can't 'ang 'in now. Got to get the tickets printed and send the invitations out.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Yes. And... and... and then there's the... the village band. They'll have to get some practice in.

MILES:

Aaaaaar! They were shockin' last time. It wasn't fair to the prisoner. I mean you could see he was upset. Well, this time we must pick a *nice* tune. Something like, well, what, er...

(SINGS, OMNES GRADUALLY JOIN IN)

Where be that there blackbird to?

I know where he be.

He knows I and I knows 'e,

He knows I be after 'e!

Where be that blackbird to?

Up that wurzel tree! Hoi!

OMNES:

(APPLAUSE, "MORE!" ETC)

MILES:

Well, thank you very much, very kind of you but save it for the 'anging, if you don't mind.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) This is ridiculous. You can't hang me!

MILES:

'E's right, you know, 'e hasn't got a neck. Alright, then, alright, me dear! One hundred years 'ard labour.

SEAGOON:

A hundred years! I'll never do it!

MILES:

Well, do as much as you can.

SEAGOON:

I insist on appealing.

MILES:

Oh! Oh, well! You'll 'ave to see the Squire about that. You'll find him at Death Grange.

SEAGOON:

Death Grange?

MILES:

Death Grange.

SEAGOON:

Death Grange. Deeaath Grange. What a bit of luck, dear listeners. That's the place where I have to collect the rents. I can kill two stones with one bird.

ELLINGTON:

Alright, I'll show you the way, old man. Just follow me.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

WIND WHISTLING, OVER

SEAGOON:

By nightfall I reached the Grange. A tall, gaunt building with a belt at the back. Through a crack in the portcullis, I perceived two of the inmates and managed to overhear their conversation.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heave, strain! Oh. Do you like exercise, Eccles? Why don't you answer me, then?

ECCLES:

(OFF) I'm not here, yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I must... hearing things... (ALoud) Say something, little friend.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm glad I had that company. Strain!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Hello, Bottle! What are you doing...(PAUSES FOR APPLAUSE) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Now, Bottle, when I was outside, I heard you straining inside. You... you...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I was straining.

ECCLES:

Were you straining from the inside?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was straining from the inside while I was inside, outside.

ECCLES:

Yer, fine, fine. I love all that Aldous Huxley stuff, I love that stuff. Um... er... now then, erm, what were you straining for, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's my new correspondence course in muscle-type development. Straining-type heave!

ECCLES:

Do some, do some.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heaving-type strains! Pull-tug! Wrench, lift, wicky-wooky-wooky! Makes funny face, waits for applause, not a sausage. Pull-tug-lift!

FX:

BOING!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooooh! My cardboard wrist-strap has flown off my muscular wrist.

ECCLES:

Yer, it gone all the way down to your ankles without touching your body, ain't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

When did you start this muscle-type course?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm starting it as soon as I can get this brown-paper parcel open. Cardboard heave!

FX:

RIPPING SOUND

ECCLES:

Cardboard... Oooh, that's my trousers!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, look, there it is. The Monroe chest-expander. Arthur Miller recommended me to this, you know that?

ECCLES:

Ohh. He... he must have had the view from the bridge, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It says here, "Jaranteed to put two inches on your chest".

ECCLES:

Alright, let me see how big your chest is before you start. Now, lift up your arms.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(STRAINING NOISES)

ECCLES:

Here, let me help you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ta.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(STRAINING).

ECCLES:

Let me see now. Eight inches, in... including shoulders, yer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eight inches? Cor, if I'd have known my chest was as big as that I would not have sent for this silly stuff.

ECCLES:

Eight inches isn't very big, you know, Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know, but I was breathing out. When I breathe in, it is different, you know. Look! (INHALES) Look!

ECCLES:

Seven and a half.

BLUEBOTTLE:

See the difference?

ECCLES:

Yer!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now this chest-expander can do put two inches on.

ECCLES:

Two!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Watch this. Stretch, ye-ee-eeh! Stretch, ye-ee-eeh! (STRAINED) Measure it, quick!

ECCLES:

Er, six and three-quarters.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I been swindled! Send it back, my good man!

ECCLES:

Very well, Lord Bluebottle. (ASIDE) He's not really a Lord, folks. But this is a gentlemen's rest-home and we got to humour 'em here, you know.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Doctor Eccles.

ECCLES:

What is it, my good man?

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) He's not really a doctor, ladies and gentlemen, only this is a gentlemen's rest home and we have to humour them, you know.

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Major Bloodnok, sir! Enemy are approaching, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What? Sound the alarm!

ABDUL:

Eck dum!

GRAMS:

BUGLE CALL, SPEEDS UP AND DOWN, OVER

BLOODNOK:

Bluebottle? Man the cannon! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer-eyrr?

BLOODNOK:

Man Bluebottle! Can you see anything?

ECCLES:

Yer, there's a man down there outside the moat!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I say! Are you the Squire?

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Hold your fire, lads.

ECCLES:

Okay.

BLOODNOK:

What tribe are you?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Tribe? I'm Welsh!

BLOODNOK:

That does it! Fiiiire!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Don't shoot! I'm Neddie Seagoon! I want to talk to you!

BLOODNOK:

He might be a King's messenger. Let him in, but make him give the password which is "I don't know".

ECCLES:

"I don't know". Okay. That'll fox him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Um, hello, my good man. Now then, what's the password?

SEAGOON:

I don't know.

ECCLES:

Ooh, he got it right first time, too.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

LITTLE JIM:

He fell in the wa-tah, that man, he fell in the wa-tah.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven you got through, young ensign. Now, any news of General Gordon?

SEAGOON:

General Gordon? He was killed at Khartoum.

BLOODNOK:

What? This is terrible! (ALL SAD) No reinforcements! We shall never hold out against all these savage brown tribesmen. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, Major?

BLOODNOK:

(FRENZIED, IN CHORUS) FIIIIIIIRE!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

And Abdul? Pour me another brandy, will you?

ABDUL:

I am sorry, sir, all the European-type brandy has all been drunk, Sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh, bwani, this means a horrible death by thirst!

SEAGOON:

But there's tub full of water over there.

BLOODNOK:

We can't use that!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

No soap!

ABDUL:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

How about that well?

BLOODNOK:

I think it's dry.

ABDUL:

Try it.

SEAGOON:

Well, you can soon find out by the echo, listen. (YELLS INTO WELL) Hellooooo!

ECHO:

(SEAGOON, PRERECORDED) Helloooooo!

SEAGOON:

(YELLING) Heeeeeeeeeelp!

ECHO:

Heeeeeeeeeelp!

SEAGOON:

(TO BLOODNOK) Good heavens!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's a man down there calling for help!

SEAGOON:

(YELLS INTO WELL AGAIN) Are you all right?

ECHO:

Are you all right?

SEAGOON:

(YELLING) Yes, I'm all right!

ECHO:

Yes, I'm all right!

SEAGOON:

(TO BLOODNOK AGAIN) Ah! No need to bother. He's all right.

ABDUL:

Ah! [UNCLEAR]. The North-West frontier tribesmen are attacking again with our tack.

BLOODNOK:

What? Fiiiire!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, please. What's all this about tribesmen attacking, here, in the middle of England?

BLOODNOK:

England? You've got a touch of the sun, old lad. This is Afsponistan.

ECCLES:

(OFF) It is Af-spon-stan.

BLOODNOK:

Abdul, bring me a bottle of my "Last Stand" home-brewed whisky. I can't bear the sight of those sun-drenched mountains any longer.

SEAGOON:

Sun-drenched mountains? Where?

BLOODNOK:

Outside. I never allow them in the house.

SEAGOON:

But this is England, I tell you. Out there is a green field with trees and hedges.

BLOODNOK:

So, you can see them, too, can you? Abdul, the mirage is stronger than ever today!

ABDUL:

Major, look! Two thousand tribesmen are attacking our ranks.

BLOODNOK:

What? Fire!!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

(SERIOUS) Major, I can't see any tribesmen attacking.

BLOODNOK:

That's funny, neither can I. Hand me that bottle of whisky. (SLURP! GULP!) Ahhhh, now I can see them!

SEAGOON:

Ahem. Major Bloodnok, I've come for your back rent amounting to eight thousand pounds, eleven and fourpence.

BLOODNOK:

Pardon?

SEAGOON:

Your back rent. Eight thousand pounds, eleven and fourpence.

BLOODNOK:

Er, I can't hear you, that blasted brass band's started again.

SEAGOON:

Brass band? I can't hear them.

BLOODNOK:

Have a drink of this whisky.

SEAGOON:

(GULP, GULP)

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS BAND MUSIC, OVER

SEAGOON:

FIRE!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, MUSIC STOPS

SEAGOON:

That stopped them!

BLOODNOK:

And the tribesmen have broken for lunch. Abdul, what's the total today?

ABDUL:

A hundred and forty-eight bottles of brandy, sir. Shall I get some more?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, certainly. No! No! No, I mean, certainly not! I don't want it to become a habit.

ABDUL:

It has!

BLOODNOK:

I'll tell me what you can do, though.

ABDUL:

What, sahib?

BLOODNOK:

(SCREAMS) FIIIIIRE!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Major, please. I must speak to you.

ABDUL:

What a pity.

SEAGOON:

The people in the village are going to hang me!

BLOODNOK:

I know, I've been asked to do the catering.

SEAGOON:

But they're going to hang me for nothing!

BLOODNOK:

That's damned charitable of them! They usually charge all kinds of things, you know?

SEAGOON:

Please. (ASIDE) I'm desperate here, it says. (ALoud) Please. (ASIDE) My life, we're desperate.

BLOODNOK:

No Ted Ray laughing, please.

SEAGOON:

Can't you sign a reprieve for me?

BLOODNOK:

I suppose I could. For a consideration.

SEAGOON:

All right. How much?

BLOODNOK:

Well, let me see. Shall we say, um, eight thousand pounds, eleven and fourpence?

SEAGOON:

Aaaooaaah.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT OVER SEAGOON SCREAMING

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with Bernard Miles, 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.

S7 E17 - Shifting Sands

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN-STYLE GAME-SHOW HOST) Is the correct answer! And you win the spon prize of a pair of revolving cardboard sock!

SEAGOON:

Mr Sellers, kindly remove that Hughie Green disguise and give a rapid impression of the Oozlem bird.

GRAMS:

WHOOOOSH.

SELLERS:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

"Gone and never called me 'mother'".

"Dirty British coaster with a salt caked smoke stack..."

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

As I was saying;

"Dirty British coaster with a salt caked smoke stack,

Butting through the channel in the mad march days."

GREENSLADE:

Isn't that by the poet laureate?

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. It's by Masfield. Jim Masfield.

BLOODNOK:

I know another one of his by Kipling. (SINGS)
On the road to Mandelay
Where the flying fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder...

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) Out of China 'cross the bay...

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

Got him! I couldn't resist him, he was so beautifully marked!

SEAGOON:

Naturally. He was just back from the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ho, ho! So gather round me, lads, while I recount it.

OMNES:

Soldier-like grumblings.

BLOODNOK:

There's a little green-eyed idol to the north of Kathmandu,
But the wind blew up the chimney just the same.
And when it came to water, we... (FADE)

ORCHESTRA:

MILITARY LINK. 'WHERE ARE THE BOYS FROM THE OLD BRIGADE'

GRAMS:

FADE IN SOUNDS OF MARCHING.

GREENSLADE:

The tale Bloodnok told was of India, nineteen-hundred and two, from the year of the same name.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I was fresh out of Sandhurst and it wasn't long before I joined the army. It was a proud moment when my batman sewed those two gleaming pips onto the seat of my trousers. (FADE)

WILLIUM:

I see you worked your way up from the bottom, sir. Congratulations on you becoming a Second Lieutenant.

SEAGOON:

Yes! To think, just a month ago I was only a Brigadier. Now let me view myself in the 'commissioned ranks only' mirror.

FX:

GLASS SMASHING.

WILLIUM:

Ooh, it's never done that before, sir.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'll make damned sure it doesn't do it again. Take it out and shoot it. Ha, ha, ha, gad! Yuech yuech yuech yuech! How I look forward to a day on the battlefield!

SPONLEY:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER CLASS TWIT) I say! Seagers, old chap!

SEAGOON:

Why, it's Nigel Sponley, the third long things.

SPONLEY:

Yes. Grand news!

SEAGOON:

What, Nigel?

SPONLEY:

The regiment's sailing tonight for active service.

SEAGOON:

Active service? Does that mean fighting?

SPONLEY:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Oh, my leg! My leg, it's gone!

SPONLEY:

Quick! After it!

SEAGOON:

In a few bounds, Nigel Sponley had the leg trapped by the throat and returned it to me. But it was a close thing.

SPONLEY:

Damn close!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

WILLIUM:

Pardon me, Lieutenant, son, er, sir. The, er, C.O. wants to see you in 'is dressing gown.

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll change at once.

ORCHESTRA:

FURTHER MILITARY LINK.

OMNES:

MILLIGAN DOING IDIOT SERGEANT MAJOR IN THE DISTANCE

FX:

DOOR OPENS THEN SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon reporting, sir!

C.O.:

[SELLERS]

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS THEN SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

C.O.:

Now, what's your phone number?

SEAGOON:

Spon, three-four-nine, sir.

FX:

DIALLING

C.O.:

Spon, three-four-nine.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

C.O.:

Answer that, Seagoon.

FX:

PHONE LIFTS.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Seagoon here.

C.O.:

Seagoon, come over to my office right away.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir.

FX:

PHONE DOWN.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. (BRISK)

C.O.:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS THEN SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon reporting, sir.

C.O.:

You're a devilish difficult fellow to get hold of.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. I always grease myself as a precaution.

C.O.:

(LAUGHTER)

SEAGOON:

(JOINING IN)

C.O.:

Yes, very... Yes, that's a jolly good one, that, yes. By jove! Ah, ha, ha, dear! Seagoon, this is Commander Greenslade, R.N.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

GREENSLADE:

Er, Seagoon. I have here the editor of the 'NAAFI Quarterly'.

(HERE, SELLERS PLAYS TWO PARTS IN ONE SCENE. IT'S A BIT HARD TO TELL THEM APART BUT I'LL HAVE A GO...)

GRYTPYPE:

How do you do? Gentlemen I have here in this cardboard suitcase, Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Confidential bus-conductor to the President of France and war correspondent of 'Health and Sound'.

MORIARTY:

How do you do, gentlemen? I have news. An outpost of the British Empire is in danger!

SEAGOON:

Tell us something new, mate.

MORIARTY:

What!

GRYTPYPE:

Lieutenant Seagoon, we have it on good authority from our milkman that the besieged garrison at, er... at Fort Thud on the frontier of Waziristan has lost its union jack.

SEAGOON:

You mean... our troops don't know what side they're on?

GRYTPYPE:

They know which side they're on but they can't prove it!

SEAGOON:

Gad! It... it must be hell out there.

C.O.:

It is. Now then, what we've got to do...

ECCLES:

Here, here, here! What's going on here?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll clear off, then.

GRYTPYPE:

Seajune, we want you to take the plans of a union jack to Fort Thud.

SEAGOON:

The plans?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. You must realise, Seagoon, that all union jacks are made from an original set of rare plans left behind by King Arthur in an early British waiting room, circa BC.

SEAGOON:

You mean - and I say this on behalf of the bewildered listeners - that without those plans Britain would never be able to build another union jack?

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly.

SEAGOON:

(CHOKING BACK TEARS) I say...

GREENSLADE:

(VERY EMOTIONAL) Easy old man.

C.O.:

(TENSE) Steady, Commander.

SEAGOON:

I'll be alright. What is that all about, then? (CAST GET THE GIGGLES)

C.O:

Seagoon, don't spoil everything, so. Without those carefully rehearsed moments of dramatic tension, where would the empire be today, sir?

SEAGOON:

Where it's always been, in Leicester Square!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

SEAGOON:

Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

CYMBAL SNAP.

GELDRAI:

Hi!

SEAGOON:

So gentlemen, this is where the story really starts. And here to hold it up is Max Geldray. Alright lads, round the back for the old brandy, there!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SELLERS:

The Shifting Sands of Weziristoon, part pflin!

SEAGOON:

With the plans of the union jack secreted in the hip pocket of my hat, I set fire to my socks and set off hot-foot for Fort Thud. Which was under the command of its commander, where, at this very moment, folks, they are playing his signature tune.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohohohohoh! Ohohohohohoh! Ohohohohoh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohoh!

FX:

CORK POPPING.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's better! Now...

GRAMS:

EXTENDED SOUNDS OF POURING.

BLOODNOK:

(DRINKING SOUNDS)

ABDUL:

Major! Major Bloodnok, sir! The Colonel is coming. Tottenham three, Arsenal two. Snow on high ground.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, thank you. The Colonel? Oh! Chain the brandy to the wall. I... I know his sort.

CHINSTRAP:

[JACK TRAIN]

A glass of port? I don't mind if I do. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

By the great leather puttees of Gemard R. Goldstein! Colonel Chinstrap, it's you, sir!

CHINSTRAP:

Yes, sir. Colonel Chinstrap is always me.

BLOODNOK:

What a fortunate co-incidence for you both.

CHINSTRAP:

Well, if you insist Dennis, just a chotta-peg.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

GRAMS:

POURING.

BLOODNOK:

Enough?

CHINSTRAP:

Just a spot more.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

GRAMS:

FURTHER POURING.

BLOODNOK:

Cheers.

CHINSTRAP:

Cheers.

FX:

GLASSES CLINK. SOUNDS OF DRINKING

BLOODNOK:

Have another?

CHINSTRAP:

Ah, just a small one, please.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

GRAMS:

FURTHER FURTHER POURING.

BLOODNOK:

Cheers.

CHINSTRAP:

Cheers.

FX:

GLASSES CLINK. SOUNDS OF FURTHER DRINKING

BLOODNOK:

Spot more?

CHINSTRAP:

Err, no, no. I think it's about time you had one.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, oh, yes, I will, then.

GRAMS:

FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER POURING.

(SOUNDS OF FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER DRINKING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Does you good, you know, doesn't it?

CHINSTRAP:

I say, Dennis?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes?

CHINSTRAP:

Anything happen during the night?

BLOODNOK:

In the night?

CHINSTRAP:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the night, yes.

CHINSTRAP:

Yes, in the night.

BLOODNOK:

Well, Humphrey, the fort was attacked by fifteen thousand tribesmen, but they were driven off by a frenzied shrieking figure waving a whiskey bottle.

CHINSTRAP:

Good heavens. Who was it?

BLOODNOK:

You, sir!

CHINSTRAP:

Are you sure, Dennis?

BLOODNOK:

Am I sure?!

CHINSTRAP:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I'm sure.

CHINSTRAP:

Er... thank you.

BLOODNOK:

You weren't the only one in that night-shirt, you know! Ohhh, it was hell in there! Well...

GRAMS:

FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER SOUNDS OF POURING

BLOODNOK:

Bottoms up!

CHINSTRAP:

Cheers.

(SOUNDS OF FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER DRINKING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, ohhhh!

FX:

GLASSES CLINK.

CHINSTRAP:

I have a toast.

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

CHINSTRAP:

Here's to the old country, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What... what old country?

CHINSTRAP:

Any old country.

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

CHINSTRAP:

Cheers!

BLOODNOK:

Cheers.

(SOUNDS OF FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER DRINKING)

BLOODNOK:

Well now, Colonel, I suppose you're wondering why you sent for me.

CHINSTRAP:

Yes, I... Just a minute, just a minute, my boy.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

CHINSTRAP:

(OFF) Quiet out there! (NORMAL) Blasted goldfish!!

BLOODNOK:

They should wear slippers, you know.

CHINSTRAP:

Well, if you insist, just a little...

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

ECCLES:

Here! What's going on here?

BLOODNOK:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

I'll clear off, then.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

GRAMS:

FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER FURTHER SOUNDS OF POURING. MIX IN DISTANT SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE

BLOODNOK:

Look, the... the relief column's arrived!

CHINSTRAP:

Send her in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

TRAM ARRIVING AT JUNCTION.

BLOODNOK:

Great Scott! It's a 49 tram!

CHINSTRAP:

Then it's one of ours.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(ENTERING) Gentlemen, here are the plans for the union jack you so desperately need.

BLOODNOK:

Hurray, hurray!

SEAGOON:

Sorry I'm late gentlemen, but your fort is twenty miles further north than it says on the map.

CHINSTRAP:

Twenty miles further north? Then it's happened again. This fort was built on shifting sands and your combined extra weight must have set it going north again.

BLOODNOK:

You're right, Colonel. Look out of the wall!

SEAGOON:

Great spones of galloping Hern! The fort's crossing the frontier into Waziristan.

FX:

DOOR KNOCK.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohouuuahhhhhohhhhuh! Ohohohouuuuuahhhhhhohhh! Oh, I recognise that knocking. It's the devilish Waziric tribal chief, 'The Wad of Char'!

FX:

HEAVY KNOCKING.

WAD OF CHAR:

[ELLINGTON]

Let me in, Bloodnok, or I'll open this door, cor blimey!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

WAD OF CHAR:

Now...

BLOODNOK:

Curse! He knew the combination of the hinges.

CHINSTRAP:

I say, sir, ask what he wants while I climb out the window.

WAD OF CHAR:

Come back! Your fort now resting on my father's domain.

BLOODNOK:

How painful for him.

WAD OF CHAR:

I warn you, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

WAD OF CHAR:

Your fort is now in the sacred car-park of El Bow. Cost you seven and six an hour, mate. Pay by cash cheque at sunrise or we attack.

BLOODNOK:

I'm warning *you*, Wad of Char, unless you withdraw that threat by dawn... we'll pay!

WAD OF CHAR:

Alright, mate. And now my latest number. Yim bom bulla boo!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine, you.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

MILITARY LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Shifting Sands of Waziristan. Part three, The Shifting Sands of Waziristan.

SEAGOON:

Quite right, yes.

GREENSLADE:

Through the night...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

...on the fort's battlements...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes?

GREENSLADE:

...British soldiers...

SEAGOON:

Oooo, yeah?

GREENSLADE:

...stood to for the expected attack.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you wearing your long winter draws, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No, I am not wearing my winter-draws-Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Nope, no. No, I... I never wear them, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor. Aren't you afraid of going round without wearing any of them?

ECCLES:

Nope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Coo, what courage! Do you know that you're a second Wyatt Earp?

ECCLES:

Doesn't Wyatt Earp wear long draws?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I do not know. I have never looked up his trouser leg.

ECCLES:

I'll tell you something.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

I... I looked up my dad's trousers once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor!

ECCLES:

And I discovered something.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

That's where he keeps his legs. Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

You ever seen your daddy's legs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. He always takes them to work with him.

ECCLES:

Oh. What for, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He uses them to stop his trousers from bending.

ECCLES:

Oh, fine. That... that's good. That... that's good, umm. (SINGS)
A letter to a dustman,
who takes my dust away.
A letter to a dustman...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeeeeee! Eccles! Do not look now! Right behind you there's a pair of great big naked legs.

ECCLES:

Oooooo, legs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Whose are they?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll look up his trousers and see. Ohhhhhhhh! It's Ray Ellington.

WAD OF CHAR:

Yes, but me playing part of 'Wad of Char'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-hohoeeee! The enemy! Immediately attacks for England. Hit, hit, fight! Hit, hit, hit! Strike! Hit-strike, hit-strike, strike-hit!! Hit-hit. Hit-hit-hit-hit-hit-HIT! Knees fall off, collapses, loses.

WAD OF CHAR:

So, listen, little spirit of empire.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-hohoeeee!

WAD OF CHAR:

You give me the key to fort gates and me give you four ounces dolly-mixture.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho, hoi-hoi!!!! Every man has got his price. Here is the key.

WAD OF CHAR:

And here is four ounces dolly-mixture. Goodbye, mate.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Puts leading dolly-mixture into dinner hole. Savours morsel. Ahi hoo hooo! Huh hu hu hui! I have been trick-éd! These dolly-mixtures are forgeries, made from compressed senna-pods. Faints with horror. Faint, fall, thud.

SEAGOON:

What's going on here? Who's this soldier sleeping on guard? Good heavens, Private Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, I have done a terrible thing! I gave the key of the fort gate to the dreaded 'Wad of Char'.

SEAGOON:

What! You'll be shot for this. Take aim, fire!

FX:

RIFLE SHOT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, Captain. Can I go home now?

SEAGOON:

Colonel, what are we gonna do?

CHINSTRAP:

We'll have to drink our way out.

GRAMS:

MACHINE GUN FIRE. BUGLE PLAYING ADVANCE OVER. SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

BLOODNOK:

Ooooooh, oooh! The Waziris are attacking. Oooohh! Ooooooh! Anybody got a hole in the ground?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, this is a fine time to turn coward!

BLOODNOK:

I know, that's why I chose it.

FX:

CORK POPPING.

CHINSTRAP:

Gentlemen, we'll drink our way out!

BLOODNOK:

A good idea.

CHINSTRAP:

I'll lead the way.

SEAGOON:

You can't drink your way out of this. These tribesmen are tough. There's only one language that Wazirirs understand - Waziri.

CHINSTRAP:

Splendid. I'll address the hoards from the battlements in their own language. (SHOUTS) I say you Wazaries, Chum jum din pew kin, chinkidy chankin juck, aves spon. They're not answering.

BLOODNOK:

What? Let me try, Humphrey.

CHINSTRAP:

Yes, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh. Atora muckin tora char, Bombay biddy boda cha! You're right, they're not answering, you know. Ohhhhh!

CHINSTRAP:

Perhaps it's their half-day closing.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

No. Wait! Wait! Eheheheheheheiei! Wait!

CHINSTRAP:

Yes, I couldn't agree more.

SEAGOON:

What are those lumps at the bottom of the foothills?

ECCLES:

Toes!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

OMNES:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, look! They're hauling 'Thin Tom', their long range cannon, into position.

BLOODNOK:

They're loading it.

CHINSTRAP:

By gad, sir, they're lighting the fuse.

SPONLEY:

They're... they're pointing it at us.

BLOODNOK:

They're going to fire it.

SEAGOON:

I wonder what they're up to.

SPONLEY:

Yes.

GRAMS:

SHELL DROPPING

BLOODNOK:

Duck!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY HEN CLUCKING

SEAGOON:

That's no duck, that's a chicken.

CHINSTRAP:

By gad, sir, they're firing hens at us.

BLOODNOK:

A *fowl* trick!

CHINSTRAP:

Egg-sactly.

MILLIGAN:

We're being *shelled*.

SEAGOON:

Stop cracking *yokes*!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GRAMS:

MASSED RIFLE FIRE.

SEAGOON:

Go on, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Through the long night the Waziris attacked, firing their bullets from the hidden position inside their rifle barrels. Then at dawn, good tidings.

OMNES:

Rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb

CRUN:

Gentlemen of the fort, we have worked all night and completed a union jack. Owing to the shortage I was forced to build it of wood.

CHINSTRAP:

Wood? How is it going to wave?

CRUN:

I put hinges down the middle.

CHINSTRAP:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Great news! Hoist it up the flagpole.

CRUN:

We can't... can't do that. You see I used the flagpole to build the flag.

MINNIE:

Yes, yes. He... be... he got the... the...

GRAMS:

HEAVY ROLLING.

CRUN:

What? What's that...?

MINNIE:

Ohh! We'll be...

CHINSTRAP:

I say, what's that?

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

The fort! It's sliding back on the shifting sands towards India! Look!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

I see the frontier approaching.

FX:

QUICK KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

There it is at the back door now.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Good morning gentlemen, British Customs Officers.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, indeed. (SINGS) That's who we arrrrrrre!

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

Are you bringing any (SINGS LIKE SPRIGGS) wiiiines (NORMAL) or spirits into the country?

CHINSTRAP:

Only a flask full of brandy, sir.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

How much does it hold?

CHINSTRAP:

Forty-eight gallons.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

I wondered why your trousers were round your ankles. Forty-eight gallons, eh? That'll be seventy-five pounds in annas.

SEAGOON:

Anna doesn't live here anymore.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

I was told that Anastasia. (ANNA STAYS 'ERE)

SEAGOON:

A magnificent film.

CUSTOMS OFFICER:

You can't take this fort across into India until you get rid of that brandy.

CHINSTRAP:

Gentlemen...

SEAGOON:

Yes!

CHINSTRAP:

We'll have to drink our way out of this.

SEAGOON:

Right, volunteers, one pace forwaaaard... march!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT COMING TO ATTENTION

SEAGOON:

Name?

CHINSTRAP:

Chinstrap, late of one pace back. Good health.

GRAMS:

LIQUID BUBBLING OUT OF BOTTLE.

CHINSTRAP:

(GULPING)

GREENSLADE:

That was all fifty-scee years ago. But to this day, a white stone marks the spot where Chinstrap saved the day.

BLOODNOK:

Yes and it carries this simple inscription: "Here lies Colonel Chinstrap, drowned - from the inside."

SEAGOON:

That's it. All round the back for the old Marlon Brandy there!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Jack Train, 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.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

S7 E18 - The Moon Show

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, you tittle-tale, you!

SEAGOON:

You'll get a punch up the conk if you don't belt up, mate.

GREENSLADE:

Mr Seagoon, please. Such vulgarity ill becomes you.

SPRIGGS:

Nonsense, it suits him down to the ground.

SEAGOON:

What?!

SPRIGGS:

Face it, he nearly is down to the ground.

SEAGOON:

You can't baffle me with the posh chat, Mr Spriggs. Now Mr Greenslade, if you'll just stand in this bath of treacle and sit down slowly, you'll come to a sticky end.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY TA RA

SEAGOON:

Hup. Part two.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TATTY TA RA

GREENSLADE:

(SOMBRE) The dreaded Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TATTY TA RA

GREENSLADE:

This week..

SEAGOON:

The Moon Show.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF MIC) Everybody dance.

GRAMS:

OLD STYLE DANCE MUSIC

SPRIGGS:

Yes, folks, it is 1853, a year of months. (HARRY GIGGLES OFF MIC) No giggling, please. Now then, if listeners in the Lincolnshire district will raise their blinds, they will observe the moon casting its painted wooden beams upon a compost heap on which is... on which is found a ragged idiot recumbent upon a field of turnips. He speaks in spokes. Oh, ho, hoooo.

SEAGOON:

Ah, moon. Ah, English-type moon. What beauty, what rotundity, what delicacy, what purity, what joy.

GRYTPYPE:

What rubbish.

SEAGOON:

(RISING INFLECTION) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Only ten whats? You're not very bright, are you?

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TATTY TA RA.

SEAGOON:

(MUSIC HALL COMEDIAN) I don't wish to know that.

MILLIGAN:

(MUSIC HALL COMEDIAN) I say, look here.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a face sinister, standing up a tree.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon held up a board which said...

SEAGOON:

"What are you doing up that tree?"

GRYTPYPE:

We are mountaineering on a rather tight budget. Neddie, allow me to introduce my friend, here, on the south col branch. He is, and I quote from the Blue Book of the London telephone directory, Count Jim "Knees"...

FX:

SINGLE WOOD BLOCK

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Fruit bottler extraordinary to the house of Pronk and ex world Turkish bath champion.

MORIARTY:

Oww ow, ow. Listen Neddie, we heard your poetry and it's an insult to people without knees to hear that type of stuff.

SEAGOON:

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

MORIARTY:

You can say that again. What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (TURNS INTO CHICKEN CLUCKING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

Listen, Jim "Broody" Moriarty. Do you realise you're addressing Neddie "Davis" Seagoon, celebrated ink writer and tramp poet for East Clun? If you can do better, go ahead.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, lad. Moriarty, hand me my poet's tin speaking trumpet.

MORIARTY:

Right. I'll plug it into my knee.

FX:

SINGLE WOOD BLOCK

MORIARTY:

Ooooooh.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORTED THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET)

There once was a beautiful moon.

It was up in the sky, chum.

When he said, "What's the time?"

They replied "What?"

And the horse departed, leaving Spon.

SEAGOON:

It didn't rhyme or scan.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you think it was easy?

MORIARTY:

You see, Neddie, that's known as poetic licence.

SEAGOON:

Where can I get a poetic licence?

MORIARTY:

Now, there... there's just one left in the shop. Here, eight-pence marked down from six foot three.

SEAGOON:

What a reduction! I'll just write you a cheque on the side of this horse.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Sign your name across the bottom.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING

GRAMS:

HORSE WHINNY

SEAGOON:

Whoops! A-ha-ha. There. There, gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

Wait a minute! How do we know this horse won't bounce?

SEAGOON:

I assure you, any reputable stable will cash it.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. And here's our receipt on this banjo.

ORCHESTRA:

BAD BANJO PLAYING - NO TUNE.

SEAGOON:

Thank you and thank you. Now to test my new poetic licence. Where's my leather speaking trumpet? Hem hem.. (DECLAIMING)

Ah, moon.

You are like a melody-type tune.

You're so clever you can rhyme with Goon.

Ohhhh, what a boon is the moon in June to boon.

I'll think of another rhyme soon.

And in this land of liberty, I'll make my living at poetry.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll starve. You know, I'm afraid, lad, your verse still lacks Browning's merry note.

SEAGOON:

Did he leave one?

GRYTPYPE:

For the milkman, he did, yes, I...

MORIARTY:

Listen, Neddie, you're very fond of the moon, aren't you?

SEAGOON:

Yes. If only it were mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, it can be. Step up into the tree into my office.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECRETARY:

[MILLIGAN]

Morning, Mr Thynne.

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning. Now Neddie, pull up your trousers and sit down. Neddie, the moon has been in Moriarty's family for many generations.

MORIARTY:

(OFF MIC) Owwww.

SEAGOON:

You mean the moon is of *French* origin?

GRYTPYPE:

So the blood tests show. Unfortunately, at the, er, end of the last century during the anti-Moriarty riots in Paris, the dear Count was forced to flee to England, bringing the moon with him.

SEAGOON:

How did he manage that?

MORIARTY:

I brought it in the daytime disguised as the sun.

SEAGOON:

Quell brilliant stratagem.

GRYTPYPE:

(BAD FRENCH ACCENT) Quell terrible pronunciation.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

I'm coming to that. You see, lad, owing to the high cost of maintaining his ancestral bed-sitter, Count Moriarty is forced to put the moon on the open market.

SEAGOON:

It's for sale?

GRYTPYPE:

Only by public auction, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Where? When? How? What? Who?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well, for reasons best known to Moriarty, the auction will take place at dead of night in a tree at Christies.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Till then, Neddie, au revoir.

GRYTPYPE:

Which is French for Max Geldray.

SEAGOON:

Right, round the back for the old brandy, there.

FX:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now The Moon Show part two. An auction.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TATTY TA RA

OMNES:

Rhubarb, rhubarb.

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please. Gentlemen, please. If you all take up your positions in your respective trees, we will commence the auction. Now then, first, one moon; the property of Count Moriarty. Now, folks, what am I bid for one moooooon?

GRYTPYPE:

Start the bidding, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Seven and six!

MORIARTY:

Seven and six? Neddie, you can outbid that.

SEAGOON:

Ten shillings!

SPRIGGS:

Ten shillings, going once for ten shillings.

GRYTPYPE:

(UNDER PREVIOUS LINE) Ten shillings, Neddie? Don't let it get away with that.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Twelve and eleven!

MORIARTY:

It's worth *more*, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Twelve and twelve!

(NOTE TO OUR YOUNGER READERS, THERE WERE ONLY TWELVE PENCE IN A SHILLING, TWELVE AND TWELVE WAS THIRTEEN SHILLINGS)

SPRIGGS:

Sold at twelve and twelve pence!

FX:

GAVEL

SPRIGGS:

Oh, my finger. Now, the next item is this explodable bust of... (GOES OFF MUTTERING)

SEAGOON:

Mine! The moon is mine! (SINGS)
The moon is mine tonight;
its silvery beams come down through my wi-i-i-indow.
The moon is mine, tonight.
Is mine!
Hoooraaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

GRYTPYPE:

You'll starve.

GREENSLADE:

Now the proud owner of the moon, Seagoon retired to his centrally heated compost heap in Lincolnshire and applied himself to his steaming art.

GRAMS:

GRASSHOPPERS CHIRPING, OWLS HOOTING

SEAGOON:

Now, where's my new roast beef speaking trumpet? (CLEARS THROAT). No poetry speaker is complete without it. (DISTORTED THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Le testing, testing, one two three. (NORMAL) Seems all right to me. (CLEARS THROAT)Now.

(DISTORTED THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET)

Oh, moon of my dreams.

How brightly it gleams.

(SOTTO) What comes next? I know.

(LOUD) Ying-tong-iddle-i-po.

BLOODNOK:

Bravo, bravo, lad. Aren't you Neddie "under milk pudding" Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! What are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

I've turned tramp composer, lad.

SEAGOON:

Well, give us a tune on an instrument.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it... it only plays if you place a coin in it, you see, and I... I seem to have left my pockets in my other suit. You haven't got a...?

SEAGOON:

Here's a shilling.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ta. Yes, fine. Away we go. One, two, three.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

And the next dance, please.

SEAGOON:

What a beautiful tune that was.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it's number one on the stock exchange, you know? I wrote it myself. (QUOTES) It was spring and the moon above Paris..

SEAGOON:

Stop, Bloodnok! Moon over Paris. Moon above Paris! Obviously Moriarty didn't bring the moon over from France in the first place! This one over England must be a forgery!

BLOODNOK:

What?! Well, there's only one way to prove it, lad. We must consult the Royal College of Astronomers. And to give us time to get there, Tom Danger and his orchestra will play in the pavilion.

GRAMS:

INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF "IF YOU KNEW SUZIE" GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP

MILLIGAN:

(GENTEEL MAN) (UNINTELLIGIBLE)

SEAGOON:

(GENTEEL MAN) Quite nice, isn't it?

MILLIGAN:

(GENTEEL MAN) Yes, it is

GREENSLADE:

As Seagoon hurries to the Royal Collage of Astronomy, waiting in there are two erudite astronomers who are, even at this moment, astronoming.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, Professor Eccles?

ECCLES:

Please, Professor Bottle, my good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Let me get on with my mathematical.

BLUEBOTTLE:

OK, den.

ECCLES:

Away wid you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, den.

ECCLES:

Let me see, now... computations.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING VERY SLOWLY UNDER

ECCLES:

(TALKING TO HIMSELF) Higher mat'matics. Lower mat'matics. X is defined as de unknown quantity. X... 2... (TO BOTTLE) Do you think Arsenal will beat de Spurs dis week?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I should think... I should think it's most unlikely.

ECCLES:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Dey're playing Blackpool. 'Ere, Professor Eccles, have you seen de moon anywhere?

ECCLES:

You must remember where you put things, my good man. Have you looked up the giant telescope?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I'll try dat. Yes, I will try dat!

FX:

RATCHET TURNING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you was right. The moon is inside the telescope! Look through there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh! It's... Oooooooooohh! Yeeeer! De moon's up the other end! And a bit of the sky! Let's put the cap on the end, quick!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, goody, goody! We got it trap-ped!

ECCLES:

We got it for England!

FX:

DOOR OPENS - SLOW FOOTSTEPS UNDER

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(MOUTH NOISES - ON FOR TEN SECONDS)

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

That got rid of him. He's gone.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Who's gone?

ECCLES:

You have.

HENRY:

You naughty boys. Where have you done with me?

MINNIE:

What have you done with Henry?

HENRY:

What are you... what... what are you doing with the great, all-British, leather telescope?

ECCLES:

We trapped the moon inside it, Professor.

HENRY:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

HENRY:

Let me see with the looking-type gaze.

MINNIE:

My...

HENRY:

Oh, Min!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

HENRY:

They're right! They captured the moon!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

HENRY:

Ohh. We must put it in the fridge before it goes off.

MINNIE:

Goes off, Henry?

HENRY:

Yes. Didn't you know the moon is made of green cheese?

MINNIE:

Pooh! Oh, we can have it for supper, Henry.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dat's a good idea, auntie Min.

MINNIE:

Young Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

MINNIE:

What are you doing out of bed without your pyjama trousers on?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You see, what it was, we was playing from the latest film "Zarak" and Little Jim had my pyjama trousers over his nut.

MINNIE:

Oooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

He'd got one arm down the leg 'ole, wavin' it about like a trunk. He was an elephant, you see.

MINNIE:

Go on, Buddy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, suddenly, I sneezed and the seat of my trousers fell out knocking Little Jim into the bath.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Little Jim? Little Jim? Little Jim? Tell dem what happened, Little Jim.

LITTLE JIM:

I fell in the wa-tah.

HENRY:

Min, Min. Get... get these adapted children up to bed, you...

MINNIE:

Shut up, you naughty little...

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening!

HENRY:

Ah, come in out of the dry and wet yourself by this tap.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Professor, I want proof that there is only one genuine moon.

HENRY:

Ah, there is only one. We've got it trapped in this telescope, here.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, hooo! That's the forged one. The real moon is over Paris.

HENRY:

What!? This means war with Napoleon!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY:

Take the scabbard off my safety pin and fetch my leather horse, quickly!

MINNIE:

All right, Henry. Cut him down in his prime.

HENRY:

(MOUTH NOISES)

SEAGOON:

I must go to France and get back my rightful moon. Farewell! Ellington? Keep them amused while I'm away!

ELLINGTON:

Man, the excuses he makes to get to that brandy.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"IS THIS THE WAY?" (MIN JOINS IN SCAT AT END).

ELLINGTON:

(SHAKES TAMBOURINE) Gentlemen... be seated!

FX:

THUMP

OMNES:

Oh!

ELLINGTON:

And the ladies, keep standing.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the "Hotel de Luxe, de Super Ritz" in Paris.

GRAMS:

FRENCH ACCORDION MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter! Garkon!

MORIARTY:

What is it, manure?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty? I'm tired of driving this lift, do you hear?

MORIARTY:

I told you that twelve shillings we got off Seagoon wouldn't go far.

SEAGOON:

(APPROACHING) (VERY BAD FRENCH) Pardonnezz moyz, muss-sewars. Voolezz voooz tell me oo-eh le sal de bain?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Grytpype!

MORIARTY:

Moriarty!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you heavily oiled French wreck.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen!

MORIARTY:

Gentlemen? What's he mean?

GRYTPYPE:

It's just a word, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

SEAGOON:

Here is a wrote for your arrest.

MORIARTY:

Arrest?! Owwww. Run for it! Run for it! Owwww.

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING AWAY

SEAGOON:

That's the very horse I wrote my cheque on! After them on this pit orchestra!

GRAMS:

ORCHESTRA PLAYING "IF YOU KNEW SUZIE" SPEEDING UP

GREENSLADE:

Across the length, lingth and longth of Europe, Seagoon pursued the charlatan moon vendors.

SEAGOON:

Finally I traced them to Venice.

GRAMS:

HUGE SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRAMS:

SPLASHING UNDER

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Help! Reading from left to right, H. E. L. P. - Help!!

GONDOLIER:

[SELLERS]

(THICK ITALIAN ACCENT) Senor, this way! Let me pull you from the water.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! Oh, thank you. You saved my life.

GONDOLIER:

Well, we all make mistakes, you know.

SEAGOON:

I know. I saw your wife. Now, where are they?

GONDOLIER:

Hiding behind a clothes-horse in Rumania.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Alright, you two! Come out from behind that clothes-horse in Rumania!

MORIARTY:

Curse, he's seen us in Rumania. The game's up, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Never, Moriarty! Get behind the wheel of these running shoes.

FX:

CAR DRIVING UNDER

MORIARTY:

Right. Hold tight and off we go to the race horse.

FX:

CAR DRIVES OFF

SEAGOON:

Curses. They had the perfect formula for escape. Don't worry, listeners. As the criminals in the stream-lined LCC plimsoll sped over the Pont de Rialto, I leapt into an English airing cupboard and gave chase.

ORCHESTRA:

THREE DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

TWO SETS OF FEET RUNNING UNDER...

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Quicker, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I'm going as quick as I can.

GRYTPYPE:

Get more power out of those jam tins.

MORIARTY:

But they're old, a 1929 model.

FX:

ONE SET OF FEET RUNNING UNDER

SEAGOON:

(CALLING) You sold me the wrong moon, it's a forgery, Grytpype! I know where you are!

FX:

FEET RUNNING AWAY

GREENSLADE:

While the chase is in progress, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for your letters to me.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING AT GRYTPYPE IN BACKGROUND THROUGHOUT GREENSLADE SPEECH)

GREENSLADE:

Many correspondents have asked why I have not made more significant and prolonged appearances in my role of "Wallace Greenslade, Demon Talker". I can assure you that I have approached Mr Seagoon with regard to taking over his part in the show. He said... Well, um, I've got it written down here. Er... (READS) "You stick to announcing or you'll get a punch up your big, steaming conk." Which, er, which, as you'll all agree, is not the wittiest of lines. I will, therefore, return you to the great Seagoon versus Moriarty/Grytpype-Thynne chase, this time with piano accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA:

VERY BAD PIANO PLAYING UNDER SAME RUNNING AS BEFORE -

GRAMS:

FOLLOWING SEQUENCE PLAYED AS GRAMS

FX:

TWO SETS OF FEET RUNNING UNDER

GRYTPYPE:

Quicker Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I'm going as quick as I can.

GRYTPYPE:

Get more power out of those jam tins.

MORIARTY:

But they're old, [UNCLEAR].

FX:

ONE SET OF FEET RUNNING UNDER

SEAGOON:

You sold me the wrong moon. It's a forgery, Grytpype. I know where you are!

FX:

FEET RUNNING AWAY

MORIARTY:

I'm going as fast as I can!

GRYTPYPE:

Hurry up, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]!

GRYTPYPE:

Who were those ladies I saw you with last night?

MORIARTY:

Those were no ladies, those were bearded men.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that, you pair of idiots.

GRAMS:

NED, MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE CONTINUE SHOUTING, RUNNING FEET, PIANO ETC UNDER

SEAGOON:

I say, this is jolly exciting, isn't it?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes it is, isn't it, Neddie?

GRAMS, FX AND PIANO STOP

FX:

ONE SET OF RUNNING FEET TOWARDS MIC

MORIARTY:

(PANTING) Ahhh! Owww! It's no good, Grytpype. These feet I'm using are exhausted.

GRYTPYPE:

My knees are overheated, too. We shall have to catch a train to Tangier.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE. SOUNDS OF RAILWAY STATION

MORIARTY:

What luck, Grytpype! Here's a sound effect of a booking office. I'll get the tickets. Two cheap day returns to Tangiers.

FX:

GUARD'S WHISTLE

GRYTPYPE:

We must hurry, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Even quicker than that!

GRAMS:

TWO WHOOSHES

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Where are those men booked to?

GRYTPYPE:

They're going to Tangiers.

SEAGOON:

Are they?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll book the carriage right behind them and try to overtake them. (SHOUTS) Porter!

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate, yes?

SEAGOON:

Carry me to the train.

WILLIUM:

You look strong enough to carry yourself, sir.

SEAGOON:

Very well, help me up onto my shoulders.

WILLIUM:

Right... huuu

FX:

TWO METAL OBJECTS FALLING TO GROUND

SEAGOON:

(HIGH PITCHED) Whoops!

WILLIUM:

You dropped your knees, mate.

FX:

GUARD'S WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

I can't wait now! Post it to me in a plain wrapper marked "Knees. Urgent!"

GRAMS:

ONE PAIR OF RUNNING FEET. TRAIN PULLING AWAY - SPEEDED UP. TRAIN UNDER

GRYTPYPE:

Close that thing will you, Moriarty?

FX:

WINDOW CLOSING, FX OF TRAIN STOPS

MORIARTY:

Oww. I specially asked for this seat, Grytpype, with our backs to the engine.

GRYTPYPE:

I wondered why we were sitting on the cowcatcher.

FX:

TRAIN DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Drop everything!

FX:

LOTS OF METAL OBJECTS BEING DROPPED

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought, scrap metal merchants.

GRYTPYPE:

A lifetime of work, gone.

SEAGOON:

Now gentlemen, that moon you sold me was forged. I have it here inside this telescope.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? Well, now, look here, we're willing to sell you the *real* moon, but of course it... it'll work out much dearer. Let me see, now. Eight million tons at one-and-nine a ton, that'll be, what? Er, fourteen pounds, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Done!

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SEAGOON:

Now, my moon, please.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me show you, Neddie. I... look, I'll just hold this jam jar up to the sky, get it in the right position, that's it. Now, there, what do you see in it?

SEAGOON:

(INCREDULOUS) The moon! The moon, it... it's in the jam jar!

GRYTPYPE:

Correct, Neddie! Goodbye.

MORIARTY:

Au reseeviory.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! The moon is mine!

ORCHESTRA:

SAME TATTY TA RA

GREENSLADE:

And that is how Mr Seagoon brought the genuine moon back to England. And a pretty dull ending it was, too.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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.

S7 E19 - The Mysterious Punch-Up-The-Conker

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Paul Webster. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a punch up the conk, Wal!

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, the practice of punching BBC announcers up the conk was outlawed in 1773.

SEAGOON:

Wrong, Wallace, wrong!

MILLIGAN:

He's wrong. He's wrong.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha. Wrong indeed.

MILLIGAN:

Hee haw!

SEAGOON:

Only recently there was an fresh outbreak of up the conk punching. So loosen your gentleman's support for elderly couples, whilst the great poet tragedian William McGoonagle sets the scene.

ORCHESTRA:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN.

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Thank you, Paganini. Let me get that 'Melody Divine' [UNCLEAR]. Oh, folks. Ohhhhh, folks. 'The Ballad of the Punch Up The Conk'. No laughing, please, folks.

SEAGOON:

(BLOWS RASPBERRY)

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Listen, folks...

'twas in the year of nineteen-feeftyfrwe,
when the Punch Up The Conker struck without rhyme or rea...
...son.

SELLERS:

(AD LIBS) Get him out of here.

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Late one night without any warning,
he struck a gentleman's private conk,
whilst he was yawning.
Awwwww... (FADE)

WILLIUM:

Ucchhh!

FX:

PNEUMATIC CAR HORN BLOWS.

WILLIUM:

Owwwhhhwhhhwhwhhwhwh! Mate! Oh! Me 'ooter, ohhh...!

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE. KNOCK ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, what's going on here?

WILLIUM:

I been punched up the conk, officer.

SEAGOON:

I'll have to make a note of this. Now, where did I put my notebook?

FX:

WOODEN DRAWER OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's in the sideboard here. Now, tell me all.

WILLIUM:

Well, er, I was sleeping on the joe in the garden, the pianna, er, when a leather omnibus draws up and out jumps a man wearing a masked boxing glove on 'is 'and. 'What's that up there?' he says. Up I looks and wallop! Right up me ol' conk, there!

SEAGOON:

I see. Have you ever committed a murder?

WILLIUM:

No, no.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. I can't get you on that, then. Now tell me, why were you sleeping on the piano in the garden?

WILLIUM:

'Cos the grass was damp, mate. And, er, I don't wanna get the nadgers again, yer see. My wife's got the lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

And my eldest boy's got the plin, mate. (FAINTLY) On 'is legs!

SEAGOON:

Sergeant Dongler, take this man along to the station.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

And put him on the train to Birmingham

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Right, sir.

WILLIUM:

Let go, mate.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Come on, you old gentleman.

WILLIUM:

I'm telling yer, I was on... (GOES OFF ARGUING WITH SERGEANT DONGLER)

ORCHESTRA:

DETECTIVE THRILLER-TYPE ('DRAGNET') FANFARE.

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Eleven Ten, Inspector Seagoon dismissed the conk punching as drunk's hallucination. Hern, hern of the hern. Eleven eleven, Seagoon returned to Scotland Yard. Eleven twelve, Scotland Yard returned to London. Oh, snarl, snarl.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS TWICE AND IS PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Seagoon of Fabian Yard here.

MANAGER:

[MILLIGAN]

(INDIAN ACCENT) (SPEAKING ON TELEPHONE) Pardon me, sir. This is the management of the red indian youth hostel in Paddington W2. We are just having a nasty incident here, sir.

SEAGOON:

Really?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

What happened?

MANAGER:

(IN THE ROOM) I tell you, I tell you all about it. Please put on this cardboard turban. Thank you. Now, we were sitting down, sir, playing ping pong in the oriental style. When a leather omnibus approaching from the direction of W4, and the occupant, wearing a masked boxing glove, is punching poor Bert Ramjat Singh right up his conk. And poor Ramjat Singh is falling backwards in the direction of SW2, so help me, it's the truth, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

'Gad!', I said. Then that old man sleeping on the piano was telling the truth.

WILLIUM:

(SHOUTS FROM DISTANCE) Yes, I was!

SEAGOON:

Constable, go up to Birmingham and bring him back. (SHOUTS TO WILLIUM) I'm sending someone for you.

WILLIUM:

(BACKSTAGE AND VERY FAINTLY) Ta, mate, ta!

SEAGOON:

Now, then. Sergeant Greenslade? Question all people wearing masked boxing gloves and driving leather omnibuses.

GREENSLADE:

It'll take time, sir.

SEAGOON:

Very well, take time. And... and Greenslade?

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC CLARINET MUSIC OVER THE NEXT FEW LINES...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Do be careful. Remember, you're... you're all I've got.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY

GREENSLADE:

Don't worry, sir. I'm wearing my trousers back to front.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) It must be hell in there!

GRAMS:

STEAM ENGINE LOCOMOTIVE, SLOWS DOWN AND GRINDS TO HALT.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Here he is, sir.

WILLIUM:

Hello, mate.

SEAGOON:

You're back quickly.

WILLIUM:

Yes, we brought the train by hairplane.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Now look, what did this attacker look like?

WILLIUM:

I dunno, I dunno, I didn't see 'im, mate, I...

SEAGOON:

I see. And would you recognise him if you didn't see him again?

WILLIUM:

Straight away! Although, you know, sir, I must admit, me eyes ain't what they used to be.

SEAGOON:

No?

WILLIUM:

No! They used to be me ears!

SEAGOON:

Sergeant! Take this man to Birmingham and put him on the police station for Crewe.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Yeahhyahayha, sir.

SEAGOON:

And Sergeant Geldray?

MAX GELDRAI:

Yes, boy?

SEAGOON:

Your nose is an obvious temptation to the punch up the conker. Place this harmonica under it as a protection!

MAX GELDRAI:

Plooogeeeeeee!

SEAGOON:

Right, round the old back for the brandy, there! Right!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

MAX GELDRAI:

"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?"

FX:

SOUND OF GELDRAI GETTING A PUNCH UP THE CONK! HARMONICA BLOWS OUT OF TUNE.

MAX GELDRAI:

Ooohh, my nose! Oooooohhh!

GRAMS:

BUS BELL, LEATHER OMNIBUS PULLING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Quick, they've clouted Geldrai's hooter! After that leather omnibus on these National Health feet.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING DRAMATIC FANFARE LINK.

MILLIGAN:

(MILLIGANESQUE SINGING IN THE BACKGROUND)

SEAGOON:

Unfortunately the leather omnibus out-distanced us whilst I was having lunch.

MILLIGAN:

(BURPS) Pardon.

SEAGOON:

(HARRY LOSES IT, BUT QUICKLY REGAINS COMPOSURE) (AD LIBS) We shouldn't have had them afters! And when I got out of bed next morning, it was completely out of sight.

VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Inspector, I been looking through this, er, log book of leather omnibus manufacturers and
hmmfnjbjhbsgsu...

MILLIGAN:

(BACKSTAGE, GIGGLING QUIETLY)

SEAGOON:

Hmmm, let me see. Hmmm. There's only one entry. We'll have to go in there! A-ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha!
Ahem! Dear listeners, up a narrow street, in a broad road, which ran through a long narrow lane, in a
quaint... (SINGS)...old fashioned towwwwwn.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll starve.

SEAGOON:

We saw a small green door.

GREENSLADE:

We now reveal for the very first time exactly what *is* going on behind that green door.

MINNIE:

(SINGING) ...greeeeeen door! Yatta bumdebum... greeeeeen door! Bwarck bwarck. (MAKING
CHICKEN NOISES).

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min.

MINNIE:

Oooooohhhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

I can't concentrate on the brown leather when you keep singing 'The Green Door', you know.

MINNIE:

Aww! You gotta get modern, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS) Modern?!

MINNIE:

Modern.

HENRY CRUN:

I *am* modern Min! I am known as 'Modern Crun'.

MINNIE:

Lawks-a-mercy, he's losing his reason.

HENRY CRUN:

You think that because I don't sing rhythm-type melodies, that I'm a corny. Well, you asked for this.

MINNIE:

What's... he's losing his reason!

HENRY CRUN:

You asked for it.

MINNIE:

Awwwww.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm going to sing moderrrrrn.

MINNIE:

Oh, I'll put my corsets on.

FX:

HENRY TAPPING HIS FOOT IN RHYTHM

MINNIE:

Oh, what's he gonna do?

HENRY CRUN:

One, two, three, four! (SINGS) Midda watchayacallum, whatcha doing tonight, Yeahhh! Taroo, I hope your in the mood cos I'm feeling alright. Ohhh, go, man, go... (CONTINUES SINGING NONSENSE)

ORCHESTRA:

CYMBAL CRASH.

HENRY CRUN:

There, Min. Let that be a lesson to you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear, dear.

HENRY CRUN:

You and your Dan Leno school of rhythm. (PAUSES FOR LAUGHS) Now, let us get back to the leather omnibus make.

MINNIE:

Well, we never seem to sell any.

HENRY CRUN:

I know, I can't understand it, you know. We... we make the finest leather omnibuses in the world.

FX:

PENGUIN SOUNDS.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min, it's the penguin wants to go out.

MINNIE:

Now, then, um... I tell you what, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

If we want to sell more of these modern leather rhythm omnibuses, we should do more modern American advertising-type advertising.

HENRY CRUN:

We... we can't get more modern than we are already, Min.

MINNIE:

What do you mean, Henry? Uryeurrrhhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

We've got a... a gas-lit poster in the gents wash up and brush up in Piccadilly Tube, you know.

MINNIE:

I bet that's been marked for life by now.

HENRY CRUN:

We must... keep production rolling, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Help me lace up this leather engine.

MINNIE:

Mind the piston rods, now, [UNCLEAR]...

FX:

SHOP DOORBELL RINGS, DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

(SHRIEKS OF SURPRISE)

HENRY CRUN:

(SHRIEKS OF SURPRISE)

MINNIE:

Ohhh! What is it? What is it? A ball of...

HENRY CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

...welsh rubber. What is it?

HENRY CRUN:

It's a customer direct from the Piccadilly wash and brush up.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

(SINGS) Midda watchayacallum, whatcha doing tonight, Yeahhh!

SEAGOON:

So that's what happened to Harry Roy? Now, sir, I'm from the police department.

HENRY CRUN:

(GASPS OF SURPRISE)

MINNIE:

(GASPS OF SURPRISE)

HENRY CRUN:

Min and I haven't done anything wrong.

SEAGOON:

I don't suppose you could at your age.

MINNIE:

What!?

SEAGOON:

Now...

MINNIE:

What do you mean?

SEAGOON:

What I've come for is your record of all-leather omnibuses sold.

HENRY CRUN:

Just a minute, sir, we shall... let's have to look in the vital ledger. Errr.

MINNIE:

We didn't do anything wrong.

FX:

PAGES BEING LEAFED THROUGH.

HENRY CRUN:

No, I don't... [UNCLEAR]... Ahh, let's see. Omnibuses sold. Yes, here's the first one we sold, 1873.

SEAGOON:

And the next one?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes... Ohhh! We haven't finished it yet.

SEAGOON:

No. Well, who did you sell the first one to?

HENRY CRUN:

We... we don't know. You see, he punched me up the conk and displaced my string and leather wig.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, here was proof. Whoever bought that omnibus was the punch up the conker!

MINNIE:

(SHRIEKS IN HORROR) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh!!

ORCHESTRA:

'DRAGNET' FANFARE. MINNIE SINGS ALONG WITH IT.

HERN:

Eight seventy six, got back to headquarters. Found dinner in oven.

SEAGOON:

Two months went by.

HERN:

Dinner got cold. Three months went by. There were no more reports of punch up the conking. Work at Scotland Yard went on as normal.

GRAMS:

CURIOUS NOISES INCLUDING A STEAM ENGINE, VIOLIN AND KNOCKING NOISES.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Sergeant Hogg, turn that radio down, will you?

VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

(FAINTLY) Yoing.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, any news?

HOGG:

[SELLERS]

Er, yes, sir. I, er, think we can close the Dick Turpin case, now. We discovered... we discovered where he was hiding, sir.

SEAGOON:

Where?

HOGG:

Under a gravestone in 'ighgate Cemetery, sir.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure it wasn't a disguise?

HOGG:

Ooh, I never thought of that, sir. I'll, er, send a man round with a police shovel. I get 'im...

FX:

BUZZER

SEAGOON:

Yes?

VOICE ON INTERCOM:

[MILLIGAN]

(PROFICIENT RECEPTIONIST-TYPE GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Send him in.

VOICE ON INTERCOM:

Right.

FX:

DOOR RATTLES OPEN.

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, Inspector. Grytpype-Thynne is the name. Permit me to introduce you to the part-owner of my suit. Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Schlapper royale and noted amateur postman.

MORIARTY:

Owww do you doooo? Owwwww do you dooooo?

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a thin, heavily-oiled Lisle Street frenchman.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

SEAGOON:

His suit was a West End misfit and fitted him perfectly. He occasionally took a sip from the steaming jam tin of porridge.

MORIARTY:

(SLURPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector? We seek the long lost heir to the Spon fortune of £40,000.

SEAGOON:

Have you any clue to his identity?

GRYTPYPE:

He has a habit of leaping off leather omnibuses and punching people up the conk.

ORCHESTRA:

MELODRAMATIC DRUM AND HORN LINK.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There's just a chance that this might be the 'up the conk puncher'.

ORCHESTRA:

DAGNET FANFARE WITH MILLIGAN SINGING ALONG AND HOLDING THE END NOTE

MORIARTY:

(DOING AN IMPRESSION OF A CAR) Brrrrrrr...

GRYTPYPE:

Beep beep

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww-owwww.

GRYTPYPE:

(THROUGH A LAUGH) Beep beep!

MORIARTY:

Brrrrrrrr, owwwwww,

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yuyuyuyuyuyu.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

How many times have I told you not to drive that leather omnibus round the bedroom in broad daylight? You know these blinds are drawn, they're not real.

MILLIGAN:

(QUIETLY, ASIDE) [UNCLEAR] a blind thing. Thank you, [UNCLEAR]. Here they come...

MORIARTY:

Thank you. I was only practising my leap and conk punching.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I quite understand, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

You do that, too.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, did you put the advert in The Times?

MORIARTY:

Yes, here, read it.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me see.

MORIARTY:

From left to right, the new style.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhhh, how appropriate, they've put it in the fourth leader. (READS) 'Don't risk being punched up the conk. Wear a Moriarty nose protector. Now available in flesh-tint plastic. Send ten shilling postal order for free receipt'. Splendid! Well, according to the nine o'clock news it's getting dark outside.

MORIARTY:

Dark? What ideal conditions for night!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! A few more punch up the conk attacks and the orders'll start rolling in!

BOTH:

Uhuheeehow! (ETC)

MORIARTY:

Right, tonight we start punch up the conking. Owwww....!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

I called an all night meeting but held it in the day because the light was better.

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen, where is the head of the river police?

GRAMS:

KERSPLOSH!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Lawrence. Gentlemen... Ggentlemen, I'm of the opinion that the heir to the Spon fortune and the punch up the conker are one and the same person.

OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

How can two people be one person, sir?

SEAGOON:

It's all done under cover of darkness. Therefore, until further notice all people showing signs of darkness will be searched.

ELLINGTON:

I object!

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington. Give us the ol' calypso banana boat song while we slip round the back for the ol' Marlon Brando, there.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'THE BANANA BOAT SONG'

ORCHESTRA:

'DRAGNET' FANFARE

HERN:

Midnight, twelve thirty. Entire London police force now wearing Moriarty nose protectors. Inspector Seagoon checks on all police posts... buburl fnarl in the hern furl.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES THREE, ENDS WITH A WOUND DOWN BELL CHIME. CHEERY BRITISH BOBBY WHISTLES 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER'.

SEAGOON:

Evening, Doxon of Dick Green. Anything to report?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhhhhhh... Ahhhhhh... Yes. Ahhh... Ahhhh... I was... ahhhh... Ahhhhhhhh...

FX:

THUD!

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! He's collapsed in the direction of pavement. Just as I thought.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Awwhh

SEAGOON:

That constable, his nose protector has been severely dented.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Oiks!

SEAGOON:

And there's a finger print of a boxing glove on it. Quick! Give him some air. Undo the buttons on his boots.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Awwwhhh! I want to be buried with my socks on. I... (MILLIGAN CORPSES)

SEAGOON:

Here, my poor man. Swallow this bottle of smelling salts.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

(GULP)

SEAGOON:

Steady, now. Just sit in the direction of up and tell me what happened.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

I felt alright, sir, until... some idiot... made me swallow a bottle of smelling salts, sir.

SEAGOON:

Quick, Sergeant, after himmm!

SERGEANT:

(UNDECIPHERABLE YOKEL SHOUTING AFTER THE CULPRIT)

MILLIGAN:

(CRACKS UP)

SEAGOON:

Now, Bowzer, when I arrived here you were lying in the gutter, why?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

I was off duty, sir.

SEAGOON:

I trust it's different when you're on duty?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Oh, yes, sir. Then I lie on the pavement.

SEAGOON:

That's better.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

It is.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello? What? Yes! Bowzer, great news.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Yeowwhh.

SEAGOON:

A leather omnibus has been discovered grievously injured.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Yeowwhh.

SEAGOON:

It collided with a lead tricycle on the roof of the Kensington Science Museum.

ORCHESTRA:

THREE CHORD DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, the mystery assailant is now immobilised. There's only one place he can get a new leather omnibus.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Men! Surround Crun's factory. And wear your nose protectors.

POLICEMEN:

(MUTTERING)

ORCHESTRA:

OUT OF TUNE RENDITION OF THE 'DRAGNET' FANFARE

GELDRAI:

Oy!

GREENSLADE:

This is the Light Service of the BBC Home Programme. Here is the neen o'clock noise. To date, the £40,000 due to the heir of Spon is still unclaimed. The only clue to the missing heir is that he always rides in a leather omnibus...(FADES OUT)

BLOODNOK:

Oooooerr! Owweeerrr! Oooooohhh, did you hear that, Gladys, darling?

THROAT:

Yes, darling.

BLOODNOK:

If I can get a leather omnibus I could pass myself off as the heir of Spon and collect 40,000 naughty pounds.

THROAT:

Cor blimey!

BLOODNOK:

Gladys, darling, this is the moment I've been waiting for.

THROAT:

Ah, darling.

BLOODNOK:

Awwwww...

THROAT:

Awwwww.

BLOODNOK:

All these years I've lived off you. You've lent me money, bought me suits and never asked for a penny back.

THROAT:

Not a penny.

BLOODNOK:

If I get this £40,000, at least I can afford to run away from you.

FX:

PENGUIN SOUNDS.

BLOODNOK:

Ellington, let that Penguin out, will you.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, now, er, lay out your pugree, your dohti and your loin cloth.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, good, am I going out?

BLOODNOK:

No, I am. And lay out one boot.

ELLINGTON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I'm going to hop to where the leather omnibus factory lives.

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS SECTION BADLY PLAYS YING TONG SONG AS A LINK.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile, in a sleeping England - and let's face it England *is* asleep - I had surrounded the Crun omnibus factory with two plain clothes detectives who were secreted in the ground floor attic of a nearby clock repairers.

GRAMS:

VARIOUS TIMEPIECES TICKING, CHIMING AND CUCKOOING. A CHICKEN CLUCKING. FINALLY A HOOTER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What time is it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Um, just a minute, I... I got it written down 'ere on a piece of paper. A nice man wrote the time down for me this morning.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooooh. Then why do you carry it around with you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Well, um, if, er, anybody asks me the time, I... I can show it to them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, Eccles, my good man.

ECCLES:

What is it, fellow?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's writted on this bit of paper what is eight o'clock, is writted.

ECCLES:

I know that, my good fellow. That's right, um... When I asked the fella to write it down it was eight o'clock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, then, supposing when somebody asks you the time it isn't eight o'clock?

ECCLES:

Well, then I don't show it to them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooohhh.

ECCLES:

(SMACKS LIPS) Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, how do you know when it's eight o'clock?

ECCLES:

I got it written down on a piece of paper.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, I wish I could afford a piece of paper with the time written on.

ECCLES:

Oohhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let me hold that piece of paper to my ear, would you? Here. This piece of paper ain't goin'.

ECCLES:

Whaaat? I've been sold a forgery.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No wonder it stopped at eight o'clock.

ECCLES:

Oh, dear.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You should get one of them things my Grandad's got.

ECCLES:

Oooohhh? Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

His firm give it to him when he retired.

ECCLES:

Oooohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's one of them things what it is that wakes you up at eight o'clock, boils the kettil and pours a cuppa tea.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, yeah. Um... um... um... What's it called, um...?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My Grandma.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Ohh. Ah, wait a minute. How does *she* know when it's eight o'clock?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She got it written down on a piece of paper.

SEAGOON:

Alright! A man has just gone into Crun's factory.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Whoaoaoaoayay!

SEAGOON:

If he comes out driving a leather omnibus, arrest him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is this man armed?

SEAGOON:

Armed and legged.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Whoaoaoao.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF A LEATHER OMNIBUS DRIVING SLOWLY.

SEAGOON:

Psst! Here he comes! Quick, Eccles. Do an imitation of a bus stop.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF A LEATHER OMNIBUS STOPPING.

ECCLES:

Stop! Stop, bus.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, this is a private bus.

SEAGOON:

Come out with your hands up and your legs down.

BLOODNOK:

What? I'm the heir to the Spon fortune.

SEAGOON:

That's him! The dreaded punch up the conker is brought to book! Take him, men.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hit! Hit!

ECCLES:

Hit! Hit!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hit! Hit! Hit! Hiiiit! End of hitting.

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL FANFARE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks. Bloodnok is now doing a hundred years imprisonment and lucky he didn't get life.

BLOODNOK:

What? I deny it all.

GREENSLADE:

And thus another glorious miscarriage of justice was perpetrated.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie, I tell you. What?

GREENSLADE:

Grytpype and Moriarty for their nose protectors were each given a knighthood and a spare pair of trousers.

MORIARTY:

Awwwww, it saved the day.

GREENSLADE:

Sic transit gloria, or in English... Goodnight

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME AND OUTRO.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 programme produced by Pat Dixon.

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:

Owwwww.

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 GELDRAI:

"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 Mooooooooor 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:

Ohhhhhhhh!

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) Ohhhhhh! 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:

Wllllloooooooooo 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:

Ohhhhhhhhhh? 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 poooooounds!

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 Idleburger, zis message has just come through ze electric mangle.

EIDLEBURGER:

Gebunden! It's a... it's a tale of the Kaiser'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.

S7 E21 - Insurance - The White Man's Burden

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRAMS:

SCREAMING FEMALE FANS AT ELVIS CONCERT.

GREENSLADE:

Right. Steady, girls! Steady! This is your old Wallace the 'pelvis' again with some real hot modern rhythm for you. So let's get hip with my latest recording, "See You Later, Alligator."

GRAMS:

MASSED APPLAUSE.

ORCHESTRA:

ROCK AND ROLL INTRODUCTION

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) See you later alligator.
After a while crocodile.
See you later alligator.
After a while crocodile.
Cause you're in my way, my way, now.
Don't you know you cramp my style.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Stop!

SEAGOON:

Stop, you mad fool, Greenslade. Are you out of your mind?

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Put that pelvis back.

SEAGOON:

Take... (LAUGHS) Take off those false crepe-hair side-burns and remove that elastic leg support.

GREENSLADE:

I can't, I've got haricot beans.

SEAGOON:

You mean varicose veins.

GREENSLADE:

Haricot beans. I've just been shopping.

MILLIGAN:

(DISTANT) Ummmm.....

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Mr. Greenslade, I'd like you to bear in mind that you're in the company of cultured gentlefolk. So belt up, or you'll get a dirty big bunch of fives up your conk.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Now, the highly steamed and pressed Goon Show.

PIANO INTRO:

AWFUL PIANO PLAYING In C. (EXTENDED)

SELLERS:

(DISTANT) Next dance, please.

SEAGOON:

Yes, with that haunting Sellers theme sounding the death knell of all piano postal tuition courses, we present this week's play entitled - and we quote from this suicide note...

SELLERS:

'Insurance - the White Man's Burden'.

GRAMS:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN SOLO WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

GREENSLADE:

Scene one, the British Zoo. A flannelled fool approaches the penguin pool.

GRAMS:

CHEERFUL SCHOOL CHILDREN ON ZOO EXCURSION.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh, a good morning, zoological keeper.

WILLIUM:

Good morning, flannelled fool.

SEAGOON:

What a lovely day for a zoo.

WILLIUM:

Yes. That's why I let it out this morning.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! A merry zoological-type joke.

WILLIUM:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A big crowd of people here today.

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I know, we let 'em in for the animals to look at, you see. Trouble is we have to lock the boa constrictors up so the kids don't get at them, you know. Lost four boa constrictors last year, kids taking 'em home all the time. Hang the laundry on out the back there.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Come down the road...

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

...'e told me about 'er... eh?

SEAGOON:

Well done. Now tell me, what do you call those little black and white creatures in the penguin pool?

WILLIUM:

Well, I call that one Jim. That one's Terrance. And that's Penny-lope (PENELOPE) over there.

SEAGOON:

What do you call that one sitting at the piano?

WILLIUM:

I call him a pianist, mate.

SEAGOON:

Don't tell me that penguin plays the piano!

WILLIUM:

Well, I... er...

GRAMS:

PENGUIN VOCAL WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WILLIUM:

Go on, play up, will yer. Ah, lovely! Lovely.

GRAMS:

TUNE CONCLUDES

WILLIUM:

There.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! And he sings as well.

WILLIUM:

Yes. And them's all his own words, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, I realised that the great crowd was due to this piano playing penguin. If I could get him on the stage I'd make a fortune.

GREENSLADE:

Immediately Seagoon went to a nearby house and put up a brass plate inscribed 'Curator of Birds - Enquire within'.

FX:

QUICK KNOCK. DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

Good morning. Come in. Come i-innnn.

SEAGOON:

I want to buy a penguin.

SPRIGGS:

You look like the type. But only one penguin? I'm afraid - I'm afra-aaaaid - we only sell them wholesale.

SEAGOON:

Alright then, I'll buy one wholesale. How much are they?

SPRIGGS:

How much are they? How much are the-eeeeey! I'll just look, er, look in this catalogue.

SEAGOON:

I don't want a cat, I want a penguin. Look in the penguin log.

SPRIGGS:

It's a lie. I didn't write that one. Nevertheless I shall look in this penguin log. Where's my saw? (SINGS) Hahahahaa! Hoawaoaoaoaw! Here we are.

SEAGOON:

You found it?

SPRIGGS:

No, I was just telling you where we were.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, I can throw away this map of China.

SPRIGGS:

I'll just make out this bill of sale. How do you spell penguin?

SEAGOON:

P. N. guin.

SPRIGGS:

And how do you pronounce it?

SEAGOON:

P - E - N - G - U - I - N.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Let me see, I'll write that down. E - Z - L - X - Q. Drat this pen - it can't spell!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. Perhaps it's the ink that can't spell. Let me taste it.

SPRIGGS:

Right-oh, Jim. Right-oh, Jiiiiiiim.

SEAGOON:

(TASTING) P. E. N. G... No, no. This ink's alright.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Now then, 'here... Oh, ho-ho-hoooo.... Nee-hee-ho-hoo. Here's the one, Jim. Ah, here it is. The name's Tom. Tom Penguin. Pianoforte and penguin vocalist (SINGS) and melodies divine he sings.

SEAGOON:

That's him. How much?

SPRIGGS:

How much? Twenty pounds sterling.

SEAGOON:

That's expensive for a second hand penguin.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, but he's just been done up.

SEAGOON:

Who by?

SPRIGGS:

The husband of the penguin he's been carrying on with.

SEAGOON:

Twenty pounds? I've only got 18 shillings sterling.

GRAMS:

DOUBLE WHOOSH.

MORIARTY:

We are... Ohhh! Ahhh...!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we just heard your bank statement on the wireless.

SEAGOON:

The two strangers were dressed in immaculate hand-sewn rags with newspaper parcels to match.

MORIARTY:

Senti amo caro. Listen Neddie - and here is a hand carved Arab sock as a token of our goodwill.
Aowawawawawoohaw!

SEAGOON:

What would you with me, gentlemen?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, my steaming French friend has come here to make you a present, lad.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes. And here is a sample of it in this bottle.

SEAGOON:

It looks like water.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but no ordinary water, this, lad.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRYTPYPE:

Partake and savour the bouquet.

FX:

CORK POP.

SEAGOON:

(TASTING) Ahhh! Good heavens! This is English Channel 1902!

GRYTPYPE:

One of their best years, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And there's more where that came from, wasn't there, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Plenty, mon... Plenty more!

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to present the sommelier who was responsible for bottling that rare vintage sea-water.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww...

GRYTPYPE:

Count Jim 'Grip Labour-Exchange' Moriarty. Leaper supreme and all-England crab champion.

SEAGOON:

I am both honoured to know a man of such exquisite boots.

MORIARTY:

Merkie mon ami, merkie, merkie. And here in return, free of charge, is the deeds to the English-type channel.

SEAGOON:

You mean you're offering me free of charge the deeds to the English channel?

GRYTPYPE:

He heard you, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Do you accept the English channel, then? Le Channel Anglais?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I only hope I can live up to it.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sure you can, Neddie. However, one slight formality, Neddie. For your own protection of course, the jokal style of protection, you must insure it, lad.

SEAGOON:

Insure it against what?

GRYTPYPE:

Fire, Neddie

MORIARTY:

Yes. Fire, Neddie. And fortunately for vous we happen to be strolling insurance agents of no fixed percentage.

SEAGOON:

What is the premium?

MORIARTY:

Tell him.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, let me see. You've got 18 shillings, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well that's it. 18 shillings in sterling, lad.

SEAGOON:

How much do I get if the channel catches fire?

GRYTPYPE:

£48,000!

SEAGOON:

Where do I sign?

GRYTPYPE:

On the dotted line of this cheque I've just found in your pocket here.

FX:

PEN NIB ON PAPER.

MORIARTY:

Er, don't worry to fill in the amount, we'll... um... fill in that later. (GOES OFF SINGING) April in Paris... I can see it all now!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. These men think I'm a fool. Little do they know that the moment their backs are turned I'll be down to that channel, set fire to it and collect the forty-eight thousand knicker!

GRYTPYPE:

Right. To give him time, here is Max 'Worried' Geldray and his electric nose.

SEAGOON:

Right, round the back for the 'ol brandy, there.

SELLERS:

Good luck, there.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

WIND AND WAVES.

SEAGOON:

I wonder how many listeners noticed that while Max Geldray was playing I caught a road to Norman's Bay Halt and am now addressing you from the beach at Pevensey Bay where the great English channel meets the great English sewage system.

MILLIGAN:

Phooooo!

GREENSLADE:

And so saying, Seagoon prepared to ignite the English channel. Devil that he was.

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF WIND AND WAVES.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was bitterly cold as I walked through the thick winter snow to the water's edge. Suddenly I noticed, lazing in a deck chair, a gentleman in ankle length swimming trunks, sunglasses and suntan oil.

ECCLES:

He - llo! Well, well, well, my friend, my good man. Are you on holiday, too?

SEAGOON:

With that statement, folks, I realised that the case of The Crown verses Eccles was proven.

ECCLES:

Oh, what a day this has been! Oh, what a day! (SINGS)
With a smile on my face,
I belong to the human race...

SEAGOON:

It's a lie!

ECCLES:

I might be a [UNCLEAR].

Melody devine.

(NORMAL) Oh! Well! Where am I? Oh, yeah! What a day! What a scorcher today has been.

SEAGOON:

This is a scorcher?

ECCLES:

This is a scorcher.

SEAGOON:

Then what's the snow doing on the beach?

ECCLES:

It's on holiday as well. (SINGS)

England my island home.

Land of the free...

SEAGOON:

Listen, blue shivering frost covered figure, what gives you the ideas that it's hot today?

ECCLES:

Well, my granddad he phoned up this morning and he said "Out of bed, lad! Out of bed! It's a beautiful day."

SEAGOON:

Where is he?

ECCLES:

He was phoning from Bermuda. And who am I to argue?

SEAGOON:

Dear grandson Eccles, sit down on this fossilised shooting stick.

ECCLES:

(AGONY) Ooooooh! That's an old gag but a new stick. Well... Thank you, my good man.

SEAGOON:

Now let me put you right before you freeze to death. It's summer in Bermuda but it's winter over here.

ECCLES:

You can't fool me, Neddie. Look at the reading on this thermometer.

SEAGOON:

Hundred and thirty degrees?

ECCLES:

Yer.

SEAGOON:

This thermometer has a temperature.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We must get it to a doctor at once!

ECCLES:

And with that remark, folks, the case of The Crown verses Neddie Seagoon was proven. Your turn.

SEAGOON:

A-hem, a-hem.

ECCLES:

(SINGS NONSENSE, THEN...) Where were we? Oh, the thermometer.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

You took the thermometer out of a hot water bottle.

ECCLES:

Of course. I always keep it in there. If I didn't it would drop below zero and we'd freeze to death.

SEAGOON:

Are you the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

ECCLES:

No. Oh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer! Oh, well, I can understand because I've often been mistaken.

SEAGOON:

For the Chancellor?

ECCLES:

No, I've just often been mistaken, that's all. Well, I'd better get back to the match factory.

SEAGOON:

Matches!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

ECCLES:

(IN TIME WITH THE CHORDS) Ho, ho, ho, hoooo!

SEAGOON:

Curse, I've forgotten to bring any. Perhaps I can make use of this maladjusted human barometer. A-hem, a-hem, a-hem. You work in a match factory, don't you?

ECCLES:

Yeh. I'm a dipper.

SEAGOON:

You put the heads on?

ECCLES:

No, I put the gloves on, they're boxing matches. Ha ha ha ha! (LAUGHS) Thank you. Thank you, my friends, it's all free. Ta.

SEAGOON:

Get in this catapult.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

ECCLES:

Owww!

GRAMS:

DISTANT SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Now to burn the channel.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeeeelp! Help, I'm drowning. Drowning. Drowning in the water.

CRUN:

Min. Min. Mnk, mnk... Wake up, Min, wake up.

MINNIE:

(RHYTHMIC WAKING UP)

CRUN:

Wake up, Min, wake up. Wake up, Min.

MINNIE:

Wake up on your side of the bed.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

I was having lovely, lovely dream, Henry. I... I dreamt I was asleep.

CRUN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Those voices are coming from the Pevensey Bay lifeboat shed.

CRUN:

Min, Min, Min, Min, wake up, Min.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll wake up!

CRUN:

Ohhh. You...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

You heard what the gentleman said. Our voices are coming from the Pevensey lifeboat shed.

MINNIE:

Oh, we'd better get over there as quickly as possible.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

CRUN:

What?

ECCLES:

Help, folks, I'm drowning.

CRUN:

What... what did you... what did... what did you say, sir?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) I said, He-eeeeelp! He-eeeeelp! He-eeeeelp! I'm drowning. He-eeeeelp!

CRUN:

I can't hear you, sir, I can't hear you. What...?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Just a minute.

CRUN:

Just a minute.

GRAMS:

SPLASHING. GROWING QUICKLY LOUDER.

FX:

BOOTS HURRIEDLY RUNNING OVER PLANKS. RAPID KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Yes?

ECCLES:

(CLOSE) He-eeeeelp!

CRUN:

Thank you. Get back in the water and we'll be out in a flash. Min, Min, Min, Minnie, Min! Prepare the lifeboat.

MINNIE:

Alright, Henryyyy. Quick. We must hurry. Hurry.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

A man's drowning.

CRUN:

Yes. Get that long piece of wood and lay it down.

MINNIE:

Right. Okay. Right, got it.

CRUN:

Now that'll be the keel.

FX:

GENTEEL HAMMERING.

MINNIE:

Right, Henry.

CRUN:

That's right Min.

MINNIE:

Mmm, come on!

CRUN:

Nail those pieces of wood on each side of the tar-tee!

FX:

GENTEEL HAMMERING CONTINUES UNDER.

MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM SINGING AND HAMMERING)

CRUN:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

What? What? What?

CRUN:

Min, please leave off that... that sinful brown singing. Leave it to coxswain Ray Ellington.

MINNIE:

Okay.

SEAGOON:

Yes, girl, get your skates on and round the back for the 'ol brandy, there.

MINNIE:

Ooooooooo!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

If listeners with pneumatic drills will kindly lay them aside, they'll be able to hear this announcement. (CLEARS THROAT)

SEAGOON:

A-hem.

MILLIGAN:

A-hem. A-hem.

SELLERS:

A-hem.

SEAGOON:

A-hem.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, hell bent on burning the English channel, stoops low over a tinder box and struggles to make a fire.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS. DISTANT SEA.

FX:

MATCH STRIKING.

SEAGOON:

Curse this wind. I should never eaten those balloons.

GRAMS:

FIRE ENGINE PULLING UP. FIRE BELL.

BLOODNOK:

Aeeeeeeeeooooough! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! So! Caught you in the act, you incendiary fool, you.

SEAGOON:

The speaker was dressed as a fireman, riding a tricycle and carrying a photograph of a fire bell.

BLOODNOK:

Allow me to introduce myself with this gramophone record.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

(RECORDING) HAVE YOU PUT ME ON?

BLOODNOK:

Yes! Tell him who I am.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

(RECORDING) A-hem. This is Major Bloodnok, winner of the golden richard and eye-watering champion supreme.

BLOODNOK:

So that's who you are.

SEAGOON:

No. That's who *you* are!

BLOODNOK:

What! Nonsense. I am, sir, the fire prevention officer for the Pevensey sewage farm.

SEAGOON:

Now listen, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Don't talk to me about 'listen'. I've got better...

SEAGOON:

Ten thousand pounds is yours if you help me set fire to the English Channel.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh-ohh-oh!

SEAGOON:

Here's a shilling on account.

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, you go ahead, lad, I'll turn a deaf ear.

SEAGOON:

I didn't know you had a deaf ear.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I found it on the floor of a barber's shop in Penge. Now, Neddie...

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He – eeeeeelp, folks! He-eeeeelp.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, you fool.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Shut up, you fool but he-eeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up as well. Neddie, light that channel.

SEAGOON:

Right. Let's start a fire with these two twigs here.

FX:

MATCHES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeougheeehehe! You rotten swines, you. Those are my legs! I was practicing knot tying under a pebble when my legs were attacked.

SEAGOON:

Why! It's a pudding bowl haircut with loose boots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not insult Bluebottle. You do not know that I am the brains behind the Finchley Mother's Christmas Drawers.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Shut up, Eccles but he - eeeeeelp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles, shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Oh-owwwwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

If you don't shut up I'll hit you with this water.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in the Royal Suite at the Y.M.C.A. at Eastbourne...

VIOLIN SOLO:

(VERY AMATEURISH WITH LOTS OF OUT-OF-TUNE NOTES)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, play on, Moriarty. How delightful. Who wrote that tune?

MORIARTY:

Fritz Kreisler.

GRYTPYPE:

You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?

MORIARTY:

Ok, little Grytpype. We've got Neddie's 18 shillings insurance money and the world lies before our feet and there's room for it.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, cover the soap dish.

MORIARTY:

But it's empty.

GRYTPYPE:

We don't want people to know that.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Entrays, silvoo plate!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Hands up, you devils. That fire insurance you sold me was a fake.

GRYTPYPE:

What do you mean, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

This morning I accidentally dropped fifty lighted matches in the channel and it wouldn't accidentally catch fire.

MORIARTY:

What!

GRYTPYPE:

It, er, it must be damp, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Yes. That's it, Neddie, the English Channel must be damp. It's all this rain we've been having.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I want my 18 shillings back or I aim to shoot to fire to kill.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we aim to shoot to fire to kill. BANG, we will go. BANG...

SEAGOON:

Get out...

GRAMS:

BODY FALLING INTO WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you devil instrument incarnate. Why did you throw that child into the sea?

LITTLE JIM:

Yes, why?

SEAGOON:

To give... to give brown Milligan a chance to say his new catchphrase, that's why.

GRYTPYPE:

Now look here, Neddie...

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) He - eeeeeelp!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you brown fool.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh...!

MORIARTY:

Neddie, you must give the channel a chance to dry out.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I tell you, you flannelled fool. One hot summer and the English Channel will be a firetrap.

SEAGOON:

Well, alright. I'll wait till then.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank heavens, that's put him off.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes. Yes, that's put him off.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes, indeed. That's the end of our bit of the story.

GRYTPYPE:

Alas. Alas.

SEAGOON:

Let's listen to the rest of it on the wireless, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Good idea, yes.

GRAMS:

RADIO SET BEING TUNED IN.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) Insurance - The White Man's Burden part three.

GRAMS:

DISTANT WAVES. SEA BREEZE.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) With Neddie fobbed off, coxswains Crun and Bannister pull Eccles ashore.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING) Oooohh! Ohhhhhh. Thank you. Well, thank you, Min and Hen, for pulling me out of the English Channel. Another month out there and I'd have drowned of starvation.

CRUN:

Min...

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Would you join me in the next line?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'll help you, Henry.

CRUN & MINNIE:

Yes. We'd never have got the boat out to you if we hadn't pumped a thousand gallons of oil on the sea to calm it. Yes, Henry. We'd better set fire to it to get rid of it.

MINNIE:

I'll...

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

MINNIE:

the matches.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION. FLAMES ETC.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! It's caught fire, Henry!

MORIARTY:

Grytpype! Turn that radio off. Didn't you hear? The Channel's on fire!

SEAGOON:

What a bit of luck. My policy's matured. Forty-eight thousand pounds!

MORIARTY:

Oh, no!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty, protect the jam tins and open the door.

MORIARTY:

I'm off.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. Forty-eight thousand pounds. But before we pay you the forty-eight thousand pounds you must, for your own protection, insure it.

SEAGOON:

Against what?

GRYTPYPE:

Against this, Neddie. Hands up and turn round!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Fooled by insurance, the white man's burden. And the Goon Show's end.

COMMISSIONAIRE:

[SELLERS]

Your, er, brandy bottle's at the stage door, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRAMS:

PAIR OF BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 programme produced by Pat Dixon.

S7 E22 - The Africa Ship Canal

Transcription by Kurt Adkins. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. We commence with a flourishing chorus of 'The Gallant Hussar' by Fotheringay's Singing Midgets.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP BANJO AND VOCAL FOLLOWED BY AN EXPLOSION.

GREENSLADE:

And here is the midget composer, Harry 'Nuts' Secombe.

SECOMBE:

Hallo, folks! Hallo, folks. Now let me inform you, Wallace, that no midget composer am I. Haaallo, folks! My vocation is engineering. I graduated in tunnel building.

GREENSLADE:

How terribly, terribly.

SECOMBE:

Yes, yes, yes. Yous. Yes. Yus. My first big tunnel I built in 1931.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, yes, I remember now. Six other convicts escaped with you.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? All lies, I tell you. We were just *dressed* as convicts. It was carnival night. That's how we slipped away unnoticed. All lies, I tell you, all lies! (MUTTERS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE..)

SELLERS:

Yes. This is a story of how an escaped convict became a great engineer and vice-a-versa.

SECOMBE:

What, it's true

SELLERS:

I will. If you just stand naked on the piano with your back to the audience, you will hear the story of The Great Trans-Africa Canal!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE TYPE LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Scene one, that well-known variety theatre, the House of Commons.

MILLIGAN:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE ECHOY HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT TYPE BACKGROUND SPEECHMAKING).

SECOMBE:

Hallo, folks. On that feetful day in Parliament, two sinister figures were present.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, folks! It was us. We were camping in the lobby, an al fresco mode forced on us by the dreaded Rent Act. I refer of course to the Rent Act of 1831 which introduced rent.

MORIARTY:

Hallo, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you la grip ridden steaming French nit.

MORIARTY:

I... I only wanted to go 'Owww'!

GRYTPYPE:

You fool! Anyone found going 'Owww' in the lobby can be charged with 'felo de se'.

GRAMS:

DONKEY BRAYING

GRYTPYPE:

Don't forget, when the Honourable Minister's finished this speech, we put forward our plan.

MORIARTY:

The plan, ohhh, what a plan that will be, I tell you!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, Mister Minister

MINNIE:

Speak up.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

Speak up! What about the suffragette...?

HENRY CRUN:

With the closing of the canal our ships have been forced to travel around the Cape

SPRIGGS:

Ahhhhh! Just a minute, couldn't they travel overland?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, we've tried that but it ruins the bottoms of the ships. Has the Hon. Min. any suggestions?

ECCLES:

Me? Oh, no, you just carry on! You just forget I'm here. I got other things... I got things...

ORDERLY:

[SELLERS]

'Scuse me, Mr. Minister. There's a...

ECCLES:

Yes, my good man?

ORDERLY:

....blonde suffragette chained to the railings outside No. 10, Sir.

ECCLES:

I know, I chained her there. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, dear. I'm no fool. What?

SEAGOON:

Haallo, folks. Haallo, folks!

ECCLES:

What's this? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Hallo, folks.

ECCLES:

What's this about? What's that? What? What? What? What?

SELLERS:

The voice came from a man in the distinguished visitors gallery, who lowered himself into the chamber on a rope attached to a distinguished visitor.

SEAGOON:

Haaaaallo, folks. I've just come from France.

CHURCHILL:

Down the rope?

SEAGOON:

I always travel by rope, it's cheaper! Haallo, folks.

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute. Will the 'Hallo Folks' intruder kindly explain why he's disguised as Frodman De Lesseps?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Frodman De Lesseeeeeeps. (NORMAL) I thought I'd get that in.

SEAGOON:

Yeeeeees. My other suit's at the cleaners. Hallo, folks! Gentlemen, you realise of course...

SPRIGGS:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

...that due to the canal closing British aeroplanes are forced to fly around the Cape. (PAUSE FOR LAUGHS) It is my intention to cut a canal across Africa so that they can fly over that.

HENRY CRUN:

Fly over a canal? What if they crash? They'll all drown!

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, folks.

HENRY CRUN:

What...?

SEAGOON:

Hallo, folks! All aeroplanes will be fitted with a new wooden lifeboat.

ATTLEE:

Yes, but even lifeboats can sink!

SEAGOON:

They can't in this canal - there's not going to be any water in it!

ATTLEE:

Oooooooooerrrr, you're cleverer than I am, you know. Come to think of it, anybody's cleverer than I am!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Hon. Membs. You would have guessed of course from my ragged clothes that this canal is going to cost you a lot of money.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BEVAN:

[SELLERS]

(WELSH ACCENTED) But you'll have to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer about that, won't you?

SEAGOON:

But *you're* the Chancellor of the Exchequer!

BEVAN:

(WELSH ACCENTED) Ooh, am I? Lend us a couple o' quid, will you, boy?

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen. Gentlemeeeeeeen. No, please, quiet, please. Gentlemen, this idea of a dry canal for aeroplanes is brilliant. Brilliant, I saaaaaaaay! I think Mr. Seagoon's Frodman De Lesseps Mk.2 should receive some kind of support... and wear it at all times!

SEAGOON:

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

CHURCHILL:

Silence in the gallery. What would be the cost of this scrins and scrans?

SEAGOON:

I.... wouldn't like to say.

SPRIGGS:

Hoorah!

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, why spend all this money when for 14 shillings the Moriarty horse drawn zeppelin service will fly you round the Cape in 80 days.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Thereby avoiding the traffic at Oxford Circus! And anyway, this idiot knows nothing about canals!

MORIARTY:

Nothing!

SPRIGGS:

Honourable members! I move that... I moooooooooove. I move that as it is customary in our beloved country England a man so totally unsuitable for the job should be given the contract. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you, Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, folks, thank you. I'll start work right away, hold my coat.

GRAMS:

PNEUMATIC DRILLS.

MORIARTY:

Curse, Grytpype, he's got the contract.

GRYTPYPE:

But not for long. Get my lawyer, Max Geldray, on the blower.

MORIARTY:

Right!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STARTS...

GRYTPYPE:

Shall we dance, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh, the leaping divine of a modern melody...

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The well-known Trans-Africa Aeroplane Canal, part derx.

BLOODNOK:

We move now to Congo jungle and district Commissionaire.

ORCHESTRA:

JUNGLE DRUMS.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS ALONG WITH THE DRUMMING) La da da de dum... Ooohhhhooohh! Well, that saved paying for an orchestration, anyway! Ooohhhhooohh, I've had a hard day. I thought she'd never go! Ohhh! Ohhhh! Ellington, take my boots off, will you? And don't you let me catch you wearing them again! Oh!Ooooooohhhhh, goooo, ging, gong, gueeeh!

FX:

RAPID KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Ethel, bring that door in here for me to open will you?

FX:

DOOR RATTLES AND OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you! Hallo, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Helloooo!

SEAGOON:

Haaaallo, folks.

BLOODNOK:

Hello, folks.

SEAGOON:

I'm Neddie Seagoon, you've heard of me, Neddie Seagoon? (SINGS OPERATICALLY)

Be my loooove.

Falling in love with [UNCLEAR].

When you come home again to Waaaaaaaales.

BLOODNOK:

You'll get a punch up the duster, you will. Oh!

SEAGOON:

Major! I've come to inform you that we're building a canal and... I'm afraid it's going to cut right through your house.

BLOODNOK:

What! Well, if you think I'm going to run downstairs and open the door every time a ship wants to come through, you're barmy.

SEAGOON:

You don't have to open the door, you can leave the key under the mat!

BLOODNOK:

Over my dead body.

SEAGOON:

No, under the mat. A-Ha, ha, ha, ha. A-ha, ha, ha... Under the mat! Ha, ha, ha, ha, hu-hum!

BLOODNOK:

Are you sure it was a prison you escaped from?

SEAGOON:

Lies, lies, all lies, I'm perfectly sane, I tell you! It's a lie! Never! All lies, lies, I tell you!

BLOODNOK:

Look here, I... I tell you, I won't have aeroplanes flying through my house. Now get out!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

Very well. If that's the way you feel about it, goodbye.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

BLOODNOK:

Never darken my door again.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

Since you insult me, I shall leave, goodbye.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners with a degree in higher mathematics will have counted 4 doors slamming. This was in fact an aural illusion. What you did hear was not four doors being slammed, but one door being slammed four times. Or, in your parlance, one to the power of four. You see, it is these little snippets of information that makes me feel that my job is worthwhile, thank you.

SEAGOON:

'Ave you done?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. So work began on the Great Trans-Africa Aeroplane Canal, folks. But meanwhile, on the top of a number 11A3, two sinister figures sit steaming in a brown airing cupboard.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, I tell you, Grytpype, we got to sabotage the canal with sabotage-type sabotage.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, Count Jim.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley.

MORIARTY:

Aye, man, aye. Ah, wee towering timorous beastie aft gang a-gley.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you like Burns?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, hold this white hot poker!

MORIARTY:

Aargggghhhhh! Aargggghhhhh! Aargggghhhhh! You fool!

GRYTPYPE:

This is no time for beauty, mark ye. Hold this leather piano in the key of C.

MORIARTY:

Yeargghh! Owff! What's the plan?

GRYTPYPE:

We are going to steal the Trans-Africa Aeroplane Canal!

MORIARTY:

Where are we going to hide it?

GRYTPYPE:

We are going to bury it.

MORIARTY:

It's dead?

GRYTPYPE:

As good as, Moriarty!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Becaaaaaaause! (SINGS TOGETHER)

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,

(SPEEDS UP) And the sun is in the sky.

GRYTPYPE:

(SPEEDS UP) In the sky, Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SPEEDS UP) All our eyes...

SELLERS:

And so they headed for Seagoon who was watching the canal being dug by 40,000 British labourers.

FX:

ONE HAMMER BLOW ON BRICK.

OMNES:

WHISTLING

SEAGOON:

I say there, foreman!

WILLIUM:

'Allo, mate.

SEAGOON:

Why are you the only one working?

WILLIUM:

Well... all the men are on strike, mate!

SEAGOON:

What for?

WILLIUM:

We can't think of anything, yet. But, er... we will, we'll... we'll think of something.

SEAGOON:

What are they doing here this morning?

WILLIUM:

Errrr, they come along for the tea-break.

UNION REP:

[MILLIGAN]

Yesss, you want a... (INCOHERENT TRADE UNION/OFFICIOUS TYPE MUMBLING)

WILLIUM:

That... that was the 'ead striker, that was. 'E says what they stricked for is £15 a week.

SEAGOON:

Alright. I'll pay them £15 a week.

OMNES:

HOORAY! (SINGS) 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY'.

SEAGOON:

What's up?

WILLIUM:

They gone on strike again.

SEAGOON:

Why?

WILLIUM:

They want more money, Mate! And 'ere's their spokesman, Rage Nurglegoos to give the message on the old bonjoes. Now let's get right back round the old brandy, there.

SEAGOON:

Right-oh, there.

FX:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Now, the Trans-Africa Aeroplane Canal, part the derx.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING FANFARE MUSICAL LINK.

SEAGOON:

To break the strike, I had sent for two professional strike breakers, who even now were on their way from England by electric rowing boat.

GRAMS:

WAVES BREAKING ON THE SHORE AND SEAGULL CRIES. OARS IN THE ROWLOCKS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Why...? (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you! Why did they throw you out of being Prime Minister?

ECCLES:

Well... um... Anybody listening?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Who?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Me.

ECCLES:

Oh, ho, ho! Well, then. Well, then, um, Bottle, you remember that blonde suffragette chained to the railings outside No. 10?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! Yeah!

ECCLES:

Weeell....

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Well, I chained myself to her! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! Ohhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good, that was naughty, that was, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah? Was that naughty?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it was.

ECCLES:

Welllll, owwowwwwowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I never did that when I was Prime Minister, you know. Do you know what hurted, my good man?

ECCLES:

What did, my fellow?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, then, when I found the lady what was chained to the railings.

ECCLES:

Yup? Yup? Yup? Yup?

BLUEBOTTLE:

In a flash, I whipped out my boy scout knife.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And in a flash I removed a stone from her hoof.

ORCHESTRA:

PUNCHLINE TYPE FANFARE.

ECCLES:

Oy!

SEAGOON:

Alright you two, that's your bit done, that's all! Now, welcome to Africa!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Captain.

ECCLES:

'Ello.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have brought from England this modern Kelsop super canal digging machine.

ECCLES:

Machine!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It's inside this parcel.

SEAGOON:

Inside the parcel? What a neat idea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is a neat idea, yes.

FX:

RUSTLING PAPER

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, save the brown paper Eccles, I need a new suit.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, Captain? Let us demonstrate this machine. Do you know that that it can dig up four tons of earth in three seconds?

ECCLES:

Hallo, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will time it with my watch.

GRAMS:

COMICAL SOUNDING MACHINERY OPERATING. (BLEEPS, BURBLES ETC).

SEAGOON:

That was a noisy machine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Machine? That was my watch! Captain, this machine can do the work of two men.

SEAGOON:

Well let's see it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, but you'll have to help us 'cos it takes three men to work it.

SEAGOON:

Right! Eccles and Bluebottle, you three get it going.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere. Wait a minute, Captain. Eccles and me only make two.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. (SARN'T MAJOR TYPE SHOUTING) Fall in! From the left, number!

ECCLES:

One.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Two.

SEAGOON:

Two and One equals...?

ECCLES:

Three.

SEAGOON:

Right, off you go!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MUMBLING) No, no, [UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

(MUMBLING) I don't believe that!

SEAGOON:

Right, get cracking! Now, the next problem is this fellow Bloodnok.

FX:

BANG...WHOOSH!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie...

SEAGOON:

Grytpype! You!

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, GETTING CLOSER.

SEAGOON:

What's this?

GRYTPYPE:

My legs, I thought they'd never get here!

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry, Grytpype, it was my fault, I... I let them out for a run in the park.

GRYTPYPE:

You sentimental steaming Latin, you. Never let my legs out unchaperoned again, do you hear? The world must never know those Thynne measurements

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I see from the next line that you can help me with this Bloodnok problem.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie? You see this piece of knotted string leading from Moriarty's wrist up into that cloud?

SEAGOON:

Do you mean... you mean, there's... there's something on the other end of it?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie! It's the perfect device for removing Bloodnok's house. Id est, Count Moriarty's hand-sewn blue-serge zeppelin.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie, we can lower our sky hooks and lift Bloodnok's house out of the way in a second.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie. Go in and tell Bloodnok that in 15 minutes his house becomes skyborne.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

(STRAINING) Right, up there?

MORIARTY:

(VERY FAINTLY) Jawohl.

GRYTPYPE:

He's in!

MORIARTY:

(VERY FAINTLY) OK.

GRYTPYPE:

Attach skyhooks and haul away.

GRAMS:

COLLAPSING BUILDING TYPE SOUNDS.

MORIARTY:

(VERY FAINTLY) Ha, ha, Grytpype. Up he goooes, we've got him! We've got [UNCLEAR]!

BLOODNOK:

Whooooaarggghhh! Call a doctor!

MORIARTY:

Major Bloodnok! Kee-es-ker-ce-ces-say-sain!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Cest-in-french. I... I stepped out of the back of my house.

MORIARTY:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Walked down to the bottom of the garden.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

BLOODNOK:

Pleasure bent. Finally... I... I turned around, and to my building society's horror, my house had vanished. There was nothing there!

MORIARTY:

Nothing there! You must have been seeing things.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind that man of no fixed abode. I've got great news.

MORIARTY:

News!

GRYTPYPE:

I've bribed the workmen to fill in the canal.

FX:

TELEPHONE BELL RINGS.

MORIARTY:

Splendid! Answer that door.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello? Yes?

SEAGOON:

Hello, Grytpype? I'm speaking from Bloodnok's house and he's not here.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie. Don't wait any longer, you come out, lad.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

TELEPHONE HUNG UP.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, quick, put that fire bucket over there.

MORIARTY:

Right! How's that?

GRYTPYPE:

A little bit more to the right. That's it.

MORIARTY:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Yaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrgggggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

FX:

WATER SPLASH.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Little Jim, for telling us where he is.

LITTLE JIM:

Der.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven for that water. It broke my fall and my neck. But wait! The canal! Where is it?

GRYTPYPE:

It's gone, Neddie. And the Moriarty Zeppelin Service is back in operation.

SEAGOON:

You devils of green.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, we're still good friends, aren't we?

SEAGOON:

Why?

ALL:

Because... (SINGS WITH SAXOPHONE AND ORCHESTRA)

Arm in arm together,
just like we used to be.

Arm in arm together,
[UNCLEAR].

(CONTINUES UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

The cast, having no strong finish to the show, now go into a cowardly song and dance routine.

HERN:

And so, as the Goon Show sinks slowly in the popularity polls and the audience move menacingly towards the stage, we say goodnight from happy...

FX:

ARROW FIRES, WHOOSH!

HERN:

Ye-ipp

ALL:

(CRIES OF DISTRESS)

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME.

MILLIGAN:

There he goes. He's always 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 programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME CONTINUES...

Notes:

'felo de se' is a legal term in Latin that means suicide (literally a felon against oneself).

One to the power of four still equals one. ($1^4 = 1$)

S7 E23 - Ill met by Goonlight

Transcription by John Koster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Joke number one. What did the elder statesman say when he read the Sunday Times?

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

I'll kill that fellow Alanbrooke one of these...

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Good heavens! That sounds like the Goon Show chord in C.

SEAGOON:

It is, Mister Greenslade, with the whole might of the BBC poised behind it.

GREENSLADE:

Gad, it all sounds so romantic.

SEAGOON:

Romantic's the word. You should see Broadcasting House at dawn and see those bright-eyed typists rolling in at the crack of half past ten.

GREENSLADE:

A little late, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Perhaps. But once they're in, those girls don't waste a moment. Hhuhuhum! It's coats off, sleeves up and straight down to the canteen!

GREENSLADE:

Ohhhh! Ohhhh, per ardua.

SEAGOON:

So, you've got a touch of the old arduas, eh? Hahaha. Ohhhh, it's March. Well, as I was saying, by eleven-thirty the BBC is a hive of inactivity.

GREENSLADE:

What a life that must be! Do you think I could become a typist?

SEAGOON:

Only if you change your shape. Ahem. Now then Wal, the old posh announcement, the old posh radio chat, there! Come on, Wal. Go on! He's a lovely talker!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies... Ladies...

SEAGOON:

Pull 'em out, Wal. Pull the old mouth out.

MILLIGAN:

Give it some...

SEAGOON:

Look at that.

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR] the old news. Lovely delivery.

SEAGOON:

Give us the full facts, Wal.

MILLIGAN:

In the media.

SEAGOON:

Give us the old posh chat, there.

GREENSLADE:

Liddies and...

SEAGOON:

Keep yer [UNCLEAR], keep goin', there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and...

SEAGOON:

Kick yer shoes off at the end, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlebong, tonight with the aid of the new steam leather microphone, we tell of yet another of those remarkable war stories: "Ill met by Goonlight".

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITER.

MILLIGAN:

The War Office, 1942. Or if you're in the Navy: the Admiralty, 1944.

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, Major Splad.

MAJOR SPLAD:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, morning, Lieutenant Seagoon, sir.

SEAGOON:

Now then...

AMERICAN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Sir, the American Sixth Fleet is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right, put it on the mantelpiece. I'll smoke it later.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING.

SEAGOON:

Six bells! Must be the phone.

FX:

TELEPHONE BEING PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks!

GENERAL MONTGOONERY:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS-TYPE VOICE) Hello Seagoon. (SINGING) Hello Seagooooon.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Hellooo!

GENERAL MONTGOONERY:

Er, General Montgoonery here. I want you to come over to Combined Ops at once. (SINGING) At onnnnnce! I'll have a... I'll have a crane pick you up.

FX:

TELEPHONE DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Scran? Keep my pyjamas in the oven and my wife in the fridge. I might be late.

THROAT:

Right, mate.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK CHORDS.

GRAMS:

LIFT GOING UP, STOPPING

LIFTBOY:

[SELLERS]

Admiralty, third floor. Battleships, submarines, Combined Ops and a rotten beast of a WREN called Frida Brottle.

FX:

DOOR OPENING, CLOSING

SEAGOON:

Seagoon RN, reporting sir.

OFFICER 1:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon, something big has just come up.

SEAGOON:

What?

OFFICER 1:

You!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? It's a lie, I tell you! I've lost a stone. I took my boot off.

OFFICER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Lieutenant Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Wee, wee, wee...

OFFICER 2:

...do sit down, will you.

GRAMS:

WOOD CRUMBLING.

OFFICER 2:

Curse! Dry rot! I didn't know you had it. Now then, tell me, this is general Platt.

SEAGOON:

Humhumhum

OFFICER 2:

BRIGADIER Coyspon.

BRIGADIER & SEAGOON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

Admiral Plin-Thurdsby.

SEAGOON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

And Wollington Foo-Scrampson,

SCRAMPSON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

And that's Scromson Scramson awe.

SEAGOON:

Hello.

OFFICER 2:

And Scremsonawee and Scripi I ho a wee.

SEAGOON:

Hello. Hello, folks!

OFFICER 1:

Seagoon, we've sent for you for quite a reason, lad. Have you ever heard of a place called Crete?

SEAGOON:

No, but any good taxi driver will take me there.

OFFICER 1:

(AGITATED) I don't think you're quite with it Seagoon, humph. (NORMAL VOICE AGAIN) Crete is in the Mediterranean, you know.

SEAGOON:

Won't it get wet?

OFFICER 1:

What? It's got an umbrella, you idiot!

SEAGOON:

Good!

OFFICER 1:

Commander Greenslade, explain your infallible plot.

GREENSLADE:

Jove, yes. Seagoon, the isle of Crete is held by a series of naughty-type Germans. Now, it's about their commander, General Von Guttern.

OFFICER 1:

Yes, we want you to get him.

SEAGOON:

You want me to get him what?

OFFICER 1:

You want a punch up the conk?

SEAGOON:

No, thanks, I'm driving.

OFFICER 1:

What?

OFFICER 2:

Seagoon, you see, Seagoon, (SINGING) you see Seagoooon. You see, Seagoon, we want you to capture General Von Guttern.

SEAGOON:

Me? Capture a dirty big German?

OFFICER 2:

Yes.

OFFICER 1:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What? I'm off!

GRAMS:

SEAGOON SINGING "WE'LL SEE A WELCOME IN THE HILLSIDE..." ACCOMPANIED BY RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SPED UP UNDER...

OFFICER 1:

Quick! Stop him before he gets back to Wales!

OFFICER 2:

Right! Get 'im!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK, MILLIGAN SINGING THE LAST NOTES

GREENSLADE:

They gave chase and finally caught Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Yes! But I made them come to me on their knees.

GREENSLADE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I was hiding in a drain.

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS BEING DRILLED, UNDER...

SEAGOON:

The following December on the third of January I was send to the Marine Commando Spaghetti Hurling Depot at Rhyll.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohohow! Ohhhhh, that's better. Did you know, I was inspecting me knees for storm damage when suddenly in walks that singing Welshman, Neddies "Where Are Me Legs" Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry to butt in during knee inspection, Bloodnok, but...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'm the volunteer for the Crete job.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I see, right. Unchain him, sergeant.

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING, UNDER...

SERGEANT THROAT:

Right, mate.

SEAGOON:

Ooh. Now Major, what's all this spaghetti hurling about?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you see, lad, it's the Bloodnok method of ending the war, you see.

SEAGOON:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

Each commando... oohhoo... is issued... with an army sock full of lukewarm spaghetti, you see. Then when he meets a Hun full-face, it's Whoosh! Putt! Nuk! M'nooooo! Right in the square-head's mush. And by the time the Jerries have scraped it off, it's too late! The pubs are all shut, lad!

SEAGOON:

But why use spaghetti?

BLOODNOK:

But don't you see, you military fool? When a German is struck with the full force of spaghetti, he'll think the Italians have turned on them, you see!

SEAGOON:

What a brilliantly mediocre idea!

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoho.

SEAGOON:

You'll get an OBE for this.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, good. My last one died.

SEAGOON:

Well, we've all got to go sometime.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I went this morning, it was hell in there, you know! Oh! Ohoho, dear.

SEAGOON:

Well, Major...

BLOODNOK:

Ohooo!

SEAGOON:

Well, Major, I'll see you at the briefing room at 0600 hours.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

ALL:

Rhubarbs, custard, cheddar cheese.

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Eyes front there! Put those Wrens out! Commanding officer?

OFFICER 1:

Thank you, Gladys, at ease. Now are we all here?

ECCLES:

I'm not all here. (MUMBLED SINGING) Ta, ta, ta.

OFFICER 1:

What did you say?

ECCLES:

I said ta, ta, ta.

OFFICER 1:

Then would you mind putting your head on this table?

ECCLES:

Right.

FX:

BANG!

ECCLES:

Aaahooow! Awahuwahuwaaaaw!

OFFICER 1:

Say "Sir" when you go "Auwhuahau" to me.

ECCLES:

Auhuahuhauw. Sir.

OFFICER 1:

Thank you. Now Lieutenant Seagoon, you have been chosen to lead the raid on Crete. So let's put you in the picture. Quiet, Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Too late, Dirk Bogarde's already in it.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GELDRAI:

Hi!

OFFICER 1:

Seagoon, stop those brilliant Movietone jokes, you. Now listen... You'll be put ashore from the submarine alone with three men with blackened faces.

SEAGOON:

Three? I've only been given enough blacking for two.

OFFICER 1:

One of the men is Ray Ellington. Any questions?

ELLINGTON:

It ain't fair, just because I've got a sunlamp!

OFFICER 1:

Well I... well, that's how it goes, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah? And this is how *this* goes...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

GREENSLADE:

Ill met by Goonlight, part two. Part two? Gosh, doesn't time fly?

ECCLES:

(MUMBLED SINGING)

GRAMS:

TRAIN

SEAGOON:

With others on the Crete mission we entrained at midnight for Portsmouth.

GRAMS:

TRAIN COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENING, CLOSING

WILLIUM:

(TICKET COLLECTOR) All tickets, please, all tickets. 'Ere, you three under the seat. Tickets?

SEAGOON:

Curse! He spotted us! HUUUAHUM.

WILLIUM:

Come on, now, what you 'idin' hunder the seat for?

SEAGOON:

Well, hahohehahohii. We're on a secret mission and we thought you were a German spy.

WILLIUM:

Me, a German spy, mate? I come from Clapham South, mate.

SEAGOON:

Well, we've got to be careful, you see. We're going to Crete to capture General Von Guttern.

WILLIUM:

Good luck, mate, good luck. But I still want to see your ticket, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to see my ticket, too, hahahaa.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN STOPPING, TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENTS IN BACKGROUND.

SEAGOON:

At two in the morning we arrived at Portsmouth. We were all heavily disguised and sworn to secrecy.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

(STATION ANNOUNCEMENT) Will the party of commandos due for the secret trip to Crete please remove their beards so that they can be recognised.

SEAGOON:

Gad. The wonders of British wartime security.

MORIARTY:

Aha, Lieutenant Seajuone. I am the submarine ace commander, Count Jim "Knees Naboolah" Moriarty, of the Fried French Forces, ohihooo!

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Am terribly eased to pleet you.

ECCLES:

Com-ment-allez-vooz.

SEAGOON:

This is private Eccles.

MORIARTY:

Sappristy groins of leather. You can't take a raving idiot like that with you!

SEAGOON:

Take him and don't bring him back.

AMERICAN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Lieutenant Seagoon, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

AMERICAN OFFICER:

The American seventh fleet is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good, leave it at lost property. I'll pick it up later.

MORIARTY:

Come, Lieutenant, the submarine "La Grippe" is waiting.

SEAGOON:

Is that a French submarine?

MORIARTY:

I don't now, I've never heard it speak.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

WAVES. SOMEONE IN CAST SINGING IN BACKGROUND.

GREENSLADE:

At four in the morning the Crete party went aboard and received their final instructions from a British agent.

LEW:

Now then, you got everything? Er, lokshen soup, Bibles, motsers, all the lot?

SEAGOON:

Yes. One more thing, though. Where are the sealed orders?

LEW:

I've seen them, I've seen them somewhere, I've seen them. On the back of a fag packet.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure this mission is secret? I mean, could the Germans know I'm in Portsmouth?

LEW:

You got nothing to worry about at all. I've had Portsmouth change its name change to Berlin.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Splendid, the Germans wouldn't bomb us with a name like that.

GRAMS:

BOMB WHISTLING DOWN, EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

What's that!?

LEW:

The RAF! The ROF! The RAF! I don't know. My life! Oh, this'll ruin business, I'm telling you.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, [UNCLEAR]. Must make for the sea at once! All aboard!

SEAGOON:

What about security?

LEW:

Leave your watch and five knicker, it'll be alright.

FX:

TILL.

LEW:

Good luck.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL MUSIC.

GRAMS:

SUBMARINE SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

At midnight on January the 2nd, the submarine surfaced off Crete.

GRAMS:

WAVES, WIND UNDER...

SEAGOON:

In rubber dinghies we made for the dark outline of the shore.

ECCLES:

Ohhh! Oohhh! Ooooh!

ELLINGTON:

Lieutenant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Shhh. What?

ELLINGTON:

You know, I don't fancy this fellow Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Never mind.

ELLINGTON:

You know when you just said "Start paddling"?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

ELLINGTON:

Well, he took his shoes and socks off and went over the side.

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles. How deep is it?

ECCLES:

(INCOMPREHENSIBLE BUBBLING SPEECH) This water is taller than me!

SEAGOON:

Well, it's older.

ECCLES:

Ohohow.

BLOODNOK:

My line says we're coming into the beach.

GRAMS:

RUNNING AGROUND ON PEBBLE BEACH

SEAGOON:

All ashore. Lads, we're on Crete!

BLOODNOK:

Ach, this beach is hard.

SEAGOON:

Then we must be on concrete! hup! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

ELLINGTON:

Look, there's someone coming down the beach.

ECCLES:

Ohowoow.

SEAGOON:

Give me my sock full of spaghetti.

ECCLES:

Here.

SEAGOON:

Now... One! Two!

FX:

WHOOSH, SPLUDGE

BLUEBOTTLE:

EEEEEE! Eeeh. You rotten swine, you. Who threw them warm worms at me? I bet it's them playtime rotters Eric Swooge and Bert Prod.

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Are you General Von Guttern?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm not. I'm Bluebottle in the East Finchley's greatest authority on re-conditioned bloomers.

SEAGOON:

At this time of night, why aren't you at school?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I been playing truant.

SEAGOON:

Play it again.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE TUNE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hoi! Now I shall play the "Ill Met By Moonlight" game.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a clout on nut with a fanlight game.

ECCLES:

Don't you be a fool, my good man. Do-not-be-a-foooooo-my-gooooood-man. I been planted here to show you the way to the guerrilla's hideout.

SEAGOON:

Right! But first: Max Geldray! Round the back for the old Marlin Brando!

GRAMS:

STAMPEDE, FEET RUNNING AWAY, SHOUTING.

MAX GELDRAI:

"BASIN STREET BLUES"

GREENSLADE:

Ill Met By Goonlight, part three. The capture. Ooh, I'd better get out of the way.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

WALKING FEET, BIRDS.

ALL:

(MOANING, STRAINING, UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

We marched all night. At dawn we marched all dawn. Finally we met up with the leader of the resistance.

RESISTANCE LEADER:

[SELLERS]

Welcome English commandos. I'm Bibelodo Corblimos.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now where is General Von Guttern?

RESISTANCE LEADER:

Every night at ten his staff car pass through the coast road south of Yarebonsemate

SEAGOON:

Where is yah-bonce-mate?

RESISTANCE LEADER:

Under your hat, chum.

SEAGOON:

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

ECCLES:

'Ere. We're in that... innit cold up these mountains. I'd freeze to death up here.

SEAGOON:

Right! You stop here, then.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

You and Bluebottle keep your eyes on the road. When you see Von Guttern's car lights coming stop it. That'll give the rest of us time to dynamite the bridge further down. Right. Action stations!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FROGS, CRICKETS

ECCLES:

(LIP SMACKING, YAWNING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

You got your sock full of spaghetti ready, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah. I'm keeping mine warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How?

ECCLES:

I got it on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aah.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are all your family brainy?

ECCLES:

Well, um... myyyyy... my father was clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. What did he do?

ECCLES:

Nottin', he was *really* clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh. It's fine when they're clever, isn't it?

ECCLES:

Aah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. What did you say?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I said, that it is fine when they're clever like that. Is fine.

ECCLES:

Yes. Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Huh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What...? Shall I tell you something?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my good man. For no reason at all I'm gonna to tell you that... I once knew an English girl who could speak French. "Ooh, lala", she said. "Oi wee, oi wee", she said.

ECCLES:

Waaa! Stop it, stop it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And she used to dance the can-can for me.

ECCLES:

Ahaha! Ooh, you naughty man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeees!

ECCLES:

Oh, dear! Oh, you know. Yeah, well, how did she dance the can-can?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, she... shall I tell you what she did?

ECCLES:

Don't keep me waiting. My socks are burning. Haha! Look, the spaghetti's boiling.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I tell you she used to put an oil can on each foot and jump up and down.

ECCLES:

Hahahaha, Oooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Tadamtamtadam... (ETC)

ECCLES:

You sinful man, you! Oh, that's livin'!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah!

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHING, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Yewwee haha how

ECCLES:

Ooh, what? Howwaw – look!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a car.

ECCLES:

Eeh, Ooow. Who's gonna stop it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let draw a lots for it. We'll both close our eyes and when we open them whoever's left stops the motorcar.

ECCLES:

OK, mine are closed. (SMACKS LIPS) Well, are... are yours closed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Yes!

ECCLES:

He's gone. He thinks I'm mad, folks. He thinks I'll open my eyes and find him gone. Well, I ain't gonna open them.

GRAMS:

CAR STOPS, BRAKES SCREECH. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

I [UNCLEAR] fooled me.

FX:

BOOTS ON GRAVEL.

GERMAN 1:

[SECOMBE]

Open your eyes, Englander!

ECCLES:

Ahahahooo! You silly man, Bluebottle. I'm not gonna open my eyes and you can't fool me with that phoney German acc...

FX:

THUD.

ECCLES:

AHAHAAAAOWOW! Sir.

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING WITH FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWING, UNDER...

VON GUTTERN:

[SELLERS]

Who vas zat you clubbed?

GERMAN 1:

And idiot vis his eyes closed. Ach Himmel! He's running alongside the car. Faster, driver!

DRIVER:

[MILLIGAN]

Jawohl!

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING FASTER, FOOTSTEPS FASTER AS WELL.

VON GUTTERN:

Gerblunden, he's still keeping up with us! Faster, driver, faster.

DRIVER:

Jawohl.

GRAMS:

CAR AND FOOTSTEPS EVEN FASTER.

GERMAN 1:

Great gerblunden, he's stil alongside and we're doing hundred miles an hour.

VON GUTTERN:

Lower the window.

FX:

WINDOW SLID DOWN.

ECCLES:

Ohohow!

VON GUTTERN:

Look, go away you, stop running after us.

ECCLES:

I can't. [UNCLEAR] I got my coat caught in the door!

VON GUTTERN:

Stop the car!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS AND CAR STOP.

SEAGOON:

Hands up and good evening, general.

VON GUTTERN:

Gerblungen verschitts garrimmen! Right steamer, here, Herr Harry Secomben. A British commando.

SEAGOON:

Move over. Eccles, where's Bluebottle?

ECCLES:

He's back there.

SEAGOON:

Right. Ray, turn the car round.

ELLINGTON:

(AS THROAT) Right-oh.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDING UP., UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Now, General Von Guttern, say one word and you're dead.

VON GUTTERN:

Then... give me the word and I won't say it.

SEAGOON:

What's the disposition of your troops?

VON GUTTERN:

Hoho, they're pretty nice fellows, you know, really.

FX:

CLONK.

VON GUTTERN:

Ahohoho!

BLOODNOK:

There, lads, old Bloodnok's spaghetti socks silenced him. One good clout on Von Guttern's big steaming nut sufficed.

SEAGOON:

Clout him again.

BLOODNOK:

But I've already hit him once.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but Von Guttern deserves another!

Geldray:

Hoi!

SEAGOON:

I thought we'd never get to that gag. My life!

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDING UP (RECORDING SPED UP).

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FROGS, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles! Eccles? You can open your eyes now, Eccles? Eccles! Eccles!? Where are you? I don't like it in the dark. Eccles! I can't see where I'm going, I...heehee!

FX:

SPLASH.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Naughty Little Jim! Did you put that water there?

LITTLE JIM:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you sorry?

LITTLE JIM:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then. Look! The car's coming back! Quick, Little Jim, put this dynamite in the road and light the fuse.

LITTLE JIM:

Light the fuse.

FX:

CAR APPROACHING, EXPLOSION, SHOUTS (GOING OFF).

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray! We got them!

LITTLE JIM:

We got them!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get a cardboard medal for this.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a cracker up your shirt. *We* were in that car.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, oh! Oh, it's my captain, all rags and no eyebrows. That's a good costume for explosions, that is.

ECCLES:

'Ere! Can I open my eyes now?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! What's that bread pudding stuck on the wall?

ECCLES:

That's me!

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Where's General Von Guttern?

BLOODNOK:

He... he's unconcious, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

BLOODNOK:

Here's his wallet.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Gad, it's full of Deutsche Marks.

BLOODNOK:

He must be a German.

SEAGOON:

Gad good! Good gad.

BLOODNOK:

Look at the time by the General's wristwatch which I've got on my wrist.

SEAGOON:

Nearly dawn. The submarine "La Grippe" should be appearing any minute.

WILLIUM:

You won't be on it, mate. Hands up-zuns.

SEAGOON:

Heavens! It's the old ticket collector!

ECCLES:

Quick, under the seat!

WILLIUM:

You was right, you know. I was a German spy.

SEAGOON:

You? What's your name?

WILLIUM:

Von Gutterns, mate.

SEAGOON:

Then who's this German we've got tied up?

WILLIUM:

He's a ticket collector, comes from Clapham, mate.

SEAGOON:

You know, folks, I sometimes wonder how we won the war.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

And with that stirring chord in C, you'll realise we've bluffed our way through another Goon Show. Why not write your MP about it today?

ECCLES:

Yeah, why not?

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

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. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) Wrens = members of the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS)

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:

(FUNEREAL) 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! Psst!

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 GELDRA:

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! Owwwwwhhhh!

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:

Ohohhhhhhhiiiiieeeee! 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 noorrgrh!

SEAGOON:

Harrgrh 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 FUSE. 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.

S7 E25 - The Histories of Pliny the Elder

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Program.

SECOMBE:

Whoop!

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) Owww!

GREENSLADE:

History for schools. Question 1: How do you spell C-A-T?

SECOMBE:

Cat! Well done!

GREENSLADE:

Question 2: Name two English queens called Elizabeth.

SECOMBE:

Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Question 3: What is the Goon Show's first name and give an example of.

SECOMBE:

That's a trick question, Wallace! So here is a trick answer entitled, The Histories of Pliny the Elder!

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) Oo-hoo-hey-hoo!

ORCHESTRA:

IMPERIAL ROMAN MUSIC

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF GULLS & WAVES

GREENSLADE:

And so in the year ex-el-one-one-one B.C., Julius Caesar set foot on the British shore and was greeted by the natives. Eh?

ECCLES:

He-llo!

CAESAR:

(GRYTPYPE) Veni, vidi, vici.

ECCLES:

Eh?

CAESAR:

I came, I saw, I conquered!

ECCLES:

Oh! Fine, fine. Well, I'm just going in for a dip. Give the old kippers in a steam. (LAUGHS; EXITS, SINGING INAUDIBLY)

CAESAR:

Brutus Moriarius, seize that Briton and prepare him for a life of slavery.

MORIARITUS:

Ave, six and two, Caesar. Cave! Here comes another Charlie Britannicus!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) When you're tramp, tramp, tramping along the high road, with your trousers all upsiiiiide down! (TO AUDIENCE) Hello, folks! Who cares?

CAESAR:

Gad, he's up early.

MORIARITUS:

He must be one of the early Britons.

CAESAR:

Quiet, you few-months centurion. Tell the men to pull the galley ashore, quickly.

MORIARITUS:

(EXITS, MUMBLING TO SELF)

CAESAR:

Ah, good morning!

SEAGOON:

Hiyo. I see your boat's all loaded up. (LAUGHS) Going round the light-house?

MORIARITUS:

You savage English fool! This is the imperial Julius Caesar! We are Romans! Prepare yourself for combatus!

SEAGOON:

Right-oh, right-oh, yeah, right-oh. I'll go and get our lads together. Only, being Sunday, they'll be in the pubs, you know!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! So! So, the Romans want to take the field against us, do they?

SEAGOON:

That's right, Britannicus. They're very keen to have a do with us, you know.

BLOODNOK:

A what? Oh!

SEAGOON:

And... and you never know, (LAUGHS), we might win!

BLOODNOK:

Win? No, we mustn't! We don't want to spoil our record!

SEAGOON:

Oh. Well, er, what'll I tell 'em, then?

BLOODNOK:

Well, tell them to put their goal on the edge of the cliffs, that'll give their goalie a bit of a rough time, won't it?

BOTH:

(LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

You don't care, do you?

BLOODNOK:

(LAUGHING) Nooo!

SEAGOON:

Right-oh. Kick off two-thirty, then.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid... (FADE)

SEAGOON:

Right, yes... (FADE)

ORCHESTRA:

ROMAN MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

And so the Britons, in their blue woad, took the field before the might of the Roman Army.

GRAMS:

CROWD SINGING END OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY' FOLLOWED BY CHEERING

CAESAR:

Brutus Moriarius, here. What kind of army is this that takes the field in blue jerseys with a ball at their feet?

MORIARITUS:

Must be some kind of trickus. Look! They're forming up.

FX:

WHISTLE

CAESAR:

That must be their signal to attack.

MORIARITUS:

Forward, men, battlus!

GRAMS:

CHARGING, FIGHTING SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ho-ohhh! I say, they're...

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here! Here!

BLOODNOK:

...they're a rough lot, these Romans, you know!

FX:

WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

MORIARITUS:

What? What's this? Why have stopped for?

SEAGOON:

Rough play, that's what we've stopped for, I'll tell thee. Boy! Every time I come up the wing your outside right swipes at me with a dirty big sword!

CAESAR:

(APPROACHING) I say, what is all this hold up about?

SEAGOON:

Why, it's rough play, that's what, this...

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, I mean... and then... and then, Jack.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

We don't do with all this javelin practice when the ball's in play! And another thing! You're only allowed eleven men on the field. I've counted 693 of yours so far!

CAESAR:

All right, I'll send one off.

SEAGOON:

Right. Carry on!

GRAMS:

RESUME FIGHTING

GREENSLADE:

The result: Romans, 900; England, 3. War stopped play.

GRAMS:

MARCHING, WHISTLING LILY MARLENE. MARCHING CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND OF FOLLOWING MONOLOGUE

SELLERS:

Like a mighty octopus, the legions of Rome spread across England. For ten years Caesar ruled with an iron hand. Then with a wooden foot. And finally with a piece of string. How much of this could Britain take?

ORCHESTRA:

LUTE MUSIC

MINSTREL:

(SPRIGGS) Caesar! I come to sing melodies divine to you!

CAESAR:

Sing on, proud minstrel.

MINSTREL:

Thank you. (SINGS)

For Caesar is a noble man,

A king of great renown.

A gentleman every inch of him,

from his feet to his head [UNCLEAR] . (SINGING OFF TO THE DISTANCE)

CAESAR:

Moriaritus? This man is a bit of a crawler. Why does he follow such a profession, Moriarius?

MORIARITUS:

For money, Caesar. He tells me he wants to die rich.

CAESAR:

And so he shall. Give him this sack of gold and then strangle him.

MORIARITUS:

Yes, Caesar.

MINSTREL:

(STRANGLING SOUNDS)

MORIARITUS:

I see that ten years in Britain have not changed your imperial Roman outlook, Caesar.

CAESAR:

True, Moriarius. Always a Roman eye.

MORIARITUS:

Will you take wine?

CAESAR:

No, thanks, I think I'll have a half of mild and a packet of crisps.

GRAMS:

CROWD SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

Caesar, Caesar.

CAESAR:

Oh, it's Stomachus Grossus!

GREENSLADE:

Caesar, there is an angry rabble outside. We have their leader captive.

CAESAR:

Is he bound?

GREENSLADE:

Of his health, I know naught, sir.

CAESAR:

Bring him hither, sir...

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Take your hands off me! You want to catch something? Ahh! So *you're* Julius Caesar, eh?

MORIARITUS:

Caesar is all things to all men.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it must be hell in there! Sanitus, Sanitus. Look here, Mr. Caesar. We've just discovered why you've been here ten years. You've conquered us!

MORIARTY:

Eh?

BLOODNOK:

Well, get out! I mean, get out! Or we shall ban mid-week matches. And mid-week cigarettes as well!

GREENSLADE:

Beware, Britannicus Bloodnockus. The gods are angry.

BLOODNOK:

I know, I've just been hit by a rotten tomato. Oh, the birds, the birds!

MORIARITUS:

Why don't you stop him, Julius Caesar?

BLOODNOK:

How can I when I'm playing the part of Bloodnok?

MORIARITUS:

Now listen... Now listenus. For this rebellion, Bloodnockus, you will be thrown to the wolves!

BLOODNOK:

Not that team, no! I'm a London man, please, I...

GREENSLADE:

Good Britannicus, you have one alternative.

BLOODNOK:

What?

GREENSLADE:

You'll be freed providing you give us four good men for the Coliseum games in Rome.

BLOODNOK:

Yes! I've got some likely English Charlies who would suit you perfectly! They were very successful at the Scottish games.

MORIARITUS:

Did they do well?

BLOODNOK:

Very well. They managed to get away with their lives, you know, it's...

MORIARITUS:

Very well. Deliver those men to Caesar's royal barge at XXIXXI and a half hours tomorrow.

BLOODNOK:

I'll do that. And here is the first one, Maxelsus Geldrayicus!

MORIARITUS:

I hope he does better than...

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE STARTS IMMEDIATELY WITH "COME ON GET HAPPY" SONG

ORCHESTRA:

SEAGOING MUSIC; BOAT-BOUND VOICES IN BACKGROUND; SHIP SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

And so, some months later, a Roman slave galley drew nigh to Ostia.

SLAVE DRIVER:

[ELLINGTON]

In! Out! In! Out! In!

ECCLES:

Oh, make up your mind...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever rowed a gallery before, Eccelus?

ECCLES:

Is that what we're doing?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

No, I've never done this before.

SLAVE DRIVER:

Faster, you dogs!

BLUEBOTTLE:

He wants us dogs to go faster.

SLAVE DRIVER:

Silence, you scum!

ECCLES:

He wants our scum... scum to go silent.

SLAVE DRIVER:

Or do you want a taste of the lash?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, thanks, I just had some cocoa.

ECCLES:

Oh, look, they're bringing a new slave from the reserve.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Goody!

SEAGOON:

Let me go, you devils! How dare you? Take your hands off me! Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. How dare you chain me to this oar? I shall write to The Times about this! Jim Crint!

FLOWERDEW:

Shut up, you! It was perfectly quiet until you came along! You're not the only man chained to the oars, you know.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) Now... listen to me... all of you!

FLOWERDEW:

All of me *is* listening to you.

SEAGOON:

I am the Welsh Chieftan, Caracticus Seagoon! (RASPBERRY, TRIES AGAIN) Caracticus. I, for one, will never surrender to the might of Rome! I'll fight them up hill and down and Mrs. Dale.

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, how did they take you prisoner, then?

SEAGOON:

I was in the bath. The one day a year they could catch me with my socks off.

ECCLES:

Must have been hell in there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What are you going to do, then, Caracticus? How can we file through these chains?

SEAGOON:

(LOUD) How!?! (QUIETER) How?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(SECRETLY) This evening I received a cake from a friend. And guess what's inside?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You mean there's...

SEAGOON:

Yes! Raisins!

SEAGOON / ECCLES / BLUEBOTTLE:

(INAUDIBLE)

SLAVE DRIVER:

Stop that talking in the back, there!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It wasn't me, sir! It was Harold Prott!

SEAGOON:

I [UNCLEAR] they want to know that!

GREENSLADE:

(VERY FAINTLY) May I present Harry Secombe and George Doe. Thank you, folks.

FX:

LASH LASHING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! You flicked my knee!

ORCHESTRA:

SEAGOING MUSIC; BOAT-BOUND VOICES IN BACKGROUND; SHIP SOUNDS

OMNES:

(SEA CRIES, INCLUDING) from the BBC out of here.

GREENSLADE:

That night, the galley docked at Ostia and the slaves were put up for auction.

AUCTIONEER:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS) (CLEARS THROAT) All right, new then, come on now.

SEAGOON:

(BACKGROUND) Hello, folks!

AUCTIONEER:

What am I bid for these three British-type slaves? Eccelus, a lovely piece of property. Claims to be descended from his father. No bids? Come on, anybody now.

SEAGOON:

Three dinars!

AUCTIONEER:

You fool, you're up for sale as well!

SEAGOON:

Oh!

AUCTIONEER:

There you are, a chap with initiative. All right, then. What about this last one? A pair of genuine English knees with a hat attached called Bluebottleus. Can tie knots, rub two sticks together and kill his grandmother.

LEW:

I'll bid 10,000 dinars the three.

AUCTIONEER:

Sold!

LEW:

This way lads. I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em!

SEAGOON:

I say, this is dashed decent of you to buy us. Who are you?

LEW:

Me? I do all the bookings for the Coliseum. I've seen them all, I seen them, I seen them.

SEAGOON:

So you've seen them, eh? The Coliseum? Could you get us a couple of tickets?

LEW:

You won't need any.

SEAGOON:

Oh. What's on?

LEW:

You are.

SEAGOON:

Am I?

LEW:

Yeah, tonight, tonight.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Better get the old Hobson's choice going, hadn't I? (SINGS) We'll keep a welcome in... (TO LEW) I've done the Palladium, you know? (CLEARS THROAT)

LEW:

I got a lovely voice for...

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) In the hillsides, mi-mi-mi – Oooh!

LEW:

Lovely, lovely!... Lovely! Now try shouting "help".

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) HEEEEELLLLPPPP!

LEW:

Marvelous! That'll come in very useful.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

LEW:

Right, now, you wait in there, boys, I'll tell you when it's your turn to go on, it'll be all right...

FX:

CLOSES DOOR BEHIND HIM

SEAGOON:

I say, what a wonderful agent that fellow is! My first night in Rome and I've got a booking already! (LAUGHS) Well, now, let's have a look at the program!

ECCLES:

Oh! It's a good progum.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the top of the bill?

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's got a lovely opening act. Let me see now, "Captive East Finchley boy scout will fight four starving lions."

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhhh. I do not like this lion game.

VOICE:

(OFF) All right, baby.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let me out of here...

FX:

RATTLES DOOR

SEAGOON:

You coward, Bluebottle! Face it like a man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, well, look at the encore there: "Caracticus Seagoon will be strangled by a gorilla."

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Heeeeeeeelp! Let me out! You can't do this to me! I'm a British subject! I shall write to The Times about this! Help! Let me out! Heeeellppp!

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, shut up, it was perfectly quiet until you came along!

SEAGOON:

It's all right for you. You're a sailor and sailors don't care.

FLOWERDEW:

(SHRIEKS) Oooooohhhohoho!

SEAGOON:

Now, don't panic everybody! I've got a plan. We'll overpower the guards.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Right, I'll take my boots off.

SEAGOON:

I [UNCLEAR] that they want to know that...

GREENSLADE:

(VERY FAINTLY) May I present Harry Secombe and George Doe. Thank you, folks.

SEAGOON:

Good! (LAUGHS) Now, we'll get the keys and make our way down to the Tiber.

ECCLES:

What's the Tiber?

SEAGOON:

Half past niner.

SELLERS:

(OFF) That's what they want!

SEAGOON:

Shh! I don't wish to know this. Please!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) I say, look here!

SEAGOON:

Shhh!

SELLERS:

(OFF) I say, I say, I say. I say.

SEAGOON:

I say. Kindly leave this prison. Shhh!

HERN:

Hello, boys and girls.

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Here comes the guard now!

FX:

DOOR IS UNLOCKED, OPENS

ECCLES:

Take that!

FX:

WOMP

GUARD:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Right! Run for it!

FX:

RUNNING

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, I thought you'd like to know that the groan of pain you heard just now was not done by a Roman soldier but by me. And I thought I did it jolly well. I'm sure you all feel the better for knowing that. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Thank you. And now, Ray Ellingbaum.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

ELLINGTON SINGS MEDLEY, INCLUDING "YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU," "THIS CAN'T BE LOVE"

ORCHESTRA:

ROMAN MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Through the catacombs our heroes managed to reach the great water pipe that runs under the Via Appia. Known, of course, in the Army as the famous Appia Pipe (UP YA PIPE)

SEAGOON:

All right, lads, I think we are safe now.

ECCLES:

Oh, oh, wait a minute, look, there's a manhole cover right above us.

SEAGOON:

Shine the beam of this candle on it.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

I'll push it off. Eccles? Stand on my shoulders and pull me up.

ECCLES:

Okay. (STRAINING) I'd like to see 'em do this on television.

OMNES:

STRAINING SOUNDS FROM ALL

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I put the manhole cover back, now? Otherwise, if it rains, the hole will get wet.

SEAGOON:

No, leave it open. We don't want to lose the place. Shhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Behind those bushes! Someone's coming! Quick!

GRAMS:

RUNNING, SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Little Jim! Little Jim! Little Jim!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Little Jim!

SEAGOON:

Little Jim! Little Jim!

LITTLE JIM:

(BABBLES)

SEAGOON:

Thank you, again!

LITTLE JIM:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

(WILLIUM) Ooooh, oh, help me, oh, oh!

SEAGOON:

Grab my hand, foot, ear, nose and teeth. Hup!

WILLIUM:

(STRAINS) Ohhhh! Cor, I didn't see that 'ole, you know? Yeah, you don't see 'em on the corners, you know?

SEAGOON:

Are you a Roman?

WILLIUM:

No, mate, in the gloman, I, er... My name's 'Annibal. You see any elephants runnin' down the road?

SEAGOON:

Elephants? You must be General Hannibal of Carthage!

WILLIUM:

No, mate. I'm Willium Hannibal. I looks after the elephants at the Coliseum, there. I'm a Battersea slave, mate, there.

SEAGOON:

How did you get captured?

WILLIUM:

Oh, 'ere's a lovely little boy.

LITTLE JIM:

Get away, dirty man.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. Well, it were my Saturday off, you see, an' I was taking the dog for a pull. An' this Roman fellow come up an' said, "Take you 'at orf!" See? Like that. And I does. An' he said, "That's a nasty lump on your bonce". An' I said, "Where?" An' he said, "There", an' pointed it out with a dirty great club. Ohh, mate, oh! When I come to I feel my nut an' he was right! There was a dirty big lump on it. But it was too late by then, you see, I was carrying buckets for the elephants at the Coliseum.

SEAGOON:

But we are English-type slaves, too! Would you care to join us?

WILLIUM:

Why? (CAREFULLY) Are you coming apart?

SEAGOON:

What's the year?

WILLIUM:

49 BC.

SEAGOON:

That proves how old that gag is! That proves how old *that* gag is.

MILLIGAN:

Yeah. Take...

SEAGOON:

That *proves* how old that gag.

MILLIGAN:

No, stop...

FX:

VARIOUS, RASPBERRIES

SELLERS:

[UNCLEAR] of a white paper, now.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING, SIGHS)

ECCLES:

That proves how old you are, too, ha-ha-ha.

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah again.

SEAGOON:

Now you can put the lid on.

WILLIUM:

I tell you what, mate. A lot of our lads joined... joined an escaped gladiola called, um, Sparticus from Prodigal. He comes only from Prodigal, Sparticus, you know?

SEAGOON:

Where is he?

WILLIUM:

He's 'iding in the 'ole at the top of Vesumruvius.

SEAGOON:

Let's to him!

ORCHESTRA:

NEW SCENE MUSIC

OMNES:

(INAUDIBLE)

SPRIGGS:

Halt, halt! Who goes there? Who... who goes there?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) Escaped English slaves!

SPRIGGS:

Advance and be recognised! (SINGS) Recogniiiiised!

SEAGOON:

I am Caracticus Seagoon. I come from Wales.

SPRIGGS:

I can see you don't come from sardines, Jim.

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

SPRIGGS:

Ha, ha, ha! Nothing! Thank you. Hoorayyyyy! Hoo-rayyyy! I'll take you to Sparticus the Gladiola. Follow me.

FX:

WALKING, KNOCKING ON DOOR

SPRIGGS:

I'll knock.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Oh, just a minute, oh! Don't come in, please, I'm just changing my knees. Ohh! Quite right. (OPENS DOOR) Now... Ahh! Ohh! Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Britannicus Bloodnockus! How did you get to Italy?

BLOODNOK:

Ask the writers, I've no idea.

SPRIGGS:

I have no ideeea.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You are Sparticus?

BLOODNOK:

Yesus. I was forced to change me name, you see? I fell out with Caesar.

SEAGOON:

You... you fell out with Caesar?

BLOODNOK:

Yesus!

SEAGOON:

How did that happenus?

BLOODNOK:

We were in a chariot and we hit a bump in the road, it went ooooooh!

ECCLES:

It was me!

SEAGOON:

Come now!

BLOODNOK:

It went ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Come now! I want the trith and nothing but the troth!

BLOODNOK:

Well, the trith is – how can I put it? – You know that saying "Caesar's wife is above suspicion"?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I put an end to all that rubbish! Oh! Oh, the little beauty, oh!

SEAGOON:

Are we safe here?

SPRIGGS:

Are we safe?

SEAGOON:

(SPRIGGS-LIKE) Safe heeeere?

BLOODNOK:

My dear lad, we are actually *inside* the crater of an extinct volcano.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven! Safe at last!

GRAMS:

RUMBLING SOUND

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

I say, chaps? What?

ECCLES:

Was that you?

SEAGOON:

I say, look! Look! Look!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ohhhh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS FROM VOLCANO, CAST SCREAMING

GREENSLADE:

Next week, History for Schools tells the story of The Last Days of Pompei.

SEAGOON:

Well, is that the lot for the old series there, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Yep.

SEAGOON:

Right. 'Round the back for the old brandy, there!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the last of the present series of the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 Stevens, announcer Wallace Greenslade. Bobby Jay has been on the mixing panel and the special effects were supplied by Ian Cooke and Ron Belshay. The production was by Pat Dixon.

Notes:

"Mrs. Dale" is a reference to the popular radio soap of the time "Mrs. Dale's Diary".

S7 Special - Robin Hood

Transcribed by Stringy Flea. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE.

GREENSLADE:

This is London calling the world.

ECCLES:

Hello world!

GREENSLADE:

That was the voice of England.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) We're in a bad way, mate!

GREENSLADE:

Shush! Mr Seagoon! Don't spoil this magic moment. Kindly put on these self-splitting tights.

SEAGOON:

What for?

GREENSLADE:

The Goon Show Christmas pantomime entitled Robin Hood and his Mirry Mon.

GRAMS:

BELLS PEALING

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE AND BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR NARRATION

SELLERS:

It is now Christmas Eve in the year eleven ninety-one. In distant Acre my lord, King Richard, Coeur-de-Lyon, does battle in a valiant crusade. But, here at home in England's realm, a despotic rump is lowered onto our ancient throne. Its owner is yclept Prince John.

SEAGOON:

But, to the poor people of England, hope is kindled by a magic name - Robin Hood!

OMNES:

Cries of 'Robin Hood'.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

FX:

KNIVES AND FORKS ON PLATES, CHATTER, LAUGHTER, FLUTE PLAYING IN BACKGROUND. UNDER:

SHERIFF:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

Come, my Prince John. You raise such a great Christmas yuletide type of feast of vittals for your barons, and yet eat not yourself? Come, partake of this side of ox.

PRINCE JOHN:

[DENNIS PRICE]

Oh, no thanks, I've just had a boiled egg.

SHERIFF:

Oh, my thin Prince. Why are you so broody tonight?

PRINCE JOHN:

I think the egg's hatched.

SHERIFF:

My majesty was given a bad egg? I'll have the chef boiled alive!

PRINCE JOHN:

No, I'm not that hungry. Pass me another fairy cake, please.

SHERIFF:

Your majesty, is it this Robin Hood vagabond that upsets you?

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, don't mention that man's name again, don't mention that man's name to me again!

SHERIFF:

But what part of him shall I mention then?

PRINCE JOHN:

Well, there's so much of him.

SHERIFF:

But you insisted on Secombe playing the part.

SEAGOON:

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

SHERIFF:

Quiet, back there!

SELLERS:

Well, I don't wish know this.

SHERIFF:

You're not on 'til the second act!

PRINCE JOHN:

My lord, Sheriff of Nottingham, I have decided. You will capture that fellow Robin Hood by Christmas or I'll split your grotkin with a leather mackerel-sheet.

SHERIFF:

Oooh, majesty!

PRINCE JOHN:

The reward will be, um, a hundred gold splonders.

SHERIFF:

One hundred gold splonders! Hahaha!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GENERAL CROWD NOISES

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ding-dong! Clang! Clang-ding-dong-dang-dang! Here ye! Ding-dang! Stolen: one bell! Hear ye...

Silence, good people of Nottingham! A proclamation from the sheriff. He sends you Christmas and Xmas greetings at the same time. And he will give one gold splonder for the capture of Robin Hood, dead or alive, or both. Also, there will be an archery-type contest on ye green. A willow wand will be split in thrice and there will be a prize of a Nottingham Christmas pudding... (TRAILS OFF)

GRYTPYPE:

Did ye hear that, Moriarty? Ye golden splonder for ye Robin Hood.

MORIARTY:

Ye money. Owwww! Ye owwww! Ye gotta go owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

You've got to go...

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

...OWWWW.

MORIARTY:

Another record sold.

GRYTPYPE:

Oww! And ye archery contest.

MORIARTY:

That's what he said.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, methinks me can gain me a gold splonder.

MORIARTY:

But how? We've got no contacts.

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that with your teeth out! Stop worrying, Moriarty, I've got a trump card up my sleeve.

MORIARTY:

And I've got newspaper in my boots.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well, you always were a snappy dresser, weren't you? Come, steaming Frank. Pack the jam tins. You and I are going to take a coach ride through Sherwood Forest.

MORIARTY:

Oh, a little ta-tars! Oh, I love...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

HORSES AND CARRIAGE

ORCHESTRA:

Trumpet plays corny 'pop goes the weasel', played like an army reveille

MINNIE:

What a lovely... what a... what a lovely tune that was.

CRUN:

Yes. It's snowing, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

CRUN:

Doesn't it look nice.

MINNIE:

Yes.

CRUN:

I... I wonder where we are, Min?

MINNIE:

I'll find out. Er, pardon me, young man. Could you tell us where we are?

GRYTPYPE:

You're riding in a coach, Ma'am

MINNIE:

Oh, thank you, young man.

CRUN:

What did he say, Min?

MINNIE:

He said we're riding in a coach, Henry.

CRUN:

Ohh! Where's Auntie Gladys?

MINNIE:

Ohh! Oh, wa... she waved us goodbye when we left.

CRUN:

Ohh! The wonders of speed travel. To think we only came to see Auntie Gladys off and here we are riding through Sherwood Forest.

MINNIE:

Oh, it's... it's wonders of modern-type travel, you know.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh, dear! What the..?

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

Ooh! Ooh! Pardon me, young man. Is that your Christmas brown paper parcel under the seat?

GRYTPYPE:

That brown Christmas parcel, madam, is an eccentric French Count of some thirty-two summers

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

He insists on riding with his back to the axle. I think it's something to do with the shortage of money.

MINNIE:

Oooh, dear! He said it's something to do with the shortage of money, Henry.

CRUN:

You can't get it, Min, there's a... there's a shortage of shortages, too, you know

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Where will it all end?

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, hallelujah! Ohhh... oh, dear.

CRUN:

Min? Did you put the cat out?

MINNIE:

No, it wasn't on fire.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Well, I'm going up to bed, Min.

MINNIE:

No smoking up top, now.

CRUN:

No, no.

MINNIE:

I'll lock up... I'll lock up from the [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

HORSE WHINNYING

MINNIE & CRUN:

(ALARMED EXCLAMATIONS)

GRAMS:

HORSE HOOVES SLOWING TO STOP

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas! Your money or your life!

CRUN:

Happy new year! An outlaw!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, mercy, we'll all be murdered in our beds! Get away, you devil in green!

CRUN:

Go on, Min, give him the length of your tongue!

MINNIE:

I will - six and a half inches!

FX:

DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Go on, get out of that bed and hand over your money.

MINNIE & CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, old wrinkled retainer.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

I won't harm a hair of your head.

CRUN:

If you can find a hair on *my* head, I'll pay you for it.

SEAGOON:

Wait! What's that shaking heap of bones under the seat?

MORIARTY:

Ah-o-a-a-a-oh....

GRYTPYPE:

That is... and I quote from this floodlit bankruptcy note... Count Jim 'Springknees' Moriarty, who seeks the English archer Robin Hood.

SEAGOON:

I am he! He-he-he-he!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD

SEAGOON:

Next dance, please.

MINNIE:

Thank you, sir

GRYTPYPE:

Robin, my friend and I wish to join your band. We play C-melody saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Give proof.

ORCHESTRA:

TWO SAXAPHONES PLAYING JAZZ

SEAGOON:

Split me terikin! Ye bloweth a cool metal pipe! By Fred the Kenton, I'll sign you on for five and seven.

GRYTPYPE:

Give the man five and seven, Moriarty and sign on.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww...

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (LIKE AN ARMY SERGEANT-MAJOR) Now, report to Q stores for the old battledress of Lincoln green, there. Two bows and arrows and a pair of spare feet. (CLICK OF TONGUE) Breakfast oh-six-hundred, parade oh-six-oh-one. Right, Maxster Geldray? Beguile me with a merry tune on your nostril.

MAX GELDRAI:

"YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE"

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

SUBDUED FANFARE LINK THEN STRUMMING LUTE

MINSTREL:

[MILLIGAN]

(SUNG OVER LUTE)

The snow was gently falling,
as Robin to Nottingham went.
He entered the archery contest
with a hat all battered and a-bennnnnnnn...

(STOPS SINGING)

Well, that's enough of that.

GRAMS:

SPRING-WOOSH THUD, COMBINATION X3 FOR ARROWS

SEAGOON:

Ye Grytpype. Do you think ye people will recognise me in this Kentucky minstrel disguise?

GRYTPYPE:

Ye no.

MORIARTY:

Its your turn to shoot, Robin.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I shot him last time! Oh-ho,ho! Ye joke, Robin.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ye haha.

GREENSLADE:

Ye next bowman, please.

MORIARTY:

Your turn.

SEAGOON:

Watch this for shooting.

GRYTPYPE:

Right.

GRAMS:

SPRING-WOOSH-THUD-MOO!

GRYTPYPE:

A bull!

GREENSLADE:

Ye Charlie disguised as ye Kentucky minstrel wins.

SEAGOON:

Ye hooray!

MORIARTY:

Well done!

PRINCE JOHN:

Archer! Here archer, you pull a mean bow.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was given me by a mean uncle! Hahahaha, ye joke!

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, no, no, no. Leave ye jokes to me. I wear ye funny crown. Now tell me, where did you learn to pull a long bow?

SEAGOON:

I took a postal correspondence course. The envelopes were six feet long. Hahahaha.

PRINCE JOHN:

Please don't... please don't tell any more like that. Bad enough having to laugh at my own without having to listen to yours. The smelling salts, please.

GRAMS:

SQUEAK

SHERIFF:

There, there, your majesty. Give him his prize and let him go.

PRINCE JOHN:

Here, a ten shilling postal order for one three and a piece of holly.

SEAGOON:

This smells of trickery.

PRINCE JOHN:

Mm? (SNIFFS) It smells alright to me.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop! Your majesty, ere the archer departs, allow me to remove his wig.

MORIARTY:

And his trousers!

GRYTPYPE:

So!

SEAGOON:

No!

ALL:

Oooh! (AMAZED MUTTERINGS)

SHERIFF:

It's Robin Hood! Ye seize him!

MORIARTY:

(GRUNT) Get his...

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop!

MORIARTY:

(GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

Ye traitor, Thynne! I'll write to The Times about this.

GRAMS:

QUILL SCRATCHING ON PAPER

SEAGOON:

(OVER EFFECT) Dear Sir, I should like to say...

PRINCE JOHN:

Silence wretch!

GRYTPYPE:

Your majesty, may we crave the reward of one golden splonder?

PRINCE JOHN:

One? Well, I offered a hundred and a hundred you shall have.

SHERIFF:

Ah, thank you, sire. Here, steaming churls - one golden splonder.

MORIARTY:

One out of a hundred? We've been taken for Charlies. One golden splonder! Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Wait a minute. Who cops the other ninety-nine?

SHERIFF:

Inland Revenue.

GRYPPE:

I've never heard of them.

SHERIFF:

They've heard of me.

GRYPPE:

Merry Christmas.

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, stop. No, no, stop all this arguing. I'm not having ye happy time. I'm quit of ye colour.

SHERIFF:

Have ye aspirin.

PRINCE JOHN:

No, I'm not strong enough.

SHERIFF:

All your ills will be gone by dawn tomorrow when Robin Hood will be hung.

OMNES:

(VARIOUS CRIES, MOANS AND GASPS AS THE SHERIFF LISTS EACH PUNISHMENT...)

SHERIFF:

Drawn! Quartered! Clubbed! Struck! Lifted! Lowered! Hurlled! Stretched! Drowned! Dragged!
Drugged! Bashed! Bonked! Thudded! Tweaked! Walloped and then... plugged on a gillikin spike.

PRINCE JOHN:

Do you mind if I sit down?

SHERIFF:

Now, throw the wretch into dungeons dark, dank and donk.

OMNES:

LOUD CROWD NOISES

SEAGOON:

You devils! Ye'll pay for this!

SHERIFF:

Nonsense, we get it all free on National Health.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING SCALE THEN LUTE STRUMS

MINSTREL:

(SUNG OVER LUTE)

Cast into dungeons dark dank and donk,
all hopes of freedom gone.

Chained by the walls by his nose, teeth and ears,
three for the price of one.

(MUTTERS)

Not very good but the best I could do.

FX:

THROUGHOUT DUNGEON SCENE ACOUSTICS ARE ECHOY AS IN A LARGE CHAMBER

SEAGOON:

He's gone. Dont worry, folks, I wont be in this cell for long. Ha ha ha. They've promised to take me out and ha... I'll (AHEM) do that again. I won't be in this cell for long. They've promised to take me out at dawn and hang me. I said it. But... but they'll never do it. Before then, my brilliant Lieutenant, Friar Balsam, has promised to rescue me.

FRIAR:

Psssst!

SEAGOON:

What is that I hear?

FRIAR:

Psssst!

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

FRIAR:

Pssss ssss ttttt!

SEAGOON:

What? Why, that's the way Friar Balsam pronounces his Psssstts! Is that you, Friar Balsam, come to rescue me?

FRIAR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Where are you, my clever Lieutenant?

FRIAR:

(BLOODNOK) Behind you, chained to the wall by the ears, nose and throat.

SEAGOON:

You clever Lieutenant! You've disguised yourself as a prisoner.

FRIAR:

Have I? Have I got news for you! The truth is, I'm a prisoner, too. My arms are chained by the neck.

SEAGOON:

Are... are your legs chained?

FRIAR:

No.

SEAGOON:

Then... then let's dance!

FRIAR:

Delighted!

GRAMS:

JAZZY DANCE TUNE

SEAGOON:

Gad! You waltz divinely. Do you come here often?

FRIAR:

Only when I'm caught.

SEAGOON:

Ha-ha-ha. Can we face life together?

FRIAR:

I've got news for you, we *are* facing life together!

SEAGOON:

What? Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Send that band back to their own cell. I've just remembered; I'm going to be killed tomorrow. We must escape. Wait! This stone I'm chained to... it's... it's loose.

FRIAR:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes! I... I can feel a draft. (STRAINING NOISES). Oh! Oh! Done it!

FRIAR:

What?

SEAGOON:

Taken an aspirin. I don't want to catch cold.

FRIAR:

Wait a moment, I... I have an idea. Place your chain twixt my teeth.

SEAGOON:

There. 'Tis twixt. Now... Pull! Pull!

FX:

CLANKING OF CHAINS

FRIAR:

(MUFFLED STRAINING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

Go on, Friar Balsam, pull! Let those strong, white, English teeth pull us to freedom!

GRAMS:

POP FOLLOWED BY CLATTERING OF TEETH IN A BUCKET

FRIAR:

(TOOTHLESS) Well, don't just stand there. Put them in a glass of water!

SEAGOON:

Never mind ye choppers, you pulled the stone out. Follow me through to freedom!

FX:

CLANKING OF CHAINS

FRIAR:

Yes, I... Gad! It... it is ye dark in here.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It's not worth opening ye eyes.

FRIAR:

What a relief to get out of that filthy cell twenty-five. Now then, where are we?

SEAGOON:

In filthy cell twenty-six. Shh! There's somebody coming with a lighted candle.

FRIAR:

(WHISPERS) It looks like the sheriff.

SEAGOON:

So! He's disguised himself as a lighted candle. Quick! Hide under this straw.

FX:

NOISE OF HIDING UNDER STRAW, SOUNDS LIKE LOADING BOLT ACTION RIFLE OR SOMETHING ???

FRIAR:

He'll never spot us under this.

SEAGOON:

Haha!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR OPENING

SHERIFF:

Alright, you two idiots, come out from under that straw.

FRIAR:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

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

SHERIFF:

Now listen, I'm going to make a bargain with you.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What?

SHERIFF:

Two Christmas weight poplin shirts with holly attached to tail, five and eleven pence. Or in Canadian money, six thousand dollars.

SEAGOON:

Time to pay?

SHERIFF:

Yes, I think it is time to pay.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I've... I've only got one on and one in the wash

SHERIFF:

So! You turn my ye offer down? Very well - pay a ransom of a thousand golden splonders... or hang!

SEAGOON:

Ye gulp. Give me til the end of Ray Ellingtons number.

SHERIFF:

Not a moment longer.

FRIAR:

Ohhhh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHE'S A THREE HANDED WOMAN'

MILLIGAN:

Dong! Dong! Christmas Eve and all's well!

SEAGOON:

Midnight .

MILLIGAN:

Dong.

SEAGOON:

One o'clock.

FRIAR:

Gad, it's late. If that ransom money doesn't arrive by dawn we shall never see the North Pole again.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And after all the cactus I planted, too.

FRIAR:

Yes.

FX:

HEAVY DOOR OPENING

SHERIFF:

Alright you dogs, kneel down for Prince John.

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, no, they'll get all their knees dirty.

SHERIFF:

Listen, scum...

FRIAR:

Mr Scum to you.

SHERIFF:

Robin Hood! A thousand splonders, now!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Blow out his candle.

FX:

FSSH OF CANDLE BEING BLOWN OUT

SHERIFF:

Agggghh, you devils! Have at you!

FX + GRAMS:

FIGHT SOUNDS NEDDIE AND SHERIFF AND ECCLES YELLING, THUMPS, BANGS

ECCLES:

(BREATHLESS) Alright, we finished.

SEAGOON:

(HEAVY BREATHING) Thank you, Jack.

ECCLES:

We finished.

SEAGOON:

He's doing his nut, there. Now, you swine, had enough?

ECCLES:

(BREATHLESS) Yeah, I had enough.

SEAGOON:

It's Will Eccles! What are you doing in prison?

ECCLES:

Six months, what are you doing?

FRIAR:

Then where are those two scoundrels?

GRAMS:

HEAVY DOOR BEING CLOSED

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

They've locked us in from the outside!

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP

ECCLES:

Oh! Do something!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE BEING DIALLED

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, the sound you're hearing is an early British Telephone circa fourteen-twelve

NORRIS:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Hello? Robin Hood to Headquarters here.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Norris?

NORRIS:

Robin, where are you? In the nick?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Listen, unless I give him a thousand golden splonders, the Sheriff's going to kill me for Christmas.

NORRIS:

A thousand? Offer him nine-fifty and take a chance.

SEAGOON:

No. No, its a thousand or nothing.

NORRIS:

You giving me a choice? Don't worry schmulik, I'm sending a schlapper round with the geld straight away.

GRAMS:

PHONE BEING HUNG UP

FX:

DOOR KNOCK

NORRIS:

That's him at the door now.

SEAGOON:

That's an old gag.

NORRIS:

So? This is 1412, remember? You should get new gags, now, yet, already?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-i-po-muzzletopf.

GRAMS:

PHONE BEING HUNG UP AGAIN

SEAGOON:

It's no good. Lew is unreliable. He let Milligan down at Eastbourne.

ECCLES:

I know!

SEAGOON:

He might never send that money. We must escape at once! If not twice!

FRIAR:

Wait! Look up there, a high window with no barring

SEAGOON:

Curse these licensing laws!

FRIAR:

Oh!

ECCLES:

Wait! I... I got a li... I got a licence for climbing out of windows.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, young Eccles. Get against that wall. Right!

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Now, Friar Balsam.

ECCLES:

Yup.

FRIAR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You climb on his shoulders.

FRIAR:

Right-oh, yes.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

ECCLES:

Dont hurt yourself, now!

FRIAR:

That's it.

ECCLES:

Be careful.

FRIAR:

Now, come up now, Robin, come on.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

SEAGOON:

Curse! I... I still can't reach it.

ECCLES:

I know. I'll come up, I'll get on... on your... up on your shoulders. That alright?

OMNES:

ALL THREE TALK TOGETHER

ECCLES:

Still can't reach. Now you get up on my shoulders, Friar Balsam.

SEAGOON:

And I'll get up on yours.

OMNES:

ALL THREE TALK TOGETHER FROM A DISTANCE

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TALKING) Ladies and gentlemen, the feat now being performed is extremely dangerous and should only be done on radio by experienced idiots. Meantime, a stranger is admitted to the presence of Prince John.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Blunebottle in doublet... (PAUSES FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Enter Blunebottle in doublet made from Mum's old drawers.

SHERIFF:

Silence! What is this sodden piece of cardboard?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, or I will strike! Moves right, brandishes string sword in Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF:

That string sword doesn't frighten me, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, doesn't it? You just wait 'til I tie a knot in it, then!

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, please, stop this violence. Where's the money?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not give it to you until you free Robinge Hood.

SHERIFF:

Whaaaat? Tie him to a stake!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No! Do not tie me to a steak. I'm a vegetarian!

PRINCE JOHN:

Then tie him to a stick of celery.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, lovely! But I warn you. One step nearer and I will bring the power of fists into play. Blan! Blun! Splut! I will go. Blin! Splowee! Zon! Hit! Hit-hit-hit-hit-hit! Do you know dat I learned all my boxing off comic strips? Have you ever seen a comic strip?

PRINCE JOHN:

Only in a steam bath. It was ghastly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

SHERIFF:

Come here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nooo-no! Let go of my set of ankles. It is Christmas. Merry Christmas! (SINGS) 'Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the...'

FX:

DOOR BURSTING OPEN

SEAGOON:

Drop that Bluebottle!

SHERIFF:

Curses! Robin is free!

PRINCE JOHN:

It's Robin Hood! I feel quite faint.

SHERIFF:

I know how his men fight, so take that! Blat! Splat! Blun! Zowee! Sock! Thud!

SEAGOON:

What? Splinge! Carrumph! Splat! Ching!

OMNES:

(ALL JOIN IN WITH COMIC BOOK FIGHTING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER FIGHTING NOISE) Ohhh, My captain is over there, fighting to rescue me!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) That's what you think!

SHERIFF:

Ahh! There you are!

SEAGOON:

Blat! Thud Blin! Blon!

BLUEBOTTLE:

My captain did that!

SHERIFF:

Blam!

BLUEBOTTLE:

My captain copped that!

SEAGOON:

Wallop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oww! I copped that!

PRINCE JOHN:

Stop! Robin Hood, call your men off! Call them off! Do you hear me?!

SEAGOON:

Come on, boy! (WHISTLES) Come on! (WHISTLES)

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, no, no, no, no, please, I told you, no more jokes like that. We give in.

SHERIFF:

We were better on the bonks, bangs and caluds.

PRINCE JOHN:

But we had so few of them.

SHERIFF:

You win, you devil, Robin. Give us the thousand gold splonders and a piece of holly and you can go.

SEAGOON:

Here, catch. Hahaha. And let that be a lesson to you! (LAUGHS) Come along, chaps.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

In two.

ECCLES:

In two.

SEAGOON:

One...two.

SEAGOON, BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGS)

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
riding through the glen.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
with his band of men.

Feared by the good,
loved by the bad,

Robin Hood, how's your Dad?

(FADES INTO DRUNKEN SINGING)

ORCHESTRA:

BANGS OF A BASS DRUM

GREENSLADE:

Oh! I do believe they've finished. Well, I must be off. Catch the bus, you know. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

STARTS THEME MUSIC

SEAGOON:

(OVER ORCHESTRA) Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Please, we forgot. From all of us here waist deep in the snow of Sherwood Forest, we send Christmas greetings to all the people waist deep in the snow of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. We also send greetings to all those chest deep in snow in the... aforementioned countries. (COUGHS) I'll do that again! Do you mind, Chisholm? We also... (RASPBERRY) We also send greetings to all those... I'll start again, if you don't mind.

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

We also send greetings... I'll start from the beginning, shall I? Thank you. Stop! Stop! (RASPBERRY). We forgot. From all of us here waist deep in the snow of Sherwood Forest, we send Christmas greetings to all the people waist deep in the snow of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. We also send greetings to all those chest deep in those countries. And a merry Christmas to you all.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, Valentine Dyal and Dennis Price. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon

Notes:

- 1) In 1191, Richard the Lionhearted's army reinforced the Crusaders in their seige of the town of Acre, a port city in what is now northern Israel, thus leading to its surrender in the following month
- 2) yclept = named
- 3) Going ta-tars = going on a journey

S7 Special - Operation Christmas Duff

Transcribed by John Koster, corrections by Tony Wills. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the General Overseas Service of the BBC. This program is specially dedicated to Her Majesty's Forces Overseas and to the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, the Falkland Islands Dependency Survey Teams and the Royal Society Expedition at Halley Bay. Greetings from the Goons.

ECCLES:

Hello.

ORCHESTRA:

ROYAL FANFARE.

SELLERS:

This is a story of a great endeavour. A story of land, sea and air. And in some cases, both. The date: the 23rd of November 1956. Christmas was coming. The geese were getting fat. But one problem lay heavily on Parliament's conscience.

OMNES:

FADE IN TO CROWD TALKING.

CRUN:

[SELLERS]

Gentlemen!

MP 1:

[MILLIGAN]

What's happened to the colonies?

CRUN:

[SELLERS]

What are colonies?

MP 1:

Ahm, I do not...

MP 2:

[SECOMBE]

Think of something.

MP 1:

Piece of land, surrounded by dollars.

CRUN:

Aah! As Minister of Military-type Foods, I must state that the picture regarding Christmas puddings for the forces overseas looks pretty black.

MP 2:

Then why don't we send them black puddings?

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD.

GELDRAVY:

Hoi!

CRUN:

Thank you, Sir Hartley Shawcross KC. And now, a few statistics from our resident statisticker.

ORCHESTRA:

LIVELY INTRODUCTORY-TYPE MUSIC.

SPRIGGS:

I say, I say, I say, I say.

MP 3:

[SELLERS]

A soldier.

SPRIGGS:

I say, gentlemen.

MP 3:

I don't wish to know that.

SPRIGGS:

Owing to the shortage of civilian contractors, they cannot supply sufficient Xmas-type duff for our forces overseas.

CROWD:

CROWD RUMBLING.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, a Calamity, a terrible calamity

SCOTTISH VOICE:

[SECOMBE]

What about the Naafi?

CRUN:

Naafi, what is Naafi?

SCOTTISH VOICE:

An organisation working for the downfall of the British Army.

CRUN:

Have they succeeded?

SCOTTISH VOICE:

Several times.

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen. Gentlemen, I have a solution. I just took it off a bicycle tyre.

CRUN:

Speak up!

SPRIGGS:

Now, listen to me, please.

CRUN:

We are here.

SPRIGGS:

Why don't the services all combine in the building of a giant Christmas pudding for their [UNCLEAR]?

GRAMS:

CROWD - APPLAUSE, "WELL DONE, WELL DONE." CHEERS, FADE IN SINGING OF "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY", SPED UP.

SELLERS:

The motion was adopted and passed. But meanwhile, at the Admiralty...

FX:

DOOR OPENS. BOSUN'S WHISTLE.

SPARKS:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah, pardon me, sir RN.

SEAGOON:

What is it, Sparks?

SPARKS:

I'm sorry to interrupt you at squash, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's all right, I'll drink it later.

SPARKS:

Right. Ah, this Morse signal just arrived from Magadan Trans-Antarctic Ehhhhhhh-Expedition, sir.

SEAGOON:

Really? What's it say?

SPARKS:

I don't know, it's all little dots and dashes, I...

SEAGOON:

I see. Play it on the gramophone.

SPARKS:

Right.

FX:

BEEPS IN MORSE.

SEAGOON:

What a lovely tune. What's it called?

SPARKS:

It says: "We-want-a-Christmas-Pudding-for-Christmas-by-the-boys-of-the-Trans-Antarctic-Exarrh-pedition-with-Taffy-Williams-at-the-mighty-Morse-keys".

SEAGOON:

Three words a minute, that's his lot. Gad!

SPARKS:

Good luck, Captain.

SEAGOON:

You mean those lads out there in all that sand and snow are to be denied a Christmas pudding?

SPARKS:

I fear so, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's not British, I tell you, it's not British.

SPARKS:

Very few Christmas puddings are these days, sir. They're made in Japan.

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait! I have it, Robin.

SPARKS:

Have you, sir?

SEAGOON:

I have indeed, Robin. We will have to ask the service chefs to increase the size of the giant Christmas pudding to allow for an extra slice for the Antarctic base.

SPARKS:

Magnificent, sir. Do you know, they're mixing it at Chatham at this very moment, sir.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Well done.

SPARKS:

I'll drive you there. Giddup, sir!

SEAGOON:

(NEIGHING)

SPARKS:

Giddup!

SEAGOON:

(NEIGHING)

FX:

TWO MEN RUNNING AWAY.

ORCHESTRA:

"CLAIRE DE LUNE". CYMBOL CLASH.

GREENSLADE:

We included that brief excerpt from "Clair de lune" for people who speak French. And now, over to Richard Dimbleby.

FX:

INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS. BUBBLING, CHUGGING MOTOR NOISE. UNDER:

DIMBLEBY:

[SELLERS]

The sound you are now hearing is the great combined Services Christmas pudding in the making. Now, I'm standing by the great dry dock at Chatham in which the Christmas pudding is being mixed. Standing next to me is Admiral Seagoon, RN.

SEAGOON:

Well, we've had a good day today.

DIMBLEBY:

Grand, sir.

SEAGOON:

Number three flotilla motor torpedo boats have been going backwards and forwards churning up the mixture. The cruiser Ajax has been following in their wake, dropping depth charges to bring the raisins to the surface.

DIMBLEBY:

How perfectly splendid to see the... the finest traditions of the silent service being maintained.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, we... we try to keep the men happy when they're off duty by giving them little tasks like this.

DIMBLEBY:

We could do with more of that spirit. Yes.

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(UNCOUTH) You could do with a big clout up the back of your big fat steaming nut, there.

SEAGOON:

Put that admiral under arrest.

SEAMAN:

I'll write to my MP.

DIMBLEBY:

How do you...

SEAMAN:

It's not right.

DIMBLEBY:

How do you test the... the density of this great patriotic pudding mixture?

SEAGOON:

We've sent a diver down. He went down half an hour ago. We're getting rather worried.

DIMBLEBY:

Why?

SEAGOON:

He hasn't got a diving suit on.

DIMBLEBY:

Ha, ha, what a splendid joke that was to play on him.

FX:

PROPELLER AEROPLANE NOISE.

DIMBLEBY:

And now the great dockyard is being cleared, as the Fairey Gannets of 824 Squadron swoop low over the pudding. Their bomb bays are open and yes, down comes the candied peel, stone ginger and sultanas.

FX:

LOW WHISTLE OF BOMBS FALLING AND LANDING WITH SPLOGGG NOISES IN PUDDING MIXTURE.

DIMBLEBY:

A direct hit on the great Christmas pudding mixture. This is indeed a grand day for the Empire.

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Errr, pardon me, sir. Errr, oil tankers standing by for to take on the pudding, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right!

SEAMAN:

Right you are.

SEAGOON:

Tell them to drop the suction pumps into the mixture and suck it!

SEAMAN:

Right-oh, sir.

FX:

PUMPING. CHUG CHUG OF PUMPS, SLOPPING NOISES.

DIMBLEBY:

And so the great pudding mixture is siphoned out of the dry dock and into the great all-British oil tanker Aristotle Onassis.

SEAGOON:

Yes. She'll transport it to an empty gasometer near Salisbury Plain. From then on the pudding is under Army command. Unfortunately.

DIMBLEBY:

Thank, you, Admiral Seagoon. And before we go, what is the great record of your choice?

SEAGOON:

I should say... Max Geldray.

SELLERS:

I'm off, then.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Operation Christmas Duff, part two.

MILLIGAN:

(BURPS).

FX:

BUGLE CALL, SPEEDING UP AND DOWN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, ooweeoweeowee! (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Reveille! And first thing in the morning, too! Oh, what a shock. Quick, get me some brandy.

CAPTAIN THING:

[MILLIGAN]

Have you got a weak heart, sir?

BLOODNOK:

No, a weak will. Oh, Captain Thing, what's the latest sit. rep.?

CAPTAIN THING:

Oh-six-hundred hours, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

CAPTAIN THING:

Tank transporter arrived with converted gasometer containing six hundred tons of Christmas pudding, ready for cooking.

BLOODNOK:

What's its map reference?

CAPTAIN THING:

Seven-nine-eight-one.

BLOODNOK:

Salisbury Plain?

CAPTAIN THING:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Where's that?

CAPTAIN THING:

You're standing on it, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry, I hope I haven't dirtied it.

CAPTAIN THING:

It's... it's all right, sir, we have it blanco'd every other day.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Come in! Two, three!

FX:

DOOR OPENS. BOSUN'S WHISTLE.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it's a naval snotty, RN! What are you doing so far inland?

SEAGOON:

I ran aground, sir. I was sent alongside to report on the cooking.

BLOODNOK:

Mmmm, well, you'd... you'd... you'd... you'd better follow me.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

The, er, Derbyshire Yeomanry have laid on fourteen flame-throwing tanks.

SEAGOON:

I see.

FX:

BUGLE: "COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR".

SEAGOON:

I say, what call is that?

BLOODNOK:

Cook-house. Number one on our hit parade, you know. Has been for three hundred years now.

SEAGOON:

Well done. Yes, yes.

BLOODNOK:

Now, here we are. Now, if you'll just come to this observation post you'll be able to watch to whole of the Christmas pudding being cooked.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good.

BLOODNOK:

Now, let's go over to this [UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

Right, yes, yes. I see.

FX:

HISS OF FLAME-THROWERS.

GREENSLADE:

Hello, listeners. The sound you're hearing are the tanks which are bringing their flame-throwers to bear as they cook the giant Christmas pudding in its gasometer. And now a word from our military observer.

CAPTAIN BERK:

[SECOMBE]

Well, at dawn this morning number forty-five commando went in under cover of daylight and brought back samples for testing by the Army Catering Corps.

GREENSLADE:

What was it like?

CAPTAIN BERK:

Pretty good.

BLOODNOK:

I say, Captain Berk.

CAPTAIN BERK:

Sir, two, three, four.

BLOODNOK:

Er, field intelligence reports that the pudding is done.

CAPTAIN BERK:

Splendid, sir, absolutely, first class!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

CAPTAIN BERK:

Yes, I should wait till things have cooled down a bit then send in the Sappers who blast open the gasometer with Bangalore torpedoes, leaving the pudding completely at our mercy.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, have a Roger and out.

CAPTAIN BERK:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Excuse me, Major. Er, I'm from the BBC.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, I don't have any money on me, I... Ask John Snagge, he's got a fortune in his mattress, you know.

FX:

EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh! There she goes! There she goes. You see that? Split the gasometer completely in two. Well done, Slappers!

GREENSLADE:

Indeed, yes, listeners. Right in two. Revealing a great big steaming Christmas pudding.

GRAMS:

FIRING OF HEAVY GUNS UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

And there you hear the 74th Medium Regiment R.A., firing over open sights smack into the pudding itself. Er, tell me, Major, what are they firing?

BLOODNOK:

Thrippenny bits.

CAPTAIN BERK:

Excuse me, sir, the infantry have gone in. Their CO's on the walkie-talkie.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hello, Sunray here.

MASTERS:

[MILLIGAN]

Masters speaking.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

MASTERS:

Here's a sit. rep., sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

MASTERS:

B Company, 2nd Force Hamps, have reached the summit of the Christmas pudding.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, right. Consolidate. Roger and out.

MASTERS:

(OFF) Roger and out, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen, the Army's task in this matter is completed. It is now under RAF command.
Unfortunately.

GRAMS:

LAST TWO LINES OF LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

SECOMBE:

That night, an excited House was given the news.

FX:

CROWD NOISES - HEAVY MUTTERINGS.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

(ECHOEY) Honourable members. I have, this moment, received good news. At 1700 hours British troops began the summit of the combined Services Christmas pudding and there planted the British holly.

OMNES:

APPLAUSE AND CHEERS.

CHURCHILL:

One hour later, Sopwith Camels of Bomber Command dropped delayed brandy bombs and set the pudding on fire. The magnificent Christmas duff is now ready for transporting

GRAMS:

CHEERS, ALL SING "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY" WITH ORCHESTRA BACKING.

GREENSLADE:

Late that night, Service chiefs were given their instructions at the War Office.

FX:

BAR ROOM NOISES, HONKY TONK PIANO.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, please, please. If the Chief of the Imperial General Staff will lay off the joanna, thank you.

THROAT:

Cor blimy, I've always played it before.

SEAGOON:

I have here sealed orders containing four tickets for the Windmill and this message...

COCKNEY 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Oi, oi! Good luck, there.

SEAGOON:

"The pudding will be..." (SECOMBE LAUGHS)

COCKNEY 1

What about the old General Staff, there?

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

COCKNEY 1:

What about the old-fashioned [UNCLEAR], there?

SEAGOON:

I say, look here.

COCKNEY 2:

[SELLERS]

What about the flyin' duck, there?

SEAGOON:

What about it? What about the turkey in the shop? And now, then. "The pudding will be divided as follows. One slice to be cut and filled with anti-freeze for immediate transport to the Trans-Antarctic expedition. The remainder of the giant Christmas pudding will be fitted with wheels, a diesel engine and driven to the Middle East depots for distribution. Signed, Field Marshall Montgoonery."

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

GRAMS:

VEHICLE DRIVING IN SAND STORM, GREAT CLASHING OF GEARS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever driven a Christmas pudding before, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No, I never driven anything before.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then how did you get the job?

ECCLES:

Well, the sergeant said, "One pace forward, my good man, anyone who can play the piano".

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Can you play the piano, then?

ECCLES:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then why are you driving a Christmas pudding?

ECCLES:

I want to learn to play the piano.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then it's true what the recruiting posters say.

ECCLES:

What... what do the recruiting posters say?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They say: "You're *somebody* in the modern army of today".

ECCLES:

Oohh. And what are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm somebody in the modern army of today.

ECCLES:

Oh, I wondered who you were.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Kitty, hello, Kay.

ECCLES:

Hello, Jim. Um, um. How did you... how did you join?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well...

ECCLES:

Well?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was in the street...

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

...writing something on a wall.

ECCLES:

Oohh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No! I was only writing my name.

ECCLES:

Oh, w... w... wouldn't they know who done it, then?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I didn't sign it.

ECCLES:

Oh, you got brains, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then...

ECCLES:

Go... go on, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then up comes a naughty hairy man wearing a soldier set.

ECCLES:

Uh-huh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And he said, "Little Finchley lad. You don't want to write your name in silly chalk, you want to write your name in ink." And then I said, "Where?" And he said, "On this nice military dotted line". So I signed it. And then they said, "Can you play the piano?" And I said, "Yes". And here I am.

ECCLES:

Give us a tune.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What would you like?

ECCLES:

My ticket.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How does it go?

ECCLES:

It goes (SINGS):

Doctor,

My dear military doctor.

You gotta believe me, I got a bad back in the front.

I'm not fit for active service.

I gotta bone in my leg.

And when I close my eyes, I can't see.

When I lie down it hurts me to lie sideways.

And...

(NORMAL) Ohh, it's time for Ray Ellington.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go man, go!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"OLD MAN RIVER".

GRAMS:

WIND BLOWING UNDER...

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Tell them who we are.

MORIARTY:

Moriarty and Grytpype. It got a laugh, it passed the time. Continue.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Ted.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

What's that coming round the mountain pass in Cyrenaica?

MORIARTY:

I'll soon tell, hand me my wig. I'll just trim the fringe. (MAKES SCISSOR-CUTTING NOISE) Ah, yes. Sapristi bompet! It's a giant Christmas pudding with a sign on top that says "Low bridge".

GRYTPYPE:

Anything else?

MORIARTY:

Yes, a low bridge. This is our big chance.

GRYTPYPE:

Big chance to what?

MORIARTY:

To eat! Oh! (SMACKS LIPS) Food! I've got to have food! Oohhh. Give me my teeth back. Give me my teeth back!

GRYTPYPE:

Shan't have them, Moriarty, they're mine.

MORIARTY:

What? No!

GRYTPYPE:

They're mine forever.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ya, noo aah. Be kind to a little steaming recorder.

GRYTPYPE:

Never... You should never have left France.

MORIARTY:

(LIP SMACKING NOISES) No, no, I never lefted it, it left me.

GRYTPYPE:

You... you... you nifty Norman, you. First we must stop them, Moriarty. Now, you lay across the road and show the top of your boot.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Not too much, though, it may be a lady driver.

MORIARTY:

Right!

FX:

SCREECHING TYRES TO A STOP.

GRYTPYPE:

There, Moriarty, she pulled up!

MORIARTY:

But they ran over me first!

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHING) And I ruined the gag.

MORIARTY:

And I continued as if nothing had happened.

GRYTPYPE:

I shall follow suit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, poor little thin man. Did we hurt you?

MORIARTY:

Yes, little cardboard string lad. Only one thing can save poor old Moriarty's life.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he must have a diet of military Christmas pudding which he must eat on the move.

ECCLES:

That's a bit of luck! Christmas pudding will keep you on the move, alright, chum! And we're... we're... we're driving one on the move, as well.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick! Help me get him inside, then.

ECCLES:

OK, I'll... I'll take his legs, you take his arm and I'll take the... well, there's nothing left, is there...

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile... Meanwhile, the portion of the pudding destined for the Antarctic base was on board the Theron, going full steam ahead over the ice floes.

GRAMS:

WIND AND SEA. BREAKING OF ICE.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, gad, what a night. Nothing but sleep. I tell you... I tell you it's hell out there.

SEAGOON:

Actually, it's a little bit colder.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Keep your chin up, Major!

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

It's in the soup!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, I thought my beard was on fire.

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Land ahead!

SEAGOON:

Hear that? They've sighted the Thurston ice-shelf. Gad, in a few days we'll be at the base with the pudding. What a thrill it will be. I can see Dr Fuchs's face now.

BLOODNOK:

You've got damned good eyesight...

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

...that's all I can [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Prepare... to unload pudding, dogs and sleds. Woowowohhww!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

Seven months later...

GRAMS:

WIND UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh! Oh, Seagoon. What's the time?

SEAGOON:

I can't tell you until it gets dark.

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

My watch has got a luminous dial.

BLOODNOK:

Curse. We shall have to wait till nightfall before we know it's late.

SEAGOON:

Who cares about things like that? When we've... we've run out of food!

BLOODNOK:

We've still got the Christmas pudding. Let us eat that.

SEAGOON:

What? You touch that, Bloodnok and I'll... I'll drop you in your tracks.

BLOODNOK:

Oohh!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, that's for the boys at the Antarctic base.

BLOODNOK:

But if we don't eat it, we won't have the strength to pull it.

SEAGOON:

At the back of my legs I knew he was right. All right, Bloodnok. But we'll... we'll just have a thin quarter ounce slice of pudding each.

BLOODNOK:

Can't I have a thick quarter ounce slice?

SEAGOON:

No, but... I'll meet you halfway.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, I'll see you there, then. Forward!

ABDUL:

(OFF) Give him a [UNCLEAR] of gin.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

ICY WIND HOWLING.

SEAGOON:

December 52nd. Took off record of effects. (GRAMS CEASE) For three nights now, gallant Bloodnok has volunteered to stay awake and guard the pudding.

BLOODNOK:

December 1st, pudding getting smaller.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok getting bigger.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon getting suspicious.

SEAGOON:

December 19th!

BLOODNOK:

Oohhh!

SEAGOON:

Caught Bloodnok brown-handed digging into the pudding!

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie!. We're just good friends, I tell you. Officer, arrest that pudding for molesting me out of season, do you hear!

MILLIGAN:

Right. Come along.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

You devil of the snows!

BLOODNOK:

Oohh!

SEAGOON:

Open your hand!

FX:

COINS FALLING TO FLOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Aahh!

SEAGOON:

AAhhhhh! So that's what you're after, the thruppenny bits!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I wanted to make a brown phone call!

SEAGOON:

Phones? Here? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

FX:

PHONE RINGING.

SEAGOON:

Don't answer it, it's a mirage.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, it's a phone.

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP.

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

MIRAGE:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS VOICE) Hello, this is a mirage speaking.

FX:

PHONE THROWN DOWN.

BLOODNOK:

Ooohh. You were right, Seagoon. Ooh, unless we reach the base soon my mind will give out.

SEAGOON:

Well, try to use it as little as possible.

BLOODNOK:

I always do!

GRAMS:

TRUCK TYRES SQUEALING TO A STOP.

ECCLES:

Heeelloolloo! Hellooo, fellers. Hello. We've brought you your Christmas pudding.

SEAGOON:

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

ECCLES:

No... no thanks, I'm trying to give them up. Here, I bet this is the first time you've had snow in Libya.

BLOODNOK:

What? We're in Libya?

SEAGOON:

Nonsense.

ECCLES:

I am.

SEAGOON:

According to my cuculations and our position on the map, we're 20 miles south of here.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we shall soon settle this. Let's ask somebody. Excuse me, sir, where's our position?

GREENSLADE:

Cher monsieur, soyez le bienvenue a` New York.

BLOODNOK:

He says, "Welcome to New York".

ECCLES:

What's New York doing in Libya?

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. Nonsense, Eccles. You mean what's New York doing in the Antarctic?

BLOODNOK:

Perhaps it's on holiday.

ECCLES:

It... it's a bad time of the year.

SEAGOON:

Will you stop talking rubbish!

ECCLES:

I make my living doing that.

BLOODNOK:

Sing, Frankie. Well, we'll soon settle where we are. Stand me on my head. Right.

ECCLES:

No!

BLOODNOK:

Now then, I'll just toss this coin, this melody coin.

FX:

COIN FALLING.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Heads! There! We *are* in Mongolia!

SEAGOON:

Ah! But you're using a Mongolian penny.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but only from the inside.

SEAGOON:

What does that mean?

BLOODNOK:

It means we are in Mongolia!

ECCLES:

I want to learn the piano.

SEAGOON:

Liberace started out live and look how he's turned out.

(CONTINUE ARGUING AS GREENSLADE STARTS HIS NEXT LINE BELOW)

ECCLES:

Wait a minute.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER OTHERS ARGUING) Here is an urgent communiqué from the War Office. If a sledge drawn by Seagoon RN should arrive at the transit camp in Melbourne, will the commanding officer please redirect him to the Antarctic base.

SELLERS:

(ACCOMPANIED BY ECCLES REPEATING EVERYTHING) Here is a further message. If a hollow Christmas pudding on wheels should report to the British Embassy in...

ECCLES:

(STARTS REPEATING SELLERS' LINES)

SELLERS:

...Calcutta, will they please shoot the driver. And, er... oh, yes. Merry Christmas to you all. Goodnight!

SEAGOON:

Good night!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

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.

NOTES:

The Gannet was a plane with twin contra-rotating props fitted on one shaft, made by Fairey Aviation.

Onassis was a famous Greek shipping magnate (who later married President J. F. Kennedy's widow, Jacqueline). Hence the reference to the "all-British oil tanker Aristotle Onassis" is a wry joke.

Sir Vivian Fuchs was a famous Antarctic explorer who co-authored the book The Crossing of Antarctica.

S7 Special - The Reason Why

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

MUSIC:

SOLEMN BUGLE CALL IN A SPED UP TO B FLAT. SAME BUGLE CALL IN B FLAT SLOWED DOWN TO A

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

MUSIC:

TYPICAL 1950S INTRO MUSIC, THEN UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

"The Reason Why", the story of an unexplained phenomena.

MUSIC:

UP AND OUT

TOWN CRIER:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

1876 and all's well!

GREENSLADE:

1876 and my master, the hon. Harold Bowels MP, was at that time a member of parliament in parliament.

FX:

THIS SCENE IS VERY ECHOEY

LORD BROWNING:

[SELLERS]

It has come to my notice that in the region of the tram stop near the plaque of the historical Omnibus track of 1873, there are certain irregularities.

MP1:

[SECOMBE]

What about the irregularities in Hyde Park then?

LORD BROWNING:

I tell you, I was home all yesterday evening

MP1:

Aah, well, they say that.

MP2:

[MILLIGAN]

Please, your honourable members.

MP1:

Well...

MP2:

Lord Browning, continue..

LORD BROWNING:

Yes.

MP2:

...if you...

LORD BROWNING:

Well, it appears that there is a large hole or gap in the Thames embankment wall.

MP2:

Owwwoooooh!

LORD BROWNING:

It only appeared recently. And, to date, nothing has been done about it.

MINNIE:

Aaaeeoooooh!

FX:

BODY FALLING TO FLOOR

BLOODNOK:

Send a gunboat! Mm? Oh! Er, so sorry, I was dreaming, I...

SIR PULES:

[DYALL]

This hole or gap...

MINNIE:

What!?

SIR PULES:

...in the embankment, is it really necessary?

LORD BROWNING:

No, no, it's not really necessary.

SIR PULES:

Then I suggest it be abolished as an unnecessary expense.

LORD BROWNING:

Well, this hole isn't costing us anything.

SIR PULES:

Ah, that sounds reasonable.

FX:

CLUB HITS OBJECT

MINNIE:

Aaaeeoooooh!

LORD BROWNING:

Mr Bowels explained, he has the figures. Mr Bowels?

BOWELS:

[SECOMBE]

Thank you, yes. It is as Lord Browning points out.

MINNIE:

Speak up, young man.

BOWELS:

I don't wish to know that. (CLEARs THROAT). It is as Lord Browning points out. The danger this hole presents. I.e. Last winter on certain foggy and dark-type nights, citizens of London town fell through this gap into the Thames and wet their clothes. The crux of the matter is this; these people, as the result of their wetting, catch colds.

MINNIE:

Aaaeeoooooh!

BOWELS:

These citizens in turn are suing the government for the moneys laid out in medical fees. The question is; would it be cheaper to pay up claims or fill in the hole?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Fill in the hole!

BOWELS:

Are you in parliament?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Only just, sir!

SIR PULES:

Have many people fallen through this hole?

BOWELS:

Ahh... oh. Well, ah... Sir Mortally Bringe, this is your department.

SPRIGGS:

Yes. How many people fell? (SINGS) People feeeeeeell. (NORMAL) Fell into the Thames last year, yes. I have the separate figures for men... and women. (SINGS) And womeeeeee! (NORMAL) The figure for men for the months of January, February and March. (SINGS) Maaaaaaarch. (NORMAL) Thirty-two, fifty-six and forty-one.

SIR PULES:

And the figure for women?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Thirty-two, twenty-one and thirty-niiine!

SIR PULES:

Ha! An ideal figure for a woman.

GRAMS:

MURMURS FROM CROWD

FX:

THUD

BOWELS:

LORD BROWNING!

LORD BROWNING:

[SELLERS]

May I ask...

BOWELS:

LORD BROWNING!

LORD BROWNING:

May I ask how this hole or gap in the embankment came about in the first place?

BOWELS:

It was left there by the builder.

LORD BROWNING:

What?!

BOWELS:

I suppose he forgot to take it away. Ha ha ha! Get it, you see? Hole, he forgot to take it away. Ha, ha, ha! (PAUSE) I demand a vote of confidence!

GRAMS:

MURMURS FROM CROWD

SIR PULES:

(OVER GRAMS) Let's fill the hole in and be done with it.

BOWELS:

Fill it in? How?

BLOODNOK:

How? With fill.

SIR PULES:

What nonsense! With bricks of course.

BOWELS:

Bricks? Haha. There's always a radical somewhere. Oh, no, Sir Pules. No, indeed. England can afford something better than bricks.

MINNIE:

Bravo!

BOWELS:

I'll think of something. There is always a way out.

MINNIE:

(FADES OUT) Always a way out...

FX:

NO MORE ECHO

GREENSLADE:

That night, my master, hon. Bowles MP, was having dinner with a friend at number ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen Downing Street.

FX:

RATTLING CUPS AND TEASPOONS

GRAMS:

MURMURS THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE:

BOWELS:

(LAUGHS) I say, I hope the ladies didn't hear that one.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Yes, it was a bit loud, wasn't it?

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Prime Minister, you haven't introduced me to your guest.

CHURCHILL:

Oh, yes, certainly. This is the Honourable Harold Bowles MP. And Bowles, this is Lord Thynne, the famous builder and sculptor.

BOWELS:

Builder *and* sculptor? What do you sculpt?

GRYTPYPE:

Houses.

BOWELS:

Do you use a model?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear old grandmother. You see, it's a family business.

BOWELS:

I see. A sculptor, you say? By jove, you might be the very man.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh?

BOWELS:

Let's... let's go out on the balcony.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly. Excuse me.

GRAMS:

MURMURS STOP

FX:

SCRAPING OF WOODEN CHAIRS BEING PUSHED BACK. RATTLING METAL OBJECTS, KNIVES AND FORKS DROPPING FROM MORIARTY

MORIARTY:

(PANICKING NOISES)

BOWELS:

I, er... I think your friend has a hole in his pocket.

GRYTPYPE:

Jove, so he has. Allow me to introduce him to you: Count Moriarty, the Honourable Bowels.

MORIARTY:

Ah. Please to meet you, hon. Bowels. Mon plegger, mon plegger.

GRYTPYPE:

The count is a model much in demand by artists on the continent, you know.

BOWELS:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he posed for the original Eiffel Tower.

BOWELS:

Gad, how he's changed!

MILLIGAN:

Ah, pardon me. Would you gentlemen like your coffee on the balcony?

GRYTPYPE:

Haven't you any cups?

BOWELS:

Now then, Lord Thynne. You may have read in the press, the Thames embankment...

GRYTPYPE:

Has a hole in it? A-ha,ha,ha. And the whole world is laughing at England. It's not very pretty, is it?

BOWELS:

Have *you* a solution?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, fill the gap with an edifice.

BOWELS:

An edifice? A-ha, ha. Much too big and expensive.

GRYTPYPE:

A statue then? My card.

BOWELS:

'Sculptor. Special summer rates to politicians, England and spon'. What is spon?

GRYTPYPE:

A soft porous metal mined in agony by the inhabitants of the Urals.

BOWELS:

So it is that all the time.

GRYTPYPE:

I could make you a spon statue to fill that hole.

BOWELS:

The price?

GRYTPYPE:

With season tickets, thirty-nine pounds, three dollars.

BOWELS:

Why the three dollars?

GRYTPYPE:

I intend finishing the work in America.

BOWELS:

How do you mean to travel there?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

BOWELS:

I see. Thirty-nine pounds. Mmmmm, a bit expensive.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

BOWELS:

Could you quote a smaller figure?

GRYTPYPE:

I could. Bust 12, waist 3, hips 48.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh...!

BOWELS:

That would never fill the gap.

GRYTPYPE:

It must fill somebody's. After all, it's spring, you know and, er...

BOWELS:

Seasons have no effect on this gap.

LORD HARRONS:

[DYALL]

Oh, hello, gentlemen. Do you mind if I join you?

GRYTPYPE:

Why, hello, Lord Harrons. Just talking about the gap in the embankment.

LORD HARRONS:

A-ha, that's just what I wanted to see you about. The British ambassador in Alexandria tells me that just outside the town there is a wealth of ancient statuary going begging.

GRYTPYPE:

Begging? They should be stopped.

LORD HARRONS:

The PM believes that one of these monuments could be used to fill the gap.

BOWELS:

What a splendid idea! That would save us spending thirty-nine pounds, three dollars on the one Lord Thynne has... (FADE)

MUSIC:

VIOLIN MELODY PLAYED AT VARIOUS SPEEDS, CONTINUES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

On the Hon. Mem's suggestion, that night my master, Hon. Bowels, as was his custom, walked naked in the garden playing the violin, at one at the same time dictating a certain letter to his secretary.

BOWELS:

"Dear Ambassador, I will be coming to Alexandria next month on state business. Signed Hon. Harold Bowels." (GRAMS STOP) Read that back, will you, my man?

ECCLES:

Eh?

BOWELS:

Read it back.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. Um. What's that first... what's that first word?

BOWELS:

A-ha ha. It says "Dear Ambassador".

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, "Dear Ambassador". Um... can't make out this next one.

BOWELS:

Um... "I will be".

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. "I will be". That's right. Well, go on then.

BOWELS:

"I will be arriving in Alexandria next month."

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BOWELS:

"Signed, Hon. Harold Bowels".

ECCLES:

Yeah. Yeah that's OK. You'd better run out and post it, my good man.

BOWELS:

At once!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BOWELS:

Take that!

FX:

THUD!

ECCLES:

Aaaaaaeoooougggh!

BOWELS:

You nit. Take this letter out to the post at once!

ECCLES:

OK, OK, OK, OK!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BOWELS:

Foof! Ten to one he won't find a post box.

ECCLES:

Ten to one I do.

BOWELS:

Get out!

ECCLES:

Ow!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BOWELS:

Now to prepare for the journey. Willium! Where's that old wrinkled retainer? Willium!

FX:

SLOW FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

WILLIUM:

Eoooh. Coming, sir. And the wrinkled retainer.

BOWELS:

Willium, I'm going to Egypt.

WILLIUM:

Goodbye, mate.

BOWELS:

Come back here.

WILLIUM:

Right.

BOWELS:

I'm not going now, I've only just sent the letter informing them of my arrival.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, I'd better post it. No, no!

BOWELS:

(SHOUTS) GET OUT AND POST IT!

ECCLES:

Alright, I'm...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BOWELS:

Gaaah! Now, Willium, I'll need my Gladstone bag and my Disraeli suitcase.

WILLIUM:

Right, sir. I'll get the pawn tickets and collect your pawns.

BOWELS:

Splendid. Pack my deer stalker because I'll be doing some deer stalking. I might do some rabbit stalking, too.

WILLIUM:

I'll pack yer rabbit stalker, as well.

BOWELS:

Good man.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GREENSLADE:

Er, Mr Bowels, sir. Here are your boat and train tickets. First class sleeper standing up. Reduced summer rates for the politicians facing east.

BOWELS:

I've got to stand all the way to Egypt?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, no, sir. You're allowed to sit down at Port Suez for three minutes.

BOWELS:

Ah, the wonders of travel, Greenslade. Well, let's drink to a successful trip. Let's celebrate, chaps. Put on a cylinder of wax.

MUSIC:

OLD RECORD WITH A CORNY WOODWIND ENSEMBLE (20 SEC)

GRAMS:

SHIP'S FOG HORN

MUSIC:

NAUTICAL MUSIC, WITH MUTTERED NAUTICAL CALLS FROM THE CAST. FOLLOWED BY EXOTIC AFRICAN MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

On the third of May, on a torrid afternoon, me master, Hon. Bowels, arrived at the British embassy, Alexandria.

FX:

FLY BUZZING. CLAP OF HANDS. FLY SWATTED

AMBASSADOR:

[SELLERS]

Curse these flies.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. VIOLIN PLAYING UNDER:

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah, pardon me, sir. There is a naked man playing the fiddle outside.

AMBASSADOR:

Sounds like a professional. Send him forward.

ABDUL:

(OFF) This way forward, sir.

BOWELS:

Ah, thank you. Good morning, sir.

AMBASSADOR:

Come in. Let me take your violin for you.

FX:

VIOLIN PLAYING STOPS. WOOD CRACKLING

AMBASSADOR:

Abdul, burn this on the fire. Now then, who are you?

BOWELS:

I am the Honourable Harold Bowels MP.

FX:

PENNY IN TIN MUG

BOWELS:

Thank you. Shall we dance?

AMBASSADOR:

Love to.

MUSIC:

BALLROOM DANCE WALTZ, CONTINUES UNDER BOWELS AND GREENSLADE.

BOWELS:

You dance divinely.

GREENSLADE:

As the two beautiful creatures waltzed through the embassy, my master, hon. Bowels, told of his hoping to find an Egyptian monument to fit the gap and was passed to the notorious gap filler, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

The message says he's coming here sideways today about eleven. Let's see, that's in an hour and a half, isn't it? Oh, so I have time for a little more work. Now, where's that catalogue? Ah, here. Bust 42, waist 20, hips 44. Mmm, yes.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER UNDER BLOODNOK'S NEXT LINE:

BLOODNOK:

Er, "Dear sir, I am... ooooooho... I am a keen art student of twenty-one. Ooooooho. Please forward to me, in the plain wrappers, your continental selection of student's art studies. Signed, Augustus Johns." Ooooooho!

ABDUL:

Ah, pardon... pardon me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

ABDUL:

There's two men called Honourable Bowels outside, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Honourable Bowels?

ABDUL:

This way, sir.

BOWELS:

Ah! How do you do, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Ah, how are you? Welcome to freedom.

BOWELS:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

We must have a drink, lad, eh?

BOWELS:

No, no, I'm sorry, Major, I'm dreadfully tired. I... I think as we're rising early tomorrow I'd like to get to bed.

BLOODNOK:

You're right, Bowels, you're perfectly right. Abdul!

ABDUL:

Sahib?

BLOODNOK:

Make up the ironing board in the spare room, will you?

BOWELS:

Never mind, please, I... I'll sleep on the floor.

BLOODNOK:

Will you? Good. Right. Goodnight, lad.

BOWELS:

Goodnight. (SNORES)

FX:

METAL TING

BOWELS:

(WHISPERING) What's that?

BLOODNOK:

(WHISPERING) Ooh! There's someone at the foot of my bed.

BOWELS:

(WHISPERING) Light the candle.

BLOODNOK:

(WHISPERING) I can't, the wick's fused.

BOWELS:

(WHISPERING) Right. (NORMAL) Hands up, you, there in the dark. Don't move - I'm holding a loaded sock in my hand and a lace club on my foot. Bloodnok, tie him to a chair with ties.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Keep still, whoever you are. You hear me? I'm an Englishman, sir. One false move and I'll shout 'Bang'! Oooh.

BOWELS:

Get these chains on the swine.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS

BOWELS:

Around his legs.

BLOODNOK:

Stuff this gag in his mouth.

BOWELS:

Yes, strap him to the chair, there.

BLOODNOK:

Now, then, tell us who you are!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm Bluebottle!

BOWELS:

Gad, yes, Bluebottle. He came over on the clipper with me.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

BOWELS:

Yes, he's my ADC.

BLOODNOK:

He looks nothing like one, I'll have him destroyed!

BOWELS:

Oh, no, no, he very useful at spotting pteradactyls.

BLOODNOK:

Fine, we haven't had one of those for years.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have brought this message from the London.

BOWELS:

Let me see. Letter from Mr Gladstone, the Prime Minister! I'll put my court uniform on and read it.

GLADSTONE:

[MILLIGAN]

"Dear Honourable Bowels, I have just heard that – ah – you are bringing back an Egyptian-type statue to – ah – fill our beloved gap in the Thames wall. Ah – That the – ah – ministers have been instructed to give all the aid in their power. We should like to have the hole filled in to commemorate the Silver – Jubilee".

BOWELS:

The Silver Jubilee? Gad, we must hasten! Bloodnok, order the camels!

BLOODNOK:

Two camels, please!

MUSIC:

ELEPHANT-TYPE MUSIC WITH TUBA AND FLUTES, CONTINUES UNDER GREENSLADE.

GREENSLADE:

So my master, the hon. Bowels, journeyed to the great desert of Guyra, outside Karnak. Karnak, ancient city of the third dynasty. Abounding in remains of a once great civilisation. (MUSIC STOPS) A sort of Oriental Cleethorpes.

GRAMS:

CAMEL MOOING AND GIBBERISH SHOUTING. CONTINUES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

On this scene arrived my master, the honourable Bowels and escort.

CRUN:

Aaaahh, honourable Bowels and escort. We are the curators of the archaeological findings in this area.

BOWELS:

What are your findings?

CRUN:

Not guilty.

BOWELS:

Splendid. How do you do?

MINNIE:

How do *you* do, sir?

BOWELS:

Not guilty.

LORD THUNN:

[DYALL]

I'm Lord Thunn, also not guilty. I joined hon. Bowels yesterday.

MINNIE:

How nice for you! Nice.

LORD THUNN:

We've been informed there is a giant obelisk around here.

CRUN:

Ah, yes, that's the Cleopatra's Needle. Sixty-seven feet high and ten-foot square... at the base.

LORD THUNN:

Jove, hon. Bowels! Those are the exact measurements of the gap in the Thames embankment!

BOWELS:

We might've hit it first time! Just think, what was that sculptor trying to charge us? Thirty-nine pounds, three dollars and we can get it all for free! Ha ha ha!

LORD THUNN:

Knighthoods will be in order, Bowels.

BOWELS:

Indeed, Thunn. Come, let's examine this obelisk and... (FADES OUT)

MINNIE:

How nice for them.

MUSIC:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC, UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

My master, hon. Bowels, along with lord Thunn, made camp at the side of the great obelisk. And a series of examinations of it were made by the engineer royal, Mr Thong.

THONG:

[SELLERS]

Mmmmm...

FX:

HARD OBJECT HITTING BRICK

THONG:

Well, yes, it appears to be in one piece. Made of red sandstone. Weighs about... let me see, now... (STRAINS) Oh, yes, about 150 tons, I should say.

LORD THUNN:

It'd be a bit of a devil to get back to the old country, wouldn't it?

BOWELS:

Don't worry, gentlemen. I've arranged for it to be given a buoyant wooden jacket and towed home behind the S.S. Carthania. (FADES OUT)

MUSIC:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC AND SINGING; UNDER:

GRAMS:

A ROTARY SOUND EFFECT TO SIMULATE OBELISK BEING LIFTED; UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

It was a great sight, as my master, hon. Bowels, observed two thousand labourers sweating and straining as the great colossus was lifted and dusted (EFFECTS STOP). Finally, after three months, it was put in its wooden container and launched.

GRAMS:

SLIDING DOWN RAMP. SPLASH! WATER BUBBLES

LORD THUNN:

I say. It sunk.

MUSIC:

SAME EGYPTIAN MUSIC AND SINGING; UNDER:

GRAMS:

SAME ROTARY SOUND EFFECT; UNDER:

BOWELS:

How long will it take to raise it?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, only about a week, lad.

BOWELS:

A week? Mhmhm mhmhm. This is starting to cost money. To date with wages and this salvage it's one thousand five hundred pounds!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, but you don't realise that this obelisk is *free*.

LORD THUNN:

You couldn't get an obelisk for that price anywhere in England!

BOWELS:

Yes. I... I keep forgetting.

NATIVE:

[MILLIGAN]
(GIBBERISH)

LORD THUNN:

I say, Bowels, the overseer says he doesn't think we can raise the obelisk by hand. Says we'll need deep water salvage vessels.

BOWELS:

Oh. Well, we'll contact naval base Alexandria and request immediate aid. We've got to hurry. Remember, the silver jubilee is only a month away! (FADES OUT)

MUSIC:

DRAMATIC ALLEGRO ORCHESTRAL MUSIC; UNDER:

GRAMS:

CHUGGING ENGINE AND SEAGULL CALLS

CRIGHTON:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH) Haul away!

GRAMS:

CHUGGING ENGINE

BOWELS:

Admiral Crighton, how much longer to lift this thing?

CRIGHTON:

The divers say it's difficult to see to attach the cables, sir. The water's getting very muddy.

BOWELS:

Well, can't we go where the water's clearer?

CRIGHTON:

Aye, we did that. But we discovered that the obelisk wasn't there, sir.

BOWELS:

What terribly bad luck.

CRIGHTON:

Don't you worry, sir. We'll soon have her up.

HIGH VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

(ALSO SCOTTISH) Sir! Report a hurricane bearing down on this position.

CRIGHTON:

Och! Up anchors! Head for safe harbour!

BOWELS:

Nonsense, Scottish captain. I have the perfect plan for saving the obelisk with no danger to life, limb or Herbert Lom.

MUSIC:

DRAMATIC ALLEGRO ORCHESTRAL MUSIC FOR 15 SEC. THEN FADES OUT.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING PAPER; UNDER GLADSTONE'S LINE:

GLADSTONE:

"Dear Honourable Bowels, I hear that the obelisk is at the bottom of the sea. I'm afraid this just (ANGRY) WON'T DO! (NORMAL) Signed, Gladstone".

BOWELS:

Tut, tut, tut, tut. They're getting impatient. Now there's a fresh bill for 12,000 pounds from the admiralty for the two ships wrecked in the hurricane.

LORD THUNN:

Oh, don't worry. Skipper says the needle should be lifted by nightfall.

BOWELS:

Nightfall? We'll have to wait 'till it gets dark for that.

LORD THUNN:

Well, can't we do it at nightfall while it's still light?

CRIGHTON:

Huuurgh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

CRIGHTON:

I'm sorry, sir, but that's the best place for him.

LORD THUNN:

(OFF) I say! Was it something I said?

BOWELS:

Don't worry about him, he's off the current persona non-grata list. Now, couldn't we move the obelisk to clearer water, then we could see it?

CRIGHTON:

Huuurgh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

CRIGHTON:

That's two of you off the persona non-grata list.

BOWELS:

(OFF) You'll pay for this!

CRIGHTON:

Sound the bell and haul away!

GRAMS:

ROTARY EFFECT

MUSIC:

FANFARE; CONTINUES UNDER GREENSLADE'S LINE:

GREENSLADE:

On May the 8th, the master sent the following message to the PM.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING PAPER UNDER BOWELS' LINE:

BOWELS:

"At last the cylinder containing Cleopatra's Needle has been raised. It set off this morning towed by the ship S.S. Harbour. We will conclude unfinished business and follow in a week's time. We have to break camp and smash crockery and hurl elephants. Lord Thunn has been cured of sulphur drugs. Please send eight thousand pounds to pay all the outstanding bills. This may sound a lot, but remember the obelisk hasn't cost us a penny." There. Now, read that back.

ECCLES:

What's this first word?

FX:

THUD!

ECCLES:

Oooooooooow! OK, I'll post it!

BOWELS:

Now for England, home and beauty!

MUSIC:

NAVAL MUSIC FOR 10 SEC. FOLLOWED BY RECORD OFF NEEDLE.

GREENSLADE:

Mr Prime Minister, the hon. Bowels has been captured by a savage Bedouin tribe. They demand a ransom of thirty thousand pounds.

GLADSTONE:

Well, pay it. Thirty thousand pounds is very cheap for an Englishman.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

GLADSTONE:

Um, ah... any, er, news from the admiralty about the obelisk, er...?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir. Er... it is at this moment passing the straits of Gibraltar.

GLADSTONE:

Straits of Gibraltar? They sound like nice people.

GREENSLADE:

They are, sir.

MUSIC:

EXTEND PIANO C CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the Bedouin camp.

MUSIC:

EXOTIC MUSIC; CONTINUES UNDER:

BEDOUIIN:

[MILLIGAN]

Master Sheik O'Leaks. There is a British coolie outside from London.

SHEIKH:

[SELLERS]

Send him in.

BEDOUIIN:

I do...

SHEIKH:

This will be the ransom. Yewel, go behind this screen.

BEDOUIIN:

(GARBLED GIBBERISH)

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SHEIKH:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MUSIC:

STOPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Greetings, Sheikh. I have brought the ransom money for the release of honourable Bowels.

SHEIKH:

Show me the money.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No! No, I will not! I have been warned of the mysteries of the east. I will show you half of the money.

SHEIKH:

Alright. Bring me my sword and I show you half of Mr Bowels.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no! Do not chop-ped him into two! Here's the money, for you, twenty thousand pounds!

SHEIKH:

Alright, Bowels, you can come out.

BOWELS:

Hah. Haaaaaaaaah! We're free!

ECCLES:

Yeah, let's go to the pictures.

BOWELS:

No, no, it's London for us and the erection of Cleopatra's Needle.

LORD THUNN:

Well, there's bad news about that. It's got cut off from the tow ship during the storm and it's lost, I fear.

BOWELS:

Oh, dash.

MUSIC:

LOW AND SAD DOUBLE BASS, BASSOON AND OBOE ENSEMBLE; CONTINUES UNDER GREENSLADE'S LINE.

GREENSLADE:

So my master, the hon. Bowels, charted a squadron of Arab dhows to scour the seven seas. Total cost of the venture to date: thirty-nine thousand pounds.

DYALL:

Yes, but as the Honourable Bowels had said so often:

BOWELS:

Really. It's worth it. After all we're getting it for nothing, aren't we? (LAUGHS, FADE, CLEARS THROAT)

GRAMS:

WAVES LAPPING AND WATER SPLASHING

CAPTAIN STENCH:

[SELLERS]

Object in sea ahead! Three points to starboard!

LORD THUNN:

Did you hear that?

CAPTAIN STENCH:

Yes, sir, I said it!

LORD THUNN:

You, Bowels?

BOWELS:

I've just got the spy glass on it. It is. It... it is, it's the obelisk. Captain Stench, heave to. No, you'd better heave three to be on the safe side.

CAPTAIN STENCH:

There's starboard side and port side, but there's no safe side, sir.

LORD THUNN:

Oh, don't argue, it's drifting aft. Hurry!

MUSIC:

VERY FAINTLY; NAUTICAL MUSIC; UNDER:

CAPTAIN STENCH:

(OVER, CALLS) Scran scir the scurndel nay!

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY FAINTLY) Aye, aye, sir!

CAPTAIN STENCH:

Spon gurl the mezzen, arn crungell the wak dorp!

SEAMAN:

(VERY FAINTLY) Aye, aye, sir!

CAPTAIN STENCH:

Crage the lagurd and wurtell the cacbid nurl!

SEAMAN:

(VERY FAINTLY) Aye, aye, sir!

CAPTAIN STENCH:

Wurgle the tanker yardel Miles the Moby batten the hatch an' tel the k-neel!

SEAMAN:

(VERY FAINTLY REPLIES GIBBERISH)

CAPTAIN STENCH:

(TO AUDIENCE) I don't know how he does it, but he's always so willing, you know.

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY FAINTLY) Aye, aye, sir!

LORD THUNN:

Good news, Bowels. We've got the obelisk in tow again, but we have to beach it soon as it's waterlogged.

BOWELS:

Make for the nearest coast.

CAPTAIN STENCH:

That's Portugal, sir and we all know what comes from there. (TO SEAMAN) Hard ablone on the gurd ptneel and vargle the goals!

SEAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY FAINTLY REPLIES GIBBERISH) (STOPS WHEN FX OCCURS)

FX:

SOMETHING COLLAPSING

CAPTAIN STENCH:

I don't know how he does it, sir. I don't...

MUSIC:

ALLEGRO ORCHESTRAL END-OF-EPIC LINK

GLADSTONE:

"Dear Honourable Bowels, We hear that the obelisk is now... resting on a Portuguese beach. This will never do. The Silver Jubilee is but a stone's throw away".

BOWELS:

Send a reply.

FX:

SAWING THROUGHOUT BOWEL'S LINE:

BOWELS:

"Dear Mr Gladstone, Fear not. The obelisk will be in the pool of London in a stone throw's time".
(FADE)

GRAMS:

ROTARY EFFECT FROM SHIP; UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

And so my master, the hon. Bowels, brought the great obelisk safely home and supervised its erection.

SELLERS:

Sorry. Pardon me, Mr Hon. Bowels. I believe you have a certain amount of things which are to be lodged in the base of the old obelisk, there.

BOWELS:

Yes, indeed, there are quite a few things to go in the time capsule. Lord Bentine, check them off on this list, will you?

MUSIC:

ORCHESTRA PLAYING RELAXING VERSION OF "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"; UNDER BENTINE'S LINE:

BENTINE:

[SELLERS]

Articles in two large earthenware jars at the base of Cleopatra's Needle:

Standard foot and pound.

Bronze model of the obelisk. Scale: half inch to the foot.

Copies of the magazine "Engineering" printed on vellum.

Piece of the obelisk, stone.

Empress of India rupee.

Parchment copy of Dr Burch's translation of the obelisk's Hieroglyphics.

Portrait of Queen Victoria.

Bradshaw's Railway Guide.

Mappin's skulling razor.

Box of hairpins and ladies ornaments.

Tangeis(?) hydraulic jack as used in raising the obelisk.

Wire ropes and specimens of submarine cables.

Map of London.

Photographs of one dozen pretty English women.

Two-foot rule.

London directory.

Whitaker's Almanac.

And a copy of The Times the day the obelisk was set up. (FADES OUT)

GREENSLADE:

And on the Tond of Mule Eighteen-Onty-Two, the obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, was unveiled by Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook.

GRAMS:

CHEERING!

LORD THUNN:

This must be a proud day for you, hon. Bowels.

MUSIC:

SORROW VIOLIN PLAYING; UNDER:

BOWELS:

Thursday. Yes. Yes, at last the gap is filled. Filled with an obelisk that we got for nothing.

LORD THUNN:

Oh, here's the bill for erecting it.

BOWELS:

Twenty-thousand pounds. Hmmm.

LORD THUNN:

That makes a grand total of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds, eight shillings.

BOWELS:

Heh. I... I... um... I... I suppose it was worth it.

LORD THUNN:

Every penny of it.

MUSIC:

BAND WARMING AND TUNING UP.

CONDUCTOR:

(FAINTLY) Are you... are you ready now? Oh, well, um...

MUSIC:

MORE WARMING UP

CONDUCTOR:

[UNCLEAR] ...the obelisk. One... Are you ready? One, Two.

MUSIC:

BAND STARTS CORNY MARCH SONG; UNDER REST OF SHOW:

SECOMBE:

I'll see you outside then, Pete. Got the car out there?

SELLERS:

Yeah.

GREENSLADE:

Perhaps you have been listening to the authentic story of Cleopatra's Needle. Historical consultant Professor Toinby. That is, Professor Jim Toinby of Hyde Park Railings.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Write now for full details.

SECOMBE:

'Ere, Is that your shoe on the floor there, Peter?

FX:

FORK DROPS TO FLOOR

MORIARTY:

Hohohohoho!

GREENSLADE:

Taking part in "The Reason Why" were Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Valentine Dyall. The script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade and this recorded production was by Jacques Brown.

FX:

OCCASIONAL RASPBERRIES BY SECOMBE AND BLOODNOK AEOUGHS UNTIL MUSIC ENDS

S8 E01 - Spon

Transcribed by Darius Prancunas. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

FX:

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD.

SPRIGGS:

(OFF, SINGING) My melody divine. Which...

FX:

MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SPRIGGS:

(CARRIES ON SINGING UNDER:)

FX:

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, you're perfectly right. It's the new all-leather Goon Show.

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING IN C MAJOR, SPED UP TO C# MAJOR, SLOWED DOWN

GREENSLADE:

That was a chord in C by Johann Sebastian Bach, arranged Doris Arnold. As an encore, Arthur Rubinstein will play Mendelssohn's Sonata in F in the key of G.

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING MENDELSSOHN'S SONATA

SELLERS:

Go on, there, Arthur. Play it there, boy.

EMERY:

Oh, lovely player, 'e is, isn't 'e? Go on, Art. The old left hand, there. Go on, boy. Lovely, there.

SELLERS:

We're just in the mood, Art. Go on, now.

EMERY:

Oh, beautiful, innit. Eh? Specially now.

SELLERS:

Go on, Arthur. Blow it out.

MILLIGAN:

Look at 'em [UNCLEAR].

SELLERS:

Get some of the old beer down there, Arthur.

GRAMS:

MENDELSSOHN'S SONATA SPEEDS UP AND STOPS

GREENSLADE:

Oh, please! Please, gentlemen, gentlemen, please! The BBC would rather you forget the vicissitudes of the summer layoff and refer to the new collodion on leather process Goon Show.

EMERY:

Well, if this is what England wants, we present the drama of a time when England was under the yoke and alderman of a certain brown terror.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SELLERS:

Spon!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

EMERY:

Did you hear that dear listeners?

GRAMS:

SHEEP

EMERY:

Remember it, Spon!

GREENSLADE:

Spon. First came to England that fateful new years dawn in Greek Street. It was three in the morning and two in the afternoon making a grand total of five in the evening.

FX:

GROUP OF TIRED PEOPLE AT A PARTY

EMERY:

Good evening, Constable.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, evening, Inspector. Happy new-type year.

EMERY:

Happy new year? With the conservatives in?

WILLIUM:

I'll, er... I'll tell 'em to move on. Come on, there, move along, there, you conservatives.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Pardon me, pardon me, European-type constabule of London.

WILLIUM:

What?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I... I've... they've just found a... yeah... yeah... a British-type body in the gutter. Terrible.

WILLIUM:

Nobody claims it in three days it's yours.

EMERY:

Just a moment, just a moment, I'll take charge here.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Taking the charge, he's taking the charge, what?

EMERY:

Just a moment.

WILLIUM:

Waaaay!

EMERY:

Listen. Hold these wardrobes and let's examine this inert form.

WILLIUM:

He looks like a man, sir.

EMERY:

Right! Take this down. Contents of pockets. A wallet, empty.

WILLIUM:

Nationality: English.

EMERY:

Wearing a very expensive suit. (PAUSE) How's that?

WILLIUM:

Fits yer lovely, I'll 'ave 'is boots.

EMERY:

Back... back, constable! I'm senior.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Wait a... wait a minute, what about this body in the gutter? [UNCLEAR]... (CONTINUES MUMBLING UNDER:)

EMERY:

We're coming to him. We're coming to him, I'm telling you! Shine your torch on him.

WILLIUM:

Right. Click.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Click.

WILLIUM:

Stroofy-matey-oh! Look! 'E's been sponned!

EMERY:

Sponned?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Sponned, man?

EMERY:

Let me see. You're right. He bears the marks of a severe sponning. Constable, this is a job for the police.

WILLIUM:

Oh, yes. I'll blow 999 on me whistle.

FX:

PUFFER WHISTLE BLOWS SHORT 13 TIMES. DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The news of the sponning was in every morning paper.

FX:

NEWSPAPER RATTLING. TEAPOT ON SAUCER. TEASPOON ON SAUCER

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

FX:

TEASPOON ON FLOOR

MINNIE:

Oh!

FX:

TEAPOT. NEWSPAPER

MINNIE AND CRUN:

Ooh....

FX:

TEAPOT. TEASPOON ON FLOOR

MINNIE:

Oh, ho, ho, ho.

FX:

TEASPOON ON FLOOR THEN SACER. TEAPOT. CUP ON SAUCER

MINNIE:

Come on, boy. Beg for your supper. Up! Up! Sit up, sit up. Put this sausage on your nose. There, there, that a clever boy.

CRUN:

Minnie.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

I'm fed up having my breakfast like this.

MINNIE:

Down, boy, down, down.

FX:

RATTLING NEWSPAPER

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

What is it Henry?

CRUN:

I see that a man was sponed last night.

MINNIE:

S... oh! Oh! Oh! We'll all be sponned in our beds, oh, dear.

CRUN:

Don't...

MINNIE:

The horrors of spon.

CRUN:

Don't worry, Min.

MINNIE:

Your grandmother had it in the Crimean War.

CRUN:

I'll...

MINNIE:

Spon!

CRUN:

...burn some sulphur under the bed.

MINNIE:

Oh, the power.

CRUN:

And then we'd better rub some thin peoples' herbs into our legs, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, yes. And we'd better take a spoonful of Indian brandy... as an added precaution.

FX:

DOOR BLASTS OPEN

MINNIE AND CRUN:

Aieough

GRAMS:

GALLOPING HORSE APPROACHING

EMERY:

Whoah! Is this your house?

CRUN:

Here's the receipt.

MINNIE:

Did your horse wipe its feet?

EMERY:

No need to, he came on another horse.

MINNIE:

Ohh...

EMERY:

Now, last night a man was sponned not far from here.

CRUN:

We are non-spon people.

MINNIE:

Non-spon, [UNCLEAR]!

CRUN:

We are respectable...

MINNIE:

Respectable.

CRUN:

...people.

MINNIE:

...people. (OVER NEXT LINE) Non-spon.

EMERY:

Now, then, now then, now then.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What he say?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What did you say?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] No, I tell you.

CRUN:

I said, Okay.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Ohhh!

EMERY:

Listen, don't get excited.

CRUN:

What?

EMERY:

I just wanted to know did you hear anything at about three 'o clock this morning?

CRUN:

Yes, sir. Shall I tell him?

MINNIE:

Tell him what you like.

EMERY:

Just tell me, come along, what?

MINNIE:

Tell him what happened at three 'o clock this morning, you naughty man, you.

CRUN:

I heard a clock strike two.

EMERY:

Gad! At last, a clue.

MINNIE:

Bowwww!

EMERY:

How many times did it strike two?

CRUN:

I don't know, sir, I fell asleep after it stuck one twice.

EMERY:

One twice? I'll put that in the adding machine.

GRAMS:

FLATULENCE EFFECTS (FRED THE OYSTER)

EMERY:

Just as I thought! Goodbye! Tally-ho! Yoiks! Hay... Hay- ho, Silver, and a blinding flash! A white horse and a cry of, 'Hay-ho, Silver', and the Lone Ranger is on the trail of... SPON!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Lickety-split!

GRAMS:

HORSE SHOES GALLOPING AWAY

ELLINGTON:

Well, listen, what's going on here?

EMERY:

A leather Goon Show. Care to join us?

ELLINGTON:

(AS ELLINGA) Gor, blimey, yes, mate. Me got wife and kid. And Asian flu.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DISAPPEARING

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"SONNY BOY"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

FX:

DOOR OPENS. 3 FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

MILLIGAN:

(OLD VOICE) Spon!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

After a week's of fruitless search - success!

EMERY:

I found an apple! My search is no longer fruitless.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

EMERY:

Apple!

OMNES:

Ha-Ha! Hoi! (ETC)

EMERY:

Just a moment. I was confronted by a tall cadiverous man wearing a nude bicycle shed. Another man let me in.

MORIARTY:

Commmme this way, please.

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector, I am Mr. Grytpype Thynne.

EMERY:

I'm chim to mont you.

GRYTPYPE:

I happen to have a photo of a spon.

EMERY:

A spon? Ha, I don't believe you.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, show the gentlemen the receipt for the camera.

FX:

PAPER RATTLING

EMERY:

Gad, this is genuine.

GRYTPYPE:

And that's only the receipt. The spon photo is even more genuiner. Moriarty, time for your oow.

MORIARTY:

Ooioww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. He's just been oowed.

EMERY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Because he had to go oow.

EMERY:

Good luck. Right now look.

MORIARTY:

He let me go oow, even though I [UNCLEAR] go owwww...

EMERY:

This photo will be a great value to the police. I must ask you to hand it over feet first by the wrists.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) Oh, no, Inspector. First there is a little matter of money.

MORIARTY:

Money?! Money?!

FX:

THUD

MORIARTY:

Oooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, Moriarty. Keep your powers down.

MORIARTY:

My powers are down.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop steaming.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Money, Inspector. Yes. (ALMOST CORPSES) The spon photo is yours for a mere £500.

EMERY:

Supposing the photo is a forgery?

GRYTPYPE:

Well that is a risk I shall have to take.

EMERY:

Very well. Veeeery well. Here's £500.

FX:

COIN HITTING FLOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now here, in this sealed envelope, is the spon photo not to be opened 'till Christmas.

EMERY:

I waited 'till Christmas. Put on a white leather beard. Then, tore open the linen envelope from the outside. Ohh! Foiled by foil! This isn't a photo of a spon.

GRYTPYPE:

How dare you prove us to be liars! Moriarty, hurl this man in the direction of out.

MORIARTY:

Right! Hup!

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

GRYTPYPE:

Right through the window.

EMERY:

Yes, that taught him a lesson! A French lesson. It was a French window!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) More to come, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Emery-type-Seagoon, stop these BBC audience-losing jokes.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGS SPEEDING UP THEN SLOWING DOWN AGAIN

EMERY:

Hello, Emery-type-Seagoon, here.

GRYTPYPE:

Grytpype, here.

MORIARTY:

Moriarty, here.

GREENSLADE:

(ON PHONE) This is Dr. Greenslade of St. Hampton's Hospital for the Fit and Healthy. The spon victim is now conscious.

EMERY:

Strap him to a thermometer till I arrive or vice-versa.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

EMERY:

What's the quickest way to St. Hampton's Hospital?

GRYTPYPE:

Hold this rocket.

EMERY:

But I...

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. SPED UP VOICE OF EMERY SAYING 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS FOR? HOW DARE YOU...?'

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, during the broadcast you might've experienced some crackling on your radio.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) She's mine!

GREENSLADE:

This is due to atmospherics, so do not interfere with your set or any ladies in the room. Part three - a National Health Hospital.

FX:

SCREAMS, SOUND OF HITTING

DOCTOR:

Say 'Aaahh'.

PATIENT:

Aahhhhhh! (SCREAMS)

FX:

OBJECTS HITTING FLOOR

DOCTOR:

Stand by your beds.

FX:

DISORGANISED RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

EMERY:

Ah, Dr. Greenslade, where's the spon man?

GREENSLADE:

On this hatstand. Though, we did our best, he's much better.

EMERY:

And how are you feeling now, my poor man?

GREENSLADE:

I'm fine, thank you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He means me, you nit!

EMERY:

So you were the victim of the sponning. A Finchley child, of no fixed trousers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I was heavily sponned in all areas below the knees. Spon, it went! Spon! Spon! Spon! Up it came, spon! And down it went, spuggy! (SINGING TO THE TUNE OF 'MAMMEE')

Ho-neyyyy!

How I love you,

How I love you,

My dear old honeyyyy!

EMERY:

Tell me the whole story.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was told you the whole story.

EMERY:

From the beginning.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I did not know that.

EMERY:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I was... I was coming back from morning classes one evening in Hyde Park and I was brushing the grass off my knees, when, suddenly...

EMERY:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, there's some smashing nurses there, inn't there.

EMERY:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Remove those evil thoughts from your mind, to mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never! I can get them free on the National Health.

EMERY:

Gad, I must vote labour next time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're all red-hot labour in this ward.

EMERY:

So this is the labour ward! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, here comes someone on a stretcher.

EMERY:

So, they stretch people here. Poor man. Bandaged from head to throat. A victim of some fool. What happened, my good man?

MORIARTY:

You threw me through a window, you fool.

EMERY:

That reminds me, this photo you sold me is not of a spon but a military gentleman in Africa. Who is he? (SHOUTS) Speak up, or I'll confiscate your teeth!

MORIARTY:

No, no! I... I... I... I'll tell you, I'll tell you. It's Major Dennis Bloodnok. He owns the film rights of The Walton Report.

EMERY:

What?! Walt Disney will never forgive him. After him!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! Aeough! Oh, me arles, me arles!

GRAMS:

FLIES

BLOODNOK:

The heat and the flies. I... I should never've come to Timbuktu in the mating season, you know. Abdul? My military saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING START OF 'COMRADES MARCH' FINISHING WITH ONE LOW LOUD NOTE

BLOODNOK:

Aeough!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS, MACHINE

EMERY:

I'm Emery-type-Seagoon. I've just arrived in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

I'm Major Bloodnok and I've been here all the time.

EMERY:

So you beat me here.

BLOODNOK:

Bend down and I'll beat you there.

FX:

CRACKING WHIP

EMERY:

OOOWWW, you fool, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What?

EMERY:

I must warn you I am here on police business.

BLOODNOK:

Warn me, then.

EMERY:

First, a few questions.

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

EMERY:

One. Are you naked?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I'm training to take a bath.

EMERY:

What a funny place to keep the soap.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you!

EMERY:

Is this a photograph of you?

BLOODNOK:

I felt no pain. Yes!

EMERY:

I paid £500 for it.

BLOODNOK:

A bargain, a genuine Bloodnok.

EMERY:

I bought it believing it to be a photograph of a spon.

BLOODNOK:

A spon? You've been swindled.

EMERY:

Bloodnok, I must ask you to be a witness in the spon case.

BLOODNOK:

I refuse to testify, sir.

EMERY:

Then I'll subpoena you.

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! Oooh! Aooohoh!

EMERY:

Tie this railway engine round your waist and swallow this lump of coal.

BLOODNOK:

And so saying, we left for England!

GRAMS:

TWO SHORT TRAIN WHISTLES

EMERY:

Here we are back in England.

MILLIGAN:

I'm sorry we're closed.

EMERY:

Curse! It must be Thursday.

BURKE:

[SELLERS]

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Er, sir, no sir, I'm sorry, welcome home to Ungland, sir. While you was away there was another case of sponnin', sir.

EMERY:

Where?

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) At the London Zoo, sir.

EMERY:

A ZOO sponning, the worst type.

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Aarrrr... aarrrr...

EMERY:

How do I get there?

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Ye have to take a 39 greenline elephant, sir. But first of all, I would like you to hear this [UNCLEAR].

ORCHESTRA:

BURKE SINGING 'HAIRY ME' ACCOMPANIED BY PIANO

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Well, I hope you like it, sir. It's my first composition.

FX:

GUNSHOT, BURKE IN PAIN

GRAMS:

DYING BAGPIPES

EMERY:

Got him in the haggis! Geldray? Play a lament while I hold these chickens at bay. Back, you devils!

GRAMS:

CHICKEN BLEATS

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY"

GREENSLADE:

Spon - part three.

EMERY:

Is this the zoo?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Welcome to captivity.

EMERY:

I'm not here as a specimen. I believe a fish was sponned.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim.

EMERY:

Were there any witnesses to the sponning?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, yes, Jim. Harold Blun.

EMERY:

Where's he?

SPRIGGS:

In there, Jim. (SINGING) liiinnn therrre.

EMERY:

Right!

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) You're alone, Jim.

EMERY:

I'll question this Harold Blun.

SPRIGGS:

Well, [UNCLEAR].

FX:

DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND MANIACAL CRYING

GREENSLADE:

We had better explain that Harold Blun is a gorilla. Height, 10 foot 3, Chest, normal, 82 inches. Weight, 800 pounds. We leave him being questioned by Inspector Emery.

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

EMERY:

Ohh!

SPRIGGS:

Any luck, Jim?

EMERY:

Yes, I got out alive.

SPRIGGS:

Oh.

GRAMS:

MORE SHATTERING GLASS

EMERY:

Thank heaven, he's thrown me legs out.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING

EMERY:

Hello? Emery speaking from the zoo.

AMERICAN:

[SELLERS]

(ON PHONE) I got some news, sir. Police records have found an actual recording of a spon.

EMERY:

What luck! Mr Spriggs, hold this telephone.

SPRIGGS:

Right, Jim.

EMERY:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Spriggs?

SPRIGGS:

Yes?

EMERY:

(ON PHONE) You can hang up now.

SPRIGGS:

OK.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

EMERY:

Gentlemen, silence! Silence while we hear this recording of a spon. William, play the record.

GRAMS:

VIBRATO HIGH VOICE, POPS, PFF, VOICE GOING UP AND DOWN FOLLOWED BY HIGH NOTE, BURP, FAST CLICKING, ENDS WITH A FEW SHORT NOTES

EMERY:

So that's a spon. *Now* we know what we're looking for. Action!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

OMNES:

Hoy!

GREENSLADE:

To... to trap the sponner, roadblocks were set up. Special men were put on duty. (SINGING AS PER SPRIGGS) On dutyyyyy!

GRAMS:

BOAT BELL CLANGING TWICE. MARCHING BOOTS FADING IN

EMERY:

Left, left, left-left-left. Now your right. Halt!

GRAMS:

BOOTS STOP

EMERY:

Now, Colonel. Sorry to put a man of such high rank on guard but only men of high intellect can be trusted. So I leave *you* to trap the spon. See you later.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

ECCLES:

(SINGING SOFTLY) Hey, little hen, when? When? when...? Love letters in the street...

FX:

'FRED THE OYSTER'

ECCLES:

What's that sound effect that shouldn't be there that wasn't? What's that?

FX:

FRED THE OYSTER

ECCLES:

What's that? What's that? What's that?

FX:

FRED FARTS

ECCLES:

Oooohhh! What's that, then? What's that? What?

FX:

WIND

ECCLES:

Whoooooooo... who's that? What's that going oooooohhhhh? What that... that... um... Halt, who goes there?

FX:

GIBBERISH TALK

ECCLES:

Advance and be recognised.

EMERY:

Don't shoot! It's me! Great news!

ECCLES:

We're getting near the end.

EMERY:

I've heard that there's a...

ECCLES:

What did you say, there?

GREENSLADE:

Even now, Emery tells Eccles that a third sponning has been traced to the Canadian Rockies.

ECCLES:

What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Part four - the Canadian Rockies.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

EMERY:

Look! The Canadian Rockies!

OMNES:

Hurray!

EMERY:

Didn't take long.

ECCLES:

It didn't hurt.

EMERY:

Now let's speak to this typical native of Canada who happens to be a stranger around here.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Um, hello partner, buddy. Um, so ah, what can I do for you?

FX:

SPIT, OBJECT HITTING BUCKET

CYRIL:

That's alright that bit, wasn't it?

EMERY:

Very nice.

CYRIL:

Good.

EMERY:

We need a guide.

CYRIL:

Here, I've got the, er, I've got the very fella for you. Um, Chief Wurriguts.

WURRIGUTS:

[ELLINGTON]

Yim, boom balabuya bomb.

CYRIL:

This man here is a genuine fake Red Indian available for Ray Ellington parts.

WURRIGUTS:

Here. My card.

EMERY:

This card is blank.

WURRIGUTS:

Got writing on the back.

EMERY:

That's a damn silly place to write, on the back.

WURRIGUTS:

Look, me tell you. Chief Wurriguts, MGM child star, expert hunter, traps set, smoke signals. Nine words per shilling, swear words extra.

BLOODNOK:

Don't pay it, sir. I can do all your swearing at half the price. It's the off season, you know.

ECCLES:

Is this the off season?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm off, then.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

EMERY:

Come back at once! Remember, you're all here as suspects.

ECCLES:

All of us?

EMERY:

Yes.

CYRIL:

Well, you'd better get off before it gets dark then, hadn't you?

WURRIGUTS:

OK, white men.

ECCLES:

You all ready?

WURRIGUTS:

All ready for the trek?

EMERY:

Right, I'll get my trek suit on. Fill up the huskies with petrol and harness them to the charabanc. Forward!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GALE WIND, CHICKEN BLEATS...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mush! Mush! Get up, there! Flicks leather-type whip.

ORCHESTRA:

CRACKING WHIP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough, my ear hole!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Take a bow! Take a bow!

EMERY:

Bluebottle, tell those dogs to stop doing impressions of chickens.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Naughty dogs! Stop them chicken impressions.

GRAMS:

CHICKEN BLEATS STOP

WURRIGUTS:

Paleface, we'd better travel on foot.

EMERY:

Right, I'll unpack one.

WURRIGUTS:

But what about your luggage? Me got three wives in suitcase.

BLOODNOK:

Carry your bags, sir?

EMERY:

Down, Bloodnok! Put evil thoughts behind you.

BLOODNOK:

They are behind me, that's why I'm first in the queue, you know.

EMERY:

Military fool.

BLOODNOK:

(LAUGHS)

EMERY:

Ohhh! Now everybody will have to help carry my luggage. Now to find that dreaded spon! I'll...

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Emery, but you've only got thirty seconds left.

EMERY:

I can't search Canada for a spon in thirty seconds! Oh! Oh, no! It's...

GREENSLADE:

Very well. Ladies and gentlemen, you've been listening to an incomplete Goon Show. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

START OF END THEME

GREENSLADE:

Alright, Wally! Whoah, Wal, whoah, hold it, Wally, hold it. Yes, yes, yes, yes. For dissatisfied customers, here is a happy ending:

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

Yes, darling.

MILLIGAN:

Marry me, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

Darling, I'd love to.

GRAMS:

ORGAN PLAYING BRIDAL PRECESSION, CHURCH BELLS CLANGING

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Dick Emery and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Charles Chilton!

S8 E02 - The Junk Affair

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SECOMBE:

Gad, a genuine antique!

GREENSLADE:

And a talking one! Pray, place your ears in the direction of the sound of this good show.

SECOMBE:

(QUIET) Goon Show.

GRAMS:

SELLERS ON PIANO AND MILLIGAN ON TRUMPET SPEEDED UP. LUNATIC INTRODUCTION.

SECOMBE:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) That's not the all-leather Goon Show.

GREENSLADE:

No, sir. That was the all-leather Goon Show disguised as Kenny Baker's dozen.

SECOMBE:

Odd bodikins!

MILLIGAN:

The bread was stale.

SECOMBE:

How could we sink so low?!

GREENSLADE:

A low sink is the right height for you.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?
(CHICKEN NOISES) I've gone broody. Any more mouth talking from you and I'll... I'll strike you down, sir!

GREENSLADE:

Master Neddie, that will lead to deportation.

SECOMBE:

But think of the prestige!

GREENSLADE:

Very well. I shall go there and think of it.

SECOMBE:

Oh, he's quick with it.

GRYTPYPE:

Er, pardon me, short sir, but what is that on the pavement?

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's the friend of man - a pound note!

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, not that. Next to it.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that's a piece of junk.

GRYTPYPE:

I saw it first!

SEAGOON:

What? What? Hey! hey! What? Nonsense! It was nearer to me than you and you were further away.

GRYTPYPE:

I tell you, dear tightly packed fellow. That reeking piece of junk is a family heirloom, it belonged to my reeking grandmother.

MORIARTY:

Sapristy bazolika dowser! I vouch for the truth of my friend's lies.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! It's my dear balding friend, Count Jim Tin 'Thighs' Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Thanks to your timely intervention and bleached underpants, that piece of junk stays in the family. Kindly insert it in this fur-lined envelope and have it valued.

SEAGOON:

Valued! Vahloood? (TO HIMSELF) Thinks: what's so valuable about a piece of junk? I can't take chances. (CLEARs THROAT) (ALOUD) I tell you that piece of junk is mine!

MORIARTY:

No! No!

SEAGOON:

Mine...

MORIARTY:

No!

SEAGOON:

...I tell you! Mine! MINE! Give it back to me or I'll set this wardrobe on you.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear heavily blotter-outer of... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

SECOMBE:

Do it again. I'll give you cue-in, there.

MILLIGAN:

'E's underlining again, folks.

SEAGOON:

I'll set this wardrobe on you!

GRYTPYPE:

Dear heavy blotter-outer of landscapes.

SECOMBE:

Well done!

GRYTPYPE:

It's the brandy, you know. If you wish to contest the ownership of this rare junk, here is my address.

SEAGOON:

And so saying, he pointed north.

GRYTPYPE:

Farewell!

MORIARTY:

See you later, incubator!

GRAMS:

GALLOPING HOOVES, BULL ROARS OVER AND DISTANCE CATTLE.

GREENSLADE:

In a flash; in a trice; nay, in a thrice, Neddie instructed his lawyer to contest a man pointing north riding a water buffalo. I therefore announce the case of the piece of junk part two.

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING. DISTANT CATTLE. GAVEL ON BENCH.

OMNES:

VARIOUS RHUBARBS.

FX:

GAVEL ON DESK.

SPRIGGS:

Silence! Silence! Silence! Silence in court, please. (SINGS) Silence in courrrrrrrrrrrrrt! (NORMAL) Mister Neddie Sigh-joon, let your agent state your case, Jim. (SINGS) State your caaaaaaase!

CRUN:

Yahs gnukk-nukk - noyiey mmnnnenoiiy ahhhghgrah aaahhhhhh oeeigh ouchhhhhh... oh

MORIARTY:

It's a filthy lie!

SEAGOON:

It's a clean lie. Hold it up to the light and see for yourself.

CRUN:

My Lord Justice Spriggs, my client Mr Nellie Sea-loon claims that at noon on the tenth of January he espied on the King's Highway a portion of junk!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh, Jiiiiim! We live in an age of wonder, folks!

CRUN:

Aaaaaaaayaaayooooouuuuuuuayyaaaahhhhhh...

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Age of wonderrrrrr.

MORIARTY:

It's a filthy lie!

SEAGOON:

A clean lie!

MORIARTY:

A stinking, stinking, filthy lie.

SEAGOON:

A clean lie!

MORIARTY:

It's a foul lie, I tell you!

GRYTPYPE:

The dear Count is going to lose us this case. I am forced to use brick-on-nut procedure.

MORIARTY:

You're all in the pay of the Germans! It's a dirty Spanish...

FX:

SHARP STROKE ON TIN POT WITH LUMP OF WOOD.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

My Lord...

MORIARTY:

Type 'ow'.

GRYTPYPE:

...my client has been taken ill with 'head'. Therefore, we rest on the grounds of 'homo nefraggem ad ero di tandem procliveran scaretheth lorethque a lorum'.

SPRIGGS:

Ahem. Mr Seagoon, what is the value of this piece of junk?

SEAGOON:

It's not the value, it's the principle, sir!

SPRIGGS:

Then what's the value of the principle-sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Er... My Lord, may I tell a story? Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

Beguile their suspicions with a viola.

MORIARTY:

I'll get a new G string on.

ORCHESTRA:

DODGY FIDDLE SOLO OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'. CONTINUE UNDER WITH WOMAN CRYING...

GRYTPYPE:

(ECHO) My Lord Justice Spriggs. Members of the jury. That piece of junk, no gold can buy. Ah, me. No, m'lord. That junk has only a simple sentimental value.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN SOLO STOPS.

MORIARTY:

(FRANTIC) Yes! But that sentimental value... is worth money! Money! You're a swine! You're in the pay of the Germans! I want money! Money, I tell you...

FX:

SLAP ON BARE SKIN.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

My Lord.

ORCHESTRA:

FIDDLE SOLO RESUMES.

GRYTPYPE:

With lumps appearing on my client's head, the defence rests.

SPRIGGS:

Will the clerk of court strike those lumps from the record. (SINGS) Strike them from the recoooooooooord! (NORMAL) Now, will the crown state the case? May the case...

GREENSLADE:

(LOUD AND CLEAR) My Lord!

SPRIGGS:

(SURPRISED) Ohhhh!

GREENSLADE:

My Lord, a piece of junk, being found on the King's Highway, it is declared treasure trove.

OMNES:

GROANS, MOANS AND MUMBLES.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHICKENS. BULL ROARS.

GRYTPYPE:

The case is going just as we wanted, my dear Count.

MORIARTY:

Ah, ce ti, mon ami.

GRYTPYPE:

Speak English, you ignorant swine.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

My Lord! My Lord, I appeal against the light!

BLOODNOK:

'Ow's that!

MILLIGAN:

Out! Leg before trousers!

OMNES:

MUMBLING

GREENSLADE:

The stumps were drawn, the case closed, the lights dimmed and slowly the great fire-proof Max Geldray was lowered from the roof on a rope.

ECCLES:

Round the back for the old brandy again.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

MAX GELDRAY

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Don't be frightened, folks, that was only 'a Paper Moon'. The Junk Affair part 2A. The time, might-might. In the cellars beneath the House of Commons, two masked men wearing leather wigs are tampering with the Bank of England's official wooden safe.

FX:

SAWING

GRYTPYPE:

Not so loud, Moriarty, not so loud. Turn the volume on that saw down. D'you want to wake the Government up?

MORIARTY:

I wish somebody would. That always gets a round of applause in France, folks. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Hooray! Frenchman! [UNCLEAR]. Merci.

GRYTPYPE:

You should never have left France!

MORIARTY:

The audience must think we're mad trying to get a piece of junk back. It's worthless! England is full of junk.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, ah! But are the English capitalising on this natural asset?

MORIARTY:

Ah, non!

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly.

MORIARTY:

Certainment non!

GRYTPYPE:

Therefore it is worthless.

MORIARTY:

Awww!

GRYTPYPE:

But watch the change in attitude when they find we've stolen this piece, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

C'est formidable, mon ami!

ORCHESTRA:

FURTHER DRAMATIC LINK

MORIARTY:

(IN TIME WITH THE LINK) Ha, ha, ha-ha, ho, hooooooo....

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) The time is 8.30 and here is the 9 o'clock news. The Ministry Of Housing has granted permission to turn the Albert Memorial into flats. The owner says... the owner says that he is forced to sell as, for the past eighty-two years, the Albert Memorial has been running at a loss. The new flats will be turned into offices to house the Coal Board officials who'll be moved from their temporary war-time quarters at the Ritz Hotel.

MILLIGAN:

Okay, folks. Let 'em have it. Let 'em know what you think of 'em.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) And now, here is an interesting news item for Goon Show listeners. (ALMOST CRACKS UP) Last night at dawn, a piece of junk was stolen from the official Bank of England safe. It is believed the thieves will try and smuggle it out of the country into the city.

SEAGOON:

Switch that radio off!

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) Right. Click!

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED. DIALLING.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa! That junk must have been valuable.

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) (ON THE PHONE) Ah! Ya... yes? You phoning me?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Hello?

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Is that a well-known city stock broker?

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Aaaahah, yes. Harold Cupboard Junior, here.

SEAGOON:

Cupboard?

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

How are your drawers?

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) Ahhhh!

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

You devil you!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) 'How are your drawers'!

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

You...

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) 'How are your...'!

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

That's not a city joke.

SEAGOON:

(CALMING DOWN) Ohhh. Listen! [UNCLEAR].

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

You appear to have it already.

SEAGOON:

Listen!

SELLERS:

Do me a favour, there, I'm trying to...

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

I'm doing you one.

SEAGOON:

This last bit [UNCLEAR]. Listen! I want you...

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Water!

SEAGOON:

Do me... 'Ere! Can I get in, 'ere?

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

I...

SEAGOON:

Five! Look! My life! (SOUNDS LIKE:) Release him! (BACK TO THE PLOT) I want you to buy me as much junk as you can.

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

That should be easy! The shops are full of it!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Then buy me all the junk you can.

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Never mind how much you buy but buy! Buy!

HAROLD CUPBOARD:

Bye, bye!

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER INTO CRADLE.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Maniacal laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa! Greenslade, hand me my speaking trumpet whilst I tell the listeners my plan. Hello, folks! Heeeeeeello, folks! Calling, folks! Folks, I'm going to corner the market in junk. You watch, folks. The price of junk is going to go sky high, folks. And all I've got to do now, folks, is just sit and wait!

GREENSLADE:

(LONG PAUSE) The silence you hear is Mr Neddie Seagoon sitting and waiting. Or, if you wish, waiting and sitting. Which is merely sitting and waiting in reverse. As good as any time for The Junk Affair part three.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! I'm back again. Calling folks. I'm back again, folks! Folks! Folks! With my stock broker buying all the junk he could, folks, I went to purchase a warehouse for it, folks.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

MASSED FLIES BUZZING.

BLOODNOK:

Oooohh! Ohhh! Oh, oh, oh, ohhhh! Oh, well, I... I can't sit here all day.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Oohooh! Oohhhhhaahh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Who are you, sir?

SEAGOON:

Reading from left to right, I'm Ned Seagoon the junk millionaire.

BLOODNOK:

Erianoillim knuj eht noogaes den mi!

SEAGOON:

What's that?

BLOODNOK:

That's reading from right to left.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Major, I believe you have monster warehouses for sale.

BLOODNOK:

True, true, true.

SEAGOON:

What do you keep in it?

BLOODNOK:

My wife.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

She's a monster.

SEAGOON:

Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C.

GELDRAY:

Hoi!

BLOODNOK:

That went quite well, didn't it? Yes, good, good, good. Now, Neddie raise your hands above your head and stand in front of this shotgun. Splendid, splendid. I'll just aim it at your head. That's it. Now then, let me hear your offer for this warehouse.

SEAGOON:

Well I... I... Hehehehe. I'd like to see it first.

BLOODNOK:

Not enough! Nevertheless, I'll show it to you. It's under this bed.

SEAGOON:

I'll drive you there.

BLOODNOK:

Ta!

GRAMS:

MOTOR CAR AT SPEED.

BLOODNOK:

There's the place.

SEAGOON:

What a magnificent warehouse. Is it on the phone?

BLOODNOK:

I'll just ring it from a phone box and see. And gad! What luck! Here comes a phone box now.

GRAMS:

HIGH POWERED MOTOR CAR DRIVES UP.

SEAGOON:

And there's a telephone in it!

BLOODNOK:

What will the G.P.O. think of next?

SEAGOON:

Putting the prices up, I should imagine. Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

(BOTH CRY)

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ahem. Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Now, let us phone up this warehouse.

FX:

PICKS UP PHONE

BLOODNOK:

W - A - R - E - H - O - U - S - E.

GRAMS:

PHONE RINGS. (BUZZ TYPE)

SEAGOON:

Major! I can hear the phone ringing in your warehouse.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, run in and answer it, will you?

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Ah, is that the monster warehouse?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Could I speak to the owner, please?

SEAGOON:

Well, er, he's outside. I'll get him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

BLOODNOK:

Mm? Oh, well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

SEAGOON:

Alright.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

I believe someone wanted to speak to me. Mm?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, er, hang onto the one in the warehouse will you?

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

SEAGOON:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Is that the monster warehouse?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Could I speak to the owner, please?

SEAGOON:

But he's outside. I'll get him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, er, well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING. GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP...)

BLOODNOK:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

I believe someone wanted to speak to me.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, er, hang onto the one in the warehouse, will you?

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

SEAGOON:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Is... is that the monster warehouse?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Can I speak to the owner, please?

SEAGOON:

Well, he's outside, I'll get him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. (SPEEDED UP FURTHER)

BLOODNOK:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

I believe someone wanted to speak to me. (SELLERS ALMOST CRACKS UP)

SEAGOON:

I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR] ...in the warehouse will you?

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello?

(CONTINUES UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

This jolly little party game is now available in the large three ton family-size, complete with pair of plastic telephones, two inflatable idiots and a small brown loaf, not forgetting... Ray Ellington.

SEAGOON:

Right, lads. Round the back for the old brandy, there!

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING, CHICKEN CLUCKING

ELLINGTON:

Man, that chicken'll come to no good.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

CHIEF ELLINGA:

What? No money!! Just for that, me give you back Junk Affair part five!

GRAMS:

SEASHORE SOUNDS. GULLS, DISTANT WAVES.

GREENSLADE:

The scene: a Corsican bandit's cave anchored off the coast of Corsica. From out of the dark interior comes a thinks-type bubble with the following words in it...

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, the hour has come.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN STRIKES ONE O'CLOCK.

SEAGOON:

Meantime, for safety, I had stored my supply of junk in the giant warehouse and anchored it three miles inland off the coast of Corsica.

GRYTPYPE:

But mark ye, Neddie, before you can corner the world market in junk you've got to buy OUR portion.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes! But... where can I find it?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, this is it!

MORIARTY:

What? What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Put this price ticket on the piece of junk and...

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

...place it in the display window over our cave.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: little do they know that by placing my telescope to my ear I heard every word they said. Yes. And was even now on my way to bid for that final piece of junk that would make me - and I say this for the benefit of the listeners - that would make me owner of ALL THE JUNK IN ENGLAND!

MORIARTY:

He's on his way. He mustn't recognise me.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Swallow this false moustache and wait.

MORIARTY:

(SWALLOWS) Ah.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Now the wait.

MORIARTY:

(SWALLOWS UNEVENLY) It's no good. I can't get the weight down.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you must give up bread and potatoes. Shhhh!

MORIARTY:

Ahhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Shhhh!

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Switch off that wall. I hear legs approaching.

GRAMS:

BOOTS ON GRAVEL COMING NEAR. SLIGHTLY ECHOEY.

MORIARTY:

It... it sounds like more than one person.

GRYTPYPE:

That's Neddie. He's wearing an echo chamber.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Ahhhhh. Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Heello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhhhh.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well.

ECCLES:

Well.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fancy you and me meeting each other walking along two miles off the coast of Corsica on holiday.

ECCLES:

Yeh. Fancy you and me... on holiday... meeting each other... bottling along... off the Corsican... off the coast of Ecceland!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That is not what I said, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oooo. That's what I said, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever been on... holiday in Corsicas before?

ECCLES:

No. But I... but... but I once made a dog kennel out of elastic.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! There's something to be said for these premium bonds, then.

ECCLES:

Oooooaaawwwoaowaaoowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I think the government is very clever, you know. I won twenty-five pounds in a premium bonds draw.

ECCLES:

And what's... what's clever about that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I never bought any premium bonds.

ECCLES:

Owwwowwowahow. And I made a hole in the front.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What for?

ECCLES:

For the dog to get in and out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! That's nice for the doggie.

ECCLES/BLUEBOTTLE:

(LABOURED) That is nice for the doggie!

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles? Why are you not wearing any trousers?

ECCLES:

Oh, er, it's... it's lunchtime.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! What did you have for lunch?

ECCLES:

My trousers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles?

ECCLES:

My friend.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My good man.

ECCLES:

My friend of all time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Look in the window of that shop. In that cave.

ECCLES:

Oooh! An elastic dog kennel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, next to it. There's a piece of junk for sale.

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooo! Hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo! We can't afford that, look at the price. Eight pounds, six foot three inches.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I could stand on your shoulders.

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll put 'em on the ground. You stand on 'em and I'll pick them up. Ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ok, then!

ECCLES:

Hup!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ayyy!

ECCLES:

Oooh, the strain on my...

FX:

SHOP BELL.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, a mounted gentleman. Good morning. What can we... er...?

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Now, then, there! What about some lines for me, then? I'm the [UNCLEAR]. Wait till my film comes out, you'll be sorry enough. Folks! Please, folks! Make them give me some lines, folks. I tell you what. Folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, go and slam the door in his face.

MORIARTY:

He hasn't got a door in his face.

GRYTPYPE:

Then he's trapped... and he can't get out. I set the grand scheme which will culminate in our current catchphrase. Seagoon stands yon, poised perilously atop his junk warehouse. Around him, the angry sea. I shall now fire this loaded laundry list at him. (SHOUTS) Stand by, little catch-phraser!

SEAGOON:

Never about all the... Never mind about all that you're doing, there. What about some lines for me, then!!? What about all... (CONTINUES AD LIBBING, ENDING IN...) I don't wish to know this, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

FIRRRRRRE!

GRAMS:

HOWITZER. SHELL TRAJECTORY. EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY SPLASH.

GRYTPYPE:

Lad.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

GRYTPYPE:

Thinks: it can't last forever.

MORIARTY:

No. But we got to make the most of it while we can, buddy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(as grytpype) Yes! Now then, nice man.

MORIARTY:

Wrong voice!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now then, nice man.

BLUEBOTTLE AND LITTLE JIM:

We want to buy that piece of junk in the window.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! That, little spotty lad, is not for sale.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't want to buy that little spotty lad. I want to buy the junk.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwww, that's not for sale, either.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooooooooioohhie!

ECCLES:

Oh, he-ho! But there's a price ticket - eight pounds, six foot four inches.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh, but that's the price for the ticket.

ECCLES:

Oooooooo. How much is that on... How much is that on H.P?

GRYTPYPE:

£8 down and 6 foot 4 inches. 18 instalments over 2 inches each month.

FX:

FRANTIC SAWING. PIECE OF WOOD FALLS TO FLOOR.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, there's 1 foot 9 to start with.

ECCLES:

Here, where's my leg?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooooooooioohhie!

GRAMS:

SHOP BELL.

SEAGOON:

You swine!

ECCLES:

(OFF) He said 'swine'.

SEAGOON:

You shot me into the water just for the catchphrase. Now gentlemen, I'm bidding for this last piece of junk. I know my rights! I know my lefts.

GRYTPYPE:

Control your powers, man. Now, who was that lady I saw you with last night?

SEAGOON:

That was no lady, that was my wife. I married her just for the gag.

MORIARTY:

You got to keep 'em laughing, folks!

SEAGOON:

Now, look. What about the junk?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we've kept that piece of junk steaming in the window for you on a low gas.

MORIARTY:

Nowwww, what about the money?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, please. If you'll just turn your backs, I'll take the money from its secret hiding place in my wallet.

GRYTPYPE:

By the way, we'll need it paid in danger money.

SEAGOON:

I've only got sterling.

MORIARTY:

That's dangerous enough. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Seven percent. What?

SEAGOON:

There, gentlemen!

FX:

COIN ON TABLE.

SEAGOON:

Eight pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now, what about the six foot four inches?

SEAGOON:

Six foot four? (GULP) Wouldn't you... wouldn't you settle for... four foot eleven?

GRYTPYPE:

Never, shorty!

SEAGOON:

Foiled by duck's disease. The curse of the Seagoons.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, Ned. We'll forget the six foot four and settle for the four foot eleven. Like the British Olympic high jumpers, you know.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah! I'm rich. I now own all the junk in England. I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll get a peerage. I'll be known as Lord Junk.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, a moment, pray.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

We've just heard... that... er... the British junk has been devalued.

SEAGOON:

What! (CRYING) Then I'm ruined! Penniless! I shall kill myself with death and other accepted means. Ohh, no!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, alright, thank you.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) This can't go on, Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

That's enough. Right, thank you. Thank... That's quite enough, thank you. (SEAGOON SOBS) That'll be all for tonight, Mr Seagoon. Here you are.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. PENNY IN MUG.

SEAGOON:

(NORMAL) Eight bob. Ta. All right, lads, round the back for the old brandy, there!

GRAMS:

BOOT RUSHING OFF AT SPEED. ADD CLUCKING CHICKENS.

GREENSLADE:

And so we say goodnight to the Goons and a chicken will come to no good. We would like you to know that this was the first broadcast from the Russian satellite moon. I say, it's jolly high up here, isn't it?

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 programme produced by Charles Cilton.

S8 E03 - The Burning Embassy

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

A Merry Christmas to all our readers.

OMNES:

MORE HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

GREENSLADE:

And now, the new all-leather Goon Show.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN JIVE SHOW HOST) All right, kids, come on. Let's make with the music, kids.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED GRAMOPHONE RECORDING OF DANCE BAND CIRCA 1929. END WITH EXPLOSION ON FINAL CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Part two. An early Gainsborough landscape depicting dawn over Wandsworth fire station. Lying in bed is a small lithograph of fireman Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

(WAKING UP, SMACKING LIPS, YAWNING, ETC) Where's my speaking trumpet? Ah, there it is. I'll... I'll just empty it. Ah-hem. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling, folks! This is Fire Chief Seagoon speaking, folks. Well, folks, it's a beautiful day here at Wandsworth Fire Station, folks. The firemen will start their day by unrolling their hoses and watering the flowers. That's all, folks. That's all, folks! (NORMAL) Fireman Willium?

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, morning, Chiefy. I, er, fed the pigeons.

SEAGOON:

Good. And don't forget to stamp a lion on their eggs.

WILLIUM:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, er... any outstanding fire calls for 1957?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, well, I got one 'ere, matey, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see.

WILLIUM:

I'm not, er, too 'appy about this. It says 'ere, 'Urgent,' it says 'ere. 'Ker... Ker-ystal Palace is on fire'.

SEAGOON:

A hoax! An absolute hoax, I tell you! I was up there yesterday morning and there's no such building as Crystal Palace at Crystal Palace. Right. Now, then.

FX:

FIREMAN'S WHISTLE. TWO BLASTS.

SEAGOON:

Fire drill! Light the fire and put the kettle on.

FX:

HURRIED BOOTS RUNNING UP STAIRS. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen. Bad news. Jane Mansfield is on fire.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING, NEDDIES SCREAMING, FIRE ENGINE BELL, CROWD. SPEEDS UP TO WARDS END.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, that got rid of them, Moriarty. Quick, stick these auction labels on the furniture and let the crowd in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

OMNES & GRAMS:

SERIOUS AUCTION HOUSE RHUBARBS.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen!

OMNES:

SINGLE GRUNTED 'RHUBARB' FROM THE BACK. AUDIENCE LAUGH.

GRYTPYPE:

Control your rhubarbs. Gentlemen, what am I bid for lot one?

BIDDER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

GRYTPYPE:

Sold! One auctioneer's mallet.

MORIARTY:

Argghh! (ASIDE) I got off my line. (NORMAL) We're off to a good start.

GRYTPYPE:

Lot two. Complete set of Louis Quinze fireman's furniture. Plus... marble statues of fire-engine travelling at speed.

BIDDER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Sold for the second time, one auctioneer's mallet! And now we come to lot three. One cannon shell.

THROAT:

Two shillings.

GRYTPYPE:

Will you take it, sir, or do you want it sent?

THROAT:

Sent.

GRYTPYPE:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

It'll be there when you get home, sir. And finally, gentlemen... finally, for the musical connoisseur. What am I bid for the original bedroom of fire chief Seagoon, comprising walls, roof, ceiling and one flock mattress?

BIDDER 3:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

GRYTPYPE:

Sold to the gentleman who keeps changing his voice. Moriarty, time for your owwww.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now, what am I bid for this auctioneer's mallet?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

What's going on, here? Eh? Hey? What's going on? I just passed a man on the stairs carrying my room.

GRYTPYPE:

He's taking it to be repaired. It's... got a puncture.

SEAGOON:

My room's got a puncture? But it... it's only done two thousand miles. And another thing, Jane Mansfield was *not* on fire. It was the man with her.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you extinguish him?

SEAGOON:

Too late. By the time we arrived, he'd burnt himself out. But wait! Oh, horrors of horrors!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Get my... speaking trumpet. Hello, folks! (WITH MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling folks. Standing from where I am, I can see that my entire set of Louis Quinze fireman's furniture has been stolen. A lifetime's work - ruined!

GRAMS:

JEWISH FUNERAL WEEPING. SLIGHTLY HIGHER SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

There, there, there, there, Neddie and fans. Now all of you stand in this bucket of water and let me explain. You see, this is all part of a great plan.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRILY) Shut up, Moriarty! There's a time and place for owww-ing.

MORIARTY:

(AD LIB) Where?

GRYTPYPE:

(AD LIB) I'll think of it next week. (SCRIPTED) Neddie, we are from the Ministry of Psychological.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

The government are testing people's reactions to sudden disaster.

SEAGOON:

They've been doing that ever since they got in.

GRYTPYPE:

(ECHOEY) Steady now. This microphone may be tapped.

FX:

DISTANT TAPS ON MIC SURFACE.

MORIARTY:

There's somebody tapping it now.

SEAGOON:

What's going to happen? I'm ruined!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, and that's where we, the government officials, come in, Neddie. With the aid of this war surplus piano we bring you the official government answer to national ruin.

PIANO:

G7 INTRODUCTION.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS)

You got to face disaster with a smile.
Keep on laughing all the while
When you're shot through the head
Don't fall down dead -
Just pick up your bed and smile, smile, smile,
Pick up your bed and smile.

GRAMS:

WILD APPLAUSE. STOPS ABRUPTLY.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. Thank you. Gentlemen, you were right. That government type song has completely restored my confidence.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. And in your hour of need let us offer you the government's full employment scheme. Two pound ten a week and free laundry.

SEAGOON:

Free laundry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes - you wash our clothes for nothing.

MORIARTY:

And better still, you pay us two pound ten a week for the privilege!

SEAGOON:

Eureka! When do we start?

GRYTPYPE:

Now. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take off those hessian underclothes.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRAMS:

BOOTS DEPARTING AT SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTANT) Neddie. Scrub those and return the barge pole.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

SAWING ON LUMP OF WOOD.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) I'll just saw through the crust on his hat. Don't worry. I'll soon have these nicotane stains out.

GREENSLADE:

And what more ideal moment to bring in Max Geldray who has consented to play his teeth.

SEAGOON:

Right, lads, round the back for the old water!

MAX GELDRAY

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, part two. And if anyone wants me, I shall be in the corner of some foreign field that is forever John Snagge's office.

SEAGOON:

Hardly had I got Moriarty's underpants back to running order and oiled the hinges on his socks when the phone rang.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Wandsworth fire station here.

CHINAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(AT END OF LINE) Ah. This, ah, Chinese Amb'lassador speaking. Ah, can I, ah... come in prrease?

SEAGOON:

Certainly.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CHINAMAN:

Ah, thank you. Thank you, Mister Sealoin. I have misf'lortune to inflorm you that B'litish Embassy... I say again... B'litish Embassy in China has caught fire and are blazing mellily away. Oh, boy, what fun we are have.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you. I was nowhere near the place. My grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent!

CHINAMAN:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

I was stamping eggs at the time.

CHINAMAN:

Ah, ya! Ya.

SEAGOON:

Bad leg. I...

CHINAMAN:

Please understand. Chinese government anxious that you B'litish f'lire-men put... put B'litish... put B'litish Embassy flire ou-lout.

SEAGOON:

What?

CHINAMAN:

Spelt ou-lout.

SEAGOON:

And freeze 'em to death? In any case we... why... why can't the Chinese fire brigade put it out?

CHINAMAN:

Velly solly. Chinese fire b'ligade got Eulopean flu.

SEAGOON:

There must be more than one Chinese fire brigade.

CHINAMAN:

Yes. But all look alike.

SEAGOON:

Alright...

CHINAMAN:

Abstract Chinese gag.

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll do it. How far is it to Peking, lads?

WILLIUM:

Ah, ten thousand miles.

SEAGOON:

Right, get the long hose out.

WILLIUM:

It's only thirty foot long, mate.

SEAGOON:

Oh, then, we'll have to form a bucket chain from there on.

WILLIUM:

Can't... can't use the bucket, it's had a puncture, mate.

SEAGOON:

Curse, another disaster!

WILLIUM:

You've got to face disaster with a smile,
Keep on laughing all the while...

SEAGOON:

Stop, you singing fool!

WILLIUM:

What! A chance ruined!

SEAGOON:

I've had an idea.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon has just had the following idea. The water for the fire in China will be wrapped in brown paper parcels marked 'Water. This way up' and posted to Peking.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse, Moriarty. Did you hear that?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You know very well we can't collect the insurance money on the British Embassy until it's burned to the ground.

MORIARTY:

Huzzah! At last - a plot!

GRYTPYPE:

We've got to stop those parcels of water getting there alive. Link music, please!

MORIARTY:

Where's my banjo?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

All went well. The water parcels started to flow out of England like water. But then - bad tidings.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) This is the BBC Spon service and here is the news. On reaching the middle east, parcels of British water intended for the blazing embassy in China have completely evaporated.

SEAGOON:

Evaporated! Are you sure?

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) Positive. Division one: Arsenal, 3; Manchester City, 682. Rain stop play.

SEAGOON:

My parcels of water evaporated. Sending a radiogram to the British Embassy, Peking.

GRAMS:

MORSE SIGNAL (CONTINUE UNDER)

SEAGOON:

(DICTATING) 'Water supplies held up. Try to keep fire going till it arrives'. Now, I must catch a plane. Hand me that butterfly net.

GREENSLADE:

And so saying, Seagoon, collecting an ice pick and a life jacket, set off on a defrosting flight to the middle east. The above of course is a reference to the de-icing difficulties of the Bristol Britannia, the mention of which is intended as a topicality.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Very good.

GREENSLADE:

And now over to the British Military Advisor to the Abyssinian Girl's School in Addis Ababa.

ORCHESTRA:

STARTS PLAYING BLOODNOK THEME BUT...

BLOODNOK:

(INTERRUPTING HIS THEME) Oh! Woah! Woah! Wait a minute! I haven't got my trousers on yet, please. Aahhhh! Ohhh, that's better. Now.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohh!

GRAMS:

CLOUDS OF FLIES.

BLOODNOK:

Blast these flies. Get out of it! Get out of it, you flies! Schumm! Kebel O'Tour! Singhiz! Singhiz Thing!

SINGHIZ THING:

I am coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Take these flies out and sell them.

SINGHIZ THING:

Alright. Come on boys, break's over. Come on, boys, out you go, now.

BLOODNOK:

Now. Having got that matter over, now to my private matters of the day.

FX:

SCRATCHY NIB ON PAPER.

BLOODNOK:

Dear Madam, reference your advert in shop window... and well-known photography magazine. As a keen student of photography, I should like the...

SINGHIZ THING:

Pardon... pardon me.

What?

I... I... There is a European fireman waiting in the waiting room.

BLOODNOK:

What! Well, tell him to wait in the hiding room while I paste these photographs in my hat. (ECHOEY)
Paste! Paste! (NORMAL) Well, there's no sound effect for paste, is there?

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

No, there isn't. But there is one for doors opening. Good morning. Are you Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

How dare you mention that name in this house. Step outside!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Well, *are* you Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Come in.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, of course. One of the Queen's beasts! Welcome to Abyssinia.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major, the British Embassy in China is on fire.

BLOODNOK:

What!! I must have a look.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, so it is.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. Could you see it?

BLOODNOK:

Of course not. I take your word for it. And now, to the burning Embassy part three.

ORCHESTRA:

THIN CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Didn't take long, did it?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know who you are sir, or where you come from, but it did me a power of good, that - a power of good. Now, I suppose... (MILLIGAN LAUGHS IN BACKGROUND) I... I suppose you're worried about... these parcels of water evaporating. (SELLERS ALMOST CRACKS UP)

SEAGOON:

Not really. I'm just acting, you know.

BLOODNOK:

You're acting?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

So that's what it is. Don't worry, lad, your secret is safe with me. Now...

SEAGOON:

You're in condition tonight, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, there's only one way to stop evaporation in this heat. Send your water by a cooler route.

SEAGOON:

For instance?

BLOODNOK:

Over the north pole, through the white hell of Fitz-felloo, across outer Mongolia and finally a three - four - nine tram to the Embassy.

SEAGOON:

But by the time we took that route the fire would be out.

BLOODNOK:

You see? Success from the start! Eight guineas, please.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. BELL RINGS. COIN INTO TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you. And the next, please.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Now, my dear, what's your problem?

SEAGOON:

These parcels of water, what causes the evaporation?

BLOODNOK:

The sun! The sun!

SEAGOON:

The sun?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

We must get rid of it. I know, I shall scampton-screed the scrounds-screw and... (SELF-FADES
MUMBLING NONSENSE)

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Did you hear that Grytpype? Another part of the plot.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, Moriarty, the sun is safe.

MORIARTY:

Are you sure?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I put fire-guard in front of it.

MORIARTY:

Suppose... supposing the sun is attacked?

GRYTPYPE:

Not a hope, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

It's guarded by two Interpol sun-worshippers!

I'll get my [UNCLEAR]... (FADE)

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING. CONTINUE UNDER ENTIRE SCENE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Throw another twig on the sun. We don't want it to go out on us, do we.

ECCLES:

Yeah, you got to be careful.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

It... the sun went out last night. And it... and it stayed out all night.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh. It must be a Tom.

ECCLES:

Oooh! So that... that's what his name is - Tom Sun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Well, well.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooheeghe!

ECCLES:

I wish I knew all them clever things that *you* know, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it all takes time, you know, my good man. Did you know that... Don't do that Eccles, it's not nice.

ECCLES:

I don't [UNCLEAR].

BLUEBOTTLE:

Did you know, Eccles...?

ECCLES:

I knew Eccles. Oh, that's me!

BLUEBOTTLE:

We mens are growing older all the time.

ECCLES:

What! What! What! What!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I said, we're growing older all the time.

ECCLES:

What, er... even when we're standing still?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, it... it's not fair. I didn't know anything about this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you have got to face up to it, my good man.

ECCLES:

I don't... I don't believe it. I... I don't believe we're getting old all the time. I tell you what...

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's true.

ECCLES:

Ah, owwh. Let me 'ave a little... 'ave a little... test.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright then.

ECCLES:

You stand there and I'll watch and see if you get any older.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fair dos. Fair dos.

ECCLES:

Alright then. Ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Go. (PAUSE) Still look the same to me. There's no difference at all, my good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know why.

ECCLES:

You don't...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cos... That's cos you been getting older as well. Thinks to self.

ECCLES:

Oh, I better go away then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I must admit I didn't notice Eccles getting older, either. I will experiment. Says aloud. Eccles!

ECCLES:

A-yah? Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know what I will do? I will time us getting old with my Tiger Tim watch. Ready?

ECCLES:

I'll just... I'll just put my hat on. Ok, ready.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go! (LONG PAUSE) There! You just got ten seconds older.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Did I?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

It didn't hurt at all. Here, this is fun!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ye-ess!

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]... Here, let's go and stand...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah!

ECCLES:

...over there and get old, now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let's get older...

ECCLES:

Over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...over there.

ECCLES:

Let's stand over there. Ok, ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

One! Two!

BLUEBOTTLE & ECCLES:

(CONTINUE UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

And here to make everyone old is Ray 'Do-it yourself' Ellington and his rapidly decaying quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, if listeners will set fire to their Radio Times they'll be able to re-enact this next scene - a smoke-filled room at the British Embassy, Peking.

GRAMS:

FLAMES CRACKLING.

MINNIE:

(SINGING HOT RHYTHM) Ooooh. Yim bum biddle doh! They're driving me crazy. I've got onions on my bunions. The rocking through the hot house with you. Dibba dibba dub bum...

CRUN:

Stop it! Stop... Stop it! Stop that sinful singing Min. How can you perform those sensuous gyrations in those revealing low cut brown elastic sided boots, I'll never know!

MINNIE:

I was... I was born to dance, Henry! Heeyipa pupa pupa pupa...

CRUN:

Naughty. Naughty.

MINNIE:

Yipa bupa pupa boo! Diriribaba bapa bapum. Ch, ch, ch ch, ch, ch ch, ch ch ch ch ch! I've got the measurements for dancing, buddy - 41, 18, 36!

CRUN:

Ooaauuugh! What a figure, Min!

MINNIE:

Those are my leg measurements.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

(ACCUSINGLY) Who did you allow to measure your legs?

MINNIE:

I'll tell you. (SINGS) I'll tell you, tonight!

CRUN:

(ANGRILY) Who?!

MINNIE:

Mrs. Millie Toolie. (PAUSE FOR LAUGHTER) Go on.

CRUN:

(ANGRILY) Mrs. Millie Toolie!? I'll kill him. I'll put an end to your brown leather rhythms.

MINNIE:

Pooooooooooooow!

CRUN:

Now, I'll just get this gas stove under my head. Ahhh! And put these lead pipes down my trousers. There! (ANGRILY) Let that be a lesson to you... you... you sinful... (SNIFFS) What's burning, Min? What's burning?

MINNIE:

Oooh! It's... the soles of my boots are on fire.

CRUN:

You shouldn't stand with your back to the Embassy. Swallow this tablet of water.

GRAMS:

HISS OF STEAM

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, that's better, buddy. Ooooooooo! Ooooooh, that's better.

CRUN:

Be careful, Min, careful. Don't let that steam get up your legs.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Or you'll get the dreaded Manchu knee-cramp.

MINNIE:

Listen, Henry, we can't keep this Embassy burning much longer, buddy. The neighbours are starting to talk.

CRUN:

Oh! Then we'd better pull the curtains, Min.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll...

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BOTH:

Oh! Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Answer that burning door.

CRUN:

What?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Ha, meowwww. Pardon me, honourable sir. Chinese postal service. A parcel of water for you.

CRUN:

At last. (SNIFFS) Wait a moment, sir. This water smells like petrol.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKING NOISES) Yes, it... it was disguised as petrol to get it through the customs. Chop, chop.

CRUN:

Thank you. Chop, chop.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

CRUN:

Now, Min, let us throw this parcel on...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Saved in the nick of time! The forces of evil are foiled.

OMNES:

PANTOMIME CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Give me that parcel. Pour it in the tank of this car.

CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDS OFF AND RETURNS. SKIDS TO A HALT.

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought. This car runs on water. But apart from that, that parcel contained petrol.

GRYTPYPE:

We've got him worried, Moriarty. (SELLERS LAUGHS AS HE SAYS...) He's fluffing his lines.

SEAGOON:

(TO SELLERS) You should talk, my life. (BACK TO THE SCRIPT) Mr. Crun, we're having difficulty getting the water to this fire. It would help if you could load the Embassy onto a lorry and meet us in Addis Ababa outside the Odeon at seven o'clock Thursday night.

CRUN:

Ohh! How can we recognise you?

SEAGOON:

I shall be driving a red fire engine. Goodbye!

MINNIE:

Goodbye.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK. RESOLVE INTO OMINOUS AFRICAN CHORDS WITH SPRIGGS ON LEAD VOCALS.

SEAGOON:

All of which means I've arrived back in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Neddie. And we've solved the evaporation problem.

SEAGOON:

You mean you've frozen the water into ice blocks which have been placed in that giant cold storage van?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And it saved me saying it. Now, put these furs on becise... because inside that van it's forty below.

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes! And three foot of snow and the entire cast dressed in furs.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, what a sight. If only this were coloured radio.

SEAGOON:

Right. Willium, insert this steering wheel under your dentures. And drive.

WILLIUM:

I ain't never driv before, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you a quick British-type driving test. Now, um... um... spell 'car'.

WILLIUM:

K - A - R - E.

SEAGOON:

Right! You've passed.

WILLIUM:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Now hang this oil painting of an 'L' plate around your neck and away we goooooooo.....!

GRAMS:

LORRY PULLS AWAY.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

LORRY TRAVELLING ON HIGHWAY.

SPRIGGS:

As the refrigeration van bumped along, folks, the heat outside was a hundred and thirty degrees. But inside the van...

GRAMS:

HOWLING ARCTIC WIND. HUSKIES BARKING.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Mush! Mush! Must keep the dogs at the gallop.

SEAGOON:

Whatever for?

CYRIL:

We don't want to be left behind.

SEAGOON:

Left behind? But we're inside the lorry.

CYRIL:

Yes, but what if it goes faster than we do?

SEAGOON:

Gad, you're right. Mush! Mush!

BLOODNOK:

Ooooo! It's too cold in this van, I'm freezing. Forty degrees of frost.

SEAGOON:

It is a bit parky, isn't it. I'll get the temperature turned up. Eccles! Turn it up!

ECCLES:

I ain't done nothing. Oooo. Turn the thermometer up. Right.

GRAMS:

SUDANESE NATIVE DRUMMERS.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, houhouhouhouhouho! We're being attacked by Zulus.

SEAGOON:

The temperature's up too high!

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll turn it down.

GRAMS:

TIMBER WOLVES HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too low! We're being attacked by timber wolves.

ECCLES:

I'll throw 'em some timber.

SEAGOON:

You fool. Turn the temperature up again.

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too lowwww.....

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too hiiiiigh.....

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

(DEVELOPING A RHYTHM) Too lowwww.....

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too high!

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too low!

BLOODNOK:

Too high!

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too low!

ORCHESTRA:

FOXTROT. SMALL COMBO WITH SAXOPHONE ON LEAD

GRAMS:

EXTENSIVE EXPLOSION STRENGTH 7

GREENSLADE:

There was an accident this morning at the crossroads, High Street, Addis Ababa. A lorry with a blazing British Embassy on the back was in collision with a cold storage van containing twenty-three sunburnt and frost bitten men. Would anyone who witnessed it please contact...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 programme produced by Charles Chilton.

S8 E04 - The Great Regent's Park Swim

Transcribed by John Mathews. Final corrections by Helen.

SEAGOON:

But it's sloping to the right, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Would you mind standing in the centre, then, please?

SEAGOON:

So I caused it.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the all-leather Goon Show presents "The Great Regent's Park Swim".

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

FX:

CAR HORNS, LOW FLYING AEROPLANES

GREENSLADE:

England, 1830. On the throne sat George the Fourth. On a chair sat Tom Smith. And, lying in a gutter outside, Neddie Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?
Whaaaat? Where's my leather speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Calling, folks! I'm not
lying in the gutter, I'm standing in it. It just *looks* as though I'm lying.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, you look like a liar.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? Just for that, I shall do an impersonation of a car
approaching.

FX:

SOUND OF CAR APPROACHING AND SCREECHING TO A HALT

SEAGOON:

Even as I spoke, a door drew up.

FX:

CAR DOOR OPENS

YAKAMOTO:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhh! (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Are you Neddie Sleagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'm Leddie Sleagoon.

YAKAMOTO:

Ahaya! Will you please-ah accept invitation from great German scientist, Justin Eidelburger?

SEAGOON:

Justin Eidelburger? I've met him in the labour exchange.

YAKAMOTO:

He has interesting proposition to put to [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

I'll come along... just to find out what you're saying!

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, please, Neddie, please jump into this river and I will drive you there.

FX:

SPLASH AND CAR DRIVES OFF

GREENSLADE:

The sound of a river being driven away by a Chinese is vouched for by the Encyclopedia Britolica.
Scene two: a piece of string on the floor of the Eidelburger laboratory.

FX:

BUBBLING SOUNDS, CLINKING OF TEST-TUBES ETC - CONTINUES UNDER

EIDELBURGER & YAKAMOTO:

(TAKING IT IN TURNS TO SAY...) Ha ha ha ho ho ha ha... (PROLONGED):

EIDELBURGER:

Yakamoto.

YAKAMOTO:

Yakaho?

EIDELBURGER:

This test tube, I have succeeded in creating life from inanimate matter.

YAKAMOTO:

Ohhhh, boy!

EIDELBURGER:

I will just add a dash of thin people's herbs. Two spoonfuls of instant licorice. And a soupcon of Alistair's horse oils.

FX:

PHSSSH

EIDELBURGER:

That's given it something to think about!

YAKAMOTO:

Oh, boy, look! It-ah turning into-ah thick, black gooey paste.

EIDELBURGER:

If this were television you wouldn't have had to say that line. Now, pour out the gooey paste into this blue serge cruet.

FX:

SOUNDS OF THICK LUMPY LIQUID BEING POURED

YAKAMOTO:

Ha.

EIDELBURGER:

Put this stethoscope on it and listen.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) With a smile on my face, for the whole human race, it's almost like being insane. I love a...

EIDELBURGER:

Curse it! We have invented Eccles!

YAKAMOTO:

Aaagh!

ECCLES:

Oooh, ta.

EIDELBURGER:

Run for it!

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, so!

FX:

RUNNING FEET. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

ECCLES:

Ah! Okay, yeah.

CRUN:

Ah, yum, oiey.

ECCLES:

Oh, thank you. Oh, hello, Mr... Ah! 'Ello, Mr Crun.

CRUN:

Hello, modern Eccles. You're looking well, modern Meccles.

ECCLES:

Ya. I just been invented. Yeah. Ho, ho! (SINGS NONSENSE)

CRUN:

Ahhh, steady, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

CRUN:

Steady, modern Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

CRUN:

Modern Eccles.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) I don't care if I do die. I don't care if I do .. (MORE RUBBISH).

CRUN:

Don't doing that, Eccles. Now, just step inside this tiger.

ECCLES:

Okay.

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWL

ECCLES:

(GULPS, ECHO EFFECT) Oooh. It's dark in this tiger. Wonder where the light switch is?

CRUN:

Modern Eccles, poor ignorant fellow that he is, doesn't know that this is only 1830 and the electric lighting inside tigers has not been invented yet.

ECCLES:

(ECHO EFFECT) Hello? A-ha, ho-ho. Anybody else in the tiger?

SEAGOON:

(ECHO EFFECT) Yes!

ECCLES:

(ECHO EFFECT) Oh!

SEAGOON:

(ECHO EFFECT) Pardon me, my good man.

ECCLES:

(ECHO EFFECT) Yeah?

SEAGOON:

(ECHO EFFECT) Could you tell me the way out of this tiger?

ECCLES:

(ECHO EFFECT) Take the lift to the third floor, past the BBC censor's office.

SEAGOON:

(ECHO EFFECT) Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

CRUN:

Aaagh, it's Seagoon out of tiger, by jove.

SEAGOON:

By...

CRUN:

Welcome to the Eidelburger Foundation laboratory. We want you to take part in a vital useless Government-type experiment.

SEAGOON:

I'll do anything for my useless country.

CRUN:

Right. Spike Milligan?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, Teddy?

CRUN:

Have you finished playing the part of Yakamoto?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, boy.

CRUN:

Then take the part of modern Min.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

CRUN:

Ah, modern Min.

MINNIE:

(LAUGHS)

CRUN:

Give Mister Seagoon the tube of green liquid to swallow.

MINNIE:

Come on, hot Henry.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWS) Aaagh! What was it?

CRUN:

Ah, if only we knew.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

What! It might be poison. I demand to see my landlord!

CRUN:

Now, Mister Seacroon, so that we can observe the effect of the green liquid...

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh...

CRUN:

...kindly stand in this bucket of boiled dungarees.

MINNIE:

Dungarees!

SEAGOON:

Anything for England!

CRUN:

Min, get ready to take all this down.

MINNIE:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

(SOUNDS LIKE) I hope the dawn...

FX:

BANG, BANG

CRUN:

Eleven o'clock, both ears exploded.

FX:

SPROING, SPROING

CRUN:

Eleven-one, braces burst at the knees.

MINNIE:

I won't look.

SEAGOON:

You fiend! I can't live with my trousers round my ankles.

CRUN:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

My legs might fall down. Oh, the embarrassment of this is beyond..

FX:

SOUND OF SOMETHING FALLING INTO BUCKET

CRUN:

Eleven-three, choppers fell out.

SEAGOON:

I'll never play the Palladium again.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(IN DEEP BACKGROUND, BARELY AUDIBLE) Don't say that, Captain. (SOUNDS LIKE) Top of my head.

MINNIE:

Never mind, here's Max Gilthorpe to play it for you.

SEAGOON:

Round the back for the old brandy, lads!

FX:

SOUND OF ALL RUNNING OFF STAGE

GELDRAY AND ORCHESTRA

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray, the well-known carpenter and joiner. By the way, listeners are not obliged to laugh at that as it was a personal matter twixt Geldray and the cast. Part three. All day long, Mister Crun experimented to discover what effect his green liquid had had on Neddie.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

(IN PAIN) You'll pay for this! Ahhhhh!

CRUN:

Well, it... it hasn't made him bullet-proof, Min.

MINNIE:

What a pity!

SEAGOON:

Where's my speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Calling folks. Send for the police, folks. I'll never last the show out like this, folks. Help!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

EIDELBURGER:

Ah, here, Crun. We will take over from you.

YAKAMOTO:

Yes. Leave Seagoon to us.

FX:

SCRATCHY WRITING, UNDER:

CRUN:

Oh, right. I, Henry Crun, leave Seagoon to Yakamoto and Eidel. Thank you.

EIDELBURGER:

Right, grab Seagoon and into the tank with him.

SEAGOON:

Aaagh!

FX:

SPLASH, PADDLING NOISES

YAKAMOTO:

Oh, boy! Oh! Look, Neddie Seagoon are not ah-sinking.

EIDELBURGER:

So, that's what ze green liquid was. Yakamoto, we have invented swimming.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Hup! Swimming? Snatching up the bottle of green liquid, I set off to achieve my lifelong ambition. Namely, running along with a bottle of green liquid.

FX:

SOUND OF FEET RUNNING, SPEEDING UP

GREENSLADE:

Er, Mister Seagoon, If I were you, I'd, um... I'd patent that idea.

SEAGOON:

You're right. So when the idea catches on, I can charge people royalties every time they run along with a bottle of green liquid.

FX:

SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES

SEAGOON:

(SOUNDS LIKE) I'm done! What a bit of luck! Here comes a horse-drawn Patent Office.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh! Ohhhhh, Jim. (SINGS) Oh, Jiiim. (NORMAL) Hello, sir. Step into the waiting room, Jim.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Gad! There in the corner of a foreign field, surrounded by flies was...

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh! (INTERSPERSED WITH RABBLE SOUNDS).

FX:

BUZZING FLIES

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Curse these flies! Dear, dear, dear. How *can* these naturalist magazines publish pictures like these? I... Look at this photo, here. 'A happy group climbing trees'. I don't know how they don't get scratched. Well... I shall be glad when my ten-year subscription runs out, I tell you. I must remember to have these copies bound in brown leather and labelled "A History of the English-speaking people".

SEAGOON:

(YAWNING SOUND) Pardon me.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, a man wearing clothes!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'm the only fully-clothed naturalist in the world.

BLOODNOK:

It must be hell in there!

SEAGOON:

May I sit down?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but keep downwind, I've got a touch of the old Bombay duck, you know.

SEAGOON:

How terribly painful for the animal.

BLOODNOK:

What is your name?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Neddie Seagoon? I... I... I didn't recognise you.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

I've never seen you before.

SEAGOON:

Ah, so that's why. Well, if you must know, I'm Miriam Potts' nephew.

BLOODNOK:

Miriam Potts. Ohhhh! Ohhh, ho-hooo! The darling of Darjeeling. Oh, how we used to dance together!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO CHORDS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) We waltzed the whole night through.

The curry and rice waltz with you.

It's really hot stuff.

It's better than the old duff.

And the English, Irish stew.

It's the ideal waltz for two.

Sailing along in the blue.

I say, 'Let's dance forever,

And don't answer "never"'.
(APPLAUSE)

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Hello. Thank you.

FX:

HANGS UP

SEAGOON:

Who was that?

BLOODNOK:

A recording company.

SEAGOON:

Really?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they wanted to know the time. I'm going to write and tell them, you know.

SEAGOON:

But by the time they get it it'll be too late.

BLOODNOK:

I shall give them *tomorrow's* time.

SEAGOON:

I see. Well. What is that long parcel you've got in your long brown bathing suit?

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's something that I have invented.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Regent's Park Canal.

SEAGOON:

What a stroke of luck! With that canal and this bottle of green liquid, I can swim across it without using a bridge.

BLOODNOK:

Impossible! How?

SEAGOON:

With swimming.

BLOODNOK:

But what *is* swimming?

SEAGOON:

Swimming enables a man to perform aquatic perambulations in water.

BLOODNOK:

Not in my canal, you don't.

SEAGOON:

Now... Look, Bloodnok, you've got this idea all wrong. Any revenues from it, I'll split in two and keep both.

BLOODNOK:

Well, one doesn't get an offer like that every day! Very well, at dawn tonight, you start training for the Great Regent's Park Swim.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, it went "bop, bop, bop, bop, baaa" (AS CHORDS HAD DONE)

GRYTPYPE:

No, before that. Wait, I'll play it back.

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRAMS:

Speeded up recording of the last few lines – but not word-for-word.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

Look, Bloodnok, any revenues from it, I'll split in two and keep both.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

Gad! One doesn't get an offer like that every day! Very well, at dawn tonight, you start training for the Great Regent's Park Swim.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

AMATEURISH PLONKING OF PIANO KEYS, NOTHING LIKE THAT DRAMATIC CHORDS.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh! The wonders of the modern leather gramophone!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, we've got to stop Seagoon swimming.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bazollikers! Aaagh. (AS MILLIGAN) What? I couldn't have written that! What? Sapristi... (AS MORIARTY) Sapristi bazolliker-dozer. Explain!

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I've just invented the word "Help" for people who are drowning.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

If Seagoon markets swimming, my word "Help" is worthless.

MORIARTY:

I tell you, Neddie will not swim the Regent's Park Canal. Let this sinister music be a warning to him.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Did you hear that, Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it went "Bom, bom, ba-la-looo".

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Calling folks. I'm about to start training for my perilous swim across Regent's Canal.
Hup...

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

And, so saying, he dove into a field containing Rage Ellington. Go on, Rage, play those early naughty Goon Show melodies.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"SWALLOW-TAIL COAT"/"I'M A'GOING COURTING"

GREENSLADE:

The Great Regent's Park Swim, part two. In preparation... ohhh!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

That got rid of him, folks! Hmm. Now, in preparation for the swim, I swam the English Channel, the Irish Channel, the Scottish Channel, the Jewish Channel, the Kensington Round Pond and the Kennington Square Pond. Finally, as my "piece-de-resistance", I swam Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But, one evening, as the good things of day began to droop and drowse, night's black agents to their preys did rouse.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, it was MacBeth.

GRYTPYPE:

Ignorant swine, it was Shakespeare!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop owwing, you fool! You'll have us both out of this tree.

MORIARTY:

But they can't turn us out of this tree, we've paid the rent in advance.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, stop waving that crow in my face.

MORIARTY:

That's not a... He's our landlord.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. It wasn't... it wasn't worth him blacking up for the part, was it? Now, try and locate Neddie.
Erm... Moriarty, hand me my telescope.

MORIARTY:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now the salt.

MORIARTY:

Yeah.

FX:

CRUNCHING SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

(SWALLOWS) Ah, *now* I can see him. Dashed strange, he's going into the zoo, through the tiger's entrance. Moriarty, put on this, er... put on this tiger skin.

MORIARTY:

Right.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

WILLIUM:

Now, Mister Seacroon, you want a vacant cage with a tiger bowl?

SEAGOON:

That is correct, mister zoo-keeper.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

And if anyone wants me, I'll be wearing this tiger disguise. You see, I don't want to take any chances before the big swim.

WILLIUM:

Yeah, well, er, we ain't got an empty cage but you can share this one with our Bengal tiger. He won't hurt yer so long as you keeps yer mouth a-shut, there.

SEAGOON:

Fair enough. Call me at six.

WILLIUM:

Right.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Hello, folks. Hello, folks. I'm speaking to you now from inside the tiger skin. From now on, I shall only speak in thinks bubbles so that the Bengal tiger will not attack me.

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Hullo? Hullo? Dat you, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: yes, it's me, Eccles.

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Then why don't you answer me?

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: because I only talk in thinks bubbles.

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Oh. Well, how can I see thinks bubbles when I'm inside this Bengal tiger?

SEAGOON:

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: well, open the window.

FX:

SOUND OF WINDOW OPENING

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, now I can see them.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: thanks. Well... Now you've opened the window, why don't you get out?

ECCLES:

What? The moment I climb out of this tiger, he'd attack me. I know when I'm well off!

SEAGOON:

When?

ECCLES:

When I got money.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh!

ECCLES:

Ha, ha!

ORCHESTRA:

'TA-DAAAA' END-OF-GAG CHORDS AND CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

Ha!

ECCLES:

Nothing, again. I'm not coming next week.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, at the main entrance we find a man leading a rather mangey, moth-eaten tiger.

GRYTPYPE:

Keep up the growling, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....! Owowowowow!

GATEKEEPER:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) I'm sorry, lads, we're closed.

GRYTPYPE:

Look here, my good man, it is imperative that I house my tiger here tonight. You see, It's his evening off and I want him to spend it among friends.

GATEKEEPER:

Well, we'll squeeze him into this tiger's cage, here.

GRYTPYPE:

In you go, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Keep growing.

FX:

METAL DOOR CLOSES, CLANK OF LOCK

MORIARTY:

Owww. Now to destroy Seagoon and that silly tiger skin.

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWING

MORIARTY:

Ah, it's no good you growling like that at me. I know you're a phony, Seagoon. Ah, ho, ho, hooooo!

GRAMS:

GROWLING SOUNDS

MORIARTY:

I got you in my power, I tell you. Ah, you can do very good imitation of a tiger and the growling but I know the truth. There's only me and you in this tiger cage. An imitation tiger, I tell you. Aha. I tell you, I'm... I'm... I...

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, listners are warned that the sound of this scene is un-suitable for children.

MORIARTY:

What? Aaagh! Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why is it unsuitable...?

GREENSLADE:

Because that animal you are attacking is not Neddie but a genuine Bengal tiger.

MORIARTY:

Aaagh! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(MORE SOUNDS OF AGONY)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty, you know that I charge a thousand pounds for using my invention, namely, the word "Help".

MORIARTY:

(SOUNDS OF AGONY, INTERSPERSED WITH GROWLS)

SEAGOON:

What a bit of luck, folks. Whilst the Begal tiger was fighting Moriarty, I nipped out of the cage and made my way to the banks of the Regent's Park Canal where I am now standing.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Neddie, what a heroic sight you are in your wicker-work bathing costume and leather life belt. Now, Neddie, are you ready to dive in?

SPRIGGS:

Just a moment, Jiiim. Just a minuuuuute. (UNDECYPHERABLE SINGING)

SEAGOON:

It's singing Jim Spriggs! Yodelling piano player by appointment to the Coal Board.

SPRIGGS:

Silence, Jim! You can't swim. (SINGS) You can't swiii-iiim. You can't swim in that canal todayyyyy!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Whaa-aaat? Wh-aaaaaat?

BLOODNOK:

Let *me* say that, will you?. (SINGS) What?

SPRIGGS:

Yes. You cannot swim today because I've invented this sign saying "No swimming on Mondays".

SEAGOON:

Curses, foiled by Monday!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, I shall save you, Captain! (APPLAUSE) Enter Bluebottle, with washboard and Mum's new skiffle-type drawers.

SEAGOON:

Blim, blam, blom! It's the well-known Finchley lad, heavily protected against the wind with newspaper stuffed in the cracks of his spectacles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have come to save you from Monday. Neddie, my Captain, my lovely little Captain. Raises in ecstasy onto tips of toes, bringing little knots into play on back of legs. Knots, knots, knots! In this, er, this Presley position, I will now skiffule. Sings. You're nothing but a hound dog. Woof! Woof! You're nothing but a hound dog. Woof! Woof! You're nothing but a...

FX:

(WHOOSH, SPLAT)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahh-hey! Who threw that mangle in my ear hole?

SEAGOON:

It was me, it belonged to my mother. Now, explain. How could you save me from not swimming on a Monday?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Monday has gone.

SEAGOON:

Why? How?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've just invented Tuesday.

SPRIGGS:

What?! Let me see that, Jim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

There it is.

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute, Jim. This is a square. Tuesday is oblong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't finished it yet.

FX:

(GRINDING SOUND)

BLUEBOTTLE:

There you are, a perfectly safe Tuesday.

SEAGOON:

Hoorah! Saved by a little lad of tender years and tough boots.

BLOODNOK:

Right, Neddie. Now, drink your green liquid and swim.

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, all of you! Bloodnok, drop that Regent's Park Canal.

FX:

IRON BAR DROPS

GRYTPYPE:

And I warn you, nobody shout "Help". That is a word I've just invented and will cost anybody five hundred pounds to use. Now, give me that green liquid. Right, Neddie, into the canal.

SEAGOON:

Ah! But I can't swim without the green liquid. I... Ahhhh!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You swine, you pushed me in! Help!

GRYTPYPE:

Out you come, Ned. To using the word "Help", five hundred pounds

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! But I...

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Help!

GRYTPYPE:

Out you come, Neddle. To using the word "Help", *another* five hundred Pounds.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you.

SEAGOON:

But look here, I...

FX:

SPLASH FLOUNDERING

SEAGOON:

You swine! You pushed me in. Help!

GRYTPYPE:

Out you come, Neddle. To using the word "Help", another five hundred pounds

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Wait! But I...

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Help!

(REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES, GETTING FASTER)

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Thank heavens that's only a recording, otherwise I might have drowned. I... urk!

FX:

SPLASH.

GRYTPYPE:

Now... Good heavens, what has happened to him?

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

GRYTPYPE:

Well said, Little Jim! Saved by a catchphrase!

LITTLE JIM:

Ta.

ORCHESTRA:

MARCHING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 Charles Chilton.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC PLAYOUT

S8 E05 - The Treasure in the Tower

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC home service.

OMNES:

THIS IS THE BBC HOME SERVICE.

GREENSLADE:

Are you mocking me?

OMNES:

ARE YOU MOCKING ME?

GREENSLADE:

You naughty bandsmen.

OMNES:

YOU NAUGHTY BANDSMEN.

SECOMBE:

Get on with the ol' chat, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

We quote from the Manchester Guardian, seven/ten/fifty-seven. "Excavations which began in May at the Tower of London have now been completed without the discovery of any buried treasure". This was announced by the Ministry of Works.

MILLIGAN:

Yes. That's where the old tax-payers money goes, there.

LORD HAILSHAM:

[SELLERS]

Those excavations were carried out to provide information about the war.

SECOMBE:

Yes, folks! Yes, folks! And also to supply a plot for the all-leather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MEDIEVIL INTRODUCTION - SEGUE INTO GUITAR. (TROUBADOUR STYLE ACCOMPANIMENT)

GREENSLADE:

The story starts in the year sixteen hundred.

SPRIGGS:

(WITH GUITAR) My master is away on American shores,
In Inca and Peru.

His sentry walks the battlements,
And the time is half past two.

GRAMS:

BELL STRIKES HALF PAST.

ECCLES:

Halt! Who goes there?

GRAMS:

BELL STRIKES SINGLE STROKE.

ECCLES:

Advance doooo-iiinnnnnnng and be recognised.

SEAGOON:

Lower your finger, sentry. 'Tis I - Sir Walter Raleigh.

ECCLES:

Sir Walter Raleigh! Got any fags?

SEAGOON:

Listen, thou good spearman Eccles.

ECCLES:

A-ha-hooo?

SEAGOON:

We're about to embark upon the plot.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

You see yon treasure chest I'm holding?

ECCLES:

Yep.

SEAGOON:

Get hold of the other end.

ECCLES:

Ok. (DISTANT) Huh oooooauh! This is heavy.

SEAGOON:

Now grab hold of this end.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Ok.

FX:

QUICK PATTERN OF SHOES APPROACHING

SEAGOON:

Right. Now you're got both ends.

ECCLES:

I... I've only got *this* end.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. (SHOUTS) Who's got the other end?

GRAMS:

RECORDING - SLIGHTLY ECHOY

ECCLES:

It's me!

ECCLES:

Oh, it *is* me. I'm holding both ends.

SEAGOON:

There you are, folks. Let's see 'em do that on television!

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Arghhh, ammarrgh, marrrrhn'in, Cap'n.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's Peter Sellers in his Bernard Miles set.

CORNISHMAN:

Morn'n', Sir Walter. I got a boat standing by with the oars ticking over. Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Right. Then here is the plin of the plon. This chest contains certain treasure which I intend to smuggle home and bury in the Tower of London.

CORNISHMAN:

Right, sir. I'll just get my book of hairy sea-phrases out, sir. (SHOUTS) All hairy hands aloft the hairys!

OMNES:

Aye, aye!

CORNISHMAN:

Sever the braces and lower the Jayne Mansfield.

OMNES:

Aye, aye!

CORNISHMAN:

Furl the sponicken and clubber the neeve!

GRAMS & OMNES:

Aye, aye!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL LINK

GREENSLADE:

That was in sixteen hundred. I say, it was jolly noisy, wasn't it? However, our story continues in 1957 at a meeting of the Ministry of Works.

FX:

DISTANT BELL BEHIND, HAND RUNG.

MINISTER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I tell you all. Now, there's been a great... oh, the power. For the powght, or England forever the three ahh, buckets of whitewash.

MINISTER 2:

[SECOMBE]

I say. Hailsham's in form, today.

LORD HAILSHAM:

[SELLERS]

Ah, it's speeches like this that will save the party.

MINISTER 1:

Oowwwgh, the drains at Hackney. Ooorwwgh the pong at Battersea.

BACKBENCHER:

[SELLERS]

Hear, hear.

OMNES:

DESULTORY APPLAUSE, SCATTERED 'BRAVOS' & 'WELL DONES' FROM THE BACKBENCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, I must read Hansard tomorrow.

MORIARTY:

Why, has he written another book?

LORD SEAGOON:

Quiet, please, at the back!

MILLIGAN:

At back?

LORD SEAGOON:

And short at the sides.

MILLIGAN:

You'll get a punch up the conk.

LORD SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I have discovered that British new-laid eggs are being stamped with a lion. It's a fraud!

GRYTPYPE:

Why, sir?

LORD SEAGOON:

They're not lion's eggs. Now, gentlemen. Could we close the doors, please?

FX:

VARIOUS DOORS CLOSING SMARTLY.

LORD SEAGOON:

Right. Now we're all outside we can speak freely. About these excavations we're carrying out in the Tower.

LORD CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

You find any treasure then?

LORD SEAGOON:

What?! You know very well we're only digging down to see if the walls of the tower are safe. I'm afraid the result was a failure.

MINISTER 3:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Urgh! A failure? Why?

LORD SEAGOON:

(CRYING) We didn't find any buried treasure.

MINISTER 3:

You... you couldn't have... you couldn't have been... you couldn't have been digging... you couldn't have been digging in... you couldn't have been digging in the... you couldn't have been digging in the... in the right place!

MILLIGAN:

I just made that up!

LORD SEAGOON:

It was the right place, alright. But the treasure wasn't there.

LORD CYRIL:

The treasure's buried in the wrong place?

LORD SEAGOON:

Precisely.

LORD CYRIL:

Then why don't we dig there?

LORD SEAGOON:

Come. It would be folly to dig for it in the wrong place.

MINISTER 4:

[MILLIGAN]

What? What? What? What... what we must do is to find the right wrong place. What we've been digging in is the wrong right place.

LORD SEAGOON:

I second that. Now, I suggest that we consult a treasure expert.

FX:

PAIR OF EXPENSIVE BROGUES RUNNING UP AT SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie.

LORD SEAGOON:

The speaker was a tall pale man clad in livery.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And this tall livery man clad in a pail is Count Jim 'I-must-get- those-hinges-on-my-socks-oiled' Moriarty, world bankruptcy champion for the year ending 1957. I am Grytpype Thynne, treasure expert.

LORD SEAGOON:

Make me a tender for recovering the treasure.

GRYTPYPE:

The recovery, my dear boy, is free. It's the digging that comes out a little expensive.

LORD SEAGOON:

How much?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, each shovelful of earth excavated will be posted to you and you will remit by return post one guinea.

LORD SEAGOON:

I accept. When do you start excavating?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

FX:

SHOVEL IN LOOSE GRAVEL.

LORD SEAGOON:

Ha! Please! Hahahaha! It's no good digging here. The treasure's at the Tower of London.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, but we're approaching it from underneath, you see. That way we avoid the traffic at Oxford Circus.

LORD SEAGOON:

So that's how you do it. Hand me that shovel, I want to get home early tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Where do you live?

LORD SEAGOON:

In a hole in the ground.

GRYTPYPE:

An ideal position for hearing Max Geldray and his old Dutch conk. Moriarty, a quick 'ow'.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Tower, part two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Let us go back to that fateful night aboard the ship in the year sixteen hundred.

GRAMS:

OCEAN UNDER KEEL. WIND THROUGH RIGGING.

SEAGOON:

Right. Gather round, shipmates!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING UP. THEY STOP SUDDENLY.

SEAGOON:

'Twas a dark and stormy night, and the Captain said to one of his men, "Tell us a story". And the following story I told. Now...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, VERY FAINTLY) And with their [UNCLEAR] they clashed together.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Now... You see this map of the tower?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Listen, ya nit, this is radio. You don't have to see a real map.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Oh. Ohh, then I see it, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Where? Where? Oh! Yes, of course. Now. When we arrive there, we're going to bury the treasure there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

And then we'll screedon scranson scree... (SELF-FADE)

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in 1957, dawn is striking midnight over the Tower of London. The guard commander discharges his duties.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ooooooh! Aooooough! Aooooough! Ohhh!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Wowww!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Not so loud, please.

ECCLES:

You...

BLOODNOK:

You... you want to wake the sentries up? They've had a hard day posing for tourists, you know. Now, another portion of raven pie. Yes, tower speciality de la Tower... the Tower de Londre.Oooah! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Now, I usually have a knock on the door about here.

FX:

SHARP RAT-A-TAT ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

There it is. Dead on time, the old twelve twenty-three. I wonder who the driver is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GUARDSMAN:

[SECOMBE]

It's me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it's guardsman Tom Urals. I say - wait a moment! Who else is in your battledress with you?

SPRIGGS:

It's me, Jim. Meeeee, Jiiiiim!

BLOODNOK:

Rattle me crudlers!

SPRIGGS:

(INDIAN WAR WHOOP).

BLOODNOK:

It's rifleman Spriggs. Let go, sir.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Two men sharing one uniform. Sharing one un-i-fooooormmm!

BLOODNOK:

Look here, this merging of regiments is going too far, I tell you.

GUARDSMAN:

No, Major, it's just that his uniform's at the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

What!?

GUARDSMAN:

At the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

You know you're not allowed to sub-let your battledress.

GUARDSMAN:

But he's only occupying the basement.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it must be hell down there. Wait a moment. I believe I can hear footsteps in your boots.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, man. That's me!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, it's Ghana Tom. That means... that means there's three men in one battledress.

ELLINGTON:

No. Me never wear uniform.

BLOODNOK:

And why not?

ELLINGTON:

Me in the Third Heavy Nudists!

BLOODNOK:

The Third Heavy Nudists?! Me old regiment! Oh, what a cap badge they had!

SINGHIZ-THING:

Aoh, Major! Major, Major, Major, Mor... Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

It's Havildar Singhiz-Thing.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Major, sir. I hear strange noises coming from underneath the crown jewels-type room.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaooooogh! Hand me my loaded jeweller's glass.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Now, take this photo of me holding a gun, and go and challenge them.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

DIGGING IN RUBBISH. MIX IN OCCASIONAL BRICKS FALLING.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, according to Seagoon's instructions on this shovel, the treasure's right above us, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Aaaawww. Just a few more strokes of this. Ha ha-awwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

BRICKS AND DEBRIS FALLING IN. END WITH ENORMOUS CRASH.

GRYTPYPE:

I can see daylight! You're through, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

You mean... I'm fired?

GRYTPYPE:

You fool. Strike a light.

FX:

SINGLE GONG STROKE.

GRYTPYPE:

That's a loud torch.

MORIARTY:

It belonged to Arthur J. Rank. Listen, Grytpype... Look! Look! Ooh, treasure! Crowns, sceptres and orbs! And other things that people can't see on radio.

GRYTPYPE:

No wonder they couldn't find the treasure, the fools dug *down* for it. This treasure was buried *above* ground level.

GUARDSMAN:

Hands up! What are you two doing in the royal crown jewels cage?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, put this crown on, quick.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GUARDSMAN:

Who are you, I say!

MORIARTY:

I am the King of England!

GUARDSMAN:

Ooh! I'll go and put the kettle on.

MORIARTY:

Arrrgh! He's gone, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, your Majesty. Put the treasure in the sack, now.

MORIARTY:

Wait till the Minister of Works sees *this*!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, back in sixteen hundred, the good ship Venus approaches.

GRAMS:

WATER RIPPLING THROUGH SHALLOWS.

SEAGOON:

Great spollicons! Look yon, silhouetted against the darkness! I see the Tower of London.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in 1957.

BLOODNOK:

Gad! Silhouetted against the darkness, a wooden galleon sailing into the pool of London. Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHOT.

GREENSLADE:

Back in sixteen hundred.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Gad-zooks! Someone's firing at us from yon tower.

CORNISHMAN:

We'd better get the treasure ashore in the hairy longboat sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrgh, nawww, blast, I say! Blast, ahrgnnn! We left the treasure chest back in hairy America.

SEAGOON:

America!

CORNISHMAN:

Hairy!

SEAGOON:

Hairy Eccles!

ECCLES:

Hairy Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Nip back for it.

ECCLES:

Right.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN SPLASH. FURIOUS PADDLING. SLIGHT PAUSE

SEAGOON:

What's keeping him?

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in 1957, two figures with crown jewels creep along, which makes the people in sixteen hundred say...

SEAGOON:

Gad-zooks, what strangely clad mortals.

GRYTPYPE:

Shh. Not so loud, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(HICCUPPING) Arww... arawww! Hic, arww... hic... arwwagh!

GRYTPYPE:

Dowse those owwwws, Moriarty. People'll see them. Hurry, here's the Ray Ellington spon.

MORIARTY:

I've got a spon.

FX:

MYSTERIOUS GONG STROKE.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Tower, part three. 1957.

LORD SEAGOON:

Ah, gentlemen. Come in.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh awww-aww-aww! Good news, Mister Minister. We've found the buried treasure in the tower. Look!

FX:

VARIOUS BITS OF OLD METAL BITS FALLING ONTO HARD SURFACE. EXTENDED.

GRYTPYPE:

There. A sackful of valuable sound effects.

FX:

ONE LAST CLUNK.

LORD SEAGOON:

Gad, if it weren't for the fact that they weren't the crown jewels, I'd swear they were the crown jewels.

GRYTPYPE:

Little does he know that they are, folks. But we're not going to be lumbered with them.

LORD SEAGOON:

There, gentlemen, your fee. Ten thousand pounds in sterling.

MORIARTY:

Aheeeeugh!

GRYTPYPE:

Ta, ta, Neddle! Come, come. Goodbye, Neddle. A sailor's farewell.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Officer, arrest that man for stealing the crown jewels.

LORD SEAGOON:

What? That sailor's lying. You can't arrest me. I'm the minister of... something-or-other. I...

GREENSLADE:

In summing up, the judge said:

JUDGE:

[SELLERS]

It's quite clear you... didn't know these were the crown jewels. Not guilty. On the second charge, ten years' hard labour.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Second charge?

JUDGE:

Yes. Being a minister of the government and accepting money for it. To wit, robbery. Ten years!

GRAMS:

METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent! Let me out!

GREENSLADE:

Ten years later.

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR CLANKS OPEN.

SEAGOON:

(ANCIENT) Ahhhhrgh! Free at last.

JUDGE:

Who said it was ten years later?

GREENSLADE:

I did, sir.

JUDGE:

Ten years hard!

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

GREENSLADE:

No! Wait! Let me out! I was only saying what was in the script. It's nothing to do with me.

COCKNEY WORKMAN:

I'll help you, mate. Ten years later!

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR CLANKS OPEN.

GREENSLADE:

Free at last.

JUDGE:

Who said 'ten years later?'

COCKNEY WORKMAN:

You just did.

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

JUDGE:

Let me out, I'm a judge! Help!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, well! Thank heavens the crown jewels are back in the tower. That means I won't have to redeem the real ones I pawned.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Hoi! Ho ouwgh ouwgh ouwgh!

BLOODNOK:

Great spladdocks of crab! Look in the ocean, it's an idiot in a Tudor swimming costume and dragging a treasure chest.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Verily, givest thou me aid! Grab my hand and take my chest.

BLOODNOK:

You're a funny shape, aren't you?

GRAMS:

SPLASHING.

ECCLES:

(AT MIC) Oh. Gadzooks upon a face the cordoy. Ta! Stop!

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

Ohh hoooh! Ooh, ho ho ho hoooh, I spon! Thou art strangely dressed, thou art. Thou art... thou art... thou art strangely dressed!

BLOODNOK:

Obviously an idiot. Strange occurrence. I'll make a note of this in my military diary. (SINGS - TO THE TUNE OF 'OLD COMRADE'S MARCH) Dlump, dlump, dlump, dlaa da da da dlump...October 1957 -

ECCLES:

What, er... what year was that?

BLOODNOK:

1957, October.

ECCLES:

Nineteen fifty...

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

1957?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

I've swum too far.

BLOODNOK:

Well, where are *you* from, then?

ECCLES:

Sixteen hundred.

BLOODNOK:

Er... what?

ECCLES:

I'd better be getting back. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH IN WATER.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I don't know who you were, sir, or where you came from but you did me a power of good.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT)...

BLOODNOK:

Good for you, lad. Come again. Part three, the Ministry of Works excavations in the boiler room off Mint Street. That was rather quick, wasn't it? For which I shall put on my Crun kit.

LORD SEAGOON:

But Mr. Crun, what makes you think the treasure is buried in the boiler room?

CRUN:

It's warmer down there.

LORD SEAGOON:

Splendid reason.

CRUN:

Now, first we must find the exact spot where the treasure is buried.

LORD SEAGOON:

Splendid idea. You'll get a copy of the birthday honours for this.

CRUN:

Miss Bannister.

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Miss Bannister here is a qualified treasure diviner with honours in steam and banjo.

MINNIE:

Plunk, plunk, plunk!

LORD SEAGOON:

Good heavens! To look at her you'd never have thought she'd ridden a horse in her life.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll get ready for my hairy divining. I'll just put on these cardboard bicycle clips. Now...

CRUN:

Min.

MINNIE:

I'm... I'm ready, buddy.

CRUN:

Come on, then.

MINNIE:

Get on that rhythm organ.

CRUN:

(DISTANT) Right!

MINNIE:

One! Two! (SINGS OVER)

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) REGINALD DIXON ON THE BLACKPOOL ORGAN. FADE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, what a great year 1957 was for England. Meantime, back in 1600, aboard the hairy longboat.

GRAMS:

OARS SPLASHING IN WATER. REGINALD DIXON RECORDING CONTINUES IN DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Gadzooks. Lay to your oars, men. Listen! I hear sounds of pipe organ.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrgh. Must be someone diggin' for treasure, sir. Someone must have got the wind of it, sir.

SEAGOON:

They couldn't have. I had it de-odourised.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrr, right.

SEAGOON:

But hold hard! Hist! Shh! Hoo! Hold! Someone approaches.

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING CLOSER.

SEAGOON:

Zoons! It is a heap of upright clothing with a hat on top.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You insult the uniform and legs of Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Spillikins! A voice comes from within the trousers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is me, the beefeater of England. See! Holds out dirty big lump of meat. Also choice of two veg.

SEAGOON:

Prithee, thou speakest in fine conundrums.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Come, help us with this chest.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooo, you got trouble with your chest? My mum rubs mine with hot agony oil. Rub, rub, rub, rub, ruh-hububy rub, she goes. Wait a minute... wait a minute, you rhythm man. Don't move. Who are... who... who are you?

SEAGOON:

Fain, let us pass. I am Sir Walter Raleigh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooo! Is this a television for schools then? Where's the cameras? I can do my idiot waving to my friends in school. Hello dere, Harold Pratt. Hello, Mary Quills. Peter Cadbury and Vera Millington. It's Bluebottle, here! Tell the teacher I will be in tomorrow. I'm just standing...

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH IN WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

He has... fallen in the... wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten Sir Walter Raleigh, you.

LITTLE JIM:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall never eat potatoes again. Thinks: I'm drowning. So that's why I'll never eat potatoes again.

SEAGOON:

Spillikins of plud. Eccles, pull him out. I'll take ye treasure and bury it in yon boiler room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DISTANT) Eccles, save me.

ECCLES:

Where... where... (CLEARS THROAT) Where are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

In the water in 1957.

ECCLES:

Ooh! I can't help you, den.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why not?

ECCLES:

I'm in 1600.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You can't be in there in that 1600 there. I can see you quite clearly.

ECCLES:

Ah! But in 1957 you got all dem good National Health spectacles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you can borrow mine and leave a message no one touches them and then you can pull me out.

ECCLES:

I don't know what he means, but I can't do that. I'm not... really... I'm really... I'm... I'm really not here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you mean by that, my good man?

ECCLES:

I'll tell you, my good man. If... if... what... This is 1957. You said this is 1957? Say yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, if this is 1957, I'm dead.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then why are you standing up?

ECCLES:

Um. Well, I'm not, then. Ohh! I'll tell you why I'm standing up. 'Cause I'm in sixteen hundred and you're... you're not born yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, wait till I tell my mum that, my dad won't half cop it.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, a few yards away in 1957.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) REG DIXON BLACKPOOL ORGAN.

MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM SINGING OVER) Ok, stop, stop. Stop, Henry. Oh, it's no good.

CRUN:

What's the matter, Min? I was just getting in the treasure divining groove.

MINNIE:

There's no treasure in the tower, buddy. I've dug down thirty feet and burst a water main.

CRUN:

I'd better bandage it with iodine.

MINNIE:

Oh, I...

LORD SEAGOON:

You impostors! So you're not treasure diviners after all, you're water diviners! Where's my speaking trumpet? (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling folks.

MINNIE:

He's calling folks.

LORD SEAGOON:

Hello, folks.

CRUN:

Calling folks.

MINNIE:

He's calling folks.

LORD SEAGOON:

Give over. This is... Hello, folks. This is a sad day for the Ministry of Works, folks

MINNIE:

(OFF) It always has been.

LORD SEAGOON:

All... All we've got for our troubles, folks, is a thirty foot hole, folks. Farewell, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Gadzooks! He has gone.

CORNISHMAN:

Aaarrgh, 'ello, folks. Then... we can bury the treasure in the 'ole, 'ere. Ha-haa!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS SIZED SHOVELS DIGGING IN RUBBISH. CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

And that, folks, is why in 1957 they didn't find the treasure that was buried in sixteen hundred. It's all in the mind, you know.

ECCLES:

Yuh.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT – THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD

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 programme produced by Charles Cilton.

S8 E06 - The Space Age

Transcribed on Goon Show Depository Transcription Forum. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

What beautiful words, Wal. Why didn't we set it to music?

GREENSLADE:

It would be a jolly good idea.

SEAGOON:

Of course! Just stand under this tree and listen.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm.

FX:

CYMBAL CLASH

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY 12/8 INTRODUCTION

GREENSLADE:

Just a minute.

SEAGOON:

Whoah.

ORCHESTRA:

STOPS.

GREENSLADE:

Just a minute, please.

SEAGOON:

What?

GREENSLADE:

Just a minute, Mister Secombe.

SEAGOON:

What? What?

GREENSLADE:

That music was written by Edward Elgar, Sir.

SEAGOON:

Edward Elgar? 'E got in quick, didn't 'e? You'd better watch these composers, same thing happened before. I wrote Handel's Largo and when I got it to the publishers, he'd already written it. You know what he called it? Handel's Largo, same as me.

GREENSLADE:

Is your name Handel's Largo?

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? You'll get a belt on that big shiny ear'ole of yours.

SELLERS:

Never mind, there, Hershel, never mind.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, it's Peter Sellers, who has just broken his own record of keeping a car for more than a month.

SELLERS:

Well, you may laugh, Hershel. The trouble is, nobody's yet invented a Hi-Fi car, that takes films in colour with a built-in tape recorder. But the day will come, markee. (DOES CAR IMPRESSIONS).

SEAGOON:

Stop those car impressions.

SELLERS:

I can't. This is a chauffeur-driven impression. Stop here, Jim. (IMPRESSION OF CAR STOPPING)

SEAGOON:

How can you afford such expensive impressions?

SELLERS:

Because I do a brilliant impression of a large bank account.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! You're just the type to do the impressions in our most recent leather Goon Show, entitled The Space Age!

ORCHESTRA:

SPACEY MUSIC

FX:

BRING IN MORSE CODE OVER MUSIC, MUSIC FADES

HERN ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(OVER MORSE) When news of the new Russian satellite was released on the Sunday, the high-ranking British astronomers were unfortunately away for the weekend. However, the moment they were informed of the phenomena, they immediately continued their weekend holiday.

GREENSLADE:

But in Hailsham, a small English village just across the Channel from France, an Englishman staunch and true was at work.

SEAGOON:

Ah, that's my cue, thank you, Wal. (CLEARS THROAT) Now where's my tin speaking trumpet? (THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks, hello, folks! Calling folks! This is Gunner Neddie Seagoon, speaking to you from the hayloft of the barn at Poole Farm. I am carrying out a vital scientific experiment, folks. I am discovering how long a World War One army deserter can survive in a hayloft on horse fodder, raw carrots, grass, cardboard, string, rope, old actors...

FX:

KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

What? Who's that? (LOUDER) Halt, who goes there! Shoot and I'll fire!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good morning, ragged military gentleman.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's the military police!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

It's all a mistake, I tell you. I... I didn't know the 56th heavy regiment was sailing for North Africa. I... I overslept, that's all. I... I'm not afraid of the Germans! (SHOUTS) Come out and fight! Down with the Kaiser! (NORMAL) There, you see, I'm a patriot (SINGS) Rule Britannia, There'll always be an England. Hrmm.

GRYTPYPE:

They all say that, you know.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

There, there, Neddie, little Neddie. We are bearers of grand tidings.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah! Of course, the King's pardon.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHING) Oh, well, not quite, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

You're still on the books as being a World War One deserter. But have no fear, laddie.

SEAGOON:

Well, how's the war going? Have we captured Berlin yet?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, the war, Berlin, yes. Yes, it fell to us but we lost it again.

SEAGOON:

To whom?

GRYTPYPE:

A man called Adenauer, I think it was, I...

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. 1957 and Walled War One still on. (ACCIDENTALLY MISPRONOUNCES WORLD)

MORIARTY:

(AD-LIBS) Will War Whim still on?

SEAGOON:

World War One... You try and say it, I'll...

SEAGOON AND MORIARTY:

(MISPRONOUNCE WORLD WAR ONE IN A VARIETY OF WAYS)

MORIARTY:

Why don't we settle for World War One. Yes, at this very moment the Germans are attacking the Bank of England.

SEAGOON:

Strange. I haven't heard any gunfire.

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPERS) Moriarty, quick, your World War One impressions.

MORIARTY:

Right. Bang, bang! Ratatata! Boom! Bang! Pow! (CONTINUES UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

We would like to assure nervous listeners that the shellfire they hear is *not* genuine. It's being done orally by an unscrupulous military policeman who takes protection money from deserters like Neddie, who are not aware that the war is over. And if you'll pardon me, I'll slip away before they notice my Boer War helmet!

MORIARTY:

Bang bang boom, ratatata bang, boom. BANG!

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! That last one was close.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Look, lads. I've had enough of this. I've been paying you for thirty-eight years to keep my secret. I've only got three shillings left.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Oww!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I... I see. Just one moment.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(FAST INCOMPREHENSIBLE DISCUSSION. THE WORDS CHARLIE AND MONEY CAN BE HEARD)

(LONG PAUSE)

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes! Um, Neddie. Um, we've got a little invention here we call "The Deserter's Friend"!

SEAGOON:

What is it?! A woman?!

GRYTPYPE:

No, Neddie. With this gadget you can hide in space.

SEAGOON:

Space? But I'm taking up too much already.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) You can say that again.

GRYTPYPE:

Lad, we have perfected a method of getting a man off the ground under his own power. He needs no other means of propulsion.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (TURNS INTO CHICKEN NOISES) Has it been successful?

GRYTPYPE:

Successful? Do you hear that, Count? (BOTH LAUGH) Why, even last night, the dear Count, here, went up on the heath and, unaided, elevated himself into space to the height of twenty feet.

SEAGOON:

Gad! What's this invention called?

GRYTPYPE:

A ladder. Of course I may think of a better name for it later but, er, for the moment...

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. Ladder's a good name for it. I must tell folks. Just a minute, my trumpet. (THROUGH TRUMPET) Calling, folks! Hello, folks! With this invention, folks, I can go on being a deserter forever! The military police will never find me up there, folks! (NORMAL) How much?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, to anyone else, Neddie, ten shillings. But to you, 38 pounds.

SEAGOON:

Aha! Ah, I couldn't take advantage. I'll pay what everyone else does. Ten shillings. How would you like it?

GRYTPYPE:

In thirty-eight one-pound notes.

SEAGOON:

Right. See, I've got forty pounds here. I'll peel 'em off. Forty, thirty-nine, thirty-eight. There. Thirty-eight pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Ned. Now, pick a card, don't let me see it, what is it?

SEAGOON:

The forty-three of diamonds.

GRYTPYPE:

You lose, pay pontoons only. Twenty-eight pounds, Neddie.

FX:

TILL.

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you.

MORIARTY:

And now, Neddie. Here, Neddie, are full scale plans of a ladder.

SEAGOON:

These plans are made of paper!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Ned. If chased by military police, place plans against a wall, climb up and then fold the plans up after you.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! But I'd better not take any chances.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course

SEAGOON:

I... I think I'll make a wooden one.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. And here to cover the sound of your carpentry is Max Geldray to play his old Dutch muffled teeth!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray who played "Standing inside a pair of Trousers". You will remember that Neddie has built himself a ladder. Part Two, we find him hiding at the top.

GRAMS:

GENERAL TRAFFIC NOISES, CONTINUES UNDER

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks, Calling folks. I'm in a deserter's paradise, folks, balanced on top of a secret twenty-foot ladder in the middle of Piccadilly circus.

GREENSLADE:

And damned silly you look, too, Mister Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Shh! Quiet, Wal. Do you want people to see me?

GREENSLADE:

It matters not if they do. The crux being that World War One from which you hide was terminated in 1918.

SEAGOON:

Ohh! Ohhh! Oohhh!

MILLIGAN:

Has 'e done?

SEAGOON:

Thirty-eight years I've been a coward for nothing! Wait! That means they owe me thirty-eight years coward deserter's back pay! I'd better get down to Whitehall.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhh! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, that Chinese ginger, there ought to be a law against it, you know. Ahhh. Well, it's time the delightful Madame La Tool was here. Get me handkerchief and me electric tango boots on. Now, turn the gas stove down low. Must have a romantic atmosphere, you know. Singhiz, play a military tango on the phonograph.

GRAMS:

RECORD HISSING THEN SLOW MELLOW TANGO. SPEEDING UP TOWARDS END.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS 'AEOUGH' WITH THE RECORD) Oh! Those tuneful twenties.

FX:

KNOCKING.

BLOODNOK:

That's her now. I'll just put the light out.

FX:

GUNSHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Owww! Got it right in the filaments! Now...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, Millie. Ahh Millie. To me arms, darling, and let us waltz.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD-FASHIONED WALTZ MUSIC.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Let's waltz the whole night through.
The Darjeeling one-step with you.
It's cooler than Poona,
And I'd rather sooner,
Do it in Darjeeling with you.

Out in the old bazaar,
I'll give a loud Huzzah!
Let's live our moment,
In Bombay cantonement.
The Darjeeling one-step with you, with you,
The Darjeeling one-step with you!

(NORMAL) I kiss your hand, Madame. (HAND-KISSING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

And that's as far as it goes.

BLOODNOK:

What!?

SEAGOON:

I'm promised to another.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I don't know who you are, sir, or where you come from, but you've done me a power of good,
I'll tell you.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm... Gunner Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

What are you doing on top of that ladder, sir? World War One is over.

SEAGOON:

I know, I'm practising for the next one.

BLOODNOK:

But how can you, they haven't written the music for it yet.

SEAGOON:

Of course they have, sir, it goes like this!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

What's it called?

SEAGOON:

World War Two.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment, I... where's me old photographs, wait a minute. Aren't you Gunner Ned Seagoon of The Deserters Barn, Hailsham?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you doing deserting your own coward's post?

SEAGOON:

We thought the Kaiser surrendered.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, sir. Singhiz? Do some impressions.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Bang, bang, bang, ratatat, bang, boom!

BLOODNOK:

There. You heard that with your own ears. German World War One rifle fire, interpreted into English by Havalдар Singhiz-Things.

SEAGOON:

I'd better get back on duty as a coward, then.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MESSENGER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhhhhhh... Ah, Major, ahh..... The Russians have forced a satellite into the ionosphere.

BLOODNOK:

The filthy swines! And me with only one change of underwear.

GREENSLADE:

May I explain, Major?

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

I said, may I explain, Major?

BLOODNOK:

Well... well, get on with it, then. What?

GREENSLADE:

Well, this is a satellite moon circling the Earth.

BLOODNOK:

The Russians have done that?

MESSENGER:

Aah, yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are the Americans doing?

MESSENGER:

Their nut.

BLOODNOK:

Then the great Space Race has begun. Men, on your marks, get set!

FX:

STARTING PISTOL. BOOTS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

And so England joined in the attempt to conquer space. The question was, how could we get ahead of Russia? Soon, the great all-leather laboratory at Neasden was working full-blast on a project.

FX:

VARIOUS CLANGS, PLENTY OF TIME BETWEEN THEM. CONTINUES UNDER:

CRUN:

Now, Min, Min. Get this... get this rocket strapped up your back. And stand in the fireplace.

MINNIE:

All right, Henry.

CRUN:

And remember, modern Min, keep your elbows well in till you're clear of the chimney.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. What about the heat from the rocket, Henry.

CRUN:

Well, hold the lid of this biscuit tin behind you... to protect your nether limbs. Now, modern Min...

MINNIE:

Bowwww!

CRUN:

Owww!

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

When you're well clear of the Earth, get extra *power* by strapping on these leather duck wings.

MINNIE:

(MILLIGAN BARELY HOLDS A LAUGH) How do I operate them, Henry?

CRUN:

Don't worry, modern Min. As soon as you're up, this instruction manual on leather wings will be rocketed up to you.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Now let us check your outer space nourishments pack.

MINNIE:

All right, Henry. Let me see, one all-leather bag.

CRUN:

Ahh, two and thruppence.

MINNIE:

Packet of Indian teeeea! Net weight quarter pouuund.

CRUN:

Eight pence, farthing.

MINNIE:

And a small brown loaf. Now, what are... what are the old...

CRUN:

Now your medical survival kit.

MINNIE:

Oh, the survival, yes.

CRUN:

One...

MINNIE:

Phishtooo!

CRUN:

One outer space lemon and horsehair poultice.

MINNIE:

Booow!

CRUN:

One stratosphere packet of ling senapods.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

And Alistair's horse oils.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

CRUN:

One bottle of Indian brandy!

MINNIE:

Nyoooooooo!

CRUN:

Now, Min. Think yourself lucky to have modern science at your disposal!

MINNIE:

Oh, are you... you going to dispose of me, then?

CRUN:

Not...

FX:

KNOCKING

MINNIE:

Oh, we'll all be murdered in our beds!

CRUN:

Wait a... minute (CALLS) Coming, coming! Min, don't go up till I come.

MINNIE:

(IDIOT NOISES UNDER CRUN ABOVE)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Oh, hide me, sir! The military police are after me!

CRUN:

I can't think what they see in you, sir. Where are you?

SEAGOON:

On top of this ladder.

CRUN:

Oh, you're in the airforce, then! Come in.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

CRUN:

Now, sir, you are just in time to see Britain's...

FX:

MATCH STRIKING

CRUN:

...first woman into space!

GRAMS:

ROCKET TAKING OFF.

MINNIE:

(OVER ROCKET) Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! She's gone up the chimney!

CRUN:

Yes! Now to pick up her signals on this wireless set.

FX:

RADIO-TYPE NOISES, CONTINUES UNDER

CRUN:

Calling Min, calling modern Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS 'CRAZY MODERN RHYTHM MUSIC')

CRUN:

Ah-hah! England now has a successful Min Bannister circling the Earth! Min, can you give us your exact position?

MINNIE:

I'm stuck half-way up the chimney!

CRUN:

Ohh, Min! This has put England years behind. We must defeat the chimney barrier.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry. I have an invention here which can get her well clear of the chimney.

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

And into space!

CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

Yes! It's called a twenty-foot ladder, because of its length.

CRUN:

Quick! Stick it up the chimney, then. Get... up!

BOTH:

(STRAINS)

CRUN:

Now up you go. Can you reach her?

SEAGOON:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Not quite. The ladder's not long enough.

CRUN:

(CALLS) Well, don't worry. (SOTTO) Just put this giant handy interballistic rocket to the bottom of the ladder, light the fuse, so...

FX:

MATCH STRIKING

GRAMS:

ROCKET BLASTING OFF

(SHORT PAUSE) (CRY FROM NEDDIE)

MINNIE:

Ohh, ohhhh!

CRUN:

What's the matter, Min?

MINNIE:

A man just went past me on a ladder!

CRUN:

Min, this is a great day for army deserters.

MINNIE:

Why?

CRUN:

The first one has just been launched into space! Let's send up Ray Ellington! Come along... come on...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

ORCHESTRA:

RETURN-TO-STORY CHORDS., FOLLOWED BY END OF A PIECE OF MUSIC.

OMNES:

CLAPPING, SHOUTS OF APPROVALS FROM KEEN NCOs

GREENSLADE:

The scene is the opera house, Aldershot.

OMNES:

Good luck, there.

GREENSLADE:

A critical first-night audience are judging the military police solo ballet contest.

MILITARY MC:

[SECOMBE]

Thank yew. Thank yew. And now for a hencore, Lance-Corporal Ninger will dance the solo Pas de Deux from the Constable Ballet Coppelia.

MESSENGER:

[SELLERS]

(RUNNING ON) Sir, sir, stop the concert! Stop the concert, I say!

OMNES:

CRIES OF DISAPPROVAL

MILITARY IDIOT:

[SELLERS] Please. This is a... this is a great day for the military police. As you know, men, since the last war, thirty-three million, that is one third of the male population of England, have been deserters. Well, we have found one of them!

GRAMS:

MASSIVE CHEERING

ANOTHER MILITARY IDIOT:

[MILLIGAN]

Well, where's, er... where's this deserter, then, there? Where's the old deserter, now?

MILITARY IDIOT:

Well, I'll tell you, there.

ANOTHER MILITARY IDIOT:

Good idea.

MILITARY IDIOT:

We got 'im trapped. He's circling the Earth 500 mile up. So, step forward the tallest man in the regiment, there.

FX:

BOOTS, STEPPING TWO STEPS FORWARD.

MILITARY IDIOT:

Brave man. What's your name?

ECCLES:

Lance-Corporal Ecc... Lance-Corporal Eccles.

MILITARY IDIOT:

You're not the tallest man in the regiment.

ECCLES:

Well, the feller that pushed me forward seem to think so.

MILITARY IDIOT:

All right, pick a partner and I'll arrange transport.

ECCLES:

All right. Um. Oh, yeah, ok. (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Ok, now. No, not him, not him. No, not you. You've had it. Not him. No, no. No, not him, no, no. Ahh-ha-haaa! Yew.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You would pick me, you big steaming nit, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Oh, Bottle, Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you 'Bottle' me! I'm on my way to do my Mum's shopping, I am! (TO SELF) Half a cake of small brown, tin of salmon, quarter black shag. (NORMAL) I don't want to play this military police game. What's the matter with you, man?

ECCLES:

Owwowohohh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's all right you saying that! (TO SELF) Half pound sago, quarter rice, one tin condensed milk. (NORMAL) My Mum says with all these politicians about, I'm not to play in the park!

ELLINGTON:

Right! Come on, you two, fall in! Now, march behind each other. By the right, quick march! Left, left, left, right, left. Left, left, left, right, left. (GOES OFF INTO DISTANCE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

We'd better follow him, hadn't we, Eccles?

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we have just heard that the actual screams of terror being emitted by the satellite deserter Seagoon are being picked up by a Mister Willium Mate, who will report the signals are coming through on his gas stove.

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate. Well, I gets up this morning to boil a loaf of bread. Suddenly there's this screaming coming from the 'ot plate, ya see. So I shouts down the little holes in the gas ring, I shouts out. I says, er, I says, "Do you mind not making so much row down there? There's people in the 'ouse up here who are trying to kip!" And he said... Well, you ask 'im, go-on.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Er, well, um... Hello, calling satellite Seagoon!

GRAMS:

WIND OVER:

SEAGOON:

Heeeeelp! Get me down, it's dangerous up here! The heat barrier has destroyed my underpants! Heaven knows what'll go next!

GREENSLADE:

Don't... [UNCLEAR] Seagoon, don't worry, I beg of you. A rocket is on it's way to bring you down, hold on!

SEAGOON:

Well tell it to 'urry. There's a dog up here nipping at me 'eels! Heeeelp!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

(WITH MUFFLED ORDERS IN BACKGROUND) At dawn, as you can hear, a great military police space rocket was prepared. The red cap was screwed on and inside, final orders were given.

CAPTAIN:

[SECOMBE]

(POMPOUS) Now men, cigarettes out. As you chaps know, we are about to make the first arrest of a deserter in outer space. Now sergeant, five seconds from now we'll synchronise instruments. Five, four, three, two, one!

ORCHESTRA:

A COLLECTION OF INSTRUMENTS WARMING UP.

CAPTAIN:

Splendid! Right, now men, you all know your stations.

ECCLES:

Clapham Junction.

CAPTAIN:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up... (DRIBBLES OFF)

OMNES:

A SHORT ROUND OF 'SHUT UP, ECCLES'

CAPTAIN:

Now then... Shut up, Eccles. Now then, switch on the heat generators!

GRAMS:

GENERATOR STARTS

CAPTAIN:

Raise engine temperature!

LACKEY:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) Engine temperature raised, sir.

GRAMS:

GENERATOR GETS LOUDER

CAPTAIN:

Right, combine maximum heat power!

LACKEY:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) Heat power at maximum!

GRAMS:

GENERATOR LOUDER AGAIN.

CAPTAIN:

Right, Bluebottle, feel those pipes!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oww! That's hot!

CAPTAIN:

That's hot enough. Fire!

ECCLES:

Fire, where? Ooh, the rocket. Fire the rocket!

GRAMS:

ROCKET TAKES OFF

CAPTAIN:

All right, chaps. We're 500 miles up, now, and well clear of the Earth. Remove liberty bodices and replace dentures.

FX:

SLURPING NOISES OF DENTURES BEING INSERTED

ELLINGTON:

Captain! Captain, look! There's a face at the window.

CAPTAIN:

What? Pull the curtains. I wonder who it is. What height are we at?

ELLINGTON:

492 miles.

CAPTAIN:

Hmm, can't be Seagoon, he's only 4 foot 9.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, captain, he's standing on a ladder and he's got no clothes on!

CAPTAIN:

So, improperly dressed, eh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, he's not dressed at all! He's N-U-D-E!

CAPTAIN:

That's him, Nudey Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Nude? Give me them binoculars. Ohhh.

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

I say. I tell you it *is* Seagoon. He's knocking to come in, there's manners for you.

CAPTAIN:

Don't let him in, Major!

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

I can't play two parts at once. Do me... (...A FAVOUR)

BLOODNOK:

Well, get out.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. WIND. DOOR CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

That's got rid of him. Now, let deserter Seagoon in.

FX:

AS ABOVE

SEAGOON:

Ahh, thank you, Major. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks, Calling folks. It's me, folks, Neddie. I'm saved!

GRAMS:

OVATION, CHEERING

GRYTPYPE:

Stop! Deserter Seagoon, you're under military arrest.

SEAGOON:

I'm not frightened any more, World War One is over.

MORIARTY:

Ah, yes, but since then we've had World War Two!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, (HYSTERICAL RUBBISH) I must hide! I must hide!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. Now for a few shillings a week we know a nice little spot where you can hide...

SEAGOON:

Yes, but you'll tell me when it's over, won't you?

(SEAGOON, GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY GABBLE RUBBISH, THEN FADE)

GREENSLADE:

You see, it's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT 'THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD', DOWN FOR:

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 Roy Spears.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC.

NOTES

Konrad Adenauer (1876-1967) was West Germany's first chancellor and a key figure in rebuilding the country after World War Two.

"Doing your nut" was a common expression for being outraged or upset.

When Crun declares "We must defeat the chimney barrier" it is a reference to defeating the sound barrier for aircraft which was a topical problem at the time.

When Seagoon comments "There's a dog up here nipping at me heels!" it is a topical reference to the dog Laika, the first living creature to orbit the Earth, launched on a one-way trip on board Sputnik 2 in November 1957.

S8 E07 - The Red Fort

Transcription by Duncan Gray, corrections by Kurt Adkins. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SECOMBE:

There should be a law against it.

GREENSLADE:

There is.

SECOMBE:

What's it called?

GREENSLADE:

The Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD

SECOMBE:

And it's that sort of material, folks, that makes the BBC give in to ITV.

GREENSLADE:

It's all right you running Auntie down, but you know which side your bread's buttered, mate.

SECOMBE:

Yeah, you do all right out of it as well, mate. My life! Eh? What?

GREENSLADE:

Oh?

SECOMBE:

I seen you knocking back the gin at the old BBC cocktail parties, there, Wal. I seen you staggering out reeking of whisky and your pockets full of cheese biscuits. You're alright, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

This... this is outrageous!

SECOMBE:

You'll get a muffin up your conk. Shut your big dinner grind and read that. Go on, read on, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I've a good mind...

Give us the old posh [UNCLEAR], there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I've a good mind to go back to the P and O. (CLEARS THROAT)

SELLERS:

(OFF – SOUNDS LIKE:) You're all fuffle.

GREENSLADE:

We start the all-leather Goon Show with a map of Delhi in 1857. Next, let us show you a contour map of Jane Mansfield showing the south col.

SECOMBE:

Give me back that family treasure. Where's my speaking trumpet? Hello, folks. Hello, folks. Calling folks. Presenting to you, Captain Hugh Jympton to tell a tale of India.

ORCHESTRA:

BUGLE SOUNDS "THE LAST POST"

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

[SELLERS]

India, 1857. I'd just been gazetted to the First Offence Fusiliers. I shall never forget that 3rd of August.

GRAMS:

INDIAN MUSIC

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

It was 130 degrees in the shade. Gad, the sun was hot. As I sat there in the sweltering heat, the perspiration poured off my dufta, ran down the fur on my topee and sizzled on my hot steaming curry. Gad, I thought. I wonder what the folks at home are doing now.

FRED BOGG:

We weren't doing anything actually.

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

And just across the road I could hear the old man signing documents in his office.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Oohhh! Oh! Blast these flies. Oh! 'Dear Sir...'

FX:

QUILL ON PARCHMENT

BLOODNOK:

(WRITING) 'Consignments of women arriving from England are not up to War Department standards. As it is, we are returning two crates of them which went off during the voyage. And as you know, we soldiers consider women to be a sacred animal. Please expedite'.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Ah... Er, j-just a moment, I haven't got my medals on.

FX:

JANGLE OF MEDALS

BLOODNOK:

And they're all long-service ones, you know. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Good morning, Major. Ah, your medals are showing, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I... I beg... beg your pardon. Dear, oh, dear. Captain Seagoon. What's up now?

SEAGOON:

Can your wife keep a secret?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then I'm safe.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but I'm not married.

SEAGOON:

You're...? Wait! Then who was that lady in your house?

BLOODNOK:

That was no lady, that was my batman.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaahhhhhh! It's the heat, sir. My eyes are going. I... I want a transfer.

BLOODNOK:

Right, stick this on your arm.

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a nude anchor and a g-string.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Belonged to my mother. She was a sailor.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-aaa...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! You naughty man. What's the matter with you this morning, Seagoon? Why have you got such a long face?

SEAGOON:

Heavy dentures, sir.

BLOODNOK:

I see. Well, have you seen... have you seen a doctor?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I just saw one walking down the road.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good, good, good, good. Then you must let nature take its course.

SEAGOON:

Yes. That reminds me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

There's a native outside says he's a better man than I am.

BLOODNOK:

Gunga Din?

SEAGOON:

That's him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ahhhh, hello, Jim. Hello Jiiiiim. Pardon me, sir. There's trouble in the old bazaar. Trouble iiiiin the bazzzaaaaaaar!

BLOODNOK:

Stop raving and get on with it.

JIM SPRIGGS:

The devils are going around shouting "Down with the English".

SEAGOON:

What? I'll send the Irish Guards to deal with them.

JIM SPRIGGS:

It's the Irish Guards who are shouting it.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? I'll have their shamrock ration cut in half for this.

JIM SPRIGGS:

How painful for them. But there is terrible trouble, sir. Terri... (MILLIGAN CRACKS UP) Terrible trouble, siiiiiir. The control mound is in great danger.

SEAGOON:

Danger?!

JIM SPRIGGS:

In great dangerrrrr. Danger, ohhhh...

SEAGOON:

Danger, hooooo!

JIM SPRIGGS:

Danger.

SEAGOON:

Major, I want a transfer.

FX:

TRANSFER SLAPPED ON ARM

SEAGOON:

Gad, the cap badge of Hobsons Horse.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it belonged to my father.

SEAGOON:

How long was he with the Hobsons Horse?

BLOODNOK:

Until the day it died. Asking all these questions, Seagoon? You must be rather new out here.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. New out here but... old everywhere else.

BLOODNOK:

Well, gentlemen, we'll have to face it. The natives are revolting.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I don't know, some of them are nice chaps.

BLOODNOK:

Where did you hear that?

SEAGOON:

Take It From Here, 1952.

GRAMS:

LARGE DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE

BLOODNOK:

Listen, if that's the right sound effect, it sounds like hostile natives.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, sir. I'll go outside and soothe them.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) There'll always be an England
And England shall be free.
If England means as...

GRAMS:

JEERS FROM THE CROWD

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Unmusical swines. They'd have had to pay two guineas a time to hear that at the Palladium. My life!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, VERY FAINT) Lew! Lew!

SEAGOON:

Lew! Lew! 'Ere, 'ere. Oh, no.

BLOODNOK:

Well, let me quell them, lad. Hand me my military violin.

GRAMS:

GOES OUT OF DOOR AND PLAYS 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' ON THE VIOLIN. LOTS OF SOUNDS
INCLUDING DONKEY BRAYING (FRED THE OYSTER), GRUNTS, RASPBERRIES.

BLOODNOK:

The filthy swines! Look at my uniform! I'll soon show them. I'll give them the last turkey in the shop.

SEAGOON:

No, not that!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul?! Now then, hand me that magnifying glass.

GRAMS:

GOES OUT DOOR. CROWD GASPS AND FLEES. DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

BLOODNOK:

There, that got rid of them. Oh, ho-ho.

SEAGOON:

Major, what did you do?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not going to say but they'd never allow it on television, that's all.

SEAGOON:

Well, anyhow, it's... given us breathing space to re-organise.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes. Haveldar Singhiz Thing?

SINGHIZ THING:

[HINDI], Sahib?

BLOODNOK:

Why are the men mutinying?

SINGHIZ THING:

Indeed, sir. There is a nasty rumour that the cartridges for their rifles are being greased with banana skins.

SEAGOON:

Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well?

SINGHIZ THING:

Well, sir, the natives look upon the banana as a sacred animal.

BLOODNOK:

What? Rattle me crowthers. That's a lot of...

SEAGOON:

Wooowoowoowoo.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Just time for a... That... That's a lot of superstitious nonsense. The banana's a non-sacred animal.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, sir, the native troops are enflamed.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we all are. It's the dohbi itch, you know. Tell them to drink castor oil.

SEAGOON:

Are you mad, Major?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The natives regard castor oil as a sacred animal. I'm only a simple Englishman and... and I know that.

BLOODNOK:

You're simpler than I thought.

SEAGOON:

And so saying, he pointed to a map of Dehli where Major Bloodnok was preparing to do battle.

GRAMS:

RHUBARB

JIM SPRIGGS:

Alright, eyes up. Eyes front, Jiiim. Eyes front. Commanding Officer, attennnnn... shun.

GRAMS:

PARADE COMES TO ATTENTION

BLOODNOK:

Er, as you were, men. I presume you *were* men before you, er... Well, never mind about that. Er, now, gentlemen. The Seefaris are up in arms and down in legs, under the leadership of the Red Bladder.

SEAGOON:

What is the disposition of his troops?

BLOODNOK:

They're a lot of miserable... Ah, well, I believe that he and his mutineers are a thousand miles away.

SEAGOON:

Correction, sir. We've just had news that they're only half a mile away.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Follow me.

GRAMS:

PARADE SPEEDS INTO THE DISTANCE, THEN PAUSE, THEN PARADE SPEEDS BACK FROM THE DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

All right. Stop, stop. Well. *Now* they're a thousand miles away.

SEAGOON:

They're not, *we* are.

BLOODNOK:

So! We are the same distance from them as they are from us. The cunning devils!

SEAGOON:

Major, it's no good, we've got to attack the Red Fort. It's the key to the whole of India.

BLOODNOK:

All right, then. I want three brave men and a coward.

SEAGOON:

I'll be the coward, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Too late, I've already volunteered. You'll have to be the three brave men. You're just the right size, I think, anyway. Now Seagoon, you three black up your faces, put on evening dress and muffle your banjos.

SEAGOON:

Don't be silly, sir. The muffled banjo is considered a sacred animal.

BLOODNOK:

Then you'll have to attack unaccompanied. Now, you know what we want?

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. The inside leg measurement of the key to the rebel fort.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, sir, leave it to me. Yes, sir, I will do it, sir. I'll see to it, sir. Yes, sir. You can rely on me absolutely to...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, will you!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, outside the tradesman's entrance of the Red Fort, sounds are heard coming from a dustbin.

FX:

SOUNDS OF CUTLERY ON PLATES, EATING AND BELCHING

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, yes, Moriarty. When Grytpype-Thynne invites someone to dine, they dine in the style to which they're accustomed. Here, have another fillet of fishbone.

MORIARTY:

(SWALLOWS)

GRYTPYPE:

Nourishment, that's what you need, my dear Count, nourishment. Bring the roses back to your knees.

MORIARTY:

But Grytpype, this life of luxury in this dustbin, *it's too good to be true!* What are you after? What do you want from me? What is it? What cars do you want of me? I want cars!

GRYTPYPE:

We've never had it so good, have we?

MORIARTY:

Never had it so good.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I'll tell you. Now, I have a great plan, Moriarty. Soon this dustbin will be resting inside the Red Fort and then I have a certain idea.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww...

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh. But shhh! Someone is approaching downwind.

MORIARTY:

Lucky for them.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's me, folks. Where's my muffled speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Haaaallo, folks! I'm speaking through my muffled speaking trumpet from directly outside the main gate of the Red Fort. We're disguised to look like Indian GPO engineers. Now to afford an entrance.

WILLIUM:

I can afford an entrance captain, I just 'ad me slate money.

SEAGOON:

Right! Well, knock on the door with your slate.

WILLIUM:

Right. Knock, knock, knock.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

RED BLADDER:

Yimbum ballaboo! Itchy kitchy coo. Toola, toola, yakadoola and your father, too. Now, what d'you want, blimey? Knocking us up this time of night!

SEAGOON:

We're just testing a door knocker.

RED BLADDER:

Did it work?

WILLIUM:

We don't know, we're waitin' to see if anyone answers.

RED BLADDER:

Well I hope they hurry up. I can't stand here all night with my door open. It's bad enough standing here with it shut.

WILLIUM:

All right, lets start again, then. Knock, knock.

RED BLADDER:

Who's there?

WILLIUM:

Cohen.

RED BLADDER:

Cohen who?

WILLIUM:

Cohen answer the door.

RED BLADDER:

Ah, so you're back.

WILLIUM:

No, it's me front, mate.

SEAGOON:

Willium, you're not going getting any laughs. Let me try and be funny.

WILLIUM:

That's a laugh for a start, innit.

SEAGOON:

Red Bladder, we've come to disconnect your phone.

RED BLADDER:

I haven't got one.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, we've brought one with us.

RED BLADDER:

All right, little jokers. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Don't bother to wait up, we'll lock up for you.

RED BLADDER:

Okay. And don't forget to put the cat out. He's a British spy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you give me away, now. My disguise... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) My disguise was perfect until you said that. Points to mum's old drawers painted to look like tabby cat.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's secret agent Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Just the fellow. Give me a hand to remove the fort door and get it back to camp.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But if we take it away, captain, they'll notice it.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, if it's not there how can they notice it? If it was there they'd notice but then there wouldn't be anything to notice, would there? I mean if it was only... if it's not there they wouldn't notice it. I mean, if it, erm... um... hummm...

SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never never never shall...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

BLOODNOK:

We must have that door of the fort. Any news of Seagoon and his blacked-up raiding party?

GREENSLADE:

No, sir, but we've captured three natives who say they're Seagoon blacked up.

BLOODNOK:

What? Send them in.

SEAGOON:

Let me go! It's all a mistake, I tell you! Let me go, you...

BLOODNOK:

Right. Now then, who are you three people?

SEAGOON:

We're me, Seagoon. I'm not a native. Look, I... I'll roll my sleeves up.

BLOODNOK:

So! A native with european arms!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon took the door of the fort down to the locksmith's shop where even now they're making a duplicate key.

FX:

LOCKSMITH WORKING TYPE NOISES, HAMMERING ON METAL...

LALKAKA:

[MILLIGAN]

I don't know what's happening. I don't know what's happening here, I... I cannot... don't understand.

LAKAGEE:

[SELLERS]

Well, in a minute you will understand.

LALKAKA:

Using a tantamount of patience will bring it to a conclusion, I say.

LAKAGEE:

This is a job for Hindustani.

LALKAKA:

You realise the significance of getting this [UNCLEAR]?

LAKAGEE:

I do, I do, yes.

LALKAKA:

Yes, alright.

LAKAGEE:

No, no.

LALKAKA:

Steady, Mr Lackagee. Most imperative that we... we keep this in great perspective so we can condition right, you understand.

LAKAGEE:

I totally understand what you are saying.

LALKAKA:

Shabas.

LAKAGEE:

Shabas. Dear, oh, dear. One moment, Mr Lalkaka. Would it not be more advantageous if we stood the door in the upright position?

LALKAKA:

You are speaking line 3 and I haven't spoken line 2 yet.

LAKAGEE:

Ah, but... I am wondering whether the line 1 you were saying was replaced with some other utterings [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

You are coming... you are going back to bengali babu and then calicut long live. And then let Missy give you three pints daily, but on Sunday.

LAKAGEE:

I get none.

LALKAKA:

What would you do?

LAKAGEE:

I shall die.

LALKAKA:

Then your wife and children will cry.

LAKAGEE:

They will make a bonfire of me.

LALKAKA:

They will throw you in the sea.

LAKAGEE:

What will be the end of me?

LALKAKA:

I don't know.

LAKAGEE:

Oh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Now to... now... now to test the key out in the door we have made for this important door. Mr Lakagee, will you please hold the end of the door in a position like so.

LAKAGEE:

I will, I will, but Mr Lalkaka, would it not be more advantageous if we stood the door in the upright position?

LALKAKA:

Indeed, indeed, Mr Laka... er... Lakagee, that is a splendid idea, admitting.

LAKAGEE:

Of course, yes.

LALKAKA:

I... I will get Haveldar Singhiz Thing to hold the door upright against his face.

LAKAGEE:

Giving you credit for your intelligence but I do not see the point of having Haveldar Singh holding the door upright.

LALKAKA:

Look, please let... letting... letting me explain the... the... the reason [UNCLEAR], man. Listen... now, listen, please.

LAKAGEE:

I am listening. I am listening.

LALKAKA:

Will you kindly... will you kindly remain in a condition of serenity and calm.

LAKAGEE:

Alright, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

And I will explain the whole principle of the idea. Toodle pip.

LAKAGEE:

Explain. Chin chin.

LALKAKA:

Chin chin, [UNCLEAR] . Now the natural position of the door is being upright, is that not right so?

LAKAGEE:

Indeed, yes. Indeed, yes.

LALKAKA:

Hooray.

LAKAGEE:

I am in complete accordment with the statement you have just vouchsafed.

LALKAKA:

Alright. Therefore, in this position, we are able to make the requisite preparation for the testing of the key, is that not so?

LAKAGEE:

That is so, that is so.

LALKAKA:

That is so, [UNCLEAR].

LAKAGEE:

Now then, Haveldar Singh.

LALKAKA:

Haveldar Singh.

HAVELDAR SINGH:

I am standing by waiting immediately on your command.

LAKAGEE:

Well, rest your little curry bag on the chair. And hold the door between yourself and us two persons on the opposite side.

FX:

HEAVY OBJECT BEING MOVED

LAKAGEE:

Excellent, indeed.

LALKAKA:

Now then, we will insert the newly made key into the lock, so.

FX:

SCRATCHING OF KEY IN LOCK

Into the... Oh, oh, oh.

LAKAGEE:

Oh, dear, dear.

LALKAKA:

What is the trouble?

LAKAGEE:

It is not correctly fitting into the lock.

LALKAKA:

Haveldar Singh, a disaster has occurred for you. We fear you are locked in.

SEAGOON:

There you are, gentlemen. How's it going?

LALKAKA:

Sir, the key we made will not fit the Red Fort's door.

SEAGOON:

We must find how to open this door. It's... it's the only way we can get into the fort. Ah! Has anyone here got a hairpin?

FLOWERDEW:

I've got one, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's time you went on leave, isn't it?

FLOWERDEW:

Mmmm!

SEAGOON:

Now, see if this hairpin opens it.

FX:

KEY SCRATCHING IN LOCK AND THEN DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Got it!

RED BLADDER:

Here! I hope you put that cat out.

SEAGOON:

The Red Bladder! Major Bloodnok!

FX:

HORSE RUNS UP.

BLOODNOK:

Agh! What is it?

SEAGOON:

I've got The Red Bladder imprisoned behind this door.

BLOODNOK:

What? Let's look round the back. (PAUSE) There's nobody there.

SEAGOON:

He's escaped! Anyway, Major, you'll be pleased to know we've got the door to open.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Let me try.

RED BLADDER:

So, Bloodnok! Hands up!

BLOODNOK:

(SCREAMS) Let me go.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Red Bladder's captured Major Bloodnok. I'll have to get this door back to the Red Fort at once and liberate Bloodnok. (SHOUTS) Fall in to volunteer for a dangerous job!

GRAMS:

STAMPEDE OF BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

ECCLES:

But dat only leaves me. (APPLAUSE) Ta, ta. There'll be a silver collection later, what?

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Eccles. I want you to guard that door with your life.

ECCLES:

Okay. (MUTTERS LEFTRIGHTLEFTRIGHT AS HE MARCHES BACK AND FORWARD) There's something funny going on here. I don't know about you, folks, but I think it's silly guarding a door. Wait a minute. Instead of me walking round it, I'll open it and walk through. That way I'll get to the other side quicker.

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENS. IMMEDIATE SOUNDS OF BATTLE, LOTS OF SHOOTING ETC.

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles! You've let all the mutineers out. Quick! After them!

ECCLES:

Right!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

Meanwhile, inside the Red Fort.

RED BLADDER:

Come, Bloodnok. Sign this document giving India to us.

BLOODNOK:

Codswaggle me dongolas, never! Never! Torture me. Lock me in a dark room with six beautiful women. I'll never sign.

RED BLADDER:

Very well, I *won't* lock you in a dark room with six beautiful women.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, saved.

RED BLADDER:

Instead, me challenge you to a duel. Name your weapons.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of clean underpants.

RED BLADDER:

Cor blimey, what you mean, mate?

BLOODNOK:

I challenge you to a battle of wits. Namely, a 19th century underpant wearing contest. We stand back to back and the first man to wear out the seat of his pants, dies. Of exposure.

RED BLADDER:

I accept.

BLOODNOK:

Are you ready? Back to back. Now, forty eight thousand paces, quiiiick... march!

FX:

BOOTED FEET MARCH INTO DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

Well, that got rid of him.

RED BLADDER:

That's what *you* think.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaah! You swine! You let your legs go without you!

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok, your time has come.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaahohh!

RED BLADDER:

Stand him against the wall.

BLOODNOK:

What?

RED BLADDER:

Firing squad... load.

NARRATOR:

[MILLIGAN]

Meanwhile, Seagoons relief column approaches.

FX:

MARCHING COLUMN

SEAGOON:

We must hurry, men. Left, left, left, right, left.

NARRATOR:

Back at the Fort.

RED BLADDER:

Take aim...

NARRATOR:

Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Faster men, faster.

FX:

FASTER MARCHING

NARRATOR:

Back at the fort.

RED BLADDER:

Any last requests, Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, don't shoot me.

NARRATOR:

Back at the fort. Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Hurry men, faster.

NARRATOR:

While, back at the fort.

RED BLADDER:

Fire!

FX:

FIRING SQUAD FIRE.

NARRATOR:

Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Halt. Too late. Fall out, lads. Get your money. See you next week.

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME - "DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD"

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. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Roy Spear.

NOTES:

*1 "The last turkey in the shop" is performed by manipulating the male genitalia into a pose that looks something like the last turkey in the shop.

*2 The final spark that triggered the Indian mutiny of 1857 was provided by a controversy over a new rifle. To load it, the native troops had to bite the cartridge open. It was believed that the paper cartridges were greased with pork fat (which was regarded as unclean by Muslims), or beef fat, regarded as sacred to Hindus.

S8 E08 - The Missing Battleship

Transcribed by Kate Wilson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC light programme.

SEAGOON:

Whoop!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Wowwww!

GREENSLADE:

We present the new, all-leather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC PIANO/BRASS ARRANGEMENT. . (GRIEG, PIANO CONCERTO)

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, tonight our story begins...

MILLIGAN:

(OLD) The man's a fool. An absolute idiot, a ridiculous idiot. A load of cock-and-bull, absolute nonsense. A stupid nit, I... can't think of [UNCLEAR]. (OFF) I don't know [UNCLEAR].

GREENSLADE:

Tonight, our story begins on board Britain's latest battleship, the nineteen-hundred-and-two HMS Boxer. Where a broadcast of that favourite programme "Variety Awash" is now in progress.

SELLERS:

And here, to open the show, is that wacky "King of Coons" your Kimpare and Compare, Hailey Seaton.

GRAMS:

VARIETY TIME TYPE MUSIC WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you. Ha-ha! Hello, shipmates. Well, well wellwellwelllll. It's nice to be on board ship with all the lads in blue, again.

OMNES:

CAT CALLS ETC.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. But seriously, though. I was in the Navy myself, you know. As a matter of fact, I was standing at the sharp end one day, leaning over the railings, when the Captain came up and said, "You can't be sick here!" and I said "Can't I? Just watch!"

GRAMS:

LAUGHS

SEAGOON:

Please! Hahaha, Now, now, now! But seriously, though. As a matter of fact, I can't [UNCLEAR] the old Navy. As a matter of fact, let's get on with our first act. So here to sing for you is Miss Millie Tooley. And here she is, Miss Millie Tooley. To sing for you, Miss Millie Tooley!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE – HIGH PITCHED FEMALE VOICE SINGING ACCOMPANIED ON PIANO.(DIE FLEDERMAUS, JOHANN STRAUSS) (UNDER)

JOLSON:

[SELLERS]

Hello listeners, Brinnel Jolson here. It's a really wonderful sight to see this simple country girl bringing the sailor's memories of home. Tears... tears streaming down her innocent little face and trickling onto her black, fishnet stockings.

GRAMS:

SONG ENDS ON VERY HIGH NOTE – HUGE APPLAUSE.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you, music lovers. Millie Tooley, of course, was singing that lovely old ballad "In a Reformatory Garden" (LAUGHS) hmmm. No, but seriously, though. Aren't women wonderful? Now, take my wife... please. Hahahaha. Now, there's a woman... I think.

GRAMS:

CHEERS, WHISTLES ETC

SEAGOON:

But talk about fat? When she walks down the street wearing slacks, it looks like two kids fighting under a blanket.

GRAMS:

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Thank you, hahaha. Ah, you're spoiling me tonight, you're spoiling me. Yes! She's... please... please. Aha! No, no! I... I can't stand all this lark. 'Ere, now, then. She's a very funny woman, my wife. Would you believe it, but last week I was talking to her in the kitchen.....(SELF FADE)

GRYTPYPE:

Men, Sabrina has fallen overboard.

GRAMS:

MANY RUNNING BOOTS – AWAY – SPLASHES

GRYTPYPE:

Well, that's got rid of them, Moriarty. Right, full steam ahead for the open sea!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S TELEGRAPH

MORIARTY:

Right-oh, right.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. But seriously, lads. I always take my wife with me everywhere. I'd rather take her than kiss her goodbye! Hahaha ha...ha.....ha. Aye, you'll have to see them faster than that. I said 'I'd rather take her than kiss her goodbye!' (SHORT PAUSE) What's the matter with the audience tonight? I paralysed them at Bolton with that one. Where... where's me glasses?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) You were using them to see with.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) They've all gone. 'Ere, where's me audience?

GRYTPYPE:

Control your powers, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Well...

GRYTPYPE:

You see, they heard that Sabrina had fallen overboard.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Sabrina fallen overboard? Poor little innocent photographer's model. I must get a lifebelt. I must get a lifebelt. Now... I'll just join these two together and...

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no, no, Neddie, no, no. With the crew gone, we need you on board as ballast.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Where's my speaking trumpet? I have it in my hand. (THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello. Hello, folks. Calling folks. The speaker was a tall man wearing the full dress uniform of a Naval confidence trickster.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! And now, ship-matty, the legs you see protruding from that swill bucket belong to none other than Count Jim "Bilge"...

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Voted... voted "Miss Galley Slops of 1951" and part owner of the suit he is now wearing.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww

GRYTPYPE:

And again, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww

GRYTPYPE:

There, two for the price of one.

SEAGOON:

Wait. Why are we heading out to sea?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, light yourself a hammock and let me explain. We are offering you the life of a modern-type Buccaneer. Come, lad, join us. You can live a life of luxury!

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll join you.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now to swear you in. Drink this bucket of slops and say after me, "I am a Charlie."

SEAGOON:

(GULP GULP SMACKS LIPS) I'm a Charlie.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, HMS Boxer headed southwards to sunlit seas....

BLUEBOTTLE:

(IN BACKGROUND) Trill for budgies.

GREENSLADE:

...where nought but the plaintive cry of the seagull and the soft lapping of the opalescent cobalt waters disturbed the hot, endless silence, 'neath the still, burning orb of the tropic sun.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you quite done?

GREENSLADE:

Aye-aye, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Then left turn, quick hhaarrlllll...

GRAMS:

ONE SET OF BOOTS, MARCHING – SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

And the best place for him, Little Jim.

MORIARTY:

Starboard five, ahoy!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S TELEGRAPH

MORIARTY:

Oh! Mid ships!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S TELEGRAPH

MORIARTY:

Maternity ward, ahoy! Starboard kipper on the (GIBBERISH) McOowww. Owwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you nautical French steamer!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, little marker buoy.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Boy??

SEAGOON:

There are strange noises coming from the stoke hole!

GRYTPYPE:

What!?! Must be Trill for Budgies! Lift the manhole and let me listen.

FX:

MANHOLE COVER BEING DROPPED – CRUNCHING

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Somebody loves me...I live in a dream (?) oh, hohoho. Melody divine. (SINGS) I love da moon... and da moon loves me... Ohhh...

FLOWERDEW:

Eccles, mind what you're doing with that long handed shovel. You never know where it's been.

SEAGOON:

Come here at once. Hup.

GRYTPYPE:

(SELLERS CAN'T FIND VOICE FOR A MOMENT) So... So... I mean, so. So...Stokers, eh?

ECCLES:

Stokers, aye. Aye, stokers.

GRYTPYPE:

Didn't you hear me shout that Sabrina was overboard?

ECCLES:

Who cares about him?

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, what are you going to do with them?

GRYTPYPE:

Simple, you fool. We'll just maroon them somewhere, including Neddie.

SEAGOON:

You can't do that, you need me! I... I... I'll keep you entertained, with jokes and merry songs! I... Look, I show you. Well, hello there. No, but seriously, though. My... Thank you, my speaking trumpet. (THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Well, hello there! No, but seriously, though. My wife's got a face like a million dollars - all green and crinkly. Hahaha! All green and crinkly! Hahaha! (SINGS) Oh, the moon belongs to everyone, the best things in life are free. Horray! Hahahha!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, lower the desert island.

MORIARTY:

Right, over the bulwarks.

FX:

DESERT ISLAND BEING LOWERED – SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

Right, you three, over you go. Hup.

ECCLES:

Aarrgghhhhh... (SELF FADE)

SEAGOON:

You can't do this to me... owwww.... (SELF FADE)

FX:

BODIES HITTING GROUND

GRYTPYPE:

Goodbye!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HOOTER

ECCLES:

Neddie, you need your boots resoling.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

ECCLES:

You're standing on my face. Do you wish to know about that?

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know about that. I wonder where we are. I'll just play this map on the gramophone.

GRAMS:

"DESERT ISLAND DISKS" THEME TUNE

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, we're on a desert island!

ELLINGA:

White man! Take off that record!

SEAGOON:

What?! And expose my turntable?!

ELLINGA:

Yim bam dana goollas undum bluulan gunta looba.

SEAGOON:

Let me handle this (CLEARS THROAT). You listen me. Me brave English Welshman. You... you no frighten me! Me give you clean British punch up the conk! That told 'im.

ECCLES:

'Ere, that's a nice spear stickin' out the back of your head.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

ELLINGA:

Ah-ha! You there!

FLOWERDEW:

Ohhhh!

ELLINGA:

You nice-um young fella. You come along me!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) You talking to me?

ELLINGA:

And you, little, round pudding...

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? You can't do this to me, do you hear? I'm free, white and twenty-one stone.
Where are you taking us?

ELLINGA:

Me going to put you all inside!

SEAGOON:

Inside where?

ELLINGA:

ME!

SEAGOON:

(GULP) CANNIBALS!! Run for your lives!!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY

GREENSLADE:

The intrepid trio ran on and on through the steaming jungle, till finally they heard a strange noise emanating from a clearing.

ORCHESTRA:

SINGLE SAXOPHONE – BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, ho!

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE – SINGLE NOTE

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Jigger me crudlers.

SEAGOON:

The speaker was a military gentleman clad in a grass skirt.

BLOODNOK:

That's the last time I stand near the lawnmower. Ohhhh, that gardener! Oh, what a snake-in-the-grass he is. Sorry.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me, sir, could you tell us the name of this island?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I can. It's the Isle of Alassie, so called after our national anthem. (SINGS) I love a lassie, a bonny Chinese lassie...

SEAGOON:

Splendid, I knew her mother!

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, we were just good friends, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute! Haven't I seen your photograph in the papers? Something about...

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie!! It's a lie, I tell you! I never went near the regimental safe! Anyway, I was going to put the money back. I... Could I help it if the horse lost? It was two other fellows named Smith, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!! Bloodnok! That's it, you're Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Well, er... I... I was.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean, you were?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I had to change my name, you know, it... it got dirty.

SEAGOON:

Really? What did you change it to?

BLOODNOK:

The Famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh. That's my name. Oh, arh oh... Here. If you're the Famous Ecc... If you're the Famous Eccles, then who am I? I said "then who am I?" (SINGS) Who am I? Who am I?

SEAGOON:

Just a minute, now. Let me see, now. Wait a minute. He's Eccles, that's Flowerdew, I'm Seagoon. You must be Major Bloodnok.

ECCLES:

Oh, if I'm Major Bloodnok I'd better start practising. (CLEARS THROAT) Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! That's better. Oh, ho ho. (RASPBERRY) Oh! I can't sit 'ere all day.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR – DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Yeah?

WILLIUM:

Oh, good mornin'. Er, five pound money order for Major Bloodnok.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's for me. Thank you, my good man.

BLOODNOK:

Here! Give me that money order!

ECCLES:

It's mine, I'm Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense! You give it to me, you thieving coward!

ECCLES:

I'm not a thieving coward!

BLOODNOK:

Then that proves it, you're not Major Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

Major! Shh, I can hear something in the jungle, there.

BLOODNOK:

It's those cannibals again, they always attack when it gets dark.

SEAGOON:

I'd better strike a match.

BLOODNOK:

Don't do that, you fool! They'll see it! Here, use my lighter.

GRAMS:

MAN-EATING TIGER

BLOODNOK:

You hear that? That's a cannibal doing an impression of a tiger.

ELLINGA:

(OFF) Um ban nooka loogs an Congo.

BLOODNOK:

There's worse to come, lad. Now they all get together and do an impression of the Ray Ellington Quintool!

SEAGOON:

Men! Lower aim and fix earplugs!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"UP ABOVE MY HEAD"

GREENSLADE:

And while Mr Ellington quickly changes back into his full drape loin-cloth for the part of the cannibal chief, let us re-set the scene. The Stolen Battleship part two. Maddened by the rhythm-type melodies, the cannibals surge into a frenzied attack.

GRAMS:

ATTACKING CANNIBALS, WHOOPS ETC

SEAGOON:

Right men, fire!

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOTS, MACHINE GUNS

BLOODNOK:

Keep firing.

GRAMS:

MACHINE GUNS (UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Gad! These magazines are red hot!

BLOODNOK:

I know, I've been reading some of them.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Hold your fire, someone's coming!

MILLIGAN:

Ohh, man's a fool, absolute idiot. Never afford a Sputnik with him in office, never. (SELF FADE)
Never. Fades off into the distance...

SEAGOON:

Well, he seems to have scared away the cannibals.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, now, where was I? Oh, yes, yes. Give me that money order. Give me that money order, I tell you.

ECCLES:

No, that's mine.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute, it's mine, I tell you!

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Major, Major, please, enough of this carefully rehearsed ad-libbing, please. Who cares about money?

ECCLES:

Me.

BLOODNOK:

Who cares about money?? You must be mad.

SEAGOON:

I want to get back to England.

BLOODNOK:

Then you *are* mad!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, if you just switch on the radio everything will be explooned and explinned.

FX:

RADIO BEING TUNED IN.

ECCLES:

Pardon.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) And here is the news. This morning, five thousand dog lovers demonstrated outside Aldershot Barracks as a result of reports that soldiers had been smoking dog-ends.

SEAGOON:

Never mind about dogs or dog-ends. What about the reward?

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) I'm coming to that, you steaming nit.

SEAGOON:

Well, get on with it.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) The government is offering a thousand pounds reward for information leading to the recovery of the stolen battleship, HMS Boxer.

SEAGOON:

Now do you see, Major? That reward is ours if only we can get back to England!

BLOODNOK:

But how? There aren't any boats here.

SEAGOON:

Let's all concentrate.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

(CAUGHT UNAWARES) Oh, yes. Um. Yeah, let's all... concentrate. Hahahowwww. I... a thought just crossed my mind.

BLOODNOK:

It didn't take it long.

SEAGOON:

It didn't have far to go.

ECCLES:

Anybody want to add to dat?

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! I've just had an idea! Eccles... You three carry it out while I... while I explain to the listeners. Where's my speaking trumpet? Quickly, my speaking trumpet! There, on the chair there. Thank you, well done gentlemen. (THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks! Calling folks and a little desperate hurry, there. Folks! In order to make a sail the others are now removing their shirts, trousers, vests, underpants and lapis lazuli! Lapis lazuli. Lapis lazuli belly binders. I do hope the kiddies are in bed. Hahahaha. They're now running the sail up a tall palm tree and... (NORMAL) Why aren't we moving?

ECCLES:

Hmm, there ain't any wind.

SEAGOON:

What?! We must have some wind!

BLOODNOK:

I've got a small packet of curry powder...

SEAGOON:

No, Major. Major, I've got it!

BLOODNOK:

Then you won't *need* the curry powder.

SEAGOON:

Take your saxophone...

BLOODNOK:

By the right...

SEAGOON:

Now, stand behind the sail and... and blow.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE – BLOODNOK THEME – CONTINUES VAMPING

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

GREENSLADE:

And so, the Isle of Alassie sailed away, homeward bound. But that same night, a muffled battleship sailed silently up the Thames to the Pool of London, carefully aimed its guns, and as dawn broke...

GRYTPYPE:

(THROUGH LOUDHAILER) Hands up, England! (LONG PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Your money or your life!

FX:

MANY COINS HITTING FLOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty! Grab the moolah and the BBC megaphone... and full speed astern.

FX:

SHIP'S TELEGRAPH

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhhh. All in all, gentlemen, they got away with England's entire cash assets of seven pound eleven and sixpence, folks.

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Good heavens. Were there any witnesses?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, yes, sir. Constable Willium Mate. (SINGS) Willium Maa-aaate. Willium...

WILLIUM:

Yes. Well, sir, 'bout, er, spon o'clock I was receding along the beat in the direction of where I come from, tryin' all the shop doors to see if any of 'em bin left unlocked in which case I could nip inside and whip a few odds and ends.

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Yes, yes, constable.

SPRIGGS:

Yes... springs. Yes, constable. But this battleship, what did it look like, Jeem?

WILLIUM:

I dunno, sir. (SINGS) I dunno, sirrr.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Are you taking the Mickey out of me-eee? Je-eem?

WILLIUM:

It was wearing a black rhythm mask.

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Anything else?

WILLIUM:

No, sir.

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) (SINGS) Anything eIIIIlse?

WILLIUM:

(SINGS) No, sir.

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Ahhhh, gentlemen. A nude battleship!

WILLIUM:

Yes and it...

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooh! What?

WILLIUM:

And it was flying the 'Jolly Roger'.

SPRIGGS:

What? Who's flag is that? (SINGS) Who's flag it thaaaat?

SELLERS:

Captain Kidd's!

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, England must declare war on Captain Kidd!

SELLERS:

But he's dead.

SPRIGGS:

Then we've won!

OMNES:

CHEERS - APPLAUSE

GREENSLADE:

That night, as the Isle of Alassie sailed steadily northwards, two sturdy lookouts stood on watch.

GRAMS:

WAVES - CREAKING - BOAT NOISES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Euh-he-he-he! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Huh? What? What? What? What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever, um... Ee-he-he! Don't do that, Eccles, it's not nice.

ECCLES:

That's what *you* think! Ohha haha hooo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hehehehehe!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Oh, ha hahahahha hehehehehehe!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) ho ha hohoho, ha hahahahaha. How did it go again?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Definitely heard...

ECCLES:

Dat was a good joke.

BLUEBOTTLE:

That wasn't a joke.

ECCLES:

Eh? Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's called... Ee-he! What is 'grass skirt', Eccles. I say, have you ever worn a grass skirt afore?

ECCLES:

Oh, no, but I once had a green top hat with a Union Jack sticking out the top. I've lived!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh. But didn't people laugh at you when you was went out?

ECCLES:

Oh, I never went out. I just used to sit in my room with a hammer, practicing Beethoven's Fifth on my head.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You must have been mad!

ECCLES:

I wasn't locked up in that place for nothin'. I... I was a private patient.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, well.

ECCLES:

Ah, well.

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's life, I suppose. My good man.

ECCLES:

Yeah. 'Ere, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

What are we supposed to be lookin' for?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Land, of course! When we see land, we give like what is a warning.

ECCLES:

oh, ghghgh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ho, ho! Really, my good man. Do you know that it is as easy as ABC?

ECCLES:

ABC is easy?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Of course it is, my good man!

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

You went to school, didn't you?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but the door was locked.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why was that?

ECCLES:

I think they saw me comin'! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! (GARBLED SINGING) Somebody loves me, I wonder who loves me...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles!!

ECCLES:

What, what?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Remember the cannibals, we must be quiet.

ECCLES:

Ohh, den I'd better take my shoes off. (GRUNT) And now my socks. One... two... three...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about your feet?

ECCLES:

No, I... I think I'll leave them on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah, it is a bit chilly tonight, innit.

ECCLES:

You ought to... 'Ere Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

Look in front of us! Lights!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it's land. Quick, shout the warning!

ECCLES:

Okay. (SHOUTS) What do...! (NORMAL) What do I shout?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, I've got it here in my Finchley Sea Scout's Diary.

FX:

PAGES TURNING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(READS) Here, now. 'How to give artificial drowning'. No. 'How to rescue Girl Guides from Boy Scouts'. Ah, here it is. 'Land ahoy!'

ECCLES:

OK. (CLEARS THROAT) LAND AH...

GRAMS:

CRASHING INTO LAND – EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And here is a police message. Early this morning, there was a collision between an unknown desert island and the Isle of Man. Any person who can give information, please... (SELF FADE)

SELLERS:

(MP) Gentlemen, there is still no sign of the battleship HMS Boxer despite a search by our entire fleet, consisting of six armoured rowing boats and one paddle-driven destroyer.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! I wish to claim the reward for information about the stolen battleship! I...

GRYTPYPE:

Stop! All right constable, there's your man.

WILLIUM:

Oh, right, sir. (CLEARS THROAT) Are you the owner of island number 'DXB double six eight'?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I... I... I....

WILLIUM:

Then I must charge you with drivin' a piece of land without due care and attention.

SEAGOON:

Now... now, I... I can explain it all. You see...

GRYTPYPE:

And now, gentlemen, your present ships are far too small and slow to get to the HMS Boxer.

OMNES:

HEAR, HEAR.

GRYTPYPE:

However, my friend here...

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww. (RASPBERRY)

GRYTPYPE:

...happens to have a battleship outside of exactly the same size and speed as the stolen one. (ASIDE)
Did you remember to paint in the new name, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

In brown paint, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Its name is the HMS... Wrestler.

SEAGOON:

It's the HMS Boxer, I tell you!

SPRIGGS:

How can it be the HMS Boxer, you fool? When it's the HMS Wrestler?

SEAGOON:

But these men are the men who took it from...

SPRIGGS:

Silence! Silence Jeem! Gentlemen, it's the deal.

GRYTPYPE:

Ten thousand pound, please.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you.

SPRIGGS:

On, members. Now, with the aid of this new battleship, we shall easily be able to find the HMS Boxer. (SINGS) Full steam aheeee-aaaad.

FX:

SHIP'S TELEGRAPH – SHIP'S HOOTER

SPRIGGS:

I'm off.

OMNES:

CHEERING CROWDS

GREENSLADE:

And as far as anyone knows, they're still looking. It's all in the mind, you know. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT – 'DING-DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD'

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet. The orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer; Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Roy Spear.

S8 E09 - The Policy

Transcribed by The Goon Show Preservation Society. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Oh.

GREENSLADE:

We present the all-leather Goon Show. Now, tonight, we are...

SEAGOON:

Ha,ha, hark at old Wal, 'ere. Hark at all the ol' posh chat there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, my accent is...

SEAGOON:

It's all put on, you know. (MOKINGLY POSH) And here... here is the weather forecast. Aha ha ha ha!
(NORMAL) Good old Wal. You got...

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

... a bad cold tonight as well, 'aven't you, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

It is the solemn duty of a BBC announcer to talk posh.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GREENSLADE:

Now...

SEAGOON:

Ooh, err oohh errr.

GREENSLADE:

If you'll kindly put on these...

SEAGOON:

Ohhh!

GREENSLADE:

...fudge boots and stand in that flooded phone box, I shall proceed. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting 'The Policy'.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Hello, folks.

GREENSLADE:

Part one, the scene, a huge corporation rubbish dump just outside Slagley-on-Ouse.

GRAMS:

FLIES LOUDLY BUZZING, 10 SECONDS, THEN UNDER

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Drat those flies, Moriarty. I can't think what attracts them.

MORIARTY:

It... (SMACKS LIPS)

GRAMS:

FLIES BUZZING FADES

MORIARTY:

It's all this rotten rubbish.

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense, it's you, you steaming ruin, you.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't shake your 'owww's at me, or I'll confiscate your teeth.

MORIARTY:

Ohh, no, no, Grytpype. (SMACKS LIPS) Please, not that. (SMACKS LIPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Give me back that kipper bone.

MORIARTY:

Owww! (GUMMY) Give me back my teeth, it's nearly dinner time.

GRYTPYPE:

So it is. Well, come along, get the knives and forks out.

MORIARTY:

(NORMAL) No, it's no... no Grytpype! No, it's no good! I can't eat any more knives and forks. I must have food, we've got the money. Food. F-L-U-leeoo-D food. (HUSKY) Oh! I have got to have food, folks. (AS THROAT) I've got to have food.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop doing that disgusting thing and pay attention to me, will you. I have an idea. All we need is one simple-minded idiot.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, SINGS) La-la-la, me-me-me-me, doh, ray, meeeeee.

GRYTPYPE:

That's him.

MORIARTY:

Who?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Me?

MORIARTY:

Oh, him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Moriarty, follow me.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) La, la la, la dee, la dee la hoh. (NORMAL) I'm in fine voice today, lads. (AHM) (SINGS) Ma nun mme lassá, Nun darne stu turmiento... Torna a Surriento: famme campá!...

GRYTPYPE:

Bravo, bravo, (CLAPPING) bravo.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) How did *he* do a Royal Command? I can't understand it!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what a magnificent voice.

SEAGOON:

Oh, come now, you don't really mean that.

GRYTPYPE:

My dear, sir, without doubt... you have done for the art of singing what Columbus did for the steam engine.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) The voice came from the west end of a long black cigarette holder.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the long black neck protruding from that compost heap belongs to none other than the dear Count Jim 'Drains'...

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I don't know why I come here.

GRYTPYPE:

Undefeated world steaming champion.

MORIARTY:

Pssssshhhht.

SEAGOON:

Charmed.

MORIARTY:

Sponned.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

GRYTPYPE:

The Count... the dear Count here, is really a wealthy music lover, aren't you, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What? What? Oh, yes, yes. Aho, money? I'm filthy with it.

GRYTPYPE:

And without it. Neddie, as a tribute to your great mouth-type singing, the Count would like to give you, free of charge, a valuable ten thousand pound life insurance policy.

SEAGOON:

I say, that's dashed nice of you.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. Just step into this impression of a car, will you?

MORIARTY:

(BLOWS THROUGH LIPS IMITATING CAR ENGINE)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Moriarty, drive on.

MORIARTY:

(BLOWS FASTER AS CAR ACCELERATING, FADES)

GRAMS:

MANY FEET RUNNING AWAY

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning. Is this the Spon Life Insurance Company?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Yes, Jiiii-iiim!

GRYTPYPE:

We should like to take out an insurance policy for this gentleman.

SPRIGGS:

I'm sorry, Jim, we only insure people who are still alive.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, I don't mean my friend Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

I mean this circular gentleman.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, yes. We'll have to ha-ave the usual medical examination.

GRYTPYPE:

Come along, Neddie, (FADES) come along.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Hang on a second.

SPRIGGS:

Ah. Ah, come in, Come iii-iiin! Come in, Jim. Now strip to the waist, please. Not too low, please. Now then, pass me that hammer. Thank you. Now...

FX:

TEMPLE BLOCKS, DIFFERENT PITCHES, 7 TAPS

SPRIGGS:

Yes, yes, his back seems fine.

FX:

SCATTERED NOTES ON VIBRAPHONE - POP

SPRIGGS:

Ribs all right.

FX:

BASS DRUM BANG

SPRIGGS:

And stomach OK. Now then, open your... open your mou-outh!

SEAGOON:

Ahh!

SPRIGGS:

Wider.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

SPRIGGS:

There, swallow that.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) (DISTASTE) Er-ugh! What was it?

SPRIGGS:

Cigarette ash. I didn't want to drop it on the carpet. Well, Mr. Seejune, you seem to be a hundred percent fat. Here is your policy. Policyyyy-yyy! Payable to you or your rightful heirs.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, er, that reminds me. Neddie, er, could I have your autograph, please?

SEAGOON:

Why, certainly.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Er... wait a minute. What... what was that I just signed?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, it's only an old bit of paper, you know. Bit of scrap paper.

SEAGOON:

Then why did it say 'Will' on the top?

GRYTPYPE:

Because that's its name. Will Paper. Aha ha.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see. Well done. Well, gentlemen, thank you for this valuable gift. Oh, by the way, when do I get the ten thousand pounds?

SPRIGGS:

The moment you're deceased.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

And to assist you in your task, Neddie, here is a handbook entitled 'One Hundred Easy Ways To Get Deceased'.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much. Well, goodbye.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Where's... where's my speaking trumpet? (AHM) (MEGAPHONE) Testing, folks, testing. Hello, folks. Calling folks. I'll be rich, folks. All I have to do is get deceased and then I need never work again. Ha ha, ha ho! (SINGS, GOING OFF) 'Singing a merry song, I'm going my way, going my way, ohhh. (FADES)

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Now all we have to do is wait. And here to while away the time is a clockwork oil-painting of Max Geldray blowing his old Dutch ploogie.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the plooge.

MAX GELDRAI:

'BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT'

GREENSLADE:

The Policy, part two. As befitted the proud owner of ten thousand pounds in life insurance, Seagoon took a luxury flat in Cringers Buildings, Hoxton and engaged a personal manservant.

SEAGOON:

Now, my man, is my jacket on straight?

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir, and I must say a strait-jacket suits you a treat.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, Willium, one of your duties will be to help me to get deceased.

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Pass me the handbook. Let me see now. 'How To Get Deceased. Method One'. Here. You read out the instructions.

WILLIUM:

Oh, oh, right... right, mate, right. Ah. 'Take nice strong bit o' rope, stand on chair and tie end o' rope to beam what's in ceiling'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Right. (EFFORT) I done that.

WILLIUM:

Right. 'Tie uvver end o' rope arahnd neck'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, STRANGULATED) Yep. Now what?

WILLIUM:

'Now kick chair away from under yer'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, STRANGULATED) Right.

GRAMS:

CHAIR FALLING OVER, STRAIN OF BEAM GIVING WAY, PIECES OF CEILING PLASTER FALLING, BEAM CRASHES TO FLOOR, DEBRIS FALLING

SEAGOON:

Jerry-building.

MORIARTY:

Owww! Oww, Grytpype, we've been foiled.

SEAGOON:

I'll have to try method number two. Now, er...

MORIARTY:

What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

'Sleeping in the open on Salisbury Plain during a snow storm'.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, OVER, HOWLING LIKE A WOLF) Ahowww! (CONTINUES)

SEAGOON:

(OVER, MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks. Calling folks. This is Neddie, speaking from the middle of Salisbury Plain, folks. Well, it's snowing heavily and it's just starting to get dark, so I've undressed and put on my long flannel nightshirt. Don't want to catch cold, you know. Incidentally, as the ground is covered in snow, folks, I'm going to sleep standing up. Well, goodnight, folks, goodnight. (COUGHS, SMACKING OF LIPS, GRUNT, YAWNS, SNORES)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Meanwhile, not far away, two boy soldiers stumble through the wintry darkness.

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND, FADES

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) You stupid nit, Eccles. I told you we shoulda turned left at Stonehenge. Now we shall be freez-ed to death.

FX:

RAPID TAPPING ON TEMPLE BLOCK

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER, SHOCK) Wahayyy!

FX:

TAPPING STOPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that?

ECCLES:

My knees!

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND, FADES

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Ohho. Ay. Ohho. I wish I'd never joined a Highland Regiment. Harm can come to a young lad wearin' a kilt on a night like this.

GREENSLADE:

Soon, they approached the spot where Seagoon is fast asleep, standing rigidly to attention in his long white nightshirt.

ECCLES:

(SURPRISE) Ohh! Look, Bottle. Ah, it's a short fat tent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is a tent.

ECCLES:

Here, let's get inside out o' the cold.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You hold the flap up and I'll crawl underneath.

ECCLES:

OK. You first.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Okay, then.

ECCLES:

Now me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

(EFFORT) Ah. Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah!

ECCLES:

That's better. (CLAP HANDS TO BODY AS THOUGH TO WARM UP) Oh, yeah. Much warmer an'... nice and cosy in here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I'm much warmer now, Eccles. You feel my cheek.

ECCLES:

Bit dark 'ere. (PAUSE - 2 SECONDS) Oh, yeah. So you are, you're... you're warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You haven't touched me yet!

ECCLES:

Ohhh. Well, I touched somebody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, I'll strike a match.

ECCLES:

Right.

FX:

MATCH STRUCK

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SURPRISE) Ahhahooie!! Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ohhowww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a nudist with no head! Pardon me, sir! Mister! I say, Mister!

ECCLES:

What's wrong?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't get any answer.

ECCLES:

Perhaps there's nobody in. Here, let me try.

FX:

THREE KNOCKS (METAL DOORKNOCKER)

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahh. What? What? What? Who is that? Come out from under my nightshirt. Come out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhooo hoo. Ayy. Ahoo.

ECCLES:

Look, Bottle, it... i... i... it ain't a tent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. It's only a man *disguised* as a tent.

SEAGOON:

Silence, little kilted boy! Or I'll have at you with this feather duster.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, I say. Hands up, I say. Raises boy soldier's rifle and cocks piece of elastic. Quick march. A-left, right, left...

SEAGOON:

Now look here, you can't do this to me, I...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left, right, left.

SEAGOON:

You can't...

ECCLES:

Right and...

SEAGOON:

Where are you taking me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left...

ECCLES:

Eyes left...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left...

ECCLES:

Left and right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left, right, left... (FADES)

ECCLES:

(OFF) Left, right...

GREENSLADE:

While at the military camp nearby, the commanding officer is busy with his official correspondence.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhohhoohho! Ohhoho!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhoho! Don't come in. Don't let... Er, Singhiz, cover up that picture of a naked telephone and hide that naughty French mustard, will you? Right, come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

(OFF) OK, in you go.

SEAGOON:

(off, approaching) You can't do this to me.

BLOODNOK:

Hello, what's this?

ECCLES:

I... I don't know. Me and Bottle found it on the Salisbury Plain.

SEAGOON:

I tell you I'm innocent! My grandmother owns a duck farm in Kent, you know.

ECCLES:

An... any eggs?

SEAGOON:

Well...

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute! Aren't you Myrtle Prong's daughter?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

I knew it! I never forget a nightshirt.

SEAGOON:

Now listen to me, Major...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, lovely Myrtle Prong. The flower of the NAAFI. Oh, those Bombay nights. That night I took her out to dinner. What a meal that was! Curried soup, curried prawns, curried beef, curried ice-cream and then gorgonzola and curried pickles. And, after dinner...

ORCHESTRA:

2 BARS INTRODUCTION, THEN ACCOMPANIMENT 'THE INDIGESTION WALTZ'

BLOODNOK:

(OVER, SINGS)

I danced the whole night through,
The Indigestion Waltz with you.
We gave a kick-up,
With each naughty hiccough,
And up in the air we flew.

You wore a pale pink rose,
And I wore a big red nose.
With every sharp turn,
I got such heartburn,
The Indigestion Waltz, dear, with you, with you,
The Indigestion Waltz with you.

(SPEAKS) Oh. I thank you. Send only two-and-sixpence for a copy of this record. Well, Seagoon, I don't know what we're gonna do with you. Um, Eccles, were you about to make a suggestion?

ECCLES:

Me?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Um... no.

BLOODNOK:

Then why are you standing there looking so suggestive?

ECCLES:

I... I... I'm not.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhoho! Ohhhohoho!

ECCLES:

You naughty man, you.

BLOODNOK:

Chicketty-snitch, you naughty lad. Stop wasting my time and get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Ahhhhho!

BLOODNOK:

And send in Bandmaster Ray Ellington and his Barrack Squares.

ECCLES:

OK.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT'

GREENSLADE:

The Policy, part three. We now return you to Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What were you doing on Salisbury Plain in a snow-storm?

SEAGOON:

I was trying to get deceased.

BLOODNOK:

What? Surely there must be easier ways of killing yourself.

SEAGOON:

Killing myself?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Killing myself... dead?

BLOODNOK:

Well, that's the usual way, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Dead! So that's what 'deceased' means. Oh, those villains. Hrrors of horrors, helppp!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, come down off that elephant stand, will you. Now explain to me, please.

SEAGOON:

Major. Two crooks have insured my life for ten thousand pounds. Now they're trying to kill me so that they get the money.

BLOODNOK:

I see, I see. Yes, mm. Excuse me a moment, will you? (SINGS SOFTLY) 'I danced the whole night through...'

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

'The Indigestion Waltz with you... '

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK

BLOODNOK:

(SPOKEN) Er, get me the Spon Insurance Company, er, would you? Um. (SINGS SOFTLY) 'I wan a ee'.
(SPOKEN) Hello? Ah. Mm, yes. I want to take out a ten thousand pounds life insurance on a Mr. Neddie Seagoon. Mm. Er, thank you, yes. (SINGS SOFTLY) 'Mm da da dee, ah'.

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP, DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Now, Neddie...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, little Neddie, how about a nice drink?

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

I'll mix you one of my special cocktails. Let me see now, one part arsenic...

FX:

CLINK OF BOTTLE AND GLASS

BLOODNOK:

One part cyanide.

FX:

POURING LIQUIDS, OCCASIONAL CLINKS

BLOODNOK:

Sulphuric acid. Two parts plin. One part disinfectant and a dash of weed-killer.

FX:

POURING STOPS

BLOODNOK:

There, lad!

FX:

GLASS PLACED ON TABLE

BLOODNOK:

You try that. I think you'll find that... ohh... Neddie? Where...? He's gone!

SEAGOON:

Little does he realise, folks, that by placing my ear against the side of my head, I heard what he was saying. And I'm, even now, even now, driving a fast pair of legs towards London!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! Come back! You haven't had your nice drink. Neddie! (FADES)

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES, KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Excuse me, Major Blo... Oh. Ohh, 'e's, er... er, not 'ere, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, Eccles, he's left his drink on the table.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah! Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles, have you ever tasted any halcoholic liquor?

ECCLES:

No, 'ave you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, go on, then. Drink... drink this... yeah, go, drink... drink dat den... drink dat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. I'm frightened. You drink it, den you can tell me what it is like.

ECCLES:

OK. OK. Cheers. (SIPS, SMACKING OF LIPS, GULP, SMACKING OF LIPS)

GRAMS:

BUBBLES, DEEP NOISY GURGLING, WHOOSH, EXPLOSION, CAR APPROACHES, SCREECH OF BRAKES, CAR CRASHES, JET PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD, SMASHING OF GLASS, LARGE EXPLOSION, FALLING DEBRIS

ECCLES:

Mm, not bad, not bad at all.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

ECCLES:

(OVER, SINGS) 'Ahm oum ah owwww'.

GREENSLADE:

And now, let us join London by night and a bedraggled figure lurching along the rain-swept streets.

GRAMS:

HEAVY RAIN

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Yes, it's me, folks. A fugitive from Grytpype and Moriarty with... with nowhere to... But what's this? This thing of grace and fragile beauty?

FLOWERDEW:

It's the Albert Memorial.

SEAGOON:

The perfect hiding place! Hurriedly I painted a leather door on the side of the Albert Memorial and hung up a sign saying 'Rooms to let, apply caretaker'.

FX:

THREE RAPS ON METAL DOOR-KNOCKER

HENRY:

Ahh, yes?

SEAGOON:

I'm looking for a room.

HENRY:

Ah, yes, come in, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

HENRY:

This way. But mind the elephant stand, sir.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Oh, yim. (APPROACHES, SINGING) Yim bum diddle da doy dum diddle doh. Dip a dee pum ba bim ya pa pa po ee dee dum, dee dee diddle dee, pee...

HENRY:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

Ohoh! (SINGS) Cha pcha cha cha...

HENRY:

Min!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yup puppa poh.

HENRY:

Get... get back in your modern room at once, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yah got to rock and rock around the clock, rock and rolling all the time, gotta rock and roll...

HENRY:

(OVER) You wicked woman, you.

MINNIE:

(SINGS)... You rock, rock... (CONTINUES)

HENRY:

(OVER) You've been at the sennapod wine again! You... Have you no shame? Walking about in those high-heeled football boots! You're driving me maaaaad!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Papum. Yuppa puppa poh.

SEAGOON:

About the room, sir.

HENRY:

What? Yes, sir, yes. Ah, yes.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Oh. This is it, sir. Nine pounds a week. No visitors, no music, no dancing, no cooking, no hot water and no breathing after eleven. And if you want anything all you have to do is to go and get it, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a typical English boarding house. Splendid.

HENRY:

Good night, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha, ha. Where's my speaking trumpet? Oh.

MINNIE:

Here it... here it is, I...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, cheeky. (AHM) (THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Thank heaven, folks, safe at last. Now nobody has the faintest idea where I am.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SELLERS:

Er, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

SELLERS:

Parcel for you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ta.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

A parcel?

FX:

UNWRAPPING PAPER PARCEL

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Wonder what it... why, it... it's a gramophone record. I'll just play it on the gas-ring.

GRAMS:

(PRE-RECORDED GRYPYPE AND MORIARTY WITH SLIGHT ECHO)

GRAMS GRYPYPE:

'There he is, Moriarty. Now count three and fire!'

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'Sapristi, yes. One, two three'.

GRAMS:

RECORD CLICKS AS THOUGH CRACKED. (CLICK)

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three'. (CLICK)

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

'What's the matter?'

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'The needle's stuck' (CLICK) 'stuck'.

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun' (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK)

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Hellpp!

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah. Ah. I just got out in time.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) There he is! British Army, take aim, fire!

GRAMS:

MACHINE-GUN FIRE, BARRAGE

SEAGOON:

(OVER) No, no, no! Hellppp!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS MORIARTY:

(SLIGHT ECHO) 'Aho, he's back, Grytpype. Fire!' (PISTOL SHOT)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owww!'

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

'He's out again! Fire!!' (MACHINE-GUN FIRE)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(OVER) 'Owwww!'

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'He's back, Grytpype. Fire!!' (PISTOL SHOT).

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owwww!' DOOR OPENS

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

'He's out again! Fire!!' (MACHINE-GUN FIRE)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owwww!'

SEQUENCE REPEATS, VERY FAST, UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

And there we leave Neddie at present, trapped between the British Army and a loaded record. And frankly, I don't think much of his chances of ever getting to the tiddleywinks match.

SEAGOON:

It's a lie, I'll be there, Phil, I'll be there with my... my lads here, we'll be doing fine...

BLOODNOK:

Aye ahoho.

SEAGOON:

... won't we? Ohoho. (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Ah, yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

Which reminds me.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK

GREENSLADE:

Hello? Spon Insurance Company? Thank you. I'd like to take out a ten thousand pound life insurance policy on Neddie Seagoon. (PAUSE, ASIDE) Yes, it's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

'DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD'

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 Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Roy Speer.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

S8 E10 - King Solomon's Mines

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC home service. A cosy little organization that gives aged gentlemen like myself safe refuge from the sinful world of work.

GRAMS:

(GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP) HURRAY! HIP HIP, HURRAY! HIP HIP, HURRAY!

GREENSLADE:

Right! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Yes. I have here in my hand, ladies and gentlemen, a chit...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What?

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Say that again.

GREENSLADE:

...granting me a permission to sing... and the chit is signed by John Snagge.

SECOMBE:

Do you have to bow your head when you mention that name?

GREENSLADE:

No, but it helps.

SECOMBE:

Well, get on with the old singing bit, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Well, I should like to sing the ballad... (INTERRUPTIONS FROM SECOMBE AND MILLIGAN) I would like to sing...

MILLIGAN:

...the old chat, there.

SECOMBE:

Give the old singing, there, Wal. [UNCLEAR]? What about the old singing, there, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Well, I should like to sing the ballad, 'Sea Fever' by John Masefield.

OCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) 'I must go down to the sea again...' Oh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SECOMBE:

That got rid of him!

GREENSLADE:

(OFF) Help! I can't swim in water.

SECOMBE:

Right! Grab this imitation hand. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASHING.

GREENSLADE:

Oh! Oh, Mr Seagoon, that... that river was full of naughty water.

SEAGOON:

What? It must have sprung a leak! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Well done! Well done! Well done! Well done!

SELLERS:

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. (BLOWS INTO MIC)

SEAGOON:

Yes. Folks, that was Peter Sellers doing an impression of the next car he intends to buy. He'll never last out. Now Wal, wring out that wet stomach and read the writing on the seat of these underpants.

GREENSLADE:

We present the new all-leather goon show.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATELY STOP.

SEAGOON:

Start!

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATELY STOP.

SEAGOON:

We've got them eating out of our hands tonight!

GREENSLADE:

Ha ha ha! My dear Harry, the audiences we get eat out of their hands every night.

SEAGOON:

How dare you insult the paid claue!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, this week's masterpiece comes from the pen of Spike Milligan. Incidentally, Mr Milligan is on view in his pen every Sunday morning. From it he has just written Rider Haggard's immortal story, "King Solomon's Mines" for the third time.

SELLERS:

(U.S. FILM ANNOUNCER) Here it is then, Carl Filmend Mould!

ORCHESTRA:

AFRICAN EPIC INTRODUCTION.

HORN:

[SELLERS]

My name is Horn. Trader Horn. Born in Houndsditch. How do you like a name like that, eh? Horn-Trader-Horn-born-in-Houndsditch. My father must have been mad.

ECCLES:

Hello, son!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

Owww!

HORN:

I spent my life in Africa hunting the cord of the rare female stripped pyjamas which are dying out rapidly. So let us go back to the beginning of our story. And so saying I sank back in my spon chair, filled my pipe with brown 'agony' shag and the following story I told.

GRAMS:

RECORDING; (SELLERS) I FIRST SAW LORD SEAGOON IN 1908. (SPEEDING UP) IT WAS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AT THE CASINO TABLES OF MONTE CARLO AT HALIBUT...

GRAMS:

ROULETTE WHEEL. BALL DROPPING, SPINNING AROUND WHEEL. BELL. DISTANT FRENCH CRIES.

GREENSLADE:

Numero cinque rouge.

SEAGOON:

Cinque rouge! Curse, folks. I had my money on number five red. I'd better get change.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) They've gotta learn quick [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Par... So have I, folks! Pardonezz moy. Er, avez-vous le change pour mon ten bob note pour le francs?

GREENSLADE:

Er, it will be easier for me if you speak english.

SEAGOON:

I don't speak that very well, either.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, ha! An english punditeur.

SEAGOON:

Have a care, frog eater, or I'll dig up Napoleon and clout his nut.

GREENSLADE:

I apologise... I apologise for your disgusting behaviour.

SEAGOON:

Merci.

GREENSLADE:

Place your bets, please.

HORN:

A thousand francs on red ten.

ELLINGTON:

Two thousand francs on eleven.

ECCLES:

Tuppence on number three.

GREENSLADE:

Monsieur! Monsieur!

ECCLES:

What? What?

GREENSLADE:

[UNCLEAR]. We never take english money.

ECCLES:

Oooh, good. Then I can't lose. I'll leave it out.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried the other tables?

ECCLES:

Yep. And all the chairs. Have a nut?

FX:

SLAPPING SOUNDS ON BARE SKIN. (MIX IN WOODBLOCK FOR EFFECT)

OMNES:

Hoi, hup. (EXTENDED)

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww! Not below the belt, now.

GREENSLADE:

Now, any final bets?

SEAGOON:

Ten francs on number one hundred.

HORN:

There's no such number on the wheel.

SEAGOON:

I'll take a chance. My second name is 'mad-man!'

ECCLES:

That's my first name.

FX:

SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. (WOODBLOCK AGAIN)

OMNES:

(FIGHTING SOUNDS)

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Awwww!

HORN:

As the night wore on, I found myself at a table with Lord Seagoon opposite.

FX:

CARD SHUFFLE.

SEAGOON:

It was poker. Poker with a vengeance. The table was surrounded by excited spectators. The bids were a million francs a time. I had raised them two million. I felt confident. I had the best poker hand I'd ever had.

HORN:

It all depended on one player to call. Finally he did.

ECCLES:

SNAP!

SEAGOON:

Snap? You ragged idiot, we're playing poker!

ECCLES:

Ooooo. Well, I'm winning, ain't I?

HORN:

Yes, you are, blast you!

SEAGOON:

This man's impossible. I refuse to play at this table.

ECCLES:

Me, too. Where shall we go, fellas?

FX:

SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. MIX IN WOODBLOCK.

OMNES:

FIGHTING SOUNDS.

GREENSLADE:

Monsieur Eccles. Monsieur Eccles, the managing director of the casino insists that you leave. Salut.

ECCLES:

Oh. The managing director throwing me out, what an honour that is.

SEAGOON:

The ambulance is outside.

ECCLES:

Ambulance? I'm not sick.

SEAGOON:

You will be, it's going to run over you.

ECCLES:

What! Let me go! Let me go!

FX:

STICKS ON HARD SURFACE.

OMNES:

FIGHTING SOUNDS.

ECCLES:

Owww! Owww! Owww! Oooh! That's enough!

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens he's gone. He's won two million francs and I'm... (GULP) skint! Where's my speaking trumpet? (THROUGH TRUMPET) Hello, folks! Calling folks!

ORCHESTRA:

SOLO VIOLIN. (DODGY VERSION OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.)

SEAGOON:

(THROUGH TRUMPET) I'm destitute, folks! No money, folks. Ruined, folks. Farewell, folks, and farewell, cruel world, folks.

HORN:

Seagoon was ruined. He took the only way out.

SEAGOON:

(THROUGH TRUMPET) The tradesmen's entrance, folks. (NORMAL) I'll have a tune on Max Geldray's secret laundry list. Where's that corkscrew? BRANDY!!!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

AFRICAN EPIC THEME. CRESCENDO AND FADE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

During that number a plot started to emerge. Lord Seagoon, impoverished, set out for Africa to seek his fortune. He was bound for the upper Congo.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

FLIES.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Ohh! Ohh! Oh, dear. Silly place to have a pimple. Not a decent angle-mirror in the place. Come along, you flies. Out you go, lads, out you go.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good. Now I shall have a spoonful of the old curry powder. Puts power in your knees, you know. (SWALLOWS)

FX:

FAST TWO-TONED WOODBLOC.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S SIREN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S SIREN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! It's a river steamer. And what a steamer! Singhiz! Singhiz Thing!

SINGHIZ-THING:

What is it, Major? What is perplexing you?

BLOODNOK:

A river boat has arrived.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Oh, my!

BLOODNOK:

I must look my best. Lay out a fresh sock, will you? I'm not putting it on, just lay it out for show. Gad, I haven't seen anyone from England for ten years.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Well, it's very difficult to see them such a long way away, [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Silence, Singhiz, or I'll squirt curry powder up your loin-cloth.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

BLOODNOK:

Come in. Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

Good morning, sir. I... I'm just off the river steamer from England.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, how strange. A white man.

MINNIE:

Eh? My name is *Miss* Minnie Bannister.

BLOODNOK:

Even stranger, a white man called Miss Minnie Bannister. What's happening back in England?

MINNIE:

They're doing the bling blim buddle dee etc:

MINNIE:

It's all the rage, you know.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

What? Nothing's happening back in England.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's progress for you. Come in, dear sir.

MINNIE:

Sir? I... I'm... I'm... ohhhh.... I'm a woman.

BLOODNOK:

Woman? Woman. That name strikes a chord, you know. Where's me old medical charts, now?

MINNIE:

What's he doing? What's he... What's he doing?

BLOODNOK:

Let's see. Woman. Woman. W, a, m, a... Ah, here we are, yes, woman. Woman is a... Ooooh! And, ah, ohhh, ah ahhhhhgggrrhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

BLOODNOK:

It's those flies back again. I'm spitting tonight. Coming, lads!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

BLOODNOK:

You're not one of my flies.

SEAGOON:

I'm not one of anyone's flies.

BLOODNOK:

So, an unemployed fly. Buzz off, sir, or I'll escort you...

SEAGOON:

Wait, Major.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I need work. That's why I left england. I've just stepped off the boat.

BLOODNOK:

That's *two* of you off the riverboat. It was much bigger than I thought, you know. Well, I was under the impression that it was a single seater ocean liner.

SEAGOON:

It was, but it had a large boot.

BLOODNOK:

So it walked here! You see, our ships don't need Suez, I've always said that. Well you just happen to be lucky. Allow me to change me voice and introduce myself as Harry Trader Horn.

HORN:

How-do-you-do? A rich client of mine... (RUBBISH)

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks. Calling folks. Calling folks. He told me a strange tale, folks. A rich client was sending an expedition into the interior, folks, and he wanted me to go along as an assistant hunter.

HORN:

I want you to go along as an assistant hunter.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've just told them that, you know.

HORN:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) He said thank you, folks.

HORN:

Yes, I told the, folks.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Yes, he said he told you, folks. Has he, folks?

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF MASSED CHEERING SPEEDED UP. "YI HA!" MIX IN GIANT SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Thank you, folks. On with the story, folks. King Solomon's Mines part three, folks.

ORCHESTRA:

QUICK DRAMATIC AFRICAN LINK.

GRAMS:

DISTANT NATIVE CHATTER.

HORN:

Mr. Spriggs, have you checked the safari supplies?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. (SINGS) Yes, Ji-immmmm!

HORN:

(SINGS) Right, Ji-immmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh! Jim, [UNCLEAR].

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhh! Ah, Mister Trader Horn, mon... mon ami. All ready to start the trek, eh? Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.
Ha ha ha.

SPRIGGS:

Shut him up, Jim.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha. (EXTENDED ARGUMENT BETWEEN SPRIGGS AND MORIARTY)

HORN:

Are you, er... Are you quite sure you know where the King Solomon's Mines are?

MORIARTY:

Yes. In Africa.

HORN:

Africa ia a very big place.

MORIARTY:

Pardon?

HORN:

Africa is a very big place.

MORIARTY:

Then don't stand so close to me.

HORN:

There's nothing to fear.

MORIARTY:

What?

HORN:

I'm down wind.

MORIARTY:

Did you get that non-trade union assistant?

HORN:

I did. Allow me to introduce, under this steaming electric wig, Lord Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

You!

SEAGOON:

You!

HORN:

Me!

SEAGOON:

Don't change the subject.

HORN:

What?

SEAGOON:

This man's a notorious international confidence trickster by appointment to the government.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwwwwww! Ahawwwwwww! How dare you insult a french Count like that without payment of leather guineas.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Moriarty, now. Put down those replicas of clenched fists. Neddie need have no fear. We are but the minions of a rich man who is financing this trip. Moriarty, time for your Oww.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. It's the only cure for la grippe, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! Where is this rich man, then? Speak up or I'll swallow this stuffed seagull.

GRYTPYPE:

He's nailed up in this wooden crate here.

FX:

TAPPING ON WOODEN PLANK.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you alright, sir?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Yep. Fine, fine. I'm finished with the bottle.

SEAGOON:

That's the famous Eccles!

GRYTPYPE:

You recognised him by his crate?

SEAGOON:

You devils. You mean you've had him nailed up in that crate for the whole voyage?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course not. Of course not. Half the time he was sealed in the barrel.

ECCLES:

My turn.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Sealed in the barrel? How did he breathe?

MORIARTY:

He breathed through his nose. Hup, hup, hoihi!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

MORIARTY:

You got to keep 'em laughing, folks. We are after King Solomon's Mines.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks. Did you hear that, folks? We are hunting for King Solomon's Mines, folks. Forward into Africa, Wal.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SAFARI LINK.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF CANOE PADDLING. DISTANT NATIVE SINGING WITH TOM TOM ACCOMPANIMENT.
CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

For three days the expedition travelled upstream by river. For days they never saw an Albert Memorial. This was Africa at its most primitive. Some of the men got restless.

CYRIL:

'Ere, how long we gonna be on this, er, river... river, like, then?

SEAGOON:

Two more days, Cyril, and then a month's march inland.

CYRIL:

One month? I gotta be away from home for a month?

SEAGOON:

You're not worried are you?

CYRIL:

'Course I'm worried. My baby sitter charges two bob an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, couldn't your wife have done it?

CYRIL:

No. She charges three bob an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's worth it.

CYRIL:

Worth it? We haven't even got a baby! Now listen, I'm not stopping in Africa. I got... I got three windows to dress. You gotta get me off this boat! I love Anne and June, I tell you...

SEAGOON:

Right. Hup...!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Hup...

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Swallow me thuns...

SEAGOON:

Next. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Seagon, swallow me thuns, I saw you throw Little Jim into the water.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I thought the change would do him good, you know.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you Seagoon. If Little Jim is not back for next week's catchphrase, I shall say it myself. Allow me to try. (AHM) He's fallen in the wa-tah. Un un nn nng... No, It's no good, I... I can't do it. I...

CYRIL:

(OFF) Help! Help! I'm drowning in non-kosher water. Help!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, look! A crocodile making straight for Cyril.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Got him. Now to get the crocodile.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

You got him, too! It looks like a very old crocodile.

MORIARTY:

Yes. He won the 'old crocks' race to Brighton last year.

ORCHESTRA:

Tatty chord.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You got to keep 'em laughing, folks!

BLOODNOK:

I'll have a pair of real shoes out of him. Wait a moment. It's floating downstream towards Spriggs' boat.

SPRIGGS:

Yes? Yes, Ji-immmmm! Yes, Ji-immmmm!

BLOODNOK:

Got any rope?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

Then lasso that crocodile and give him a tow.

SPRIGGS:

Why should I? He's had two of mine already.

BLOODNOK:

No good. The pace is much too much. Ellington, play a cool tune on your foon. Brandy!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC AFRICAN EPIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The river journey complete, the great safari formed up for the great trek inland and the headsman's name was 'Ginger'.

BLOODNOK:

I say, are you Ginger?

ELLINGTON:

Yes. Me Ginger.

BLOODNOK:

Jolly good. I say, I must have my eyes tested, you know, I...

ELLINGTON:

Ombah yalla! Tallaboot kalla im mahgoo ah il bashel katool!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried wearing... Have you tried wearing them back to front?

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, careful, he's the head man. He says the expedition is ready to start inland.

SEAGOON:

It's going to be a long march.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense. It can't last more than thirty one days, I have a friend with a calender, you know.

MORIARTY:

Arrrrgggh! Now listen, you two, arrrggh, owwww ow ow. Ow. Ow. Grytpype tells me from here to our destination is four hundred miles.

BLOODNOK:

How far's that?

MORIARTY:

Well, that's a secret. Go on, folks, lap it up. Now then, this journey needs stamina.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] stamina.

MORIARTY:

Where's stamina? I'll spell it, (GIBBERISH). Seagoon, how much ground could you cover in a day?

SEAGOON:

I can cover ten square yards standing still.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad to hear that, Neddie. Now come, Moriarty. Horn-Trader-Horn-Born-In-Houndsditch is waiting to carry us in his portable tree. (GOING OFF) We must get there...

SEAGOON:

I don't trust Grytpype and Moriarty.

BLOODNOK:

And I don't trust Moriarty and Grytpype.

SEAGOON:

Well, keep an eye on my two first then we'll settle yours.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

ELLINGTON:

Oom balla!

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

ELLINGTON:

Don't laugh, little one. Oom balla! We go!

SEAGOON:

Right. Help me get this crate on my head. (STRAINING) Huh. Ahhhrgg ahhhrrrrgg. (PUFFS) You alright in there, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Fine, fine. Umm, ah, oh, tell me, is it, er, day or night?

SEAGOON:

What's that up in the sky?

BLOODNOK:

The sun.

SEAGOON:

It's day, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ta. Oh, this is the life. Nailed up in a crate being carried through Africa. Oh, a slice of privilege [UNCLEAR] I like. Oh, never had it so good, I tell you. This is living!

SEAGOON:

Don't get excited, Eccles, this crate leaks.

HORN:

Right. Forward... into the interior!

SEAGOON:

We might meet the decorators. Hello, folks, did you get that, folks? Interior... interior decoator! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Ah, hum. Sorry, folks. FORWARD!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF PARTY CUTTING ITS WAY THROUGH JUNGLE.

SEAGOON:

Ah! Oh, we made slow progress. The jungle was very dense.

BLOODNOK:

So were we.

SEAGOON:

By April the twenty second we'd only reached February the first.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jim. Where are we heading for? Where are we heaaaaa-ding... where are we he...
(SINGS) Where are we heading foood-ooooor? Where are we heading for, Ji-im?

SEAGOON:

Well done, chords. (BURP) Pardon.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you, gentlemen. With the financial help of Mister Eccles and Moriarty's overdraft we are seeking the King Solomon's Mines.

SPRIGGS:

Solomon's Mines? Are they rich?

GRYTPYPE:

With a name like Solomon? Do me a favour.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, but... but the King Solomon's Mines is only a legend.

GRYTPYPE:

We know it's only a legend, we're determined to find it. Moriarty, you've got the map. Show them, Moriarty. Moriarty? Where is that schnorrer? Moriarty? (GOING OFF) Moriarty? Moriarty? (SHOUTS) Count Moriarty, where are you?!

SEAGOON:

It sounds as if he's gone.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? And what sound does a person make when he's gone?

SEAGOON:

This.

(SILENCE)

GRYTPYPE:

That's it. That's the sound he's making. So, the steaming eater of escargots and snails has done the dirty on my dirty. I'll get him. Give me those dentist's pliers and that rusty razorblade.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

He's gone and made the same sound. Where's my leather speaking trumpet? (THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks! Here we are all left in the jungle, folks, with no one who will help, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will help you, my good man. Enter a fresh lunatic.

SEAGOON:

Just what England needs. Wait here while we go and trap Moriarty with this picture of forty one, twenty eight, thirty nine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Right. Follow me, men!

GRAMS:

RECORDING: BOOTS RUNNING AT SPEED.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING OVER, GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP)

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be free.

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be free.

Shoulder to shoulder,

And us getting bolder,

Fight for the right to be free.

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be freeeee.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, they've gone and lefted me. Oh, well. Like all good boy scouts I will play with my elastic. Stretch, streeeetch!

FX:

WHACK ON BARE SKIN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! My nut.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Keep... keep quiet out there. There's people in this crate trying to get some sleep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is that you in there, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, dat's me-in-dere-Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it dark in that crate, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'll strike a match and see. Oh, no. It was a moment ago, though.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Good, 'cause I want to take a photo of you for the 'beautiful body' contest in the Finchley nature mag.

ECCLES:

Ah, ho! Ah, ah ah ho! I'll take my clothes off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ok. Ready?

ECCLES:

Yeh, ready. Oh, these splinters!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... you smiling, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Dere. I tooked it, Eccles. Which way was you facing?

FX:

KNOCKING ON WOOD.

ECCLES:

I was on... facing this side.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you had your back to me. That's ruined the photo, now.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) Let me go!

SEAGOON:

Come on you devils. We've got 'em. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! It was all a hairy plot, folks. Moriarty ran away and Grytpype had arranged to make it look like he knew nothing about it, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Sort it out for yourselves, folks.

GRYTPYPE:

If it weren't for those speeded up recordings of running you'd never have caught us, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Now release Eccles.

GRAMS:

CROWBAR UNDER NAILED DOWN SLAT. CRATE OPENING SOUNDS. (CONTINUE UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Hurry up, we're getting near the end of the show.

BLOODNOK:

Out you come, Eccles. Eccles! What are you doing in the nude?

ECCLES:

I was... I was posing for the nature... nature photograph.

BLOODNOK:

You're the wrong shape, lad. You need advice.

SEAGOON:

Ah, you fiends. Into the crate with you.

GRAMS:

QUICK HAMMERING ON WOOD.

SEAGOON:

There! And in there you stay. Bloodnok? Throw 'em on the boat.

GRAMS:

LARGE SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Missed! Curse! Worse still, if Little Jim had have been here he could have said...

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLOODNOK:

He could have said.

SEAGOON:

Now, my dear friend, the rich Eccles, my pal, my dear old rich mate, where's that silly old two million francs, eh?

ECCLES:

It was all in that crate.

SEAGOON:

Curse! An unhappy ending, folks.

BLOODNOK:

Not for me it isn't. Ohh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

FX:

SOUNDS OF SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. MIX IN WOODBLOCK.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

NOTES

When Eccles declares "My turn" in the barrel, it is a reference to the phrase "It's your turn in the barrel". This is the punchline to a dirty joke in which sailors relieve their "frustrations" using a barrel with a hole in it.

S8 E11 - The Stolen Postman

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

...and gentlemen, we present the all weather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC) And tonight we bring you the story of... The Stolen Postman.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION

SELLERS:

The scene; a self contained, unfurnished radio set.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And here is the news. The birthday celebrations of the Sultan of Dirtistan have had to be postponed as he's been unable to find a volunteer to act as a guest victim in the annual exploding ceremony. And now, scene two; a self contained unfurnished sewer under the Euston Road.

GRAMS:

SPLASHING. CONTINUES UNDER...

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Da di da di, da di da da. Moriarty! Come on in, the water's fine.

MORIARTY:

Yes, but you're not. I'm not getting in there and getting myself wet with water.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, there's a first time for everybody, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhwww! Not the dreaded water.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you fool!

MORIARTY:

Ahhwww! Ahhwww again. Owwww. Owwww...

GRYTPYPE:

You almost owwed in a confined space. You realise one more oww and the whole place will go up in flames? Now help me on with my clean newspaper, please.

FX:

TAPPING ON RESONANT PIECE OF IRON.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, there's somebody at the man hole cover.

FX:

HEAVY IRON LID BEING THROWN ASIDE.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, good morning, postman.

SEAGOON:

Good morning. A registered boot for you. Sign on the dotted sock, please.

FX:

SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank *you*, postman. Oh, and here's a little something for yourself.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT

SEAGOON:

Ah! Oh, goodie, just what I've always wanted, my own bullet. (GOING OFF SINGING) It's a hap, hap, happy day, on the spring on the sprabble spray...

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's have a look what's in this registered boot. Good heavens, Moriarty, a registered foot.

MORIARTY:

What's it say, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

It's from our landlord. "Dear Sirs, Owing to complaints from the tenants of the others sewers about your singing and owwwing after eleven o'clock, I do hereby give you notice to quit."

MORIARTY:

Ah, howwwwee! Or if you like, Hi ih ha ho ho hoou! Grytpype, we've been given the registered boot. Kicked out, sewerless, without a street over our heads. We've nothing but the water we stand up in. Grytpype? Grytpype! You're not listening.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm?

MORIARTY:

You're not listening Grytpype. (RUBBISH)

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry. I was just reading this advertisement on the back page of my suit. Listen here. "Wanted, man for exploding. One thousand pounds offered for a genuine Charlie in good condition. Apply, The Sultan of Dirtistan."

MORIARTY:

Four thousand pounds! (SIC) Grytpype, with that we could build our own sewer.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. Moriarty I have an idea. Follow me...

ORCHESTRA:

Short tense link

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And here is the news. Early this morning two masked men broke into the GPO and stole postman Neddie Seagoon. Police believe Seagoon was rendered unconscious by a blow from a weighted banana, a photograph of which was found nearby. And now scene three; a self contained unfurnished idiot.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Oh. Oh, my head. What. What. What-what-what! Where's my megaphone? Thank you. Thank you. Folks! Calling, folks through my megaphone, folks. What's happened, folks? Where am I, folks?

GRYTPYPE:

Alright Neddie, drop that speaking trumpet.

FX:

DROP METAL PIPE

MORIARTY:

Ohh oh, oh, oh, oh! My foot!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (CONTINUES CLUCKING) Who are you, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

My name, sir, is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. And the teeth resting in this glass of stale beer belong to none other than Count Jim 'Ping'...

MORIARTY:

Ping!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Ace... ace knee-slapper and king of pong.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Seagoon? Once again, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhhh! Melody divine.

MORIARTY:

Ace...

SEAGOON:

Never mind those ahhrrrowwws divine. What's going on?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear postman, pull up a floorboard and I'll tell you a likely story. Because of your excellent service in the parcel smashing department you're being promoted to corporal postman and sent to a better job.

SEAGOON:

What! You mean I'm... I'm going to be posted?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, registered of course.

SEAGOON:

Oh, happy day! Huzzah, huzzah, huzzah!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, get a floor cloth and mop up those huzzahs, would you. Neddie, Neddie. Stand to attention now and close your eyes.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty get that pad of cotton wool and soak it in chloroform.

MORIARTY:

Right. Now what?

GRYTPYPE:

Now hit him with this iron bar.

MORIARTY:

Huurgh...

FX:

CLANK OF IRON BAR. THUD OF BODY FALLING TO FLOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now the brown paper and string.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the browwwwwn paper. The browwwwwn paper. (EXTENDED)

GRYTPYPE:

And to keep Seagoon unconscious get Max 'Haircut' Geldray to strum his elastic plastic ploogie.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww....

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now The Stolen Postman part two. The scene; a small post office in East Penge.

CRUN:

Errr, ten, eleven, twelve words. That'll be one and ninepence, please. Thank you.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. COIN DROPS INTO TILL.

CRUN:

Good day to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL RINGS. DOOR CLOSES

THROAT:

Good day to you, too. Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AGAIN. SHOP BELL GOES

MINNIE:

Oh, what's that?

CRUN:

Ah, good morning, sir.

MORIARTY:

Awwwww. Good morning, mon ami. I want to send this parcel by registered post.

CRUN:

Right, sir, put it up here.

MORIARTY:

La post registreur.

CRUN:

Ah.

GRAMS:

STRAINING OF OVERLOADED SPRINGS WITH ECHO EFFECT TO GIVE IT THAT HOLLOW SOUND

CRUN:

Twenty two stone, sir. I'm afraid that is going to cost you an extra tuppence.

MORIARTY:

Take it out of... take it out of my post office account.

CRUN:

Could I have your book, sir? Thank you.

MORIARTY:

There.

CRUN:

Just forward your name along this finger here would you?

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Good day and Owwww.

CRUN:

And a good Owwww to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL. DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear. He's left his steam behind. Oh, yes. Ah, well. Min? Stamp this parcel registered while I go and change the elephant's hat, Min.

MINNIE:

O.K. Right-oh, buddy. Now where's that modern rhythm rubber-type stamp?

FX:

QUICK STAMPING.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Ahhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

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

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Henry! Help, Henry. Henry! Ohhhhhh!

CRUN:

What is it? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Henryyyy!

CRUN:

What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

The parcel, Henry. The parcel spoke to me.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

The parcel spoke to me, Henry.

CRUN:

You've been at the spirit gum again.

MINNIE:

But...

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) I'm through and through.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! It spoke again! It spoke again in parcel language.

CRUN:

What... what did it say?

MINNIE:

It said... it said, Henry...

CRUN:

It said Henry? Then it wasn't speaking to you, it was speaking to me.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Let me out!

CRUN AND MIN:

Ohhhhh!

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our post office!

CRUN:

Ohhhhhh! The parcel's moving.

FX:

CRINKLING PAPER.

MINNIE:

Oh! Hit it, Henry, with that mighty club of yours.

FX:

THUMP

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Got it! Now, let us see what it is.

MINNIE:

Open it up, Henry.

FX:

CRACKLING OF PAPER.

MINNIE:

Save the paper for lunch. Oh, look! Look what's inside, it's a... it's a... it's a... it's a... it's a postman's uniform.

CRUN:

Yes. Let's see what's inside it.

FX:

PAPER CRACKLING.

CRUN:

Oh! It's a man in long underwear. Explain yourself, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Look here, I'm... I... I'm... I'm postman Seagoon.

CRUN:

What! You're the man who was stolen from the GPO?

SEAGOON:

Stolen? Then I must hand myself in. How do I get to the nearest police station?

CRUN:

By walking.

SEAGOON:

Isn't there a quicker way.

CRUN:

Running?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Goodbye.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK (SPRIGGS SINGS ALONG)

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

[SELLERS]

Hello? Inspector Wardrobe, here. What? Oh, yes. Bring him in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

This is him, Jim. This is him, Ji-immmm!

SEAGOON:

Inspector!

SPRIGGS:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I want to report a robbery.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh? What's been stolen?

SEAGOON:

Me. You see I'm... I'm postman Seagoon.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

You can't be, Seagoon's missing.

SEAGOON:

Well, *I'm* missing.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Nonsense, you're here.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. You're here. You're heeeeeeeere!

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Shut Constable C major chord.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle I plinge. Look here, I can prove I'm Neddie Seagoon. Look, here's a photograph of myself.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh, yes. But you're facing the other way.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. That's the back of the photograph. Turn it over.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh, yes. This is a photograph of a woodshed. Where are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm in the woodshed.

SPRIGGS:

I always said there was something nasty in the woodshed.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Ah. Come out.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

There's one way to find out who you are. Constable, look inside his underwear.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, sir. Let me see now. The label on this underwear says 'hand-knit'. Hand-kniiiiit-it!

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

So, Mr Knit. You're trying to pretend you're Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

But I am Seagoon.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Then you're wearing stolen underwear!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER LIFTS.

SPRIGGS:

Constable Spriggs, here. Are you there? Are you there, because I am here-eeeeee!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) I wish to report the whereabouts of the missing postman Seagoon. He is at present on board the steamship Venus at Toolbury Dicks.

SPRIGGS:

You mean Tilbury Docks.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? He's an imposter. I'll expose him, I tell you. I'll expose him!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon proceeded to the docks hot-foot, a common complaint in the Seagoon family. And now, if listeners will lag their hornpipes they will be able to hear him ascending the gangplank of the steamship Venus.

GRAMS:

DOCKSIDE SOUNDS. DISTANT SHIP'S SIRENS.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! Ahoy! Anyone on board?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy.

SEAGOON:

Now then, what's all this... YOU! Grytpype Thynne!

GRYTPYPE:

Have we met?

SEAGOON:

Of course. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Simple. Seagoon's inside that crate.

SEAGOON:

What! This crate marked "Human Sacrifice for Exploding Ceremony"?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. If you don't believe me step inside and see for yourself.

SEAGOON:

I will. (WITH ECHO EFFECT) There you are, you see. There's no Neddie Seagoon in here.

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING ON WOOD.

GRYTPYPE:

There is now!

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I've done nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you oiled yourself this morning?

MORIARTY:

(RUBBISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Now have you stoked up the boilers?

MORIARTY:

Oui, oui, mon ami.

GRYTPYPE:

Is the steam pressure up?

MORIARTY:

Oui, oui, mon ami.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Then grab those oars and row, man, row.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww oww, buddy. Owww.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC NAUTICAL LINK AND RANDOM SAILOR CRIES.

SECOMBE:

(VOMITS)

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Hello, folks. This is tragic Neddie Seagoon speaking to you, folks, from the tragic hold of the steamship tragic Venus, folks. Trapped inside a crate on my way to be exploded. Ho ho ho ho ho, folks! I must find a way out of this crate. I will ask somebody. Excuse me...

ECCLES:

Hello. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Don't stop, folks. It's good for my ego.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

It's on the tip of my tongue.

SEAGOON:

Well, put your tongue out and let me see.

ECCLES:

Errrrrrrrrr.

SEAGOON:

Em-i-grating.

ECCLES:

That's it, yeah! I'm emigrating. My tongue's emigrating. On account of my job.

SEAGOON:

Why? What are you?

ECCLES:

I'm an idiot. Anybody want to join?

SEAGOON:

Gad, a professional idiot. Then why are you leaving England?

ECCLES:

Too much competition. Ah... oh! What are you... What... What are you doing, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

I'm going out to be exploded.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh, that sounds a nice job. You been doing it long?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, there's always a first time for everybody.

SEAGOON:

Listen. I've got to get out of this crate.

ECCLES:

Oooooowwwwrroowwwooarrghooo? Well, how did you get in?

SEAGOON:

I was nailed in.

ECCLES:

Well, nail yourself out again.

SEAGOON:

I know! I'll dig myself out. Have you got a shovel?

ECCLES:

Ah, see, now, I... um... I think I, um... I think I got one somewhere...

SEAGOON:

Well, find it man. Empty your pockets.

ECCLES:

Ok, ok, ok.

FX:

NUTS, BOLTS AND SUNDRY OBJECTS DROPPED ONTO HARD SURFACE. FINALLY METAL PIPE.

ECCLES:

No. Must be in my other suit.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Here, inflate this pneumatic drill.

ECCLES:

Right.

GRAMS:

PNEUMATIC DRILL. CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

Quickly Seagoon dug a hole in the floor of the crate and tunneled down through the bottom of the ship.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah! We're through. Give me a hand down.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ohh! Gad, it's... it's damp down this tunnel. Now, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

To cover my escape hold up this leather map of Ray Ellington. Goodbye!

ECCLES:

Wait for me!

FX:

FRANTIC HAMMERING ON WOOD.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now 'The Stolen Postman' part three. The burning deserts of Dirtistan and the residence of the British military attache.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Oh, never again, never again. Cennapod and gunpowder soup, I... I... I must have been mad, you know. Now, where was I, now? Oh, yes. "Dear Lord Plunger. I enclose... I enclose a snapshot what I accidentally took while passing the window of your seventh floor flat. I never realised you and Mrs FitzHerbert were such close friends. As you are an art collector perhaps you would like to buy the negative of this naughty photo. P.S. If you go to the police about this letter, I didn't write it and I don't live here."

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Who is it?

SEAGOON:

It's me! Can I see you?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know. Can you see me?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven for that!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! A man in postman's underwear.

SEAGOON:

Major. I wish to obtain a passage to England, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Well, you won't find one here. This passage only goes to the front door, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by a short passage.

BLOODNOK:

I felt no pain.

SEAGOON:

And long egg-cloth. What about an aeroplane?

BLOODNOK:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up, you know.

SEAGOON:

You don't understand, Major. Two men have stolen me and they're going to have me blown up.

BLOODNOK:

If they blow you up any more you'll burst.

SEAGOON:

But I must escape. (WEEPING) You must... you must help me escape.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What acting [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Steady, lad. Steady. Sit down and light yourself a tree.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to cut them down.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm in condition tonight. Ha ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

I've got a right one here, you know. Now Neddie, you'll never escape from Dirtistan dressed in English underwear. We'll disguise you as a man disguised as a woman. Now put on these woman's clothes while I go outside and keep watch through the keyhole. Now you go in...

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hardly had I disguised myself when I noticed a large crate labelled 'Dancing girls, this way up, use no hooks'. Ho, ho, ho, ho, hoooo! Ha, ha, ha. Hello, folks! A dancing girl! Excuse me while I step in the crate and introduce myself. (PAUSE) (ECHOEY) Funny. I can't see any...

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING.

BLOODNOK:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! There's another one. Singhiz! Take this round to the Sultan. Usual price and don't forget, cash on the nail.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You tell the Sultan, 'No pay, no play'.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, Sahib...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC ARAB LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Scene twenty-eight; the sultan's palace. And if listeners will look eastwards through a melted sock, they will hear the sultan calling for his ferocious captain of the guard.

ELLINGTON:

Ai Bou Raloyi wahl Basha!

FLOWERDEW:

You don't have to shout, I'm not deaf.

ELLINGTON:

Open this crate.

FLOWERDEW:

Not another dancing girl, dear, you haven't touched the old ones, yet.

ELLINGTON:

Never mind. Me saving them up for birthday party.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh-ho!

ELLINGTON:

You lock this girl in harem for the night.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, alright.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Oh, folks! Oh, folks! What a tragedy. Locked in a darkened hareem full of dancing girls. Oh, what a trage...

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Oh, da da da... A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Hou hou hou... Houw howw howw.

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

Is that you?

ECCLES:

Er, just a minute, I'll strike a match.

FX:

MATCH STRIKE

ECCLES:

Yep, it's me.

SEAGOON:

How did *you* become a dancing girl?

ECCLES:

I took lessons.

SEAGOON:

He-he-hello, folks. This is terrible. I must find the exit. I'll grope about in the darkness. Huh! What's this? Must be one of the dancing girls. Just a minute, I'll... I'll make sure.

FX:

SPRING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho! Stop pulling my lanyard. Don't do that. Harm can come to a young boy scout like that.

ECCLES:

Oh. Hello... hello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What are you... this is a silly question but what are you doing in a hareem?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I came to see if anyone wanted a bob-a-job doing.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh! Ooooooh! Your... your good turn for the day.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I thought I could help an old sultan across the hareem.

SEAGOON:

Quiet, you spotted lads.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Something's coming.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOORKNOB. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

There he is, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwwwrrrrr.

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, now let's take him to the sultan.

SEAGOON:

You villains! You can't explode me. I'll...

GRYTPYPE:

Back, Neddie. Hands up.

SEAGOON:

But... but you haven't got a gun.

GRYTPYPE:

No, but I'm thinking of one.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm thinking of ringing the police. Eccles, think of a telephone.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKS UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, police? I want to report a...

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, Neddie! Put down that telephone that Eccles is thinking of.

SEAGOON:

I refuse.

GRYTPYPE:

Then I'm thinking of shooting you.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm thinking of the bullet missing me and hitting Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! You rotten swine, you.

MORIARTY:

Aw. Owwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, what are *you* thinking of?

MORIARTY:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, howwwwwww! It's the way you say it, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

You filthy swine.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Go and get Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I warn you, Moriarty, I'm thinking of a canal right in front of you.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

It was tricky but we finally got it in.

SEAGOON:

Now you devil, I'm thinking of a pistol.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of a grenade.

GRAMS:

GRENADE EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Good luck, lads.

GRAMS:

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE RECORDED AND GRADUALLY SPEED UP...

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a machine gun.

GRAMS:

BURST OF RAPID FIRE.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of a cannon.

GRAMS:

WEEEEEEEE BANG.

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a bomb.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of an atom bomb.

GRAMS:

LARGE EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a horse.

GRAMS:

WHINNEY, HOOVES INTO DISTANCE, LARGE SPLASH, FOLLOWED BY LARGE EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Whoop!

GREENSLADE:

(BACK TO NORMAL SPEED) The moral of this is of course, beware of thinking because thinking is... all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT – THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD.

S8 E12 - The Great British Revolution

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMING AND ORIENTAL WOODWIND. SECOMBE SINGING OVER. PLAYED BACKWARDS AND VARY THE SPEED. CONTINUE UNDER.

SECOMBE:

What [UNCLEAR] this lot, then, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

That's a record of the Siamese Mixed Male Ballet, Tom.

SECOMBE:

The lads sound as if they're in pain, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ooh, they are, indeed they are. In fact they're in excruciating pain, Tom. See those Siamese lads execute great one legged leaps in very tight trousers filled with thistles.

SECOMBE:

Ah. That's very dangerous with all that frost about, you know, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

CRESCENDO

SECOMBE:

Halt!

GRAMS:

RECORDING STOPS.

SECOMBE:

I've had enough of this. I think the audience have, too. Hello, folks! Calling all folks. Have you had enough, folks?

GRAMS:

WAILING. MIX IN PENGUIN NOISES.

SECOMBE:

Great jumping donglers, we've got the wrong audience. This is Edana Romney's lot. I say! Wal... Wal, turn round and show 'em how the other half lives.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Tom. But first of all the all-leather Goon Show. And here's good news. The Goon Show is now available in half-pint bottles.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, folks, don't *listen* to the Goon Show, *drink* it in the new family sized bottle. Drink Goon Show.

GRAMS:

(JINGLE) Get yourself the [UNCLEAR] today,
cos Goon Show makes you happy!
Happy!
Happy!
Happy!
Goon Show makes you happy!
Get some today!
Only one and six a bottle [UNCLEAR].
Whoopee!

SECOMBE:

Now, Mr Greenslade, swallow this powerful stomach powder and stand well clear.

GREENSLADE:

But first, let me announce this week's story, 'The Great British Revolution'.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE TYPE DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION.

MCGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]
Ooooooooooh....

OMNES:

Ooooooooooh.

MCGOONIGAL:

Ooooo Oooooooooh.

OMNES:

Ooooo Ooooooh.

MCGOONIGAL:

The crowd are with me tonight.

'Twas christmas night in the workhouse...

OMNES:

Crowd noise.

MCGOONIGAL:

And all of a terrible sudden

There was a dreadful accident...

GRAMS:

TERRIBLE SCREAM.

MCGOONIGAL:

With an ordinary christmas puddin'.

And oooooh...

OMNES:

'Give us bread, caviar!' Further crowd noise.

WILLIUM:

What about the old escargot? More escargot!

SEAGOON:

Inmates! Inmates! Outmates! I know you have a grudge against the rich because they sleep later.

The time is right for revolution.

JYMPTON:

And so saying, he wrote the word 'dinner' on a slip of paper... and swallowed it.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Delicious.

WILLIUM:

Oh, mate, it makes me mouth water. I wish I had a bit of paper with 'dinner' written on it.

SEAGOON:

I'll do better.

FX:

QUICK SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

There. Swallow that.

WILLIUM:

Cor! *Christmas* dinner! Ooh, yum-yum, mate, oooh...

SEAGOON:

Yes. Remember citizens, when I'm president all those bits of paper with the word 'dinner' written on will be honoured.

GRAMS:

NURENBURG RALLY.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. Thank you. Settle down! Now let's march on 10 Downing Street before they turn it into blocks of St James' theatres.

GRAMS:

CAST SINGING 'SONG OF THE VAGABONDS'. GRADUALLY SPEED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in the Mall, two men of dubious means shiver in a deserted crows nest.

MORIARTY:

There's a crowd of men, steaming men, marching down Whitehall.

GRYTPYPE:

Hand me my 'Times Only' reading glasses.

MORIARTY:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Mm, according to the Court Circular in the Daily Worker, the leading steamer is citizen Seagoon leading this year's revolution. Moriarty, store the teeth away, we're leaving. We're leaving by first class legs.

MORIARTY:

But we're safe, safe in this tree!

GRYTPYPE:

No, it's to be chopped down. This Ministry of Works say it's dangerous.

MORIARTY:

Dangerous? Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Everytime they pass it, there it is, defying them.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh...

GRYTPYPE:

Now, with that acid topicality, we leave.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners. The sound you hear is the door knocker of number 10 Downing Street, first broadcast on the Light Programme on April 1953. Long live the miracle of sound wireless.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

JYMPTON:

Open up this door knocker.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

(HEAVY EXAGGERATED LAURENCE OLIVIER ACCENT) Coming. On my feet in the direction of you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

GALLOPING HORSE

JYMPTON:

Woah! Woah, there. Bad news, Prime Minister Sir Laurence.

PRIME MINISTER:

What's the idea of riding a horse in here?

JYMPTON:

It's all right, sir. He's a Conservative!!

GRAMS:

LOUD CHEERS

PRIME MINISTER:

Cut, cut. Now may I ask why you have dragged me out of bed in the middle of the day?

JYMPTON:

Even though they are slow to see it, Sir Laurence, England... England is in danger.

PRIME MINISTER:

I'd better write that down in case I forget it.

JYMPTON:

I tell you, sir, thirteen men claiming to be the English nation are approaching here on foot.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh? And whose foot are they approaching on?

JYMPTON:

I couldn't see, sir. It was covered with a sock and the blinds were drawn. But sir, there's no time to waste. We must re-assemble parliament.

PRIME MINISTER:

Right. You put back the walls and I'll replace the roof.

GRAMS:

RAPID HAMMERING. RAPID MURMURING.

GREENSLADE:

During this sound effect Max Geldray will play his overdraft.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

BRISK RENDITION OF 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY'. CORNY ENDING.

GREENSLADE:

That music signifies that the musicians union have agreed to join the Great British Revolution part two. The seige of number 10 Downing Street.

GRAMS:

ROUND OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Short pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Longer pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Even longer pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

(CUTTING IN BEFORE IT ALL STARTS AGAIN) That's enough, lads! I'll see if he's in. Come on out Mr Prime Minister! We know you're in there. We've seen your washing on the line.

PRIME MINISTER:

What do you want? Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm the October rising of 1917.

PRIME MINISTER:

That belongs to the Russians.

SEAGOON:

They've lent it to us for the afternoon.

PRIME MINISTER:

Are you telling me that this revolution is a matinee?

SEAGOON:

Yes and it's sold out. That's why we're all standing at the back.

JYMPTON:

Wait a minute, you rebel devil!

SEAGOON:

It's old Milligan doing his histrionic nut, there.

MILLIGAN:

Don't give me away, then.

SEAGOON:

What part are you playing?

JYMPTON:

I, sir, am the home secretary.

SEAGOON:

Time you went home then, isn't it!

PRIME MINISTER:

So you're the leader of the naughty revolution.

SEAGOON:

Yes and the british people are behind me.

PRIME MINISTER:

I wondered why we couldn't see them.

SEAGOON:

Be careful what you say, hairy Prime Minister, or I'll...

JYMPTON:

You wait a minute, you devils. Are those rifles loaded?

WILLIUM:

No, they're not, but we're not telling you that, mate.

JYMPTON:

There's a commoner!

SEAGOON:

Well said, citizen Willium. Here...

FX:

FAST SCRIBBLING.

WILLIUM:

Cor!

SEAGOON:

There.

WILLIUM:

A bit of paper with O.B.E written on it!

JYMPTON:

Mr Prime Minister, these men are flooding London with paper O.B.E.s and the word 'dinner' written on paper.

PRIME MINISTER:

Is Stalin behind this revolution?

SEAGOON:

No.

PRIME MINISTER:

Is Lenin?

SEAGOON:

No, Len's out.

PRIME MINISTER:

I don't wish to know that!

SEAGOON:

I say, look here! You want to speak to his dad? I say, look here!

GRAMS:

CATTLE LOWING.

SEAGOON:

Alright, lads, alright! Settle down. Please. Prime Minister, the citizens are getting impatient. We're taking over England and here's the receipt for it. We give you one week to hand over officially. Come, men! Time for our revolutionary study.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello.

GRYTPYPE:

Look here, laddie, I've been playing your revolution on my phonograph. Congratulations! Now then, I have certain information that could benefit your cause.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Would you... would you... would you... would you like to have dinner with me?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Where?

GRYTPYPE:

At your place?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Seven o'clock?

GRYTPYPE:

Meet you seven o'clock on the dot.

SEAGOON:

Sure enough, at seven, I met him standing on a dot. And the dinner began!

GRAMS:

RING OF BOXING BELL. HERD OF PIGS AT FEEDING TIME. MIX IN DISTANT GLASS BREAKING; MASSED PUBLIC SCREAMING; FALLING BRICKS AND LUMBER.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah! Magnificent meal. Who said english cooking was lousy?

SEAGOON:

Just about everybody.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no. Now, a sign!

SEAGOON:

At a sign, Moriarty stepped back and revealed... a secret radio station!

GRYTPYPE:

Go in, Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah! It are citizen Seagoon. Come in, ah, citizen.

GRYTPYPE:

Yakamoto, tell him your oriental secret.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yes. (EXTENDED JAPANESE) I translate.

SEAGOON:

He's making it up, aren't you?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes. Your laughing is also ad lib, I presume. Now, listen. I have invented an anti-gravitation stick that when pointed at a person make person lose contact with gravity.

SEAGOON:

And they disappear into the sky?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes! Oh, boy! What fun it is! Am I not a fiendish oriental?

SEAGOON:

(GULPS).

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, with that weapon you could be master of the universe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed, yes! But where can I get them?

GRYTPYPE:

Here's the address of the sole wholesale agent.

SEAGOON:

(READING) Major Bloodnok, care of India. I'm off!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, take this letter down on the piano.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) SELLER'S AMATEURISH PIANO PLAYING. SINGLE CHORDS, FAULTY BASS, IMPROVISED.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear Dennis. Am sending you a right Charlie. He's fallen for the anti-gravity sticks plan. Charge him a fortune and include ten percent commission for me, made payable to any piggy bank. Signed, Grytpype-Thynne. Play that back .

GRAMS:

SELLER'S 'DANCE HALL SOLO' PLAYED BACK AT SLIGHTLY FASTER SPEED WITH BADLY PLAYED FINAL CADENCE.

GRYTPYPE:

Fool. You spelt my name wrong. It goes...

GRAMS:

SELLER'S 'DANCE HALL SOLO' PLAYED BACK EVEN FASTER SPEED WITH EXTENSIVE, BADLY PLAYED, FINAL CADENCE, ENDING WITH GLISSANDO.

GRYTPYPE:

There. Put that in a letter box and post it in the dustbins of Bombay.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Right. Right. Thank you. Well done, lads. Well done. Well done. Well done. Well done. Well done.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. I don't like...

SEAGOON:

Well done!

WILLIUM:

I... I don't like moaning, citizen, but we've been running full belt since we left London and I'm... I'm a bit shagged out, mate, I am, I...

SEAGOON:

OK. We'll send you onto Bombay by air, then. Step into the barrel of this cannon.

WILLIUM:

(WITH ECHO) Right, I'm ready.

SEAGOON:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHELL.

SEAGOON:

There he goes, ladies, airbourne!

WILLIUM:

(ECHO) That ain't me, mate, that's me trousers. They went away, they...

SEAGOON:

Did they? Well you'd better stay in the barrel, hadn't you?

WILLIUM:

It's not my turn, mate.

SEAGOON:

Mr Spriggs!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Ji-immmmm!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Ji-immmmm! Now, what's our geographical location?

SPRIGGS:

I cannot say, Jim. Oh, Jim. I cannot say-yyyyyyyyy!

SEAGOON:

Nothing but sand as far as the eye can see.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Let me taste a spoonful of it. (LICKING. SWALLOWING) Ugh! Oh, gad. This is the sahara desert. It must have been in the oven, it's still warm.

SPRIGGS:

Oh. That means it's ready to serve, Jim. Come on, lads, fill your hour glasses. This is all a mouthful.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Hello, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Hello, folks!

GREENSLADE:

Here we go again, folks!

SEAGOON:

Spriggs! Do my eyes deceive me... or is that a lighthouse over there?

SPRIGGS:

Doesn't look very light to me, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Well, it is! It's the Eddystone lighthouse. It says so on the label.

SPRIGGS:

It must be off course, Jim. Oh, Jim. It's off co-oooooourse!

SEAGOON:

Listen! Hist, hark, hoock, hark, heck, listen. I can hear the folks inside, folks. Shhh!

GRAMS:

SLOW SEQUENCE; DROP ONTO HARD SURFACE A TEASPOON, A BLUNT OBJECT; SOUND OF LOW PITCHED SPRING; A CREAK; FRED THE OYSTER; DROP A COUPLE OF SPOONS; A HIGH PITCHED SPRING; FINALLY DROP A SERIES OF BLUNT OBJECTS.

CRUN:

It's no good, Min. My bed's falling to bits, you know. It's never been the same since that terrible night I drank the dandelion wine.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. This bed... this... this bed 's alright, Henry. It's still got four legs.

CRUN:

Yes, but two of them are mine.

MINNIE:

Oh, I wondered why they had boots on. Well, buddy, it's time to light the lighthouse lamp up top, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes, Min, modern Min.

MINNIE:

Okay, rhythm type, Henry.

CRUN:

Where are the modern matches, Min?

MINNIE:

I... I put them in the fridge so they wouldn't go off.

CRUN:

Good, Min. Good, modern Min. Now, before I start work I shall just sip this cup of brown man sulphur and harbiger cennapod tea. Come, Min. Come on, Min. Let's go up the top and trim the wicks. Come on, Min.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING UP STAIRS. (EXTENDED) (IT IS LIKELY THAT SELLERS AND MILLIGAN ACTUALLY DO THIS EFFECT THEMSELVES)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh. Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Come on, Min, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh, dear. Oh, dear, dear. Keep trying, buddy.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

It's a long way [UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

You know, Min, a script writer named Spike Milligan gave me two guineas to take a long time walking up these steps. He said it helped him in his work.

MINNIE:

Yes, I know.

CRUN:

Now... now, Min, light the wicks.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK.

CRUN:

Phish-toooooo.

MINNIE:

Hurray!

CRUN:

Ahhh!

MINNIE:

There, hairy Henry. Shine on brave light, a warning to those sailors who sail the stormy seas.

CRUN:

Never mind about them, Min. Pull the blinds, we don't want people looking in.

FX:

VENETIAN BLINDS BEING PULLED DOWN.

CRUN:

If they see this light on all night, Min, they'll think we've been having sinful midnight ludo parties.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahoy there!

CRUN & MINNIE:

Ahoy! (EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Can you give us a lift to Bombay?

CRUN:

Ask the driver. He's under the lighthouse mending the brakes.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes, I see his boot sticking out. Hey you! You wearing the odd legs. Hey! HEY! Are you deaf?

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohi aooi! You swine of a man, you. What's the matter with you, man? Look, you've dented my shins all out of shape, you have.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohi aooi!

SEAGOON:

There. I've dented them straight again. Free of charge.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fool man, you. I challenge you to a duel. Puts on sword-fight record.

GRAMS:

RAPIERS CLASHING. CONTINUE UNDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have at you. Have at you. Stab, thrust, parry, nick, lunge, sever, slice, parry... I can't think of anymore sword words. Oh, yes. Pokie, pokie, pokie! Pokie, pokie, pokie!

GRAMS ECCLES:

Aohhwwwww! Who did that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles! What you doing on my sword-fight record?

GRAMS ECCLES:

I'm on the other side Bottle and your sword came through.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Stop this rapid sponning. Lad, lad, little gooney elly tough lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Drive this lighthouse to Bombay and you can have this life sized model of Jayne Mansfield made of red jelly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, oh, oh, ohi! Does she wobble?

SEAGOON:

In the right places, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where's my spoon!?

SEAGOON:

But first, lad, Bombay by lighthouse!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! As the lighthouse departs, we place our microphone in far-off India. Long live the miracle of sound wireless!

GRAMS:

LONG DRAWN OUT SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhhh! Oh! Oh!

FX:

HEAVY RAIN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Singhiz. Send this parcel back to Lord Blunley will you.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, sir. What's inside?

BLOODNOK:

Lady Blunley. She hasn't got the fare home, dear lad. Oh, what a creature, my Bombay baby. Bandmaster, can I have my melodies, please?

ORCHESTRA:

INTRODUCTION ALA INDIAN REGIMENTAL BAND.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) We met inside a cage
When Bombay was all the rage.
My passions grew stronger
So into a tonga
I took her
Despite my age.

We drove to the governor's ball
And there to amazement of all
Whilst doing the tango
Someone threw a mango
At that dear old Bombay baby
Of mine, of mine.
That old Bombay baby of mine.

GRAMS:

MASSED APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Every letter will be answered,
every letter will...

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES QUICKLY.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, I'm the October revolution of 1917.

BLOODNOK:

Gad! The man's a giant.

SEAGOON:

I'm standing on a lighthouse.

BLOODNOK:

And it suits you. I must get myself one for the hurricane season.

SEAGOON:

Where are the anti-gravitation sticks?

BLOODNOK:

In... in this crate marked 'not to be opened until the cheque is cleared'.

SEAGOON:

Ah, well done, well done, well done, well done! Now, which is the quickest way back to England?

SINGHIZ-THING:

Through this door here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN STRIKING THE HOUR. SPED UP.

GRYTPYPE:

Welcome back to London, Neddie. You're just in time, lad. According to Hansard, parliament are at an all-night sitting. The government are coming out.

SEAGOON:

Citizen, prepare anti-gravity sticks.

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Greenslade, stand by for the payoff, would you?

GREENSLADE:

Sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh. It's you again.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Mister Prime Minister. And here's where you and your government go up. Citizens, point sticks and make government go up in the sky!

(SILENCE)

PRIME MINISTER:

What are you idiots at?

SEAGOON:

You're supposed to be up in the air by now. These anti-gravity sticks don't work. Run for it, lads!

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, Mr Prime Minister. As we promised, they're all yours. Arrest them!

PRIME MINISTER:

Thank you, Grytpype. Here is your O.B.E and Lord Taverner's tie, the badge of success.

SEAGOON:

So! It... it was all a plot, you fiendish yukkabukkaka!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And there's no need to re-iterate it, the audience saw this coming a mile off, didn't you?

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF SHEEP.

YOKEL:

(NORTH COUNTRY) Of course you did, now wasn't that lovely? Well, yes. Yes, and this is the end of the all-leather organ recital, save for one final owww.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

YOKEL:

Lovely. Now the collection, please.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG.

YOKEL:

Thanks very much, thank you. Isn't it lovely? Good night.

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

NOTES

When Willum is told to stay in the barrel, he replies "It's not my turn, mate". This is a reference to a dirty joke in which sailors relieve their "frustrations" using a barrel with a hole in it. The punchline of the joke is "It's your turn in the barrel".

Jayne Mansfield (1933-1967) was pneumatic blonde film star later killed in a car crash.

S8 E13 - The Plasticine Man

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC light program. We present the all-leather Goon Show. For the benefit of listeners who are listening we present 'The Plasticine Man'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION.

GREENSLADE:

The curtain rises on a window revealing the waiting room of the East Penge labour exchange. On a crude wooden bench sit two crude wooden men.

MORIARTY:

Owwwowww. What? Ohohoh. Owwwowww. (EXTENDED) Grytpype, I don't like it. I don't like it a bit.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, spit it out, then.

MORIARTY:

Quaxxo[?], quaxxo, quaxxo. What are we doing in this labour exchange?

GRYTPYPE:

We're going to sign on and draw the moolah.

MORIARTY:

OWWW! What... what if they find us... work!?

GRYTPYPE:

That is a risk we have to take.

MORIARTY:

Awww. Awwwmm-awww. (EXTENDED)

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you fool. Do you want to get arrested for committing a public awwwoww?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me.

GRYTPYPE:

That's quite alright, accidents will happen, you know.

SEAGOON:

Is this the queue for signing on?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it is indeed. Moriarty, made room for the ragged gentleman, would you?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. The owner of the voice was a high stiff collar clad in well-cut string.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the flies buzzing in this cloud of steam belong to none other than Count Jim 'Gums'...

MORIARTY:

Pshh-too.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Lone porridge dancer and three times world trousers champion.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Hear those lilting strains?

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Strain again, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(PAINFULLY) Awwwwwww. Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

So, little tattered man. You're in the unemployment lark as well, are you?

SEAGOON:

Well, no, I'm... I'm... I'm in show business.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, it's the same thing really, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Actually, I rock and roll.

GRYTPYPE:

You're the right shape for it, too.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I... I can't get engagements.

GRYTPYPE:

Strange. Have you a gimmick?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. Match?

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I sing and play the saxophone at the... at the same time.

GRYTPYPE:

Really? Then you play the saxophone by ear?

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, no. I play the saxophone by mouth and *sing* through my ear.

GRYTPYPE:

Pure genius. And you can't get work, you say?

SEAGOON:

No. I've tried but... people won't look at me.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, it isn't easy.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (CLUCKING)

FX:

TUBULAR BELL HITTING CONCRETE.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Moriarty, fry that sound effect, we'll have it for breakfast. Now, Neddie, my friend here happens to be a highly steamed publicity agent.

MORIARTY:

Awww, the steaming publicity, awww.

GRYTPYPE:

You. Stop flashing your teeth and put them back in your pocket, Count. Aloud. Neddie, to be a star you must be discovered and we can arrange it for you.

SEAGOON:

You can? How?

GRYTPYPE:

Quite simple. Listen to this nine o'clock-type news.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) American archaeologists digging at stonehenge have discovered the skeleton of a stone age dustbin. They are continuing their excavations and... (FADE)

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie? You want to be discovered, so we take you to stonehenge and bury you.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant. Brilliant. Why didn't I think of that?

GRYTPYPE:

Because you're an idiot.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Right. Let's go!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, at the British museum, Britain's leading archaeologists were holding a conference.

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISES. (CONTINUE UNDER)

OMNES:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb etc. (EXTENDED)

FX:

GAVEL ON DESK.

MINNIE:

Phsh-too. Phsh-too.

CHAIRMAN:

[SELLERS]

(OLD) Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Grave news. Those Americans digging at stonehenge have now discovered the bones of a genuine stonehenge NAAFI bun.

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISES. (CONTINUE UNDER)

OMNES:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb etc. (EXTENDED)

ARCHAEOLOGIST:

[SECOMBE]

(OLD) Quiet! Quiet, there.

SPRIGGS:

I don't know why I [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Well, gentlemen. I happened to be hiding under your table and heard what you were saying through your open legs.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh! Oh, Jim! A kneehole peeper. It's all in the mind, you...

GRYTPYPE:

My friend and I have the complete answer, we think, to your problem. We can show you the exact spot at stonehenge where lies buried a perfect specimen of a man of the plasticine period.

ARCHAEOLOGIST:

(OLD) We must go to stonehenge at once.

SPRIGGS:

He won't last the journey, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

No need, sir. To save you the journey we have brought stonehenge here. Moriarty, unwrap the parcel.

FX:

UNWRAPPING OF PAPER.

MORIARTY:

Phsh-too, phsh-too.

GRYTPYPE:

There, gentlemen. Stonehenge.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, but where do we dig? Where do we di-iiiigg?

GRYTPYPE:

In your pockets for a small fee of ten thousand small pounds.

FX:

COIN IN TILL.

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you. Now, gentlemen, you will find the plasticine man beneath the tombstone marked plasticine man. (FADES) Goodbye, to you...

SPRIGGS:

Quick, Jims, get the shovels.

GRAMS:

DIGGING SOUNDS. (CONTINUE UNDER)

CHAIRMAN:

Yes and dig this crazy bloogey man, Max 'hot fees' Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That, of course, was my impression of an audience applauding. Next, an impression of the Plasticine Man part two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The archaeologists continued digging until finally they unearthed Neddie Seagoon, alias the Plasticine Man. With tender care they lifted him out and laid him on the table.

FX:

HEAVY BODY FALLING ON BENCH. BITS AND PIECES FALLING.

CHAIRMAN:

Without any doubt, this body is that of a man of the plasticine period.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

[MILLIGAN]

And beautifully preserved, considering he's 6,000 years old.

SEAGOON:

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

CHAIRMAN:

It's quite incredible. He's so well preserved he's still alive.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

I say, what's this ancient weapon he's holding?

SEAGOON:

It's my saxophone, I'm... I'm a rock and roll saxophone. A real gone guy and a rock, salmon and peas hound dog, don't that rock you. I'm crazy man, crazy. I'm cool.

CHAIRMAN:

If only we understood his strange prehistoric language.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

Yes. If only we did.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Hey, you, no, wait. Listen, listen, listen.

SPRIGGS:

What is it, Sir Walter?

CYRIL:

I... I think we've been done, we've been done. Here, this... er... this ain't the body of a man, it's the body of an ape.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

Oh! An ape?

EIDELBURGER:

He's right gentlemen, observe the monkey shaped skull and the long arms. They reach the ground.

YAKAMOTO:

Ahhh, but his legs don't. Anyway, he is wearing evening dress.

CYRIL:

So? He was buried after dinner.

SEAGOON:

Now, look here. I'm not a prehistoric man. I'm Neddie Seagoon, d'you hear? Neddie Seagoon. Seagoon. S, E, er A, er... I'm Neddie Seagoon!

CHAIRMAN:

You know, I think he's trying to tell us something.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Six thousand years old, man. Oh, at his age we must stop him decomposing. It is imperative that we stop him decomposing in this condition. (EXTENDED) You understand that, Mr Lalkaka?

LALKAKA:

I was not being attendant to what you were saying.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

You understand?

LALKAKA:

I am listening, I am listening.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

You are understanding me, Mr Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

I am understanding every....

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Not at all, there. I am saying on line six that he is decomposing in the european type cantonment way. You understand?

LALKAKA:

Good luck to him. Good luck to him.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Alright. I stand aside for your next line, Mr...

CHAIRMAN:

Yes, I think you're absolutely right. (SNIFFS) I think he's going off already.

GRAMS:

BURST OF GAS.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

There he goes.

CHAIRMAN:

I have an idea, we'll preserve him in pure alchohol.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What?

CHAIRMAN:

Now hold him down.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

I got his [UNCLEAR].

CHAIRMAN:

Put the funnel in his mouth. Pass me that five gallon jar of alchohol.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Taking precaution, now, taking precaution.

GRAMS:

LIQUID POURING.

SEAGOON:

(GULPING)

GRAMS:

LIQUID POURING EXTENDED.

SEAGOON:

(GULPING, EXTENDED)

CHAIRMAN:

There. I should think that should keep him in a lovely condition.

SEAGOON:

Hic. (DRUNK) Well, time I was going.

CHAIRMAN:

I say, stop him!

SEAGOON:

Stand back.

SPRIGGS:

Lie down, Jim. You can't...

FX:

THUD ON NUT.

SPRIGGS:

Oww, Jim!

SEAGOON:

Get out of my way!

CHAIRMAN:

Now look here, I...

FX:

THUD ON NUT.

CHAIRMAN:

Oww!

FX:

VARIOUS SIZED THUDS, BIFFS AND BONKS. (SPRIGGS AND CHAIRMAN GROANING OVER)

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) I belong to Glasgow...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Oh, man! He's escaped, man.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

That night the mighty presses of Fleet Street churned out special headlines.

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

MILLIGAN:

Prehistoric monster escapes!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

SELLERS:

Drink-mad ape at large!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

MILLIGAN:

Police hunt thing from stoneage!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

SELLERS:

"Monster and I are just good friends" says Diana Dors.

GREENSLADE:

That night, in a slum alley off Park Lane, a... a constable patrols his feet.

GRAMS:

SLOW STEADY TREAD OF BOOTS ON PAVEMENT.

WILLIUM:

(SINGS TO THE THE TUNE OF 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDER)

Maybe it's because I'm a lunatic

That I love Dixon so...

SEAGOON:

(SNORES)

WILLIUM:

'Eello, 'ello. Who's this kippin' in the gutter, here? Wake up.

SEAGOON:

(WAKES UP NOISILY)

WILLIUM:

Can't you read that notice, mate? No kippin' this side on even dates.

SEAGOON:

Ooooooh, oooh! Oooooh, my 'ead!

WILLIUM:

Your 'ead? Your breath! You've been beltin' the booze a bit, ain't you, mate? I got a good mind to arrest you for impersonating a newt.

SEAGOON:

Constable, it wasn't my fault. Some men forced alchohol down my throat.

WILLIUM:

Cor. 'Ere, do you think they'd force some down mine? Where did this happen, then?

SEAGOON:

At the British Museum.

WILLIUM:

I didn't know they had a license, mate. I'll have to get out... 'Ere! 'Ere! 'Ere! Wait a minute. Ain't I see'd a picture of your name in the papers?

SEAGOON:

Me? No, no! It wasn't me. My grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent, I tell you. Muriel Plinge...

WILLIUM:

I know! You're the prenoristoric monster, the plastered-cine man.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no...!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, come back, plastered-cine man, ere!

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING APPROACHING FROM DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Hello, folks! A picture of my name in the papers. I shall be recognised. I must get to a professional disguiser at once.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

CLOCK SPRINGS OF VARIOUS TYPES AND SIZES. PENDULUMS CLACKING TOGETHER.

CRUN:

Errrgh. Ahhhgh. Help! Min! Min!

GRAMS:

RACING CAR APPROACHING AT SPEED. STOPS...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

RACING CAR EVEN NEARER. CAR BACKFIRES. CAR DOOR SLAMS.

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry? Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

Help, Min. Help.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Where are you, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm in the grandfather clock, Min.

MINNIE:

(ON) Oh, dear. What are you...? Oh, what are...? Oh, ohhhh. What are you doing in there, Henry?

CRUN:

Trying to...

MINNIE:

What are you doing in there?

CRUN:

Trying to get out, modern Min.

MINNIE:

Oooh.

CRUN:

I'm... get hold of my legs and pull.

MINNIE:

Well, stop dancing the modern rhumba, then, buddy.

CRUN:

I'm not dancing the rhumba, Min.

MINNIE:

What are...? Ohhhh...

CRUN:

I've got a pendulum stuck down my trousers.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, oh... oh, dear, dear. I'm afraid, Henry... I... Ohhhh. Don't know how to... Turn your back, Henry. Turn your back while I say this line.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

There. I'll have to take your trousers off.

CRUN:

Oooooooooorrgh! No, not in front of a lady.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

You'll have to leave the room, first.

MINNIE:

Oh. Alright, Henry, alright.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

She's gone. *Now* you can take them off.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy. Now...

GRAMS:

RIPPING OF CLOTH.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. Henry, you deceitful man. You wear long leather underpants. (APPLAUSE) Thank you.

CRUN:

I have to wear them, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

You know I've got the weak knees.

MINNIE:

Ooooh, knickey, knackey, noo, they go.

CRUN:

Oooo. Aww. Get me out of this modern clock, Min.

MINNIE:

Now, hold still, ready? Hold still, now, Henry.

GRAMS:

STRAINING OF MULTIPLE SPRINGS.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh! Phish-too. Phish-too.

CRUN:

Oh. That's better.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Excuse me. Is this Mr Crun's house?

CRUN:

It is, yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Then I'll knock.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. DOOR KNOCKER.

CRUN:

Oh, I wonder who that is?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good evening. Mr Crun, the disguise expert?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I want a new face.

CRUN:

I see, I see. Where did you get the face you're wearing now?

SEAGOON:

It was a present from my parents.

CRUN:

Mm. It doesn't fit you very well, does it. Gone all baggy at the knees.

FX:

SCRATCHING ON WOOD.

MINNIE:

Henry.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

The dog wants to come in.

CRUN:

That naughty dog. Always forgetting his keys.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Alright, come in, Psycho.

SEAGOON:

Psycho?

CRUN:

Yes, he's our pet mad dog, you know. Come in, you naughty Psycho.

GREENSLADE:

Woof. Woof.

CRUN:

Where have you been, you mad dog, you?

GREENSLADE:

Out in the midday sun.

SEAGOON:

But he... ah haghauhahoughaheeha... He talks!

CRUN:

I told you he was mad.

SEAGOON:

But dogs can't talk.

CRUN:

I know, I've told him but he never listens to me. May as well talk to a brick wall, you know.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, but what about my disguise?

CRUN:

Ah, yes. Well now glue this false moustache to your ear and swallow this blue serge beard.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

CRUN:

Screw this wooden leg onto your head and now step into this grandfather clock.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE CLOCK SPRINGS.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) How do I look?

CRUN:

Exactly like a grandfather clock. Goodnight, sir. Min! Come on, we'll be late for the sinful lantern-slide.

MINNIE:

Whoopee! I'll get my warm football boots ready.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. (PAUSE) DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. Put that grandfather clock on the lorry.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE CLOCK SPRINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, get the lorry on your head.

MORIARTY:

Ugh er arghh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, let's go.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

GREENSLADE:

While those two villains return Seagoon to the British Museum and claim the reward, here is a horsehair statue of a bus conductor listening to Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Plasticine Man part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO.

GREENSLADE:

To prevent Seagoon again escaping from the British Museum he was taken to the National Gallery where he was framed and hung on the wall. And here, after dark, we discover two night watchmen on their rounds.

GRAMS:

TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS PACING STEADILY. SPEED UP. SLOW DOWN. SPEED UP. SLOW DOWN. REPEAT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You know them greek statues of nudists what we just passed?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, what happens in the autumn when the leaves begin to fall?

ECCLES:

Well, the park keeper, um, sweeps 'em up with his broom, I suppose.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Didn't it tickle?

ECCLES:

No, I wasn't wearing one. Ha, ho! Oh, the statue? Oh, a statue can't feel a tickle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You mean I've been wasting my time?

ECCLES:

You naughty man!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEP RECOMMENCE.

ECCLES:

You naughty Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, well.

ECCLES:

I wondered why all your fingers were bandaged.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

ECCLES:

Owwowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Look at that naughty painting. "Venus Bathing."

ECCLES:

Oooh, yer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor. "Venus Bathing."

ECCLES:

"Venus Bathing." He's a good looking feller, isn't he! Nice and strong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You stupid nit. That's what is called a lady.

ECCLES:

Oooh. I... I... well, I don't think it's fair when they got no clothes on, how can you tell?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a stupid man, you!

ECCLES:

Owwwowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... it's quite easy. The one with girl's names are ladies.

ECCLES:

Oh! Your daddy must have a... had a talk with you, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He did.

ECCLES:

Ahhhh.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RECOMMENCE. SPEED UP, SLOW DOWN.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) I say! Eccles!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ECCLES:

Here Bottle, your voice has dropped!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you mean?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's gone back up again.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) No, no, it was me.

ECCLES:

Hohohoeehoho! Awwwww! 'Ere, that... that picture spoke.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What? This one? (READS) "The Pasticine Man."

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) Yes. Listen, you must help me escape.

ECCLES:

Ohhoawww. (EXTENDED) That's our... that our job to stop pictures escaping.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is our duty for Queen and country. Springs to attention. Springe! Runs Union Jack up leg. Plays 'Last Post' on plastic cut-out bugle. (FEEBLE IMITATION OF BUGLE)

SEAGOON:

Silence, you little jam-stained soldier! Let me out and I'll give you five pounds.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No!

SEAGOON:

Ten pounds.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never!

SEAGOON:

A quarter of jelly babies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee, hee, hee! Every man has his price. I cannot resist. Mavis, Trills here I come! Takes jelly babies and pops little girl in dinner hole.

GRAMS:

POP.

SEAGOON:

Now get me out of this frame.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

QUICK SAWING. PIECE OF WOOD HITS FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens. Now, where's the exit?

ECCLES:

It's behind that door marked 'Way Out'.

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a cunning place to hide it. Help!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

SEAGOON:

Heeeeeeello, folks. Hello, folks. Once free, I... Once free, I decided to give up my dreams of fame and fortune and get an ordinary job, but the man at the labour exchange said;

FLOWERDEW:

Well, you're a cheeky one! Six thousand years old and you want a job? You get out of here, you plasticine devil or I'll set my pussy on you.

GREENSLADE:

Meow.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Walter Greenslade. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Time to prove my real age and identity. Now who can prove...? But of course! Ha, ha, ha! Of course! Ha, ha, ha! The very man. My old commanding officer!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohhhhhh!

FX:

MASSIVE JUNK PILE COLLAPSING.

BLOODNOK:

Ooohch! Ooohch! Manners! Manners! Manners!

THROAT:

Did you call me, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Ah, there you are, Manners.

THROAT:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Switch on my reading trousers and pass me that book in the plain wrapper, will you?

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

TURNING OF PAGES.

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Where did I get to? Ah, yes, yes, yes. "The first time that Lady Chatterley saw the game keeper he went in the house..." (MUMBLES)

FX:

TURNING OF PAGES.

BLOODNOK:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. What? Forget-me-nots? It's a wonder she didn't catch her death of cold. (FURTHER MUMBLES) Oh, ho, ho, disgusting! I don't know why people like me are allowed to smuggle books like this in from Paris. I never knew, I never knew.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhh! Wait... wait a moment.

MILLIGAN:

Phish-too. Phish-too. Phish-too.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment. Aren't you... aren't you Tubby Seagoon, me old batman? Who risked his life under fire to drag me to safety?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you owe me a quid.

SEAGOON:

What for?

BLOODNOK:

You tore the back of my uniform.

SEAGOON:

Suits you. Major, everybody thinks I'm the plasticine man and I can't get a job because I'm six thousand years old.

BLOODNOK:

What! Then how did you get in the army?

SEAGOON:

I lied about my height.

BLOODNOK:

Just a moment. (ASIDE) Let me see now, six thousand... That means they owe him five thousand, nine years old age pension. Yes. Yes. (ALoud) Neddie. I tell you what, I'll change names with you.

SEAGOON:

You will? Hahahaho! Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoh! Just make your mark here.

SEAGOON:

Right. There!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

JYMPTON:

Excuse me, folks. I'm from the Ministry of Pensions.

SECOMBE:

Serves you right.

JYMPTON:

Which one of you is the plastercine mon?

BLOODNOK:

Er, I am.

JYMPTON:

Then I arrest you for not stamping your cards for five thousand years.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhgggh!

ORCHESTRA:

Tatty chord in C

GREENSLADE:

Well, that's one way to end the story. But for listeners who don't like dull endings, here's an exciting finish.

GRAMS:

CHASE MUSIC ("RACE WITH THE DEVIL")

JYMPTON:

Have at you!

FX:

SWORDS CLASHING.

SEAGOON:

Have at.... [UNCLEAR]

OMNES:

QUASI SHAKESPEARIAN DUALING DIALOGUE.

SEAGOON:

Ahh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GREENSLADE:

Well...

LITTLE JIM:

Ha.

GREENSLADE:

Well, take your pick. It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

Playout.

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 programme produced by Roy Spear.

NOTES

When Willium refers to "impersonating a newt" it is a reference to the phrase "pissed as a newt" - a euphemism for being drunk.

When this episode was first broadcast the controversial book "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was banned in the UK due to its explicit content. It was not published until 1960. When Boodnok mentions "Forget-me-nots" it is a reference to a steamy scene in the book when the gamekeeper adorns parts of Lady C's anatomy with these flowers.

When Greenslade comments about having been "Out in the midday sun" it is a reference to the song "Mad Dogs and Englishmen (go out in the midday sun)".

S8 E14 - African Incident

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. We present those friends of royalty, The Goons.

GRAMS:

REGAL FANFARE. STOPS SUDDENLY.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks. And now it's time for ME!

GRAMS:

CHEERS, APPLAUSE.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop!

GRAMS:

CHEERS, APPLAUSE SUDDENLY STOP.

GREENSLADE:

This week our story is set in the year 1914. England is at war and the script has been censored.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO.

SELLERS:

The German colony in East Africa, under its brilliant commander Von Gutern, was attacking the British forces with great success.

PLUCK:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes. My name's Terence Pluck, M.O. I and my unit had been captured on the first day of the hostilities. We were all marched to a German prison camp five hundred miles two inches deep in the heart of the jungle. It was a comfortable camp and we were well treated. Trouble started the day a new batch of English type prisoners were brought in.

GRAMS:

BATTALION MARCHING DOUBLE TIME.

MAJOR SPON:

[SELLERS]

(AS ALEC GUINNESS) Keep up, men, don't lag. Feet in line with the seats of the underpants.

SEAGOON:

That was Major Spon, B.O.

MAJOR SPON:

And that was Captain Seagoon, our C.O. A brilliant soldier. When the Germans attacked Fort Blun he rallied his men round the white flag.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Rather than surrender, we gave ourselves up.

MAJOR SPON:

And so... we marched into the naughty German prison camp.

GRAMS:

BATTALION SLOW MARCHING. CONTINUE UNDER.

MAJOR SPON:

That's it. men. Show 'em we're still soldiers. Left, left, left, left, left. Um, what's next?

SEAGOON:

Right.

MAJOR SPON:

Right. Company... halt!

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF MARCHING GRINDS TO A HALT.

PLUCK:

Gad! What discipline, I thought.

SEAGOON:

Eyes front!

MAJOR SPON:

Eyes are always at the front, Mr Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Here comes the German camp commandant. And what luck, sir, look, he's shorter than I am!

COMMANDANT:

[MILLIGAN]

This camp will try to keep you occupied until the war is over. Tomorrow you will all start work on a railway bridge over the river Kapatee.

MAJOR SPON:

Er... did you say work?

COMMANDANT:

Ja.

MAJOR SPON:

But we're English.

COMMANDANT:

Makes nein the difference. You must work.

MAJOR SPON:

My dear fellow, according to article three etcetera etcetera of the Geneva convention, it states categorically that officers must not work.

COMMANDANT:

You... you refuse?

MAJOR SPON:

Yes.

COMMANDANT:

Then you will be shot!

MAJOR SPON:

Ah, well, now, that's much more reasonable.

SEAGOON:

Major, I'd... I'd rather work than die.

MAJOR SPON:

Do you know what you're saying?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I speak the same language. Ahhh! They're pointing a machine gun at us.

MAJOR SPON:

How rude. Pretend we haven't seen them.

COMMANDANT:

I will count up to one then I will fire. A quarter. Half. Three quarters. Four fifths.

SEAGOON:

If you kill us, we'll refuse to stand up.

COMMANDANT:

Very well, I change my mind. But I'll also make you change yours. (GIVES ORDERS IN GERMAN)

OMNES:

SHOUTING OF TROOPS.

SEAGOON:

We were forced into a corrugated iron hut, one foot tall by three inches wide.

MAJOR SPON:

No food, no water and the temperature inside was 130 degrees in the shade.

FX:

BANGING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Let me out! I can't stand it any longer. We'll die. No water, no food! I... I can't stand it! Let me out, you devils! Ahahahahaha!

MAJOR SPON:

Steady, steady. We've only been in here thirty seconds.

SEAGOON:

There's a limit to what a man can stand.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MAJOR SPON:

Who the devil are you?

PLUCK:

It's alright, you can put your hands down. I'm British.

MAJOR SPON:

So are we. You can put *your* hands down.

PLUCK:

Thank you. I am Lieutenant Pluck, I'm the camp M.O. I had a word with General Von Gutern. He's agreed that the English officers needn't work.

GRAMS:

MASSED MALE CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

For the next three weeks the officers did nothing but gad, we did it magnificently. We did it magnificently, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks!

GRAMS:

NIGHT SOUNDS. FROGS, CRICKETS ETC.

GREENSLADE:

It wasn't long before escape committees were organised.

MAJOR SPON:

Now, gentlemen, before we start are there any questions?

ECCLES:

Yer. I want to know how I became a Field Marshal.

MAJOR SPON:

Wouldn't we all. Now, I've studied the jungle around this camp and I find it's impenetrable.

SEAGOON:

One of the men is determined to escape, sir.

MAJOR SPON:

Escape from this place? Is he mad?

SEAGOON:

He has a certificate.

MAJOR SPON:

It means certain death.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It's a death certificate.

MAJOR SPON:

No. I won't agree to it. He'll die out there, die for sure. Who is he?

ECCLES:

Er, me.

MAJOR SPON:

Goodbye and good luck to you.

SEAGOON:

Well said, sir. It's the duty of every English soldier to try to escape. I've done it myself twice.

MAJOR SPON:

Oh, where from?

SEAGOON:

Aldershot.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

NIGHT SOUNDS CONTINUE.

OMNES:

MASSED MILITARY SNORING.

SEAGOON:

Pssst. Doc! Doc! Are you awake?

PLUCK:

Yes, that's why I'm standing up.

SEAGOON:

What's the time?

PLUCK:

Let's have a look at your wristwatch. Ah, it's nearly midnight.

SEAGOON:

By dawn I should be well clear of the camp.

PLUCK:

Ah, good. Now listen. If ever you get to the stage that there's no hope, swallow this little black capsule.

SEAGOON:

What... what is it?

PLUCK:

Concentrated liquorice. It gives a man something.

SEAGOON:

Thanks, doc. And here to take my place is prisoner Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

(ON NEDDIE'S MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks. Take your seat for part two of the wireless play 'African Incident'. Long live the miracle of sound wireless broadcasting.

GRAMS:

MANY BOOTS APPROACHING AT SPEED.

MAJOR SPON:

Gather round chaps. I'm glad to say we seemed to have scored a moral victory.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good show.

MAJOR SPON:

The German Commandant has asked me to take charge of the building of this bridge over the river.

SEAGOON:

Jolly good news, sir.

MAJOR SPON:

Oh. I thought you'd escaped.

SEAGOON:

I did, but I came back for lunch.

MAJOR SPON:

Jolly good. Then you can help. Just stand in this hole and read these statistics on the river.

SEAGOON:

Well, sir, the river's two thousand miles long.

MAJOR SPON:

Two thousand miles. How wide?

SEAGOON:

Three yards.

MAJOR SPON:

Well that settles it, we'll build the bridge across it. General?

COMMANDANT:

Ja?

MAJOR SPON:

When is this bridge supposed to be completed?

COMMANDANT:

It must be finished by April the 1st.

MAJOR SPON:

What's today?

SEAGOON:

April the 14th.

MAJOR SPON:

Oh, it's not... er... not going to be easy, is it. If we wait for April the 1st to come round again it'll be over a year.

SEAGOON:

Well, let's work backwards then it's only a fortnight away.

MAJOR SPON:

That's a very good idea. Field Marshal Eccles, have you any knowledge of trees?

ECCLES:

Yer, I was born in one.

MAJOR SPON:

Ah, good. Well, see those wooden ones on the opposite bank?

ECCLES:

Um? Oh, yer, yer.

MAJOR SPON:

Do you think you could chop them down?

ECCLES:

Um, not from here.

FX:

CLUBBING.

ECCLES:

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS, FROGS ETC.

SEAGOON:

That night I made my second attempt to escape. And succeeded by walking a thousand miles and swimming the bay of Tunis. I managed to get to Gibraltar where I'm now recovering from hospital treatment.

SELLERS:

Then suddenly, Lieutenant Seagoon was summoned to British Hind Quarters at Aden.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME, FAST.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Lieutenant Seagoon reporting from the front, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Pull up a chair, man, and sit down.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather stand.

BLOODNOK:

Well, stand in a chair, then. We respect these old Welsh idiot customs, you know. Now, this man in the shredded vest is our French A.D.C., Count Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww....

BLOODNOK:

Ex-actor... and has played the male lead in over fifty postcards.

MORIARTY:

Ah, mon pleasure, mon ami, owwwwww, (LAUGHS).

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. We want you to take a raiding party and destroy that bridge they're building. Boom, boom, boom. Crash, thud, bang. Um... er... Bang, bang, boom, thud, crash. One of those combinations should prove fatal.

SEAGOON:

I've only just *escaped* from the place. It's too dangerous. Apart from which, I'm a married man.

BLOODNOK:

I'm ordering you to go.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well. Can't I see my wife before I go?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

But I love her.

BLOODNOK:

So do I, that's why I'm sending you!

SEAGOON:

Alright. I'll go. But one last favour. If I don't come back, could you give this to my father?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, your... your cheque book.

SEAGOON:

Yes. He always wanted it.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, I'll get it to him. Even if I have to cash every cheque in it myself.

MORIARTY:

Now, come, Seagoon, we leave at dawn tonight by legs on feet on ground.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, a hundred miles away in the German camp a soldier, lies dreaming on a palm leaf.

ECCLES:

(SINGS RUBBISH) I can't stand this singing, I wish I'd escaped with Lieutenant Seagoon. I wonder if he got back to the base.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I did.

ECCLES:

Oh! Where are you, den?

SEAGOON:

I'm a mere six hundred miles away.

ECCLES:

Oh, goodie. I won't tell anybody.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, you fool. Stop talking to that man six hundred miles away.

SEAGOON:

It's alright, sir, he's one of ours.

BLOODNOK:

I know and I wish he wasn't. Now then, according to British intelligence, April the 1st is only three days away.

SEAGOON:

Gad! How *do* those chaps get the information?

BLOODNOK:

They captured a German calender - alive! Well men, forward!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SAFARI LINK.

GRAMS:

CUTTING THROUGH JUNGLE SOUNDS.

GREENSLADE:

(ON NEDDIE'S MEGAPHONE) For a hundred miles, Bloodnok and his party hacked their way through the jungle that ran alongside the arterial road. En route, they had managed to enlist ten Mabootu women to help carry their supplies.

BLOODNOK:

We were just good friends, you understand, nothing more.

MORIARTY:

Nevertheless, it was a mistake having women porters. On the second day of the trip Lieutenant Seagoon became terribly amorous.

GRAMS:

HAWAIIAN GUITAR.

SEAGOON:

You, very beautiful. Hahahahahah. I've seen lots of girls in my time but you... much prettier than any white girl.

BLOODNOK:

I know I am. And it gets very embarrassing at times, I can tell you. Where's Moriarty?

SEAGOON:

The native girls were having a bathe and he's guarding their clothes.

BLOODNOK:

It was *my* turn for that! Where's my binoculars?

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) There's a patrol of German colonial troops coming this way.

BLOODNOK:

What!

SEAGOON:

We must stop them. No shooting now.

PLUCK:

Meantime, back at the camp, the German POW camp...

SECOMBE:

Owww.

PLUCK:

That's an abbreviation of prisoner of war. I say "POW" so it saves the necessity of saying prisoner of war, it's much shorter. Takes less time. At this camp we were having a party. We'd completed the bridge and all the lads were having a sing-song to celebrate.

GRAMS:

RECORDING: MASSED SINGING OF 'BLIGHTY IS THE PLACE FOR ME". SPED UP. QUICK BURST OF APPLAUSE

SERGEANT BLOODNOK:

Right, men. Settle down! Now, a word from our C.O., Major Spon.

MAJOR SPON:

Thank you, men. Well as you can see, we've taught our captors how we English can build a wooden bridge over a water river. So let us stand, raise our right legs and sing our national anthem.

GRAMS:

MALE VOICE CHOIR SINGING LA MARSEILLAISE. FADE BEHIND.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon! Over here. I can hear men in the camp singing the French national anthem.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. That's the British national anthem in disguise. They didn't want it captured.

BLOODNOK:

Good lads!

MORIARTY:

Psssst! Information. The first German puff-puff goes over that bridge at dawn.

BLOODNOK:

What! Action! Here's the explosive, men. Off you go. I'd come with you myself if it weren't for this terrible hand-painted wound on my foot. Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Then we'll need one more volunteer. How about you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let go of me, man! Let go of me! Let go, I'm not working this week. I'm on christmas hols. Doing a bit of carol singing. (SINGS)

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
on the feast of Ste...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiii! Right on my music stand!

SEAGOON:

Lad! Lad! Little looney lad. Help us... help us destroy that bridge and you can have the 'Junior Rock-and-Roll' set.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Out of tune Bakelite...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

...banjo. And a pair of genuine Tommy Steele earplugs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! Thank you. That will make me the centre of attraction at the school party. Thinks: that Eileen Shoulders likes rocking and rolling. Let me try that for that the Eileen Shoulders. (SINGS FEEBLE ROCK AND ROLL OVER TIMID FOOT TAPPING)

GREENSLADE:

Now, while Bluebottle is deliberating, Ray Ellington will play a melody devine in an anti-clockwise fashion.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

EXOTIC JUNGLE LINK.

GRAMS:

RIVER RUNNING STRONGLY.

SELLERS:

In the darkening night, Seagoon and his saboteurs dived in and attached limpet mines to the bridge over the ice-cold river Kapatee.

SEAGOON:

And there's nothing worse than a cold Kapatee!

GELDRAI:

Hi!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C. CYMBAL SNAP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, folks, thank you, folks.

MORIARTY:

Shhhhh! You fools, the German guards will hear us.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's alright, they don't understand English.

SEAGOON:

Turn the wireless on and let's hear the rest of the show.

GRAMS:

WIRELESS TUNING INTO FREQUENCY.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh. It's nearly dawn. Well, I wonder when Seagoon's coming back.

NATIVE WOMAN:

[CHEVREAU]

Oh, white man is not really worried about them?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no, not really, you know. It's just that I don't really want to be caught like this.

NATIVE WOMAN:

Is this what English call 'embarrassing situation'?

BLOODNOK:

Well, yes. I mean, after all, I mean, me half way up a tree dressed as Timon of Athens and... you whitewashing the grass, well, no one would believe us, you see.

NATIVE WOMAN:

Oh, come, Major, let us dance.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. After all, even though we're in the jungle, we're still civilised aren't we. I'll put this record on my portable military gramophone.

GRAMS:

ROMANTIC STRING TANGO.

BLOODNOK:

What a strange sight it must have been. Me and the dusky beauty tangoing through the dense jungle on foot.

NATIVE WOMAN:

I only had eyes for him and he only had eyes for me.

BLOODNOK:

That explains why we fell over a cliff.

SEAGOON:

Major! Major Bloodnok! Where are you?

NATIVE WOMAN:

He's here with me.

SEAGOON:

Great spondiliks! Well anyhow, we've laid the detonation cable.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

We're all ready to blow up the bridge.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on the bridge, Major Spon walks across to make sure all is well.

FX:

HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS.

MAJOR SPON:

I'm walking across the bridge to make sure that all is well. That's why I'm walking across the bridge... for christmas.

COMMANDANT:

Er, good morning, Major Spon.

MAJOR SPON:

Oh, good morning, Von Gutern. Cigarette?

COMMANDANT:

Thanks, I... I have one.

MAJOR SPON:

Ah, but von Gutern deserves another. Jolly English joke.

COMMANDANT:

Yes. Definite German silence. You are... you are early this morning.

MAJOR SPON:

Well, there's an old English proverb.

COMMANDANT:

Ha-ha!

MAJOR SPON:

'The early bird always catches the worm'.

COMMANDANT:

Oh, is that so? Please, I... er... what... what's the meaning of that?

MAJOR SPON:

It means that I've had worms for breakfast.

GRAMS:

LOCOMOTIVE APPROACHES. WHISTLES. VERY FAST.

COMMANDANT:

Ah, geblunden! I can hear the first puff-puff approaching. I must go and lay out the railway lines and my combined chair.

MAJOR SPON:

Goodbye! There he goes, poor fellow. Little does he know Germany can't possibly win the war.

ECCLES:

Ooo! Then I'd better take this German uniform off.

MAJOR SPON:

Field Marshal Eccles, why have you left your post?

ECCLES:

It had woodworm in it. And I didn't want to catch it.

FX:

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

MAJOR SPON:

Look down there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

MAJOR SPON:

You see it? Down in the river?

ECCLES:

Water!

MAJOR SPON:

Yes, but just above it, a cable.

ECCLES:

I wonder who it's from.

FX:

MULTIPLE SLAPSTICKS.

ECCLES:

(VARIOUS OWS AND CRIES OF PAIN)

SEAGOON:

Watching from the opposite bank, we all held our breath. As Major Spon went down the river bank, we all asked ourselves the same question...

BLOODNOK/ECCLES/SEAGOON:

(VARIOUS QUESTIONS SIMULTANEOUSLY)

SEAGOON:

He's spotted the cable!

BLOODNOK:

He's got eyes like a hawk.

SEAGOON:

And legs like a kangaroo. I wonder what he's going to do?

BLOODNOK:

Join a freak show, perhaps.

SEAGOON:

If he follows that cable it will lead him to Private Mate who's waiting to press the dreaded plunger!

WILLIUM:

Ah, they'll never find me, mate, in the master disguise. You see I got a little bit of twig stuck out all over me. Me old plates stuck in two lumps of grass, I looks like a perfect tree, there.

ECCLES:

Ah! Oooh! A perfect tree with boots on. Must be going somewhere.

WILLIUM:

Go away, mate, go away. And keep that dog off.

ECCLES:

Dere's no dog here.

WILLIUM:

Well you just watch what you're doing then, mate.

ECCLES:

Erm...what's your... what... what...what your name?

WILLIUM:

My name's Jim Coconut-Tree.

ECCLES:

Oooo!

FX:

SAWING

WILLIUM:

Oh! Stop! Help! Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelp! (FADES)

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Timbeeeeeeeeeeeeeer!

GRAMS:

TREE FALLING.

SEAGOON:

Major! Major! They've chopped Willium down. I must go and help.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

BLOODNOK:

I shall now keep the audience entertained.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

And here's a brief resumé with piano accompaniment.

PIANO:

SELLERS AWFUL ARPEGGIOS.

GREENSLADE:

Willium lies chopped down. Neddie on his way to assist. Eccles eating coconuts. Major Spon approaching the felled Willium. And suddenly...

SEAGOON:

Hands up, Major Spon!

MAJOR SPON:

You!

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's me - you - or you, me - it's me. We've come to blow the bridge up.

MAJOR SPON:

You can't, it's got a puncture.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Willium, press yer old plunger!

WILLIUM:

Right, mate.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION. SPLASH IN WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

They've fallen in the wa-tah.

MILLIGAN:

(AFTER AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you.

MAJOR SPON:

I don't know how we'd do without that lad.

SEAGOON:

Well, that's the lot for this week, innit? Come on, lads, back to the old brandy, there.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY AT SPEED.

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES PLAYOUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Cécile Chevreau, 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 programme produced by Roy Spear.

NOTES

When Eccles wonders who the cable is from, the joke relies on "cable" having two meanings: an electrical wire and a telegram.

S8 E15 - The Thing on the Mountain

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SECOMBE:

I do not wish to know that. Kindly leave the country!

GREENSLADE:

Listen, how dare you interrupt me while I'm conveying vital information to the ignorant masses.

SECOMBE:

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

GREENSLADE:

And talking of ignorant masses, how are you, Seagoon?

SECOMBE:

(CHICKEN) Bwaaaaaaaaack bwack bwack bwack bwack! Bwack bwack bwack!

FX:

DROP TUBULAR BELL.

GREENSLADE:

Or, in plain English, The All-leather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY FANFARE ON TRUMPET AND TROMBONE. (NANNY GOAT VIBRATO)

GREENSLADE:

We present, based on an original wallpaper by J. Philpot Brim and adapted for washing machine by Sir Fuels Bladdock, the story of...

MILLIGAN:

(VERY OLD) The Thing on the Mountain. Ohhh....

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - ('GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO) FOLLOWED BY
DRAMATIC CHORDS.

SELLERS:

(CAMP WELSH) Our story opens at the bottom of the great mount Snowdon in the little village of Llandahoi. Here one bitter winter night in the village hall the choral society are engaged in that most famous of Welsh pastimes.

GRAMS:

CORK POPPING. CORK FALLS ON TABLE. LIQUID POURING INTO TUMBLER.

OMNES:

WELSH MURMURINGS. DRUNKEN WELSH SINGING.

DAI THE BREAD:

[MILLIGAN]

Mr Worship the Mayor, permission to speak?

ANCIENT BACH:

[SECOMBE]

Yes?

DAI THE BREAD:

Twist! Oh, bust boy. Oh, by the great Llandudno Colwyn Bay that threepence it lost, boy. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!

ANCIENT BACH:

Cheer up, Dai the Bread. Have another glass of leek tea.

DAI THE BREAD:

Oh, no more for me boys. It keeps me awake all the night, you know.

DAI THE HAIR:

All of a sudden running down the mountain came a wild eyed, terror stricken madman.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING. SECOMBE OVER, SHRIEKING. FADE IN AND OUT AT SPEED.

DAI THE HAIR:

He said. I recognised the boy. 'Twas me.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, listen, Jim. Listen Ji - immmmmmm! What was that, Jim?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

DAI THE HAIR:

Oh, boy! Boy! I saw it. It was terrible. Ooo, it was a terrible thing, look you. Oooh, oooh!

FX:

BODY HITS FLOOR.

SECOMBE BACH:

Why, it's Dai the Hair.

SPRIGGS:

Quick. Force this eisteddfod between his teeth.

SECOMBE BACH:

What's happened, Dai bach?

DAI THE HAIR:

Oh, bach. I was up on the mountain doing a bit of courting, you see.

DAI THE BREAD:

Courting on a mountain? That's no place to take a girl, man.

DAI THE HAIR:

Ooo, I haven't got a girl.

DAI BREAD:

Then... then why did you go up by yourself, then?

DAI THE HAIR:

Well, I didn't want to be up there alone, you see.

DAI BREAD:

Ooo, he's got a head on his shoulders, you know.

SECOMBE BACH:

Aye. Pity it's facing the wrong way, isn't it.

DAI THE HAIR:

And suddenly through the mist and the snow, I saw this terrible thing walking towards me.

SECOMBE BACH:

Go on, bach.

DAI THE HAIR:

Then it gave a terrible cry.

SECOMBE BACH:

Did it, bach?

DAI THE HAIR:

No, it didn't bark, it sort of 'owled. It went -

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS LAME JAZZ. HALFWAY BETWEEN SOUND OF A TRUMPET AND A CHICKEN. ENDS WITH A SOUND LIKE A SMALL DRUM KIT DOING A SNAP ENDING)

SINGHIZ-THING BACH:

Boys, as Mayor of Llandahoi and President of the singing and burial club, I say we must capture this monster.

DAI THE HAIR:

Right. Dai the Shorthand, take down this poster.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

LARGE POSTER RIPPING.

DAI THE HAIR:

And put up another one saying - 'Five pound reward for the capture of the Snowdon Monster'.

THROAT:

All right, mate.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good evening. I've called about your poster.

DAI THE HAIR:

How did you know about it?

SEAGOON:

I was listening to the programme.

DAI THE HAIR:

But this programme's recorded.

SEAGOON:

That's right. I was listening to it on my gramophone. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD. THIN CYMBAL SNAP AT END.

SPRIGGS:

Ooooh! What are your qualifications for climbing a dangerous mountain, Jim? What are your qualifications, Ji-immmmmm? Oooh! That hurts, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I hold the gold medal for fish scaling. I was the first man to skate across the Albert Memorial. I wear size nine in boots and my grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent!

SPRIGGS:

Ah, the very man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, not far away in a small Welsh pigsty, it is feeding time.

GRAMS:

HERD OF WEANERS IN A TROUGH.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty - manners, manners!

MORIARTY:

Aah! But the food! The food, Grytpype! The food... aouwugh aaww awwawh!

GRYTPYPE:

My dear Moriarty, don't you know when eating pig swill out of a trough, always take your hat off.

MORIARTY:

Auwwe be-awwaugh awoei braaawugh auww hic hic hic hic aww bauw bauw bauw bauw.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't point your aww at me, you fool, it may be loaded.

MORIARTY:

But... but Grytpype, it's all these little pigs, they... keep biting me. I don't look like a pig. I don't sound like a pig. (RAVES)

GRYTPYPE:

There are other means of identifying a pig, you know. Now, pass the finger bowl, would you?

MORIARTY:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

You greedy swine, you've eaten the last finger.

SEAGOON:

(IN DISTANCE - APPROACHING)

I'd climb the hairy mountain for you.

I'd fight the British trousers for y... Oooh!

I... I didn't know you were having dinner.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, that's quite alright, my dear, sir. You care to join us? Pull up a pig.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. My host was impeccably turned out in a stove pipe hat and a dark grey stove.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's where I keep my dinner. And this bucket of pig swill contains the head of none other than Count Jim 'Steam'...

MORIARTY:

Phish-tooo!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty, inventor of the brown boot and first man to go three weeks without stopping.

MORIARTY:

Aww. Je suis tres charming. Phish-tooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me, little round sir, what are you doing here?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. It's not our sty, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha. Well actually, I'm going to climb Snowdon to capture the monster for the reward.

MORIARTY:

Agh! Reward? Awaugh! Money! Moulah! Reward! Money!

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you rotting heap. I'll do the talking.

MORIARTY:

And I'll do the steaming. I'm wearing the sock. Phish-toooo.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, what you need, Neddie, is our snow-master complete mountaineering kit. Only fifty shillings, marked down to three pounds.

SEAGOON:

I'll take it.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. PENNY IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you. Now, Neddie, all you need to climb Snowdon is a long ladder.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Where is it?

GRYTPYPE:

On the fire engine.

SEAGOON:

How do I get the fire engine?

GRYTPYPE:

You start a fire. Here then is the snow-master mountaineering kit -

FX:

SHAKE BOX OF MATCHES.

GRYTPYPE:

One box of matches. Right, Moriarty, shall we go?

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Why have they run away?

GRYTPYPE:

Because, lad, here comes Max 'Bare-foot' Geldray to play his hot underwear.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

SEGUE IMMEDIATELY INTO VAUDEVILE INTRODUCTION.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if any listener would care to tie a vintage haddock to the third finger of his left hand and swing it round his head he will be able to hear 'The Thing on the Mountain' part two.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC CHORDS.

DAI THE HAIR:

Equipped with his mountaineering kit of one box of matches, Seagoon began to search the lower slopes of Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks. Yes, folks! I was looking to a place to set fire to. Suddenly, I saw before me a small ragged tent made from sacking. Inside was a heap of rags and old clothes. Oh, folks! Tthe very thing. Pardon me.

FX:

BOX OF MATCHES SHAKEN.

GRAMS:

MATCH STRIKES. SOUND OF FLAMES.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha! What a lovely blaze.

BLOODNOK:

Awwwww awwwww awww! Oh, me trousers. Ahh ahwww! Awwwww!

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. A smoking figure rushed past me and hurriedly sat down in a bucket of water.

GRAMS:

LONG BURST OF STEAM.

BLOODNOK:

Oohho, that's better.

SEAGOON:

I didn't realise these old clothes were alive.

BLOODNOK:

What! So *you* set fire to my trousers. You... you... you... you dangerous military clown, you! You might have ruined my chances of winning the all-England leg final.

SEAGOON:

But wait! You're Major Bloodnok. Ha ha! You remember me.

BLOODNOK:

Do I?

SEAGOON:

Of course. I'm the man who set fire to your trousers.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, yes. (LAUGHS) I knew we'd met before. Yes. I've... er... I've come to Snowdon for the skiing, you know.

SEAGOON:

You mean 'she-ing'.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, that as well.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING FROM DISTANCE)
(SINGING) Laa laa laa laa der powigh
Daoiugh daoigh daoiiwwwee.
I got that melody divine.
Someday I'll find you...(RAVES)
Ooh. Hello.

SEAGOON:

Who's this?

BLOODNOK:

It's alright, he... he comes here every day for a swim.

SEAGOON:

But there's no water here.

ECCLES:

Well, that's ok, I can't swim. I... I never had a chance to learn.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

Well, there's no water here. You can't swim without water, my man. Who is this idiot?

BLOODNOK:

You.

ECCLES:

Ooo!

MILLIGAN:

(ASIDE) Thank you, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

I'm the man who's going to climb Snowdon and capture the monster.

BLOODNOK:

What!

ECCLES:

What!

BLOODNOK:

Then you're talking to the right man.

SEAGOON:

Who?

BLOODNOK:

Me.

ECCLES:

Me.

BLOODNOK:

Haven't you seen my nameplate? I'll show you.

SEAGOON:

So saying he bent down. The brass plate on the seat of his hat read: 'Major Bloodnok. Mountaineering Expert'. To prove it, here is the brass plate reading it.

GREENSLADE:

(ECHOEY) 'Major Bloodnok. Mountaineering Expert'. And I should like to point out that the part of the brass name plate was played by...

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

For the small fee of every penny you possess, I can get you to the top of Snowdon in two seconds with my giant 'Spon' catapult.

SEAGOON:

Done.

FX:

PENNY IN TILL.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you. This way.

SEAGOON:

He led me to where fifty pairs of braces were tied together between two trees.

BLOODNOK:

Right, Eccles, help me pull these braces back.

ECCLES:

Ok.

BLOODNOK:

(STRAINING NOISES) Are you alright, Neddle? Neddle, lean back. Now, Eccles - let go.

ECCLES:

Hey!

GRAMS:

SHARP POINNNNG SOUND. PROJECTILE WHISTLING THROUGH AIR.

FX:

GIANT THUMP OF BODY HITTING PAVEMENT.

SEAGOON:

Awwwwwough! Ahh-awww-aww-aww aughaw! Ahhw. Where's my speaking trumpet?

GRAMS:

SMALLER PROJECTILE WHISTLING THROUGH AIR.

FX:

HOLLOW TIN TUBE HITTING GROUND.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Here it is. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks. Calling those kindly, folks. Well here I am, folks, on top of Snowdon, folks. But... ah, ha, ho! Acting now. Oh, ho, ho, hooo! Who's this? It must be the monster. The *thing* on the mountain!

SELLERS:

Surly north country. Mountain? This is the top of Blackpool tower.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Foiled by double strength braces.

SELLERS:

Can I see your ticket?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got one.

SELLERS:

You can't come up Blackpool tower wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

Well, where can I buy one?

SELLERS:

At the bottom.

SEAGOON:

I'll go down and get one.

SELLERS:

You can't go down wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

What am I supposed to do, jump off?

SELLERS:

You can't jump off wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

(MEGAPHONE) Oh, folks. Trapped at the top of Blackpool tower.

SELLERS:

Wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

Without a ticket.

MORIARTY:

Phishhhhhh-ttt-ooo. Neddie! Little Neddie!

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a rope ladder suspended from a horse hair zeppelin above me.

MORIARTY:

Owwh! Climb aboard, Neddie.

GREENSLADE:

With light heart and heavy trousers, Seagoon climbed aboard. And soon the mighty zeppelin was speeding towards the welsh coast.

GRAMS:

ZEPPELIN MOTORS.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) All fares, please. All fares. I thank you. Anymore fares? Cor luv a duck, mate. Cor blimey. All fares, mate.

SEAGOON:

Top of Snowdon, please.

MORIARTY:

Are you under fourteen?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'm thirteen stone eight.

MORIARTY:

Ah, nine pence, please.

FX:

TICKET PUNCH

SEAGOON:

Nine pence? I haven't got any money.

GRYTPYPE:

No money, Neddie? Then you're in the wrong compartment. Non-paying passengers through that door.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho. Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

(FALLING) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhgh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Little Jim. Now get back in the barrel and make room for Ray 'Bones' Ellington and his melody minstrel.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

DAI THE HAIR:

And so the snow and the blizzards on Snowdon grew worse. And every night the terror stricken villagers padlocked their wives as they heard the distant cry of the thing on the mountain.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD WIND.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - 'GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. How could I reach the summit of the dreaded Snowdon and capture the five pound monster?

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

How can I possibly climb this impregnable mass of rock and snow?

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, why don't you go by train?

SEAGOON:

Train?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, there's a mountain railway that runs up Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

What? Hhahagh, but how do I get back?

GREENSLADE:

It also runs down again.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Gad, saved by steam!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

YAKAMOTO:

[MILLIGAN]

So, Neddie the Seagoon sped to the little railway station at foot of honourable Snowdon the mountain. Ooh, boy!

WILLIUM:

What do you want then, bach? Look you, mate.

SEAGOON:

Third return to the top of Snowdon.

WILLIUM:

Right-o bach, mate.

SEAGOON:

What time's the next train?

WILLIUM:

Three fifteen, April.

SEAGOON:

What! But it's only ten past one, January.

WILLIUM:

Oh, we can't run trains up in January, mate. There's blizzards and nine feet of snow up dere. You'll 'ave to wait till April.

SINGHIZ THING:

And so Seagoon waited until April when there were blizzards and eleven feet of snow.

GRAMS:

TRAIN AT STATION, STEAM VALVES OPEN.

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

(OVER TANNY) The train now standing on the platform is for the top of Snowdon. Calling at a quarter of the way up, half-way up, and three-quarters of the way up.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! By train, at last.

GRAMS:

CARRIAGE DOOR SLAMS.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, have you got the bomb?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bazonika-dowser, yes, the bomb. Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Then slip it into the tender with the coal.

MORIARTY:

Awww.

FX:

BLAST OF STATION MASTER'S WHISTLE.

WILLIUM:

All aboard.

FX:

WHISTLE.

GRAMS:

STEAM TRAIN STARTING UP. GATHERING SPEED.

GREENSLADE:

And so, as the train chugged slowly up the side of the mountain, we find in the engine the driver and fireman hard at work.

GRAMS:

STEAM WHISTLE. ENGINE CHUGGING CONTINUES UNDER AT MODERATE SPEED. WHISTLE REPEATS.

ECCLES:

Ooh, this is living!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know something, my good man? I have always wanted to be an engine driver.

ECCLES:

Oowgh, oowgh! And I always wanted to be the village idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then we've both succeeded.

ECCLES:

Ooh, no.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Oowwough. I'm not the village idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No?

ECCLES:

No, but when he retires my name's top of the list.

(THEY BOTH LAUGH ETC)

ECCLES:

Oh, this is living! I love it!

GRAMS:

ENGINE CHUGGING SLOWS DOWN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, we're stoppin'. You stupid nit, my good man Eccles. The fire's going out.

ECCLES:

Oooo! I'll put some more coal on.

FX:

SHOVELLING OF COAL.

ECCLES:

(SINGING OVER)Tote dat barge and lift dad bale! Get a little drunk and you land in jail! Ah-ooohmm!
Ah-oooughmma! Ooooooooooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

Oooooh! 'Ere, this is a funny looking piece of coal. It says B - O - M - B. (HAVING LITERACY FAILURE)
Mah... ah..ghh... ghghh... ghum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

B - O - M - B? That stands for 'Best Ordinary Mixed Black'. It's special strong coal.

ECCLES:

Oh, good. I'll throw it on the fire.

FX:

METAL OBJECT INTO COAL PILE.

GRAMS:

ENGINE CHUGGING CONTINUES. SUDDEN LOUD EXPLOSION (STRENGTH 4). ENGINE CHUGGING AT
EXTREME VELOCITY.

ECCLES:

You were right. That coal was strong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Oooh, yeah.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN VIOLENT CRASH. PIECES OF METAL PIPING FALLING, SAUCEPANS AND TIN PLATES.
EXPLOSION - SUDDEN BURST OF STEAM. FADE.

ECCLES:

All change!

GRAMS:

DISTANT BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? Here already? Aha, folks. Now to capture the... but wait. Wait! Ngeu eu eu eu
eu euwghhee!

ECCLES:

Ooh.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

DAI THE HAIR:

At the top of the mountain, half buried in the snow, was a wooden shack labelled 'Teas - Hot meals allllll... day'.

GRAMS:

BRING UP BLIZZARD WINDS.

MINNIE:

Bup bup bup bimb. Oooh, sim suuin. Bim bum budda boo! That naughty black nylon stocking.

CRUN & MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM IMPROV. WELSH STYLE)

CRUN:

Min, Min, Min!

MINNIE:

Saucepan bach!

CRUN:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

What? What? What? Phish-too! Phish-too!

CRUN:

Modern Min. Modern Min. It's the elephant's feeding time.

MINNIE:

Ptooooooough!

CRUN:

Go out the window and call them in.

MINNIE:

Right, buddy. Where's my bugle?

CRUN:

It's in the bed.

MINNIE:

Oh, yes, I'll go and call the elephants in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD FADES.

CRUN:

Now, we should be getting some more customers soon. I'd better lay the table. Now, let's see. Herbal salt, dandelion pepper. Mmmm... er... Indian brandy. Senna pod vinegar.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

CRUN:

Ooo. Phish-too. Phish-too. Sit down. Here's the menu.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Let me see, now. Phish-too. (READS) Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Um, I think I'll have some elephant's eggs.

CRUN:

Elephant eggs are off, sir. They've gone off ponnnngggg!

SEAGOON:

What about some phish-too?

CRUN:

They're not laying, you know.

SEAGOON:

Elephants not laying?!

CRUN:

No, they've not laid since we bought them, you know.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho, very well, I'll have...

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - ('GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO)

SEAGOON:

Listen! The monster! I must catch it at once!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

What's he talking about? The monster. What...?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Ooooh, dear. That hoar frost on the knee, I tell you. Come on inside, all of you!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

Let me rub the naked sulphur on it.

MINNIE:

Come on inside, you, Henry. I've got the dreaded pong on it. Come on you naughty elephants. Come on in.

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Curses. I was too late.

MINNIE:

Careful! Don't tread on the elephants.

GRAMS:

SINGLE BROODY CHICKEN.

SEAGOON:

Elephants? These are chickens.

CRUN:

No wonder they wouldn't lay. Curse them. Curse them. Well, did you catch the modern monster?

SEAGOON:

No, it was modern gone. But I found some huge footprints and I followed them back here.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh, ooooooooohwagh! Ptoooooooooowugh! Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Stop phish-tooing at once. The monster is hiding... the monster is hiding somewhere in this building.

CRUN:

Then we must search for it.

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER OPENS

SEAGOON:

Not in here.

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER CLOSES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Not in here.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

FX:

WINDOW LATCH OPENS

CRUN:

Not in here.

FX:

WINDOW LATCH CLOSES

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER OPENS

SEAGOON:

Not under there.

FX:

LAVATORY DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Thank heaven for that, he's not in here.

(SPEEDING UP GRADUALLY)

CRUN:

Not in here.

FX:

WARDROBE DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Not under there.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Not in this drawer.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Not in there. (EXTENDED)

GREENSLADE:

Where *is* the Snowdon monster? Personally, I think it's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 Larry Stephens and Maurice Wiltshire, announcer Wallace Greenslade - the programme produced by Tom Ronalds.

S8 E16 - The Great String Robberies

Transcribed by Debby Stark and Kurt Adkins, Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. By the power of electricity and microphone placed in the proximity of the protagonists, we present an all-wireless show with a brandy base.

GRAMS:

DATED MUSIC

SECOMBE:

That music should give you a clue to the financial position of the BBC's music department.

AUSTRALIAN:

[SELLERS]

One moment, Mr. Secombe, you can't attack the Corporation from the back!

SECOMBE:

Can't I? Bend down!

FX:

SLAP

AUSTRALIAN:

Oh! Australian oh!

SECOMBE:

Now, read the name of the play.

GREENSLADE:

We present... The Great String Robberies.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC LINK

SELLERS:

The String Robbery started very simply with a man saying...

ECCLES:

My socks keep coming down.

GRYTPYPE:

We must try and obtain a certain amount of cheap string.

MORIARTY:

But what'll I do till then?

GRYTPYPE:

For the time being, keep your socks up with the famous Eccles method.

MORIARTY:

Ah, what's that?

GRYTPYPE:

Stand on your head.

MORIARTY:

Hup!

FX:

KNOCK ON HEAD

ORCHESTRA:

CHANGE OF SCENE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hallo, folks! Through the power of megaphone, folks, three days later... (LAUGHS) Three days later, I was called from Scotland Yard to Scotland. At Edinburgh Station... Thankyew, thankyew. At Edinburgh Station I was met by a platform.

FX:

STEAM TRAIN ARRIVING

FLOWERDEW:

(SCREAMS) There should be a law against trains letting off steam when people are wearing kilts!

SEAGOON:

Excuse me, porter, I'm a stranger here, could you tell me the way to walk?

SCOTS PORTER:

[SELLERS]

Aye, yu'see yon ticket barrier? Well, head over there for that.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

NAVY RED KILT:

[CHISHOLM]

Hey, Inspector Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

The voice came from underneath a navy red kilt.

NAVY RED KILT:

Aye. You see, I'm a ventriloquist! I threw my voice. Sometimes from my knee. Sometimes from my shin. And sometimes... (NASALLY) from my nose, bing!

SEAGOON:

(NASALLY) Oh, jolly good, jolly good, ha-ha! (NOSE THROW SOUND) (NORMAL) Now, where's the scene of the crime?

NAVY RED KILT:

This is the hoose.

SCOT NO.1:

[SELLERS]

Aye, welcome to the scene of the crime.

SEAGOON:

Er... wheres the front door?

SCOT NO.1:

It's in this brown paper parcel. (OPENS IT) We only use it for going in and out. Agh. There.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SCOT NO.1:

The black-bearded criminal must have got in through the door or the windows. Everything else was locked.

SEAGOON:

I see. Right. Now, who was killed?

SCOT NO.1:

No one's been killed.

SEAGOON:

Then this is a job for the police.

SCOT NO.1:

You *are* a policeman.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes, I wasted no time getting here, did I, eh? Hands up! You're all under arrest!

FX:

DOOR THROUGH WHICH THEY ENTER

GREENSLADE:

The String Robberies, Part Two.

FX:

Door closes

SEAGOON:

Part Two? That's us!

SCOT NO.1:

You see that piece of string on the table?

SEAGOON:

Yes, what's that space in the middle?

SCOT NO.1:

That's the piece that's missing.

SEAGOON:

So! So that's what a piece of missing string looks like, eh? Where's it gone? Ah! (LAUGHS) But wait... can't you see, you, you poor Scottish fool!

SCOT NO.1:

(GNASHING TEETH SOUNDS)

SEAGOON:

It's all... it's all a practical joke!

SCOT NO.1:

(GNASHING TEETH SOUNDS)

SEAGOON:

Someone's cut that string in the centre, pulled the two pieces in opposite directions, giving the impression that a piece had been removed from the middle.

SCOT NO.1:

Hairy gringlers, he's right! Och, it's true! If you put these two pieces together, the gap disappears!

SCOT NO.2:

Aye, but did you notice when you did that, the two outside ends got shorter?

SEAGOON:

Gad. Gad, Chisolm's right! Now I see what happened. What cunning! (LAUGHS) The criminal cut a piece off each end, then cut across the middle and pulled them apart, making the string look the original length.

SCOT NO.1:

Oh, dear, this makes it a baffling case.

SCOT NO.2:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. Instead of one piece, we're looking for two separate ends. It's a good job I can count! (LAUGHS) We must start investigations at once!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO Finally, here is a police message: Will all people in possession of two pieces of string please report to their local police station. Now, sport: The boxing match between the Irish and Italian football teams has been cancelled...

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, oh, dear. Min, Min! Oh-ow-ee. Miiiii! Min! Min!

MINNIE:

You calling me, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes! Hurry up, I'm next! Oh, you sinful woman, you. Always at the cigarette rolling machine, you.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh. You got a... got a match, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, oiiooi.... You vixen! Not satisfied with making your own fags, now you want to smoke 'em!

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

(MAKE NERVOUS SOUNDS)

MINNIE:

There's nothing to worry about, Henry, this is herbal tobacco.

HENRY CRUN:

Herbal?

MINNIE:

Yes. Crazy herbal tobacco, made from dandelions.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, don't leave any in my bedroom, our water rates are high enough as it is.

MINNIE:

(INHALES, EXHALES) Ah! (INHALES, EXHALES) Oh! These cigarettes are strong, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Better not light them.

HENRY CRUN:

No.

MINNIE:

Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Henry, ohhhh.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhh.

MINNIE:

Heavens, you noticed, you naughty, naughty man.

HENRY CRUN:

What, what?

MINNIE:

How do you like my new frock?

HENRY CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

Where did you get that modern sack dress!

MINNIE:

I got it off the coalman.

HENRY CRUN:

I'll talk to you later about this, Min Bannister.

MINNIE:

But I didn't, Crun. [UNCLEAR], I tell you.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, I will.

MINNIE:

You, you devil, you!

HENRY CRUN:

You...

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] clout you right on your conk, Henry!

HENRY CRUN:

You old cow, you, I'll have you! Now, not - let's get down to the fire station. (CORRECTS HIMSELF) To the police station!

MINNIE:

It... it... makes the same, Henry, because...

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

...the police station's on fire, I heard.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhh! Good. Good, good.

MINNIE:

Now... now, Henry, no, you're not allowed out, Henry, so you sit by the fire and I'll drive the house round to the...

HENRY CRUN:

All right, all right...

FX:

DRIVING SOUNDS. MINNIE SAYING "OH!"

GREENSLADE:

As the house drives away, we arrive at the String Robberies, Part Three.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Calling all, folks! Three weeks, folks, and still no fear of solving the crime. I think I'll have a bath.

FX:

BATHING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Ah! There's nothing like a bit of sandpaper for bringing up the old knees' white! (LAUGHS)

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Er, pardon me, Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Constable Mate! How dare you creep in here when my shins are exposed?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'm sorry, I... I won't... I won't look, Inspector. In any case, I'm a married man with shins o' me own, you know.

SEAGOON:

Constable, state your business!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'm a policeman.

SEAGOON:

I know you're a policeman, but what do you want?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Well, there's an 'ouse outside waiting to see you.

SEAGOON:

House? I must go and inspect it. Meantime, Max Geldray will show what fun can be had. Brandy!!

FX:

RUNS OUT

MAX GELDRAI:

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

HENRY CRUN:

Coming, coming.

MINNIE:

Coming, coming , coming, oh...

HENRY CRUN:

Coming.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

Good morning, good morning (ETC)...

SEAGOON:

I was told this...

ALL:

Good morning, good morning, morning, (ETC)...

SEAGOON:

It's late afternoon already. Good morning. I was told that this house wanted to see me.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, sir. We have come to hand in our three pieces of... string!

MINNIE:

String!

HENRY CRUN:

String!

SEAGOON:

There's some mistake. We only wanted people with *two* pieces.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, well, then we'll throw one piece away.

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good! Now you're a suspect.

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

Oh!

MINNIE:

We're innocent.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! I wonder could this aged man be the string thief?

HENRY CRUN:

No, sir, no!

MINNIE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Not so loud, he might hear.

MINNIE:

Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Put your fingers in your ears, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, all right, all right. Don't want the... Alright, sir.

SEAGOON:

The robbery's been done... ever will be so...

MINNIE:

The... much of a... and comes... I'm running... at the...

SEAGOON:

What I... can't get my... but I think...

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners: This disjointed conversation is being caused by Mr. Crun moving his fingers in out of his ears, thereby causing an intermittent break in sound.

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

(SINGS)

SEAGOON:

Constable! Follow that house!

FX:

RUNNING

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Come back! Naughty house, come back! I arrest you in the name of the law... (FADE)

SEAGOON:

Throw a cordon around England! No one must leave the island!

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The String Robberies, Part Thrun. The scene: The Cliffs of Dover.

FX:

SEA-SIDE SOUNDS

MORIARTY:

It says in the paper on page ten here... there is a nationwide search for people with two pieces of string!

GRYTPYPE:

What? We must leave England! Brlng the brown paper pudding and follow ne!

FX:

MORIARTY LIFTS; SPLASHES OF WATER

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, a hundred miles away, Seagoon springs from a foreign bed.

SEAGOON:

Hup!

FX:

SPRING

SEAGOON:

Ahh! As I jumped out of bed I... I thought I heard two splashes.

SPRIGGS:

Two splashes, Jii-im! Oh, Jiim, are your feet wet, Jim? Are your feet wet, Jiii-iiiiim?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've been sitting with damp socks on.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, can't you afford a clothesline, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I found a bed more comfortable.

SPRIGGS:

Oh... oh, Jim, oh, Jim, oh, Jim! We must take action, Jim. We must take action, Ji-iiiiim!

SEAGOON:

Right, Ji-iiiiim!

SPRIGGS:

Are you taking the...

SEAGOON:

Send a signal...

FX:

MORSE CODE

SEAGOON:

Send a signal to all coast guards!

SPRIGGS:

All right!

SEAGOON:

Especially those on the coast. Arrest the owners of those splashes!

FX:

MAJOR BLOODNOK THEME. RAIN, GALES, SPLASHING MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh! Oh, I've never had it as bad as this before! Oh, dear! Oh! Oh, the wind must be 40 knots at least! Well, I hope we don't have to launch the lifeboat tonight. Just in case they ask me, I'll put one arm in a sling and lie down in a mock faint.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Who is that there? Who is it? Who is... who is out of there? Only a lunatic would be out on such a storm!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

ECCLES CHOIR:

WITH MULTIPLE OVERDUBS: "GOOD KING WENCESLAS". SURPRISINGLY GOOD, THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDES.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

FX:

SLAMS DOOR. KNOCK. OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Merry Christmas?

FX:

COIN BOX RATTLES

BLOODNOK:

You crazy, mixed-up Eccleses, you. Christmas is gone!

ECCLES:

Oh, which way'd it go?

BLOODNOK:

It's finished!

ECCLES:

Finished? Oh, I better talk with my friends here. (MUMBLES) Penny for the guy?

FX:

COIN BOX RATTLES

BLOODNOK:

That's not til next November!

ECCLES:

Can we come in and wait then?

FX:

MAJOR BEATS THEM OFF

BLOODNOK:

Well, that's got rid of those idiots.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Where's me club? Take that, you...

FX:

BEATING SOUNDS

SPRIGGS:

I don't like clubbing, Jim. I never like clubbing. I have a message for you, Jiim.

BLOODNOK:

Well, play it on the gramophone.

SPRIGGS:

All right, Jim.

FX:

TYPEWRITER SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

Curse, it's written in typewriter. And I can't speak a word of it. What's on the other side?

SPRIGGS:

I'll turn it over.

ECCLES CHOIR:

(WITH MULTIPLE OVERDUBS: "GOOD KING WENCESLAS")

BLOODNOK:

Oh, this is too much! Ellington, attack the hit parade with a melody, poo-wee-hoy! A brandy! Oh, oh...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LIVING DOLL"

GREENSLADE:

Er, that was Ray Ellington. We all wish him a speedy recovery. Now, by, ah, clenching my fists, gritting my teeth and contracting my abdomen, I find myself in an ideal position to hear Part Three of The String Robberies.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Good old Wal, there.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

GRAMS:

MUSIC; SEA STORM SOUNDS

OMNES:

DISTANT, UNINTELLIGIBLE SAILOR-TYPE SHOUTING OF COMMANDS

SEAGOON:

It was very brave of you to put the lifeboat out in this storm.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. It's amazing what a man'll do at pistol point, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

What's our position?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, I'm a stranger round here.

SEAGOON:

What does the label on this wave say? "Made in Birmingham for the English Channel". Hmmm.

MORIARTY:

HEEEELLLLPPPPP!!!

SEAGOON:

Look! I can see the word "Help" coming out of that big striped bubble.

BLOODNOK:

It must be a drowning cartoonist. Here! Catch this pencil paper!

MORIARTY:

Thank you! I'll draw the life belt! There! Saved! Now I'll draw myself on board! Touché! On board.

SEAGOON:

First, I must ask you to empty your pockets.

MORIARTY:

Alright.

FX:

MANY ITEMS LAND ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Quit stalling. Empty your pockets!

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, that is our entire worldly wealth.

SEAGOON:

What's the ominous bulge in the seat of your trousers?

MORIARTY:

Nothing, I tell you! Just some old clothes!

SEAGOON:

This we'll see. Bloodnok, hand me that stick there.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! My lug 'ole! Thank you, friends of mine.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a stowaway! Come on out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, I'll come out. Lowers flap of Moriarity's trousers. Steps out, waits for audience applause. Not enough, I say! Puts on record of own clapping.

GRAMS:

WILD APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm young Timmy Bluebottle, Ace Private Detective! Own catapult, own scooter, own legs. Will go anywhere. In Finchley.

SEAGOON:

Lad, lad, little looney lad, who are you trailing?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm after the string criminals. I suspect the Moranarty man.

MORIARTY:

Arrgghh...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Points finger at him, point, point, pointy-pointy point.

MORIARTY:

(GRUMBLES) Quiet! It's all lies, the child is lying!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Keep him away from me!

MORIARTY:

The child is lying!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Lets fly with catapult: Bing!

FX:

BREAKING GLASS

MORIARTY:

Oh! My spectacles!

SEAGOON:

All right, gentlemen, a final question: Are you the owner of these splashes?

FX:

TWO SPLASHES

GRYTPYPE:

No, I've never seen those splashes in my life before.

SEAGOON:

Would you care to try them on?

MORIARTY:

If you wish.

FX:

TWO SPLASHES BEING TRIED ON

BLUEBOTTLE:

There, they fit them perfectly! Arrest them in the name of the lee!

MORIARTY:

Run for it, Gryptype! Run for it!

FX:

RUNNING, TWO SPLASHES

SEAGOON:

Escaped with the two splashes. After them!

FX:

TWO SPLASHES

LITTLE JIM:

They've fallen in the wa-tah.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! I've lost my megaphone - Hello, folks! This is coming to you via cupped hand. Folks! This is the position to date. Moriarity and Gryptype have landed at Dover disguised as splashes and are making inland. They thumb a lift from a passing house.

FX:

BROKEN CAR/HOUSE SOUNDS, MINNIE AND HENRY "OH!"ING. CROWD SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Ah! Breathless, breathless, breathless. Curse! They drove away in that house!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't worry, Captain, I took a photograph of the number.

SEAGOON:

Good lad! And what luck. Here comes a Hindu photographer's darkroom.

FX:

ENGINE, CAR SCREECHING TO HALT. LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR

LALKAKA:

Abrada. You are knocking on that door, is that correct, sir?

SEAGOON:

We want this camera developed.

LALKAKA:

Ready in a few moments. If you'll just accomodate yourself in the European-type chair over there.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

LALKAKA:

Mr Banerjee?

BANERJEE:

What are you calling my name for, Mr Lalkaka?

LALKAKA:

I thought it might be attached to you, man.

BANERJEE:

What? What?

LALKAKA:

Listen, we... we have had sudden employment in the nature of developing a European-type-a film.

BANERJEE:

Oh! This has come at a most tense moment. I was in the entrepid process of wrapping up the curry powder, you understand.

LALKAKA:

You will have to postpone the making of the curry for the temporary-type moment.

BANERJEE:

It will be difficult. But I... but I am understanding the necessary of gainful employment. There I am willing to concur, you understand.

LALKAKA:

Alright. Alright, man.

BANERJEE:

Digeye digeye.

LALKAKA:

Orchabas.

BANERJEE:

Digeye.

LALKAKA:

Ahkabastan. Now then, listen. Will you please...

BANERJEE:

I am waiting, I'm waiting. What are you... what are you... what are you going to say to me?

LALKAKA:

Letting me explain, then.

BANERJEE:

Alright, then.

LALKAKA:

I will place the european-type-a film in the, er, in the Hindu-type developer tray for preparation.

BANERJEE:

Alright. Digeye digeye. What do you do now?

LALKAKA:

I get it straight, now.

BANERJEE:

We are waiting for the London European Hendon developer...

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear.

BANERJEE:

...to work... work on this type of film.

LALKAKA:

I... but I tell you what I've got, I've got... I've got a revolutionary-type darkroom

BANERJEE:

What have you got?

LALKAKA:

No light in it.

BANERJEE:

Ohhh.

LALKAKA:

I meant to say it's got a light in it, but I killed the joke by saying "no light in it". But then, we mysterious orientals...

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK ON DOOR

BANERJEE:

What... what is that?

SEAGOON:

Hurry up in there, you baboons.

BANERJEE:

What... I... what is that?

LALKAKA:

Coming, sir.

BANERJEE:

What are you calling us, man?

LALKAKA:

What are you...? How dare you.

BANERJEE:

I am not...

LALKAKA:

Here is your developed-type film, sir.

SEAGOON:

Let's see.

LALKAKA:

That's 14 rupees.

SEAGOON:

Look! The number of the house is 66 Fairy Cake Lane.

SELLERS:

That's been changed!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Arrest all houses with that address!

BLOODNOK:

Wait! 66 Fairy Cake Lane? That's where Henry Crun lives!

SEAGOON:

Men, this is the plan: We go to the empty space on the street where Crun's house lives. We go down in the cellar and wait for Crun's house to arrive.

BLOODNOK:

We must hurry, the audience is leaving!

FX:

MASS RUNNING AWAY, FADES. PHONE RINGS. SINGLE STEPS RUNNING BACK. PICKS UP

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Hello, yes? Major Bloodnok? Hold on, I'll... I'll get him.

FX:

RUNNING, FADES. PAUSE. RUNNING, RETURNS

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh. (OUT OF BREATH) Yes? Hello? Bloodnok here.

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) Hurry up, Major, we're all waiting up the street for you!

BLOODNOK:

Cor blimey, I...

FX:

RINGS OFF, RUNS AWAY

GREENSLADE:

Those running boots are a repeat of the running boots you heard in "Those Were The Days" on the Light Programme on March the 2nd. And was taken from the BBC great sound library of 9,000 scratchy records. I should, at this juncture, like to thank the Wallace Greenslade Fan Club whose, um, 39,000 members clubbed together and sent me a copy of last year's birthday honors. How nice to have such nice, sweet friends.

GRYTPYPE:

He's a bit of a crawler, Moriarity.

MORIARTY:

Ah, he's on his way.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, this is as far as my house goes, gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

Ah, no, listen, Mr. Crunge. Can we stay here until it gets dark?

HENRY CRUN:

Well, if you shut your eyes it'll get dark right away.

MORIARTY:

Oh? I'll try that.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

He's right, Grytpype!

SEAGOON:

Hands up, you two men in the dark there!

MORIARTY:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Where are you?

SEAGOON:

Under the floorboards in the cellar. Don't move or I'll fire!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! From where I'm lying, I can see up Moriarty's trousers! E-he!

MORIARTY:

What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Hand down the two pieces of string tied around your socks!

GRYTPYPE:

Dear listeners, as there is no audible sound for a piece of string, we substitute this:

GRAMS:

STRANGE SOUNDS/VOICES

SEAGOON:

Moriarty? You're under arrest! Mr. Crun, how do we get up out of this cellar?

HENRY CRUN:

There's no cellar in this house.

SEAGOON:

No cellar? Then... where are we?

HENRY CRUN:

You're all in your mind. (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Help! Help! Hold on this script! Help! Get us out! Help! Heeeeelp! Help!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan and George Chisholm, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Tom Ronald.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S8 E17 - The Moriarty Murder Mystery

Transcribed by Stratford. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Here is a game you can all play. Take an ordinary piece of paper and make a small hole in it - thus. Place your eye to the hole and look through. If other members of the family will do the same, you can then gaze at each other. In this way you can all enjoy hours of innocent boredom.

SEAGOON:

Wal. Big fat Wal. A likely story. Now leap onto that blazing bed when I say, hello, folks! It's me!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! Seagoon fans, thank you, thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Er, listeners, once again I inform you that that was only *recorded* applause.

SECOMBE:

(RASPBERRY)

GREENSLADE:

Anybody can do it, I'll show you. Hello, folks! It's me!

GRAMS/OMNES:

BOOING, RASPBERRIES, FRED THE OYSTER

SEAGOON:

All of which brings us to the all-leather Goon show!

FX:

BUBBLES BLOWN IN A GLASS OF LIQUID WITH A STRAW

SELLERS:

Tonight, the Moriarty Murder Mystery.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

New Scotland Ying? Inspector Seagoon here.

LEW:

(ON PHONE) Listen inspector, listen! (PANTING) Do you want to know who the Mauve Raven is?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

LEW:

It's...

FX:

GUNSHOT

LEW:

Aaaaagh!!

O'SHEA:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACENT) Harh. Who was it, sir?

SEAGOON:

Chap reporting a murder, constable.

O'SHEA:

Murder, sir? Whose murder? Whasrfrss...

SEAGOON:

He didn't say.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Helloo? Inspector Seagoon here.

MUMBLER:

[MILLIGAN]

(DISTORT, INCOHERENT MUMBLING, CLEARS THROAT, MORE MUMBLING) See?

SEAGOON:

I'll be right over!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN, POLICE CAR BELL, CAR TYRES SCREECHING

SEAGOON:

Sergeant O'Shea, surround the dustbin!

FX:

WHISTLE

O'SHEA:

I'm sorry, sir, it's knocking off time.

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by knocking off time. Ah, well, see you here at nine o'clock tomorrow.

O'SHEA:

Right, sir.

FX:

BASS DRUM, WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Morning, O'Shea!

O'SHEA:

Morning, sir!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, let's see what's in this dustbin.

GRAMS:

DUSTBIN LID REMOVED

SEAGOON:

(HYSTERICAL, NERVOUS LAUGH)

O'SHEA:

Steady, sir, or you'll hurt yourself.

SEAGOON:

A body! The police must hear about this.

O'SHEA:

We *are* the police, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, we got here quickly didn't we? (LAUGHS)

WILLIUM (WEAK):

'Ello, 'ello.

SEAGOON:

What is it, O'Shea?

O'SHEA:

I never spoke, sir! It must have been the... the body!

SEAGOON:

What? Did you speak?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate.

SEAGOON:

Now, play the game, don't mess about. Either you're a corpse or you're not!

WILLIUM:

I was, but I'm much better now, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Don't tell me you *live* in that dustbin?

WILLIUM:

Course I don't live 'ere, mate! I just popped in to see my old matey.

SEAGOON:

Where is he, mate?

WILLIUM:

Downstairs he is, mate. I only come up here to answer the lid. Ain't that right, Charlie?

THROAT:

(ECHOEY) Yes.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

WILLIUM:

'Ello? 'Ang on, it's for you.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. Hello?

GREENSLADE:

(ON PHONE) Inspector Seagoon? Chief Commissioner Scotland Yard to speak to you. Click. Buzz.

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Jim! Hello Jee-eeym? Hello, Jim. I can't hear you, Jim. Jim, Jim. Hello. Hello. Chig-chig-chig-chig. Hello. Hello, Jim. Jim, I can't hear you? Jim? Hello, Jim. Hello Ji-iiiim. Hello Jim? Jim-Jim-Jim? Hello? Hello-hello-hello-hello-hello-hello. There must be something wrong with the line, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon speaking.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, now I can hear you! What did you do, Jim?

SEAGOON:

I spoke.

SPRIGGS:

Then there *is* something wrong with the line! When you don't speak I can't hear you. Come in to my office, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN

SPRIGGS:

(NASAL SOUND, OVER FOLLOWING)

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENING

SPRIGGS:

Come in, Jim. Pull up a helmet, if it's not spiked. Now... Now then, you've been with the police for... you've been with the police fo-oor... Twenty years?

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir.

SPRIGGS:

Silence! Silence, Jim, when you speak to me. Silence when you speak to me. Either you find the murdered body and solve it, or... or you'll receive the size fourteen boot!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, sir! Not that! Sir, please! (SOBBING) Not that! Not that! I couldn't stand it...(SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY DISSOLVING TO STRANGE SOUNDS)

SPRIGGS:

I tell you this is no laughing matter, Jim! Very well, I'll give you twenty-four hours or one day, whichever is the wider by far! Whichever is the wider by faa-eeeh...

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile in Shorditch High Street...

GRAMS:

FAINT CAR MOTOR

FX:

BANJO AND SPOONS

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Who's lovable and who's kissable? Miss Annabelle Lee...

MORIARTY:

Owww...

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Who's wonderful and who's...

BOTH:

(SINGING) ...marvellous? Miss Annabelle Lee.

FX:

COIN IN TIN CUP

MORIARTY:

Oooooough! Ooh-ho! Thank you! Thank you, lady.

GRYTPYPE:

Give me that ha'penny at once, I'm wearing the pocket.

MORIARTY:

Ow! But Grytpype, I'm the master of the spoon! Give it to me!

GRYTPYPE:

Hand over, you blackened wreck or I'll set fire to your string wig!

MORIARTY:

Aeough! No, no...Eoghh...

GRYTPYPE:

That's better. Now then...

FX:

SPOON CLICKING

MORIARTY:

Eoghh. (SINGING) Who's wonderful... Marvelous... Miss Annabelle Lee (WHISTLING)

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you unmusical steamer, you.

MORIARTY:

Unmusical? Me?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi longala dongala hellava dongala! What's that? Longala dongala, I tell you! I have trodden in the steps of the masters!

GRYTPYPE:

You've trodden in something.

MORIARTY:

What?!

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's see how much we've taken.

MORIARTY:

(SINGING) Marvellous... Oh, money?

GRYTPYPE:

One ha'penny, one... (MUTTERING) One penny. One penny.

MORIARTY:

One penny?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Let's live! Whoooaw! Whohohoho-oww!

GRYTPYPE:

Put it away! Waving your 'owww' about like that. Sssh! Look at that!

MORIARTY:

What? What is it, Grytpype? (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

It's a police inspector standing in a tobacconist's window with a postcard pinned to him. What does it say?

MORIARTY:

"Amateur photographer needs a beautiful model to..."

GRYTPYPE:

Not... not... not that police inspector. The one *next* to him.

MORIARTY:

Haah! "One pound in cash or Sterling offered for the body of a murder victim"!

GRYTPYPE:

Well read, Moriarty! We are about to cop some lob.

MORIARTY:

But... where can we get the body?

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, stick this imitation bullet hole on your forehead.

MORIARTY:

Right!

FX:

SOUND OF A LIGHT SLAP

GRYTPYPE:

Fall down in the gutter and close your eyes.

MORIARTY:

Oowww...

GRYTPYPE:

I say! Mister little round copper!

SEAGOON:

What-what-what-what-what-what-what-what?

GRYTPYPE:

May I introduce you to the body of Count Jim "Toes"...

MORIARTY:

Brrrl!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Only man to have shot a telephone directory in flight and twice world cheese dancer.

SEAGOON:

I'll take him!

GRAMS:

CASH MACHINE REGISTER, COIN ON HARD SURFACE

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now why is this body lying down?

GRYTPYPE:

He's been murdered.

SEAGOON:

Badly?

GRYTPYPE:

No, very well, he's dead.

SEAGOON:

Let's have a look at 'im. What? A fake bullet hole? What does this mean?

GRYTPYPE:

He was murdered by a fake bullet.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a hellish way to die! Did you see his assailant?

GRYTPYPE:

No, he had his coat buttoned up. But the murderer was a fuel man with a ling hat and fahglo boots. And...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

He went that-a-way.

SEAGOON:

After him! After him! After hiim! After hiiim!

MORIARTY:

Ah, well done, little hairy man! That got rid of him Grytpype, that got rid of him!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. (LAUGHS) Now let's get out of here because here comes Max "Overcoat" Geldray to blow up his Dutch sleeves.

MORIARTY:

Phistoo!

MAX & ORCHESTRA:

"ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY".

GREENSLADE:

To The Moriarty Murder Mystery...

MILLIGAN:

(NASAL SOUND)

GREENSLADE:

...Part two.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP RUNNING FADING IN AND OUT

SELLERS:

Seagoon ran on and on. By nightfall he found himself in Chinatown amongst the almond-eyed devotees of the the poppy. And here and there, a pop-eyed devotee of the almond.

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(LONG-DRAWN CHINESE GIBBERISH)

FX:

GUN SHOT

CHINESE:

(HURRIED, STRESSFUL CHINESE GIBBERISH)

GREENSLADE:

Finally, Seagoon paused in a darkened alley near the docks.

GRAMS:

SHIP SIRENS

SEAGOON:

Gad! Wonder where I am!

GRAMS:

SLOWLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

What-what-what-what-what-what-what? Who's that?

UNDERTAKER:

[SELLERS]

Who's there?

SEAGOON:

I'm a policeman.

UNDERTAKER:

And I'm an undertaker.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) Are you... looking for somebody?

UNDERTAKER:

Yes. You.

SEAGOON:

But I... (GARBLES) I'm not dead! You... you can't bury people who aren't dead, it's impossible!

UNDERTAKER:

Not... impossible. But we should certainly have to box exceeding (SNEER) clever.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... ah... (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) I've got to go!

UNDERTAKER:

In the end, haven't we all?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) My card.

UNDERTAKER:

My card. But first, inspector, in your job I suppose you must stumble across the odd body? Hm? Hm?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

UNDERTAKER:

My business is falling off, you know, and...

SEAGOON:

(SNICKERS) You mean, people don't want their unders taken anymore?

UNDERTAKER:

You've hit the nail right into the lid. Therefore, I will pay you five pounds for every body you push my way.

SEAGOON:

Certainly, I've got one already. It's at...

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Yes?

SINGHIZ:

(ON PHONE) Seagoon, listen. The murder of... murder of Count Moriarty reported. Good heavens, man, the body has vanished, oh, heavens man!

SEAGOON:

What?

FX:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN

UNDERTAKER:

Vanished?

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I'll find it!

UNDERTAKER:

Good, I have a short contract here, just sign at the bottom of page (intake of breath) four hundred and ten.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING

SEAGOON:

There! Oh, folks. Oh, folks! My first! I'll be rich! (FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

SPED UP RUNNING, FADES OUT

UNDERTAKER:

(LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

OMNIOUS MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Hullo, folks! Hullo, folks, again! I lost my megaphone that time. I'm not only looking for a murderer but for a body, folks! To solve this case, folks, I must have some clues, folks. But wait, folks! What's this poster on the wall, folks?

CRUN:

Crun and Company Limited. Licensed clue manufacturers. Now, wash your hands.

SEAGOON:

It says here in small print.

ORCHESTRA:

'TO ACTION' MUSIC LINK

FX:

XYLOPHONE PLINKING, CONTINUES FOR 12 SECONDS

CRUN:

It's no good, Min. I shall never learn to play the exylophone.

MINNIE:

Oooh... Alright, modern buddy, let me try.

CRUN:

Hear, hear.

FX:

XYLOPHONE

MIN:

(SINGING) Yam-pam-pam, pam-pam-pampam...(ETC., INCREASES IN SPEED)

CRUN:

Modern Min. Modern Min! Stop that modern leaping, Min!

MINNIE:

I can't help it, buddy. I... I've got the spring in my knees. Baaohh!!

FX:

BOINGS, OVER:

MINNIE:

(CONTINUES SHRIEKING)

CRUN:

Stop it, you drunken old fool!

MINNIE:

Ahooow!!

FX:

BOINGS CONTINUES

CRUN:

You've been at the brass polish again!

FX:

BOING, CRASH, DOOR OPENING

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I've been taking too many of those Australian zoom pills, Henry.

CRUN:

That'll teach you. You naughty Min.

MINNIE:

Naughty Min.

CRUN:

Now relax in this arm gramophone while I tell you a very funny joke. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I say to you, "Knocke-knock" and you say "Who is there?". Right?

MINNIE:

Right, Henry!

CRUN:

Knock... Knock.

MINNIE:

There's someone at the door, Henry.

CRUN:

That was me, Min! Modern Min.

MINNIE:

I'd better go and let you in, then. Come in, Henry!

CRUN:

No, now, look, look. *You* say "Knock knock" and *I'll* say "Who's there".

MINNIE:

Alright, Henry. Knackedeknockeknock (ETC) Knock, knock! Knock!

CRUN:

'Scuse me, Min, there's someone at the door.

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENING

CRUN:

Yes?

MINNIE:

Oh, we'll be murdered in our beds! Phistoo, phistoo! Phistoo...

SEAGOON:

Phistoo phie. Evening. Mister Crun, the clue manufacturer?

CRUN:

Come in and mind the dog.

SEAGOON:

Dog? I say, what a lovely coat he's got!

CRUN:

Yes, I knitted it myself.

GREENSLADE:

Woof, woof.

SEAGOON:

Saint Bernard.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now, I want to buy some murder clues.

CRUN:

Brandy, you know. Now, what about our special mixed assortment. Here:
One footprint, pointing North.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

CRUN:

Good. One heavy brass candle stick.

SEAGOON:

What's that for?

CRUN:

Keeping a heavy brass candle. And one porridge-stained knife.

SEAGOON:

Porridge-stained?

CRUN:

Yes, the victim was stabbed in the middle of breakfast, you know.

SEAGOON:

I'll take them. By the way, have you got an eyewitness in stock?

CRUN:

An eyewitness? Well now, let me see...

FX:

DRAWERS OPENING AND SHUTTING

CRUN:

Where did I put him? Ah, here we are.

ECCLES:

Aellough.

SEAGOON:

So! *You're* the eyewitness?

ECCLES:

Yup, yup, yup. I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm the eyewitness.

SEAGOON:

Did you see this murder?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Aha! Then you didn't see the man who committed it?

ECCLES:

Yup. I didn't see the man who committed it.

SEAGOON:

As I thought. Now, would you recognise him if you didn't see him again?

ECCLES:

Er... Ough. Something funny here. I think so, but my eyes ain't what they used to be.

SEAGOON:

No?

ECCLES:

No, they used to be my ears! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Then, we must get them tested. Where's the nearest optician?

CRUN:

Just round the bend. I'm going that way, I'll take you.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Just around the bend was a small shop marked, "Eyes tested, wills altered, signatures carefully copied and string repaired while you wait". Also, "Rare books, et cetera. Proprietor Major Bloodnok".

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooohh, oh, oh! I must've been out of my mind! Red peppers in dynamite sauce? Oh! I must let my trousers out.

FX:

CLOTH RIPPING

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, that's better. Ahh. Now, where was I? Ah, yes, yes.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

"Dear headmaster. I enclose the three algebra books you requested. Yours sincerely, Dennis Bloodnok. P.S. The middle one is hollowed out and inside you will find our latest selection of photographs for art lovers and fanciers of the human hat".

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Good morning, I'm from the police.

BLOODNOK:

Aooh! It wasn't me, I tell you, it wasn't! She's lying! The Granada Hotel, room two-oh-five? I've never heard of it! Must have been some other filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Major, Major, control your brown power!

BLOODNOK:

I'm trying to!

SEAGOON:

Well...

BLOODNOK:

I feel no pain!

SEAGOON:

I wanted to test this man's eyes.

BLOODNOK:

Certainly, certainly, certainly. Now, look here. You see that card on the wall?

ECCLES:

Er... Yer, yer, yep, yep.

BLOODNOK:

Well... um... read out as much as you can.

ECCLES:

All them letters?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Okay. Um... (STRANGE SOUNDS) "Snackopp. Esnaggoul. Nyakkanux... Alexedemyagganack...(ETC)
Printed by J. Smith and Sons, Birmingham".

BLOODNOK:

Splendid!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! This man's eyes are perfect. Good enough to identify at fifty yards Ray "Flat Top" Ellington and his four legs!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"STOMP, LOOK, LISTEN"

GREENSLADE:

And now the Moriarty Murder Mystery, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

We rejoin Seagoon and Eccles as they speed Northwards in a flying squad rickshaw.

SEAGOON:

Now... what we're looking for, Eccles, is a fuel man wearing a ling hat and fahglo boots.

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

(ON RADIO) Hello-hello, calling all rickshaws. Will Inspector Seagoon proceed to Hyde Park at once. Suspicious-looking boot has been noticed loitering on the banks of the Serpentine. MP over.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? Rickshaw boy, faster! Faster!

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

I'm doing my best but you're getting fatter all the time!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

CYRIL:

Shut up yourself, you cheeky beast!

ORCHESTRA:

OMNIOUS MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

There it is, Eccles! An ordinary brown boot!

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

But wait! there's a foot in it.

ECCLES:

Yer, it's mine!

SEAGOON:

Take it off.

ECCLES:

Er, I'm only seeing if it fits. It's a fahglo boot.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

ECCLES:

I got fahglo feet.

SEAGOON:

Then you're the very man to keep watch for the murderer when he returns to his rightful property or his leftful property, depending on which boot it is! Hup! (LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

PUNCHLINE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

And so as night falls on the Serpentine, we find Eccles and a special constable keeping watch in disguise.

GRAMS:

WIND, CRICKETS CHIRPING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, my good man?

ECCLES:

Yer, mine Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tell me, my good man, how do you like being disguised as a lamp-post?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's al- (CLEARS THROAT) It's alright. But I don't like that lamplighter fella.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why not?

ECCLES:

He set fire to my nose three times. 'Ere Bottle, how do you like being disguised as a tree?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's quite nice. Then I had, what I had been disguised as a tree. Yes, it is nice...

ECCLES:

(MUTTERS INCOHERENTLY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MUTTERS) Yes...fine...it is nice...

ECCLES:

(MUTTERS) ...it might been... (NORMAL) I don't like trees.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you?

ECCLES:

No, I don't like [UNCLEAR]. My uncle Tom was a lumberjack and he was killed by a fallin' tree.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, shame!

ECCLES:

And... and my uncle Dick, he was killed... he was killed by a fallin' tree as well. And my uncle Harry...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Was he a lumberjack, too?

ECCLES:

Oh, no no. He died in bed.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What happened?

ECCLES:

A tree fell on him! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shh! Someone is coming! Leave him to me.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Okay. You stand in front...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Halt! Sir, halt, sir murderer! I arrest you in the name of the Lee! Takes out truncheon and reads instructions on label. "Blatt, blam, bash, blin, wham, zowiee, bling, boing, whing, blatt"! It says here in small print.

SEAGOON:

Silence, little grubby constable. Or that high tide mark won't be the only thing round your neck!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it is my Captain! Salutes with truncheon, blattng self smartly on side of head. Blan! Eeehoo!

ECCLES:

Here, quiet! Shh, quiet! Shh, quiet! Someone's comin'.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) The man who broke the bank at Monte Carrrrrrlo.

ECCLES:

He musta had a hammer.

BLOODNOK:

Darling, darling, ah, here you are!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

Ohohhh! Oh, it's a lie! I left my Mackintosh here last night, that's all, I... Oohhh!

SEAGOON:

Answer us. You came here to meet a lady.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Captain. (SNICKERS) There's a lady behind that bush.

SEAGOON:

What? Grab her!

MINNIE:

Ohh! One, two, three, pooww!

FX:

BOING

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

She's fallen in the water!

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by zoom pills. It's no good. Bluebottle, circulate the reward of five pounds for the murderer of Count Jim "Pules" Moriarty.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Five pounds, please.

SEAGOON:

Five pounds?

GRYTPYPE:

May I present the murderer of Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahh, mon pleasure, I'm charmed, mon pleasure.

SEAGOON:

But that *is* Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. He shot himself.

SEAGOON:

What? Then where's the gun?

GRYTPYPE:

He didn't use one. He pointed his finger at his head and went "bang".

SEAGOON:

That's ridiculous. (LAUGHS) How can a man shoot himself by pointing his finger at his head like this and going...

FX:

GUN SHOT, BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND. WHOOSH, SHOVEL ON HARD SURFACE

UNDERTAKER:

Mine, I think! Hmm, where's my shovel?

SEAGOON:

What? What? You can't bury me, I wanna join the Guards!

UNDERTAKER:

No man under six feet can join the Guards.

SEAGOON:

(FADING OUT) Heeeeeeeeeelp!!

GREENSLADE:

Let us not worry. It's all in the mind, you know. It says here in small print.

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE: "DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD"

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 Larry Stephens and Maurice Wiltshire. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chiltham.

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE WITH RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET

S8 E18 - The Curse of Frankenstein

Transcribed by Debby Stark, additions by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. We present 'The Curse of Frankenstein'.

SELLERS:

Blast!

FX:

FANFARE

SELLERS:

We present the play of the week, entitled: 'My Heart's In The Highlands, But My Feet Are In Bombay,' or 'I Was The Victim Of A Terrible Explosion'.

GRAMS:

SCOTTISH MUSIC; BAGPIPES, GUNSHOT, BAGPIPES DIE

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was 18-8-twa and the laird Red Hairy Burke lay deeing on his bed, shot in the chatters.

BURKE:

[SELLERS]

Aye, aaarr nach the nelly noo. (ETC) Andy? Andrew?

ANDY:

[CHISHOLM]

Aye, my laird, aye. Take it easy, the noo.

BURKE:

Oh, dear, I've noo got long to goo, the noo.

ANDY:

Here, here, now wait. Have a wee drop of Red Agony whisky.

BURKE:

Aye, aye, aye, aye! Pour it doon my throat, lad.

GRAMS:

POURING SOUNDS, BAGPIPES EXPLODE AND DIE

BURKE:

Oh, that's better. Andy? We'll get the will out and let ma family in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

MANY, MANY FOOTSTEPS

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BURKE:

Well, I've had a good life. Now, are ya all here, lads?

OMNES:

MANY ASSORTED 'AYES' AND 'ARRRRRS'

BURKE:

Where is wee Gillie? Gillie?

GILLIE:

[ELLINGTON]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Here I am, the noo, Dad.

BURKE:

Wee Gillie, the black sheep of the family! (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Now, my lads, as you all noo, I'm leaving the castle and one million pounds!

FX:

DOOR OPENS, RUNNING SOUND

MORIARTY:

(HAS APPROACHED, GURGLING) Ah, my little Scottish daddy, I love you, I love you (KISSING). A million pounds, och, aye, man! It's a braw bricht moonlit nicht... (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

BURKE:

What's this chattering reeky wearing the hand-painted brown paper kilt?

MORIARTY:

Ach, mon ami! I am your old son, Jack McMoriarty. Ow, Scottish-type man, ow. Needle-noddle-needle-new, needle-new, needle noddle new. Ow McOw. A million pounds, McOw.

BURKE:

Must have been that terrible weekend in Brussels, you know. Andy, read the will.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

OMNES:

(ANTICIPATION TYPE SOUNDS)

ANDY:

Alright, right, right, right. Let me clear... let me clear my throat first, wait a minute. Right. I, Laird Red Harry MacBurke (SPITS), being of partial sound mind, leave ma fortune to the first Scotsman to reach the South Pole and play the bagpipes there. The noo.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, BAGPIPES

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GRAMS:

RUSHING FEET APPROACHING, CAR BRAKES

MORIARTY:

(OUT OF BREATH) Grytpype? Grytpype? (KNOCKS, SEARCHING) Grytpype? Where are you?

FX:

DUSTBINS BEING SEARCHED

MORIARTY:

Grytpype? Grytpype? Grytpype? Grytpype? Which dustbin are you in?

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) The one with the TV aerial on top.

MORIARTY:

Listen: The million pounds go to the first man to play the bagpipes at the South Pole!

GRYTPYPE:

Curses! Neither of us can play the confounded instrument.

MORIARTY:

Ah! But we could learn!

GRYTPYPE:

No man has ever learned to play the instrument.

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that but think of what we could do with all the money!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, for a start I could have you painlessly destroyed.

MORIARTY:

Owww-owwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

And again.

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

That's your pair of ows complete for the day.

MORIARTY:

There's nothing like a pair of ows for fun!

GRYTPYPE:

To continue. Ah... Greenslade? Would you read my part, dear boy, I'm rather tired to say it now.

GREENSLADE:

(OFF) Right. (READS) There's only one man living who has that much fat on him.

GRYTPYPE:

I said that?

GREENSLADE:

Yep. You said, 'I know the man, it's Neddie Seagoon'.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie Seagoon! I wonder what *he's* doing now?

SEAGOON:

I've been wondering when I'd get a line in this show, that's what I've been wondering! It's me, folks, Neddie! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Well done, well done, well done, settle down, settle down, settle down.

GRYTPYPE:

Where are you at the moment, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

At Rowton House.

GRYTPYPE:

Which one are you?

SEAGOON:

Me.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Moriarty.

FX:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Follow that whoosh.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH MUSIC LINK

SIR BEALBUM:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, ooh. I've been in Rowton House for 89 years. How long... how long have you been in residence in Rowton House?

SEAGOON:

I was born here, Sir Bealburn. I've never done a day's work in my life. Here's my OBE to prove it!
(LAUGHS)

SELLERS:

(NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Don't like what they're sayin', Pat.

VOICE:

I'm the [UNCLEAR].

SECOMBE:

What about the lads in China?

SIR BEALBUM:

Oh, oh. How proud your mother must be of your OBE.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Of course, I have a private income.

SIR BEALBUM:

(GASPS) A private income? Where from, lad?

SEAGOON:

The Labor Exchange.

SIR BEALBUM:

Ohhh...

FX:

(RAPID KNOCKING ON DOOR)

SEAGOON:

Quick! Into the bathchairs, it might be work!

SIR BEALBUM:

Oh! Quick!

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) (OLD VOICE) Come in, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Are you Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(OLD) Yes, but I'm... I'm too old for work. I've always been delicate, aye, yeah. Since I fell off the top of Mt. Everest.

GRYTPYPE:

What were you doing up there?

SEAGOON:

Fishing.

GRYTPYPE:

Fishing? 29,000 feet above sea level?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I had a long line. (LAUGHS) Do you get it? A long line? (LAUGHS, SUBDUED) Ahem.

GRYTPYPE:

Inmates, I'm here to offer one of you work.

OMNES:

(GENERALLY UNWILLING, ILL)

SECOMBE:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me explain. We are offering a thousand pounds for a man to play the bagpipes.

GRAMS:

SILENCE, THEN MASSED SCOTTISH BAGPIPE BANDS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Now, who can we interview first?

MILLIGAN:

Um. Ah, wrong voice.

MORIARTY:

Ow! (LAUGHS) You may interview Jock McGeldray.

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

All lies! That wasn't bagpipes, that was a nose. I'm your man, I'm fit. Feel the muscles on these teeth! I can play the pipes! Needle-noddle-needle-noddle, needle-noodle-nodle-nuuuu!

GRYTPYPE:

All right, Neddie, all right, all right. Listen carefully. These five envelopes numbered one to ten contain your instructions. Open one at a time.

FX:

ENVELOPE OPENING

SEAGOON:

I see. 'You will go to 29 New James Street'. Right. Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate, where to?

SEAGOON:

That's my affair. You just drive.

WILLIUM:

All right.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTING WITH TROUBLE, EVENTUALLY FAILS

WILLIUM:

That'll be four and three, mate.

SEAGOON:

What for?

WILLIUM:

A new starter.

SEAGOON:

So you want a starter, eh? Right - on your mark - get set - go!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

RUNNING,

WILLIUM:

(MAKES CAR NOISES) Mate. Oh, mate... (SPEEDS UP) Oooeerr, mate....

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Oh, fiend, Seagoon! And, so saying, I entered 29 New James Street.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

HENRY CRUN:

You are. Min? Min? It's a man chained to a bed.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY CRUN:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Good morning.

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(A CHORUS OF 'MORNING'S')

SEAGOON:

Good morning. Thank you!

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(VARIOUS 'GOOD MORNING'S')

SEAGOON:

How very, very pleasant. Just a moment, while I open envelop No. 2.

FX:

OPENS ENVELOPE

SEAGOON:

(MAD LAUGHTER) Yes! It says I must buy a South Pole expedition.

HENRY CRUN:

What size, sir?

SEAGOON:

Well, I take a six and 7/8ths stomach.

HENRY CRUN:

Double X, Min.

MINNIE:

Double X coming up, buddy.

FX:

PARCEL BEING WRAPPED

MINNIE:

There. There you are, buddy, modern buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Try this blizzard on for size.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Just a minute! This blizzard's got a hole in the trousers! The wind's getting in!

HENRY CRUN:

You haven't done the zip up, sir.

FX:

ZIP

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha! Woo-hoo! Ha-ha, that's better.

MINNIE:

One trouser mending.

SEAGOON:

Next, I want a pair of arctic bagpipes.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, yes, sir, we have the very thing.

MINNIE:

(MUMBLING) We have the pish-too!

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, the pish-too. They are filled with anti-freeze.

SEAGOON:

I knew her well. Envelope no. 3 says:

GREENSLADE:

(MUFFLED VOICE) You will form your expedition up on the Falkland Islands, 3,000 miles south of the Antarctic.

SEAGOON:

Right! Goodbye! Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

GREENSLADE:

(MUFFLED) Meantime, in the Antarctic, a certain person claiming to be of Scottish blood has joined in the chase.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME IN SCOTTISH STYLE

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, Ohh. Ohhh. Oh, me pipes are frozen, oh! Oh, oh, oh, oh. Singhiz, Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Coming, Major, coming, sir, coming. All the girls are coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Get you and your baboo friend to thaw out me pipes, will you?

SINGHIZ THING:

At once. Mr Lalkaka! Where are you purporting to be, sir?

LALKAKA:

Ah, Mr. Banagee. I've been insulating my loincloth... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) I've been insulating my loincloth against the extreme drop in the temperature earlier, you understand.

SINGHIZ THING:

It has come upon us to remove the frost condition of Major Bloodnok, sir. Bagpipes, man.

LALKAKA:

Oh, indeed, oh, indeed, now.

SINGHIZ THING:

Indeed it is, so true.

LALKAKA:

If you will hold the instrument obliquely to the ground I will be putting the blow torch along the top, you...

GRAMS:

BLOW LAMP FLAME NOISES

SINGHIZ THING:

Oww! Mind what you are doing, man, I'm only wearing a loincloth, [UNCLEAR]!

LALKAKA:

What are... what are you saying?

SINGHIZ THING:

[UNCLEAR]. You don't want the Singhiz Thing to be burnt, do you? Please proceed with caution, now, and do not intensify the flame. Or the the bagpipe [UNCLEAR] will disintegrate, do you understand?

LALKAKA:

Yes, I understand. [UNCLEAR].

SINGHIZ THING:

Oh, [UNCLEAR]. Oh, heavens, man, I wish I was back in Baranda. Ohhh dear.

LALKAKA:

Baranda for you, man. But my heart is in Bombay and my feet are in the Highlands!

SINGHIZ THING:

You too have... you too have been the victim of a terrible explosion, then.

LALKAKA:

I am one fat Bengali baboo.

SINGHIZ THING:

In calicat long lived.

(THE FOLLOWING DONE AS A POETIC CHANT)

LALKAKA:

Missi gime three times daily.

SINGHIZ THING:

But on Sunday I get none.

LALKAKA:

What will I do for I shall die?

SINGHIZ THING:

Then my wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They will make a bonfire of me.

SINGHIZ THING:

They will throw me in the sea.

LALKAKA:

That will be the end of me.

SINGHIZ THING:

Hooray.

LALKAKA:

Hooray.

AUDIENCE:

(LOUD APPLAUSE)

SPRIGGS:

(UNDER APPLAUSE) I don't like what they're doing, Jim.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES ON FIRE; EXPLODES

BLOODNOK:

(SCREAMS) Me bagpipes are on fire!

MILLIGAN:

Fire!

FX:

(FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard the call, stand aside! Hooray! Unrolls hose. Squirt, squirt, squirty, squirty! What's the matter back there? Are you pumping?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Yeah! I'm pumping, my man! But there's no water! Oh, somebody clapped! Oh, no! I didn't really need it, folks! Now then, I've been pumping but there's no water! There never is any water in the Sahara Desert!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, did you say the Sahara Desert?

ECCLES:

I said 'the Sahara Desert'.

BLOODNOK:

I thought it was too hot for the Antarctic. Captain Idiot!

CAPT. IDIOT:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, sir?

BLOODNOK:

You fool, you! We're 32,000 miles off course already!

CAPT. IDIOT:

Well, nobody's perfect.

BLOODNOK:

You naughty-nitty-natty-nit gentlemen, you. Your compass must have been faulty.

CAPT. IDIOT:

Faulty? I can't understand it! It was a perfectly good Christmas cracker I got it out of!

BLOODNOK:

Was there a guarantee with it?

CAPT. IDIOT:

Oh, yes, it said, em, Question: When is a door not a door? Answer: When it's ajar!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you know, a guarantee like that cannot *easily* be dismissed. True, true, true. However, I shall try. Guaranteeeeeeee... Diiiiis-missed!

FX:

A FEW MARCH STEPS, INTO COLD BAGPIPE, STORM SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Seagoon reached the Falklands on board an ice flow. Ice Flo? Gad, how I love that woman!

SEAGOON:

Ah, dear. I can't see a foot in this blizzard. Mr. Spriggs, hold yours up.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jiii-iiiiim! Oh. (APPLAUSE) You don't have to do this, folks.

SEAGOON:

What's our position?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Standing up, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Where's the compass?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh! Jim. Oh, Jim. I haven't got one, Jim. Oh, Jim. Ohhhhh, Jiii.... (MILLIGAN CORPSES) Oh, Jim. Oh, Jiiiiiiiiim.

SEAGOON:

I'll "Oh, Jiiiiiiiiim" you with a club in a minute. Here, pull this cracker.

FX:

POP

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh, look, a compass. And a paper hat.

SEAGOON:

Give it to me. I'm leader of the expedition. There. (LAUGHS) How do I look?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ahhhhhh, Jim!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Cheeky!

JIM SPRIGGS:

He knows, you know.

(SINGS) When you go dancing

You seem so entrancing

They call you the belle of the baaaaa-aaaaaaall!

When you go dancing...

FX:

BASH

JIM SPRIGGS:

I Don't like clubbing, Jim.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now, let's get on with the South Pole. Let's check the compass. 91 degrees north. 87 degrees west.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Where are we?

SEAGOON:

Lost. But! I have the exact position of it!

FX:

SHIP'S HORN

CAPT. TOM:

[SELLERS]

Ahoy, there, mariners! (NAUTICAL-TYPE GIBBERISH)

FX:

SHIP'S HORN

SEAGOON:

Look! (LAUGHS) We're saved! A ship and the captain's name is Tom! (SHOUTS) Ahoy, who are you?

CAPT. TOM:

We're the Woolwich Free ferry!

SEAGOON:

You're 50,000 miles from Woolwich. Your compass must be wrong!

CAPT. TOM:

I got it out a Christmas cracker!

SEAGOON:

I must get a new compass. Could you take me back to England?

CAPT. TOM:

Have you got a ticket?

SEAGOON:

No. Who do I get it from?

CAPT. TOM:

Ticket office on Woolwich Pier.

SEAGOON:

Right! I won't be long. Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah again!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

GREENSLADE:

Seven years later.

CAPT. TOM:

Well, I tell you, if he ain't back in another 10 minutes I'm not waiting no longer. My dinner's getting cold.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

CAPT. TOM:

Ah, here he come now. Gi's a hand, my darling.

FX:

WATER AGAINST BULKHEAD

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ah! Darling, friend.

CAPT. TOM:

Did you get your... your ticket, my darlin'?

SEAGOON:

No, it was half-day early closing.

CAPT. TOM:

(HEAVING SOUND)

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You swine, you'll pay for this!

CAPT. TOM:

How much?

SEAGOON:

Three pounds down and three shillings up!

CAPT. TOM:

Arrrr!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

(EVEN MORE MUFFLED) Hello, folks! A special announcement. Slowly, oh, so slowly, Neddie's ice flow floated nearer the South Pole.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK MUSIC

SEAGOON:

As we neared the South Pole, we ran into Bloodnok and his party.

GRAMS:

BIG CRASH

BLOODNOK:

You silly explorer, you. Didn't you see my indicator sticking out?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, sir, I was conducting Beethoven's 5th Symphony and I wasn't listening.

BLOODNOK:

Good luck.

SEAGOON:

I say! I say, those dark-skinned porters of yours, what... what...what race are they?

BLOODNOK:

The 3:30, you wanna place any bets, do you?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, all my currency is frozen.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

But what are the short ones without beards?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, those are Eskimos.

SEAGOON:

And what are the ones *with* beards?

BLOODNOK:

Those are Eskimos who haven't shaved.

SEAGOON:

I see. But why do only half of them shave?

BLOODNOK:

So that they can tell the difference. (ASIDE) Can we have music for this bit, please?

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Tell the difference from what?

BLOODNOK:

Between those with beards and those without.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like this, Jim.

ALL THREE:

(SHUT UP, SHUT UP... ETC.)

SEAGOON:

Singing fool. To avoid all this confusion, why don't the ones without beards grow beards?

BLOODNOK:

Well, that'd be rather unfair.

SEAGOON:

Unfair? Why?

BLOODNOK:

The one without beards are women, you see. That's how they tell the difference, you understand.

SEAGOON:

This is ridiculous. I've never known of family's growing beards to differentiate between the sexes. Have you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. It happened in *my* family. When I was young, I couldn't tell the difference between my mother or father. So, my father made my mother grow a beard.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh. And you were able to tell the difference?

ECCLES:

Nope.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

My father had a beard, too!

ALL:

(SHUT UP, SHUT UP... VARIOUS, IN AGONY, STRIKING ECCLES)

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like clubbing, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

WAILING BAGPIPE LINK

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

SEAGOON:

(AGONISED LAUGHTER) Now then, what does the *third* envelope say?

ENVELOPE:

[SELLERS]

I say, you're two miles from the Pole.

SEAGOON:

Did you hear that, Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I did, a man doing an impression of an envelope.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Major, Major, look, a polar bear is approaching!

BLOODNOK:

My goodness, yes. And he must be very old, it's... it's gone white with age!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

No, he's wearing a wig.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. That's what it is. It's coming this way.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I've got a gun.

BLOODNOK:

Shoot, Seagoon, shoot!

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Okay, I've shot Seagoon, what now?

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles!

ECCLES:

You fool... oh!

BLOODNOK:

You fool.

ECCLES:

Ok, I was only pretending to shoot. I wasn't really shooting, I was only... I was going... Bang! Buzarang, bang, bang, bang! Down goes the polar bear! Down goes the polar bear! Bang bang, bang, bang! Bang! Another polar bear. Bang! Bang! Got a block of ice. Bong! Bing-bong! BANG! Click! Click? I must have run out of bullets! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Nope, nope, nope. Thank you.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like this clubbing, Jim.

SEAGOON:

You idiots! While you've been playing naughty games, the bear's escaped in a taxi! We'll camp here for the night. Tomorrow, the South Pole!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD SOUNDS

ECCLES:

(EATING SOUNDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

You asleep, Eccles?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You asleep, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Yeah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you'd better lie down, then.

ECCLES:

I... I'm... I am lying down but I lie down standing up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a man of the world, ain't you, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You ever been to the South Pole?

ECCLES:

No. No, but I once jumped off Beachy Head.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, how nice for you, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Well, I... I didn't want to do it, Bottle, but a man paid me to commit suicide for him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Did he die, then?

ECCLES:

No, that was the trouble, when I got back up top he was still alive.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What did he do?

ECCLES:

He asked for his money back!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And did you?

ECCLES:

Well, I had to. I went to a doctor and the doctor said I wasn't dead.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, well. Don't you worry, Eccles. Being dead isn't everything in life.

ECCLES:

(MUMBLES)

ORCHESTRA:

OMINOUS MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

What's that modern-type music?

SEAGOON:

It is meant to indicate a disaster. During the night there was a crack in the ice. And the sledge with the bagpipes fell in. All this way for nothing!

BLOODNOK:

Look! The South Pole is only over there by that bus stop. Can't we *make* some bagpipes?

SEAGOON:

No, we... we haven't any plans. We need hollow pipes. Any case, we... we need to drill holes in them.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I can drill holes. Holes! Leeeeft turn!

FX:

BOOTS ON PARADE

BLOODNOK:

Quiiiiick march!

FX:

HOLES MARCHING AWAY

SEAGOON:

You fool! You've let the holes march away! All is lost!

ECCLES:

No, don't worry, Neddie. Me... me and Bottle got a set of bagpipes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we put hot water in them and used them as hot-water bottles.

SEAGOON:

You did? (LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

ECCLES:

What's the matter with him?

BLUEBOTTLE:

[That's the pills]?

SEAGOON:

(SECOMBE CORPSES) Give them to me. I must have that thousand pounds.

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, no, I must have it. Me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, my pal.

BLOODNOK:

Please. Please

SEAGOON:

I saw you first.

BLOODNOK:

Give it me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

I knew you when you were...

BLOODNOK:

My pal, my mate.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, please!

ECCLES:

Neddy, wait a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, [UNCLEAR], Eccles.

ECCLES:

What the matter? What do you want my bagpipe for? What's the matter with them?

SEAGOON:

My chum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful with them, Eccles, I know their tricks.

ECCLES:

What do they do?

BLUEBOTTLE:

One of them holds up a hoop and the other jumps through it.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Er, what?

SEAGOON:

Let's be sensible. Let's be sensible. If we get these bagpipes... (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) ...we can share the phish-too money!

BLOODNOK:

Agreed!

SEAGOON:

Share the money! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Let's overpower them.

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll take my socks off now!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS MILITARY SOUNDS; BLIZZARD; BAGPIPES

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty. One of them got to the Pole and played the bagpipes. Unfortunately, owing to the blizzard, I can't make out who it is.

GREENSLADE:

But, by next week, we hope to know. So, tune in for the results. Good night, all.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC-recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with George Chisholm, the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Charles Chilton.

S8 E19 - The White Neddie Trade

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SPRIGGS:

I don't like it at all, Jeem.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Are you bored during these long winter evenings? Then get yourself a Wallace Greenslade do-it-yourself kit and make your own Wallace Greenslade.

SEAGOON:

What? (GIGGLES) Who on earth wants a Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Everybody! Who else could announce the title of this show?

SEAGOON:

I could! Ladies and gentlemen, we present...

FX:

BANG

SEAGOON:

Aaah! (THUD)

GREENSLADE:

Well fired, John Snagge! And now, through the marvel of electricity, steam, cardboard, elastic and two ordinary matches, we present... the Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY FANFARE

MILLIGAN:

Hup! And tonight, folks, the White Neddie Trade.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERIOUS CHORDS

SELLERS:

The story of fearless Neddie Seagoon. The man who smiled in the face of danger and laughed in the face of death.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS - LAUGHTER TRAILS OFF - PAUSE) Heeeeeelp!

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW BIG BAND VERSION OF 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER'

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Paris. The year: nineteen hundred and [FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH]. We espy a ragged figure, clutching about him a threadbare boulevard. (SINGS GARBLED FRENCHISH LYRICS OVER...)

ORCHESTRA:

FRENCH-TYPE TURN OF THE CENTURY MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Ohoh, folks! It was me, folks! Neddie Seagoon, folks! All that winter I'd been in Paris, starving, folks. No money. No work. No means of support except for my small National Health braces. Oooohohoh!

FRED:

[SELLERS]

Ah, monsieur, pardon me. I'm just overhearing your words, what you say, then.

SEAGOON:

From his broken English I knew he was a broken Englishman. Oui, monsieur?

FRED:

You would like some work, you know?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give it up. You see, I... I can't afford it.

FRED:

Ah, but monsieur, zis job is free, you know. You work for nothing.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that's different!

FRED:

Ah, yes. You see, I am ze proprietor, ze manager, ze chief cashier, you knowwww? Aaaand the headwaiter of the restaurant Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

FRED:

I am.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

FRED:

Yes, Fred Gad. I am looking for a temporary worker, you know?

SEAGOON:

What does he look like?

FRED:

You!

SEAGOON:

You mean I have a double?

FRED:

Yes, and from here it looks as if they're both wearing the same suit.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

OMNES:

Ow! Oh, ho! Ow! Take that! (ETC)

JEEM:

He doesn't like clubbing, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

FRENCH MUSIC AGAIN

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCHISH SINGING AGAIN, HIGHER AND ENDING WITH A STRANGLED "AWK!")

GREENSLADE:

Zat night, Seagoon began work at ze restaurant Fred. And this is Wallace Vertslade saying it.

FX:

SMASHING PLATES

SEAGOON:

Oops!

GREENSLADE:

You clumsy fool! Those sound effects cost money! Take this tray of muck francaise out to table number one on the terrace.

SEAGOON:

As I walked along, a nearby manhole cover sprang to life.

FX:

CLANG

MORIARTY:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

And a bent pin speared my kipper!

MORIARTY:

I've got it, Grytpype! La food! La manger! La grub. Look! A kipper!

GRYTPYPE:

A kipper? No wonder it's asleep. Hold it down while I strap this Sam Browne onto it.

MORIARTY:

Right! Ah! It's a military kipper!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes!

SEAGOON:

Take your teeth out of my arm, sir!

FX:

WIND-UP CHATTERING TEETH TOY

SEAGOON:

Ahahaha! Thank you. The first occupant of the coal cellar was a tall man wearing a monocle, a pair of knees and a small brown loaf.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the wig resting on this ebony wig-stand belongs to none other than Count Jim Shag...

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Strolling knee-clapper.

MORIARTY:

(PARADIDDLE NOISE)

GRYTPYPE:

(STRUGGLING) And inventor of the round hole.

MORIARTY:

USUAL MORIARTY "ARRR" NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and that's his 'owww' to prove it. Put it away, Moriarty, before it gets damaged. Now, what are you doing in Paris?

SEAGOON:

Starving.

GRYTPYPE:

Unpatriotic devil. Why don't you starve in England?

SEAGOON:

I prefer French cooking!

MORIARTY:

Ah, you are a... you are a conny-sewer! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

QUAVERY TA-DAAAA FANFARE, RIM SHOT

SEAGOON:

Hey! Je suis... Je suis...

OMNES AND SEAGOON:

Je, suis have no bananas! We have no -- (GIGGLING, GARBLED)

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Ladies and gentleman, I am a theatrical.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course, I've seen your photo on a poster. Weren't you in something called 'Wanted' or something like that?

SEAGOON:

What? No, no, no, it can't have been me, I was in prison at the time.

MORIARTY:

Ah, little Neddie, we are highly steaming theatrical agents!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, lad, what do you do?

SEAGOON:

I'm a piano dancer but I have no piano.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, show us *without* a piano.

SEAGOON:

But of course. Right! One, two, go!

(SILENCE, ABOUT TEN SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Hup!

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

Ah, bravo! (APPLAUSE)

MORIARTY:

Quelle marvellous.

GRYTPYPE:

How would you like a booking at a South American night club?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, sir, please, please, oh, thank you, sir, thank you, thank... (DOGGY GRATITUDE NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

Stop licking my boots, I'm not wearing any. What they like in South America are Scottish acts.

MORIARTY:

Scottish? (SCOTTISH GARBLE)

FX:

CLATTERING SMALL THINGS

GRYTPYPE:

Pick your teeth up, Moriarty. Neddie, slip into this coconut kilt, you can change behind that screen there.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Riiiiight...

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, get the bagpipes.

MORIARTY:

Ah, here you are.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, stuff the bag with these illicit senna pods.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! You mean these senna pods are for smuggling, ho ho!

SEAGOON:

(Returning) There. How do I look in a kilt?

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, splendid. Shouldn't you have taken your trousers off? What clan are you?

SEAGOON:

The Destine. Get it? Clan Destine? (LAUGHS)

FX:

SLAPSTICKS

SEAGOON:

Ow! ooh! Ow ow ow ooh!

SPRIGGS:

He really doesn't like that clubbing, Jim. He doesn't like that clubbing, Jim. He doesn't like that clubbing, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

(GIGGLES) Ahowowhow! Yes, shut up Moriarty. You rotting heap. Neddie, here... (CRACKS UP) Here is a photograph of a script writer waiting for a musical spot to help him out of shtup. And here is Max Geldray to do it!

MAX GELDRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The White Neddie Trade, part two.

ORCHESTRA:

MORE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

In the South American republic of Cascara Segrada, all is gaiety at the exotic club Enrico.

FX:

AMBIENT CLUB SOUNDS, PLOPPING NOISES, WATER DRIPPING, GLASSES CLINKING

SPRIGGS:

Senors and senoras! Senors and (SINGS) Senoooooras! Silence, please. Silence, please. Silence for the cabarette. Tonight, folks, tonight we present the singing of our manager. (SINGS) Our Managerrrrrrr! Enrico Crun and the glamorous La Minnie Bannister.

FX:

UNENTHUSIASTIC RANDOM CLAPPING

CRUN AND MINNIE:

RANDOM VOCAL RHYTHM NOISES

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Oh, I'm going out with a mountain
But it's not in love with me
I'm going out with a mountain
and I'm only four foot three

I saw it this morning
And I saw it in tonight
I see it every morning
And it appears to be all right

I'm going to stop going out with a mountain
I'm going out with a him instead.
Hoy!

HENRY:

Ole!

MINNIE:

Ole!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAAAA FANFARE

MINNIE:

Thank you! Thank you!

SELLERS:

(WACKY LATIN VOICE) Excuse me Mister Crun, this... er, this gentleman to see you. Uh-huh!

SEAGOON:

Good evening! I've been sent from Paris for the cabaret.

HENRY:

Oh, then you must be the nude.

MINNIE:

Ooohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Nude?

MINNIE:

(OVER SEAGOON'S NEXT LINE) Can you move out of the way?

SEAGOON:

But I'm wearing clothes!

HENRY:

Ohhh, well, that's a new twist.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I'm a piano dancer.

MINNIE:

Oh, it's... who is this buddy, buddy? Buddy?

HENRY:

It's a nude who dances on a piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

With clothes on! With clothes on, Miss Bannister.

MINNIE:

Ah, the... the... Oh, the *piano* has clothes on.

HENRY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, *I* have the clothes on.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

Then the piano is nude?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

The police will never allow it.

MINNIE:

Never.

HENRY:

Here's a nude piano, show us what you can do, owww...

SEAGOON:

Right! One, two... up!

ORCHESTRA:

RANDOM KEYS STRUCK ON PIANO, ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD IN CRAZY COMBINATIONS

SEAGOON:

H'ray!

HENRY:

Well, what do you think, Min, did it send you?

MINNIE:

It sent the audience, they've all gone.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What's wrong?

MINNIE:

What? What? What? (CLUCKS ON BEHIND THE FOLLOWING)

HENRY:

Well, you see, these South Americans, you know, they all a bit.. they like the [UNCLEAR]. You've got to have a... You got to have a naughty gimmick, you know. Couldn't you dance in your long underwear or something?

MINNIE:

Yeeesss, with black stockings and frilly garters on the piano legs.

HENRY:

Shut up, you wicked woman, you!

MINNIE:

What? What?

HENRY:

It's all you think about, pianos!

BOTH:

(USUAL HENRY AND MIN NATTERING)

SEAGOON:

Are you suggesting...

MINNIE:

(OFF) Pooooowwww!

SEAGOON:

You ARE suggesting.

HENRY:

She's jumped out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Are you suggesting I expose my intimate garments to the foul gaze of hot-blooded Latins?

BOTH (SINGING, SORT OF):

We mustn't waste any time.

We mustn't waste any naughty time.

(ETC.)

MINNIE:

Come on, we must hurry, Henry.

HENRY:

Well, come on, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) We've filled in the time like the producer asked.

SEAGOON:

They've gone back to the Darby and Joan club.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLING) Oh, folks! Hello, folks. Calling all, folks! Little do they suspect that I am an agent for Interpol, on the track of a secret senna pod smuggling ring!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

SEAGOON:

With their own orchestra. What is so important about those bagpipes? I must find out. One, two, hup!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO AS BEFORE, FADING OFF

SELLERS:

(NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Yes, I don't like that sound at all, I don't like it at all.

MILLIGAN:

(SAME NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Sounds fair, Jim.

SELLERS:

Yes, I don't think we can work that in the show.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, no, I can't see us...

SELLERS:

That was the sound of Seagoon piano dancing a piano to the docks, which of course is impossible, as you know. I don't like that part at all.

MILLIGAN:

I...

SEAGOON:

On arrival there, folks, I climbed over the barbed wire.

FX:

RRRIPPPPP

SEAGOON:

(SCREAM) And began to search the quarantine kennels.

GRAMS:

CAT MEOWING

SEAGOON:

Down, boy, down. Down, bubba. Down, boy, down, down.

GRAMS:

WOOFING DOG

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Nice pussy. Curses, where are those bagpipes? I felt in the next tunnel.

ECCLES:

Gowk! Oh, here! You naughty man, you! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, dog lovers! Thank you.

SEAGOON:

I should have said 'kennel', shouldn't I? Never mind. What are you doing in this kennel?

ECCLES:

What am I doing in this tunnel?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in this kennel? (SECOMBE LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

I'm putting on my bow tie. Bow-wow tie. Dog, get it? Bow-wow tie, bow-wow tie.

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

I'm going dancing tonight.

SEAGOON:

You mean you live here? In quarantine?

ECCLES:

Sure! Regular meals, draw every morning, this is living! This is the living, folks! Have a bone, have a bone! Have another bone!

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I prefer my own.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Wait! What's this in the corner?

ECCLES:

Shh! Don't wake him up!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

He's asleep.

SEAGOON:

Here, let's have a look. These are the bagpipes!

ECCLES:

Ohhooohhhhhh! I thought it was a spider in a tartan sweater!

WILLIUM:

(OFF) 'Ere! 'Ere, 'ere, 'ere. 'Ere.

ECCLES:

Shh! This is the caretaker!

WILLIUM:

You know I don't allow the cats and dogs to talk after the lights aht. 'Ello, 'elloooooowwwww, matie.

ECCLES:

(HUSHED) Tell him... tell him, 'woof woof'.

SEAGOON:

Woof, woof.

WILLIUM:

A fat mangy old stray's got in. Cor', my matiiaa. I'll have to have you dinstrolled.

SEAGOON:

Wait! I'm not a dog, I'm a man!

WILLIUM:

You can't save your hide with last minute impressions.

SEAGOON:

Let me go! Help, Eccles! Eccles, fight! Use your fists.

ECCLES:

Okay! Take that!

FX:

SMACK

ECCLES:

And that!

FX:

SMACK

SEAGOON:

Not me, you fool, him!

ECCLES:

Ooohh!

SEAGOON:

Right! Run for it!

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

WILLIUM:

(GOING OFF) Stop, you doggies! Come back 'ere, doggies!

ORCHESTRA:

BRIDGE

GREENSLADE:

And so, Seagoon and Eccles escaped into the jungle of the interior. And here we find, perched on the bank of the Amazon River, a military gold miner.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, PASSING WIND NOISES (FRED THE OYSTER)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhh! Oh! Oh, it goes right through you, you know! Oh! Oh, dear. Ohhhh! Oh, dear. I tell you, I... Oh, dear, I... I'll... never be the same, you know. Now look, you baboos.

LALKAKA:

What? What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Baboos, where are you?

LALKAKA:

Here I am, sir.

BANERJEE:

Here, here, here, here.

BLOODNOK:

Prepare me a hot chipati. And I shall wear it tonight.

LALKAKA:

Mister Banajee?

BANERJEE:

What... what are you wanting, Mister... Mister Lalkaka? What are you wanting? What are you doing? What [UNCLEAR]? What [UNCLEAR]?

LALKAKA:

Mister Bannerjee, listen, please.

BANERJEE:

I am... I am listening to you.

LALKAKA:

I know, I know [UNCLEAR]. Listen, now. Major Bloodnok is wanting a curry with a chipati.

BLOODNOK:

Come along. Hurry up, there, you [UNCLEAR]!

LALKAKA:

Alright, sir.

BANERJEE:

Alright, yes, we're coming.

LALKAKA:

We got to get... get the curry powder, you see.

BANERJEE:

We are getting the curry powder, boy.

LALKAKA:

You are understanding that.

BANERJEE:

Careful, 'cos he is... we're not getting [UNCLEAR] hitting our heads, man. We really... we hitting our heads

LALKAKA:

Don't... don't hit head, please.

BANERJEE:

Hit...

LALKAKA:

Hit anything else...

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR] don't hit head. Don't hit the head. Digging the [UNCLEAR]...

LALKAKA:

Hitting the rice.

BANERJEE:

They are getting the...

LALKAKA:

Mixing it well, now.

BANERJEE:

Mixing it well, man. Getting it...

LALKAKA:

Like that.

BANERJEE:

Well, that was beautiful.

LALKAKA:

Alright, [UNCLEAR]. Putting in the oven. We're getting... steady into the oven. Steady, now.

BANERJEE:

Straight in... straight in... straight into the oven.

LALKAKA:

I'm lighting...

BANERJEE:

Don't let it hurt your brown fingers. Don't let them...

LALKAKA:

Oh, but this... Be careful, now, be careful. It's striking the match, now.

BLOODNOK:

(VARIOUS BLUSTERS AND 'OH'S)

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear, I...

BANERJEE:

I know.

LALKAKA:

Striking the match on the gas oven, now. (MAKES MATCH-STRIKING NOISES)

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

I'm not going to eat that!

L & B:

Oh, dear! (RAPID EXCHANGES IN HINDI)

BANERJEE:

Well done, Sandy, you get none.

LALKAKA:

What will I do for I shall die?

BANERJEE:

Then your wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They'll make a bonfire for me.

BANERJEE:

Throw your ashes in the Ganghees.

LALKAKA:

That will be the end of me.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear. Goodbye...

BLOODNOK:

Gad! Look who's here! It's Ray Ellington to play an Eastern melody. Ohhh....!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. I suppose the BBC know what they're doing. And now, the White Neddie Trade, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

For days we struggled on through the jungle. Suddenly, we came upon a military figure wearing a well-starched pair of Union jocks.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you! I was just tying my shoelace! Tickety-snitch!

SEAGOON:

What for?

BLOODNOK:

It's going dancing tonight.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute! Oh, ha-haaa! Aren't you young Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

You remember meeee. We served together during the war.

SEAGOON:

Gad, so we did. The British restaurant!

BLOODNOK:

Of course! I was on the afters but I deserted.

SEAGOON:

We mustn't argue over trifles!

SELLERS:

Hello boys and girls!

SECOMBE:

Custard's Last Stand.

SEAGOON:

Listen...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

I'm digging for earth.

SEAGOON:

Any luck?

BLOODNOK:

No, just gold, gold, gold.

SEAGOON:

Hard clinker.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Major! There's a message has just come through for you on the gramophone.

BLOODNOK:

Then play it on this needle nardle noo.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Right, sir. I'll play...[UNCLEAR].

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

(GABBLING HIGH AND LOW, SPED UP AND SLOWED DOWN TO MAKE A SCREECHING GARGLE)

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! It's backwards!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I put it on the right way, sir.

Ohhh!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I put it on the right way, there.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

"Hello, Bloodnok. Keep your eyes open for Ned-eye Seagoon. He has a set of bagpipes stuffed with illicit senna pods. Repeat: illicit senna pods. End of Moriarty record."

BLOODNOK:

What? Right, Neddie. Hands up, legs down and drop that kilt.

SEAGOON:

What? In front of all these trees?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) They're men.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you, this blowpipe is loaded with a poisoned boxing glove.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, blow down the other end!

ECCLES:

Okay!

FX:

POOF

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, phish-too! Oh, you... you unhygienic fool, you!

FX:

RUNNING FEET INTO THE DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

Come back here! Come back!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK

SEAGOON:

OooOOOOO, folks. Slowly we pushed on to the jungle, little realising that ten miles to the north, two men were in hot pursuit.

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES

MORIARTY:

Owww! I must get this hot pursuit off! Grytpype, look! A fresh steaming footprint!

GRYTPYPE:

Where?

MORIARTY:

Right behind me!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you shattered wreck.

MORIARTY:

(GABBLES OVER...)

GRYTPYPE:

One finger, one thumb, keep moooving.

One finger, one thumb, keep moooving.

SEAGOON:

And ten miles to our south...

GRAMS:

WHACKING AND JUNGLE NOISES

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY:

Oh, we mustn't...

MINNIE:

Mustn't waste time, Henry.

HENRY:

No, let's get on, Min.

MINNIE:

Give me the axe, Henry. I'll soon cut through this undergrowth. One, two, threeeee... Wheee!

GRAMS:

BOINGGGGGG

HENRY:

Careful, you've cut through my braces.

MINNIE:

Wheeee!

HENRY:

Put that camera awayyyyy, you...!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in a jungle clearing, we find an intrepid British explorer.

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeehheee! Mum! Scoutmaster! Heeeeelp! I'm lost! Eeeheeeue! Takes out boy scout book. Reads. 'A boy scout keeps his spirits up by whistling a merry tune'. (WHISTLES WEAKLY) Ehheey! I don't like this game. Thinks: If I give the cry of the night owl, perhaps the patrol leader will hear me. Can you hear me, chief? Gives cry: hoot, hoot, hoot! Hoottity-hootie! Hootie-hoot-hoot-hoot!

GRAMS:

TIGER ROAR

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: that is not my patrol leader. It is a tiger. Thinks: what is a tiger doing in East Finchley?

GRAMS:

RUSTLING OF LEAVES AND HACKING OF UNDERGROWTH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ALARMED) What is that approaching? Halt, I say! Stop!

SEAGOON:

Quiet, little spotted brownie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Careful, you swine, you. I will not (GIBBERISH)! Throws large stone. Forgets to let go, hits head on tree.

GRAMS:

THUD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aheeheuehe!

SEAGOON:

Shh! Look, here. We must get back to England!

ECCLES:

We got to get back to England! Yeah!

SEAGOON:

We'll have to ask... we'll have to... (CLEARS THROAT) We'll 'ave to ask someone the way!

ECCLES:

Ha, ho, ho, ho, hooo! Here comes a big, fat native! Coming!

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me! You there: whichum way to bigum water, chop-chop? Cross water, white fatherland.
Queen Victoria, hooray!

SELLERS:

(CAMP) You are an old-fashioned thing, aren't you? Straight through the trees, there, dear.

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

SELLERS:

You're welcome, cheeky.

SEAGOON:

Come on, men! Forward!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) Sons of toil and danger.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Will you serve a stranger?

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, to hell with [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

They've fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but we were soon picked up by a passing horse-drawn zeppelin. As we're short of time, the last scene will take place here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent of Interpol!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LALKAKA:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

ECCLES:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

MINNIE:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

BLOODNOK:

Hands up, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Hands up, all of you, because, I am a se... Hey. Who *is* the man behind the illicit senna pod trade?

GREENSLADE:

A very good question. Frankly, I think he's... all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

UP AND OUT WITH "DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD"

NOTES

A Sam Browne was a leather belt and shoulder strap used to support a holster for a heavy pistol or sword.

A Darby and Joan club is a club for OAPs of loving, old-fashioned, virtuous couples.

S8 E20 - Ten Snowballs That Shook The World

Transcription by Footo, small changes by Paul Webster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SPRIGGS:

This *is* the BBC Home Service.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentleman, "Ten Snowballs That Shook The World." This has no story and is basically a fantasia. And is a dead liberty.

SELLERS:

We take you back to the London Stock Exchange in 1882. Tin, wool and rain are falling, the market is reclining under the news.

GRAMS:

STOCK EXCHANGE AMBIENT SOUNDS

PLYNNE:

[MILLIGAN]

(CLEARS THROAT) Hello Spewells.

SPEWELLS:

[SELLERS]

Hello Plynne.

PLYNNE:

Yes.

SPEWELLS:

Oh, you know there's talk of the bank rate going up, do you?

PLYNNE:

Oh?

SPEWELLS:

Hnuh.

PLYNNE:

When'd you hear that?

SPEWELLS:

Hnn, on the gramophone this morning.

PLYNNE:

Oh.

SPEWELLS:

Hmm.

PLYNNE:

It sounds rather dangerous, I...

SPEWELLS:

Hnn?

PLYNNE:

...I think there must have been a leak.

SPEWELLS:

Why?

PLYNNE:

I saw a plumber going in.

SPEWELLS:

Oh. Yeh. Hmm.

PLYNNE:

Hnn.

SPEWELLS:

Gad.

PLYNNE:

Gad.

SPEWELLS:

Water must be flooding the market.

PLYNNE:

We'd better buy some right away, I think.

SPEWELLS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! This is when I come in, me, Neddie!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Stop, folks. Stop, folks. Thank you, folks. At the time I was a runner on the stock exchange. I wore the silver greyhound and carried a ginger tomcat.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. Neddie, sterling is in danger. It's dropped from F sharp to E flat. It must be saved in the key of G.

SEAGOON:

You're right, Grytpype. And so saying, I swore myself to secrecy. Damn! Blast! Dash!

GRYTPYPE:

The first thing you do, Neddie, is to warn the occupants of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

SEAGOON:

Right!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

GRAMS:

SEASIDE SOUNDS

GRAMS:

SAWING, HAMMERING, SAWING

MINNIE:

I'm... I sit and cobble at the break of day. I sit and cobble [UNCLEAR].

HENRY CRUN:

What are you doing, Min?

MINNIE:

I'm mending your socks, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Hen!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, you! Min!

MINNIE:

Hen!

HENRY CRUN:

Min, you turned the lighthouse light out last night.

MINNIE:

I know, we can't afford to keep it on all night!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, you devil of a woman, modern Min!

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh... Shh, shhhh-toooo.... Listen.

MINNIE:

Hen, I can't hear anything.

HENRY CRUN:

Neither can I. That's the third time today.

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh! Oh, there's somebody down there! We'll all be murdered in our lighthouses!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Ho!

MINNIE:

Oh, go away, naughty man!

SEAGOON:

(INDISTINCT CALLING)

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh, no!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Henry! Oh!

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] while you're up there!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] while you're up there!

HENRY CRUN:

Stand on your head, put on this parachute, count ten backwards, then push the string.

SEAGOON:

What happens then?

HENRY CRUN:

We come down and let you in.

SEAGOON:

(NEAR) Well, let's pretend I'm in, alright? (LAUGHS)

CRUN & MINNIE:

(MUTTERING)

MINNIE:

Alright, then.

SEAGOON:

I'm cryptic Ned.

CRUN & MINNIE:

(MUTTERING)

SEAGOON:

I've brought this message. It's written on the soles of my feet.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, ha ha. A footnote! Ha ha ha!

CRUN & MINNIE:

(LAUGH)

MINNIE:

This little piggy went to market. Ohhh....

HENRY CRUN:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

It contains a mimeographed copy of Beethoven's Fifth, complete with ukulele chords.

HENRY:

Have you read it?

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

THROAT:

Buy Grubbo dog food.

SEAGOON:

Right! So *that's* commercial television.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, play that message.

MINNIE:

At once!

GRAMS:

SPED UP MUSIC WITH SINGING

MINNIE:

And it's signed.... Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

That sounds serious to me.

MINNIE:

Serious music.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, sterling is dropping in the key of E flat!

MINNIE:

I'll get a floorcloth at once.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Now, listen, listen boys. We mustn't... Now, must keep cool. Minnie Bannister, keep cool now. Don't get excited. Don't get excited, now. Now, listen. Let's all have some Indian... TEEEEEEAAAAA...!

FX:

TEA CUPS CLATTERING

MINNIE:

Nice tea. One or two spoons, Ned?

SEAGOON:

Two, please!

FX:

CLINK, CLINK

MINNIE:

Sorry we haven't any sugar.

FX:

SLURP

SEAGOON:

My plan to save Sterling is to raffle the equator in the key of E flat.

HENRY CRUN:

(GROANS)

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Pooie pooie pooie pooie!

HENRY CRUN:

It's the rainy season.

MINNIE:

Yes!

HENRY CRUN:

The equator's under water.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha! I have forestalled that. I'm wearing the plans of a soundproof oilskin!

HENRY CRUN:

A perfect disguise!

MINNIE:

Perfect, perfeeeeect, Neddy.

HENRY CRUN:

But how will we recognise you?

SEAGOON:

Here's half a moustache. If ever you meet a man with the other half, it'll be me.

HENRY CRUN:

All right, I'll be disguised as...

FX:

SAXOPHONE RIFF

HENRY CRUN:

...in C sharp.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Now I'm off to establish raffle book patrols all along the equator.

MINNIE:

You sinful man, you!

SEAGOON:

Meantime, here is Max Geldray who will perform a certain unsavoury action.

MAX GELDRAI:

"I CAN'T GET STARTED"

GREENSLADE:

"Ten Snowballs That Shook The World". Bad news: part 2 in F sharp.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, what... what is it, Grytpype? What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Take a letter in gargling fluid.

MORIARTY:

Ahya. (SLURP)

GRYTPYPE:

To the Postmaster General. Dear General...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

According to the shape of my knees...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

I believe that an illegal raffle...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

For the equator is being held...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES, HIGHER PITCH)

GRYTPYPE:

And for certain monies I will reveal the organiser.

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

Let's have that back, please.

MORIARTY:

(EXTENSIVE SPIT)

GRYTPYPE:

You filthy swine! You've watered my peony.

MORIARTY:

Waargh! I'm sorry.

GRYTPYPE:

No good saying sorry when you're sorry.

MORIARTY:

Ahaowah, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

See you in part 3!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

GREENSLADE:

Which means Cryptic Ned is standing in the Sahara, waiting for a train to the equator.

ECCLES:

Hup! Oowoowoo! Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff. Woowoowoo! Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff. Weesh. Weesh. Hallo! (PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE) Thanks a lot. Thank you, it's all free.

SEAGOON:

Listeners, I think it only fair to those without TV sets to describe this man. He was wearing a train driver's hat, holding two sticks, pulling a railway carriage and eating lumps of coal.

ECCLES:

I'm the engine! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! (PAUSE) Weesh!

SEAGOON:

Don't do that against me!

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

I say. I say.

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

There's a man standing on your head.

ECCLES:

He's the driver.

WILLIUM:

Yes, hurry up and get in, mate, we're leaving. Ahhaay!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

WILLIUM:

Mates, all... Ohhhh...

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]. Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff. (EATING SOUNDS) Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff... woowooo!

GRAMS:

TRAIN ON TRACK SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Is this anybody's seat?

WILLIUM:

Yes, it's anybody's. Jim Anybody.

SEAGOON:

Gad! You're supposed to be driving this train!

WILLIUM:

Yeah, but standing on Eccles' 'ead 'urts me kippers.

ECCLES:

Um, mind if I come in?

SEAGOON:

Idiot, you're the engine!

WILLIUM:

Aurgh.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in the carriage?

ECCLES:

Well, I like a bit of cup of tea, my man.

SEAGOON:

Well, sit down there and don't steam on me.

ECCLES:

All right. Wait, this seat is dangerous, it's got no bottom on it!

SEAGOON:

Well sit on it and it will have!

ECCLES:

Oooowooo!

SEAGOON:

What's that for?

ECCLES:

We're coming up to a tunnel.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

THROAT:

Eat Grubbo dog food.

SEAGOON:

Right! (SOUNDS OF EATING) Gulp. (HORN SOUNDS, CORK POPS) Ah! That's better.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoh.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's nice to be able to afford luxuries. What's a million pounds to me, there's a fortune at my disposal.

SPRIGGS:

(DISTANT) All tickets please!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Under the seat!

SPRIGGS:

All tickets, please. All tickets plee-eease. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Oh. A lot of people on the train. Now, look here, sir.... (SECOMBE LAUGHS) Now... uh... Oh! Oh! What are you doing under that seat, Jim?

SEAGOON:

I... I'm... I'm just visiting a midget named George.

SPRIGGS:

Named George? I can't see him.

SEAGOON:

Er, he's moved, hahahaha. Now what time do we get to the Equator?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, about... come on, now, Jim. Where's your ticket, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Here.

SPRIGGS:

This is a raffle ticket, Jim.

SEAGOON:

That'll be half a crown.

FX:

CASH REGISTER CHIMES

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Here, oh, Jim, when's the draw, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Now, now is the draw. Put your ticket in this hat.

SPRIGGS:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right. Draw!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, it's my ticket, I've won! (SING-SONG) I've wo-on, Jim! What's the prize, Jim?

SEAGOON:

The raffle ticket you found in the hat!

SPRIGGS:

Grab him! He hasn't got a ticket!

WILLIUM:

So, off he goes! Oh!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF TRAIN LEAVING

SEAGOON:

(HEAVY BREATHING) Gasping. The fiend, he threw me out!

WILLIUM:

And forgot to let go!

SEAGOON:

Well I... I didn't hurt myself. Strange. I wonder why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fell on me, you swine! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Eee! Hello everybody. Look at me, flatted. I'm flat all over.

SEAGOON:

You'll be all right as long as you don't stand sideways.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well I have to go sideways 'cause of my new tune. It's from my latest record and it's called...

(ACCOMPANIED BY ORCHESTRA)

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

On a Sunday afternoon,

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

Will be our honeymoon.

Ankle deep in sludge dear,

We'll walk hand in hand.

They do say that the sewers of the Strand are the...

ECCLES:

Are the finest in the land.

BOTH:

I'm a telling ya.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

Will be a paradise for two,

MINNIE:

Twoo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who cares if the atmosphere is blue?

Oh-ho!

There is nothing wrong

With a good old British pong!

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand with you!

I don't mean maybe!

GRAMS:

TATTY CHORD, FOLLOWED BY LOUD APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey! Ta, thank you. Next, my impression of Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hallo, Bluebottle!

ECCLES:

Thank you. Now an impression of Rita Hayworth, that famous star of stage, screen and registry office. Hey!

ECCLES:

Here! I... I'd like to marry her.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will never marry her!

ECCLES:

Oh? Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She told me so.

GREENSLADE:

Silence!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, hey!

GREENSLADE:

Silence, while I announce part three. The scene, the heart of Port-Sahid.

ORCHESTRA:

MAJOR BLOODNOK'S THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ah, urgh.

GRAMS:

RATTLING NOISE, FOLLOWED BY FOGHORN THAT RAPIDLY INCREASES IN PITCH

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho, ho! Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear! It's a touch of the Bombay Belly, you know. Oh! Oh, dear. I'll never eat another Bombay Belly as long as I live. Folks.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, in the key of E flat.

BLOODNOK:

Great splats of fowl! A man with half a moustache and a billboard advertising "Davy."

SEAGOON:

Who's the captain of this dirty old lugger?

BLOODNOK:

What? Me!

SEAGOON:

Right, take me to him.

BLOODNOK:

This is his cabin.

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no answer. I'll, um, see if he's in. Oh, ho, ho, and he's out. I'll, um...

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

That's me.

SEAGOON:

Me? That's the name of the Captain.

BLOODNOK:

You're lucky you found me, I've only just got in, you know.

SEAGOON:

Are you a good sailor?

BLOODNOK:

No, I'm a naughty soldier. Oh, ho ho ho. You see, I've done time, I struck Johan Strauss.

SEAGOON:

Oh, you did waltz time!

ORCHESTRA:

RASPBERRY CHORD

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

Don't forget to see "Davy", folks, it's better than this. Major, I was told you were a competent navigator.

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine, you!

SEAGOON:

Look, I must get to the equator tonight!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul?

ABDUL:

(DISTANT) Yes, your highness.

BLOODNOK:

Tell my ATS driver she can put the car away, I shall be needing her.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

SLYNNE:

[SELLERS]

Is that cryptic Ned?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Here's my card.

SLYNNE:

Thank you. Here's my wardrobe.

SEAGOON:

What huge drawers.

SLYNNE:

Yes, I have friends staying with me. My name's Slynne. I have to inform you that your raffling of the equator in E flat is illegal.

SEAGOON:

I'll change the key to G sharp.

SLYNNE:

(SING-SONG) G sharp, then! (NORMAL) But remember, any other key is illegal.

FX:

PHONE HANGS UP

MORIARTY:

Ah, ah, ah, ow. Did you hear that, Grytpype? He's got permission to raffle the equator!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, hairy French steamer.

MORIARTY:

Owww....

GRYTPYPE:

I have two gentlemen making an imitation equator that will fool any linesman. So, over to...

MORIARTY:

Theeeeem!

GRYTPYPE:

Theeeeem!

GRAMS:

INDIAN MUSIC

FX:

SAWING AND HAMMERING SOUNDS

LALKAKA:

Steady. Steady, steady, steady, now, Mr. Banarjee. Steady, [UNCLEAR] steady.

BANERJEE

Just a moment, please.

LALKAKA:

What that that?

BANERJEE

Please now. Please holding the opposite end, then. Only then can we complete the task of completion.

LALKAKA:

Indeed, indeed, man. Indeed, your reasoning is of sound capacity to my mind, you understand.

BANERJEE

I am aware of that, Mr.... Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

[HINDI – SOUNDS LIKE "DIGGAI, DIGGAI"]

BANERJEE

But I am... I am puzzled in the extreme about this task that we are performing.

LALKAKA:

Not only you, man. Not only you but I, too, am puzzled.

BANERJEE

I cannot understand it.

LALKAKA:

I have never before in my entire life made an imitation equator before, you understand.

BANERJEE

Ah. Indeed, but there is always a first time for everything, Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

What are you telling me, Mr. Lal...

BANERJEE

I'm telling you that everything...

LALKAKA:

Mr. Banerjee, I am not understanding what you we are doing.

BANERJEE

But you don't...

SEAGOON:

Hands up in C sharp minor!

BANERJEE

Good heavens in Hindu!

SEAGOON:

Hand over the equator! Right, got it. Greenslade, make an announcement that will get me away.

GREENSLADE:

In a trice, Cryptic Ned trekked over land with his destination, Christies of Bond Street.

LALKAKA:

Good heavens.

GRAMS:

TRIBAL SINGING AND DRUMMING

SEAGOON:

(BREATHLESS) Keep up, men. Bloodnok, how far are we from Bond Street?

BLOODNOK:

Hundred thousand miles.

SEAGOON:

Naaa, we'll never make it by tonight. We'll camp by that telephone.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho, really? Where's Hugh?

SEAGOON:

Hugh? Hugh who?

BLOODNOK:

Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo, darling!

BLOODNOK:

Shall we dance, dear?

SEAGOON:

Love to dance!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

ORCHESTRA:

JAZZY WALTZ

GRAMS:

LOUD SPLASH

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

GREENSLADE:

Hello?

LITTLE JIM:

(ON PHONE) They've fallen in the wa-tah!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BONA SERA"

GREENSLADE:

Part Four. With the Gulfstream behind them, Neddie and Co. with the imitation equator aboard, made for England on a self-drive raft.

GRAMS:

SPLASH, SEA SOUNDS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) A Life on the ocean wave. Life on the land, as well.

SEAGOON:

Mid-ocean. And still a thousand miles from London. Curse this thirty miles an hour speed limit!

ECCLES:

Pardon me but your ship is slowing.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

Eccles, that's a nasty bullet hole you have in your head!

ECCLES:

Oh. Funny, it wasn't there a minute ago.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes?

NASALLY VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Buy Grubbo Dog Food.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

DOOR CHIME

MINNIE:

Ahhhh. Morning. Morning, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Morning!

BLOODNOK:

Madam!

MINNIE:

Mornmornmornmorning!

BLOODNOK:

I know you're the only shop on this raft, do you sell Grubbo Dog Food?

MINNIE:

Oh, why I... Ye... Oohhhh... Ohhhh...

BLOODNOK:

What's the matter, madam, you look quite well!

MINNIE:

Oh! It... it's Dennis Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok?

MINNIE:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

What has he done to you, that military swine? I'll... Ooh, that's me! Wait! Can it be?

MINNIE:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Where's me old marriage papers?

MINNIE:

What's he doing? What's he doing?

BLOODNOK:

Heavens! It's Minnie Bannister, the toast of Bombay! Well done!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, Dennis! Oh, naughty Dennis from Poona!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, naughty Minnie!

MINNIE:

Oh! After all these years, ohhhh... Have you changed much?

BLOODNOK:

Only me vest.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT SAXOPHONE SOLO

BLOODNOK & MINNIE:

Ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Who are you, sir?

HENRY CRUN:

I'm Henry Crun, disguised as (SHORT SAXOPHONE SOLO) in C sharp.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, Henry!

HENRY CRUN:

Now, Min, who is this man holding you in a military Sam-Browne-type embrace? I'll...

SEAGOON:

Stop! Crun, put down that sockfull of grit with which Casey was hit!

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Bloodnok... Bloodnok is a friend of my youth.

HENRY CRUN:

You never had one, you old...

SEAGOON:

Take it to court, Mr. Crun.

BLOODNOK:

I insist on diplomatic immunity.

SEAGOON:

Right, roll up your sleeve, it won't hurt.

HENRY CRUN:

I won't roll up my sleeve

ALL ARGUE

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, during this sordid scene, will you please put a blanket over your radios and lower the volume. Meantime, part four: still aboard the raft.

GRAMS:

OCEAN SOUNDS, SEAGULLS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) A Life on the ocean wave. A Life on the ocean wave. A [UNCLEAR] high seas.

SEAGOON:

Fishing?

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Fishing?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah, I'm... I'm fishing.

SEAGOON:

Hey! That's a big barrel of worms just for one day's fishing.

ECCLES:

Well, I get hungry, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Bleargh!

ECCLES:

Hey! Look at them pigeons!

SEAGOON:

Pigeons? You idiot, they're gulls!

ECCLES:

Well, boys or gulls, they're nice pigeons!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Land ahoy, captain!

SEAGOON:

Land? Let me taste it. (SOUNDS OF TASTING) It's England!

BLUEBOTTLE:

England!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) Land of hope and East Finchley.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mother of the fr...

FX:

CLONK ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahey! What's the matter with you man? Hitting my nut! It's not paid for yet.

SEAGOON:

We haven't a moment to lose. According to my calculations, two and two are four!

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! (CRIES) Thank you! (FAST) Don't forget to see "Davy", now, Bottle!

MINNIE:

"Davy", folks. "Davy"'s the film.

HENRY CRUN:

See "Davy."

SEAGOON:

Now Bottle, hold up this photograph of Christie's and we'll auction the equator.

CAST:

Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb Custard Custard

AUCTIONEER:

[SELLERS]

Now, lot number one: the equator. What am I bid for this lot?

GREENSLADE:

Money.

AUCTIONEER:

Any advance on money?

GRUFF VOICE:

More money!

AUCTIONEER:

Going for more money?

MILLIGAN:

Mm, yimbomballaboo!

AUCTIONEER:

Any advance on yimbomballaboo?

SEAGOON:

Yimbomballaboo and sixpence!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Arr! Hands up all of you! Officer? That's the man, there!

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me, sir, are you the owner of the equator LXW 3457?

SEAGOON:

I am. (FAST) Don't forget to see "Davy," officer.

OFFICER:

Is your equator marked lot one?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's my lot.

OFFICER:

It certainly is!

SEAGOON:

(HUSHED) Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm?

SEAGOON:

Do us a favour.

GREENSLADE:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Don't tell the audience that was the end till we've had a good start.

GREENSLADE:

All right.

SEAGOON:

Come on, lads!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET

GREENSLADE:

Having given... having given the cowards a fifty yard start, I now inform the audience that that was the end.

GRAMS:

BOOING, YELLING, STAMPEDE

GREENSLADE:

Oh, no! No! No, steady! Steady! No! No! Remember that you're in England! Yes, you're in Eng... No, fair dos! Not... Oh, no. No, no. Come on! Oh! No, I don't like it. You're not playing fair...

GRAMS:

MARCH MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

(WHILE BEING HIT WITH STICKS) That was The Goon Show, a BBC-recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet. Oh, no! Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. No-ohho! No, script... No, fair dos. Script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade and the programme (GUNSHOT) produced by Charles Chilton!

GRAMS:

MARCH MUSIC FADES OUT

NOTES

A Sam Browne is a close-fitting shoulder strap and belt to support a holster for a heavy military pistol.

"Davy" refers to the last Ealing comedy, made in 1957, where Harry Secombe had his first film role, playing Davy.

S8 E21 - The Man Who Never Was

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas, Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SELLERS:

Here in all it's stark reality is the true story of... The Man Who Never Was.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

April the 1st, 1944. For the Allies, the first hope of victory was almost in sight. North Africa has been won with the aid of Lance Bombardier Milligan, Gunner Secombe and Burma was holding out with Leading Aircraftsman Peter Sellers.

MILLIGAN:

Yes. The next move was the invasion of Europe. La-um-a-um-a-um. Would they attack through the soft underbelly? Would it be Yugoslavia? Greece? Sicily? We would see. Yes.

SEAGOON:

An invasion force was made ready. For weeks we waited for the right weather. Nerves were tense.

SELLERS:

Captain, the men are getting jumpy, hanging around, you know. Any idea what the weather's going to be like tomorrow?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, it's gonna be perfect at last. No wind, warm and a full moon.

SELLERS:

Well, that settles it. Tomorrow, we'll go and see Robert Atkins at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Oh.

OMNES:

(MURMURS)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Yes... Yes indeed. There was confidence for you.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Yes, by jove.

GREENSLADE:

But the main problem.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Ah-ha?

GREENSLADE:

How to distract the Germans from knowing our intention to land in Sicily. Let's go back to that fateful night on June the 3rd of October, 1953.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) You go back.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Let's go back there.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Right, yes, yes.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Let's go back, yes.

SECOMBE:

'Ave you done? 'Ave you done?

SELLERS:

(OFF) No, let's go back there.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Yes.

SEAGOON:

It was that very night... It was that very night that I, Captain Seagoon, was sitting in the lounge at the House of Lords Yacht Club at Southend.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Don't forget Davy, folks. Good film.

SEAGOON:

Suddenly, the footman came along and tapped me on the shoulder with his foot.

FOOTMAN:

Pardon me, sir. Colonel Gore would be pleased to see you out on the balcony, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, so he's out there, is he?

FOOTMAN:

Er, no. He's in here, that's why he'd be pleased to see you out there.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I think I'll go out for a breath of fresh air.

FOOTMAN:

Thank you, sir, that'll save us opening the window. Oh, and um, pardon me, sir, your... your taxi's outside.

SEAGOON:

I know.

FOOTMAN:

Please, sir, would you move it on a bit further, please.

GREENSLADE:

Grabbing his flying jacket as it flew by him, Captain Seagoon strode swiftly up the wall, across the crowded ceiling, hurling members to the floor below with cries of...

SEAGOON:

Fools! You shouldn't be up here! And you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, don't throw me down! I'm always up here! (APPLAUSE) Ayyyyy! Hello everybody!

SEAGOON:

Are you a member?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm a Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

What's that you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A flypaper.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon flung the interloper aside with a muttered oath.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee!

SEAGOON:

(OVER AND SLIGHTLY GARBLED) I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

GREENSLADE:

Donning his explodable shirt, he ran casually down to the sea.

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah. (APPLAUSE) Ta!

SEAGOON:

On the beach, barely visible in the moonlight, I saw... a body!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim! Hello, Jim! It's my body, Jim. I always bring it with me, Jim. Always bring it with meeeeeeee!

SEAGOON:

But but, but, but but, but, but buk-a-buk-a-buk-a-buk-a-bwark,

SPRIGGS:

Buk buk buk...

SEAGOON:

What's that on the beach?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, that's sand, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

SPRIGGS:

Saaaaand, Jiiiiim! Ooooh. Yes. Sand, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Who does it belong to?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, it's never been claimed, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Then I, Neddie Seagoon, on behalf of the free nations of the world, claim it for England!

GRAMS:

BAD RECORDING OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY'

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN) You know, you ought to give him the OBE for this one, I think it's really a good idea to help him do it. There's no doubt...

SEAGOON:

Even as they mailed...

SELLERS:

(OFF)...my saxophone out.

SEAGOON:

Even as they mailed my OBE to me - and this is where the story really starts.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Owwww!

SEAGOON:

There, in the sand, was a pair of uncooked German army boots.

GREENSLADE:

Like any quick thinking Englishman, Seagoon rapidly tried them on.

SEAGOON:

Curses! They're too tight. Then, dear listeners, I saw why. In ooch... (CHUCKLES AT HIS SPOONERISM)
"In ooch beet!" (LAUGHS) In each boot was a pair of human feet!

LALKAKA:

Pardon me, pardon me, sir, pardon me. Pardon... er... er... Pardo... Do you understand, they are my feet. My own little Hindu pows. Is that not right, Mr. Banerjee?

BANERJEE:

That is right, Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

That's right.

BANERJEE:

I can vouchsafe for the authenticity of the man's statement.

SEAGOON:

Well, I didn't know.

LALKAKA:

Big, fat, bing gally baboo.

BANERJEE:

(HINDI)

LALKAKA:

(HINDI)

BANERJEE:

But on Sunday he got none.

LALKAKA:

What will he do, for he will die?

BANERJEE:

Then his wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They'll make a bonfire of him.

BANERJEE:

They will throw him in the sea.

LALKAKA:

Oh, that will be the end of him.

BANERJEE:

Ooohh. That...

LALKAKA:

That the end of that? Will that do?

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN) Don't like what they're sayin'. [UNCLEAR] ...

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. As they spoke, I inserted a skeleton saxophone under the welt. And there, glistening in the light of my satellite moon, lay a roll of microfilm! There was only one thing to do: take it to the Chief of Millitary Intelligence!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S FANFARE, LEADING INTO A SWARM OF FLIES

BLOODNOK:

(OVER FLIES) Ooooh! Gah! Oooof! Gettaway, getta... Oohhh! Get out, those flies! Get those horse flies out of here!

FX:

HORSE CLIP-CLOPPING AWAY FOLLOWED BY A CHICKEN NOISE

BLOODNOK:

One of those is an imposter! Ohhh, they're not mine! Now, Sergeant Splinge?

SPLINGE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

March in that suspected German spy, will you darling?

SPLINGE:

Righty-o, darling. (OFF) Brigadier! (MILITARY SHOUTING)

FX:

MARCHING FOOTSTEPS

SPLINGE:

(OVER) Leah, leah, lea-rye-lea. Leah, leah, leah-rye-leah. Hie, hie, hie-hie-hie. Hie hie. Come on ahww! Left, leah, left-rye-leah. 'Pany, Shun!

FX:

MARCHING RECORD COMICALLY SLOWS TO A STOP

BLOODNOK:

Gad! What discipline! And dosipline!

SPLINGE:

One hundred-legged spy, all present, sir.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR]. Now, who is this suspected German spy?

SPLINGE:

He's a suspected German spy, sir. He caught loitering of the coast of Britian, there.

BLOODNOK:

What's your excuse?

SPY:

[SECOMBE]

I was waiting for a number 134 submarine.

BLOODNOK:

At this time of night? A likely story. They stop running at eleven and start walking, you know. Sergeant, what's this German's name?

SPLINGE:

Er, Herr Comezebride.

BLOODNOK:

Well, tell her to wait a moment, will you?

SPLINGE:

Right, sir.

SPY:

Permission to speak, Hairy Major.

BLOODNOK:

Permission granted, hairy prisoner.

SPY:

I would like...

BLOODNOK:

Silong! Volkeshere berebackter. Gabloongun kaput Chiswick Empire grung dang!

SPY:

Does your vife know zis?

BLOODNOK:

Shut up! Achtung! Gabluten gablootz! Admit it, you're a spy!

SPY:

I'm not a shpy, I'm a shepard!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhhh, Shepard Spy! (PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE) Ahhh, you can't fool us, you naughty German. We British are never caught napping.

SPY:

No, you're always caught vide awake!

BLOODNOK:

What!? That's a damned insult! (ASIDE) But he's perfectly correct, you know. (TO SPY) Now, are you married?

SPY:

Ya, two years.

BLOODNOK:

Any children?

SPY:

Nein.

BLOODNOK:

Nine in two years? You blaggard, you! Hand me that shotgun.

SPY:

Nicht, nicht! Ve are just good friends.

BLOODNOK:

What!? Sergeant, march this scoundrel backwards for Christmas, with a gas stove over his head.

SPLINGE:

Right-oh. Naughty prisoner... shun! Naughty prisoner... quick march! (GOING OFF) Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left... Keep up, there! Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left, left-right-left-right. Keep it up, there! Left, left...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What a brilliant fellow that Sergeant is.

SPY:

Then why has he left me behind?

BLOODNOK:

What a stupid idiot that Sergeant is! Leaving a spy at liberty.

SPY:

Please believe me, I'm not a shpy. I come here seeking political asylum.

BLOODNOK:

Well, take a bus to the House of Commons, that's the finest political asylum in the world! Ooohh! They're all there you know, aaaooooowalalalalaaaaaaaaaaaaayeeaaahhhhhaaa! It's.. Oh-ho-ho! Lovely to be back in England. Including Max Geldray, the well-known long playing record!! (SELLERS CRACKS UP) Max!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

I don't know how he gets away with it. And now we have great pleasure in returning you to the Goon Show. This is where the story really starts. Now showing at your local radio disguised as The Was Who Never Man, part the ping. Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

FX:

DOOR OPENING

GLADYS:

[SECOMBE]

Arrhhh, errrr. Major Bloodnok, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Gladys?

GLADYS:

Someone's coming up the stairs, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? Quick! Burn this on the fire!

GLADYS:

Right! What is it?

BLOODNOK:

A piece of coal!

GLADYS:

Right!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

You can't be, you look too rich! Good heavens! What's that you've got in your hand?

SEAGOON:

Microfilm, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Found in some German boots washed ashore at Southend-on-Sea at Brighton.

BLOODNOK:

Boots? So that explains why that German spy was barefooted. This is an important find! Pull up a chair and sit down.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather stand.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, stand on a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

I shall just put this microfilm under this powerful magnifying glass. It'll keep it flat while I put my glasses on, you see. Now, there. Oooh! Some kind of secret plan! I know! We shall have it photographed. Keep one copy and send the other back to Germany. Might be a reward, you never know.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Send them back to the enemy?

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, but with a difference! I'm going to post them without any stamps on!

SEAGOON:

Gad, Major, you strike a cruel blow at German philately.

BLOODNOK:

Haha, yes.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Supposing these are the invasion of England plans.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, lad. If the Germans every invade England, we war office chiefs have Plan X ready.

SEAGOON:

Plan X? Who's that?

BLOODNOK:

Fast plane to Dublin then submarine to South America.

SEAGOON:

Major, you're not going to run away from the enemy?

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's no point in running away from anyone else, is there? Hoho! Haaahooo!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Alright. Be it on your own head, as you wish, Major, but... we all know what happened to Colonel Bentine.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Yes, ha ha. He sat right where you're sitting, now. In that very spot. Hahahahaha! He was frightened of the enemy. Hah! He put a thousand pounds of gold in his kit bag. Booked a fast plane to Dublin. Ha-ha. And he had a submarine laid on to take him to South America. Hahaha! Poor fool. He thought he'd got away with it. Heh, heh, heh! You know what happened to him.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) He got away with it! Ahhahahahhhhahahahah!

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, dear!

SEAGOON:

(CRIES SOME MORE)

FX:

GONG

GREENSLADE:

All through the night - and this is where the story *really* starts - Seagoon and Bloodnok pored over the plans. Sometimes they'd pored on the floor. Sometimes they poured in the glass but mostly they pored over the plans.

SELLERS:

Yes. Gentlemen. Ahem. I have... er... every reason to believe that these gin-soaked plans of a secret German weapon are really the *brandy*-soaked plans of a secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Is there no end to their fiendish ingenuity?

SELLERS:

I... fear not.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. Bloodnok, realising the significance of the discovery, lept to his feet and shouted for a messenger with a voice like thunder.

BLOODNOK:

Send in a messenger with a voice like thunder!

THROAT:

(TRYING NOT TO GIGGLE) Right, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, take the microfilm at once to the Wool-wich Arsenal and get the experts there to build this secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

I'll do my best, gentlemen.

MILLIGAN:

But we can't afford failures!

SEAGOON:

Despite that insult...

MILLIGAN:

What?

SEAGOON:

...I left the building with my head held high and my feet held higher.

BLOODNOK:

In that position, we threw him out. Here is a recording of it.

GRAMS:

SEAGOON SHOUTING THINGS INAUDIBLY FAST, ENDING IN 'AHHHHH'

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! You see, it wasn't easy!

SEAGOON:

Soon, I was at the gates of Wool-wich Arsenal, when I was challenged by a sentry.

FX:

BANG BANG

WILLIUM:

'Aaaalt! Ooo goes there?

SEAGOON:

Friend!

WILLIUM:

Cor, thank gawd for that, mate. Advance and be shot at, mate.

SEAGOON:

I was, mate.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, I reconise you.

SEAGOON:

Do you?

WILLIUM:

You're the bloke I was shooting at just now.

SEAGOON:

What makes you so sure?

WILLIUM:

All them little holes in your nut.

SEAGOON:

Silly man! They're old bullet holes!

WILLIUM:

I know, I was using old bullets!

SEAGOON:

Fool of fools, you might've killed me!

WILLIUM:

Ohhh,...

SEAGOON:

No.

WILLIUM:

...matey!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now then, matey. Where's the oroffice-ire in charge?

WILLIUM:

Er, Ray Ellington an' 'is Quiltet, mate.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Four for the price of one!

WILLIUM:

Hooorraayyyy!

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Hahahahaha!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WILL YOU STILL BE MINE?"

GREENSLADE:

And so the Woolwich Arsenal set about building a full scale model of the secret German weapon.
And soon the yard rang to the sound of British workmen at top pressure.

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) Ummm da deee

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) Daa daa daa teee doh

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS SLOWLY) There ain't a lady living in the land that I [UNCLEAR]. (IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) la laaa-aa doh (WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

LUNCH WISTLE, TOOL DROPPED, MANY PEOPLE RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

They were away a bit smartish, weren't they? Don't these workmen know there's a war on?

BLOODNOK:

I haven't had the heart to tell them, you know. Be madness. If they knew, they'd rush off and join the army. Anything rather than work, you know. They're... naughty.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Ahem. I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll tell you why I called this meeting, you know.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

It is essential that we fool the Germans into thinking that we haven't got the plans of their secret weapon. Isn't that so, Captain Frankfurter? He's a good old sausage.

FRANKFURTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahh-eerrrrr, yes. Ah, ahhhhhahhhahh... Perfectly correct, sir, yes. I... aahhhh, I suppose it is, yes. Ahhhhh... It... ahhhhh... perfectly right, yes. I... I... I... I... jus... Yeh, I suppose... er... I... I... I...

SEAGOON:

If you're not sure, say so!

FRANKFURTER:

AHHHH! Ahhh-ahh-ah-ah-a, I'm terribly sorry. I-er-er-er, I jus-errrr, I-I-I-I-I mean that I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-ahhh-ahh-ahh-aahhhaaaahhhh-ahhh ahhhhh...

FX:

GUNSHOT

FRANKFURTER:

Aahhhh!

SEAGOON:

Well done, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

I hated to see him suffer.

OLD OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, I think we're wasting time! I have here a man who claims that he has the perfect plan to hoodwink the Germans with regard... to... the... secret weapon. Ahhhh.

SEAGOON:

Oh. How do you do, sir?

CRUN:

Ahhhh...

MINNIE:

(OFF) How do you do what?

CRUN:

Errrr... Ohhhhhh. Errrr.

MINNIE:

He's going to say "how do you do".

SEAGOON:

Well, tell him not to bother.

MINNIE:

He... he said not... not to bother.

CRUN:

(OVER) Oohhhh...

MINNIE:

Man says doo-oo-oon't bother.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Don't bother to say "how do you do", Henry.

CRUN:

How do you do, Min.

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Sir, please.

CRUN:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

(OVER) Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Please, would you care to give us a brief resume of your plan?

CRUN:

Ehhh...

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ooohhhh.

CRUN:

Wellll...

MINNIE:

Ahhh! Well.

CRUN:

Well.

MINNIE:

Mr. Crunge got the whole idea from a Sunday newspaper.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Certainly get some ideas from them, can't you?

MINNIE:

Ohhh! You naughty Seajune!

CRUN:

Naughty, naughty.

MINNIE:

Naughty, naughty, naughty-naughty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nikky-nakky-noo!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Gooooood morning!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Tea! Teeeeea in the morning.

MINNIE:

Teeeeea! Teea-he-heh-heh-heh-he!

CRUN:

Teeea... morning.

MILLIGAN:

(UNCONTROLABLE LAUGHTER)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I'll have you know, Mr. Sealoon, that we don't spend *our* Sunday mornings reading those sinful Sunday newspapers.

CRUN:

No, we just sleep on 'til teatime.

MINNIE:

Then we read the Sunday newspapers. Oooooohhh! I hate those naughty-type revivals of Moroccan roll. What's he doing? What's he doing?

CRUN:

What? Careful, careful.

MINNIE:

Yeahhhebeneturull... Ah-ah-ah-ah.

CRUN:

Careful.

MINNIE:

What I... Line fourteen.

CRUN:

What? I wondered where we were.

MINNIE:

Ahhhh.

CRUN:

(OVER) Stop that naughty whatever you're...

MINNIE:

Arhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Please, explain this plan! My life!

LESLIE:

[SELLERS]

Now, look, er, listen, erm, er, I'm his agent, let me talk for him. I'll talk for him. He's a bit shtum, this feller. Can't talk a bit. Now look, I'll tell you what we do. We put a copy of German microfilm in the pocket of a man dressed up as a German Naval officer, float him ashore from a submarine onto the enemy coast and then, for an encore..!

SEAGOON:

We don't need an encore! I have my own piano. Colonel Grisbig, you'll get the OBE for this.

LESLIE:

What have I done wrong? I'm living the good life, 'ain't I, now?

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes...

LESLIE:

What are you talking about?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but...

LESLIE:

Waaahhhhh!

SEAGOON:

(TRYING TO SPEAK OVER LESLIE'S WAILS) Who would be idiot enough to be dressed up... Who would be idiot enough... Who would be idiot enough! (LESLIE STOPS) To be dressed up as a German Admiral and thrown overboard from a submarine?

LESLIE:

Don't worry! Look, I've got an idiot in this box who's been specially drowned for the job. Lew, be a good boy and take the lid off.

GRAMS:

WOODEN BOX BEING PRIZED APART TYPE NOISE AND SOMETHING LUMPY FALLING OUT

LESLIE:

There you are gentlemen. Meet the man who never was!

ECCLES:

'Ello, folks!

LESLIE:

Gentlemen, direct from his aqua-tank drowning act at the Rotunda, Fabersham... Field Marshal Montgoonery!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Wait a minute! Wait a minute, this man is damp.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

LESLIE:

'Course he's damp, we damped him down for the night! He's the only Field Marshal with a private's baton in his knapsack.

SEAGOON:

But can we spare a Field Marshall?

LESLIE:

This Field Marshall don't count!

SEAGOON:

Really?

LESLIE:

No! He don't read or write, neither! That's why he's working the Romford Empire this week, all your life [UNCLEAR] there.

SEAGOON:

But we can't float him ashore, he's not dead!

ECCLES:

Wanna bet?

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

What? Shut up! Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up! Shut up when you say shut up to me!

SEAGOON:

Look here.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Leslie, Leslie, come here.

LESLIE:

What was that? No, listen, look...

ECCLES:

(GARBLED)

SEAGOON:

This man is a boy.

LESLIE:

You're a good boy. You're a good boy.

SEAGOON:

This man is completely S-T-U-P-I-D.

ECCLES:

Ooooooaaaaa! I heard that! Ooooo, you think that I'm S-T-U-P-I-D, eh?

SEAGOON:

Candidly? Yes I do.

ECCLES:

Well-oooo. Erm. It's a good job for you I can't spell. (SINGS) I got a sun in the morn...

FX:

SLAP SLAP SLAP

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ooow! Oooww! Oooowwww!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up. Shut up, you idiot. Go on, get out!

FX:

OVER: MORE SLAPS

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ooowoow! Ooowow! Ooo. Oooo. Ooooooooo! (PAUSE) Oh, I've broken my leg!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! How did you do that?

ECCLES:

I got a big a big hammer and I went BANG!

BLOODNOK:

Ooooww-ahhhh!

ECCLES:

Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid!

ECCLES:

What about yours? Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Oooooow-ah-ah! You naughty man!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. With Bloodnok on his way to the Old Bailey, we had cheering news from the Woolwich Arsenal.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, they've gotted ready the secret German weapon what they have built from the microfilm plan.

SEAGOON:

Great news, little cardboard grenadier!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, everybody!

SEAGOON:

Here's an orange.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Well, I must be on my way. Chilvers?

CHILVERS:

[GREENSLADE]

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Lay out my road.

CHILVERS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And see that the pavements are clean.

CHILVERS:

Very good, sir.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I come with you to the testing this weapon, Captain?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, it's too dangerous, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

We can't afford to risk the life of a young idiot like you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is that why they're sending an old idiot like you?

SEAGOON:

Exactly. You stay here and guard the pavement.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, let me come with you, Captain. I want a chance to prove I'm a man!

SEAGOON:

Report to the MO. Taxi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

OMNES:

VARIOUS MUTTERINGS AND RHUBARBS

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

SEAGOON:

It was an exciting moment as I stood amongst the high ranking officers. In the centre of the testing area stood the sinister outline of the mysterious German secret weapon.

OLD OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes. Now, gentlemen, before we remove the cover from the V-3, I... I'd like to say that we're not quite sure what its potential is. What it's potential is. Ahem. It might-might-might well be... Might well be that the worst... this is the most devastating weapon we've ever tested in the Woolwich Arsenal.

POSH OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Yes, now, we've taken great care to, er, construct an exact, er, replica of the plan found in the uncooked Germany boot.

OLD OFFICER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Good show.

POSH OFFICER:

Oh, dear, Charlie's here. Now then, the, er, the rather ominous part: the only operating mechanism on this weapon is a small metal handle.

OLD OFFICER:

Gad!

POSH OFFICER:

And before we turn it, gentlemen, we must, er, take a precaution. Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

Yessir? Gent'lmen, will you all please take up positions behind the forty inch anti-gamma-ray lead-lined wall.

OMNES:

(MUTTERS)

SERGEANT:

Alright, sir!

POSH OFFICER:

Right, Sergeant. Gentlemen, I shall be turning the handle five seconds from now. Er, five, four, three, two, one. Turn.

GRAMS:

BARREL ORGAN PLAYS 'THE MERRY-GO-ROUND WALTZ'

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Gad! What fiendish ingenuity. A barrel organ!

BLOODNOK:

Don't waste it! Eccles! Up on the top and start scratching. Secombe, the tin mug and off we go!

FX:

COIN DROPPED IN A TIN MUG

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

(OVER, OFF) And they know it, chaps.

FX:

GUNSHOT

MILLIGAN:

Oooh!

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, 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. First written and recorded in March 1956. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. Production by Charles Cilton.

MILLIGAN:

(OVER: VARIOUS GARBLED COMMENTS FOR NO APPARENT REASON)

Notes:

Davy was a 1957 film starring Harry Secombe in his first film role. There were several plugs for this made in Goon shows around this time, which seem to have been edited out of some recordings.

"There ain't a lady living in the land as I'd .." - This is part of the second verse of the song Dear Old Dutch.

S8 E22 - World War One

Transcribed by Christopher Gray, corrections by Paul Webster and Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. (SINGS) But they call it Ireland!

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I don't... I don't like what he's doing, Pat, I don't like it. We oughta have a meeting about it.

GRAMS:

MANY SHEEP

SECOMBE:

Whilst that record of sheep is being played, hear the remains of a Goon Show washed up on a Brighton beach near Croydon.

MILLIGAN:

(OLD) Yes, oh, yes! And in faded writing we see that the title is... mmmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrrlurrrveerrjurr. Part one.

ORCHESTRA:

MARTIAL THEME

SELLERS:

1917. England was at war.

SECOMBE

(FRENCH ACCENT) France was at war.

ECCLES:

I was at lunch! Ha ha! It's going to be tough...

SELLERS:

1917 and here is an impression of it.

GRAMS:

HEAVY SHELLING

SECOMBE:

Next, an impression of the inside of Gilbert Harding.

GRAMS:

CHEMISTRY LAB - BUBBLE AND BOIL FROM THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT

GRAMS:

BUGLE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Mon Dieu! Ze Retreat!

GRAMS:

PANICKED FLEEING WITH SCREAMS

SELLERS:

1917. British Chiefs of Staff call meeting.

GRAMS:

BARREL-ROLL PIANO

FX:

TEA CUPS CLATTERING, WHISTLING

SELLERS:

Yes, alright, that's enough, that's enough. After all, enough is as good as a feast.

SECOMBE:

Well, I haven't had enough. I haven't had enough.

SELLERS:

Oh, haven't you?

SECOMBE:

No.

SELLERS:

Well, swallow this obstacle.

SECOMBE:

Hup! (GULPS)

GRAMS:

POP, AHHHHH!

SECOMBE:

Oh, ho, delicious! What was it?

SELLERS:

It was enough.

SECOMBE:

Ha ha, I don't... I don't feel as if I've had enough.

SELLERS:

Well it *was* enough! It was marked on the tin "A-N-U-double-F. Nett weight four ounces." So you've just eaten a four ounce nuff.

SECOMBE:

Well, if that was a four ounce nuff, I haven't had enough nuff.

SELLERS:

Well, I've had enough. Say "Ahhh".

SECOMBE:

Aaaa...

FX:

GUNSHOT

SECOMBE:

Aaaaaaaahhhhh! I'm dying! At last, I've had enough!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA!

MILLIGAN:

End of part one. And now... mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part two.

MINISTER:

I called you Heads of Services together to break the news. Gentlemen, apparently for the last three years, we've been at war. W-A-R pronounced...

GRAMS:

MORE HEAVY SHELLING, WITH BUGLE

SEAGOON:

I say, it sounds jolly dangerous! Who are we at war with?

MINISTER:

That's what I keep asking myself. If only we knew, we could tell a policeman. We must try and capture one of those naughty enemies and find the nationality of his body.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'll go down to the labour exchange and get a body tester. End of Part 2, sir!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA!

MILLIGAN:

And now mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part three.

GREENSLADE:

The lounge of the East Acton labour exchange.

GRAMS:

TEA DANCE MUSIC FOLLOWED BY NEEDLE SCRATCH ACROSS RECORD FOLLOWED BY SMALL APPLAUSE/CHEERS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, lads. Thank you, lads. I'm so glad you like bad music.

SIR MALCOLM:

[SECOMBE]

(BEING LOUTISH) 'Ere! Give us another tune on the old fiddle, there, dodge. What about the rock and roll, there? [UNCLEAR] rock and roll, there? What about that, then, the old [UNCLEAR]?

GRYTPYPE:

Later, Sir Malcolm, later, later. But first, here direct from his triumphant tour of the Paris labour exchanges - known as Eurovision. That great unemployed Frenchman, Count Jim Knee-trembler...

FX:

KNOCKING TIN CUPS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

FX:

RIOTOUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERS WITH RASPBERRIES – FRED THE OYSTER

MORIARTY:

Merci. For my first number, I sing "Sous le toits de Paris".

FX:

WHILE SINGING: POOR FRENCH MUSIC, COINS DROPPED INTO TIN CUP

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. Ha-ha. Oh, no, no, no, no, no buttons, please, no buttons.

MANAGER:

[SECOMBE]

(NORTHERN ACCENT) Ohhh, well, I'll have you know that I'm the manager of this labour exchange.

WILLIUM:

Pardon me, manager. Any fear of work today?

MANAGER:

No, you can take that broken limbs kit off.

WILLIUM:

Only you gotta be careful these days, there's a lot of work about, matey.

MANAGER:

You know very well - as well as I do, matey - that this labour exchange always hoists south cones when there is any danger like that.

WILLIUM:

Yer, but I gotta be careful. Only three more days and I celebrate me fifty years without work.

MANAGER:

Fifty years unemployed? (LAUGHS) Good heavens! Fill in this form for your OBE.

GRAMS:

CATHEDRAL-SIZED BELL RINGING

WILLIUM:

Ahhh! Ohhh! Listen!

MANAGER:

What?

WILLIUM:

There goes the 'Danger of Work' bell!

MILLIGAN:

Quick! Barricade the door!

FX:

MAD HAMMERING

GRYTPYPE:

Give me the binoculars, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What can you see?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing.

MORIARTY:

But which direction is it going in?

FX:

KNOCK AND OPEN DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

What do you want, knocker?

SEAGOON:

I'm from the War Office. Gentlemen, I think you should know that we're at war.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Was it something we've said?

SEAGOON:

Heavens, no. We want a decent chap to fly to Germany to try and capture one of the enemy. Intact.

MORIARTY:

Ah. What's it worth?

SEAGOON:

Well, the chap who is successful, there'll be a nice little nest-egg waiting for him.

MORIARTY:

Oh? How much in money?

SEAGOON:

No money. I told you, you'll get a nest with an egg in it.

MORIARTY:

I should risk my life for an egg and a nest?

SEAGOON:

Chickens do it all the time!

MORIARTY:

Then s...

SEAGOON:

(CHICKEN CLUCKS)

MORIARTY:

Then send a chicken!

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a brilliant idea! Chicken... 'shun! Quick March!

GRAMS:

MARCHING AND CLUCKING

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, here is a jolly Dutchman who'll obliterate himself with porridge, Manx Feldray.

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

MARTIAL MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

And now on the faded document I see mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part four.

GREENSLADE:

In which Grytpype and Moriarty leave the exchange and seek out their fortune.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhh! We must find somewhere to sleep tonight!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, there's a cottage 800 miles away.

MORIARTY:

I'll knock.

FX:

KNOCKING, DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Two men 800 miles away! Welcome to the manor, dear friends. It's only a luxury 50 million pound villa but... it's home to me. What's mine is yours! Let's be jolly friends forever!

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS WITH SEAGOON) Is your name Charlie?

SEAGOON:

No. Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you look like one.

SEAGOON:

No, no. My name's Neddie Seagoon, folks!

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Aha, ha, ha! Ahhh, thank you, folks!

MORIARTY:

(DERANGED) Ahh, what a nice little place you have here, eh? What a nice little place. What a nice little room. A nice little floor. Nice, everybody's nice. Everybody's nice at this house, Grytpype. Ah, yes, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

It is a nice place, isn't it, yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

It belongs to Lord Delpus.

MORIARTY:

Lord 'Elpus!

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm looking after it for him while he's away.

GRYTPYPE:

Will he be gone long?

SEAGOON:

Quite a while I should say, they buried him this morning.

GRYTPYPE:

What was the trouble?

SEAGOON:

Well, he'd been lying on his back for two days.

GRYTPYPE:

That doesn't mean a man's dead.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. This time it did. He was at the bottom of the lake.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Owww. Poor man.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Neddie. I'm going to be frank.

SEAGOON:

Right, I'll be Tom.

MORIARTY:

I'll be Gladys.

FX:

SLAP

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. How would you like to buy these duff shares in the German Army?

SEAGOON:

Are they worth anything?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course! Do you know, I have certain information that I've just thought of, that the Germans are bound to win any war they enter.

SEAGOON:

What a chance!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Wait here. I'll get my savings out of the P.O.

GRYTPYPE:

This I must see.

SEAGOON:

It's all in pennies.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we don't mind spending pennies! Moriarty, count them.

GRAMS:

MORIARTY COUNTING FROM 1 TO MANY, SPEEDING UP; THEN EXPLOSION AND FALLING CHANGE

MORIARTY:

Fifty pounds.

FX:

CASH TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Ned. And now, a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

FOGHORN, SPEEDING UP AND POPPING

SEAGOON:

And so saying, the two nice men threw me out of the house.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Who left that splash outside?

POLICEMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ere, your name Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Ha-ha. A river policeman standing in the river.

POLICEMAN:

Yeah, I'm on duty. I'm delivering your call-up papers.

SEAGOON:

Some mistake, I ordered the Times.

POLICEMAN:

Don't mess about now, there's a war on. W-A-R pronounced...

GRAMS:

"WARRRRRRR" SAID SPEEDED UP

POLICEMAN:

Your country needs you! Y-O-U pronounced...

GRAMS:

"YOOOUUUU" SAID SPEEDED UP

POLICEMAN:

Now, then. Try this 'ere cannon on for size.

SEAGOON:

Right (STRAINING NOISES, THEN ECHOEY) I say, this barrel is empty.

POLICEMAN:

Ha. It must have been rifled. (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Hello!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Hello!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, an echo!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Ahh, an echo!

SEAGOON:

Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi.

SEAGOON:

Holla-loo!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Holla-loo!

SEAGOON:

I'm an idiot!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) You certainly are!

SEAGOON:

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

GRAMS:

ABOVE SAID AGAIN, ECHOED MANY TIMES

ARMY OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Private Seagoon, I'm sending you to Aldershot. Follow this shell.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION AND SHELL WHISTLING OFF

SEAGOON:

Nooooo!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHORDS

FX:

SCRATCH OF WRITING.

HENRY:

Draws, cellular, one. Shirts, angora, two. Tins, mess, one. Socks, worsted grey, two pairs. Photographs, Mansfield, Jayne, three. Guns, bang, one.

FX:

WINDOW BREAKING, THUMPS ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Ahhh haaaaaa..!

HENRY:

Ah, Min! A man's just come in through the roof!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, the place is in such a mess, too, I...

HENRY:

Min!

SEAGOON:

Arrrrrrr...

HENRY:

Here he is.

MINNIE:

Oh. What? Poor fellow. What's your name, young man?

SEAGOON:

Arrggeeoooweeow!

MINNIE:

It's Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow.

HENRY:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

Morning Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow

OMNES:

"MORNING"S ALL ROUND FOR A WHILE, JOINED BY MANY OTHERS

SEAGOON:

Please! I'm Private Seagoon. I've... I've been sent here for my uniform. You see, England's at war!

MINNIE:

War? I'd better go and get the washing in!

HENRY:

Sir, we haven't a uniform big enough for you here but, er, go to this address.

SEAGOON:

"The Elephant Equipment Unit? Poona, India". Right. Farewell!

GRAMS:

RUNS OFF SINGING 'ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY', GETTING FASTER AND FASTER

GREENSLADE:

In anticipation of his arrival, the BBC have placed a microphone at his destination. So, over to that.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS, GURGLING, MOSQUITOS, FRED THE OYSTER, RASPBERRIES, RIPPING, SPEEDED UP
PROP PLANE, FOOTBALL RATTLE, EXPLOSIONS, FALLING DEBRIS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER GRAMS) Oooooohhhh! Ohhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohh! Oh! Oooh! Ohhhhh! Ah! Ohhhh! Oh! Oh-
hohhhh! Oh-ho-hohhhhh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear! Sergeant! Take 'em out and shoot 'em!

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

(IRISH ACCENT) Oh, no, sir! I'll not go near them socks! Last time, they knocked me down and over-
powered me, sir!

GRAMS:

DOG WHINING

BLOODNOK:

You see what you've done, you've offended them. Down boys, down. Do you realise, sir, that these
socks were mentioned in dispatches?

SERGEANT:

Alright. Socks 'shun! Quick march! Left, right... (ETC. OFF)

FX:

SQUEAKY SOCKS THUMP OFF

BLOODNOK:

Gad, what a magnificent sight! A squadron of British Army socks on the march!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, UNDER FOLLOWING LINE

ECCLES:

(DISTRESSED DUCK QUACKING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Someone knocking on the door with a duck!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohhh!

ECCLES:

Hello, my darling!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles! What do you want?

ECCLES:

I love you, my darling! My love!

BLOODNOK:

Steady, madam! Steady, madam!

ECCLES:

Let me serenade you, my darling.

BLOODNOK:

What!?

ECCLES:

And I wrote this tune for you, darling.

FX:

REPEATED SINGLE BEATS ON LARGE DRUM

ECCLES:

Hoy! Encore!

FX:

SINGLE BEAT ON DRUM

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. It... brought tears to my knees.

ECCLES:

My little darling. I want you to have these, I picked these for you. I grew them myself.

BLOODNOK:

A handful of hair! How sweet. Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Put these in a jar of hair oil. Come inside.

ECCLES:

Come inside, you silly...

BLOODNOK:

You silly fellow! You military fool! Come inside.

ECCLES:

Ah, ta. It the spring, you know. It the spring, folks. I want some old-fashioned lovin'.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, right. Granny!

ECCLES:

No! No!

BLOODNOK:

Come down!

ECCLES:

Not that!

FX:

KNOCK AND DOOR OPENING, FOLLOWED BY STEAM TRAIN BRAKING

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhh! A puff-puff train!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! How nice of you to meet me at the station, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it was the least I could do. A quantity I specialise in!

SEAGOON:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

Well, now. Well, wh... Darling!

SEAGOON:

How's the war going?

BLOODNOK:

Well, the Germans are losing.

SEAGOON:

Oh, horrors! Folks! Folks! Then these shares are losing their value, folks! (WHINES) Folks!

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Neddie, folks. Look, here's a special offer: 10,000 unused 1904 calendars.

SEAGOON:

1904? That's gone.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but if it ever comes back you'll make a fortune!

SEAGOON:

You loony military man! How can it come back?

BLOODNOK:

Great larruping nurglers! Look here. Look, Monday comes back once a week, December comes back once a year!

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLOODNOK:

Well, 1904'll come back, it just takes *longer*, that's all.

SEAGOON:

It's a deal!

BLOODNOK:

Arrhhgggg!

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha! Here is an advance: one shilling and the Ray Ellington Quartet!

BLOODNOK:

Splin!

SEAGOON:

Splon!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP"

GRAMS:

SHELLING

GREENSLADE:

On the Western front, Seagoon prayed for the Germans to win.

BLOODNOK:

I say, Colonel. There's something dashed strange about that Private Seagoon.

HUGH JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhh, ah, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. During that last German attack, all he did was point his finger at them and shout "Bang, you're dead!"

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhha, ohh, well, ahhh... Perhaps he'd run out of ammunition.

BLOODNOK:

No, he hasn't. I inspected his finger and it was fully loaded.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Is this true, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... (NERVOUS LAUGH) It was like this, you see, I... I... I...

HUGH JYMPTON:

I'll give you ten seconds to answer the question.

ORCHESTRA:

COUNTDOWN-TYPE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I... I can't answer.

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

[SELLERS]

Well, hard luck. Anyway you won yourself a wonderful dishonorable discharge from the Army, so let's give him a great big haaaaand!

GRAMS:

WILD CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA:

BIG CHORD

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Ho-hooooo!

SEAGOON:

And so I volunteered to become a civilian. I got measured for a coward's suit.

FX:

EASTERN CHANTING OVER SEWING MACHINE RATTLE

LALKAKA:

Mr Banajee, Mr Banajee.

BANERJEE:

That will be on the hit parade soon, you mind.

LALKAKA:

I know.

BANERJEE:

On the top of the Hindu hit parade, oh. What is it, man? What... what is it? What is it, now?

LALKAKA:

Look, Mr Banajee, are you positive... are you positive that Seagoon gentleman sahib has got a 30 inch chest and a 92 inch waist?

BANERJEE:

Oh, that the measurement that they're sent to me in the post today. That... therefore I can only presume that it is true.

LALKAKA:

But how can a man... how can a man be that shape and *live*? Now, listen... listen to me, man. The only way... the only way to move him must be to roll him along, you see.

BANERJEE:

But I hope you're not refusing to make this gentleman a suit.

LALKAKA:

Oh, no, no.

BANERJEE:

Because if so, you are... you're ruining our substantial business that we have created as dhurzis in the [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

[UNCLEAR]. Listen to me, baboo, listen, baboo.

BANERJEE:

Ohhh, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

I am not... I'm n... I am not refusing you, you understand?

BANERJEE:

I understand. Yeah, I understand, I understand.

LALKAKA:

But I... but I... what I'm telling you is... It is just that I cannot believe, man, that... that any man can be this shape, you are understanding.

FX:

DOOR OPEN AND BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Morning!

LALKAKA:

Good heavens, it's true! Come in, sir, we won't keep you one moment.

BANERJEE:

Just sit down here and take your trousers off.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie! Hiya, Neddie! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SEAGOON:

You! Spelled Y-O-U. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

VARIABLE SPEED "YOU"

SEAGOON:

What about those duff German Army shares? Germany's nearly lost the war!

MORIARTY:

Aha ha ho ho hoooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, if you lend us those 1904 calendars, all will be well. Now, what I want to do about this is...
(FADES)

SEAGOON:

His idea was to drop the 1904 calendars in England by zeppelin making the English believe the war hadn't even started. Giving Germany the advantage. Er ha ha haaa! Giving Germany the advantage!

GRAMS:

PROP PLANE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, midnight on a lonely anti-aircraft site in Epping Forest.

GRAMS:

TROPICAL FROGS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh! What is that noise out there?

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

BLUEBOTTLE:

Advance, Major Bloodnok, and be recognised!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. (SINGS) Hello, Jiii-iiim. Hello, Jiiim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Jim.

SPRIGGS:

Jiiim, hello, Jim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Jii-iiim! Name the password.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, I don't know it, Jim. (SINGS) I don't know the password, Jiii-iiim!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! Captain, hark!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! What is it? (MUMBLES IN HYSTERICAL STUPOUR) Ha-ha! Where was dollies... standing in...
(LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! This man doesn't know the passed-word.

SEAGOON:

Neither do I! Ha ha! Oh, dear! We'll... we'll have to take him in.

SPRIGGS:

What are you laughing at, Jim? What are you laughing at, Jiii-iiim? What are you laughing at, Jim?

SEAGOON:

What's he laughing at? Ha ha ha! Oh, dear! He can't see the funny side! He can't see the funny side!

BLOODNOK:

I told him not to wear them woolly underpants!

SEAGOON:

Woolly underpants! Woolly underpants! I never thought of that!

GRAMS:

SIX SPLASHES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Say it!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Little Jim, Little Jim!

LITTLE JIM:

Gyaa, gyaa!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What's up?

LITTLE JIM:

(JABBERS CUTELY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-hooooey! Suddenly sees studio audience. Hello, everybody.

GRAMS:

MASSIVE CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooo hoo hoo! Thank you, clappers, thank you. For my first song I will sing the rock-around.

ORCHESTRA:

ROCK GROOVE UNDER THE FOLLOWING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SING-SPEAKS) You gotta rock and rock
You gotta rock all day
You've gotta rock around the clock all day
And you...

FX:

SOMETHING FALLING AND GOING THUNK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aoowwhoooo! You've nutted me! I been nutted! Oh, my nut, nut, nut! Lumps on my nutty nut! Oh,
ho hooooo...

ORCHESTRA:

STOP PLAYING

GRAMS:

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you silly twits, I wasn't singing, I was in agony! I was hit on the head by this!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, it's a 1904 calendar!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, is it 1904? I'd better... get back home to mum.

SPRIGGS:

What for?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't been born yet!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh, Jiiim!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, my dad won't half cop it for this!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER RADIO) Here is a special news bulletin. British troops will come home from France at once.

SEAGOON:

Hooray, folks! They think it's 1904! The plan worked! My German Army shares will be worth a fortune!

BLOODNOK:

Wrong!

SEAGOON:

What?!

BLOODNOK:

The British dropped 1918 calendars on Berlin. And the Germans... surrender!

SEAGOON:

Ohhhhhhhhh, dear! Sounds like the end, doesn't it, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Perfectly correct, Mr. Seagoon. Goodnight.

SEAGOON:

G'night, Wal.

GRAMS:

RUNNING WITH SEAGOON SHOUTING "I CAN SEE YOUR SOCKS, MORIARTY, I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!"

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

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, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Charles Chilton.

Notes:

Sir Malcol was possibly a reference to Sir Malcolm Sargent (1895 - 1967), a famous choral music conductor.

"Knee-trembler" is a euphemism for sexual intercourse.

"South (or north) cones" were downward (or upward) pointing cone-shaped signs that were hoisted up a mast by harbourmasters as a warning to shipping of approaching bad weather.

P.O. is a reference to The Post Office.

S8 E23 - The Spon Plague

Original transcription by Unknown, updated Paul Webster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. It... might not sound much but... it's... it's *home* to me.

(SINGS) We've been together nah fer forty years

And it ain't been a day...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SEAGOON:

Got him, folks! It was the kindest way out. We had the vet's permission. Now, folks, by permission of one of the Lord Chamberlain's secretaries, we present...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL

THROAT:

'The Great Spon Plague'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MACSQUIRTER:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) My name is Doctor Hairy MacSquiter, Squirter MacSquiter of the Clan MacThud and Jim Thudder of Leeds. Our history goes back over half a decade. I have got nothing to do with tonight's show, so I'll bid ye all a gudnight.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C. TATTY À LA PIT ORCHESTRA

GREENSLADE:

The scene opens in a granny-hurling factory in Tooting.

FX:

STONE CHISEL SCULPTING ON GRANITE. THEN HAMMERING IRON FROM THE FORGE

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER FX) Ah, my masterpiece! Don't move, Moriarty, keep that pose. Ah, how Michaelangelo would have envied me.

MORIARTY:

What are you making?

GRYTPYPE:

A pill, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi? You mean you made me pose in the nude to model for a pill?

GRYTPYPE:

I wasn't using *all* of you, just...

MORIARTY:

What?!

GRYTPYPE:

...a *certain* area, you know. Ummm... round off the pill with sandpaper.

FX:

SHARP RUBBING WITH SANDPAPER OVER ABOVE SPEECH

GRYTPYPE:

There, swallow that.

MORIARTY:

(GULPS) Ah, what delicious sandpaper! Banana, the flavour of the month, folks. Oww, owww, owww! More, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Pay attention. I have invented this pill to make us rich.

MORIARTY:

You mustn't be too ambitious, Grytpype. We've already own three pieces of brown paper and a conker.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't let that dazzle you. We must go on! Remember, 'There comes a tide in the time of every man's affairs'. You know who said that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

You did, I just heard you. Ah, oh, yah! Yes I do... Aaah! Shakespeare.

GRYTPYPE:

Ignorant swine! It was Henry the Fifth, a great writer. You know the... you know the old Apollo Theatre?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, he wrote that.

MORIARTY:

What a beautiful tune.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, I must get into this mass of chains.

FX:

CHAINS

GRYTPYPE:

Now stand on your head in this bucket of lukewarm boiling water would you.

MORIARTY:

Ow...

FX:

HEAD IN BUCKET OF WATER

GRYTPYPE:

Now, I pour this bottle of rancid yak butter over your knees.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh-ee-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Next, hold this copy of the Feathered World under your nose. And fit this cricket ball under your chin.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

There. Next, I haul you up to the ceiling.

FX:

QUICK WINCHING

MORIARTY:

(OFF) What are you going to do now, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLING UP) Just talk to you. Can you hear me talking?

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Only in words.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Splendid, my little thing-leddle hi ming tummm... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

I shall use just words, then.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Words! It's a miracle, I tell you.

GRYTPYPE:

You thin-legged steamer, you. This pill is the only known and unknown cure for the Spon Plague.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Spon? Spon, is it catching?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, no one's ever had it.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You... you mean that (EXTENDED RANDOM NONSENSE WORDS).

GRYTPYPE:

(EXCITED) You have it in a nutshell.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) But how do you know people are going to start catching the Spon Plague, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Ha-ha-ho! Just leave that to me. I have certain arglers on the Splott mickledoooooodle and the (FLUFFS LINE AGAIN).

GREENSLADE:

And on that beautifully enunciated rubbish we move to...

SEAGOON:

Me, folks, Neddie!

GRAMS:

OVATION

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! You get all free draws for Christmas. Now for a quick bath.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh, lovely! Now then, where's that instruction manual? Ah, here it is. 'Bath Night for Beginners'. Ha! (YAWNS AND SMACKS LIPS) Ah, now. 'Take the soap in the right hand and apply to all parts.' I see, yes, right. (FADE)

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

This was the great National Health Surgeon, Ned Seagoon, who has just invented dirty necks.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS AS IF IN BATH THEN STOPS) Oh. Flutt?

FLUTT:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Jimmmm, stand in the sink and take a letter.

FLUTT:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Now, first, what have I got in my diary this week?

FLUTT:

Er, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

SEAGOON:

Cancel them, I can't see them till Sunday.

FLUTT:

Very well.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I'd better be getting down to the surgery.

GRAMS:

GETTING OUT OF BATH

SEAGOON:

There we are.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

GRAMS:

WOMEN SCREAMING

FX:

DOOR OPENS IN A HURRY

SEAGOON:

A-ha-ha. I forgot my clothes!

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT LINK, VERY WEIRD NOTES ALL OVER THE PLACE. UNFINISHED CADENCES, MELODY PASSES FROM INSTRUMENT TO INSTRUMENT WITH A KEY CHANGE AT THE SAME TIME

GREENSLADE:

The scene: Dr Seagoon's National Health waiting-room.

GRAMS:

AGONISED GROANS, SCREAMS. PEOPLE FALLING TO THE FLOOR. OCCASIONAL SNORING

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, patients. Sorry to be so late, but I had to stop for a three month's holiday in Paris.
(LAUGHS)

NURSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Shall I send the first patient in?

SEAGOON:

Yes, darling. Remember, the rich ones first, National Healths last.

NURSE:

Right you are. You first. Drop 'em!

WILLIUM:

Ta, nurse.

SEAGOON:

Now what's the trouble with you?

WILLIUM:

I got the Shoo-Shoo.

GRAMS:

CROWS

WILLIUM:

I got a touch of the birds, mate. Get away, you... Shoo, birdy.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) We'll set you grey in no time. (NORMAL) Well, I see. Getting the bird is a common complaint.

WILLIUM:

Yes, I saw you last week at Coventry, mate. 'Ere, you do all right for fruit, doncha.

SEAGOON:

It's all... It's all lies, folks, lies. I'm a great success, I tell you. I was paid off last week.

WILLIUM:

Well, how can I cure these naughty birdies, mate?

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll soon have you well, matey. Just wear these bird-cages hanging on your legs and take this bird-lime three times a second.

WILLIUM:

Oh, lovely.

SEAGOON:

Who's next?

NURSE:

The Ray Ellington Quartet.

SEAGOON:

What's wrong with them?

NURSE:

Cop This!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

What a terrible illness that must be. And now I have pleasure in announcing a knock at the door.

FX:

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

SEAGOON:

I have pleasure in saying, 'Come in'!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, dear Doctor Ned. I bring you a man stricken with a dread disease.

MORIARTY:

(FEEBLY) Owwww...

GRYTPYPE:

He is Count Jim 'Kidney Wiper'...

FX:

SWANEE WHISTLE

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww! Save me, Doctor!

SEAGOON:

Right, just lie on this back, here. Right. I'll just run the stethoscope over his pockets. Gad! This man is suffering from poverty. Take this bottle of pound notes and inject them into his wallet three times a day.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! The lovely medicine! Oh-ho-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Dear, dear, surgeon. You have overlooked one terrifying aspect of the dear Count's condition. This man has the Spon Plague.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of it.

GRYTPYPE:

That is because the Count is the first man to have caught it.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

GRYTPYPE:

He has all the symptoms. Namely, bare knees.

SEAGOON:

Is it catching?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Stand back, please. Oh, I'm too late! Yes, you've already caught it.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

You have got the bare knees.

SEAGOON:

No I haven't.

GRYTPYPE:

Roll your trousers up.

FX:

WOODEN VENETIAN BLIND PULLED UP

GRYTPYPE:

There - bare knees.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhhh! I've got the Spon!

GRAMS:

ABSOLUTE RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED IN ALL DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES SCREAMING 'HELPPPP'. ALL DONE AT TOP SPEED. REPEAT TOP SPEED AND ON GRAMS - THAT IS, RECORDED RECORDS, PRE-RECORDED

GREENSLADE:

Even as Seagoon is stricken with the Spon, the British Medical Council were quick to seek a cure.

GRAMS:

DUCK QUACKING

COUNCILLOR 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Aaah. And... and so, gentlemen.

OMNES:

COUGHING AND HACKING FOLLOWED BY SNORING OVER...

COUNCILLOR 1:

I... I must conclude by drawing your attention...

COUNCILLOR 2:

[SELLERS]

What? What? Speak up, speak up. What?

COUNCILLOR 1:

Quiet, please. (SNORING STOPS) I must draw your attention to the fact that the use of leeches is not only useless but harmful.

OMNES:

Paaah, ha, rubbish –

COUNCILLOR 2:

[Secombe]

The man's unbalanced.

COUNCILLOR 3:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

COUNCILLOR 1:

Lose my stethoscope licence, eh?

COUNCILLOR 3:

I maintain that I have used leeches for years and not one of them has ever been ill.

COUNCILLOR 2:

Bravo, there's proof for you, indeed!

COUNCILLOR 3:

Yes. I might add that neither have I received any complaints from the patients' next of kin.

GRAMS:

OLD MEN'S APPLAUSE

COUNCILLOR 3:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stip! Stup! Stap! Stop! Gentlemen, grave news! A new malignant plague is upon us.

POSH COUNCILLOR:

[SELLERS]

Good. Business is looking up.

SEAGOON:

Who's business is looking up?

POSH COUNCILLOR:

Bird-watchers. Ha-ho! Jolly good.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I don't wish know your... (NORMAL) It's the plague, I tell you, the plague! The fearful and fearsome plague!

TERRIBLY BRITISH COUNCILLOR:

Oh, splendid, we haven't had a good plague for years.

POSH COUNCILLOR:

Yes, one does get out of touch.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, please! Every patient that I examined this morning, at a nominal fee of twenty guineas, has the Spon Plague.

TERRIBLY BRITISH COUNCILLOR:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Even I have it at a nominal fee of two and six. The symptoms are bare knees. Roll your trouser legs up.

GRAMS:

SEVERAL WOODEN VENETIAN BLINDS BEING PULLED UP SHARPLY WITH A CLATTER

COUNCILLOR 3:

Oh, dear! We've got it!

SEAGOON:

We've all got it. There's only one cure. Try and run away from your knees!

GRAMS:

GREAT PROTESTING QUACKING BY DRAKES AND DUCKS. BOOTS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The Spon Plague spread like wild-fire. Everywhere were going down with it. Several people went up with it. And one gentleman was known to have gone sideways with it. The country was in a turmoil as one Minister remarked...

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

They've never had it so good.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a new satellite town slum.

GRAMS:

RAIN POURING DOWN ONTO FLOOR, MUSICAL SOUND OF RAIN, DROPS PLOPPING INTO SMALL POOLS OF WATER

CRUN:

Ohhhh, dear, dear. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Min? Min? Modern Min? Min-modern-Mii-iin?

MINNIE:

Oh. Ohhh. What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

What have you put on the roof?

MINNIE:

Can you say that line again because I can't answer the next one and...

CRUN:

Oh... Where...? Oh, yes.

Yeahhh...

(SELLERS LAUGHS)

MINNIE:

What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

Where have you put the roof?

MINNIE:

I sent it to the menders, it was leaking, cocky.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, modern Min. It's freezing cold in here, Min.

MINNIE:

Aye, well... well... Just sit nearer to Africa, it's warmer there, you know.

CRUN:

Yes, there's nothing like Africa to keep you nice and warm, [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Nothing like an Africa, buddy, I tell you.

CRUN:

Noooo...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, folks. Do away with dirty coal. Keep yourselves warm with Africa. Africa is now on sale to anyone who wants to make it a second India.

CRUN:

Do you hear that, Min? Do you hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

They'll knock Africa down and build flats there, cocky, you mark what I say.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. I wish Disraeli was back, Min.

MINNIE:

He will be, Henry. He's just gone down to the shops.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Ah, that's him. I wonder if he brought the salva with him. Come in, come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE, CRUN, SEAGOON:

Morning... morning... (REPEATED. AUDIENCE JOINS IN)

MINNIE:

Wait a minute, it's evening.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE, CRUN, SEAGOON:

Evening... evening... (REPEATED)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Come in, Doctor Ned.

MINNIE:

Come in, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

How's the Spon Plague?

CRUN:

Oh, Doctor, is there no cure?

SEAGOON:

None.

MINNIE:

None!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

News, Neddle. I have found the cure. This bottle of pills. Ten shillings, please.

FX:

TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Ta, Ned and a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

QUEEN MARY'S HOOTER SPEEDS UP INTO DISTANCE

SEAGOON:

And so saying, he went through the door and disappeared into the night.

GRYTPYPE:

Did I? Well, I might have been told a bit sooner than this.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And so saying, he went through...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, they know that, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes, alright, then. And so saying, I read the instructions on the pills. Take three paces south, stretch our the right arm, roll down the trouser legs.

FX:

WOODEN VENETIAN BLINDS ROLLING DOWN

SEAGOON:

Eureka! Huzza, folks! My bare knees have gone! Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate?

SEAGOON:

The Ministry of Health and Dirt, please.

WILLIUM:

Right.

GRAMS:

BLOODNOK THEME. BUBBLING CAULDRON. EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ohhh-ho-hooo-oh! There *must* be a cure for this, I tell you. I... I daren't go in the street. I mean, I... I...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh-hohhh! Oh, a taxi.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's the new type.

BLOODNOK:

Come in.

SEAGOON:

I am in.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, he am in. Oh-ho-ho-ho!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I'm here on business.

BLOODNOK:

It's the quickest way. I always travel on business. Sit down.

FX:

DUCK CALL

BLOODNOK:

A-ha-ho! Every chair a whoopee cushion. (LAUGHS) Here's my brochure. And an interesting health picture of Sabrina.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And here is a photograph of her clothes.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! Who is that man inside them?

ECCLES:

It's me.

BLOODNOK:

Get out, you fool.

ECCLES:

I'm no fool! Ha-ha-ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Careful, madam.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Now, Neddie, darling. Ooh, dear! You know, that's quite upset me.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, here's a statue waiting to be unveiled.

FX:

HEAVY TEARING

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! It's a statue of you saying...

GRAMS:

SEAGOON (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'I'VE DISCOVERED A CURE FOR SPON PLAGUE'

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. And here is a wood carving of me saying...

GRAMS:

BUBBLING CAULDRON. EXPLOSION.

BLOODNOK:

There must be a cure for it, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And that cure is these anti-Spon pills.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid. Now, sir, you will find my static water tank in the attic.

SEAGOON:

I'm not interested in your water tank.

BLOODNOK:

So, *that's* your attitude. Well, sir, I am not interested in *your* water tank.

SEAGOON:

What? You're insulting the plumbing I love. Just that... take that!

MAX GELDRAI:

(VERY LOUD) Ploogieeeee!

BLOODNOK:

It's Max Geldray, run for it!

SEAGOON:

Run for it!

GRAMS:

THUNDERING FEET INTO THE DISTANCE WITH SMALL EXPLOSIONS AND SCREAMS BY BLOODNOK

MAX & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Max Geldray is now appearing at the St James's Theatre, London. Mr Geldray will shortly be demolished to make way for offices. I have great pleasure now in announcing the chord of C.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C, NICE AND BIG

GRAMS:

GREAT SHOVELLING OF MONEY. COINS EVERYWHERE, ROLLING ALONG THE GROUND

GRYTPYPE:

Hear that sound, folks? Money. M-O-N-E-Y, pronounced...

GRAMS:

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE (PRE-RECORDED), SLIGHTLY FASTER, SAYING 'MONEYYYYY'

MORIARTY:

Ahhh! Grytpype? Grytpype? The anti-Spon pills are selling like wild-fire. Aha, that's nice, isn't it, Grytpype. That's an...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a Government Laboratory.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Ta.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BUBBLING CAULDRON

MORIARTY:

Listen Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

I can hear the best brains that low wages can buy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you take no notice of dem, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I won't take any notice of dem, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, my good man, to our work. Remember, we're boy scientists working for our country.

ECCLES:

Dab, dab, dob, dob.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Picks up Union Jack, cleans boots.

ECCLES:

Here, Bottle, I got a rise yesterday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How much?

ECCLES:

Three inches.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. What did you getted dat for, brainy man?

ECCLES:

I... I'll tell yer, come 'ere, come 'ere. I... er... I wrote a tune.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Well, would you play it for me, den?

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

HAMMERING OF NAILS IN WOOD

ECCLES:

Hoi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wish I was musical.

ECCLES:

Come on, den. Come on, folks. Lets all join in the chorus, folks.

GRAMS:

GREAT MASS OF HAMMERING NAILS IN WOOD AT DIFFERENT TEMPOS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) What a grand sight to see the studio audience hammering nails into each other.

FX:

SPOT EFFECT CARRIES ON HAMMERING WITH THE ABOVE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray for tunes! Now to the anti-Spon experiment. Roll up your trousers for the injection.

FX:

WOODEN BLIND ROLLED UP

ECCLES:

There.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, you're cured, you ain't got bare knees.

ECCLES:

No, I always wear long underpants.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Den we got the answer to Spon!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks, the Ministry of Health acted immediately. Within thirty years everyone had been immunised with long woollen underpants.

MORIARTY:

Oh, Grytpype, we're ruined. R-U-I-N-E-D, pronounced...

GRAMS:

MORIARTY (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'RUINEDDDDDDDDD'

GRYTPYPE:

(FURIOUS) Foiled by long woollen things! But I'll get even, mark ye. (CACKLES LIKE A PIRATE) Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SPRIGGS:

Oh! Where to, Jim? Where to Jiiii-iiim? Thank you, Jim fans. Thank you, Jim fans. You all get a free taxi.

GRYTPYPE:

Drive me up the wall.

SPRIGGS:

Right! (INDIAN WHOOPING)

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. How much?

SPRIGGS:

That's four and six. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPRIGGS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'TEN BOOOO-OOOOOB'

GRYTPYPE:

Right, take it out of this.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim. But I don't like shooting, Jim. Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, where's Neddie?

MORIARTY:

He's in... in the Scotland.

GRYTPYPE:

What?! Right, let's go and see him!

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. BAGPIPES IN DISTANCE

MORIARTY:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Oh, hello, hello! How nice to see you, lads.

GRYTPYPE:

Bad news, Neddie, bad news. Roll up your kilt.

FX:

WHISTLE UP

MORIARTY:

Oww-owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Not too high, Neddie, not too high. Gaddim, Martier, gaddim! Daddy, he's got it, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Got what? What...? What...? What have I got? What have I got? What have I got, then?

GRYTPYPE:

You've got the Quodge!

SEAGOON:

The Quodge?

GRYTPYPE:

I [UNCLEAR] Quodge!

SEAGOON:

What's the symptoms?

GRYTPYPE:

It's bare knees covered with long underpants.

SEAGOON:

I've got 'em! I've got 'em! I've got the Quodge! Heeeeeeeelp!

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MILLIGAN:

SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH

SELLERS:

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) The Quodge spread through Scotland like wild-fire. The hospitals were full of Quodge victims. It was a terrible sight ter see those knees covered with long underpants. So that the disease didna spread, a great wall was built by the English ter keep the Quodge north of the border. Contractor, Jim Hadrian.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING ON MOOR. DISTANT BAGPIPES. HORSE APPROACHES

SENTRY:

[CHISHOLM]

Halt! Who goes there, the noo?

LALKAKA:

Please do not shoot, we are two Indian gentlemen Western-style. We are here to investigate the Quodge on behalf of the Indian Government, I'm telling you.

SENTRY:

Advance and be recognised.

BANERJEE:

Don't start... Wwhat are you talking...? I do not see the point, sir. You have never seen us before. Therefore it is in the extreme of possibilities that you will not recognise us now. Is that right so? Is that the [UNCLEAR]?

LALKAKA:

Absolutely.

BANERJEE:

Absolutely right.

LALKAKA:

I must concur with Mr Banerjee, here. I can recognise him and he in turn can recognise me, you understand that.

BANERJEE:

That is right. There is much truth in what you are saying, Mr Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

Indeed, yes, man. Inded, yes, I'm telling you. Absolutely. Every morning I'm telling you. Every morning.

BANERJEE:

Every morning.

LALKAKA:

I am arising from my charpoy and I'm looking in the mirror. And I am seeing myself and I say 'Hello, there! There you are again, my fine fellow!' That's what I...

SENTRY:

Here, listen! You'll both get a bullet up yer back if you're no away.

LALKAKA:

Please, European soldier. Please let us... let us explain. We are... we are selling ties.

BANERJEE:

Ties, you understand.

FX:

SHOTS. SCREAMS

GRAMS:

LALKAKA & BANAJEE (PRE-RECORDED) SCREAMING IN HINDU. RUNNING FEET SPEEDED UP, LIKE WET FISH BEING SLAPPED

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, sentry, It's patriotism like that that's made Egypt what it is today.

SENTRY:

Oh? Oh, is it? And what is it today?

MORIARTY:

Thursday!

SENTRY:

Oh-ho-ho! It's ma day off.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Right, open the gates, Moriarty and let the stricken masses through.

MORIARTY:

Come on, the people with the Quodge!

FX:

GREAT BOLT SLIDES BACK QUICKLY

GRAMS:

GREAT YELLING MASSES, BAGPIPES, ALL PLAYING AT SPEED

Come on, you hairy [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

This way, Scottish people! Don't panic, I have here on this stall a cure for the Quodge!

OMNES:

A RARARARARARARARAR RARRRR.

FX:

TILL RINGING UP OVER AND OVER AGAIN

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. And one for the gentleman over there... (FADES BEHIND)

MORIARTY:

One over here, one over there. Two bottles over here.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! The swine didn't recognise me. I've got a bottle of this anti-quodge mixture. What does it say?

GRAMS:

SELLERS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING IN NASSALLY VOICE 'TO CURE THE QUODGE, SWALLOW THE PILLS'

SEAGOON:

Gad! A talking bottle! (GULPS)

GRAMS:

SELLERS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING IN NASSALLY VOICE 'YES, NOW REMOVE LONG UNDERPANTS'

FX:

RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Gad - cured! Not a trace of long underpants left. But wait. Bare knees! That means... that means I... I've got the Spon again!

GRYTPYPE:

I have the cure here.

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. Swallow pill, pull on underpants. Ha, ha, ha. Cured! Wait a minute. Long underpants. Thats the Quodge! I've got the Quodge!

GREENSLADE:

Dinner...

SEAGOON:

I've got the Quodge!

GREENSLADE:

Dinner is served, gentlemen.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Oh, well. Down the old canteen, there. Goodnight, folks. (OFF) Go on, the brandy's ready at the back, there [UNCLEAR].

GREENSLADE:

You can come out now, it's alright, you can come out. It's all over. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

WALLACE (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'OVERRRRRRRRR'

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and George Chisholm with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by John Antrobus and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chiltern.

S8 E24 - Tiddlywinks

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

There it is, alright? This is the BBC Home Service. Down with the Light Programme. It's war! W-A-R. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

RECORDING - SLIGHTLY FASTER: "WAAARRRRRRRRR! "

SECOMBE:

Mister Greenslade...

GRAMS:

BUGLE PLAYING CHARGE

GREENSLADE:

That's the call! CHAAAAAARGE!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING OFF. DISTANT ARTILLERY.

SECOMBE:

They must be fighting over this month's O.B.E. allocations.

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I know, I haven't had mine yet, Pat.

SECOMBE:

Peter Sellers, forward!

SELLERS:

(OLD CAR NOISES) Brrrrrrrrrrrr. Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Mrrrrrr. Hurry up, Jim. Hurry up. I'm on my way to buy a new motor car, Tim.

SECOMBE:

You've only just bought a new Rolls.

SELLERS:

Ah, but it's facing the wrong way, Jim, it's facing the wrong way.

FX:

PHONE FROM CRADLE.

SELLERS:

Hello, motorcar man? (HUMS) Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello, motorcar man. Can you send me a catalogue of motorcars facing the other way, please?

FX:

PHONE INTO CRADLE.

SELLERS:

Thank heavens that's done, Tim. Perhaps I can get some sleep now.

SECOMBE:

What's the matter, aren't you sleeping?

SELLERS:

No, I'm trying to give it up, Tim. You see, I keep hearing voices all the time.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP - GHOSTLY GLISSANDI

LALKAKA:

(REVERB) Ooooooooooooo! Mister Sellers! Mister Sellers! Wake up, there's a speck of dust under the mud guard.

SELLERS:

What! What! What! What! What! What! Tape record that. Tape record it, quick! What!

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING FRANTICALLY DOWN STAIRS.

SELLERS:

And my trousers! All hands to the pumps.

OMNES:

FRANTIC SHOUTING.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SELLERS:

Hurry up men! Get it under the, erm... under the axle, there. Come along, men.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SELLERS:

Got it? Got it. Mister Drury, have this speck of dirt flown to Rolls Royce to be serviced.

DRURY:

[MILLIGAN]

Nein, nein, mate.

SELLERS:

Just make a tape recording of that. Hello. Hello. Have this speck of dirt flown to Rolls Royce to be serviced. Hmm, yes. I'll just play that back now.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING. SLIGHTLY FASTER PLAYBACK SPEED) "Hello. Hello. Have this speck of dirt flown to Rrrrolls Rrrroyce to be serviced."

SELLERS:

Wonderful. Wonderful. Wonderful. Now I'll take a flashlight photograph of me saying it. Um. Yes, F16 will do, at six feet, yes. (TECHNICAL MUTTERINGS CONTINUE UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Hello, folks. It's sad, folks. For ten years he's been stricken with cars, cameras and a touch of the old tape-recorder. I'll have to have him cured.

GREENSLADE:

Part two. A gentleman's rest home in Sussex.

FX:

CUCKOO WHISTLE.

ECCLES:

Come on, nice doggie! Come out of that tree, doggie. Come on, doggie.

SELLERS:

(SHOUTS) Wrong again, Mad Dan!

ECCLES:

Oh?

SELLERS:

I'm not a doggie. I'm a motorcar. Mrs Plumber, I'm a motorcar, do you hear!

ECCLES:

Come out of that tree, Mrs Plumber the Motorcar.

SELLERS:

Brrrrrrrrrrp. Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

ECCLES:

Oooh! Here listen, I... Come 'ere. Listen! Brrrrrrrrrr. Parp! Parp!

SELLERS:

What a thrill. You're a motorcar, too.

ECCLES:

Yeeeeeeeh! Let's go for a drive together. Oooh!

SELLERS:

First say 'ah'!

ECCLES:

Ahhhh...

GRAMS:

JET OF LIQUID. BUBBLING.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWING) Ta.

SELLERS:

Can't go without petrol, Jim.

ECCLES:

I know.

SELLERS:

Now bend down and I'll start you up.

ECCLES:

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr... Parp, parp, parp, parp, parp, parp... (SELF FADE)

SELLERS:

(SELF FADE) Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Brrrrrr... Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

SEAGOON:

How are they getting on, Doctor?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Brrrrrrrr... Parp! Parp! Parp! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Not very well, I fear. By purging, I've cured his tape recorders but the cars are rather deep rooted. That is why I've called in that great military M.O., Doctor Jim "Drop-'em"...

FX:

SLIDE WHISTLE.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Temporarily confined to his body.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie. The only way to cure him of cars is to make him believe he is a horse.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

Why, why not?

GRYTPYPE:

Why not? Why why not?

SEAGOON:

Knick knock knick kno...

GRYTPYPE:

Knick knock knick knoo knickie knee knah!

SEAGOON:

Well, if you put it like that I agree. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPED UP) "Agreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

GRYTPYPE:

Bring him to this address.

SEAGOON:

Right. Peter! Peter! Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss!

ECCLES:

Meeeow! Meeeowwwuuuu!

SEAGOON:

You're not a pussy.

ECCLES:

I... I am. I know my rights. Meeeow!

SEAGOON:

I'll soon fix you.

ECCLES:

Meeeow!

SEAGOON:

Where's the vet?

ECCLES:

What? No, no! (SUDDEN CHICKEN ATTACK) Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck, buck!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The scene: the outpatient's department of a bombed car-park.

SELLERS:

(APPROACHING) Barp Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

ECCLES:

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

SEAGOON:

Alright, lads. You can pull up here.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah. Welcome. Welcome. Now Mister Sellers, just lay back on this consulting ground, would you?
How are we today?

GRAMS:

(RECORDING. SLIGHTLY FASTER) "BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR - PARP! PARP! PARP! PARP! ERP! ERP!
AHH-HAUP! BRRRR - PARP! PARP! PARP! PARP! PHWWWWI - PHWWUUU... "

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, are we? Well, Moriarty. Roll up his sleeve.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

TEARING OF CLOTH.

GRYTPYPE:

Ta. Now this may hurt just a little...

MILLIGAN:

Arrrghhhhhh!

GRAMS:

SCREAMS, DRUNKEN FOOTBALL CROWD AND PSYCHOTIC WHISTLES. ALL SPEEDED UP.

GRYTPYPE:

There, that wasn't so bad after all, was it?

SEAGOON:

Yes. But why did you do it to *me*?

GRYTPYPE:

Beaussssssse - iyye - ooooraw - iyyyyi. I want you in my power. In three seconds, that injection will turn you into a chicken.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha! You don't expect me to... (SUDDEN CHICKEN ATTACK) Buck buck buck buck!

MORIARTY:

Quick! Get him onto this perch.

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SNAPS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

Let me out!

MORIARTY:

Lay! Lay!

SEAGOON:

I'll write to the farm board about this. I'm no chicken.

GRYTPYPE:

You said it, Ned. Swallow this chromium Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRA

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And that ends the Goon Show for this week.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' PLAYOUT. SHORT VERSION WITH TATTY ENDING.

GREENSLADE:

Well, we appear to have finished a little early. So, here is next week's Goon Show.

SELLERS:

Next week's Goon Show will be about revenge!

ORCHESTRA:

POINTILLISTIC LINK. ENDS WITH TATTY CHORD.

GELDRA

Hoi!

FLOWERDEW:

Hey! Yes, yes, every little helps. As the old lady said when she ate... (TRAILS OFF)

SELLERS:

Next week's Goon Show starts in a moor swept Manor on a windy day. The Master paces the floor.

GRAMS:

HURRIED FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING, FADING, APPROACHING AND FADING.

SEAGOON:

Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Cambridge should never have beaten us. Crutty!

CRUTTY:

[SELLERS]

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Any message of consolation from the Palace?

CRUTTY:

Er, no, sir, no.

SEAGOON:

He's a lot of good, innie. My life. There we were, dressed up like idiots, popping little buttons into a cup. And still no signs of a knighthood.

CRUTTY:

No, I know, sir and I've had the man on the roof all day keeping a lookout.

SEAGOON:

Put another one in the cellar in case it comes by underground. I tell you, I should have been knighted.

CRUTTY:

Well, if you had been, I think you'd have been the shortest knight of the year. Ha ha ha...

FX:

PISTOL SHOTS.

CRUTTY:

Arghhh!

FX:

BODY FALLS TO FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's allergic to bullets. Up you get, Crutty!

CRUTTY:

You hurt me, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well. This doesn't really happen till next week.

CRUTTY:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, place this picture of the Cambridge tiddlywinks team on the mantelpiece.

CRUTTY:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

THREE SHARP PISTOL SHOTS.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Oh-oww!

SEAGOON:

That'll teach 'em a lesson. Ha! Ha! Ha!

CRUTTY:

Have you finished with me now, sir? Could you help me on with this gas mask and de-contamination suit, sir?

SEAGOON:

What are you going to do?

CRUTTY:

Your laundry, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's a lie, I tell you. I'm a most hygienic fellow. I air my socks three times a day and I pay my rates, you understand.

CRUTTY:

Yes, but you're still the...

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, wrong voice, yes. You're still the, erm...

(SECOMBE CRACKS UP)

GRYTPYPE:

You're still the laughing stock of the tiddlywink world.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

SEAGOON:

My fist.

FX:

THUD ON BOARD.

GRYTPYPE:

Owwwww. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPED UP) "OWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

SEAGOON:

State your business.

GRYTPYPE:

Immediately. First, a mere formality. This... this is Count Jim "Groins"...

FX:

STICK IN JAM-TIN. RAPID.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Winner of the perforated vest award for the butler's revenge contest. And... and owner of a do-it-yourself marriage kit.

MORIARTY:

Hello. Hello, Neddle. Neddle, what a nice man he is, Neddle. Neddle. Hello, nice Neddle. Nice. Neddle is nice.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddle, we have a plan for revenging your tiddlywink defeat.

SEAGOON:

You have?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. You are going to challenge Cambridge to a leaping contest.

SEAGOON:

Leaping? I'll start at a disadvantage. I'm the lowest man on earth.

GRYTPYPE:

No comment.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry, Ned, we have here two rocket propelled boots.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. By pressing a button we can rocket you to ten thousand feet, Ned.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Then I'm bound to win.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hahahahahhaaaaa... Bound to win, ha, ha. Yakamoto!

YAKAMOTO:

(RAPID JAPANESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Take a letter on a penguin.

YAKAMOTO:

(RAPID JAPANESE)

SEAGOON:

Men of Cambridge...

GRAMS:

PENGUIN SQUAWKING. CONTINUE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

The Royal champions challenge you... challenge you to a leaping contest. Signed, Ned. Let's hear that back.

GRAMS:

PENGUIN AND PIANO MUSIC HALL ROUTINE - (FROM 'INSURANCE, THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN', SLIGHTLY FASTER)

YAKAMOTO:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Now to try the rocket boots.

MORIARTY:

Right. Hold tight. Go!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh!

GRAMS:

SUDDEN BURST OF GAS.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in another part of next week's Goon Show, an illicit grouse shoot is taking place.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Oh, dear. (SOMETHING IS CUT HERE) Ohhhhhh. Oh! Ooooooh, dear! Here comes a huge pheasant! Me guns!

GRAMS:

GRAPE SHOT.

SEAGOON:

AHHHHHH!

BLOODNOK:

Got 'im!

SEAGOON:

Ooooooooooh!

FX:

BODY THUDS TO THE FLOOR.

ELLINGTON:

Major! Major! This is a very strange bird. It's wearing boots and they are smoking.

BLOODNOK:

I don't know how they can afford it.

SEAGOON:

Awwwww!

ELLINGTON:

He said 'awwwww'.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, alright, I speak the language. Wait a moment. I recognise the shape of that voice.

FX:

OPENING OLD NEWSPAPERS.

BLOODNOK:

Where's me old newspaper cuttings? Here they are. Ah, ha! Oahhhhh! It's Private Seagoon, late of the 1st Heavy Things. Ooahhh! Ooahhh! Ooaaahhh, my dear! Just look at that terrible swelling in his wallet.

FX:

ZIPPER OPENING.

BLOODNOK:

I shall have to remove the pressure.

FX:

PAPER CURRENCY BEING COUNTED.

BLOODNOK:

Twenty four, twenty five...thirty. There. Poor, poor fellow.

SEAGOON:

(COMING AROUND) Aaahh! Oh, where am I?

BLOODNOK:

Steady, lad, steady! You need nourishment. Here's the menu. Order freely.

SEAGOON:

What do you recommend?

BLOODNOK:

Special today, just on the market, one second-hand army dinner, twelve shillings.

SEAGOON:

How old is it?

BLOODNOK:

A young forty three.

SEAGOON:

No, I'm sorry, I'm going steady with an irish stew.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! A broth of a girl! Oh-hhhahahaha! Oh, dear, oh, dear. It was jokes like that made me the toast like Mymushlike.

SEAGOON:

What's Mymushlike?

BLOODNOK:

The back of a bus.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I... I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

The immortal line.

SEAGOON:

Kindly leave the army.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. You look like a sporting man. How would you like to buy half-shares in my knees?

SEAGOON:

Your knees aren't worth anything.

BLOODNOK:

Not now they're not, but invest them... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE) But invest in them while the market is cheap, lad, because tomorrow, who knows? My knees might rule the world! Can't you see the Financial Times? 'Bloodnok's knees up four points'!

ELLINGTON:

Major, look! A peasant.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

MORIARTY:

Aaaahhh! Awwwraghhh!

ELLINGTON:

You fool, Major! I said peasant not pheasant!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, dear, I've shot off his laundry marks!

SEAGOON:

Laundry marks? That's old Alf Marks' dad!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C. THIN CYMBAL SNAP AT END.

BLOODNOK:

Every one a genuine handwritten Monkhouse!

MORIARTY:

Now come on, Neddie. We must get back to leaping practice now.

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Listen, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's someone hiding inside you.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! It must be a Cambridge spy.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Say 'ahh'.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

(REVERB) Anybody down there? I'd better go down and see.

MORIARTY:

Mind how you go.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS DOWN WOODEN STAIRS.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Dum dum dum dum dee dee...

GRAMS:

DISTANT BUBBLING OF CAULDRON.

SEAGOON:

So that's what he had for breakfast. Hm. I'd better go further down.

WILLIUM:

It's quicker in the lift, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

ANCIENT LIFT, DOORS CLOSE, HISS OF MACHINERY.

WILLIUM:

Going down. Fourth floor: adam's apple, tonsils, throat, and that wobbly bit at the back. What floor you want, mate?

SEAGOON:

Bottom.

WILLIUM:

Oh, bottom floor. Liver, giblets and a dirty great lump of suet pudding.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. By the way, where's the nearest exit?

WILLIUM:

There.

SEAGOON:

Ah, an ear'ole. And there's an eye looking in!

WILLIUM:

What's the matter, don't you trust us, mate?

GRAMS:

CAULDRON BUBBLES.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Soaked! Moriarty, you filthy swine, stop drinking tea up there. Now, folks! While I'm drying my teeth, here's the whole cunning of the Ellington Quartet.

ELLINGTON:

Oohhhh, I'll get him for that, cor blimey!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

LALKAKA:

I will put it... I'll be putting it here, sir. Mr Banerjee will put it here, understand.

BANERJEE:

Alright, alright. Putting it in there. You are putting it there.

LALKAKA:

You are understanding it.

BANERJEE:

Would you first... you better get permission of this gentleman.

LALKAKA:

Pardon me, sir, you are living in this house?

SELLERS:

(AS A. E. MATTHEWS) Yeees.

LALKAKA:

We are going to put a lamppost here now.

SELLERS:

I know. I'm not moving from here until you take that blasted concrete lump away!

LALKAKA:

Oh, good heavens...

GREENSLADE:

That was the nature of a bravado, sir. However, next week's Goon Show we come to is part two. Spelt T-W-O and pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP: "TWWWOOOOOO!"

GREENSLADE:

Unbeknown to Neddie, Bloodnok has revealed the secret of the rocket boots to the Cambridge leaping team.

FX:

TILL. COIN IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. As an old light blue I thought it my duty to tell you all.

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, Seagoon's an absolute bounder, sir! (OFF) On that foot... clear!

UNDERGRADUATE 2:

[SECOMBE]

He's a water[?].

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

Yours.

UNDERGRADUATE 3:

[ELLINGTON]

Yarooooooh!

UNDERGRADUATE 4:

[SELLERS]

Cavey!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Don't make a move, you Cambridge devils. I'll be avenged, mark ye!

BLOODNOK:

Don't be an eleven plus fool. Take your medicine like a Neolithic man, sir.

SEAGOON:

Never! I'll take to the hills of Wales. Farewell!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING. OVER) "We'll keep a welcome in the hillside..."

HERN:

And so began the legend of Ned Seagoon - outlaw. For months the dreaded cry rang out...

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Your tiddlywinks or your life.

MINNIE:

Owwww! Oh, dear. Oh, dear, Henry, it's a masked bandit riding a tricycle - side-saddle!

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

Ooowwwh!

CRUN:

Get behind me, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooowwwh.

CRUN:

Now, sir, one step nearer and I'll brandish this shopping list at you!

SEAGOON:

Very well, I'll have you both searched from top to bottom.

MINNIE:

Me first!

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, don't get excited dear, it's only me.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

FLOWERDEW:

No tiddlys on 'er, dear.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhh!

FLOWERDEW:

Or him.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Ahhh, mind what you're doing there.

FLOWERDEW:

Makes you want to spit, doesn't it.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Thank you. Ca... ca...

CRUN:

Tell 'im, Min, tell 'im.

MINNIE:

Can... can we go free?

SEAGOON:

If you're in the woods, yes. Now then... this is the plan. Tonight we attack Trinity College Cambridge.

MINNIE:

Good night to you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good moooooorning!

ALL:

(VARIOUSLY) Moooooorning... Moooooooooorning!

SEAGOON:

Good night. Tonight... we attack Trinity College Cambridge, the heart of the tiddlywink country.

ORCHESTRA:

EPIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BELLS OF TRINITY COLLEGE OVER.

ECCLES:

Four o'clock and all's well. Cuckoo!!

SEAGOON:

Now men, this is how we get them to come out.

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

What, sir?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) FAAAAAG! FAAAAAG!

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS - VERY SMALL SIZE. START VERY FAR OFF, APPROACHING GRADUALLY, THEN SUDDENLY VERY CLOSE. ALL SPEEDED UP.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(PANTING) What is it, Jones minor?

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heuo-heoughh! Oh, my legs.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, my legs.

SEAGOON:

Where's the Cambridge tiddlywinks safe?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I will not tell... Oooo. Suddenly sees studio audience. Hello everybody! And if you're listening at home, hello Eileen Briggs. I told you I was on the wireless, didn't I?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm talking to my bird at home.

SEAGOON:

You dirty little devil you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Argh aoough!

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

Take that.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

And that.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

Take this.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't care...

ECCLES:

Here, here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

...if you do hit me.

ECCLES:

What... what's going on? What's going on 'ere?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll clear off, then.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, come back here.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Swallow this bullet.

ECCLES:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

And keep this child covered.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS) Ok.

SEAGOON:

I'll go and destroy the Cambridge tiddlywinks.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

ECCLES:

Don't move, this blanket's loaded. (OFF) I'm gonna cover you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, whose side you on then, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'm on the Royal Champion's side.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh.

ECCLES:

Owhhh. 'Ere.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

I... I went to Buckingham Palace.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! What happened?

ECCLES:

I got thrown out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

There's still romance left in England, you know. Is that a royal lump what you've got on your nut, then?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! Looks like they're the hard to get.

ECCLES:

Not if you try to break into the palace, it ain't. Hehaahaheeehough!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I be the man that sees no-one touches it for you?

ECCLES:

'Ere, they made a record of this lump. Listen, I'll play it for you.

GRAMS:

SLAPSTICK ON SHINS.

ECCLES:

Owww!

GRAMS:

PIANO CHORD IN C.

GREENSLADE:

(DISTANT) Oi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, what a lovely thing to pass onto your children.

ECCLES:

Yer.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Neddie is about to destroy Cambridge secret hoard of tiddlywinks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oohh!

FX:

EXPLOSIVE TIMER BEING ADJUSTED.

SEAGOON:

Hahahaha! Soon have that safe opened. Hehehe! Got it.

FX:

SAFE OPENS

SEAGOON:

Now... What??

SPRIGGS:

Hands up, Neddie Seagoon. Hands up Neddie Sea-goooooon!

SEAGOON:

Curse. It's the captain of the Cambridge tiddlywinks team.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jiiim! We've been waiting in this safe for you, Jim. Spelled J-I-M, pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPEEDED UP SPRIGGS) Jeeeeee-eeeeeeeeem!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) You've been a cad, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ho ho ho! John Snagge! The umpire!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) Your conduct as a royal champion has been disgraceful.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING)

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) I must ask you formally to hand back your tiddlys.

ORCHESTRA:

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" SCRATCHY VIOLIN SOLO. UNDER.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) The shame! Oh, folks the shame!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) I have here a royal proclamation that you be taken to the tower and incarcerated.

SEAGOON:

Oo, oo, oo, oh, - aah aah ahhhh! Not that. Not that!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) First, as a penalty, you will raise your right leg, you will face east, and you will sing the tiddlywinks national anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

INTRO

SEAGOON:

(TO THE TUNE 'MEN OF HARLECH')

All the nations are before us
With their Sputniks and Explorers.
What can confidence restore us?
Naught but tiddlywinks.

On the fields of Eton.
Common folks were beaten.
But today our patriot play
This sport which needs such grit and concentration.
Rule this game of skill and power
England knows her finest hour
And her stronghold, shield and tower
Must be tiddlywiiiiiiinks!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

ECCLES:

(OVER) CUCKOO!

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and John Snagge with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chiltern.

Notes:

This episode is based on a real event when, in 1958, students at the University of Cambridge Tiddlywinks Club challenged HRH Prince Philip to a match. The Duke appointed the Goons as his Royal Champions, but they lost.

S8 E25 - The Evils of Bushy Spon

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. By Jove, it smells good! And now, creaking in every joint, the well-turned knees of The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

RANDOM ARPEGGIOS FROM A SELECTION OF INSTRUMENTS WITH 'TA-DAA' CHORD AT THE END.

SECOMBE:

Yes! And it's 842 on the hit parade! Next, The Evils of Bushy Spon, part one. A meeting of the council.

OMNES:

MUTTERS, RHUBARBS, CHICKENS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Now then... Now then... Settle down. Now then...

MILLIGAN:

Urrgghurrdurghher...(ETC)

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

MILLIGAN:

Urrgghurdueergheeerr.

SELLERS:

Here, here.

SEAGOON:

Now then, what's next on the council agenda?

SECRETARY:

[MILLIGAN]

(DERANGED) I... er... I'd like... I'd like to bring the committee's report on the proposed lamp-post, first submitted in 1919.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good!

SECRETARY:

Oh, it is good, isn't it. (MURMURS IN BACKGROUND) What? The position chosen for the lamp-post is 53 spon-yards north of the kerbside.

SEAGOON:

Why? Is it very dark there?

SECRETARY:

Only at night time.

SEAGOON:

Ah! So you found that out, too?

SECRETARY:

Ah, yes...

SEAGOON:

Ha ha... You can't say we don't do our best.

ECCLES:

I can say it.

FX:

PUNCH

ECCLES:

Oowoow!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS.

SEAGOON:

Has anyone commissioned the building of this lamp-post?

FLOWERDEW:

Good heavens, no! We haven't decided what colour it's going to be.

SEAGOON:

Any... suggestions?

FLOWERDEW:

Well, I have heard that green is an un sinful colour.

SEAGOON:

Green?

MILLIGAN:

(MUTTERING) Just said that...

SEAGOON:

Yes, that... that... that... that would mean... wouldn't that mean painting it?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, well, that... that would mean the compulsory purchase of a pot of paint. All those in favour...

GRAMS:

GURGLING SHEEP, CHICKENS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Splendid, chaps! Now then, we shall have to find a *designer* for the lamp-post.

GREENSLADE:

I think my brother can help us there.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes? Oh, well, let's go and see him. Hold on to my foot.

ORCHESTRA:

WALKING OFF SOMEWHERE MUSIC.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER. DOOR OPENS.

JAKE:

[SELLERS]

Mornin! Maarrgh, mornin! Ha haaarghh! Orr-hargh! Orrr-ha-haaagh!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Who are you?

SEAGOON:

We're from the Bushy Spon Council.

JAKE:

Orr! Marrrnaarrn faargenoo erpthwearrgghhh! Maaaargghhh!

SEAGOON:

How very nice for you. We would like you to design a lamp-post for us.

JAKE:

Oo arrggghh, hnaarrgh! I'll run out and buy a pencil. Arnhaarrghhhaa!

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There's enterprise for you!

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Mind you, it runs in the family.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RETURNING.

JAKE:

Ha-ha, a-ha, a-ha! I gotten... I got a pencil! Aha haargh!

SEAGOON:

That's a steamroller.

JAKE:

Is it? I'll kill that blasted store-keeper! Arrrggghhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

And he did!

JAKE:

I al... I always play them little jokes. Aaaaa, ahahahaarrrgghhhh!

SEAGOON:

(NERVOUSLY) Aha, ha, ha... What a grand chap! Ahaha! Much as I hate to say it, he... he doesn't seem the man for the job.

GREENSLADE:

Well, there's his brother, Mad Dan.

ECCLES:

Hallo! You like animals?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Ok, you can pat my head.

SEAGOON:

Do you know anything about lamp-posts?

ECCLES:

Ohahahoo! Yeah! Um, er... Go on, go on! 'Ere! 'Ere! Go on. Ask me a question about a lamp-post. Ask me a question!

SEAGOON:

Ok. What *is* a lamp-post?

ECCLES:

Oho! The hard ones first, eh? (GOES MAD)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Greenslade, Mr. Greenslade. Mr. Greenslade. Somehow, I don't think this... this... this gentleman here...

ECCLES:

What? What? What? Gentlem... you... Ah! Gentleman! You be careful what you call me! You, erm... you heard of Hyde Park?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, you just watch out, then.

SEAGOON:

We'll have to advertise for a man. We'll write one on a cigarette and put it in a tabacconist's window.

ORCHESTRA:

TA DA!

GREENSLADE:

Part Two. The Great Ormesrod Refuse Tip at Filthmuck-on-Sea.

GRAMS:

FLIES, DUSTBINS BEING SEARCHED.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Oh, oh, oh, hooo! I lost my heart in an English dustbin. Oh, I num diddle ahh! Ohh! (SLAPS GUMS) Ohohohooo...

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Well, then... Hoi! What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, listen...

MORIARTY:

You interrupted me at luncheon!

GRYTPYPE:

Listen to this. It says here "Wanted, high-grade lamp-post designer, all money found."

MORIARTY:

Money! (RANTS INSANELY)

GRYTPYPE:

We're going to be rich! Pack up the swill bags and put the banana skins on ice. Taxi!

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION.

THROAT:

Where to, mate?

GRYTPYPE:

Follow the direction of that pointed finger.

THROAT:

Right, mate.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR KNOCKER, DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Ah, you must be the men in answer to the lamp-post.

GRYTPYPE:

Can we come in?

SEAGOON:

No, I'll come out.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha. Thank you for your kind, stinking English hospitality. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Olé.

GRYTPYPE:

The gentleman with me here, in the paper sack, is the well-known continental steamer, Count Jim "Oddman"...

GRAMS:

MANY PIECES OF METAL FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Husband extraordinary by appointment to the House of Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON:

What muscular teeth!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he's had offers, you know. He's known... (WAY OFF) He's known as the old love-muscle! (BACK AGAIN) Now the reverse of this Nubian Quinge is our proposed design for a lamp-post.

SEAGOON:

Gad! And it's got a light at the top! What a novel idea!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. We got the idea from a novel. Er, before we talk money, may I introduce Dutch Max Jim Geldray to make certain thin sounds.

MAX:

Thin ploogie!

MAX GELDRAI:

"GOON SHOW THEME TUNE"

GREENSLADE:

The part two of part three: The pie po poo-poo pappy pie-pie. The scene outside a quiet cottage in Bushey Spon.

GRAMS:

PICK-AXE DIGGING-TYPE NOISES.

WILLIUM:

Ah! Is this 'ole big enough, mate?

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Yes, it... it appears to be big enough.

WILLIUM:

I see. Er, what's it big enough for?

SEAGOON:

Well, hahaha! There you have me. Oh, wait! Yes, I... I have a note written on my secretary here. Come in Maud. Ah, yes. It's... it... Oh, Maud! It's, um... It's for a lamp-post.

WILLIUM:

Oh, a lamp-post. Lovely. Lovely. What flavour?

SEAGOON:

Concrete.

WILLIUM:

Concrete? Ohhooohh! Flavour of the month. Lovely! You know they say that concrete lamp-posts never go deaf.

SEAGOON:

Ahaha. You can't rely on those old country superstitions, you know. (LAUGHS STUPIDLY)

WILLIUM:

Anyhow, matey, this lamp-post's going to be a boon. You see, at the present I has to walk ten mile every night to the one in the village.

SEAGOON:

Eh?

WILLIUM:

Well, I... I keep a dog, you see.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. You... you had me worried for a moment, there!

WILLIUM:

Ha-ho! Oh...

SEAGOON:

Tell me, have you ever been sprayed with green glue, inscribed with indelible saffron ink and bound with luke-warm string bearing invisible venua-knots?

WILLIUM:

No.

SEAGOON:

Gad, this *is* an uninteresting place, I must say.

WILLIUM:

Don't you believe it, matie. 'Ere...

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

They do say at about ten to seven every night, a man with flannels and sport coat walks slowly down the street and goes in that house there.

SEAGOON:

A ghost!

WILLIUM:

No, it's old Tom Bollow coming home from work.

SEAGOON:

End of cross-talk, there! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

RAUCOUS CAN-CAN-TYPE MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

Day after day the hole grew deeper, which is the right direction for holes. Inside the little cottage, fear had spread.

GRAMS:

DIGGING SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Ying tong niddle naddle noo... Pi pa pa pa pa pa po. Ya pa pa pa pa pa pee pa pa pa po...

HENRY:

Min...

MINNIE:

Pow!

HENRY:

Min...

MINNIE:

Pow?

HENRY:

Come away from the window, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! I'm only watching them dig that... that hole... the hole, Henry. The hole, Henry cocky!

HENRY:

You were watching a *man* digging a hole.

MINNIE:

Oh, is that a man?

HENRY:

It's sinful, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...

HENRY:

Do you want people to start talking?

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY:

Looking at a man you don't even know?

MINNIE:

Ohhh. I don't know what's come over you lately, Henry. You're not the man I used to know.

HENRY:

Oh? And who is this man you used to know, then?

MINNIE:

It was you!

HENRY:

You used to know me?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes.

HENRY:

I'll get even with him!

GRAMS:

PHONE RINGING WITH BELL SMOTHERED.

BOTH:

(ASSORTED OOS AND PANICKING)

HENRY:

Was that you, Min?

MINNIE:

I... I don't think so, Henry. I'll... I'll just look at my knees. No.

GRAMS:

PHONE AGAIN.

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhhh!

HENRY:

Ohh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh. What is that strange midnight power?

HENRY:

I've just seen it. it's coming from that leather telephone.

MINNIE:

Oh! It's... it's *magic*, I tell you! Oh-ho! Oh!

HENRY:

Hand... hand me the lead blunderbuss with the screwshot. Now then, sir...

GRAMS:

DOUBLE-BARREL GUNSHOT.

HENRY:

Got it, right in the crin!

GRAMS:

SEAGOON CHATTERING AND FARTING SPEEDED UP OVER PHONE.

HENRY:

Oh! There's a man inside the ear listening piece. Hello man.

MINNIE:

Hello!

HENRY:

Hello man? Oh, yes. Yes, master, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh! Well, what does it say, Henry?

HENRY:

I heard our master's voice on the telephone.

MINNIE:

Poooow! Witchcraft!

HENRY:

He says he's coming back for the weekend.

MINNIE:

We'd better get his bath full.

HENRY:

Yes, don't forget he likes half water and half gin.

MINNIE:

No. He likes it half full and the other half empty, Henry.

HENRY:

Shhhh - shhhtoooo!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Oh, the master's coming home today! (SPEAKS) I'll lay out my new frock.

HENRY:

He won't wear it, you know.

MINNIE:

What do you mean...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SCENE-CHANGE CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

The lamp-post, part three. A lamp-post foundry in Rhodesia, Africa, W12.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

ENGINES, WHIPS, BANGS, EXPLOSIONS, ETC.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! (ETC) Oh, dear. Oh, it's... it's hell in there, you know.

TOM:

[ELLINGTON]

Major Bloodnok, safari has arrived from England.

BLOODNOK:

England? Englishmen, Tom. We must give our guests a real British welcome.

TOM:

Right, I'll hide all the food and drink.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes. And Tom? Put the cat out.

TOM:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

It's on fire. You know... I shall have to have him seen to, he's got a cross-eyed tail, you know.

TOM:

Erm... shall I lay out the red carpet?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and put the price ticket on it.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahoy there, ahoy!

BLOODNOK:

It's ahoy-there-ahoy! Welcome to Africa, Ahoy, sir. Let me play you the primitive music of Africa.

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

BLOODNOK:

The next dance, please.

SEAGOON:

Major, your fame as a lamp-post builder has reached England.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you want to buy one? What size, darling?

SEAGOON:

38 chest, darling.

BLOODNOK:

I've just got one left. And I've got one right.

SEAGOON:

I'll buy the right one.

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

The street it's going in is facing away from Clochemerle.

BLOODNOK:

They're all the rage, you know, yes. Anyway, I... I admire your choice, sir. You can't beat a concrete lamp-post, you know.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish, I beat mine every morning! I show it who is the master.

BLOODNOK:

I'll tell you what... (THEY BOTH CRACK UP HERE!) I'll let you have this twenty-guinea lamp-post free, entirely free for ninety-nine pounds.

SEAGOON:

How much is that in English? You see... I can't count.

BLOODNOK:

What! Ohohoho! Oh, just open your naughty old naughty wallet and let dear little Dennis have a look in, I can count it for you. Ohh! All in gold sovereigns! Right.

FX:

COINS START TO BE COUNTED, THEN POURED.

GREENSLADE:

And all through the night, Bloodnok carefully counted out the naughty money with a shovel.

FX:

COUNTING STOPS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh. One shilling. There. Now, carry those fifty sacks containing one shilling to my hut...

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhhh, ahhhhh, aaaaaaahhhh... Major, the la... aaahhhaa, lamp-post is aaahhh all ahhhh all packed and ready ahhh ready.

BLOODNOK:

Are you quite sure, Hugh?

HUGH:

Ahhhh, well, I... ahhhhhh I suppose, ahhhhh, aaaahhhhhhhhh...

BLOODNOK:

Well, look here, if you're not sure, say so. Oh, well, Ned, bon voyage and bin viyuge. See you off, here is a flock of dogs and one Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT (FROM A DREAM IS A WOMAN - COMP. DUKE ELINGTON)"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

CRICKETS CHIRP UNDER FOLLOWING.

SEAGOON:

That night we camped near the great Zambesi falls. It was nearly midnight, twelve o'clock yet, when we heard that dreaded cry...

GRAMS:

SPLOOSH, THEN SPEEDY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

SEAGOON:

What is it, lad?

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Someone drowning! Anybody got a rope?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've got one, I've got one!

SEAGOON:

Throw it here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Catch...

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS) Thank you. Now, who's drowning?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am!

SEAGOON:

Good! Where are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

In the river! Help me! Help me, I'm drowning! I... Ohh. Sees audience. Hello everybody.

GRAMS:

MASSIVE CHEERING FROM ENORMOUS CROWD.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, ta. Now back to my dramatic drowning scene. Help! Spelled H-E-L-P, pronounced...

GRAMS:

MULTI-SPEED GURGLING "HELPS".

SEAGOON:

Here, swallow this rope, pronounced...

GRAMS:

RRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOPE!

SEAGOON:

Spriggs, this river's full of water.

SPRIGGS:

And it's soaking wet. (SINGS) It's soaking wet it i-iiiiis! Thank you, Jim fans. Thank you, Jims. Thank you, Jims. (SINGS) Thank you, Ji-iiiiims.

SEAGOON:

It'll catch its death of cold. Help me get it into bed.

SPRIGGS:

What kind of bed does a river sleep in Jim?

SEAGOON:

A river bed!

SEAGOON & SPRIGGS:

Hup...

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA.

SEAGOON:

Pronounced...

GRAMS:

TA-DA SLIGHTLY HIGHER AND SPEEDED UP.

SEAGOON:

Or in a higher key...

GRAMS:

TA-DA VERY FAST AND HIGH.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. On return to England, the contract for putting up the lamp-post went to India.

FX:

THUMPS ON THE FLOOR, VARIOUS INDIAN-TYPE STRAINS.

LALKAKA:

Mind it, Mr. Bannerjee. Mind it, man! Mind it man, what do...

BANERJEE:

Wait... wait... wait.... wait a moment. Wait... wait a moment. Would you put... put your hand under here.

LALKAKA:

Oh! Steady, man!

BANERJEE:

What? What?

LALKAKA:

Nearly had it on my foot, then. My poor old paw!

BANERJEE:

Don't argue with me, Babbu, don't argue man.

LALKAKA:

Man, it is too heavy for my poor old legs, man.

BANERJEE:

Chut! Chut! Chut!

LALKAKA:

You chut yourself, man.

BANERJEE:

Please listen... listen to me, will you?

LALKAKA:

Listening.

BANERJEE:

Please, you are considering the job before considering ourselves, you must understand that, you see.

LALKAKA:

I'm understanding it, man. I...

BANERJEE:

What do you...

LALKAKA:

Listen! I...

BANERJEE:

Ah...

LALKAKA:

I am... I am considering it but I'm considering it when I don't like it! I don't *like* it, man. Stop acting like a (herefin?).

BANERJEE:

You are accusing me of acting like a (herefin?)!

LALKAKA & BANERJEE:

(STOP AND START SPEAKING TOGETHER A FEW TIMES AND SAY "WHAT?" A LOT)

LALKAKA:

Alright, alright, alright...

BANERJEE:

My fine fellow, this lamp-post is no good lying on the ground. We must get it in the little hole, you see.

LALKAKA:

Well, hurry, daddy.

SEAGOON:

(IN A BAD INDIAN ACCENT) How are we getting on? Spelled O-N, pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP "OOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNN!", ACTUALLY COMING IN BEFORE PREVIOUS LINE FINISHES.

SEAGOON:

That was it!

MINNIE:

You, there!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

You men, go away! Shoo! Shoo!

SEAGOON:

It's a poor old man from the cottage.

MINNIE:

What are you putting up there?

BLOODNOK:

A concrete lamp-post, sir.

MINNIE:

Don't call me sir. I'm a woman!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear, what a target! And I haven't got me gun!

MINNIE:

What!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop making those terrible gestures!

BLOODNOK:

They're not gestures, sir, they're me old finger-snapping tricks. Look at this one, here.

GRAMS:

MUCH SPEEDED UP FINGER-SNAPPING, WITH A POP-THUDGE AT THE END.

BLOODNOK:

Oy! Oh, yes!

GRAMS:

(HENRY CRUN) COME AWAY FROM THAT MILITARY MAN!

BLOODNOK:

What!

GRAMS:

(STILL HENRY CRUN, GETTING FASTER) HE'S GOT ANTS IN HIS PANTS AND CERTAIN RASPUTIN-LIKE POWERS. AND, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS NOW THE OWNER OF THE SIBERIAN (FOREIGN SECRETARY?), MIN!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! Give me that stone. (STRAINS)

FX:

STONE THROWN WITH AN OWWWWW FROM GRAMS HENRY!

BLOODNOK:

Got him! Right on Miss Bannister's nose! Now let's get this blasted lamp-post in. Bring that hole over here.

SEAGOON:

Lift...

FX:

RIPS

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Ooo! Me trousers have gone!

HENRY:

Min, come away from that window!

MINNIE:

They're putting a lamp-post up, Henry.

HENRY:

Oh! The Master won't like that, there, Min, I'm telling you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Oh, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

Who *is* the Master?

MINNIE:

Now, then. He's... just coming in now across the road now.

HENRY:

Yes, there's the Master, there he is.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE AS A. E. MATTHEWS ENTERS

MATTHEWS:

Anyone got a match?

HENRY:

Here you are, sir.

MINNIE:

Give the Master a match.

HENRY:

Here... here you are, sir. There we are, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

HENRY:

Mr. Crun, sir, your retainer.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

I'm... I'm from the Ministry of Lamp-posts, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm the lamp-post they want to put up, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Haven't any of you got a name?

OMNES:

(MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

I'm Fred Lamp-post, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Now, wait a (MUMBLES). Where am I?

HENRY:

...waiting for you...

MATTHEWS:

Do you know... What? Alright, wait a moment, don't interrupt, don't interrupt. I've never seen, in... well, I've been on the stage, two or three years. Look at this audience. Tell me, have they paid?

MINNIE:

Not a penny. Not a penny, sir!

MATTHEWS:

Don't cry about it. D'you know... Camden Theatre.

HENRY:

Camden, yes, um...

MATTHEWS:

It's a bit of a thrill to me because...

HENRY:

Yes?

MATTHEWS:

...in er... I messed that up, didn't I. Anyhow... I played... I'm going to tell you about myself but I like [UNCLEAR], you don't mind?

HENRY:

[UNCLEAR], carry on!

MINISTER:

About this lamp-post, sir. We're very worried about where to put it.

MATTHEWS:

I'd like to get rid about this lamp-post, excepting one thing.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

MATTHEWS:

It's... it's... it's given me a lot of... well, I've met a lot of people through it in this way. Night before... what... what is tonight?

BLOODNOK:

Ee, er...

SEAGOON:

Friday.

MILLIGAN:

Sunday

MATTHEWS:

Sunday, you open on Sundays! No wonder you get a good house. You know...

BLOODNOK:

It's all free, sir, it's all free.

MATTHEWS:

Oh, is it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

MATTHEWS:

Yes. I... you told me that a little while ago.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

MATTHEWS:

Now, d'you know, er, night before last, I was on the television.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhh!

MATTHEWS:

You know.

MINNIE:

Oh, sir, we told you before,...

MATTHEWS:

I was there for half... what?

MINNIE:

...it's very cold at night, you shouldn't have gone out, buddy.

HENRY:

You shouldn't have gone out, sir.

MATTHEWS:

You're over-acting, leave it to me. (AUDIENCE CHEER AND CLAP) Anyhow, I was there for half an hour. And it was all through that lamp-post otherwise I shouldn't have been there. They'd pay me for it. Last night... Ah!

SELLERS:

Oh!

MATTHEWS:

What? I tell you, you act too much.

HENRY:

You've given her the vapours, sir.

MATTHEWS:

What?

HENRY:

You've given her the vapours.

MATTHEWS:

I didn't quite get it.

HENRY:

Your outburst gave her the vapours.

MATTHEWS:

Oh, we'll leave that, I can't quite understand it. Anyhow, last night... now what?

MINISTER:

What about the hole in the road, sir?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINISTER:

We... from the council are very worried about the hole, we want to know what to do with the lamp-post hole.

HENRY:

Yes, sir.

MINISTER:

Can you, er... would you like to take charge of it?

MATTHEWS:

Well, at the present moment it isn't worrying me so much because...

MINISTER:

Didn't you fall in it, sir?

MATTHEWS:

I put me foot in it, it's painful. That's nothing. On the whole, it's done me a lot of good, it's got me two or three jobs.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and our guest, Mr. A. E. Matthews. With the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Charles Chilton.

MINNIE:

We go home now, buddy.

MATTHEWS:

Well, I haven't started yet! What do you mean? You don't mean I've finished?

HENRY:

We're very worried, it's a cold night, sir.

MATTHEWS:

You know this is the shortest appearance I've ever made in my life!

HENRY:

Come on, sir, our guest is waiting for you.

LALKAKA:

(MILLIGAN CAN BARELY GET THIS LINE OUT FOR LAUGHING) Our guest is waiting for you, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Can I have a drink now?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, sir! Come along!

MATTHEWS:

Thank you. God bless.

ORCHESTRA:

DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD (COMP. ARLEN)

S8 E26 - The Great Statue Debate

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG.

GREENSLADE:

Even the smallest contributions will be gratefully received. Cheques should be made out to Mr. W. Greenslade in the plain wrappers.

SEAGOON:

Greenslade, take off those dark glasses and put that match tray down.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry Mr. Seagoon, it's the recession, you know. It's not my fault.

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you what *is* your fault.

GREENSLADE:

What's that, sir?

SEAGOON:

That big fat steaming belly of yours.

GREENSLADE:

There is *no* steam in my belly, sir.

SEAGOON:

No steam in your belly? Unbutton your waistcoat.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN BURST OF STEAM.

GREENSLADE:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

And... sing this well-known phrase.

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) I'm a little daffodil. (SPEAKING) And it's pronounced -

GRAMS:

SINGS SPED UP - "I'M A LITTLE DAFFODIL".

SEAGOON:

Next... Read the Sanskrit writing-writting on this piece of [UNCLEAR].

GREENSLADE:

Well it's awfully long. Could I have some music behind it, please?

SEAGOON:

My dear friend Webster Smogule will oblige.

SMOGULE:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you. (MEGAPHONE) (SINGS) Ohh oh, eohhh. (&c CONTINUE UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

An excerpt from the daily press dated the fourth of March. 'A statue of King James 2nd is to be removed from Trafalgar Square to make way for a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh. The move was announced in the House of Commons by the Minister of Works'. Ladies and gentlemen, we present 'The Goon Show'.

OMNES:

POLITICAL RHUBARBS

MINISTER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you. Erm, the establishment of the drains in Hackney and the one percent on the leather supports for...

MINISTER 2:

[SECOMBE]

What about the drains?

MINISTER 1:

The one percent on the leather supports for aged gentlemen.

MINISTER 3:

[SELLERS]

Don't do it in here, go outside.

MINISTER 1:

Oh, if only he'd have said that sooner.

MINISTER 2:

Disgusting!

MINISTER 1:

Is the mangle factory along the Volga with its heavy... and so... and here... in the river aye... aaugh... the aye the no.

MINISTER 2:

Splendid maiden speech.

MINISTER 1:

Thank you.

MINISTER 4:

[SELLERS]

Are you questioning his sex, madam?

MINISTER 5:

[MILLIGAN]

Please gentlemen, don't spon the splue. I have to clean up afterwards.

MINISTER 2:

Proles!

MINISTER 5:

[MILLIGAN]

What?

MINISTER 4:

Please remember where you are.

MINISTER 2:

I'm afraid I can't.

MINISTER 4:

This is the House of Commons.

MINISTER 2:

Oh, dear. I'd better get out.

MINISTER 4:

Why?

MINISTER 2:

I'm only an assistant draper in Kensington.

MINISTER 6:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh! Have you any oddments? I mean...

MINISTER 2:

Do I? Aha, ha, ha.

MINISTER 6:

Yes? Oh, dear.

GRAMS:

POLITICAL HUBBUB.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Silence, please. Silence, please! Please, silence! Oh, silence, I... Please, I insist. I insist. I'm trying to get some sleep. S-L-double-E-P. Pronounced...

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

SLEEEEEEEEEEP!

WEST COUNTRY YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

Me 'orn arn nikka-noo. Conn lawlyn quardle cupkey lard dic parganoo. Oh, ahh-ar-arrgh! Argh! Dick set black get Bristol up for the 'airy on the market black. Tic tac tai, tikkie too argh. Nikkie nacks ark nack nightmare steam dung. Ah-ha.

MINISTER 2:

We should have been told sooner!

MINISTER 7:

[SELLERS]

Don't worry, sir. You soon will be.

MINISTER 2:

Gad!

MINISTER 7:

Ta!

MINISTER 8:

[MILLIGAN]

Yabukkakarkka! Pronounced...

GRAMS MINISTER 8:

RECORDING. HIGHER SPEED "YABUKKAKARKKA!"

MINISTER 2:

There seems to be some strong feeling about this. The house will divide.

GRAMS:

SPLITTING NOISE.

MINISTER 2:

The ayes have it. The no's don't. The legs are unsupported.

MINISTER 9:

[MILLIGAN]

(MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks, hello! With the debates like this England's future was safe. Even now as I stand here I see the Minister of Statues is getting out of his bath to speak.

FX:

WATER SPLASHING.

MINISTER OF STATUES:

[SELLERS]

Honourable members, after several years of careful planning, plonning and plinning which includes the publication of ten white papers, two brown papers, three puce and a leather volume on nothing part three. In view of this, I resign. Taxi! Drive me to the House of Lords.

GRAMS:

TAXI SPEEDS AWAY. CRASH OF BRICK WALL FALLING. TAXI SPEEDS OFF.

MINISTER 2:

Gentlemen, bad news. The leather statue of James the second is to be replaced with a compressed tobacco one of Walter Raleigh.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS RASPBERRY. (FRED THE OYSTER)

MINISTER 2:

Get that ginger group out of here.

MINISTER 10:

[MILLIGAN]

As independent member for Tom Nurgler's hat I must know, what is the reason for removing James the second?

MINISTER 11:

[SELLERS]

He is dead, sir.

MINISTER 10:

I was referring to his statue, which is still alive.

MINISTER 11:

Long live the statue of James the second.

MINISTER 10:

You'll get a...

MINISTER 2:

Gentlemen, please. We're getting away from the subject. Namely, the statue of Walter Raleigh.

MINISTER 12:

[MILLIGAN]

I don't see the point of putting a statue of Prince [UNCLEAR] in Trafalgar Station.

MINISTER 2:

I keep telling you, Madam, the statue is of Sir Walter Raleigh.

MINISTER 12:

Subtleties will get you nowhere.

MINISTER 2:

I never travel by subtleties so I wouldn't know where they get you. Ha ha ha ha ha! (LAUGHS) "I wouldn't know where they..." A-hem. Now, sir. Whoop! Next week... Next week, for one week only, England's glorious hour will be the unveiling of a tobacco statue of Sir Walter Raleigh – cork-tipped.

MINISTER 13:

[SELLERS]

Well, I should like to tell you as leader for the opposition, I would like to do all in my brown power to have it removed, sir. I'd like to say that here and now. Thanks.

MINISTER 2:

What? I insist it be put back. Are you trying to do me out of a job? What's the matter with you, then?

GREENSLADE:

The House will adjourn.

MINISTER 14:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, good. Tea. Come on, let's go.

GREENSLADE:

And members are advised to do likewise. And through a rent in the seat of his trousers, I see Max 'Conk' Geldray attempting to escape into the foyer.

GELDRAY:

Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GELDRAY:

Ploogie! Ploogie!

GREENSLADE:

And now the Great Statue debate part two. One-two! Like that!

SEAGOON:

During the recess I sat in my chamber fuming, one of the few luxuries I still allowed myself. Sir Hock?

THROAT:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

How dare they oppose a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh. Or to put it another way, how dare they oppose a statue of Walter Raleigh. Now you can go.

THROAT:

Ta.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Now, being a member of the ginger group I must take my pound of ginger. (GULPS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. STRENGTH 5

FX:

DOOR OPENS QUICKLY.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Was that you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, I thought it was me. Oh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok. Everyone stand for the anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

SUDDEN TIMPANI NOTE. HOLD UNDER. SOLEMN HYMN-LIKE VERSION OF BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS. STRENGTH 7

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Thank you. Now, Neddie, just hold the other end of this military sock, would you?

FX:

BLACKSMITH HAMMERING ON IRON PIECES.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Ah, la-dee-dee-dee. Oh, dear, they... they do take some straightening out, don't they.

SEAGOON:

What's this arrow on the sole?

BLOODNOK:

That's the direction they go. I trust them implicitly. They were in the mutiny, you know. Wait a moment! Wait! Oh, ah oough! Where's me old photographs? Wait. There's somebody inside them! Hand me that tree.

FX:

SWISH OF BRANCH.

MORIARTY:

Awwww! I've been socked.

BLOODNOK:

Great leaping crabs! It's a... What... what... what is it?!

MORIARTY:

You've struck the last of a long line of Thynne - Moriarty. I challenge you to a dual. Ten paces and fire.

FX:

TWO RAPID PISTOL SHOTS.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! Honour is satisfied.

BLOODNOK:

And so am I.

MORIARTY:

Ta. Allow me to present my latest credentials.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, they're a bit crutty, aren't they? However, I'll play them on this new hygienic gramophone.

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

(RECORDING - SLIGHTLY SPEEDED UP) "HELLO. HELLO. HELLO. MORIARTY RECORD. MORIARTY RECORD. THE OWNER OF THESE CREDENTIALS IS THE GREAT FRENCH STEAMER COUNT JIM 'TIGER-NUTS'..."

GRAMS:

SPRING BONNNNG.

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

"... MORIARTY, DUSTBIN EXTRAORDINARY AND LADY IN WAITING TO [UNCLEAR]."

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a tall handsome nut-strewn man carrying a tin grudge and wheeling a tom cat.

GRYTPYPE:

And this is me off the record.

SEAGOON:

What?! State your business.

GRYTPYPE:

I am, sir, Hercules Grytpype-et-cetera-et-cetera, owner of the Houses of Parliament.

SEAGOON:

Ha! Our landlord. Well, I'm very pleased to meet you.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good, good. Here's an eviction notice.

SEAGOON:

No thanks. I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm giving you seven doors to get out. O - U - T pronounced,

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

(RECORDING - SPEEDED UP) "OUT!"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the House of Commons.

GRAMS:

PUB BRAWL. SCREAMS. SMASHING GLASS. POLICE CARS SCREECHING UP. POLICE WHISTLES. A MILLIGAN MINISTER DRONING ON.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

BRAWL STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

SEAGOON:

Members of Parliament, we've been given notice to quit.

MINISTER 14:

Quick! Repeal the rent act!

GRYTPYPE:

Too late. Out you go!

GRAMS:

CHOPIN FUNERAL MARCH. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OF MASSED FUNERAL CORTEGE.

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Oooooooooo!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OOOOOOOOOO!

McGOONIGAL:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH!

McGOONIGAL:

(LAME JAZZ) Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohoh, oh, oh, oh, ohoh, oh!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OH, OH, OH, OH, OHOH, OH, OH, OH, OHOH, OH!

McGOONIGAL:

Oooh! They're with me tonight.
What a terrible sight to see
The houses of parliament without an MP.
And oh, how they wandered through the snowy night.
It was enough to give of them a fright.
And so they reached Hyde Park
Where they were stopped by a copper's nark.
And...

SEAGOON:

Carry on members, the position is this...

WILLIUM:

Come on, now, come along! Move along there, mates. No kipping in the park allowed.

SEAGOON:

I say. Alright, lads. Alright, settle down. I'll speak to him. A-hem. Now constable, how dare you...

FX:

FIST INTO PUNCHING BAG.

SEAGOON:

Ohherrrgh!

WILLIUM:

Got 'im, right on his old conservative nut. Now, move along there.

GRAMS:

MOURNFUL WAILING

WILLIUM:

No singing allowed, I tell 'ee. Alright, I'll have to take your names. Now where's me 'airy notebook, 'ere? Here it is under this guardsman. Now then, name?

SEAGOON:

Sir Harold McSeagoon MP.

WILLIUM:

Ain't you got a full signed job then? Cor, funny that. Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

(UNIMPRESSED) Ha ha ha!

WILLIUM:

Now, that's done it, now, that has, mate. In you goes, all on yer. To the old station!

GRAMS:

FURTHER WAILING. HORSE HOOVES GALLOP OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK DETERIORATES INTO CORNY OFF-KEY CHORD.

CRUN:

Thank you, C division band. And now...

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

CRUN:

The first case, the Crown verses Charlie Crippen.

MINNIE:

We've done him, legal Crun.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

He's been done.

CRUN:

Have we legal, Min? Oh, well, next: the Crown verses the Houses of Parliament.

MINNIE:

What's the charge?

GREENSLADE:

Loittery with intent to govern, me 'lud.

CRUN:

Where is the calcitrant?

SEAGOON:

Over here.

CRUN:

Oh. Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo!

GREENSLADE:

Members of the jury, you have just heard the evidence 'Yoo hoo'. Have you reached a decision?

JURY MEMBER:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, we want to go home.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, but what of the prisoners?

GRYTPYPE:

Guilty, me 'lud.

SEAGOON:

You swine, Grytpype. You made England's government homeless.

GRYTPYPE:

You passed the act, chum.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, folks. Hello, folks. Don't worry, folks. I'm over here, folks.

CRUN:

Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo!

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

It's alright, folks. The Minister of Transport made available to us a number one hundred and thirty-eight tram, which the government boarded at the Elephant and Castle.

GREENSLADE:

And so Parliament was reassembled.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was wonderful to hear the opening speech.

VERY OLD MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Members of Parliament...

FX:

TRAM BELL

VERY OLD MINISTER:

Hold tight.

GRAMS:

RACING CAR ROARING OFF AT SPEED.

SPRIGGS:

Hon... Hon' members. Hon' mem-berrrrrs! Hello, Jims. We'll take up the agenda where we left off. Left offffff!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. The statue of the leather statue will be removed tomorrow and the hand rolled tobacco statue of Raleigh will be unveiled by Barbara Keller's fiftieth cousin, Jim Fedder of Leeds, Ontario. A camel. The colour... of the dustmen's uniforms...

CONDUCTRESS:

[SELLERS]

Fares, please!

SEAGOON:

The dustmen's uniforms will be...

CONDUCTRESS:

Fares, please. Do you mind, cheeky?

SEAGOON:

See the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Now, five hundred and thirty-three tickets to Trafalgar Square.

CONDUCTRESS:

Five hundred and forty-three tickets did you say?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, please.

GRAMS CONDUCTRESS:

(RECORDING. START AT NORMAL SPEED AND GRADUALLY SPEED UP) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 (ETC AND FADE)

ECCLES:

Anybody sitting here?

SEAGOON:

Get off, ya spotty Herbert. This is a private tram.

ECCLES:

Ooh, good, I like travelling in private.

SEAGOON:

Hurl this man in the direction of out.

ECCLES:

You touch me and you'll see what you'll get.

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

Measles!

SEAGOON:

Run for it! He's got measles!

ECCLES:

Come back, I tell you!

GRAMS:

SHRIEKING CROWD. DEPARTING BOOTS. FADE INTO DISTANCE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The scene: the measles ward of the Battersea Dog's Hospital.

ECCLES:

'Ello!

GRAMS:

MASSED DOGS.

BLOODNOK:

Nurse! Nurse! Oh, nurse! The screens! The screens, nurse! Oh, oh-oh! Get that tree away from my bed, will you!

MINNIE:

Coming. Coming. Coming.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hooough! Oh, hooooough! Oh, dear!

MINNIE:

Oh, no!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho hoooooooo!

MINNIE:

Hold it!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hohohohoho! Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, that's better.

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, do you mind?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

We're trying to hold a meeting of Parliament over here. Now, gentlemen, about this statue.

GREENSLADE:

Mister Seagoon. The show is under running. Could we spread it out a bit more?

SEAGOON:

Spread it. Okay.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, splendid, yes, yes, do spread it.

SEAGOON:

(VERY SLOWLY) Gen - tle - men! Wee'rre haaaaviiing aaaa moooomeeeeeent at ooour lou-ouuuuur...

SPRIGGS:

(VERY, VERY SLOWLY) Yeeeeeeeeesss. Yoooooooouu're riiiiiiiiight. Yooooooooo arrrrrrrrrre rrrrrrrriiiiiight, Jiiiiimmmmm!

SEAGOON:

Whhhhhoooooooo ooooootherrrrrrr...(DISAPPEARS INTO OBSCURITY)

GRAMS:

SOUND OF ENORMOUS WOODEN WALL GROANING AND SAGGING. SLOW FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL APPROACHING. (HOLD UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

I say, we weren't *really* behind time. I told them a fib. And I must say, I did enjoy it. And just to show the mood I'm in, I'm going to pop this paper bag.

FX:

PAPER BAG BURSTS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey, you swine, I was in there. Hello everybody.

GREENSLADE:

What were you doing in my paper bag?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was doing my world-famous impressions of wrapped fruit. Now for my encore, I would like to do my well-known impression of Major Bloodnok.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION - STRENGTH 5. MIX IN ENORMOUS BURST OF AIR ESCAPING. (HOLD UNDER)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hoo ho ho ho hough! The screens, nurse, quick! The screens. Oh!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you. I'm glad that you like the classics.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

'Ello...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Where have you been all the week, then? I didn't... you wasn't there at school, was you.

ECCLES:

No, I... no, I know... I know that, yep. I know dat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who told you?

ECCLES:

I... I went and looked through the school window and I wasn't there. So, I went home. And when I... when I got back home, guess what I happened.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Erm... oh! You saw Irene Groinge holding a twig.

ECCLES:

Er. No. No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Erm... I give up. I don't know, what happened?

ECCLES:

Ohhh! Now I'll *never* know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You twit of a child, you. Just for that I give you Ray Ellington right in your lug 'ole! Splunnie! Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Great Statue Debate, part three. The - if you'll pardon the expression - unveiling.

GRAMS:

BRASS BAND RECORDING OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY' AT WILDLY VARYING SPEEDS. APPLAUSE AT END.

SEAGOON:

My dear friends, frands and fronds. Owing to a sculptor's error, I name this statue Mrs. Sir Walter Raleigh. And may all who sail in her... Wait a minute! There's somebody under the unveiling sheet.

LALKAKA:

Please do not arouse yourself. It is only those two sons of fun, Lalkaka and Banerjee transport company. Hooray.

BANERJEE:

Hooray. This is indeed a very graphic description of the nature of our vocational activity, you see.

LALKAKA:

Chut chup.

SEAGOON:

Chut chup to you, too.

LALKAKA:

What?

SEAGOON:

Why have... why have you got the statue in a push cart?

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear, man.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear. We were orrrrrdered to do it.

BANERJEE:

Yes, we were definitely orrrrrrdered to do it, you see.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

LALKAKA:

Good job.

WILLIUM:

You'll all get run in if you don't get a move on.

SEAGOON:

It's a copper!

WILLIUM:

Aough! It's the strolling politicians lot. Take that!

GRAMS:

BELTS ON NUT AT VARYING PITCHES. SHOUTING IN BACKGROUND.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

And so the great trek began

Five hundred and thirty politicians and one man

Tramping the country and at their head

An ordinary tobacco statue which was believed to be dead.

SEAGOON:

Oh, Hon' members.

OLD MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ooo yes.

SEAGOON:

Ooo, it's no good. The plates! The plates! Oh! We must force an entry back into the houses of parliament.

MACMILLAN:

[SELLERS]

Yes, you're quite right of course. Here we are, the government of England showing the countryside we're rich, living off the fat of the land and the thin of the sea.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Only the words.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse and we don't know the formula. Here, hold this piece of burnt rubber.

MORIARTY:

Ach!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, stand on your head in this bowl of knee-cap soup. Keep these stale fish bones clenched between your French knees. And tie this cheese knife to your ear. At the same time strapping these glucose pencils around your ankles.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwah.

GRYTPYPE:

Got it?

MORIARTY:

Yeah.

GRYTPYPE:

There. I shall always remember you like that.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwah! It's wonderful to be in love again. Wait a minute, look!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Here comes Neddie Seajoon on the British Government.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick! Unroll this luxury cardboard lounge.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRAMS:

CREAKING CARDBOARD UNROLLING.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Hellooooooooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Inflate these rubber trousers and sit down.

SEAGOON:

No thank you. I'm perfectly comfortable on this razorblade.

GRYTPYPE:

Ho, ho, ho, ho! I have decided that you can have the Houses of Parliament back provided you give us the uncooked portion of England.

SEAGOON:

But... but *none* of it's cooked.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Then we shall have to eat it raw. Moriarty, the spoons!

MORIARTY:

Alright.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) BRISK PIANO AND SPOONS MUSIC HALL NUMBER, WITH MORIARTY ON VOCALS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! And here in return is the uncooked portion of England.

FX:

TRASH, (BOTTLES, CANS ETC) BEING SHOVELLED INTO CONTAINER.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's it, Hon. Mems. Just shovel it into this American safe deposit. And here in return are the keys to Parliament.

GRAMS:

ECHOEY TURNING OF OLD FASHIONED KEY IN LOCK.

SEAGOON:

Ah! It's great to be back.

MINISTER 1:

[SELLERS]

Yes. That little sojourn taught all us politicians a lesson - no more wasting public time and money.

SEAGOON:

Hear! Hear!

MINISTER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, quite right - no more wasting public time and money. Now gentlemen, about this leather statue. I think it ought to face east.

SEAGOON:

Don't be silly, think of where the moss would grow. Very uncomfortable...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, 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, John Antrobus and Rabelais, announcer Wallace Greenslade; the programme was produced by Charles Chilton.

Vintage E01 - The Mummified Priest

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

For the benefit of listeners overseas, the BBC transcription service presents "Vintage Goons." These programmes were broadcast to British listeners some years ago before the Goons became a household word in all parts of the world. So, direct from the J Arthur Rank gong beating school, we present Peter Slanders, Hatty Seaton and Spot Millican in...

SEAGOON:

The Gong Show!

GRAMS:

THE BLUE DANUBE

SELLERS:

Egypt, ancient Egypt, land of monolithic pyramids.

MILLIGAN:

(THESP) Ahhh, Egypt! Palace of the Karnak's fallen temples.

SELLERS:

Egypt. (SHOUTS) EGYPT!!

MILLIGAN:

Oh.

SELLERS:

(RICHARD III VOICE) Egypt, where yesteryear's thousand ghosts live on into tomorrow's morrow. Ah, Egypt, thou house of lock-ed secrets. Egypt, thou all-mother. Egypt, thou phoenix.

SEAGOON:

Ahh, Clapham Common, thou place of fallen arches.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, for those of you who would dabble in the occult, listen while we reveal to you in all its pristine brilliance the story of...

SEAGOON:

The Mummified Priest!

ORCHESTRA:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

It was 1889, a very bad year for me; I died. However, our story concerns a youth, Neddie Seagoon. A young, swaggering fellow. Women... women threw themselves at his feet.

SEAGOON:

It was the best looking part of me. I was studying at Cambridge University, tradition you know. My father had been a light blue, mainly due to poor circulation. However... I followed in his footsteps... too. And after three years' hard study, I finally managed to fail my exams. It was a shock, but my more intelligent classmates comforted me in my sorrow.

ECCLES:

Dere, dere, Neddie. We can't all be clever, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, you should know, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I know Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Yes. How did you get on?

ECCLES:

I got a special anniver... I... I... I got a special anniversary diploma!

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

For 17 years in de kindergarten.

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it! 17?

ECCLES:

Well, yeah, de teacher won't let me leave.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

(PROUDLY) I married her. Ha ha ha ho! Oh, diddleumdi.

SEAGOON:

Married *you*?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Well, after all, I'm... I am only human, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

I hadn't noticed it.

ECCLES:

Well, she has! (LAUGHS)

FX:

DOOR RATTLES AND OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, professor Spon, come in, sir.

SPON:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, Secombe. As you're leaving college, I've recommended you for a post with the British Museum.

SEAGOON:

British Museum, sir? But... could... could... could... could I do the job?

SPON:

Do it? It's right up your street.

SEAGOON:

Well, that'll save bus fares.

SPON:

It's Egyptology. And I've recommended Eccles as well.

ECCLES:

Oh, goody, goody, mine, mine. Ohhh, what's the money like?

SPON:

It comes in various sizes. Pennies, thre'penny bits, you know. They pay according to intelligence.

ECCLES:

(INDIGNANT) We can't live on nothing!

SPON:

Live on nothing?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SPON:

Ahahahaha! Rubbish!

SEAGOON:

And so we lived on rubbish. But I... I... I got the job, assistant Egyptologist. It was easy work but the hours were very long - seventy minutes each. One winter's night, I was working late... (FADE)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

(TUNE) ha ha ha hee ho. Secombe!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What, Mr Crun?

HENRY:

Good news, good news!

SEAGOON:

Really? What... what good news?

HENRY:

It's... it's... it's... (MOUTH NOISES, TRAIL OFF)

SEAGOON:

At your age?

HENRY:

It's good news! I've just been in the "Victoria and Albert."

SEAGOON:

I didn't know you drank?

HENRY:

No! The museum!

SEAGOON:

Oh.

HENRY:

They're sending us an ancient Egyptian script to translate.

SEAGOON:

Supposing we fail?

HENRY:

We won't! I know two men who are experts in reading ancient scripts!

SEAGOON:

Who?

HENRY:

Bob Hope and Steve Allen.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR UNDER...

HENRY:

Ah, this might be it coming. (SHOUTS) Coming, coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Argh... Where's de door gone?

HENRY:

I opened it, sir. Why are you reaching over my shoulder?

ECCLES:

I've still got hold of de knocker! Dis parcel is from de "Victoria and Albert."

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you, my man. Here's a thre'penny tip. Mind the fog. Good night.

ECCLES:

Good night.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun?

ECCLES:

Um... 'E's just gone out.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well. Well, if anybody calls, tell them he's out.

ECCLES:

OK. Dere's something funny goin' on 'ere, folks.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Oh.

HENRY:

Arrrr.. ha ha ha. I am a silly old man.

ECCLES:

I'm... I'm sorry, Mr Crun ain't in.

HENRY:

Oh. When... when will he be back?

ECCLES:

Um... I'll... I... (SHOUTS) When will he be back, Mr Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(OFF MIC) Ah, he... he... he shouldn't be long.

ECCLES:

He... he won't be long.

HENRY:

Ah, good, good, good. Can I come in and wait?

ECCLES:

You can... yeah, yeah, come in, come in.

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you.

ECCLES:

Sit down.

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you. Hmm. (SINGS)
In the twi... twi... twilight,
out in the wonderful twilight.
(TO ECCLES) You're sure he won't be long?

ECCLES:

Oh... Sure.

HENRY:

Good, good, good, good. Well, I'll wait a little longer then. (SINGS)
We all go out for a walk, walk, walk.
(CONTINUES SINGING UNDER..)

SEAGOON:

(OFF MIC) Who's doing that beautiful belle canto singing in the hall?

ECCLES:

I'll find out. Um, what's your name, sir?

HENRY:

Henery Crun.

ECCLES:

Ohh, dere's somebody 'ere to see you!

HENRY:

I can't spare the time, I'm waiting for somebody myself. I cant... I can't see anybody.

ECCLES:

You can't see anybody? Why not?

HENRY:

I've got my eyes shut!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH - TURNS INTO TUNE - STOPS ABRUPTLY)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will note the cunning way the Goons fill in time on their programme.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr Crun. I see you have the parcel.

HENRY:

Yes, yes. Let us open it! Thank you.

FX:

PARCEL BEING OPENED

HENRY:

Ah, very unusual. Wrapped in string and tied with paper.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS) Ah, oh. I can't get this string undone.

ECCLES:

Let me try wid de scissors.

FX:

SNIPPING UNDER...

ECCLES:

(SINGS)dum de dum...dum de dee, dum de dum, dum... Dere. How's dat?

SEAGOON:

Very nice. But I... I didn't want a haircut.

ECCLES:

But it suits you! It suits you, Neddie!

HENRY:

Here it is, Secombe! The ancient scripts they sent us!

SEAGOON:

Let me see it! Good heavens! These... these writings must be over four thousand years old!

HENRY:

How do you know?

SEAGOON:

The ink's dry.

HENRY:

Ta daahh!

SEAGOON:

Now lets... lets get to work. Hand me that camel's hair brush.

ECCLES:

You goin' to brush a camel?

GREENSLADE:

At three in the morning, Secombe has completed the first rough translation.

SEAGOON:

Crun! It's the personal narrative of an Egyptian priest. And it says he was buried sitting down. I wonder why?

HENRY:

Perhaps he was tired.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, let... let...let's play Max Geldray. Round the back for the old brandy, there!

ECCLES:

The brandy!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAI:

"IT'S GOT TO BE YOU"

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Ah... Mr Crune? Crune, I've finally translated the whole script and it's astounding!

MINNIE:

It's astounding, buddy!

HENRY AND MINNIE:

Talk Over Each Other.

HENRY:

It gives the location of a long-dead Egyptian priest's tomb! And it must be full of gold!

MINNIE:

Gold!

SEAGOON:

Gold!

HENRY:

Gold.

SEAGOON:

Gold? Give me that script!

HENRY:

No, no, it must go to the Bank of England, they need it...

SEAGOON:

Give me that script! Or I'll kill you by death!

HENRY:

(GASPS) No! No... No, don't... don't kill me! I'm too old to die!

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, you're just the right age. Give me that script! Give it here!

FX:

FIGHT, RIPPING SOUNDS

HENRY:

(MOVING AWAY FROM MIC) Arrrrrgggghhhhhhhh.....

FX:

BODY HITTING GROUND/TRAPDOOR CLOSING - KNOCKING ON TRAPDOOR UNDER...

HENRY:

Seagoon! Seagoon! Help! Don't leave me down this deep cellar!

MINNIE:

Let us out.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) No one will ever find you down there, Crun. Or you, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

HENRY:

Let us out!

SEAGOON:

Goodbye!

HENRY:

You must let us out. It's our half-day off today!

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You'll starve to death, Crun! I'm off to Egypt and the gold! (MANIACAL) A ha ha ha!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINKING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Leaving Mr Crun buried alive in a deep cellar, Neddie, mad with the gold lust, the ancient script in his pocket, left England for Egypt to seek the long-dead Egyptian priest.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Once in Cairo I made contact with a British-type resident.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

FLIES ETC UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh...ows, ows...(SLAPS AT FLIES) Blast these flies! Oh, they're everywhere! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, he put down his box of flies and match-tray.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Bloodnok's the name. Major Bloodnok. Ex-Indian Army, retired diplomat and former plumber's mate.

SEAGOON:

Pleased to meet you, Major. My name is...

BLOODNOK:

Don't tell me, don't tell me. Dismantle me dragglers! You must be Ned Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

Why must I be?

BLOODNOK:

Who else could walk under a piano stool?

GELDRAV:

(OFF) Hup!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Major, I've just arrived from England.

BLOODNOK:

I know you have.

SEAGOON:

How?

BLOODNOK:

You just told me.

SEAGOON:

So, you've been listening?

BLOODNOK:

Only by ear.

SEAGOON:

I accept your apology.

BLOODNOK:

Good luck! So, just out from Blighty, eh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Unfortunately, I was forced to travel by sea.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

Too expensive by boat.

BLOODNOK AND SEAGOON:

(LAUGH)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, capital, capital!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, let's have a drink. (SHOUTS) Singhiz Thing!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING

SINGHIZ THING:

What are you desiring, European-type sir?

BLOODNOK:

Singhiz, dismount. Four double brandies, please.

SINGHIZ THING:

I'll do it right away, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Excellent, excellent. Now Seagoon, what are you going to have?

SEAGOON:

I'll have a "Southampton"

BLOODNOK:

A "Southampton"? What is a "Southampton"?

SEAGOON:

A large port!

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to...(DROWNED OUT BY AUDIENCE CHEERING) Now Seagoon, to business.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Major. I've come here for a very good reason.

BLOODNOK:

That's a very good reason.

SEAGOON:

I'm glad you agree. Can I... can I speak to you privately?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. No one can hear you here.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm looking for a tomb.

(PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

In your condition, a wise move.

SEAGOON:

This tomb, Bloodnok, bears the treasures of a priest belonging to the third or fourth dynasties.

BLOODNOK:

Fourth Dynasties? My old regiment! Roper's Light Horse. I remember them well

SEAGOON:

I have a document which indicates the location of the tomb.

BLOODNOK:

Where is it?

SEAGOON:

The Valley of Eagles!

BLOODNOK:

(ASTOUNDED) The Valley of Eagles?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

(ASTOUNDED) Light me crud and throttle me dongler! The Valley of Eagles?! Oh, ho ho, good gracious! Well, well, well! The Valley of Eagles! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Oh, ho, that place!? THAT place?! Oh, ho ho ho!

SEAGOON:

You've heard of the place?

BLOODNOK:

(CALM) Vaguely, yes, yes. Why? Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to lead an expedition there.

BLOODNOK:

WHAT!?! Only a raving idiot'd do that!

SEAGOON:

Then you'll come?

BLOODNOK:

Of course. Now, what about wages?

SEAGOON:

No wages, but everything found in the tomb we'll split fifty-fifty.

BLOODNOK:

Fifty-fifty, me eye! I want half or nothing!

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Curse, a business mind. (ALOUD) Very well, half or nothing.

BLOODNOK:

I accept.

SEAGOON:

Cunning devil. Well... (SPLUTTERS) All right!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid. We'll seal it with a drink! Singhiz Thingz!

SINGHIZ THING:

All right, I'm coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ten thousand double whiskies!

SINGHIZ THING:

I'll do it at once, sir.

ORCHESTRA:

LINKING MUSIC - TURNS INTO EGYPTIAN BAZAAR, "SNAKE CHARMER"-TYPE MUSIC

OMNES:

EGYPTIAN BAZAAR SHOUTS UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

The great expedition was made ready to search for the tomb of the long-dead Egyptian priest.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, six foot four long, to be correct.

ECCLES:

Get up! Get up, you naughty animal!

SEAGOON:

Why, it's "Mad Dan" Eccles! Having trouble?

ECCLES:

This mule won't get up.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried a nice, juicy carrot?

ECCLES:

I've eaten three but he still won't move.

SEAGOON:

Well, let him sit there!

ECCLES:

I... Major Bloodnok wants to ride him.

SEAGOON:

He can ride another one.

ECCLES:

He's underneath *dis* one.

BLOODNOK:

Get this stupid animal off me! I'm wearing clean underpants and a clean sock!

SEAGOON:

Stay where you are, Major, I'll... ha, ha... I'll have you out before you can say "Jack Robinson".

BLOODNOK:

Jack Robinson! You liar.

SEAGOON:

Where's my mule minder, first class?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mule minder ready for active service, sir! Thinks: Is he losing his popularity? See, I have my mule-train leather lash whip! Flicks out lash.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho, my earhole! I'm always doin' dat.

SEAGOON:

Silence or you'll get a conk up the punch! I mean a punch up the conk. Now, drag that mule to its feet!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye-aye, captain, I will do that. Moves forward to naughty mule. Hello, mule. Nice mule. Nice friend-of-man mule. Arise, I say. Mule. Here, take this knob of sugar from my hand, naughty mule. Holds out sugar on end of twenty-foot pole.

GRAMS:

MULE WHINNIES

FX:

GALLOPING MULE, SINGLE DRUM "BOING"

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiugh! You rotten swine friend-of-man, you! You kicked me in my areas behind the lines! Oh, the indignity! I shall leave the camp! Farewell, cruel world, farewell! Exits left, towards burning desert, but really hides behind NAAFI.

SEAGOON:

Just for that dreadful performance, here is Ray Ellington.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, the ginger wine!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LITTLE DARLIN"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen! Now, before we set off gentlemen, let's... check that vital list of stores. Dr Greenslade? You have a list?

GREENSLADE:

Only a very slight one, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's the old brandy 'round the back there. Splendid. Now, stand by to check. First...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

One crate containing three leather fire engine.

GREENSLADE:

Aha.

SEAGOON:

Right. One parcel containing a tall, thin hairless Abyssinian laundry manager, with low boots.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A large chest containing Jane Mansfield and one large chest.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Sixty gross of anti-snore night-shirts with cold kippers sown inside.

GREENSLADE:

Correct.

SEAGOON:

Aha, crate number four, no contents listed.

GREENSLADE:

I'll open it, sir.

FX:

CROWBAR REMOVING NAILS

ECCLES:

Ooh! 'Bout time, too.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing in there?

ECCLES:

I wasn't doin' anything in there! I was just avoidin' certain people, my man.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a knighthood for this.

ECCLES:

Ooh, ta.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Seagoon? We're ready to move off!

SEAGOON:

Right. (SHOUTS) Forwarrrrrrrd!!!!!!

ORCHESTRA:

TREK THROUGH THE DESERT MUSIC

OMNES:

EGYPTIAN BAZAAR CRIES

GREENSLADE:

On and on into the relentless valley marched the tomb-seekers. Above, the burnished brass sun. And at their head, the old stager who knew his way through that valley... blindfolded.

BLOODNOK:

(PANTS) Let's stop and take this blasted blindfold off for a minute.

SEAGOON:

Right. HALT!

ECCLES:

(OFF) I heard you.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Put your shoes back on. (ALoud) How much further?

BLOODNOK:

Roughly sixty miles.

SEAGOON:

I know it's roughly sixty, but what is it exactly?

BLOODNOK:

Exactly seventy miles.

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll go roughly, it's ten miles shorter.

BLOODNOK:

So it is, yes.

SEAGOON:

Ten miles nearer the tomb and the treasure. (GETTING Madder) The treasure that Mr Crun tried to deprive me of! But I'll have it! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY). The treasure. Treasure, ha, ha, ha, I'll have it! I'll have it!! (CALMS DOWN) Why... why are you all... staring like that at me, eh? Why are you staring at me like that?!!

BLOODNOK:

Umm... err... Well... because you're... you're so beautiful.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, hey... For a moment, I thought you were going to lie to me.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Greenslade? Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

He thinks he's beautiful.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I know. You see, it's the first sign of madness.

ECCLES:

(SHOUTS) Oh, beautiful?

BLOODNOK AND GREENSLADE:

Yes, Eccles?

SEAGOON:

Yes, the desert madness had got us. But the lust for gold drove us on. On towards the hidden tomb.

GRAMS:

VULTURES CRYING

ECCLES:

Ohh. Look up dere. Dere's vultures circlin'... dere's vultures circlin' around.

SEAGOON:

What are they doing up there?

ECCLES:

Flying.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok. Bloodnok, do you think they're waiting... waiting to eat us?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not sure. But keep your eyes on the ones carrying knives and forks.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Wait! Look! We're saved! Look! A house!

ECCLES:

It is a house.

SEAGOON:

A house, yes!

ECCLES:

A house!

BLOODNOK:

It's not, it's a mirage.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, it's a house surrounded by trees. Let's go in.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

I still say it's a mirage.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. Bluebottle, Eccles, search the house for food.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright den.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) So, Bloodnok. You think this house is a mirage, eh? You'll soon see. (SHOCKED) It's vanished. Gone. You were right. A mirage.

BLOODNOK:

(SADLY) I told you it was.

ECCLES:

(GETTING LOUDER) Aaaaarrrrrrrrrrggggggghhhhhhhhhhhh

FX:

BODY HITTING GROUND

ECCLES:

Oowoooooww!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, what happened?

ECCLES:

I was upstairs!

ELLINGTON:

Seagoon! Seagoon boss, I found it!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Who's this fellow?

ELLINGTON:

I found the entrance to the tomb! Follow me!

GRAMS:

LOTS OF RUNNING FEET UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ho!

ECCLES:

Follow him!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Look, he's right! This is it! It's a long, dark tunnel, leading underground.

BLOODNOK:

Lead on then, lead on.

FX:

WALKING FEET UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Right.

ECCLES:

Oh. Yeah. Hey, it's dark down 'ere.

SEAGOON:

So we walked, down, down, down. Into a labyrinth of ancient tunnels. But still no sign of the actual burial chamber.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTS) Stop!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP

BLOODNOK:

Look, lads, a deep well.

SEAGOON:

I wonder if there's any water in it?

ELLINGTON:

You can tell by the echo.

BLOODNOK:

I'll try then. (SHOUTS) Helllloooooo!

ECHO:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) Helllloooooo!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

There's a man down there. (SHOUTS) Are you alriiiiiiiight?

ECHO:

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) Are you alriiiiiiiight?

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTS) I'm alriiiiiiiight

ECHO:

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) I'm alriiiiiiiight?

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, he's alright. Forward!

SEAGOON:

It's no good.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Bloodnok. We've been walking round these tunnels for ten months.

BLOODNOK:

I know we have.

SEAGOON:

We're lost, we're lost!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes!

SEAGOON:

And the walls a solid! There's nothing behind them, listen!

FX:

BANGING ON WALL

SEAGOON:

Wait!

FX:

BANGING ON WALL

SEAGOON:

This... this wall sounds weak and thin.

BLOODNOK:

Somebody's on the tap. It must be a government job.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm certain that behind this wall is the tomb. Hand me the dynamite. Now, stand back!

ECCLES:

Right, right.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION - DEBRIS FALLING

ECCLES:

You didn't wait for me, did you?

BLOODNOK:

Look!

ECCLES:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

A large, underground chamber!

ECCLES:

Oooohh.

BLOODNOK:

And there... there's a body on the floor!

SEAGOON:

It must be the long-dead Egyptian priest!

HENRY:

It's me, Mr Crun! You naughty man, throwing me down this cellar!

SEAGOON:

(INSANE) Oh, no...no...no...

ORCHESTRA:

SIG TUNE UNDER...

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. Announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

Vintage E02 - The Greatest Mountain In The World

Transcribed by Alan Dicey. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED GRAMOPHONE RECORDING. GRADUALLY SPEEDS UP OF A TRUMPET FANFARE, OUT OF TIME AND OUT OF TUNE. END UP ALMOST EXACTLY ON A UNISON NOTE.

SECOMBE:

(ON GRAMOPHONE, SPEEDING UP) Hello, hello, hello. Modern British-style comedy show. Presenting:

SELLERS:

(ON GRAMOPHONE, SPEEDING UP) The Greatest Mountain in the World! Or...

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE AS BEFORE. WIDLY FLUCTUATE GRAMS SPEED

SELLERS:

(ON GRAMOPHONE, SPEEDING UP) The Greatest Mountain in the World! Or...

ORCHESTRA:

THREE DESCENDING CHORDS.

SEAGOON:

Yes. (LAUGHS) Oh. The Greatest Mountain in the World. Thank you, folks. It all started, folks, in the basement of a disused fish-squirting factory and corset-exploding depot in Alaska, which at that time was in London.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT:

(MUTTERING UNDER SPON WHO DELIVERS A SPEECH OF BARELY-COMPREHENSIBLE TWADDLE)

LORD SPON:

[MILLIGAN]

Never has the British Empire... in all parts of the world... The First Minister...

BACKBENCHER 1:

[SECOMBE]

(BACKGROUND) Jolly good show!

LORD SPON:

(MUMBLING) ...of Jane Mansfield.

BACKBENCHER 1:

We all know...

BACKBENCHER 2:

Jolly good.

LORD SPON:

[UNCLEAR].

BACKBENCHER 1:

What are your vital measurements?

LORD SPON:

[UNCLEAR]. Yet the drains at...

FX:

GUNSHOT

LORD SPON:

Aaaaah.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Gentlemen. I'm sorry I had to do that to Lord Spon, but I have now an important announcement to make to this House. You remember in 1953, Tensing and Hillary performed a prodigious feat by climbing the mountain that no man had ever climbed before.

BACKBENCHER 2:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm going to go one better. I intend to climb the highest mountain in the world!

BACKBENCHER 2:

But dear fellow, it's already been climbed.

SEAGOON:

Herherherher. You're thinking of the one Hillary and Tensing climbed. Oh, no. This is another, *higher* one.

BACKBENCHER 2:

And what is is called?

SEAGOON:

A mountain of course.

BACKBENCHER 2:

I know that. What is it's name?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I can't keep it a secret forever. It's called... Mount Everest. After my mother.

BACKBENCHER 2:

Was she called Mount Everest?

SEAGOON:

No, but she looked like it! Hahahahahahaha...!

BACKBENCHER 3:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, sir, but the mountain has already been clumbed... climbed! Climbed.

SEAGOON:

Who cloombed it?

BACKBENCHER 3:

Erm... Hillary and, er, Jim Tensing.

SEAGOON:

So they've beaten me to it. Oh. A dirty trick! Never mind. I'll not be beaten by this dishonest, sportsmanlike trick. I'll find a *higher* mountain.

BACKBENCHER 4:

[SELLERS]

Aaaaaaah, yes, in... in Peru, yes. But where are we going to find this... ah... higher mountain... ah...?

SEAGOON:

Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? I'll find a way! I'll... find some way.

THROAT:

Why not build one?

SEAGOON:

What rubbish. Build one? Get out.

THROAT:

Right.

SECOMBE:

Well. It's agreed then. We start work at dawn tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN & HARP DUET. 'LE CYGNE' BY SAINT-SAENS. SPRIGGS ON BACKING VOCALS.

GREENSLADE:

As the music depicts, work started on the mountain.

SEAGOON:

Yes, a large area of Hyde Park was cleared, despite the protests of several Guardsmen and nurses.

GRAMS:

NOISE OF CONSTRUCTION MACHINERY

SEAGOON:

Ah, what a sight! Five hundred English workmen. Three of them working!

FOREMAN:

[SELLERS]

(MUMBLE)

SEAGOON:

Ah, its foreman Fred Scruntlit.

FOREMAN:

(MUMBLE)

SEAGOON:

Have you drained all the water out of the Serpentine?

FOREMAN:

(MUMBLE) (IRISH ACCENT) Aye, sir, and we filled it with concrete.

SEAGOON:

Concrete? Splendid, I'll go ahead with the plans.

ECCLES:

(HAPPY GURGLING)

SEAGOON:

Gad, its the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hallo. Hallo.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, thats a... that's a terrible great lump on your bonce.

ECCLES:

I just... I just dived in the Serpentine.

SEAGOON:

Fool! It's solid concrete.

ECCLES:

That saved my life, then, I can't swim. I'm one of the greatest swimmers on Earth, you know. No good in the water but very good on earth. Ha, ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

That's [UNCLEAR] number one, 1951 [UNCLEAR]... what?

CRUN:

Ah, good, Seagoon, I'm sorry to interrupt your corny jokes and laughter but there's a time and place for everything.

SEAGOON:

IIII... do believe you're right.

CRUN:

Yes. I want you to have a look at what I have got in this cardboard, er, box, sir.

SEAGOON:

In the old cardboard box. Well, I'll... I'll just put my looking-into-cardboard-boxes glasses on. There! By gad, you've got a lump in that box.

CRUN:

Yes, a lump, I put it on the ground, so. There. And there is your mountain.

SEAGOON:

(SPLUTTERS) But it... it (SPLUTTERS) It looks like a molehill!

SELLERS:

Yes, I'm going to make a mountain... out of it!

OMNES:

(LAUGHTER, BECOMING SYNCHRONISED)

GRAMS:

LORRY PULLS UP.

ELLINGTON:

Er, Mr Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

You want me, lorry-driver?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah. Whattaya all lyin' down for?

SEAGOON:

You just ran over us.

ELLINGTON:

You hurt?

SEAGOON:

No.

ELLINGTON:

All that for nothin'? There's a parcel on my lorry for you, mate.

CRUN:

Ah, that'll be the mole for this molehill. Help me unwrap it, men.

SEAGOON:

Right. Right. Together!

GRAMS:

TEARING OF PAPER.

CRUN:

Careful, careful. Don't tear the string. You never know, we might have lean years. Aaah, the mole.

ECCLES:

Oooh, yeah. Hello, little mole. Nice little mole. He must be hungry.

CRUN:

Yes. Here, boy, here's a nice worm for you.

ECCLES:

(GULP) Thank you, any more?

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles! That was for the mole, Eccles!

GRAMS:

GROWLS, AS OF HUNGRY LION

SEAGOON:

I say. Are you... are you *sure* this thing is a mole?

CRUN:

Of course I am, buddy-Neddie. Read the label round his neck.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes, it says L - I - O - N. L-I-O-N. Mole? L-I...

CRUN:

Well, well, what does it say? What does it say? Thats what I want to...

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING, FROM FAR OFF) It's a lion!

CRUN:

Oh. Do you... do you think its a lion, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTING, FROM FAR OFF) Yeah!

CRUN:

Aaahhhhooohhh!

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS ROAR OF LION

CRUN:

Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss! Nice hairy puss, yes. Puss, puss. Eat this pussy, eat this, it's all for you.

ECCLES:

Put Me Down! Aaaaooow!

GRAMS:

LION SNARLS

GREENSLADE:

While the studio audience are being entertained with that speeded-up recording, we open this tube containing a liquified Max Geldray. And *dashed* good value it is, too!

MAX GELDRAI:

'DEED I DO'

GELDRAI:

Thank you. And for an encore I present The Greatest Mountain on the World Part 2, Ploogie!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

For months, work went ahead on the mountain. By nineteen scrampty-phew! it had reached 21,000 feet. Then - disaster. Ohhhh, Woe.

GRYTPYPE:

Good Morning, sir.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you! It's a lie! I'll agree to a blood test! I was playing golf at the time and losing!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

I remember that!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, all right, lad, it's alright, it's alright. I'm... I'm not a policeman, I'm dressed like this to allow me to ride free on buses.

MORIARTY:

Free!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(WITTERS IN BACKGROUND)

GRYTPYPE:

You must excuse the poor Count. You see, he was born in a trunk at the Princes Theatre.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS)

GRYTPYPE:

You'll get a punch up the conk in a minute.

SEAGOON:

What do you two want?

GRYTPYPE:

Is this your mountain?

SEAGOON:

It is.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Well, it'll have to be dismantled. Hand me that stick of fyern dynamite.

MORIARTY:

Ooooooww.

GRYTPYPE:

Time for a quick 'ow', then.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

We insert in the mountain, so. And now, we light the fuse. Show your teeth.

MORIARTY:

Cheeeese.

FX:

SCRATCH. CRINKLE OF CELLOPHANE.

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING AWAY

ECCLES:

(MUTTERING, GROWING LOUDER. SNIFFS) What's that? What's that smell? Ooooooooooooh. Ooh, it's something stuck in a mountain. I felt no pain. It looks like a cigar. Lit, too. I think I'll take a puff.
(DEEP INTAKE OF BREATH)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Mmmmmm. Strong.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Round the front with a mole.

CRUN:

Eccles. What are you doing up this tree?

ECCLES:

I er... Ooooooooooh. Where's... where's the... where's the... where's the mountain?

CRUN:

Its gone. Neddies mountain's blown to pieces. We'd better tell him, I suppose.

ECCLES:

I think he knows.

CRUN:

Why?

ECCLES:

He was sleeping on top. Look out, here he comes!

CRUN:

Quick, put this piano on the ground, we must break his fall.

SEAGOON:

(DESCENDING SCREAM)

FX:

THUMP, TWANG OF PIANO-STRINGS.

CRUN:

Are you all right, Mr Seacroon?

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank heavens. I fell on the black keys in F sharp.

CRUN:

Its a good job I had my foot on the soft pedal.

SEAGOON:

Indeed. Now then, what's happened to my Hyde Park-type mountain?

CRUN:

It was exploded by bang.

MORIARTY:

(GARGLE) You see, we did it. (WITTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Allow... allow me. Allow me. Section ninety-free, Ministry of Work and Kipping, states that all mountains above knee-level within a radius of Nelson's Column must be exploded by bang.

SEAGOON:

What! Form a committee to form a committee to inaugurate a council to petition a body to agree to a quorum to find public money to create a thingamajig and the Maple Syrup Foreverrrrr!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you, rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb, rhubarb.

OMNES:

(COMMITTEE MUMBLINGS)

SEAGOON:

Lord Europe is perfectly right. If we can't build our mountain in England, we'll have to build one elsewhere. Therefore, I call for advice from Major Bloodnok.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh. Ohhhhhh. Ohhhhhh. The Bank of England? What a silly place to leave money. I'll just take it for safety. Now, whats all this about?

SEAGOON:

The mountain, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the mountain, yes. Well, I... I have discovered that Mount Everest is 229,141 feet high, but it's miles wide. That means, you see, if it was laid on its side, it would be higher than it is now.

SEAGOON:

But in heavens name, Major, how do we tip Mount Everest on its side?

BLOODNOK:

How? Isn't it obvious?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Then they must have another idea.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute, Ji-iimmm.. I know of a higher mountain than Everest.

SEAGOON:

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

SPRIGGS:

I'll stop at the Red Lion.

SEAGOON:

(CHICKEN CLUCKING NOISES)

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim, it's true. It'sss truuueeee. It is true. This mountain is forty thousand feet high. There's a snaggle. It's under the sea. It's under the seaaa.

SEAGOON:

Its worth a try, yodelling Jim. Those in favour of climbing, raise your right leg.

MILLIGAN:

Steady.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, agreed. Ellington? Clear the decks.

ELLINGTON:

Yim bom bulla boo!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RUN JOE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

RUNNING WATER, CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

We fitted out a magnificent expedition vessel. And in three months we hove to above the mighty underwater mountain, part two.

CRUN:

Lower the anchor.

ECCLES:

Ayeawwarrrrrr... Aye!

FX:

SPLASH

CRUN:

Shouldn't it have had a chain attached to it?

FX:

RUNNING WATER STOPS

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah. Yeah, but it, er... I don't think it was a very good anchor.

CRUN:

What do you mean?

ECCLES:

Well, it sank, didn't it? Must have had a hole in it I sup...

ELLINGTON:

May I interrupt you for a second?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, what do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Nothing, I just want to interrupt.

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here, you naughty blan.

SEAGOON:

Major. Major, according to our calculations we are almost above Mount Fred.

BLOODNOK:

Then action! Men, to climb this underwater giant we shall need the following: alpenstocks, skis, rope, crampons, crevices, grappling irons and tents.

SEAGOON:

Tents? But this climb is underwater, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Sink me, you're right. Include umbrellas, raincoats... and Miss Myrtle Penelope Dimpley.

SEAGOON:

Whats she for?

BLOODNOK:

I love her, sir.

SEAGOON:

How are we going to carry all the heavy equipment?

BLOODNOK:

Camels.

SEAGOON:

Camels? Camels live underwater? (JEWISH ACCENT) My life, thats mad, yet.

BLOODNOK:

Of course it's mad, only mad camels could live underwater. Do you think I'm crazy, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

What a splendid judge of character you are. Now, what's next? Aahh, provisions, yes. Most important: paraffin cookers for cooking paraffin.

SEAGOON:

You can't...

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

You can't cook underwater.

BLOODNOK:

Of course you can't, we shall surface for all meals.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Now, how far is it to the base of the mountain? Get ready all you drivers.

SEAGOON:

I say. How do you intend getting down to the mountain?

BLOODNOK:

Simple. One digging, one filling in and one looking. No, no, no, I mean... my famous fireman system.

SEAGOON:

(UNDER) Rhubarb!

BLOODNOK:

You see, what we do is we lower a greasy pole over the ship's side, providing he doesn't object, and we all...

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) The old Stanislavsky! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

And... we all slide down to the mountaintop and plant the British flag.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, that will never do, that would be a foul, sir. You can't climb *down* to get to the *top* of a mountain.

BLOODNOK:

I don't... what?

SEAGOON:

You can't!

BLOODNOK:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

No. The International Alpine Club states categorically, sir, and I repeat that word, categorically, that all mountains must be climbed up to get to the top.

BLOODNOK:

Flood me cistern with galloping crabs! You mean..

SEAGOON:

With pleasure!

BLOODNOK:

...we have to climb to the bottom and then climb up again?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

How far is it to the very bottom?

SEAGOON:

Erm... approximately three miles. To be exact: three miles.

BLOODNOK:

Much too far to walk. Everybody in the car, we'll drive down. Ellington, away we go.

GRAMS:

CAR ACCELERATES AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Oooh.

FX:

BIG SPLASH. BUBBLING, AS OF A SUBMERGED BOTTLE FILLING WITH WATER, CONTINUING UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

To enable the story of the underwater epic to be continued, the BBC have installed microphones at the Base Camp on the North Col and at the end, at the summit. Now: read on.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDS BY.

BLOODNOK:

Stop the car.

GRAMS:

SCREECH OF BRAKES.

BLOODNOK:

We're lost. Lord Seagoon, ask a native where we are.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir. I'll knock on this oyster.

FX:

RAT-AT-TAT-TAT ON DOOR. FOOTSTEPS. CREAK OF DOOR OPENING

MINNIE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Is Pearl in?

MINNIE:

No. No, she's not but I'm her mother.

SEAGOON:

You must be mother-of-pearl! Haaaaaaaaa! Oh, aha-ha! Mother-of-pearl! I don't know where I get 'em from! Ha-ha! Mother-of... Pearl. (CLEARS THROAT)

MINNIE:

What do you want, naughty buddy?

SEAGOON:

Could you direct me to Mount Fred, sir.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! I'm sorry, I'm a stranger down here, buddy.

SEAGOON:

You'll regret this, buddy-wuddy. You can't trifle with the British Empire!

BANNISTER:

Get out, buddy or you'll get something...

SEAGOON:

You long, stringy, needle-nardle-noo.

MINNIE:

You... you great big steaming...

SEAGOON:

I won't stand for it you know!

BLOODNOK:

Come along Seagoon, let's get out of here.

SEAGOON:

Long live the Union Jack!

MINNIE:

Down with it, I say.

BLOODNOK:

Well, well. Get in and drive on, Ray, drive on. Drive on!

ELLINGTON:

OK, man.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF

BLOODNOK:

He should have waited for us.

SEAGOON:

Now we are obviously lost.

BLOODNOK:

Lost?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Rubbish, I know exactly where we are.

SEAGOON:

Where?

BLOODNOK:

Here.

SEAGOON:

I do believe you're right. Nevertheless, someone must surface and see where we are. Now let me see, who shall it be? Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, Captain, I heard you call me! England expects.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sticks hand up jumper in Lord Nelson pose. Moves left of stage. Waits.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I want you to get to the surface.

BLUEBOTTLE:

The surface it shall be! I shall surface. Quickly puts on LCC men's night-only bathing drawers. I'm ready, Captain.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now just grab the horns of this submerged mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, jolly good. 'Ere, wait a minute. Don't mines go bang?

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha, ha. Of course not, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew it was safe. Ehehehe! Moves forward to mine. Grabs horns, very gently. Eeeheheh. It *is* safe. I did not believe you at first, but now I know that it...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ON TELEPHONE) You rotten swine, you! You deaded me again, I die in my prime. Farewell! Pushes button B, gets money back, exits to NAAFI for a quick cup of tea.

SEAGOON:

I... I... I've deaded him. I have to tell his mother.

ECCLES:

Oh, that should cheer her up, anyhow.

CRUN:

I've come to tell you that the explosion has blown Mount Fred to bits.

SEAGOON:

Curse! That's ruined our plans.

ECCLES:

Oh, never mind, there. You have the... the rest of this cigar that I took out of the mountain.

SEAGOON:

That's very, very kind of you, Eccles, thank you very much.

ECCLES:

Oh, I got it from a Ministry workman,

SEAGOON:

Strong, aren't they?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

GREENSLADE:

We regret to announce the death of Lord Seagoon, Mr. Crun and Eccles. The program was recorded. Goodnight.

ECCLES:

Good... goodnight, folks. Have a good time.

GREENSLADE:

You're supposed to be deaded.

ECCLES:

No, I'm not, that's only acting.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah, you were deaded like all of us.

SEAGOON:

(OVER ECCLES) Come on Eccles, be dead, we're deaded!

ECCLES:

No, I ain't. Oh, no!

SEAGOON:

Well, you've got...

ECCLES:

I don't want to be dead.

SEAGOON:

...to get used to the idea.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Charles Chilton.

Vintage E02 - The Greatest Mountain In The World

Notes:

"Simple. One digging, one filling in and one looking..." refers to a joke of the time, roughly about 3 monkeys helping a fourth who has chronic diarrhea.

LCC = London County Council

Vintage E03 - The Missing No 10 Downing Street

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in a series of programs first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

SEAGOON:

And now listeners, this is Neddie Seagoon speaking with the new electric microphone, folks. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Can you hear me, folks?

OMNES:

MULTIPLE "ARRRRRRRRR"S.

SEAGOON:

Then listen to the mystery as told by "The Man in Black".

ORCHESTRA:

GONG

SELLERS:

(ALEC GUINNESS) Thank you. Actually, I'm not "The Man in Black". The truth is I am Guinness, "The Man in the White Suit". But on the way here I fell down a coalhole. This gentleman... gentleman here is my secretary.

SEAGOON:

You fell down a coalhole, too, then?

ELLINGTON:

Man, I did not.

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Yim bam balla boo!

SEAGOON:

I'll have the whitewash brush to you! Not in these trousers, mate. Now then, pray silence as we tell the story of "This Missing Prime Minister of 1953"!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

It was midnight on Christmas Eve 1953. Inspector Seagoon was checking with a policeman on the beat.

GRAMS:

THE GREAT CLOCK OF WESTMINSTER STRIKING THE FOUR QUARTERS - ONE SET OF FOOTSTEPS – ALL SPEEDED UP AND SLOWED DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Constable and law guardian.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, good evening, er, Inspector mate.

SEAGOON:

Everything all right at Number Ten? Wait! Where's your hairy helmet gone?

WILLIUM:

The Prime Minister knocked it orf with a snowball.

SEAGOON:

Did he? You'll get promotion for this.

WILLIUM:

Oh, ta. Just in time for retirement.

SEAGOON:

Keep up the good work!

WILLIUM:

Yes, I will.

GREENSLADE:

That was at midnight. Then at twelve hundred hours...

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Jiiim.

GRYTPYPE:

Who is that?

SPRIGGS:

This is the Bow Street police station speaking. (SINGS) Speeeek-iiiiing.

GRYTPYPE:

What a clever police station.

SPRIGGS:

You'll get a punch up the conk, Jim. (SINGS) Right up the cooonk! Yabadabool.

GRYTPYPE:

Withhold your two-octave conk punch... while I unfold a tale of a certain story.

SPRIGGS:

I'll take everything down, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't do that, you'll catch cold.

SPRIGGS:

Ohh. Ah, ha. Erm... What's your name, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

It's Mr Avery T. Deacon Harry.

SPRIGGS:

I'll just right that down. Avery T. Deacon Harry. What's the T. for?

GRYTPYPE:

Tom.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, I see. Every Tom Deacon Harry. Now, sir, what's the trouble?

GRYTPYPE:

10 Downing Street has gone, laddie.

SPRIGGS:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

It's not there!

SPRIGGS:

What do you mean “gone”? (SINGS) What do you mean “gonnnnne”? What do you mean “gone”?

GRYTPYPE:

I’ll tell you. In between numbers 9 and 11, there is a blank space.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Nothing there?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing save a space between 9 and 11.

SPRIGGS:

Are you pulling my leg?

GRYTPYPE:

No, why?

SPRIGGS:

It’s just dropped off.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Well, don’t wake it up, then.

GREENSLADE:

That was at 2am.

(SECOMBE, SELLERS AND MILLIGAN INTERRUPT WITH CLOWNING AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

At 2:15 Inspector Seagoon received a report of a mysterious phone call.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. It says a man claims 10 Downing Street is missing. Hmmm. Eccles, we’d better drive up there.

ECCLES:

What for?

SEAGOON:

I want to look round.

ECCLES:

But you already look round. Oh, ho ho ho ho! Oh, we're having fun tonight. (SINGS) Having the fun tonight! Having the... oh!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Is your squad car handy?

ECCLES:

Yep, I tuned the engine myself and I can get an extra two miles an hour out of her.

SEAGOON:

How fast did she go before?

ECCLES:

She ain't ever been before.

SEAGOON:

In that case, I'll walk, it'll be quicker.

ECCLES:

All right den, you walk! I'll drive de car an' you walk! We'll see... we'll see who gets dere first. (LIP SMACKING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

OK, good bye!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

OK, my good man. Goodbye, den. Goodbye! Ow! OK, we'll... Ok. (SHOUTS) Oh, Inspector?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes?

ECCLES:

When you get dere, wait for me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

On arrival at Downing Street, Inspector Seagoon was horrified.

ECCLES:

Yeah! I got dere first! (UNDER GREENSLADE) The second time I got dere first. What?

GREENSLADE:

Number 10 Downing Street *was* missing.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

The area was soon alive with CID men. The duty Constable was closely questioned, quostioned and quistioned.

WILLIUM:

Yes, well. Oh... oh, yer. Er... I was tied up, Inspector, and... er... then they gagged me with this: they got it from... er... 10 Downing Street.

SEAGOON:

Ah, a hand towel.

WILLIUM:

Yeah, they stuffed it in me mouf.

SEAGOON:

Oh. I see.

WILLIUM:

Well, sir, it's like this, you see. At twelve thirty, a monster lorry pull up outside. Ten men jump out and wallop me on the 'ead. I turn round to see who it was and "wallop, wallop" on my 'ead again. I stood up, you see, 'ave a quick vada, no one there and "wallop, wallop, wallop" all on my 'ead. As I took out me notebook, all official like, "wallop, wallop, wallop" on my 'ead, all walloped, all over my 'ead. An' then I...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. But did you notice anything about these men?

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

I noticed they kept walloping me on the 'ead!

SEAGOON:

And, to your knowledge, the Prime Minister was in the house?

WILLIUM:

Yeah. An' when I come three, er, too, the 'ouse was gone.

SEAGOON:

The Prime Minister gone?! He's got to be found quickly!

MILLIGAN:

(THESPIAN) Inspector! I found these lying in the road!

SEAGOON:

Ah! A pair of gloves, eh?

MILLIGAN:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

These may help us. Curse!

MILLIGAN:

What's up, sir?

SEAGOON:

They don't fit me.

MILLIGAN:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Where's the ace cardboard detective?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, my Captain, I heard you calling! (SINGS) Deedle deedle der dum. Sings new signature tune. Give your command and it will be done-ed! I will not flinch from my duty! I stand ready!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle... Bluebottle, have these gloves analysed at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It shall be done my Captain, with all speed! I go! Farewell!

SEAGOON:

Stout lad. Sergeant Max Geldray? See what you can make of this small, blunt instrument.

GRAMS:

MANY RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Round the back for the brandy,men!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, Captain, I am returned, I'm back. Points at own face. Toot-toot-toot-toot!

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I will tell you. These gloves, what I have got, have been thoroughly analysed at a laboratory.

SEAGOON:

And?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have ascertained the exact type what is they are.

SEAGOON:

Good. What type are they?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're what you wear on your hands.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I am proud here and now, to give you the rank of Constable, First Class. Just stand on this springboard...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

FX:

BOING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eugh!

GRAMS:

SPLOSH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eugh. Farewell cruel world! Sinks slowly into underpants.

SEAGOON:

He's upset about something, Sergeant.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Still, Inspector, while the police force have men like Bluebottle, what have they got to worry about?

SEAGOON:

Men like Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Yes, indeed. Men like Eccles.

ECCLES:

Women like Eccles, too! Oh, ho ho.

SEAGOON:

Now, Eccles, what's the exact time?

ECCLES:

The time? It's, erm... Oh, it's getting on.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Now, gather round everyone.

MILLIGAN:

(MAKES SILLY NOISES) I'm every... I'm everyone. I'm [UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

Men! Stop the rhubarb. Men, this is the position. Someone claims that they saw a large lorry with what looked like 10 Downing Street strapped to the back!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHADOWING SEAGOON, ABOUT HALF A SECOND BEHIND) ...to the back.

SEAGOON:

So we intend to set up police and military roadblocks on all main roads!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHADOWING SEAGOON, ABOUT HALF A SECOND BEHIND) ...main roads.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Flying squad cars will stop all... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

CAR

SEAGOON:

Slow down at this corner, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-oh, Captain.

ECCLES:

(SLOW, TALKING OVER POLICE RADIO) Hello. Hello. Policeman Eccles calling Inspector Seagoon's car. Hello.

SEAGOON:

Hello Eccles, Seagoon answering, over.

ECCLES:

Inspector? I think I'm on to something. I've been tailing a car up the Great North Road for the last 30 miles and it looks very suspicious.

SEAGOON:

Overtake him at once!

ECCLES:

But he's doin' a hundred miles an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, try and pass him.

ECCLES:

Well I'll try, but he's got the advantage over me.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

He's in a car, I'm walkin'.

SEAGOON:

You've got boots on?

ECCLES:

I've got boots on.

SEAGOON:

Then none of these silly excuses, get that car!

ECCLES:

OK, over and out.

SEAGOON:

Right, now. Private Bluebottle? How's the time going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's going "tick-tock, tick-tock, tick."

SEAGOON:

Must be the same make as mine, mine goes "tick-tock", too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mine doesn't go "tick-tock-too", mine just goes "tick-tock, tick-tock. Tick."

GRAMS:

SMASHING GLASS, CRASHES AND THUMPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eugh! Someone's hit me with a brick! Eughew! Face turns green, ears fall off, legs turn to jelly and go cross-eyed with agony. Faints, on soft part of ground.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, are you hurt?

ECCLES:

(SLOW, TALKING OVER POLICE RADIO) Hello? Calling Inspector Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast! Hello, Eccles, what is it?

ECCLES:

Good news, I stopped that car!

SEAGOON:

How?

ECCLES:

I threw a brick at the driver!

SEAGOON:

You threw a brick...?!

ECCLES:

Just a minute, just a minute... Hup...! Ok. I just threw another brick at his mate.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you idiot, you...!

FX:

WOOD BLOCK

SEAGOON:

Arrrh!

ECCLES:

Hello? Hello, Inspector Seagoon? I've got his mate as well! I... Hello? Hello? Ohhhhhh.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

NEWS REPORTER:

[SELLERS]

At five in the morning there was still no news of the missing Prime Minister or number 10 Downing Street. Finally the BBC, after high-level consultations, decided to broadcast the following bulletin to the nation.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) Owing to frost, the swimming gala at Lord's Cricket Ground has been postponed. In its place you can hear "Hamlet on Ice", it helps to keep it fresh.

BLOODNOK:

Switch that radio thing off, will you? That's better. Oh, stuck out here at five in the morning in charge of a military roadblock. What a life! Still, duty before pleasure. Now, let me see, men Yes! I'll pay pontoons only. Let's be having you, now, come along...

GRAMS:

CASH DROPPING ONTO TABLE

OMNES:

UNHAPPY MUTTERING

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lads. Never mind. Let's have another round.

PRIVATE BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Not for me, sir, I'm skint.

BLOODNOK:

No money?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Knurkel me gronkers! Get outside on guard, you... military fool! How dare you play cards when you should be at your post?! To your duties. Quiiiiick... march!

FX:

ONE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS MARCHING AWAY – UNDER

BLOODNOK:

Left... Left... Left, right, left. Come along. Pick 'em up!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP SUDDENLY

BLOODNOK:

Now put 'em down again.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE

BLOODNOK:

Left...

ELLINGTON:

(OFF - SHOUTS) Hello, therre!

PRIVATE BOGG:

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

What?

PRIVATE BOGG:

There's somebody creeping about outside.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Quick - gimme my pistol. Sword. Hand me that rifle. Steel helmet and that hand grenade, breastplate and armoured shield. Right. Now, Private Bogg, take this stick and go and see who it is. While I have my photo taken under the bed.

PRIVATE BOGG:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

PRIVATE BOGG:

Hello? (CLEARS THROAT) Hello? Anybody there? Hello? Hello-ho? Anybody out there in the dark?

BLOODNOK:

Well, Bogg? Is there anybody there?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No, sir, not a soul.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Then I'll take charge of this. (SHOUTS) Come on out and fight, you out there in the dark! I say, you're sure there's nobody out there, are you?

PRIVATE BOGG:

I'm positive.

BLOODNOK:

Right. (SHOUTS) Come on, you cowards! Come and fight! Oh, ho, ho, ho! That scared him away. (SHOUTS) You've run away, haven't you?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Oh, no, I ain't!

BLOODNOK:

Argghh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS BOLTS SLID ACROSS – KNOCKING ON DOOR UNDER

PRIVATE BOGG:

Major, open the door! Let me in!

BLOODNOK:

I... I can't, I'm in the bath.

PRIVATE BOGG:

Let me in!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, all vacancies are filled.

PRIVATE BOGG:

You can have ten bob!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING – CASH REGISTER, COIN IN TRAY

PRIVATE BOGG:

Thank you, Major. I was so frightened out there.

ELLINGTON:

(VERY CLOSE) Man, so was I.

BLOODNOK:

Aeuaigh. Hands up or I shoot!

ELLINGTON:

Hey, don't point that thing at me.

BLOODNOK:

You'll feel no pain, it's not loaded. Now, who are you? What do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Me, man? Well, I just dropped off a lorry.

BLOODNOK:

You're not a spare tyre, are you?

ELLINGTON:

Oh, no, it was a lorry with a large building strapped on the back.

BLOODNOK:

What? That might be number 10 Downing Street. I must contact HQ at once! Bogg, go and try and find a telephone. And you, play Ray, [UNCLEAR]...

ELLINGTON:

Well, aaaaaaaaaa right!

BLOODNOK:

Round the back for the brandy, quick.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

At six in the morning, Private Bogg approached a house in the shape of a plane. He had hopes of using the telephone. Inside, however, all was asleep.

FX:

CLOCK TICKING UNDER

HENRY:

(SNORING, MOUTH NOISES - SLEEPING)

FX:

ALARM CLOCK UNDER

HENRY:

(WAKES UP) What? Oh, dear, dear (SNORES) oh, dear, dear, dear, what, what, what, what, what, what, what? What!? (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Oh, drat it! The alarm clock again. Much too early, I... I'll turn it off. Where's my specker-ticals gone? I... think they were on the mantelpiece. I'll just feel along... here...

FX:

THINGS FALLING OFF MANTELPIECE – POTS, PANS ETC - UNDER

HENRY:

Oh. Oh, dear. Steady Mr Crun. Oh! Oh, dear. Dear, dear. Oh, dear, what have I done now?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henryyyyyyy!

HENRY:

Oh. I mustn't wake Minnie up.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henry! Henry Crun!

HENRY:

Are you awake, Min?

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS, THINGS FALLING STOPS

HENRY:

Are you calling, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Yes, the alarm's going.

HENRY:

It's stopped now, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Turn it off, Henry.

HENRY:

I have turned it off. It's stopped, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's going "rrrrring"

HENRY:

It wasn't going "ring". It's stopped, Min, I tell you!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Rrrrring, rrrrrring.

HENRY:

I turned it off, Min. Don't tell me what...

(PAUSE)

MINNIE:

(OFF) Rrrrrring

HENRY:

It's off, Min! Have a caraway seed and shut up.

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS AGAIN

HENRY:

Oh!

MINNIE:

(OFF) What did you say, Henry?

HENRY:

What? What? It's stopped now.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's stopped now, Henry.

HENRY:

No, it's started again.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's stopped, Henry, no need to bother.

HENRY:

It's started, I tell you.

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It's started. It's going "rrrring"

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It is, I'm telling you.

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It is going "ring", I can hear! There!

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS

HENRY:

Min? Modern Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) What is it, buddy?

HENRY:

Where are my specker-ticals?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Your specker-ticals are in your trousers, Henry.

HENRY:

Errrrm...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

HENRY AND MINNIE:

(CRIES OF ALARM)

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds.

HENRY:

Yes?

PRIVATE BOGG:

(MUFFLED)

MINNIE:

Oh! Quick!

HENRY:

Who's that at the door, eh?

PRIVATE BOGG:

(MUFFLED)

HENRY:

Whoever you are, speak through the letterbox.

PRIVATE BOGG:

It that better?

HENRY:

Yes, who are you, sir?

PRIVATE BOGG:

Well, I have come to ask if we can use your phone....

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS RINGING

PRIVATE BOGG:

...because we've had a bit of trouble and the...

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's still going, Henry.

PRIVATE BOGG:

We've had a lot of things to do...

MINNIE:

It's ringing, Henry.

PRIVATE BOGG:

...and we'd like to use the telephone.

HENRY:

But I haven't got...

MINNIE:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] rubbish, It's the alarm clock.

HENRY:

Please, Min, there's a man at the door.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Did you hear what I said?

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS

HENRY:

Yes, I didn't hear what you said.

PRIVATE BOGG:

I said "Can we borrow your telephone?"

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS RINGING

MINNIE:

(OFF) There it goes again! Why don't you stop it, Henry?

HENRY:

I can't see it, Min. I can't find where my specker-ticals are.

MINNIE:

(OFF) They're in your trousers!

HENRY:

What?

PRIVATE BOGG:

Hello? Can we borrow your telephone, please?

FX:

ALARM STOPS

HENRY:

Did you say “in my trousers”, Min?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No, I said “can I borrow your telephone?”

HENRY:

(GETTING CROSS) We haven’t got a telephone!

MINNIE:

(OFF) I *know* we haven’t got a telephone, Henry!

PRIVATE BOGG:

But I heard it ringing.

HENRY:

That was the alarm clock ringing!

MINNIE:

(OFF) You’re right, it is ringing.

HENRY:

Shut up, you rotten old fool, you!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Don’t you talk to me...

HENRY:

Arghh!

PRIVATE BOGG:

Can we borrow the telephone, please?

HENRY:

(ANGRY) I tell you, this was not a telephone!

PRIVATE BOGG:

We’d like to use the phone because we've had a bit of trouble up the road...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

BLOODNOK:

Five thirty and Bogg hasn't returned yet. Still too dark to see a thing.

ECCLES:

(COMING TOWARDS MIC, SINGING) I travel the road...

BLOODNOK:

Flan me blins! Who is it? Hands up!

ECCLES:

I can't put my hands up, I'm...

BLOODNOK:

Hands up or I fire!

ECCLES:

OK

FX:

LOTS OF METAL HITTING GROUND

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLOODNOK:

Now what's happened?

ECCLES:

I was riding a bike!

BLOODNOK:

Come here! Ough! Flourish me fabula!

ECCLES:

(MAKES WHOOPING NOISE)

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Who are you, you ragged-looking goon?

ECCLES:

Aoogh argh. I'm the... I'm a policeman.

BLOODNOK:

If you're a policeman, I'm Marilyn Munroe!

ECCLES:

Wow!

BLOODNOK:

Put me down at once!

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, turn round! You're not Marilyn Munroe!

BLOODNOK:

I told you I wasn't. What a bitter disappointment to us both. Hold out your wrists.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

Now your ankles.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

Your neck.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

And now into this iron cell.

FX:

CELL DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

Um, am I a prisoner?

BLOODNOK:

Prisoner? What an imagination you have!

ECCLES:

Well, I thought you were Marilyn Munroe, you can't have a better imagination than that, can you?

BLOODNOK:

No.

ECCLES:

Anyhow, why did you put all these chains on me?

BLOODNOK:

Well, they suit you.

ECCLES:

Oh!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

I surrender!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Inspector!

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, what are you doing in that cell?

ECCLES:

I'm not doing anything in it.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven for that! Bloodnok, bad news!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

10 Downing Street and the PM are in France!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Last reported travelling towards Paris, Follow me!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

NEWS REPORTER:

[SELLERS]

By seven on Christmas morning Paris was in France, so was Seagoon. French police, ever willing, supplied flying squad transport.

FX:

HORSE SLOWLY PLODDING ALONG ROAD - UNDER

ECCLES:

I'm not driving too fast for you fellows, am I?

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. The French police have been most uncooperative. So very secretive, it's, it's...

ECCLES:

Yeah, well... well, these French are always tryin' to hide something.

BLOODNOK:

Not at the Folles Bergere, they're not! Oh!

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, this is not the time to think of women!

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, tell me when it is, will you? I'll be there.

SEAGOON:

Look! The trail leads into that French bois.

BLOODNOK:

He's right. Stop the cart, Eccles.

ECCLES:

OK. Whoah, boy.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah, back boy, whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Good horse, whoah, stop. Whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah, back boy, stop. Whoah. Nice horse, whoah. Whoah, horse. Whoooah, horse. Stop, horse. Stop, horse. Ulumalumalum.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

BLOODNOK:

What a...

ECCLES:

Stop!

BLOODNOK:

What a big, lumbering idiot he is.

ECCLES:

Don't speak to dat horse like that.

BLOODNOK:

I was speaking to you, you fool! Stop the animal!

SEAGOON:

You fools, that horse is a foreigner. Try shouting stop in French.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. Stop in French! Stop in French!

SEAGOON:

It's no good, we'll have to jump off.

ECCLES:

But I haven't got a parachute.

BLOODNOK:

Here, swallow mine.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS AND SMACKS LIPS) It wasn't cooked!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind.

SEAGOON:

Jump, lads!

ECCLES, SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK:

Arrrrrrrrrgh!

FX:

THREE BODIES LANDING

SEAGOON:

You hurt yourself, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No. Shall I jump again?

SEAGOON:

Save it for the Eiffel Tower.

BLOODNOK:

Here, Seagoon. Through my telescope I can see 10 Downing Street in the woods.

SEAGOON:

Let me observe. Gad, it looks real close through this telescope!

BLOODNOK:

It's... it's miles away, really.

ECCLES:

Well, if it's nearer wid the telescope, lets crawl through the telescope.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer!

FX:

THREE POPS

SEAGOON:

Right, are we all through?

GREENSLADE:

As far as being comics, yes.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY) Silence, Greenslade, keep your place! Hide your haddock and cod! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY TA RA

SEAGOON:

Thank yew.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF MIC) Every one a gem.

GREENSLADE:

During that brief chord, our heroes arrived at the door of missing number 10 Downing Street.

FX:

LONG FANCY KNOCKING ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

My name's Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

You must be a drummer.

SEAGOON:

I'm an Inspector.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, the drains. This way.

SEAGOON:

A police Inspector, sir! I only inspect police. Now tell us, is this place 10 Downing Street?

GRYTPYPE:

Who wants to know?

SEAGOON:

A police Inspector by the name of Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Answer, man, answer. Remember, this sword is loaded and so am I.

GRYTPYPE:

If you must know, the Prime Minister and the entire British Cabinet are in the next room debating certain affairs that they didn't wish the British people to hear.

SEAGOON:

So that's why they brought 10 Downing Street to France!!!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RA

GREENSLADE:

And there we conclude our story. There'll be a silver collection for the actors.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Wal, dear, big, fat Wal. You... you can't leave the British Government in a wood in France!

GREENSLADE:

Can't I?

GRYTPYPE:

You think of a better place to leave them, can you?

SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGH - GETTING MORE AND MORE MANIC)

GRAMS:

"LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY" GRADUALLY SPEEDED UP

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH"

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. The script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, program produced by Roy Speirs.

Vintage E04 - The Giant Bombardon

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

OMNES:

RAPID SINGING OF RANDOM NOTES

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show, folks. Yes, folks!

MILLIGAN:

Yes, folks!

SECOMBE:

Yes, folks!

GRAMS:

ROYAL FANFARE

SECOMBE:

Thank you, folks.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, Victor Silvester. And now for an encore, Mr. Webster Smogpule will sing that lovely Mongolian saxophone solo for cor anglais and cor blimey, 'I Lost my teeth in a Monastery Garden' by Hurlston.

PIANO INTRODUCTION:

G7 to C

SMOGPULE:

(MEGAPHONE) Thank you, friends, thank you.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Get on with it, you great...

SMOGPULE:

(MEGAPHONE) Modern-type record, folks. Hello, modern-type record, folks. Modern-type. Keep that bamboo needle in place, folks.

(SINGS) Oh, let me like a sol...

(SPEAKS) Oh, pardon me.

(SINGS) Oh, let me like a soldier fall
Upon the field of battle...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SMOGPULE:

Ooww!

GREENSLADE:

We would like to announce that this was Smogpule's farewell appearance. But now, to this week's great feature. A story of a mighty cannon designed to win the Crimean War. Here then is the saga of...

SELLERS:

'The Giant Bombardon'. Or...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

SELLERS:

'The Giant Bombardon'. Or...

ORCHESTRA:

FURTHER DRAMATIC CHORDS

SELLERS:

The story of this great bombardon commences in the year 1853. The year of the Crimean War. The year that gave Anna Neagle her big chance.

GRAMS:

WINTRY WIND

SEAGOON:

It is midnight in the winter H.Q...

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

...of Major Bloodnok V.C.

BLOODNOK:

Ha...

SEAGOON:

The British Army, Balaclava.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

The enemy are only a stone's throw away.

GRAMS:

PANE OF GLASS SMASHING.

BLOODNOK:

Curse them, they've thrown another stone! Lord Cardigan, plug that hole up.

CARDIGAN:

[DYALL]

This is the third winter in four months in this devilish place. Three fiscal years fighting those Ruskies. They must be in the red. It looks bad.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it might even lead to war. Pass me the Marlon, lad. Pass me the brandy, will you.

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES APPROACHING RAPIDLY.

BLOODNOK:

Hark! I hear horses hooves.

CARDIGAN:

It's somebody galloping down the road.

BLOODNOK:

Who is it?

CARDIGAN:

It's a man with coconut shells strapped to his feet.

BLOODNOK:

Economical devil. Let me see. Why, he looks like a messenger from the front. And he looks like one from the back, as well.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Let him in by letting him in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Bad news. Ohohohohhhh!

BLOODNOK:

Who are you?

SEAGOON:

Lieutenant Seagoon of the third Athlete's Foot.

BLOODNOK:

I am... I am Bloodnok of the second Royal Knees. Seagoon? Wait a minute! Seagoon! I didn't recognise you.

SEAGOON:

I thought not.

CARDIGAN:

You know him, sir?

BLOODNOK:

No, that's why I didn't recognise him.

SEAGOON:

Oh, groan, groan, groan, groan. Ahhhgggh! Groan, oh, groan.

BLOODNOK:

He's wounded with groans. Quick, the brandy!

CARDIGAN:

Here.

GRAMS:

LIQUID POURING FROM BOTTLE.

CARDIGAN:

Now, steady now. Drink this.

GRAMS:

STOPS.

BLOODNOK:

(SWALLOWING) Ah! Thank you. I never could stand the sight of blood, you know.

SEAGOON:

I'm alright, sir. It's only a flesh wound.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it looked like a bullet wound to me.

SEAGOON:

The Russians, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What!

SEAGOON:

The Russians, they've attacked heavily and after a five day battle against superhuman odds - I fear the third Dismounted Foot and Mouth Fusiliers retreated.

CARDIGAN:

Retreated! A British regiment retreated? How much?

SEAGOON:

(OVERCOME) A... a quarter of an inch.

CARDIGAN:

Retreated a whole quarter of an inch?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CARDIGAN:

But... what made them panic like this?!

SEAGOON:

They lost their Colonel, sir. He's... he's dead.

BLOODNOK:

Colonel Splun dead?!

SEAGOON:

Dead.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! How did that happen?

SEAGOON:

He was killed.

BLOODNOK:

Killed? Do you think that's what caused his death?

SEAGOON:

I'm not a doctor, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What a coincidence.

CARDIGAN:

How did he die?

ORCHESTRA:

MUTED TRUMPET PLAYING THE LAST POST UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Well, sir, the battle started at dawn ten days ago. The Ruskies attacked Colonel Splun's troops but... they held grimly.

CARDIGAN:

Stout fellow!

SEAGOON:

Then the Cossacks charged Colonel Splun's troops but he... he drove them back at nightfall.

CARDIGAN:

Stout fellow!

SEAGOON:

Well, he's very thin, really. Then the... the Russian artillery bombarded his troops for two days. But they budged not an inch. So it went on for ten days. (JEWISH ACCENT) My life, ten days it went on for! (NORMAL) Colonel Splun's lad held firm and finally scattered the attackers with cold steel. It is then I learned that... Colonel Splun was dead.

CARDIGAN:

What a hero.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) Yes.

CARDIGAN:

Tell us... tell us, lad. *How* did he die?

SEAGOON:

He... he was hiding in the NAAFI when a tea urn fell on his nut.

BLOODNOK:

A soldier's death. I hope he died with his boots on.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

He had holes in his socks.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

Things look bad though, you know. Those Ruskies. They seem to have endless supplies of arms and legs. Only this morning they brought three hundred new cannons.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

BLOODNOK:

'Are you sure?!' Here's the receipt!

CARDIGAN:

You're right. This war will last as long as Ruskies are safe behind the walls of Sebastopol.

BLOODNOK:

What we need is a giant artillery mortar that will breach the walls.

CARDIGAN:

Lieutenant Seagoon, here's ten shillings and a pair of tartan socks. Take the next boat back to England and commission the building of a giant leather mortar. A bombardon!

SEAGOON:

Packing my three trunks of Jane Mansfield postcards, I did as I was told. Three weeks at sea saw us nearing England. The last night aboard we had a concert on deck.

SMOGPULE:

(WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT)

Oh, let me like a soldier fall
Upon the field of battle.
I draw out my sword
And fight for my country...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SMOGPULE:

Owwwwww!

OMNES:

HEARTY CHEERING AND CLAPPING.

SELLERS:

(COCKNEY BOXING MATCH ANNOUNCER ACCENT) And next Ladies and Gentlemen, we have Private Max Geldray. And here he is in 'The Secrets of a French Washing Machine'. Thank you.

MAX GELDRAI:

"CRAZY RHYTHM"

GREENSLADE:

I suppose the BBC knows what it's doing. In London, Lieutenant Seagoon was given voice in a House of Commons special session.

GRAMS:

POLITICAL RHUBARBS.

SEAGOON:

And furthermore, there is discontent among the troops.

GRAMS:

POLITICAL RHUBARBS.

DISRAELI:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Lieutenant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What?

DISRAELI:

You say there is discontent among the troops?

SEAGOON:

Yes, there *is* discontent among the troops.

DISRAELI:

Huh? *Why* do you say there is discontent among the troops?

SEAGOON:

Because there *is* discontent among the troops.

DISRAELI:

I see. You say there is discontent among the troops... because there *is* discontent among the troops?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I said there is discontent among the troops because there *is* discontent among the troops.

DISRAELI:

Yes, well, it all sounds reasonable to me. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now gentlemen, the most pressing need in the Crimea is the heavy artillery mortar for siege purposes. You see, the Russian held city of Sebastopol has walls twenty feet thick.

GRAMS:

POLITICAL RHUBARBS OF ASTONISHMENT.

SEAGOON:

They are, they are.

DISRAELI:

Um, Lieutenant Seagoon. You say the walls of Sebastopol are twenty feet thick?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

DISRAELI:

Why did you say that?

SEAGOON:

Because the walls of Sebastopol *are* twenty feet thick.

DISRAELI:

You say the walls are twenty feet thick because they *are* twenty feet thick?

SEAGOON:

(FAST SHOUTING) Yes, I said they're twenty feet thick because they *are* twenty feet thick!

DISRAELI:

Well, you appear confident. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Good luck! To continue. I would like to say...

DISRAELI:

Ah, Lieutenant? A passing thought. Have you ever... er... measured the walls of Sebastopol?

SEAGOON:

(IN A FURY) Mnnnnnngh... (SUDDENLY CALM) No.

DISRAELI:

Then it is possible that the walls are *not*... twenty feet thick?

SEAGOON:

It is possible, yes.

DISRAELI:

They might be only ten feet six inches thick?

SEAGOON:

It is possible the walls of Sebastopol are only ten feet six inches thick.

DISRAELI:

You say that it is *possible* that the walls of Sebastopol are only ten feet six inches thick.

SEAGOON:

Yes!

DISRAELI:

Why do you say that?

SEAGOON:

Because you said it!

DISRAELI:

I said it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

DISRAELI:

Lieutenant, are you blaming me for the waaaaalls... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

SEAGOON:

(FAST) I don't know what are you going to ask me [UNCLEAR]!

DISRAELI:

Listen while I tell you!

SEAGOON:

I don't blame you at all! You're a raving idiot, man.

DISRAELI:

Then who *are* you blaming for the walls of Sebastopol...

SEAGOON:

(OVER DISRAELI) I'm not blaming anybody...

DISRAELI:

...being only ten feet six inches thick?

SEAGOON:

...for the walls of Sebastopol being only ten feet six inches thick.

DISRAELI:

But somebody must be responsible for the walls being ten feet six inches thick!

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING AND FAST) Nobody's responsible for the walls of Sebastopol being only ten feet six inches thick.

(THEY ARGUE LOUDLY)

GRAMS:

BRING IN SOUND OF POLITICAL INFIGHTING.

LORD PHULES:

[MILLIGAN]

He'll have to go! Gentlemen, please, please, please. After all, Lieutenant Seagoon did not say the walls were only ten foot six inches. He said... he said they were twenty feet thick.

DISRAELI:

Twenty feet?!

LORD PHULES:

Ahhhhh!

DISRAELI:

Then what's happened to the other nine feet six inches?

SEAGOON:

Nothing's happened to the other nine feet six inches.

DISRAELI:

Thank heavens they're safe! Lieutenant Seagoon, I apologise.

SEAGOON:

I accept your apology. Now then, I was going to say...

DISRAELI:

Er, Lieutenant Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

My life!

DISRAELI:

You say you accept my apology?

SEAGOON:

YES!

DISRAELI:

Why did you say that?

SEAGOON:

(RAVING) Haahhahahahahahaaaaaaa!!!!

GRAMS:

MASSIVE PUB BRAWL, BREAKING GLASS, MIX IN SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS, MESSERSCHMIDTS DIVE BOMBING, TRAIN PULLING OUT OF STATION, WHISTLES, CAR HORNS.

SEAGOON:

At midnight the debate finished. And I decided to spend the night at my aunt and uncle's, a dear old couple who, being holders of government gilt edged securities, lived in a tree in Hyde Park.

FX:

SOUND OF CROCKERY, RUNNING WATER, PLATES BEING SCRAPED. CONTINUE UNDER.

GRAMS:

OCCASIONAL TRUMPETING OF ELEPHANT OVER...

CRUN:

(SINGING) I've got rhythm in my soul
Nukka tukka tikkie.
I've got rhythm in my soul.
Tuckle tuckle tuckle.
I got fish in my socks,
And shoes in my nose.

GRAMS:

EXTRA LOUD ELEPHANTINE TRUMPET.

CRUN:

Oh! You'll have your herbs in a minute.

GRAMS:

MORE TRUMPETING.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Ohhh! Henry! Henry!

CRUN:

What, modern Min?

MINNIE:

What are you doing there, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm singing hot rhythm songs, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Naughty Henry.

CRUN:

I'm rocking round the clock, Min.

MINNIE:

You'll never get away with that. What's all that other type noise down there?

CRUN:

I'm washing the dinner plates, Min.

FX:

SCRAPING OF CROCKERY. CONTINUES UNDER...

MINNIE:

But we haven't had dinner yet, Henry.

CRUN:

Ah, but I'm washing them now so that we won't have to wash them after.

GRAMS:

EXTRA LOUD BURST OF ELEPHANTINE TRUMPETING.

MINNIE:

What's that, Henry? Ohhhhhh! Was that you, Henry?

CRUN:

No, that was the elephant, Min.

MINNIE:

What's the elephant doing in the kitchen?

CRUN:

Helping, Min.

MINNIE:

Is he... is he drying up?

CRUN:

No, he feels quite moist, Min. He... he... he's cooking the din, Min.

FX:

RAPID FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRCASE. DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

Cooking the din, Min?

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

(ON MIC) Oh, I told you not to let him cook the dinner. You know that's the gorilla's job. Shoo and get out of... Naughty elephant. Shoo! Go on!

GRAMS:

ENRAGED TRUMPET.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Oh, you...

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

You *know* that elephant was helping me build my giant bombardon in the cellar.

MINNIE:

I didn't... I don't know... I don't know what... ohhhhhh! I don't know what we want a giant bombardon for.

FX:

CRASH OF CROCKERY.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Well, if you sleep in the barrel of it, Min

MINNIE:

(AD LIBBING) It's your turn in the barrel, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes... Sleeping in the barrel, Min. It gets rid of rheumatism of the knees, you know.

MINNIE:

Oh, ohhhh!

CRUN:

My uncle slept in a cannon once.

MINNIE:

Oh. What did it get rid of?

CRUN:

It got rid of my uncle, Min.

FX:

RAPID CROCKERY SCRAPING.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! There's a plun on my plin!

CRUN:

You realise we're lucky, modern Min. No-one else in this street has got a bombardon.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

I'll... I'll answer it, Min, I know the way to the door.

FX:

DOOR LATCH.

CRUN:

Ahhhhhggghhhahhooiiiiee!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Uncle Crun.

CRUN:

Ohhh, it's shiny, short and dreadful Neddie. Min!

MINNIE:

Oh, back from the China wars.

CRUN:

Come in. Let me take that wet wig off.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Ah, home and beauty.

MINNIE:

Come on in, darling. Come on and relax. Put your feet up.

FX:

BODY CRASHES TO FLOOR. CROCKERY FALLS ETC.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh...

CRUN:

You shouldn't have done that from the standing position.

SEAGOON:

You old... joker, you.

BANNISTER & CRUN:

(RHYTHM LAUGHTER)

CRUN:

You know, Min, I met Lieutenant Seagoon by accident.

SEAGOON:

He ran over me in a steam roller.

OMNES:

(ALL LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Yes, gad, happy days! Happy, happy days. By the way, what... what's that thing in the cellar?

CRUN:

What? Didn't you know I'm building a giant leather bombardon?

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, what luck! The very thing I've come to England for.

CRUN:

You see, Min. I told you it would come in handy.

SEAGOON:

Ooooh! Er, I haven't introduced you to Colonel Ray Ellington here.

ELLINGTON:

Er, how do you do?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"CUBAN CARNIVAL"

GRAMS:

CONSTRUCTION NOISES

GREENSLADE:

Under government contract, genius Henry Crun set about completing his giant bombardon. Finally the day of completion arrived.

CRUN:

Ah, Seagoon. Just put this office on, will you?

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. It's a bit tight under the arm pits.

CRUN:

Now, I have here a miniature of the bombardon. It's loaded. And to show you its angle of projection I'm going to fire a shot at the target on that door.

SEAGOON:

Splenders.

CRUN:

Ah, splenders, just light the fuse, would you?

GRAMS:

HISS OF BURNING CORDITE

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good morning.

GRAMS:

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohohohhhaweee, you rotten swines, you! I'm shotted! My Captain, you have shotted me.
Ohheeeee! Falls to ground, clutches heart area in agony. Loosens knees.

MINNIE:

Don't... don't be silly, little Bottle. It was only a rubber bullet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's still agony, though.

MINNIE:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It went down my throat.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, you've swallowed a bullet? Quick, I'll pick you up.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but don't point him at anybody.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have a rubber bullet within! I die. I'm kil-led. You have deaded me!

SEAGOON:

I'll fix it. Pass me that mallet. Thank you. Now Bluebottle, take your hat off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-oh!

SEAGOON:

Now.

FX:

POP.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee!

FX:

HIGHER PITCHED POP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Oh, you banged it out. My Captain has saved me. Hurray!

GRAMS:

TRUCK REVERSING IN LOW GEAR.

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's the lorry with the iron for the cannon balls.

WILLIUM:

Er, pardon me, mate. Where do you want all this scrap iron on the (SINGS) 'any-old-iron, any-old-iron...' (NORMAL) on the... er... lorry, mate, dumping?

SEAGOON:

Throw the lot in this deep smelting pit.

WILLIUM:

Well, give me an 'and, then.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'll make the straining noises.

WILLIUM & SEAGOON:

(STRAINS SUPREME, INCLUDING THAT OLD FAVOURITE 'WATCH OUT FOR THE TENORS FRIEND THERE')

GRAMS:

SUDDEN BURST OF STEAM. ENORMOUS CRASH OF FALLING LOAD.

SEAGOON:

Gad. That was heavy.

WILLIUM:

It ought to be, that was the lorry.

SEAGOON:

You fool. Why didn't you tell me that was the lorry?

WILLIUM:

Well, I didn't have me glasses on. My mate borrowed 'em.

SEAGOON:

Well, you'd better get them back off him, 'adn't yer!

WILLIUM:

I can't, 'e was in the lorry. (SINGS LIKE SPRIGGS) In the lo-rrrrry!

SEAGOON:

Of course. (SINGS LIKE SPRIGGS) I suppose he had to steer. To stee-eeeeer!

SPRIGGS:

Pardon me, Jim. Are you taking the mickey out of me, Ji-iiiiim?

SEAGOON:

...iiiiim!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim. The barrels of gunpowder have arri-iiiived!

SEAGOON:

Welllll sung, Spriggs. Where are they?

SPRIGGS:

They were a bit damp so Eccles is drying the gunpowder out by the fire.

SEAGOON:

That's the last thing he should do.

SPRIGGS:

It will be.

GRAMS:

ROLLING SERIES OF VESUVIAN EXPLOSIONS. PAUSE. BOOTS RUNNING, COMING FROM DISTANCE.

ECCLES:

'Ere! That gunpowder exploded. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Thank you, friends. It's been a long time. Ta. Thanks.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! Still alive?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

It must be a miracle. Go back and try again.

ECCLES:

Oh. No, not again. I can't go round having fun all the time, you know.

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

Where's my legs gone?

SEAGOON:

Yeah. Now, the trouble is... (AD LIBS) Nod your head. (NORMAL) The trouble is where to get another vast quantity of gunpowder. I'd pay anything for it.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

We were in Siberia, queueing for Sputniks, and we happened to hear your chance remark, sir.

SEAGOON:

I haven't had the pleasure.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to... er... etcetera, etcetera. I'm Grytpype Thynne and this is the hairy Count Jim...

MORIARTY:

Xch awwwwooww!

GRYTPYPE:

...'explosions' Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Explosions? You deal in gunpowder, then.

GRYTPYPE:

A far more deadly explosive.

SEAGOON:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Liquorice powder.

SEAGOON:

This is new to me. I demand a demonstration.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, STRENGTH 9

MORIARTY:

(VARIOUS 'OWWWW'S)

SEAGOON:

Proof enough.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Just sign this contract and certificate of slavery, would you?

SEAGOON:

I'll sign with my banjo.

GRAMS:

CHROMATIC BANJO LICK, SPEEDED UP.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'll blot it with this piano.

GRAMS:

SPEEDY OCTAVES IN G.

SEAGOON:

Hup! Have the liquorice powder delivered on board the HMS Venus.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

Crun, true to his word, had the giant bombardon completed well behind schedule.

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING ON PLANKS.

SEAGOON:

In separate brown paper parcels it was stored in the hold of the HMS Venus.

GRYTPYPE:

Likewise the powerful crates of liquorice powder, post free. Little does he know that one crate contains Count Jim Moriarty who will spy for the Russians.

SEAGOON:

Finished?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Captain MacSpron, are you ready to sail?

MacSPRON:

[DYALL]

Aye, sir. I'll just try a few hairy sea phrases. "Send up the [UNCLEAR] and hose Diana Dors!"

SEAGOON:

Then off you go, Captain.

MacSPRON:

Right!

GRAMS:

BODY FALLING HEAVILY INTO WATER

SEAGOON:

And we followed behind in the ship.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

OMNES:

SEAMEN'S EJACULATIONS.

GRAMS:

CREAKING TIMBERS AND ROPES. OCEAN SWELL.

SEAGOON:

Three days out from the Crimea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...out from the Crimea.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. How many knots are we making?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Twenty knots an hour.

SEAGOON:

We appear to be going slow for twenty knots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, they're only granny-knots. Anyway, I haven't got anymore string. Aeough!

GRAMS:

BODY FALLING HEAVILY INTO WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Little Jim. Naughty Uncle Harry did that. We don't want idiots on this ship.

GRAMS:

BODY FALLING HEAVILY INTO WATER.

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Naughty Little Jim! Help! Somebody drop me a line.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly. What's your address? Ha ha ha ha ha! No, no, no, dear listeners, I'd better save him, he might have the last line in the show. Here. Catch this concrete life belt. Huh...

FX:

SINGLE WOODBLOC

SEAGOON:

Ghuh! Dramatic chords, please, Walter.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

DISTANT WIND HOWLING.

GREENSLADE:

It was three months journey to the Crimea. But by December the forty-third, Crun's giant leather bombardon was dug in and sited on the walls of Russian held Sebastopol. Major Bloodnok had also been sighted by a certain Captain Fitzgerald.

BLOODNOK:

It's lies! So this is the bombardon, eh? What a terrible looking monster.

ECCLES:

No, I'm Eccles. *That's* the bombardon. What? What?

BLOODNOK:

You've spoilt everything.

ECCLES:

I spoilt everything?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, you see, I just loaded you.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, sir! Telephone message from Commander Ryan, (FLUFFS LINE). 'Infantry HQ' that should have been.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

We must fire at dawn. It's a matter of life and click.

BLOODNOK:

You mean life and death?

SEAGOON:

No, life and click. He hung up.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

BLOODNOK:

Stop those naughty 'audience-winning' jokes. Remember we fire at dawn tonight. Further chords, please.

ORCHESTRA:

FURTHER DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

DISTANT RIFLE FIRE. DISTANT BUGLE. VARY SPEED AT END.

SEAGOON:

Reveille! Come along! Wakey, wakey! Out of bed. Hands off your socks! Come on, let's 'ave yer! Come on, then!

BLOODNOK:

Gad! It's snowing.

CARDIGAN:

Nonsense, it just happens I have dandruff.

BLOODNOK:

What?

CARDIGAN:

Incidentally, the giant leather bombardon's ready for action, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right. Put a case of liquorice powder down the barrel.

CARDIGAN:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Right. Men, take up position.

OMNES:

MILITARY RHUBARBS.

SEAGOON:

Point it towards that large portion of Sebastopol wall. Ready? FIRE!

GRAMS:

HOWITZER. SOUND OF SHELL WHISTLING OVERHEAD.

GREENSLADE:

We now go over to Sebastopol wall to hear the arrival of the missile.

GRAMS:

INCOMING SHELL. EXPLOSION.

MORIARTY:

Awwawawawwwwow! Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse.

MORIARTY:

Owww, mate!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, prepare for the payoff line then run.

MORIARTY:

Right. We've been fired!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

GELDRAI:

Ai!

GREENSLADE:

Well, there it is. Makes yer mad, doesn't it!

ORCHESTRA:

"I WANT TO BE HAPPY" PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with Valentine Dyall, the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Roy Speer.

Vintage E05 - The Kipperd Herring Gang

Transcribed by Christopher Thomas, Kurt Adkins. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL

SEAGOON:

Somewhere between the Andes Mountains and Berlin is a place called London.

BLOODNOK:

And it's hell there!

ORCHESTRA:

COMIC FANFARE

GELDRAI:

Hoi!

GREENSLADE:

That brief story was for those who've other things to do. Now our topic for tonight.

SELLERS:

Crime does not pay.

SEAGOON:

You're right, folks, crime does not pay. Just look at the lousy wages politicians get.

SELLERS:

But crime is on the increase. Listen to these headlines: Gang robs lumberjack's house and escapes with valuable fur tree. Worse still, gang robs prime minister's house and escapes with pawn tickets and second hand dress suit.

GREENSLADE:

But of all these gangs, one has baffled the police for nearly four hundred years. Here, then, is specially broadcast from the top of a bus is...

SEAGOON:

The Kipperd Herring Gang.

ORCHESTRA:

DUH, DUH DUH, DUH, DUHHHHH – (DRAGNET THEME)

GREENSLADE:

Now, The Kipperd Herring Gang, Part Two.

SELLERS:

This gang were mean men. They would stop at nothing, not even a hotel. Gangsters who, when cornered, went underground, one of London's best means of transport.

GREENSLADE:

Into this complex world of crime, of move and counter move, stepped a man of great ingenuity, daring, resource and brains.

ECCLES:

Ain't me, folks.

SEAGOON:

No, it was me, folks. Hello, folks! Heeeellloooooo folllllkkkss! It's me! the frenzied Neddie Seagoon, folks. The world's greatest authority on Mrs. Neddie Seagoon. But you can never be sure! At the time of the Dreaded Kipperd Gang crimes, folks, I was the world's highest paid idiot. When this became known, I was asked to join the big five, of whom, only seven were still alive. It was at Skitland Yard...

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SLOWLY BEING SPEEDED UP

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhh! Ah, that's... that's enough, lads, that's enough. Oohhh! The wind in the pipes, ohhhh, dear. Now. Ahh, you Henry Hall laughers, you. Last week... last week this gang robbed the ra-ha-lahum. (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

SECOMBE:

(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

BLOODNOK:

Last week this gang robbed the Duke of Accrington's mansion, stole the night's takings and left behind... guess what?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. They left behind... a kippered herring!

OMNES:

VARIOUS MOANS OF DISBELIEF

BLOODNOK:

The week before, they robbed the Bank of England. Every safe left empty, exactly as they found them. Once again they left behind... a kippered herring!

OMNES:

MORE DISBELIEF MOANINGS

BLOODNOK:

May well muttery the laugh murmurs. But this gang is a menace, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

I trust, Inspector Bloodnok, you have retained these two kippered herrings?

BLOODNOK:

Indeed, yes. Oh, yes, indeed I have! In fact, they are at this very moment going through an examination.

SEAGOON:

I hope they pass.

BLOODNOK:

Pass!

OMNES:

NUMEROUS GOON-TYPE NOISES

SEAGOON:

Inspector Bloodnok, you say after each crime, this gang left behind a single kipper?

BLOODNOK:

I think they were single, they may have been married, you can never tell. You never know with fish, you know.

GREENSLADE:

If I may, please, if I may interpose...

BLOODNOK:

What? How dare you!

GREENSLADE:

I fail to see of what import it is whether the kippered herrings are married or single.

BLOODNOK:

There is a great deal of importance. Think of their children! (OBVIOUS EDIT IS OBVIOUS) Ahhh, just the man. Seagoon, this is our forensic expert.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

ECCLES:

Ahh, oh, oh, ahh. Haaallo, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Er, tell us, what did you discover about these kippered herrings?

ECCLES:

They're dead.

SEAGOON:

Dead? This makes it murder!

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET

SEAGOON:

Were there any fingerprints on these kippers?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

So the criminals must have handled them with gloves on. That, or they never wore gloves but didn't handle them! That or they wore gloves *and* didn't handle them as well.

ECCLES:

I'm going home.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! No ad-libbing, now, Eccles. Bloodnok! Are these kippers the common type?

BLOODNOK:

Only one, the others went to Eton, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ohh, socially misguided fools. Eccles! Have you got the two kippers on you?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Then it's time you had a bath.

ECCLES:

What? What? What? What?

ORCHESTRA:

DUH, DUH DUH, DUH, DUHHHHH – DRAGNET THEME

GREENSLADE:

Dispite investingations and investigootions, the Kipperd Herring Gang struck again and again three times.

BLOODNOK:

I tell you, Seagoon, this gang is making us laughing stocks.

SEAGOON:

Well, make me one.

BLOODNOK:

Do you know what happened to me this morning?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I don't know.

BLOODNOK:

A scruffy little urchin threw a kippered herring at me. He *threw* it at me!

SEAGOON:

Did you close with him?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I didn't, he was only a kid, I mean, he doesn't know any better. Wasn't meaning any harm. Well, I mean, I've done it myself when I was young. He was only having fun.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but... what did you do?

BLOODNOK:

I threw him under a steam roller!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, you sentimental fool!

BLOODNOK:

Yes! I say, you, um... you wouldn't care for a rather unique book marker, would you?

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. Allow me to play a piano chord to denote the end of this bit.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

BLOODNOK:

(OVER PIANO) Divine, oh, divine!

GREENSLADE:

With that, er, princely melody being slugged out, we move to part three, in that order.

FX:

BUZZ, BUZZ, DING DING DONG DONG, KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

SPRIGGS:

Come in, Jim. Come iiiiiiiin!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, Inspector Spriggs, I've made a great discovery and in that order.

SPRIGGS:

Splendid, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

This dossier in a police file prove that one of the Kipperd Herring Gang is a criminal!

SPRIGGS:

You mean, this man has a record?

SEAGOON:

And a gramophone!

BLOODNOK:

What a lethal combination.

SEAGOON:

As far as we know this man's name is... Fred.

SPRIGGS:

Freee-eed? Not Fred the mad Houdini?

SEAGOON:

The same and in that order.

BLOODNOK:

Spon!

SEAGOON:

Splim!

SPRIGGS:

Splin! Plong! Fssht-too! That man's escaped from every prison in the country. Look, here's a photo of him.

BLOODNOK:

There's nothing on it!

SPRIGGS:

What? He's escaped again! He was on that photograph this morning. On the photograph this morniiii-iing!

SEAGOON:

Never mind. What matters now... What matters is we know now the name of one of the Kipperd Herring Gang!

ORCHESTRA:

DUH, DUH DUH, DUH, DUHHHHH – DRAGNET THEME

GRAMS:

DOGS HOWLING

GREENSLADE:

(OVER HOWLS) Police dogs are put on the scent, but failed.

SELLERS:

They were replaced by police cats who were soon hot on the kipper scent.

GRAMS:

CATS MEOWING

SELLERS:

Many toms strayed from their duty.

SEAGOON:

But the main herd of police cats finally led us to... Billingsgate.

GRAMS:

MORE CATS

SEAGOON:

Another group of cats led us to Covent Garden Fruit Market.

ECCLES:

They were vegetarians.

SEAGOON:

Covent Garden? Could it be that the gang were opera singers? As I approached the building, I could hear the music of a lone musician playing, outside.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

I questioned this mouth organ player and after three hours I forced him to admit that he played the mouth organ. However, we were still no nearer tracing the Kipper Gang.

GREENSLADE:

But, late that night in Seagoons office...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[SELLERS]

Hello, are you Whitehall one-two-one-two?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm Hercules Seagoon. Oh, I see! Yes. Yes, yes, I am, yes.

OPERATOR:

Well, there's a call for you. Go ahead, you're through, dear.

GUNMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GUNMAN:

Is that Inspector Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Er, yes.

GUNMAN:

Insticuk... instiktur... Inspector Hercules Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GUNMAN:

Hands up!

SEAGOON:

Hands up?

GUNMAN:

Yes, I've got a gun!

SEAGOON:

A gun? Don't shoot! I... I'm not very well, I've got a bad face.

GUNMAN:

I'm not taking any excuses, I'm gonna kill you!

SEAGOON:

You do and I'll... I... I'll reverse the charges.

OPERATOR:

Hello, have you two finished your...

GUNMAN:

Get off the line, woman!

OPERATOR:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Look out he's got a gun!

FX:

BANG BANG BANG

OPERATOR:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

You fool! You shot the operator!

GUNMAN:

Right! And now I'll get you, take that!

FX:

PHONE BEING SLAMMED DOWN

GUNMAN:

Oh, me finger!

SEAGOON:

Before he could shoot again, I hung up. Very was a near thing. So the Kipperd Herring Gang were after me, eh? Bloodnok? Herrington? Eccles?

OMNES:

(MOANS)

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, the gang just tried to shoot me.

BLOODNOK:

Did they have any luck?

SEAGOON:

No, they missed.

BLOODNOK:

Curse! Such a big target, too.

ECCLES:

And getting bigger all the time!

BLOODNOK:

Yes...

SEAGOON:

Men! I have the answer to the gang. You know that after each robbery they leave behind a kippered herring? Well, the answer is simple. We must cut off their source of supply.

BLOODNOK:

Shutter me donger and thud me crimik! You're right! No kippers, no crimes. That'll beat 'em, me naughty boys!

SEAGOON:

Wait! I just thought. If we cut off their source of kipper herrings, they might revert to more drastic measures.

BLOODNOK:

You mean...

SEAGOON:

They might even use... grade three salmon!

BLOODNOK:

Mashie me moggler with a thin crippler! We shall have to take a chance, that's all. And in that order!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

BLOODNOK:

(OVER PIANO) Ahhhhh, beautiful, beautiful.

GREENSLADE:

And so, the plan went into operation. All kippers in the United Kingdom were confiscated.

GRAMS:

LORRIES DRIVING PAST

NEWSREADER:

[SELLERS]

From Yarmouth, Lowerstoft, Milford Haven, Grimsby and Aberdeen, convoys of lorries, heavily guarded by armed police, rolled toward London. Each lorry loaded with kippered herring. These herrings were stacked inside Scotland Yard. An amazing sight. As one policeman remarked:

POLICEMAN:

Ooooh.

ORCHESTRA:

DUH, DUH DUH, DUH, DUHHHHH – DRAGNET THEME

GREENSLADE:

Yet, despite these precautions, the robberies continued. At the scene of each crime they *still* left a kippered herring.

SEAGOON:

Obviously they had a secret source of supply.

HERRINGTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Where do these kippers come from? (GARBLED GARBLED GARBLED, AUDIENCE LAUGH, GARBLED).

HENRY CRUN:

Steady, Min!

MINNIE:

Ooooo.

FX:

SLAP

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

(MUTTER MUMBLE)

MINNIE:

(MUMBLE MUTTER)

HENRY CRUN:

Set it up again, Min.

MINNIE:

Naughty.

HENRY CRUN:

Now, Min. Add the Indian Brandy!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh! What about the thing?

HENRY CRUN:

Put 'em in, Min. Put in the thing. The preserve.

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh!

HENRY CRUN:

Now!

FX:

SLAP

MINNIE:

Oowww! Right in the plun.

HENRY CRUN:

You must pull your finger away, Min.

MINNIE:

You didn't give the warning, I was...

FX:

SLAP

MINNIE:

Oooowww!

SEAGOON:

What's going on in there?

HENRY CRUN:

We're flattening fish, sir. And Min keeps forgetting to let go.

SEAGOON:

Never mind about this fish flattening. Have you examined those kippers?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Did you manage to trace where they came from?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, the sea.

SEAGOON:

The sea? Are you sure?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, that's why the kippers are dead.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

HENRY CRUN:

They must have drowned.

SEAGOON:

Curse!

HENRY CRUN:

I noticed this special species were all stamped on the tail with the word "Property of Angus MacDonald's Nosh Bar, Brighton."

SEAGOON:

So that's where they get them eh? Bloodnok? How long to drive down to Brighton?

BLOODNOK:

Drive you there before you could say "Jack Robinson" in Chinese.

SEAGOON:

I can't say it in Chinese.

BLOODNOK:

Curse! Then we're going to be held up.

SEAGOON:

Steady, Bloodnok. Bloodnok, I'll learn to say it in Chinese, ju-ju-just give me time!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh! Six months hard labour. Take him away will you!

FX:

GAVEL

GREENSLADE:

Six months later...

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

BLOODNOK:

What's that?

SEAGOON:

"Jack Robinson" in Chinese.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid! While you were saying that I drove you to Brighton.

FX:

CAR SCREECHING TO A HALT, DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING

SEAGOON:

Right men, this is the place. MacDonald's Nosh Bar, Brighton's highest basement. Bloodnok, Plin...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Wait in the car.

PLIN:

Oooo, ahh.

SEAGOON:

Eccles? You've been watching this joint?

ECCLES:

Ahhh, woa. I think there's something funny going on in there.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I can hear people laughing. (ASIDE) That's the first time tonight!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon and Eccles prepare to enter.

ECCLES:

That's right.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER ECCLES) But took the elementary precaution of disguising themselves, so as not to arouse suspicion - Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up!

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Awwwooaoaoow. I got my aaaahh...

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

...aaaahh.

GREENSLADE:

And so in the subtle disguise of Eskimos wearing kilts, they knocked on the door.

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

SEAGOON:

They'll never recognise us in these get-ups!

ECCLES:

No, no, no.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, no coppers allowed in here.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

We ain't coppers, we're policemen in disguise.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, policemen in disguise. Come in out of the cold street into my freezing club. Now what would you like?

SEAGOON:

Could we have a table?

GRYTPYPE:

Table? You come here to eat or buy furniture?

ECCLES:

We'll have, I'll ooww ahhh, my good man, I'll have a drink.

GRYTPYPE:

A drink? Are you a member?

ECCLES:

Of what?

GRYTPYPE:

The human race.

ECCLES:

No, but I'm willing to join.

SEAGOON:

For that fiendish remark...

ECCLES:

Any body else here want a drink?

SEAGOON:

...you shall hear Ray Ellington below the knee!

ECCLES:

What? He's gonna join, too?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

INSTRUMENTAL

ECCLES:

Hoooww... hoyy... ahh-ooow-aahhh! Well, I enjoyed that dance. Did you see everybody watching me as I went round the floor?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

I wonder why?

SEAGOON:

It's customary to have a partner.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, here we are, two double arsenics on the house.

ECCLES:

Oh, goody goody! Well, here's health.

SEAGOON:

Wait! How do we know this arsenic isn't poisoned?

GRYTPYPE:

Dear fellow, that's *pure* arsenic, as drunk by all ex-husbands.

SEAGOON:

I smell a rat!

GRYTPYPE:

So can I, the place is alive with them. Would you like to meet one?

SEAGOON:

Candidly, I'm suspicious. And in that order.

GRYTPYPE:

What were you inferring, little suit inflator?

SEAGOON:

I don't like the way you're acting.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm a waiter, not Lawrence Olivier. Mr Bolding.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Mr Bolding. Answer me one question. Do you serve kippered herrings?

GRYTPYPE:

Sit down, we serve anybody.

Orchestra:

TAH DAH - FANFARE

SEAGOON:

Thank you, I thank you.

ECCLES:

They've heard it before!

SEAGOON:

On this menu it says: Kipperd Herrings. Where do you get them?

ECCLES:

Don't tell him, Grytpype. Nah, wrong voice! Ahhhh!

MORIARTY:

Don't tell him, Grytpype. If he finds out, we're sunk!

GRYTPYPE:

Sunk? Nonsense!

MORIARTY:

Ooowwwaaawwawooooo woooooo.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahem. It so happens, inspector, a man on the end of the pier sold them to us.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

MORIARTY:

I told you I'd be sunk. Helllllp!

SEAGOON:

Come, men! We have a date with a certain man at the end of the pier and in that order!

ORCHESTRA:

WALTZ TYPE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

And so our heroes waltzed to the pier where even now, dear listener, we picked them up with the miracle called the microphone. Long live Marconi and his miracle wireless invention.

GRAMS:

STRONG WIND

SEAGOON:

Shhhh. Quiet men! Don't make a noise.

ECCLES:

(LOUD) Don't make... (QUIET) Ahem. Don't make what kind of noise?

SEAGOON:

Don't make noises like...

GRAMS:

WHEEEEEEEEEEE BOOM CRASH BOOM WHEEEEEEEEE BOOM THUMP

SEAGOON:

Like that!

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

BLOODNOK:

Look on the end of the pier!

SEAGOON:

Gad! A mysterious hunched figure with a fishing rod.

BLOODNOK:

That must be a member of the Kipperd Herring Gang!

SEAGOON:

Yes. It must also be a mysterious hunched figure with a fishing rod and in that order!

BLOODNOK:

How can we creep up without him seeing us?

ELLINGTON:

Me know the way!

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, a native guide who happened to be casually strolling by!

MILLIGAN:

Are you kidding?

SEAGOON:

You certain you know the way, Ellinga?

ELLINGTON:

Follow me!

SEAGOON:

Lead on!

FX:

SPLASH

(PAUSE)

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Foiled by naughty water! Follow me men, keep close behind me.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

Shuush! Shush! What?

BLOODNOK:

We're being followed and fillowed. There is... there's someone behind us.

SEAGOON:

Right! Let him have it!

FX:

BASHING/SMACKING NOISES WITH GROANS AND MOANS

SEAGOON:

Erk! Ooo. That's got you! Now, you swine. What's your name?

ECCLES:

Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Fling me mottles overboard!

SEAGOON:

Shluk! The mysterious figure is coming this way!

BLOODNOK:

Wait for it...

SEAGOON:

Hands up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you say it, I heard you say "hands up". (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you, club members. And therefore, my hands I have upped! I can see your pistol gleaming dull in the night light. Stands still, tries to look brave, but knees shake and fall down.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing with that fishing rod and basket?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't care!

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought! Herrings! Herrings! And what's this book inside? "How to kipper herrings" Ohhh! You are Fred, the mad Houdini! Supplier to the Kipperd Herring Gang.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall not speak! No words shall pass my lips! Beat me! Torture me! Burn me with red hot irons! I will not speak! Until it hurts. Moves left. Strikes Rod Stieger pose with method. Unfortunately, trousers fall down. Ahh!

SEAGOON:

Lead us to this gang. If you try to fool us, you'll be sentenced to live in England for the rest of your life! With the British Government!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Slavery!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

(OVER FOOTSTEPS) Now, then. Which house is the gang's hideout?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-ho, woe is me! To think that I should guide a policeman to [UNCLEAR] comrades! Uhh, the agony! I have brought dishon-ou-ur to the fair name of crime. They will take away my Roy Rogers badge! And I will never be allowed to join again, no matter how many box tops I save. Pulls out dirty handkerchief, wipes nose.

SEAGOON:

Is that the house?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I won't speak, I tell you! Torture me, burn me, in that order! 'Ere. What you doing with that red hot poker?

SEAGOON:

I'm going to...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yaaahhhh! That's the one! That's the house, there! That's it! I love all policemen! Long live the law! Hooray for the police, I say! That's the house. Runs over, marks door with chalk mark so they won't miss it.

SEAGOON:

Right, men, this is it.

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

SEAGOON:

(OVER KNOCKING) Open in the name of the law!

MILLIGAN:

(OVER KNOCKING) What's the name of the law?

SEAGOON:

Fred!

MILLIGAN:

I shan't open it, darling!

SEAGOON:

It's a woman.

MILLIGAN:

Go away my darling.

SEAGOON:

Break down this door, I'll open my fist!

GRAMS:

LORRY SCREECHING TO A HALT

SEAGOON:

Wait! A furniture lorry.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. We come to collect a wardrobe, mate.

SEAGOON:

Madam! There's a man here to collect your wardrobe.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

MILLIGAN:

Arhhhh! Well said, mate. Well, you can come in but no police, darling.

WILLIUM:

Right, Ma'am.

SEAGOON:

We'll wait here... we'll wait here 'till he brings the cupboard out. When he does, we'll rush in and arrest the gang. And that'll be the end of the show. Patiently, quietly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get my hat, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes, good.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh. Eccles, why did you not take to the life of crime like what I have done?

ECCLES:

Oooh. Well, I can't... I can't afford the life of the crime.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why not?

ECCLES:

Well in the... in the back of my book it says "Crime does not..." (GRUNT) My boo... My book says "Crime - does not - pay!"

BLUEBOTTLE:

That is a lie! That is a lie! It *does* pay! That crime does! You know, I stole certain bits of underwear from Eileen Crill and I sold them for thrupence!

ECCLES:

Ooooh. That was an ad-lib.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh!

ECCLES:

I thought of that myself, ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, well, you got thrupence?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

All in one lump?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, not in a lump, in ones!

ECCLES:

Oooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And there's more where that came from! With that kind of money you can dazzle the opposite sex, you know.

ECCLES:

Op-opposite sex?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

What's them?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Girls.

ECCLES:

Gu-urrrls?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. They're the... they're the ones who go backwards when you're dancing.

ECCLES:

Oooh. But... but / always go backwards when we're dancing!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh, Eccles. You must be a very sick man. Don't let Major Bloodnok see you.

ECCLES:

The doctor said I was a normal, healthy idiot.

WILLIUM:

Ere! Gissa hand with this wardrobe, mate! Out onto me own, mate.

SEAGOON:

Certainly, mate! Hup, arhh oww ahhh. I say, it's heavy.

WILLIUM:

Try not lifting it, it's lighter that way.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes.

GRAMS:

CAR PULLING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Now for the gang! Right, madam, let us in! We know you're all in there! (PAUSE) If you don't come out, we'll come in and in that order! Right! Inside men.

ECCLES:

(MUTTERS/MUMBLES)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Mumble, mutter, mutter mutter, mutter mutter

SEAGOON:

The place is empty! The van! The gang were all in that wardrobe and... I helped him with it.

ECCLES:

Oh, never mind. Look what I found.

SEAGOON:

A kippered herring. Hahaha!

ECCLES:

Ahahaha!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program 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, announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Roy Speer.

Vintage E06 - The Vanishing Room

Transcribed by Moriarty. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE IN G.

GRAMS:

CHEERING.

SELLERS:

(WIMPILY) Ta. (THESPIANICALLY) In the county of Sissex lies the Hamlet of Brodley-on-Cleat, known locally as Brodley-on-Cleat from the village of the same name.

MILLIGAN:

(IRISH ACCENT) Population in 1889: 4,862.

SECOMBE:

Population in 1954: 87.

SELLERS:

Principle exports: population.

GREENSLADE:

Brodley-on-Cleat bore one famous son, the Poet Sprund. He wrote but one sonnet.

SPRUND:

[SELLERS]

(YOKEL) An art and glued, the clued and garly by. Arnd du full fargen dypen crackley glarn. Be near the clated Brodley bicent down. Ahahahar, ahahahar. Brodley-on-Cleat, by ripple slipped gyzee down. Oohohar.

GREENSLADE:

On hearing this, the villagers erected a tombstone and placed the poet under it.

ORCHESTRA:

START OF 'GREENSLEEVES'

SECOMBE:

Thus the villagers slept through the centuries. Its rural simplicity broken only by moments of simple fun such as...

SELLERS:

The dreaded werewolf murders of 1776.

THROAT:

The black agonised stranglings of '77.

SECOMBE:

The ghastly massacres of '78.

SELLERS:

(NASAL VOICE) The two-headed axe murders of '79.

MILLIGAN:

The case of the Walding regiment murders and then... and then there was...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL.

SELLERS:

(GAY) The Vicker's garden party.

GREENSLADE:

Can one wonder, then, at the horror that beset those peaceful villagers when, in 1953, they found themselves inextricably embroiled in...

SECOMBE:

The Case of the Vanishing Room.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SELLERS:

Indeed, the Case of the Vanishing Room. There was only one man to call in.

SEAGOON:

There was only one man available. Me. Inspector Ned Seagoon. I well recall that morning when I was taken in my dustbin to Scotland Yard.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, LID OF DUSTBIN TAKEN OFF.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Secombe, get out of that dustbin and sit down. Things are happenin' and happenin' fast. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the phone didn't ring.

(PAUSE)

SEAGOON:

You're right, it didn't.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Secombe, you've got a police dog's certificate?

SEAGOON:

I have.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Then why aren't you wearing your spike collar?

SEAGOON:

Well, it was a bit warm this morning, I... I left it in the oven last night you see I... (LAUGHS)

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Oh, you silly little doggy, you.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES DOG NOISES)

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Oh, you are a silly little doggy.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES SHORT DOG NOISE) Poo-poo. Ahowww..

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

However, there's been a diabolical mur..... (CORPSES) There's been a diabolical murder at Brodley-on-Cleat. I want you to find out a few things. Ha-a-mu-ow.

SEAGOON:

Right! Sergeant Ellington, spread out and follow me.

ORCHESTRA:

FAST-TEMPO LINK.

GREENSLADE:

So, Secombe and his hordes arrived at Brodley-on-Cleat.

SELLERS:

(MONOTONE) Brodley-on-Cleat in the county of Sussex lies in the Hamlet of Brodley-on-Cleat, known locally as Brodley-on-cleat...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you, we've had all that before.

SELLERS:

(EFFEMINATE) Oh, you made me hurt myself! I'm... uh-owwl

SEAGOON:

Come on, lads, this is the police station.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKING ON DOOR.

HENRY CRUN:

(SNORING)

MINNIE:

Ooohh. Oh, yooooou.... Hen... Henry? Henry?

SEAGOON:

Ssh! Flatten against the wall, someone's coming.

MINNIE:

Hen... Henry? Nicky-nucky-noo! Heenryyyyy?

HENRY CRUN:

What? What is...?

MINNIE:

Phish tooo! Henryyyy?

HENRY CRUN:

I've had two fish, Min, what do you want?

MINNIE:

I heard a.... (PAUSE) I heard a knock on the door, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Knock, knock on the door?

MINNIE:

Knicky-knocky on the door.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhh....

MINNIE:

Nicky-nucky-nocky-nucky-nocky-noo!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh... (SNORES)

MINNIE:

Did you hear... Did you hear that, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Aeough!

MINNIE:

Heeenrryyyyyyy?

HENRY CRUN:

Aaeoouggghh! What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

What's the matter with you down there?

HENRY CRUN:

What are you tal...

MINNIE:

You dozy old...

HENRY CRUN:

You nattering old... Shut up.

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(BOTH TIREDLY ARGUING) Phish tooo!

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Oooohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Knick, knack, knock...

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, did you hear that...?

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, the knocking.

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

Knicky, knocky... (ETC)

MINNIE:

There's someone knocking at the door, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? It *is* knocking, Min, on the door, I think.

MINNIE:

Answer it, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

I can't find it, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Where did you leave that door last?

HENRY CRUN:

I... I found it, I found the door, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh....

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Open up in the name of the law!

MIN BANNISTER AND HENRY CRUN:

Phish tooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Min, someone's found the brown door from the other side.

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

It must reach both ways.

MINNIE:

Oh, mercy, save us! We'll all be murdered in our beds, I tell you. Oh, god, we'll all be murdered!

HENRY CRUN:

Don't worry, Min, don't worry.

MINNIE:

Oooh, the powers are leaving me, the powers are leaving me.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, defend your legs, Min. I'll take cover and defend you. Give me that loaded dish cloth.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

And about time, too.

MINNIE:

Phish-toooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Hands up, you devil.

MINNIE:

Hands up!

HENRY CRUN:

Don't force me to use this eiderdown.

SEAGOON:

Calm down. Calm down, please. I'm... I'm Inspector Seagoon.

HENRY CRUN:

Is this an official visit?

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid you'll have to put your helmet on.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear, that'll mean re-potting the geraniums.

MINNIE:

And the baby, too.

SEAGOON:

Yes (LAUGHS). Now, lads.

HENRY CRUN:

Phish too!

SEAGOON:

Where's the criminal record book? Meantime, Max Geldray will play a blunt instrument.

MINNIE:

Heeelp!

MAX GELDRAY:

'ONE, TWO, BUTTON YOUR SHOE'

GREENSLADE:

From Crun, Secombe learnt that the murder had been committed at the home of Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

Ooh.

GREENSLADE:

And in no time, he was knocking at the door.

MINNIE:

Knicky-knocky-noo!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Yes, who is it?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Is this the place where there's been a murder?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Yes. Which murder are you inquiring about?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Which murder? How many have there been?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) One.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) That's the one. Now, I'm Inspector Seagoon and I...

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]

(OFF, LOUD, NASAL VOICE) Close the door, will you? The snow's drifting over the body and you know what a weak chest he has!

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Here, why isn't *he* whispering?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) He hasn't got laryngitis.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BUTLER:

[MILLIGAN as SPRIGGS]

Hello, Jim. I said... ohhhh. The police. The poliiiiice!

SEAGOON:

Yes, the poliiiiice!

BUTLER:

Ohoho! I... I... I am Willoughby the butler. I found the body. Namely, Lord Cretinby. Come in.

(SINGING) Come iiiiiin!

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Now, so you found the body.

BUTLER:

I did, sir. I did. When I entered the library to serve the poisoned coffee.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Oh. The library, you say.

BUTLER:

(SINGS) The library I saaaayyyy!

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

BUTLER:

That hurts.

SEAGOON:

Did you... did you see him fall?

BUTLER:

No, sir, I was too busy wiping the blood-stained knife.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. The library, you say?

BUTLER:

The library, I say.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

BUTLER:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

Did anyone else come into the room?

BUTLER:

Impossible, sir. I never left the table save to dissolve the pistol in an acid bath.

SEAGOON:

The library, you say?

GRYTPYPE:

The library, I say.

BUTLER:

He didn't let *me* say it.

GRYTPYPE:

It wasn't your say.

GREENSLADE:

During the course of this mystery, certain heavily disguised clues will be planted giving a key to the real murderer. Now, read on.

SEAGOON:

You are Lord Cretinby's secretary.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

So, Lord Cretinby was shot, poisoned and stabbed.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, sir, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see. Did he give any explanation of this?

GRYTPYPE:

Not a word, sir, no.

SEAGOON:

He won't get away with this.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I wouldn't be too confident, sir, Lord Cretinby is a difficult man to handle.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

He's frozen solid, sir

SEAGOON:

What did you do next?

GRYTPYPE:

I called the doctor, of course.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

That's his name, Ofcourse. Terrence Ofcourse, you must've heard of him.

SEAGOON:

Why should I?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just told you about him.

SEAGOON:

Oohh, yes. I'll make a note of that.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYING HIGH A NOTE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now photographs of the scene of the crime. Eccles?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Ah, yeah, did I hear yer, hallo?

SEAGOON:

Have you got your camera?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I got it.

SEAGOON:

That's a bit of luck.

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to take some photographs.

ECCLES:

What a coincidence!

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I've got my camera!

SEAGOON:

Good! We'll be able to take some photographs.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm glad I brought my camera.

SEAGOON:

Right, you're the very one to take some photos.

ECCLES:

Right, I'll get set up. (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

You'd never think he was a Duke's son, would you?

GRYTPYPE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Well don't 'cause he's not. (CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

OK, all ready. Who's it to be?

SEAGOON:

I want a photograph of that body lying in the corner.

ECCLES:

Oooh. Ain't he gonna stand up?

SEAGOON:

He can't, he's had it.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Well, ok, but these pictures won't look very lifelike.

SEAGOON:

Have you got a dark room?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I got a... (SOFTER VOICE) Here! I got a dark room that will revolutionise *all* dark rooms.

SEAGOON:

How come?

ECCLES:

(NORMAL VOICE) It's got a light in it! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Get on with it.

ECCLES:

OK now then, ready? One... two...

SEAGOON:

Hold it, hold it, you've got the camera pointing at yourself.

ECCLES:

Oooh, I wondered why all the pictures had been coming out like me. I've got a million photographs of me.

SEAGOON:

Get on with it, get on, lad, get on.

ECCLES:

OK, OK. Now, come on, Lordship. Come on, little body. Look at the dicky birds. Come on, smile!

FX:

CAMERA SHUTTER.

ECCLES:

Oh! That's it! I took him!

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well, we'll have to seal the room. Eccles, you seal all the windows.

ECCLES:

OK.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype, you're doing nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Come with me. We'll seal the main door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Right, now we'll just nail these boards over.

GRAMS:

FAST NAILING

SEAGOON:

Now a few locks and chains.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS.

SEAGOON:

That's it. Now the final touch. I'll just spread this micro dust to pick up fingerprints.

FX:

TAPPING OF SOME SORT.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Now no-one can get in that room until I open this door. And believe me, that'll take some opening. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

(MUFFLED) OK, open up, I've sealed all the windows in here.

SEAGOON:

Ah, no! I've left him inside. It'll all have to come down again. Come on, lend me a hand. Grytpype...

GRAMS:

BRICKS FALLING TO GROUND.

SEAGOON:

(OVER GRAMS) I don't know why I brought him in the first place. Proper Nelly. Police photographer? He should never have left the Eastbourne beach.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, It's all done, sir.

SEAGOON:

Well done, I'll go in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

GRAMS:

(FAINT) DOOR BELL RINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

There's somebody at the front door.

SEAGOON:

For heaven's sake, go down and answer it.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, sir.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS, THEN TILES, DOOR BELL RINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

(HUMMING) Coming, I'm coming. I'm coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

You took your time!

MILLIGAN:

(ASIDE) He took his, too, didn't he!

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I don't wish to know.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Well, someone did. (BACK IN CHARACTER) Inspector, I thought you were upstairs in the library.

SEAGOON:

It's gone, the library's gone. I went in and I walked into thin air.

GRYTPYPE:

The room is gone?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

But the photographer and Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

Yes, (PANICKING) they've gone, too! Ellington! Follow that room!

ELLINGTON:

Right, hold tight.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Well done, well done.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'WILL YOU STILL BE MINE?'

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile in Paris, where he had been driven by the music you've just heard, Major Bloodnok, a well-known army absentee, was checking into a typical Montmartre pension, the Hotel Fred, little knowing what was in store.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aaeoooouggghh!

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

[SECOMBE]

Oui, Monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

I want a single room with adjoining doors, please.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Our speciality, Monsieur.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Sign the register, please.

BLOODNOK:

Right, certainly, certainly.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER.

BLOODNOK:

(OVER FX) Mr. & Mrs. Smith.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

But Monsieur is alone.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, pardon me, I thought I was on holiday, I beg your pardon. Major Bloodnok, Indian Army, retired. Now come along you naughty Frenchman, where's me room?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Voici le chamber.

BLOODNOK:

Right, well here's something for your trouble.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

It was no trouble.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, in that case I'll have it back again. Get out of here!

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

BLOODNOK:

Now, where's the bathroom? Ah, here it is. Thud me crodger and split me thradera! The blasted door has recently been sealed and unsealed.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Oh, Inspector Seagoo... ooh? Inspector Seagoon, you're in disguise.

BLOODNOK:

Flip me dongler and lower me groblers! Who in blazes is this ragged goon?

ECCLES:

Oh, don't fool around, Inspector Seagoon, I've sealed all the windows like you told me.

BLOODNOK:

What the devil are you talking about, you... you Neolithic, naughty boy, you? What are you doing with that naughty camera?

ECCLES:

I was taking pictures of the body.

BLOODNOK:

Filthy postcards!

ECCLES:

No... No, no! I ain't been taking...

BLOODNOK:

Don't lie to me. How much do you want for the lot, then?

ECCLES:

I... I ain't got any of them postcards.

BLOODNOK:

Then get out of here, you clean postcarder you. You.... Wait a...! What? Aaahaha ooh! Who's that disgusting boulder lying on the floor?

ECCLES:

I was taking his photograph.

BLOODNOK:

Lying down?

ECCLES:

No, I was standing up, *he* was lying down.

BLOODNOK:

You felt no pain, of course?

ECCLES:

No, but you've done me a power of good.

BLOODNOK:

Good. Who is... who is this infernal man, anyway?

ECCLES:

Well, er, um, that's Lord Cretinby.

BLOODNOK:

Rubbish.

ECCLES:

No, that's not rubbish, that's Lord Cretinby.

BLOODNOK:

But look here, this is impossible. I know for a fact that Lord Cretinby was murdered yesterday at Brodley-on-Cleat.

ECCLES:

I know, I... I... I've *been* here since yesterday.

BLOODNOK:

But this is Paris.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Paris? (SHOCKED) This is... this is Paris???

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Paris. Clud me thudder!

ECCLES:

Wallop!

BLOODNOK:

Ow. Look out of the window there. Look, I mean look, there's the Eiffel Tower,...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

...Montmartre, Arc de Triomphe!

ECCLES:

Ooh. What's Paris doing in Brodley-on-Cleat?

BLOODNOK:

What *are* you talking about?

ECCLES:

I tell you that man...

BLOODNOK:

(OVER ECCLES) No, look here! Don't...

ECCLES:

...Brodley-on-Cleat and I took a dicky bird photograph of him...

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERIOUS LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Brodley-on-Cleat, Inspector Seagoon suddenly hit a clue.

SEAGOON:

I've got it! When we opened that door the library had disappeared, right?

GRYTPYPE:

So right.

SEAGOON:

There was a phone in that room, wasn't there?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Brodley 391.

SEAGOON:

So, if I phone that number, I should get through to that room. Give me that phone.

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK, DIALS NUMBER.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. They don't call me brainless Seagoon for nothing, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sure they don't, sir.

GRAMS:

OUTGOING RING, PHONE PICKED UP ON OTHER END.

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Um (CLEARS THROAT) Hello? Brodley 391, here.

SEAGOON:

Eccles? Is that you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Um, just a minute. (PAUSE) Yeah, it's me.

SEAGOON:

Where did you go?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Look in the mirror.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, where are you?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) I'm in Paris (CHUCKLES).

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, the missing room's in Paris. Eccles wait there, I'll catch the next train to Paris!

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Right.

GRAMS:

STEAMING TRAIN, GUARD'S WHISTLE, CHUG OF STEAM TRAIN FADING.

SEAGOON:

I should've been on that train. Never mind, I'll catch the next pair of Paris bound boots. I'll leave for Dover at once!

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah. (AFTER APPLAUSE) Ta.

SELLERS:

Thank you, lad. Meantime, in the Hotel Fred, the manager had made two startling discoveries. A British room was staying at his hotel. And Bloodnok had been concealing two unpaid guests, one living, one dead.

ECCLES:

I'm the living one, folks.

BLOODNOK:

This blasted manager's locked me in my room and I...

FX:

FAST KNOCKS ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! It's that fiendish Frenchman, again.

ECCLES:

How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

He's knocking in French.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

[GREENSLADE]

Ouvre le port, (SOMETHING IN FRENCH).

ECCLES:

Ooh, it's a foreigner!

BLOODNOK:

What, do you mean they've even got them in France? Oh, well, entrée.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Now, Monsieur, ze bill. If you do not pay it, we will throw you out.

BLOODNOK:

One more threat like that and I'll leave.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Monsieur must pay for the extra British room he brought in.

BLOODNOK:

But I didn't bring it here.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Maybe not, but your friend is lying down in it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he's dead.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Oh, pardon! Then we'll make a reduction. We always make a reduction for dead person.

BLOODNOK:

How kind, how kind.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

There only remains, let me see now, 5,000 francs for the extra room.

BLOODNOK:

What? But I'm not living in the extra room!

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

We are not charging you for *living* in the room.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you charging for?

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

We are charging for the room staying at this hotel.

BLOODNOK:

Clud me thudderer and frauder me zallibet! Get out of here, you fiend. We're Britishers, do you hear?

ECCLES:

Yeah, just remember, just remember... What am I talking about, remember what?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Alright, you French devil, drop that tray. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, I heard you call me, captain. Hooray! Hooray! Give your orders, I will work 'til I drop! I always drop when I work. Moves left stage, strikes policeman pose with truncheon out ready. Remains alert.

SEAGOON:

Have you done?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Right, Bluebottle, arrest that corpse.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I will arrest him! I will... corpse? Did you say arrest the corpse, my captain? Ehium. Turns white, ears turn green, hairs fall out, legs drop off, feels faint, but manages to hold onto drainpipe.

SEAGOON:

Arrest him, I said, arrest that corpse!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the charge? Name the charge against that corpse, man.

SEAGOON:

Leaving the country without a passport.

ECCLES:

Ooh, but he ain't done nothing, that's Lord Cretinby. It's him that's been done in.

SEAGOON:

Is that true, Lord Cretinby? Have you been murdered? So you won't answer, eh? This'll go hard on you at the trial. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Speak, captain! Let your orders ring out to my welcoming ears. Crime does not pay, I say! Crime does not pay! If it did, I would've joined it. Strikes heroic 'McClusky of the Mounties' pose.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, you've finished have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have.

SEAGOON:

Right, now we'll reconstruct the crime. Bluebottle, you'll sit in that chair and take the place of the late Lord Cretinby. Eccles, you take the murder gun, walk in here and pretend to shoot Bluebottle three times like they do in the pictures, right?

ECCLES:

Goodie, goodie, this is fun. Where's that pistol? Now I'll go outside.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Now then, are you ready?

SEAGOON:

Righto, let's be having you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Ahahahaha ha! So, Lord Cretinby, your time has come! Take that!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You swine, you rotten swine! You have shotted me. Farewell, cruel world! Eihii! Slumps to floor in death agony, does quick twitch, auee... Oh! There's a nail in the floor.

SEAGOON:

That's it, that's how the murder was done! Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

I arrest you for the murder.

ECCLES:

I didn't kill Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

In that case I arrest you for the murder of Constable Bluebottle.

ECCLES:

I didn't know this gun was...

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Aeough!

SEAGOON:

Look out, you fool!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you deaded me, again!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Why are you doing that...?

ECCLES:

I don't know.

ECCLES, SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough, ow! (MORE GUNSHOTS) Etc.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Roy Speer.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME CONTINUES.

Vintage E07 - The Ink Shortage

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents 'Vintage Goons', another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

How nice.

GREENSLADE:

From the House of Lords we present Sellers, Secombe, Milligan, Geldray, Ellington in 'Hansard Unexpurgated', or...

SEAGOON:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

SPRIGGS:

Hi!

GRAMS:

UNRULY CROWD. CONTINUE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

Ink! Give us ink!

SPRIGGS:

What about the ink?

SELLERS:

Ink!

SPRIGGS:

liiink!

SEAGOON:

Ink! Give us ink!

OMNES:

Ink! Ink! (ETC)

FX:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Oow!

GRAMS:

SCREECHING TYRES. POLICE WHISTLES. VAN PULLS UP.

OMNES:

Mumbles and rhubarbs.

POLICEMAN:

[SELLERS]

Stand aside there, give him air.

THROAT:

What happened?

WELSHMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Threw himself off the roof with a pistol.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh!

POLICEMAN:

Another pen manufacturer.

WELSHMAN:

That's the sixth this week, indeed.

ELLINGTON:

(DISTANT) Ink! We want ink!

OMNES:

CRIES OF 'INK! WE WANT INK!' CONTINUE UNDER...

ELDER STATESMAN:

[SELLERS]

Please! Please! Will you all go back to your homes.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we give you the authentic story of...

SEAGOON:

'The Great Ink Drought of 1902'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO.

ELDER STATESMAN:

Yes, the great ink drought of 1902. The greatest ink drought in living memory. In The City, financial wizard Sir Bernard Seagoon is onto his broker.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Jules, get this: buy 12,000 Vaulted Cloote, 8,000 Amalgamated Electrics, 200 Chap Textiles and, er... just a minute, I've got the list here. Oh, yes. And a small brown loaf.

FX:

PHONE INTO CRADLE.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha. That'll set the market by the ears, nose and throat. They don't call me 'Midas' Seagoon for nothing.

SPRIGGS:

He has to pay them, folks.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

DISTANT ROAR OF CROWD.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

What are you doing on top of this phone box?

SEAGOON:

Learning to play the accordion.

MORIARTY:

Sacré bleu! Listen, do you want to make a fortune?

SEAGOON:

Money?

MORIARTY:

Money.

SEAGOON:

Money!

MORIARTY:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes! Money, money! Ha, aha! Anything for money!

MORIARTY:

You're interested?

SEAGOON:

(COY) Mildly.

MORIARTY:

Then I'll tell you... I'll tell you what to do!

SEAGOON:

What?

MORIARTY:

Buy... ink!! Cheers!

SEAGOON:

Why? Is there an ink shortage?

MORIARTY:

Is there! Have you seen the morning papers?

SEAGOON:

No, what about them?

MORIARTY:

They're written in *pencil*!

SEAGOON:

Gad!

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER PICKED UP HASTILY.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Jules? Buy ink! Ink! Ink shares, you understand! Ink! Ink! (RAVES)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) This is the BBC. The Minister of Supply has announced that the ink shortage is very grave. The public are requested to keep calm and not to fill their fountain pens unless absolutely necessary. Until closedown, here is a record of a pencil with musical accompaniment.

GRAMS:

SCRATCHY PENCIL ON PARCHMENT WITH SELLERS ON PIANO IN C MAJOR.

SEAGOON:

(CACKLES) Well, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I've bought every ink share in the world.

MORIARTY:

You fool! Those ink shares are not worth a penny. You see, there's no ink left in the world!

SEAGOON:

Then my shares are worthless. I'm... I'm ruined!

FX:

FRANTIC DIALING.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Phules! Sell! Sell! Sell! Oh, ruined, ruined, ruined...

MORIARTY:

Steady! Steady, Hairy Seagoon. No one will buy unless you get some ink, a little, just enough to make it as valuable as liquid gold.

SEAGOON:

But where can we get some?

GRYTPYPE:

Me.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a tall redundant man wearing a rice paper sock. Where did you get this ink, sir? I said.

GRYTPYPE:

Before the ink drought I had the foresight to photograph a spoonful of ink powder with my mini-camera.

SEAGOON:

And?

GRYTPYPE:

I enlarged the negative, dissolved it in water and voila! Sixty gallons of ink. Give me ninety-nine percent of the shares and the ink's yours, laddie.

SEAGOON:

Done!

GRYTPYPE:

You certainly have been.

SEAGOON:

Now, at least... At last I control all the world's remaining ink supply. I'm rich! Rich! Ha, ha, ha! Rich! Rich! (LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The ink drought brought disaster in its wake. But to one man and his business, it spelt ruin.

OMNES:

MASSED RHUBARBS.

CRUN:

Gentlemen.

SHAREHOLDER:

[SECOMBE]

I fear the...

CRUN:

Gentlemen, I fear the blotting paper industry is ruined.

SHAREHOLDER:

We know, we're ruined.

CRUN:

Yes. We're ruined.

SHAREHOLDER:

I just said that.

CRUN:

I said it.

SHAREHOLDER:

You did not say it.

CRUN:

I distinctly said we're ruined.

CRUN & SHAREHOLDER:

(ARGUMENT CONTINUES)

OMNES:

MURMURS OF DISSENT.

SHAREHOLDER:

Silence! Let there be silence!

CRUN:

Silence!

SHAREHOLDER:

Silence.

CRUN:

Ah, silence.

SHAREHOLDER:

Quiet!

CRUN:

Yes, quiet!

SHAREHOLDER:

Silence!

CRUN:

Silence! Let us have silence.

SHAREHOLDER:

Let us have silence.

CRUN:

I just said that.

SHAREHOLDER:

I said it first.

CRUN:

I said it, I tell you!

OMNES:

MURMURS OF DISSENT GROW.

GRAMS:

MIX IN SWORDS CLASHING, CAVALRY CHARGE, RIFLE FIRE, NATIVES ATTACKING AND HEAVY ARTILLERY. FINISH WITH LARGE EXPLOSION.

(PAUSE)

CRUN:

Silence. Eccles!

ECCLES:

Aye! Oh. Yeah? Yeah?

CRUN:

Eccles, turn on the ticker-tape machine.

ECCLES:

O-kay.

GRAMS:

TICKER-TAPE MACHINE. CONTINUE UNDER.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Dum dum de dum.

CRUN:

(HEART ATTACK) Ahhhhhhurrgrh!

ECCLES:

Pardon?

CRUN:

It says the stock market's crashed.

ECCLES:

Anybody hurt?

CRUN:

Look here, it reads...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Hairy...

CRUN:

...'Thousands bankrupt'. All the news on the ticker-tape says we're ruined. Miles of ticker-tape! All bad news.

ECCLES:

Not for me.

CRUN:

Why? What do *you* sell?

ECCLES:

Ticker-tape! (LAUGHS)

OMNES:

GROANS AND MOANS.

CRUN:

Silence, gentlemen.

ECCLES:

And phish-tooo...

CRUN:

If we are to save the blotting paper industry, it is essential that we find a new source of ink supply.

MINNIE:

Braaaaavo, buddy! Braaaaavo, buddy!

GREENSLADE:

Well said, Laddie. Well said!

MINNIE:

Well... well said!

SHAREHOLDER:

Hooray!

GREENSLADE:

Well said, there!

SHAREHOLDER:

But joking apart, we must find a new source of ink supply.

CRUN:

I just suggested that.

SHAREHOLDER:

Lies! All lies! [UNCLEAR]!

(SHORT SHARP ARGUMENT)

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT

CRUN:

Thank you, Eccles. A very good job.

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute Jim. Wait a minute, Ji-immmmmm! May I suggest we send an expedition. Send an expediti-ionnnnnnn! To drill for ink in Arabia. In Arabi-aaaaaa!

CRUN:

We shall have to send a man out there right away. Now, who'll...

ECCLES:

I'll go. I'll go.

CRUN:

Splendid. Put these boots on. Now the, Eccles, forward to step into the breech. In you get, lad.

ECCLES:

Fine.

SEAGOON:

FIRE!

GRAMS:

CANNON FIRES.

ECCLES:

Awwwww!

CRUN:

Bonny voggie! Now gentlemen, we must follow up with an expedition. Max Geldray?

GELDRAY:

(HARMONIC ARPEGGIO)

CRUN:

Lead the way.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww....

SEAGOON:

Turn that radio off.

FX:

CLICK

SEAGOON:

Listen to this in the Daily Shirker: 'Blotting Paper Firm Sends Expedition to Locate Ink Wells in China!'

MORIARTY:

I wonder what it means? Sapristi bompett! Your shares will be worthless.

SEAGOON:

So that's what Sapristi bompett means. I often wondered.

MORIARTY:

Seagoon, you must get to China at once. Here, hold this rocket.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK.

SEAGOON:

I say, what the blazes...?!!

GRAMS:

GUY FAWKES ROCKET IN FLIGHT.

MORIARTY:

(DISTANT) Bon voyage!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, the blotting paper manufacturers expedition was already crossing the borders into China. I say, isn't this exciting?

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

FLIES BUZZING ROUND CATTLE

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh! Ohhhh! Oh! Oh. Oh, the strain, the strain! Oh, Ellinga.

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Yim bom balla boo, chum.

BLOODNOK:

Where are my knees?

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Round the back, facing east.

BLOODNOK:

Curse, the wind must have blown them round. Get me a fresh pair made from 'ping!'.

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Ohhhh! Kidneys.

BLOODNOK:

Stop those military jokes, will you! We're lost, I tell you. Look here, ask this John Chinaman the way.

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Ah, chillajee?

CHINESE SEAGOON:

(RAPID CHINESE EXTEMPORIZATION)

BLOODNOK:

Does he know where we are?

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Yeah, says we're here.

BLOODNOK:

I know, but what district? Chop, chop, chop!

CHINESE SEAGOON:

(FURTHER RAPID CHINESE EXTEMPORIZATION WHICH INCLUDES EXCERPTS FROM "LOCH LOMOND", "MIA QUANTA BELLA," "BRAZIL" AND ENDING WITH "SONNY BOY")

BLOODNOK:

What does he say?

CHIEF ELLINGA:

He says he's a stranger round here.

BLOODNOK:

He deserves to be. Wait a moment! What naughty thing is he doing with that spent rocket in his hand? Damn suspicious.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I am not John Chinaman at all but Sir Bernard Seagoon, the financial lizard, who has travelled hither... travelled hither by rocket and even now is laying plans to thwart the attempts of the party expedition to find new supplies of ink. Now, read on...

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Ha-ha-ho! Spon me hairies and flatten me thudder! Little does he know that I *know* that he is not John Chinaman but Sir Bernard Seagoon, the financial lizard, who has travelled hither by rocket and is even now laying plans to thwart the attempts on the part of the expedition to find new supplies of ink.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I *know* that he knows that I am Sir Bernard Seagoon, the financial (SLURS WORD), disguised as John Chinaman that I know that he is really Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Ha ha! Little does he know that I *know* that I am Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He knows who he is!

BLOODNOK:

Go on, off with you, John Chinaman!

CHINESE SEAGOON:

(GOES OFF WITH ORIENTAL MUTTERING)

BLOODNOK:

Now Eccles, we'll start drilling in this area. We shall put up our riggings and, er... Do you know anything about that?

ECCLES:

Riggings? Oh, yeah. Um, um, um, my first name is Rigger.

BLOODNOK:

Not Mortis, is it?

ECCLES:

Rigger Mortis, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Ayyyyyyyy, yeah. Now, let's check the stores first. One box containing one invisible tiger.

ECCLES:

Um, one invisible tiger. Mmmm. Can't see him so he must be there.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good good! Two tons of Arabian monkey boots.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good. One long brown lump with a thick knot in the side of the thing.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

And there's this. This is the... the important thing.

ECCLES:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

One feather nibblic and concerdeen crossed senna siggsquer, with mulled limipod reciprocating automatic bingle and rackers mixed with two a-thingall thungall mitt matt mutt mon petty too, pitta patta putta, pit-pat-poul! And a touch of the knick knack knock, wrapped in three sheets of refined Greek tissues. Have you got that?

ECCLES:

No! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, we'll use a spoon.

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Boss! Hey Boss! BOSS!

BLOODNOK:

Knock before you speak to me.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh!

CHIEF ELLINGA:

We're ready to start drilling for the ink.

BLOODNOK:

Right. Holes in the ground for ink wells... make!

GRAMS:

MASSED JACK HAMMERS.

GREENSLADE:

So the giant drills bored their way down through the rock. Down through the shale. Down, down, down. Meantime, in a Wedgwood tent on the edge of the ink wells, a hellish plot was being brewed.

GRAMS:

MASSED JACK HAMMERS IN DISTANCE.

(MORIARTY & SEAGOON LAUGHING INSANELY)

SEAGOON:

I didn't come on this trip without the means to end Crun's little jaunt.

MORIARTY:

Ha! What do you mean?

SEAGOON:

Mean? (LAUGHS)

MORIARTY:

(WRANGLLED OWWWWWS)

SEAGOON:

Lad, hand me that steel bound, lead lined oak chest with the double padlock.

MORIARTY:

What's in it?

SEAGOON:

The key.

MORIARTY:

The key to what?

SEAGOON:

The key to the steel bound, lead lined oak chest with the double padlock.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! What a clever hiding place!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Yes. Now open it up and get the key out.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

CHAINS AND PADLOCKS.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabowlas! The steel bound, lead lined oak chest with the double padlock... is locked!

SEAGOON:

Curse! And the key's inside. There's only one thing - hand me the axe. Ta. Now!

FX:

SPLINTERING WOOD.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS)

MORIARTY:

Oh! Got it? Oh, that phish-too.

SEAGOON:

That's smashed a hole in the top. Ah! And here's the key, safe inside. Now to open the padlock.

FX:

KEY IN PADLOCK.

SEAGOON:

Lift the lid up.

GRAMS:

CREAKY HINGES.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

The key's gone.

MORIARTY:

Gone? But how?

SEAGOON:

I wonder. Ah, I see! Someone's smashed a hole in the lid.

MORIARTY:

That's how they must have got it out. The fools. But what's in the box?

SEAGOON:

Dynamite. Enough to destroy the whole ink field. We've got to stop them.

CRUN:

(IN DISTANCE) Major Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

Ooh! That's Crun. Grytpype, I thought you said you'd dealt with him?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes I did, you see, but the plan misfired.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

He booked on the S.S. Spon and on the third day out from London at midnight I locked him in his kabin. I put bars across his porthole. Next I planted a bomb in his stokehold. Ten minutes later, phish-too, woof! Up went the ship.

SEAGOON:

Up? I thought ships went down.

GRYTPYPE:

You think it was easy?

SEAGOON:

But Crun?

GRYTPYPE:

Yeah, Crun. He cleverly escaped being drowned.

SEAGOON:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

He went by mule train disguised as a mule.

SEAGOON:

Sapristi yukkamuckkakka! You know what that means?

MORIARTY:

Yes, it means if you find ink your shares will be worthless.

SEAGOON:

So that's what 'sapristi yukkamuckkakka' means. Ellington?

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Yim bom balla boo!

SEAGOON:

We're nipping round the back for the old brandy, there. Get on, now...

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLOODNOK:

Ahog, foreman Bogg.

FOREMAN BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Hello.

BLOODNOK:

Any signs of ink yet?

FOREMAN BOGG:

No, we've drilled for three months and I do not think there's any ink in the area. It is a dead loss.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, we're ruined. I've spent every penny I've got on the ink wells.

FOREMAN BOGG:

Yes. If only we could sell our blotting paper shares.

CRUN:

Yes, but only an idiot'd buy them. I mean...

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING, SINGING NONSENSE) Yum-ba-da-doo, I'm young and beautiful. I'm – oh.

CRUN:

Oh. Good old Eccles.

CRUN & FOREMAN BOGG:

(SINGING) He's a jolly good fellow

And so say all of us.

Ha ha ha!

CRUN:

Oh, Eccles! Jolly Eccles. Good man, good man...

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) There's something funny going on here.

CRUN:

Listen, man Eccles. You made quite a bit of money on the ticker-tape business, didn't you?

ECCLES:

I made two pounds.

CRUN:

(FIBRILLATIONS) Ahhhhhhaghgha!

ECCLES:

That's the big stuff.

CRUN:

Two pounds! Eccles, look. All these blotting paper shares - hold them lad, feel them. Feel them, feel the good solid leather blotting paper there. They're all yours for, erm, well um, two pounds?

ECCLES:

Two...? Yeah, I got... Oh! I got two pounds. Yeah, ok! Ok! Here's the money.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

This means that I'm the boss, eh?

CRUN:

Yes, you're the boss.

ECCLES:

I'm the boss!

CRUN:

Now get out.

ECCLES:

Eh? Ok! But don't forget, I'm the boss.

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

I'm the boss.

CRUN:

You're the boss. Now get out, you idiot.

ECCLES:

Lift dat barge! Tote dat bale! Get a little... I'm the boss, Crun! I'm...

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

I'm the boss.

CRUN:

Get out of here! Get out!

ECCLES:

I'm the boss.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime the BBC microphone at Seagoon's end is made 'live' that we may hear from him.

SEAGOON:

Right, Moriarty. You got the dynamite?

MORIARTY:

Yes. We blow up the entire drilling area. Now, what fearless man can we employ?

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, Captain, I heard you call! Moves left-stage, strikes heroic 'scout' pose. But effect is ruined by tear in seat of trousers.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, we want you to do a job.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Any job, my Captain! Any job I will do! My strength is as the strength of ten! Moves left, raises ear-trumpet to catch reply.

SEAGOON:

It's... dangerous.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Dangerous? (GULPS) Goes white, grips wall for support. Knees turn to jelly, cold sweat breaks out on brow. Legs buckle, sinks to floor but springs up at mention of money. How much?

SEAGOON:

Sixpence.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sixpence? No, no, no! You cannot bribe me with money. I only work for honour. Snatches sixpence, places same in money belt. Re-adjust braces. Oooh! Steps back, strikes new pose.

SEAGOON:

Right. Take this TNT. Now get out there and destroy those ink wells.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall do that, Captain, I shall do that! Picks up bowl of TNT and moves forward to door. I'm not afraid to handle this. It's perfectly safe. (NERVOUSLY) He, he. It is safe, isn't it, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Of course it is, dead safe.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew it was. Heeheeheheeee! Tosses TNT gaily from hand to hand. Opens door and says, 'Farewell! Farewell!' Tosses dynamite to other hand. Catchy, catchy! Hehehe! Exits left. Closes door.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You went off even before I got it there. Ooohooohoo, the agony! Look at my blackened face in the mirror.

CHIEF ELLINGA:

Man, that's me at the window.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Get out of it, you! Cruel fate. Feels body to see if sixpence is still safe. I'm dying! I'm dying! Falls heavily to floor, onto cushion already placed there. Writhes in death agony. Head slumps to floor, looks up to see if people are still watching. Yes. Dies. Gets up. Goes home.

GRAMS:

SCRATCHY RECORDING OF SOLO VIOLIN AND PIANO. CONTINUE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Poor fellow. He was a game lad, a credit to anybody who owed him money. Now, where's he put that sixpence?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, put that back. I'm not dead yet properly!

SEAGOON:

I beg your pardon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ay.

SEAGOON:

Unhappy man. There he lies, his face all blackened by the explosion. Come, let me wipe the soot off that noble brow with my silken kerchief. Wait a minute! It's not soot. It's ink. INK! INK! We've struck ink and I own every ink share in the world! Now if only I had Crun's blotting paper shares I'd be able to corner the market, fix the prices and get a knighthood for my services!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie. Look what I've brought. Mr. Crun's blotting paper shares and I'm the boss. Ha ho! I'm the boss...(EXTENDED. VERY RAPID)

SEAGOON:

This is where Mad Dan Eccles gets his lot. (LAUGHS) Eccles. Noble Eccles!

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

How would you like to have all the ink shares in the world as well?

ECCLES:

Ooooooooo! Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Careful, Eccles, it's a trick.

ECCLES:

Oh, what's that...? Ooh, 'ello Bottle. What you laying on the floor for?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've been killed by death.

ECCLES:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

Take no note of him, he's not in our financial class. Now let's have a little gamble. I... I'll bet my ink shares against your blotting paper ones.

ECCLES:

OK. What game?

SEAGOON:

What game can't you play?

ECCLES:

Um... um. Draughts. I always lose at that.

SEAGOON:

Draughts it is.

ECCLES:

Right!

FX:

DRAUGHT PIECES TUMBLING ON BOARD. CLICKING OF PIECES BEING ARRANGED.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'm so good! We're going to have a game, folks. We're going to have jolly game.

SEAGOON:

You have the blacks.

ECCLES:

Oh, good. They don't show the dirt.

SEAGOON:

Right. You move and winner takes all.

ECCLES:

Ok! Ok! (THINKING NOISES. EXTENDED)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Hurry up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What the matter?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm getting cold lying here, my dinner's ready.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahee-hee!

ECCLES:

Oh, shut up!

SEAGOON:

You move, Eccles.

FX:

DRAUGHT PIECES CLICK.

SEAGOON:

Oho!Sorry, Eccles. Have to take those two of yours. Hahahha!

FX:

DRAUGHT PIECES MOVE.

SEAGOON:

Another two over there.

FX:

DRAUGHT PIECES MOVING. CONTINUE UNDER.

GRYTPYPE:

And so the poor untutored oaf played the cunning, scheming-minded power-mad tycoon. And lost.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'll never know how he beat me.

ECCLES:

Neither will I.

SEAGOON:

Well, that's the end of this week's isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home now?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Your dinner's in the oven.

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE 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. Announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Roy Speers.

Vintage E08 - The Mustard and Cress Shortage

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

ORCHESTRA:

OPENING TUNE

OMNES:

HI!

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Sir Malcolm Sergeant. The solo violin part was played by Jack Benny on the drums. Guy Lombardo's 'Book of Party Games' is now on sale, price two shillings at all good drug stores.

MILLIGAN:

Listeners are possibly wondering what this is all about. Well, we shall see, folks. Ahahahah...

SELLERS:

Yes, we shall see. As we presont...

SEAGOON:

The Collapse of the British Railway Sandwich System. Or...

ORCHESTRA:

RISING CHORDS

MILLIGAN:

I was General Wolf's Chiropodist, by John Bunion. Or...

SEAGOON:

The Collapse of General Wolf's Saxophone System on the Manitoba Sandwich Railway. Or...

FX:

RATCHET RATTLE, PING, POP, SCALE, POP, RATTLE, HORN, BELL,

MILLIGAN:

We shall see.

GRAMS:

EASTERN MUSIC (AND SINGING) SETTING.

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Story opens in the hell. The hell that drives many a normal person sane. The hell that we Londoners know as... Victoria Station Tea Buffet.

SECOMBE:

Ahhhhhh! (FADES)

MILLIGAN:

Into this den of vice strode a man. Ragged, tattered, forlorn. His appearance told us that he was Middle-class Englishman.

GREENSLADE:

With a pounding heart...

MILLIGAN:

Toonnggg

GREENSLADE:

...he approaches the counter and speaks.

PASSENGER:

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Cup of tea, please.

SELLERS:

There was courage for you.

PASSENGER:

I say, Miss, did you 'ear?

WAITRESS:

[SELLERS]

Just a minute. Can't you see I've only got one pair of fingers?

PASSENGER:

But I've got a train to catch.

FX:

BANGING SOMETHING ON COUNTER

PASSENGER:

Oy, Miss. Ay! Did you 'ear me, can I have a cup of tea? I say!

WAITRESS:

Do you want to buy a sausage roll?

PASSENGER:

No.

WAITRESS:

Well stop bangin' it on the counter then.

PASSENGER:

I want to complain about this sandwich. It tastes like muck.

WAITRESS:

Well, of course, it's a muck sandwich.

PASSENGER:

I wanted a mustard and cress.

WAITRESS:

Alright, I'll get you one. Ohh! Cheeky, you are. I say, someone's pinched all the mustard and cress out of the sandwiches and (SHRIEKS) ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

SUSPENSEFUL CHORDS

WAITRESS:

Someone's pinched all the mustard and cress out of the sandwiches.

GREENSLADE:

And that was the first sign of the great mustard and cress shortage that was to cause havoc to British Railways.

SELLERS:

Investigations were commenced by your favourite midget, Captain Gladys Seagoon, sometimes called by the same name.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Captain Seagoon. Oxford university, Kings College, Cambridge, Trinity College, Dublin. Ah, ha, I know where they all are. To investigate the mustard and cress disappearances I called at several station buffets.

GRAMS:

TRAVELLING TRAINS NOISES, FAR OFF WHISTLE

ELLINGTON:

I was with him.

SEAGOON:

The Man in Black. Together we approached the counter.

WAITRESS:

Yes, Constables?

SEAGOON:

I'm no Constable, I'm Seagoon, plain clothes man.

WAITRESS:

Then what you dressed like a policeman for?

SEAGOON:

I'm in disguise.

ELLINGTON:

Me, too.

WAITRESS:

Yes. I can see you're well disguised, you are. Now, what d'you want?

SEAGOON:

Mustard and cress sandwich.

WAITRESS:

You want bread with it?

SEAGOON:

No, I don't like luxuries.

WAITRESS:

Oh well, you've 'ad it, we ain't got no mustard and cress.

SEAGOON:

How much will that be?

WAITRESS:

Well now, let's see. Mustard and cress sandwich with no bread. No bread with no mustard and cress. So, one and a tanner.

SEAGOON:

One and six for nothing?

WAITRESS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

That's very cheap. Have you change of a hundred pound note?

WAITRESS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Marry me!

WAITRESS:

Who to?

SEAGOON:

Ellington, this waitress, I'm suspicious of her.

ELLINGTON:

Man, you're right. Her moustache has just fallen off.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was a false. She isn't a woman, she's, erm... erm, what's the other sex?

ELLINGTON:

Man.

SEAGOON:

That's it, man, yes. You, madam. You're an imposter. You're not a woman.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're right. 'Tis I, Bluebottule. Arch criminule. And master of Roy Rogers Junior Disguise Kit. Price two shillings at all good drug stores.

SEAGOON:

You fiend incarnate!

BLUEBOTTLE: Ay!

SEAGOON:

What's your part in the mustard and cress shortage?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I play the part of Bluebottle. A-hee-hee! I've destroyed every mustard and cress place in the world. Aha hai. Moves dramatically up to counter, strikes pose.

FX:

BOWL STRUCK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Also strike cheese dish.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle... Bluebottle, I arrest you in the lim of the law. The... the... the nim of the lee. I arrest you in the lum hundred and four.

GREENSLADE:

Look, may I help?

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

He arrests you in the lom of the knee.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now, Bluebottle, are you going to come quietly or do I have to use earplugs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You shall not capture me. Hands up, feet down.

SEAGOON:

Look out, Ellington! He's got a Flash Gordon cardboard ray gun. Price two shillings, obtainable at all good drug stores.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You will not take me alive!

SEAGOON:

I'm perfectly willing to agree to that arrangement.

ELLINGTON:

Boss! That's a *real* gun.

SEAGOON:

Don't panic. Ha, ha. Get behind me.

ELLINGTON:

Where *you* going?

SEAGOON:

Behind you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Rather than capture, I will shoot myself through the lapels of my suit. Bang, bang. Curse, I missed me. Ahoi! A new lease of life. Exits left to join skiffle group. (CHIFF A CHIFF A NOISES AND SINGING TO HIMSELF)

SEAGOON:

Curse! He's escaped in a pair of boots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee!

SEAGOON:

We'll report this. England must be told that British Railways mustard and cress is no more.

MILLIGAN:

(OLD) But first, let's hear Max Geldray and his old Dutch conk. Oh-ho-ho!

SECOMBE:

Curse! Exit Seagoon to the wings and the brandy! Ha-ha-haaaaa.... (FADES)

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Now the play part two. In which Neddie Seagoon visits a certain man for information.

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING CONTINUES UNDER:

CRUN:

(OVER) Ah. Min, Min, Min. Minnie. Min, Min, Min, Min, Min. Min.

MINNIE:

Stop... stop calling that chicken 'Minnie', I'm Minnie. What... what's the matter with you?

CRUN:

I think the rooster's sick, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh... oh, dear, dear, dear. Why?

CRUN:

He's just laid an egg.

MINNIE:

Ahhh, he's an imposter, I tell you.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

He's just a naughty imposter.

CRUN: Ohhh...

MINNIE:

Lots of them doing it these days, you know.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Well, I suppose I... I must get on with my saxophone practice.

CRUN:

Yes.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING 'DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS' CONTINUES UNDER:

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR IN TIME WITH MUSIC

CRUN:

Someone at the door, Min. I can hear someone at the door.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR IN TIME WITH MUSIC

CRUN:

There's someone at the door.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE STOPS

FX:

KNOCKING STOPS

MINNIE:

Please would you knock in time with my playing.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

MINNIE:

One, two, three.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE RESUMES:

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, A BIT MORE RAGGED

FX:

DOOR OPENED

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE STOPS

FX:

KNOCKING STOPS

MINNIE:

What are you doing out there, man?

SEAGOON:

I was knocking.

CRUN:

Ah, you must be a theatrical agent. But you weren't knocking in rhythm.

SEAGOON:

I was playing a different tune, it was Waltzes From Vienna Stakes.

CRUN:

Well, what do you want, sir?

SEAGOON:

It's regarding the Mustard and Cress shortage.

CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

You're a farmer, yes?

CRUN:

Indeed I am, I can grow anything.

SEAGOON:

Got green fingers, eh?

CRUN:

And green toes. I'm going mouldy all over. I've got those Bernard Miles.

MINNIE:

Yababuba...

SEAGOON:

You're just the man the British Railways need.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! (SINGS) I love that old British Railway Waltz!

CRUN:

Stop that, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) I've been passed around the night[?] together...

CRUN:

Stop it, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) In a non-smoker we can play poker...

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Over the tracks with you...

CRUN:

Modern Min!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh-eeeeee...

CRUN:

Ohhhh, youuuu....

MINNIE:

What's that matter you?

CRUN:

You sinful branch line melody woman.

MINNIE:

Well, I've got - must practice, Henry, Buddy.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

My day will come. Ohhhh. (SINGS NONSENSE)

SEAGOON:

Now may I come in?

CRUN:

As you are already lying on the couch, yes.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, the British Railways want you to grow them six thousand acres of mustard and cress in the Amazon.

CRUN:

Very well, I'll get my hat. (CALLS) Min?

MINNIE:

What did you say?

CRUN:

I'm just going to the Amazon.

MINNIE:

Well, we careful.

CRUN:

I shall be away for six years, Min.

MINNIE:

I'll put your dinner in the oven, Henry.

CRUN:

Goodbye, modern Min.

MINNIE:

Goodbye, Henry. (STARTS SINGING NONSENSE AGAIN). Merry Christmas, Henry.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GRAMS:

FROGS, ETC. FOREST NOISES

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile in the Amazon, the British Ambassador is going about his duties.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh, me ows, me ows. Oh, no more Christmas pudding for me. Oh, dear.

SPRIGGS:

Major, Major, Major.

BLOODNOK: What?

SPRIGGS: Not in the Amazon, please. (SINGS) Not in the Amazon, puh-leeeeeeease.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, nobody will notice.

SPRIGGS:

I tell you, no fishing is allowed, Jim, in the Amazon. (SINGS) In the Amazonnnnnnn.

BLOODNOK:

I tell you I was not fishing for fish.

SPRIGGS:

Ohh? Ohhh. Then what are you fishing for, Jim?

BLOODNOK:

I was fishing for water.

SPRIGGS:

Ohh. Oh, why?

BLOODNOK:

The river's full of it. Why I caught a piece of water that long, I tell you.

SPRIGGS:

Ahh, Jim I must have – should have seen the one that got away.

BLOODNOK:

It took me all day to dry it out, I tell you. Now, hand me my tin of spon cleaner.

SPRIGGS:

Spon cleaner? Why the spon cleaner, Ji-immmm?

BLOODNOK:

Shall I tell you why?

SPRIGGS:

Tell me, Ji-immmm.

BLOODNOK:

Because I want to scour the horizon! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, hohhh. Jungle Dennis, you're in form today. No chord from the band, please. Humble, tumble, tingle, too.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Any signs of that dreaded river steamer?

ELLINGTON:

No, no sign, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh. Fifty-three years in this plastic grass hut and no milk or papers delivered from England.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Do you think Gladstone's forgotten us?

ECCLES:

That's one question that i can't answer.

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

ECCLES:

That's another question I can't answer.

BLOODNOK:

Spoken like an idiot.

ECCLES:

My speciality.

BLOODNOK:

So I have noticed.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha-ha, hooo.

BLOODNOK:

Well. No milk, so we'll make tea without it.

ECCLES:

But we ain't got any tea.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, then, we'll make it without tea as well.

ECCLES:

But you can't make tea without milk.

BLOODNOK:

Then - and I quote - "We'll make milk without tea".

ECCLES:

Milk without tea? Tea without milk? (QUIETLY) I think the Major's mad.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I am perfectly sane, and it is Mad Dan Eccles who is mad.

ECCLES:

Ahh, Major. He must be loony. He wants tea without milk or tea or milk.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that if he calls me loony just once more, I shall let him have it with me old gun, here.

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) little does he know that I unloaded his gun, because I know he was mad.

FX:

SHOT.

ECCLES:

How many sugars, Major? A-ha-ho!

BLOODNOK:

None! I never take sugar with no tea or no milk.

SPRIGGS:

Jim! Jim! Ji-iiim!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SPRIGGS:

Ther was a man and his legs just come out of that bush.

BLOODNOK:

It's a shepherd.

ECCLES:

It must be Shepherd's Bush! (LAUGHS)

FX:

SHOT

ECCLES:

Sugar?

ELLINGTON:

Don't... don't shoot! Me Ellinga. River boat coming.

BLOODNOK:

Then play 'em a melody in well-known three-four time... while I get the old brandy! Ohhhh....! (FADE)

FX:

STAMPEDE OF FEET

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLOODNOK:

Well played, Ellington, well played. Handel's Largo never sounded so good. Now pardon me while I retire and change into my Crun outfit, price two shillings from all good drug stores.

ELLINGTON:

Wait! Here comes Captain Seagoon... (CORPSES)

SECOMBE:

(OFF) 'Wait', he says!

ELLINGTON:

As I was saying, wait, here comes Captain Seagoon with the expedition.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, yes, he's a sight for sore eyes. It's a pity I haven't got a pair handy.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhhh, good day, Mr Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Pleased to meet you, Captain Seagoon. Welcome to... where are we?

SEAGOON:

South America.

BLOODNOK:

Welcome to that. And to you. And by gad, you must have walked all the way.

SEAGOON:

What makes you think so?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you're so short.

SEAGOON:

There's a very good reason for that.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I can't stand heights.

BLOODNOK:

Spoken like a pygmy. And talking of pygmies, have you any brandy with you?

SEAGOON:

Crates of it.

BLOODNOK:

(EXCITED) Ohhhh! Welcome to South America.

SEAGOON:

You said that before.

BLOODNOK:

I know, but this time I *mean* it. Now, let's waltz and get you settled.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

Boss?

SEAGOON:

We camp here for the night. But as a safety precaution we must light large bonfires all round the camp.

ELLINGTON:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Lions.

ELLINGTON:

Man, if the lions want fires, let 'em light 'em themselves.

SEAGOON:

That night we slept safely in the trees as the lions warmed themselves by our fires. Then at dawn, Eccles awoke.

ECCLES:

(FALLING)ooooooooOOOOOOWWWW!

FX:

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

ECCLES:

I forgot I was in a tree.

BLOODNOK:

Get up, man, and stand on your own three feet, will you.

SEAGOON:

Are we ready to move off, Major?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we've got to head inland. The first danger will be crossing the dreaded River Carpa-tee. And that's very cold.

SEAGOON:

Yes, there's nothing worse than a cold carpa-tee!

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Oh, yes!

MILLIGAN:

Now available in volumes, folks.

BLOODNOK:

A chestnut in every scene. Right, pick up your luggage and sideways to the wind. Phish-too. Forward!

FX:

GRUNTING OF MANY LARGE ANIMALS, TRAMP OF BOOTS

ECCLES:

Dum-ba-la-dum. Marchin' along. Marchin' [UNCLEAR], marchin' along. Left, right, left, right, middle, left, right, left. Hey, Ellington, it's getting hot.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah, are you tired already?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I ain't very strong, you know.

ELLINGTON:

Okay. I'll take some of your load. Now, er, give me one of your pianos.

ECCLES:

Oh, thanks. (STRAINING) Didn't know you were musical. Ah! There! There, that's better. Thank you, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

That's okay. I'm not too heavy for you, am I?

ECCLES:

No. I'll put you down when I'm tired.

BLOODNOK:

Keep up there, you lazy devils. I say, I'm not too heavy for you, am I Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

No.

SEAGOON:

Major! Major! I'm not too heavy for you, am I, Major?

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no.

ECCLES:

I'm not too heavy for you am I, Captain Seagoon?

GREENSLADE:

(PAUSE) We pause here to give listeners at home and in the street a recap of the situation. If you remember, Eccles was supporting Ellington, Bloodnok and Seagoon on his head. Suddenly, Mr. Eccles has appeared on top of Captain Seagoon, thus leaving all of them suspended in mid-air.

SELLERS:

Listeners, write down on a piece of paper what *you* think will happen. (PAUSE) Have you done that? Good. Now listen to what actually happened.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION, BAGPIPE MELODY, WHISTLE, GALLOPING HORSES, SKIDDING VEHICLE, GLASS BREAKING, BLUE DANUBE WALTZ, STEAM TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN PASSING, LOGS FALLING, SEIG HEIL CHANT, ROCKET WHOOSH, PHISH-TOO, SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SELLERS:

Yes, you guessed it. They all fell in the wata. Now read on.

SEAGOON:

That night, for safety, we slept standing up. Some slept standing down, which is standing up sideways. Priced two shillings at all good drug stores. Then... as the sun came up it started to get light. Before me lay a vast, arid waste.

BLOODNOK:

It was me.

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING) Boss. Boss. There's a tribe of savage natives approachin'.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, ohhhh! What? Which way are they approaching?

ELLINGTON:

Towards us.

BLOODNOK:

Then we must approach away from them. Leave them to me. Savage natives, are they? I'll show them. Hand me the white flag, will you. Where's my batwoman?

SEAGOON:

You mean batman.

BLOODNOK:

Those days are gone for ever, lad. Ah, here she comes now, Miss Plunger.

THROAT:

Yes, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Remember when we were sinking in the Atlantic and there was no room in the lifeboats. I said 'women and children first', remember?

THROAT:

Yes, I do.

BLOODNOK:

Well, remember what you did?

THROAT:

Yes. Made you up as a woman.

BLOODNOK:

Stand by to do the same again.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I think you're nervous.

BLOODNOK:

What? Say that again.

SEAGOON:

You're a yellow-livered coward.

BLOODNOK:

That's much better.

SEAGOON:

I knew you'd like it.

BLOODNOK:

Anyone for tennis? Oh, what am I saying??

ECCLES:

Hey!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh!

ECCLES:

Ellington's goin' after dem natives with his gun.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Ellington's a dead shot.

ECCLES:

He is now, somebody shot 'im.

BLOODNOK:

What's that? I'll not stand here and see my men slaughtered. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccle... ow, yer?

BLOODNOK:

What time's the next train out of here?

SEAGOON:

No, Bloodnok, you must stay here and fight.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, your example has made me stay.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

SEAGOON:

What time's the next train out?

BLOODNOK:

I heard that!

ELLINGTON:

Hey! If you're runnin' away, I'm comin', too.

BLOODNOK:

Ellington, are you turning yellow?

ELLINGTON:

Man, does it look like it?

SEAGOON:

Oi, Ellington, you were shot. You're dead.

ELLINGTON:

I am, but I don't want to stay out and get killed.

CRUN:

Gentlemen, what about the mustard and cress shortage?

MINNIE:

What about the modern shortage?

CRUN:

I'm not waiting all night, you know.

MINNIE:

He's not waiting...

GRAMS:

GUNFIRE, RICOCHETS, NATIVE WAR CRIES

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Ohhhh!

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds!

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) The natives are attacking on gramophone records.

SEAGOON:

Right. Everyone into this wooden hut.

BLOODNOK:

We haven't got one.

SEAGOON:

Start building.

FX:

SPED UP HAMMERING

SEAGOON:

Hup! All in.

FX:

THUD OF DOOR CLOSING

BLOODNOK:

Safe inside.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

NURKE:

[SECOMBE]

(ON PHONE) Hello, have you any rooms to let?

BLOODNOK:

No.

NURKE:

Oh, [UNCLEAR].

FX:

PHONE DOWN.

BLOODNOK:

Surrounded by victims of the Rent Act.

SEAGOON:

Never fear. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

How many rounds of ammunition have we got left?

FX:

SIX PISTOL SHOTS

ECCLES:

Six!

SEAGOON:

Good. And they sounded alright, too.

ECCLES:

Yah.

CRUN:

Gentlemen, I... what's this! My dinner's in the oven, I tell you.

MINNIE:

Phish-too.

CRUN:

Fish, too. I came here to grow fish and too and mustard and cress and ..

SEAGOON:

Look out! There's a native at the window! Duck!

GRAMS:

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

ECCLES:

Ooh.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, that native was clever.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

He only had a spear.

SEAGOON:

What a brilliant impressionist he was. Ask him if he can do an impression of the end of the Goon Show.

BLOODNOK:

I'll ask him. Kala munga dinga walla tunga lalla coo.

NATIVE:

[MILLIGAN]

Ayalla. Umba calla dunga doo. (SINGS) oolooloo dooolulu... (CONTINUES UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) You've been listening to a native doing an impression of the Goon Show signing off tune. I'll say they're jolly clever. Goodbye.

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Tom Ronald. Listeners will ask, what happened to the great mustard and cress shortage. Nothing. Next time you're in a railway buffet... oh, well for what!

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE CONTINUES

Vintage E09 - The Internal Mountain

Transcribed by John Koster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954. And the best of luck. Tonight's programme comes to you by arrangement with the makers of Kiddies Head Crushing Machines Ltd. Therefore we present Sita Follers, Natty Floorcloth and Mirke Soddington in The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, CHEERING

GREENSLADE:

Right. Thank you, thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

ECCLES:

(OFF) We got our money's worth, this time, 'aven't we.

GREENSLADE:

This... this is a story of high adventure. One that will blaze its way across the length and longth of Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England and certain parts of East Acton.

SECOMBE:

This story will swell with pride the feet of every true Englishman, woman, child, cat, dog, chicken, mongoose, red faced baboon, gorilla teeth and to say nothing of Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder! (MAKES CLICKING AND POPPING SOUNDS).

MILLIGAN:

Listeners may well ask what Footo the Wonder Boot Exploder has to do with our story. Well... we shall see.

GREENSLADE:

Now to the drama entoathed...

SECOMBE:

The Saga of the Internal Mountain. Or...

GRAMS:

CHICKENS SPEEDED UP, BAGPIPES, SCREAM, SPLASH, CHICKENS, VIENNESE WALTZ, CHICKENS, EXPLOSION, HIGH BEEPING NOISE, FOLLOWED BY A PLOP.

MILLIGAN:

We shall see.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD.

SEAGOON:

The Internal Mountain. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. How well I remember it. But first things first. My name is Lord Hairy Seagoon, Doctor of Philosophy and spinster of this parish. I am six foot three, except on television. A man of action. Yes, I've rubbed shoulders with death. I've knocked on doors and run away. Although you may not believe this, I've run through Piccadilly unescorted.

SELLERS:

Ah! You devil! Ha, ha, haaaa! You devil!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha!

SELLERS:

Read on, read on.

GREENSLADE:

One night, as Lord Hairy lay tossing and turning in his egg box under the stairs of Saxophone Players Anonymous, a mystic ethereal voice spoke to him in his dream.

GHOSTLY VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello. Lord Seajoon. Seajoon. Can you hear me, over?

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. I hear you strength three. Roger.

GHOSTLY VOICE:

This is not Roger. This is Fred Crin. The spirit of adventure, now living abroad owing to tax.

SEAGOON:

You sound like Milligan through a megaphone, there!

GHOSTLY VOICE:

No ad-libbing, please! Listen, oh, midget. I come to gratify your desire. If you seek new horizons, climb Mount Everest, there.

SEAGOON:

Oh, spirit there, it has already been clumbed.

GHOSTLY VOICE:

I know. It's not been clum-med from the inside.

SEAGOON:

From the inside! From the inside! Oh, spirit, you are right!

GHOSTLY VOICE:

I must go now, I see my last tram coming. Farewell.

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait!

GHOSTLY VOICE:

Nooo...

SEAGOON:

Wait!

GHOSTLY VOICE:

Nooo...

SEAGOON:

Wait.

GHOSTLY VOICE:

Noo... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

Wait. (RASPBERRY) Curses, the spirit has gone. It must have been only 70% proof. But... What an idea! Climb Everest from the inside. It's never been done before. Cronk!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRONK:

[SELLERS]

Yes, my lord?

SEAGOON:

Lay out my purple serge suit, my yellow and black polka dot tie, green and mauve striped shirt, gold monogrammed boots, white bowler and my pink hand-painted souzaphone.

CRONK:

Another funeral, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, not today. No, I'm going to the Royal Alpine Club.

CRONK:

I'll phone your office and tell them you won't be in, sir.

FX:

PICKS UP PHONE

SEAGOON:

Yes. Let them try and manage without me today somehow.

FX:

DIALLING PHONE NUMBER

CRONK:

Hello? Sir Bernard? Lord Seagoon's compliments, sir, he will not be in today. All right, sir.

FX:

REPLACES PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Well?

CRONK:

You are fired, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? Ha! Ha! Fired? Oh, dear. I shouldn't worry about a job with *my* qualifications. Let them get another lift attendant. See if I care, hm.

CRONK:

Bravo, sir. Spoken like a true failure.

SEAGOON:

Mark my words, Cronk, he'll never get another man like me.

CRONK:

That's what he said, sir. "I never want another man like you".

SEAGOON:

That's enough, Cronk. Is my horseless carriage ready?

CRONK:

The chauffeur is pulling it here now.

GRAMS:

VETERAN CAR ENGINE NOISE, OLD CAR HOOTER, EXHAUST BACKFIRING

CRONK:

(LAUGHING) He approaches.

FX:

HANDBRAKE ON, CAR DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Er... 'Ello, the car's ready.

SEAGOON:

Aaaah, good lad, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Good lad, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

That's what I like - car right outside my door.

ECCLES:

You never told me you lived on the twentieth floor, though.

SEAGOON:

All right, Eccles. To the Alpine Club!

ECCLES:

OK, if you want me to.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

I'd better follow him in the car. Giddup.

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Hm. I'd better take my boots off and follow on foot.

FX:

FEET RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

I'd better follow my feet as well. Hup!

FX:

SPRINGING SOUNDS.

GRAMS:

ORGAN MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

With that music, Seagoon arrived at the Royal Alpine Club.

HENRY CRUN:

Now, then. Kanchenjunga, 22,000 feet.

FX:

HAMMERING ON THE DOOR.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh. Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, that'll... (HUGE AUDIENCE LAUGHTER FOR SOME REASON) Did you call, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Crun. Henry Crun?

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What?Min, whaaaat? What? What?

MINNIE:

There's someone knocking at the door.

HENRY CRUN:

Which side, Min?

MINNIE:

Inside, Hen. Inside, Hen.

HENRY CRUN:

Are you knocking to get out, then?

FX:

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! They're at it again, Henry.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Phish-too! Phish-too!

SEAGOON:

I happened to be knocking and I thought I'd call in.

MINNIE:

Well, you're... There's... You're gong to knock the clamden[?] if you're altogether with the scream pies, boys.

HENRY CRUN:

Just... just a moment.

MINNIE:

Never get a [UNCLEAR].

HENRY CRUN:

One moment.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

HENRY CRUN:

Wait a moment. What is it, Dutch Min? Morrrrning. Morrrrning...

MINNIE:

There was someone knocking on the door with Max Geldray.

HENRY CRUN:

What? Oh, all right then, come in.

SEAGOON:

Save your breath.

MINNIE:

I've been saving it for years, that's why I've got...

HENRY CRUN:

Please. Please, come in, whoever knocked.

SEAGOON:

Look, I'm trying to tell you, it was...

HENRY CRUN:

Please, don't interrupt the private affairs of the house! Come in! Is there someone knocking at the door?!

SEAGOON:

YES!!

HENRY CRUN:

WHO?!

SEAGOON:

ME!

HENRY CRUN:

THEN COME IN!

SEAGOON:

I AM IN!

HENRY CRUN:

THEN WHAT ARE YOU KNOCKING FOR?!

SEAGOON:

I'M NOT KNOCKING!

HENRY CRUN:

THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO KNOW YOU'RE THERE?!

MINNIE:

OUWEEEEEE!

HENRY CRUN:

Who are you, Sir?

MINNIE:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE SCREAMING)

SEAGOON:

I'm Lord Seagoon.

MINNIE:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE SCREAMING) Yim, bom, ballaboo.

HENRY CRUN:

Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I'm Lord Seagoon!

HENRY CRUN:

Then can I have your name, please?

SEAGOON:

Harry Pronk.

HENRY CRUN:

It's Lord Seagoon, Min!

MINNIE:

Oh, hello...

HENRY CRUN:

Morrrr....

MINNIE:

Morning, Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morrrrrning.

HENRY CRUN:

Morrrning.

MINNIE:

Morrrning.

HENRY CRUN:

What can we do for you?

SEAGOON:

I want the Alpine Club to cooperate in climbing Mount Everest from the inside.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Oh. And who would finance such a thing?

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha. Me! Would you mind turning your back while I unfasten my money belt?

MINNIE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now I'll... just undo the buckle. (HUMS OVER...)

FX:

SOUNDS OF METAL OBJECTS BEING MOVED, SAWING... THINGS FALLING TO THE GROUND, EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

What a bit of luck. It was open all the time!

MINNIE:

Can we turn round now?

HENRY CRUN:

Can we?

SEAGOON:

Turn round, yes.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, thank you.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

All gone.

HENRY CRUN:

The money? Money?

SEAGOON:

There it is! Feast your eyes, ha, ha!

HENRY CRUN:

Two shillings?

SEAGOON:

What's wrong? Isn't that enough? I have another thruppence in my boot which I can explode with Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder!

FX:

CLICKING, POPPING, EXPLOSION.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, heavens, no, you'll need at least in the neighbourhood of a pound.

SEAGOON:

A pound? That sounds like a rich neighbourhood.

HENRY CRUN:

It is, I know a moneylender there.

SEAGOON:

A moneylender? What a cunning disguise. I suppose he works under a nom de plume?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, and the pong in the summer is terrible.

SEAGOON:

No doubt. I'll go and see him. But first things first, Max Geldray plays his leather tuba.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Internal Mountain Climbers, page three. Enter Seagoon in cloak and paper hat. He approaches door of the moneylender and knocks with a giraffe.

FX:

DOORBELL RINGING.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, Seagoon, heavily disguised in cloak, paper, a hat and holding a giraffe.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

Good morning. I wish to borrow X pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

X pounds? What for?

SEAGOON:

My X-penses. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! X pounds! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ahem. Just my little joke.

FX:

GUNSHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

Just my little bullet. Now, dear ragged Ned, sit on this blank cheque and tell me all, please.

SEAGOON:

I want to borrow 30,000 pounds.

FX:

COINS FALLING.

GRYTPYPE:

There. All in farthings. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What do you want, Grytpype? What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Stop going "aaahh".

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

AAhh!

GRYTPYPE:

And parcel up the gentleman's money. Neddie, just sign this gentleman's agreement, please.

SEAGOON:

Let me see it.

FX:

RUSTLE OF PAPER

SEAGOON:

"I promise to pay back 30,000 pounds plus 10,000". What's that for?

GRYTPYPE:

That's the tip, Neddie. You leave it under your upper plate.

SEAGOON:

I refuse to sign.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

I demand a recount.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTICAL HARP

GHOSTLY VOICE:

Seagoon... Seagoon... I am the spirit come to help you, again, mate. Sign it with a false name.

SEAGOON:

Of course! Very well.

GHOSTLY VOICE:

Ta...

SEAGOON:

There - Gladys Latoul Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

So you're a woman.

SEAGOON:

Well... (HIGH VOICE) Yes!

MORIARTY:

My little darling! Marry me!

SEAGOON AND MORIARTY:

SCREAMING.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

GREENSLADE:

It must have been hell for Seagoon. But finally at midnight he shook off Moriarty and with the famous Eccles started work on the next part of the Goon Show.

SEAGOON:

And the next part of the Goon Show is the part when I say, "tomorrow we sail for India".

JIM SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim, and that's where we'll meet. You will meet the great melody mountaineer Major Bloodnok. Major Bloodnok!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOOKNOK THEME.

FX:

NUMBER OF RAPID EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oah, ow, ooh, ooh, owls, owls, owls. Oh, me owls, oh! I'll never eat eggs again, I tell you. Ohhhh...

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Ohhh, yes. They must be bad for you, I'll be bound.

BLOODNOK:

It is.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

But then, Sahib... Sahib, listen.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

The monsoon's have broken.

BLOODNOK:

You careless fool! I'll get the brush and pan.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhh! Every time I bend down, that happens. God, I didn't...

SEAGOON:

Oi!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

You there!

BLOODNOK:

Gad, look! It's two off-white men! Come in out the rain.

SEAGOON:

Ahh, thank you. Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

The same! Late of the Saskatchewan Red Indian Cavalry.

SEAGOON:

This is the famous Eccles, late of the human race.

BLOODNOK:

Eccles? Gad! It must be thirty years since we met.

ECCLES:

I ain't never met you before.

BLOODNOK:

It must be longer! Forty years!

ECCLES:

Oh, that's more like it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Of course, of course. Well now you're here let me help you. Erm, Singhiz? Ttake this gentleman's things and put them in the wicker basket marked lot 23, 8 bar.

SINGHIZ THING:

8 bar.

SEAGOON:

What splendid hospitality.

BLOODNOK:

Ha, ha, ha. You're staying the night?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Here.

BLOODNOK:

Blast! Well, before you turn in, would you care for a nightcap?

SEAGOON:

Yes

BLOODNOK:

What size head?

SEAGOON:

Six and seven lumps.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, horrible. Seriously though. You... you've come a long way here, how about some whiskey?

SEAGOON:

Eh, no.

BLOODNOK:

Rum, then.

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

What about gin?

SEAGOON:

No, no.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens man, haven't you brought me anything at all?

SEAGOON:

Course, I brought you this long thin green thing with a rusty bootlace tied round it.

BLOODNOK:

But I've already got one of those.

SEAGOON:

You've got one, how was I to know?

BLOODNOK:

How? Isn't it obvious? You could have written, surely, I mean. Oh, owl, will you, oh...

SEAGOON:

Steady, Bloodnok. Steady, steady. I'm here to offer you employment.

BLOODNOK:

Work?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

FX:

BODY FALLING DOWN.

SEAGOON:

We got Bloodnok onto his bed and revived him with a glass of Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder.

FX:

EXPLOSION.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's better! Now Seagoon, tell me all.

SEAGOON:

It's about climbing Everest from the inside. Well, I feel that... (FADE)

GRAMS:

WORKERS SINGING, DRILLING

GREENSLADE:

In three weeks work was begun on boring a hole up the middle Everest.

BLOODNOK:

What a sight. 10,000 stark naked coolies working like blazes. How like dear old London.

ELLINGA:

Major Bloodnok, mate. Me foreman. Men want more money.

BLOODNOK:

How like dear old London.

ELLINGA:

Men want three cents more per hour.

BLOODNOK:

I'm not going to pay.

ELLINGA:

How like dear old London, mate. Now, like dear old London - take that!

BLOODNOK:

Ow! You blacked me eye! *How* like dear old London. And, like dear old London – take that!

ELLINGA:

Owww! You blackened *my* eye!

BLOODNOK:

I can't see.

ELLINGA:

You'll have to take my word.

BLOODNOK:

Get back on the job or I'll mash yer nurglers with me spon club! Now, for a light kippo. Zzzzz... Zzzz...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! Ooh.

SEAGOON:

This is the second time I've caught you sleeping on the job.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie! This is the *tenth* time.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry.

BLOODNOK:

Don't let it happen again or you're fired.

SEAGOON:

Gad! What's this huge brown paper parcel?

BLOODNOK:

It's a surprise from Blighty.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lift.

SEAGOON:

A lift!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I'm gonna have it built into Mount Everest. Seagoon, you're going travel up in style and comfort, lad. Come, let's unwrap it.

SEAGOON:

I'm the strongest, I'll tear off the paper!

BLOODNOK:

You Herculean daredevil.

ALL:

Singing, raspberry.

FX:

TEARING OF PAPER.

BLOODNOK:

There we are! Now let's open the door and see what it's like inside.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

MINNIE:

Oooh! Thank heaven. Where am I?

SEAGOON:

Miss Bannister! You've been locked in this thing!

MINNIE:

From Monday till Saturday, nobody knew I was there. Ohhh...

BLOODNOK:

Wait! Minnie Bannister? Not *the* Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse? *And* the Third Foot and Mouth?

MINNIE:

Oooh, the same.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, fair delicate creature. Don't you recognise me?

MINNIE:

Oooh. Dennis Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, my treasure, you little beauty.

MINNIE:

Ooooh.

BLOODNOK:

Remember the night of the Governors ball in 1927 at Cornpa.

MINNIE:

You drunk [UNCLEAR]...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, what was that waltz?

MINNIE:

What was it?

MINNIE BANNISTER AND BLOODNOK:

(SINGING, ACCOMPANIED BY PIANO)

I was born in Vienna.

Where the girls and the men are.

So exceedingly all bright and gay

And I blew away...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

(STILL SINGING) I was... Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you, yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Actually, I was born in Finchley, I...

SEAGOON:

But we have work to be done.

ECCLES:

(FAR OFF) You what?

BLOODNOK:

Of course. Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

Sir.

BLOODNOK:

Take madam Ban to the ladies luxury rest house.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Move the pigs and the goats out first, of course.

GREENSLADE:

Right, sir. This way, baby.

MINNIE:

Oh, naughty...

BLOODNOK:

There she goes, sweet Min Ban. She looks exactly the same as when I first met her: horrible!

FX:

WHISTLE.

BLOODNOK:

Outside, everyone back to their own beds!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET.

SEAGOON:

You fool, Bloodnok, that's a danger whistle! It means the men in the tunnel are going to start blasting.

BLOODNOK:

Rude words cannot hurt me, lad.

SEAGOON:

I'd better check and see if everyone's taken cover. Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, I heard you call me, my Captain! Eyyyy! Hello everybody. Oooh. Strikes ready and willing pose.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, run in that tunnel and see if all the men are out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Your wish is my command. I will do that, Captain. I'm not afraid. I will. I say, Captain? There's a... there's a dirty big stick of dynamite in there.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but it'll take ten minutes before it explodes. You're perfectly safe.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I *knew* it would be safe. I trust my Capitain. He always tells me the truth. You are telling the truth, aren't you?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohahey. To the tunnel, then! Gives carefree toss of head. Toss, toss, tossy. Ahey.

SEAGOON:

There he goes, brave tall youth. Straight as a ramrod and twice as thin. Ahh, even as I speak he enters the dreaded tunnel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOEY) Hello? Hello everybody. Is there anybody in there? Is anyone still in the tunnels? Ball boy Dennis? Oh. If so, you must leave. But there is no hurry, do you know that? My Captain says there's still ten minutes before the dynamite...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOEY) Ai! You rotten swine, you! You deaded me! Look at the shattered seat of my trousers. I can't look you at you in the face like that.

SEAGOON:

Quick, close the mountain. Put him out of his misery.

ELLINGTON:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLOODNOK:

That night I was so excited I didn't feel tired so I slept with my eyes open. When I awoke my eyes were closed. So I must have dozed off when I was asleep with my eyes shut open.

SPRIGGS:

(FAR OFF) Well said, Jim.

SEAGOON:

You talk as though you have an unsound mind.

BLOODNOK:

My mind unsound? Hit it with this hammer!

FX:

HAMMER HITTING BELL

BLOODNOK:

There, a perfectly sound mind.

SEAGOON:

My most profound insincere apologies.

ECCLES:

Hellooo.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING OBJECT, VERY DULL SOUND.

BLOODNOK:

That's an unsound mind!

ECCLES:

Neddie don't you hit me with a hammer again.

SEAGOON:

It wasn't a hammer, it was a shovel.

ECCLES:

Oh, ta.

ELLINGTON:

Excuse me, white goons. Camel's waiting to take us to the Mount Everest.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid.

ECCLES:

Splendid.

ALL:

Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up!

ELLINGTON:

Come on, up you get, white goon man.

BLOODNOK:

I say, before we mount these noble animals, could you oblige me with say, er, five pounds

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm a little short.

BLOODNOK:

We know, it must be hell down there.

SEAGOON:

I meant short of money.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Have you, er, have *you* five pounds, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No, I, er... no. Um, have you got five pounds, Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you look like a sporting man. There!

ECCLES:

Ta. There, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. Here, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

ECCLES:

Oh, oi.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's the end of that corny routine. Mount the camels, ah!

GRAMS:

CAMEL SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Careful.

GRAMS:

CHICKENS.

SEAGOON:

We rode in silence, save for the odd noises camels are wont to make.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it was hell back there, I tell you.

GREENSLADE:

Didn't you finally arrive at the mountain and find the lift installed and then get in it?

SEAGOON:

Yeah, you can tell we're getting near the end, can't you?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Just a minute, Jim. All get in the elevator. (SINGS) All get in the elevatorrrrrrr. All get in.

FX:

LIFT WHIZZING UNDER...

JIM SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Up we're goinggggg...

BLOODNOK:

Here we are, the first men to go up Everest from the inside.

FX:

LIFT CONTINUES UP...

JIM SPRIGGS:

3000 feet, Jim. 3000 feet.

FX:

LIFT CONTINUES UP...

ALL:

Whistling, singing.

FX:

LIFT CONTINUES UP...

JIM SPRIGGS:

4000 feet, Jim

FX:

LIFT CONTINUES UP...

ALL:

More whistling, singing.

FX:

LIFT CONTINUES UP...

SEAGOON:

This must be terribly boring for the listeners.

BLOODNOK:

I know, I know, but what *can* one do in a lift?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Spriggs? Sing 'em a song.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Certainly. Just lucky I brought my upright piano, piano.

FX:

PIANO INTRODUCTION.

JIM SPRIGGS:

(STARTS TO SING) I...

FX:

LIFT STOPS.

BLOODNOK:

It's all right, we're here now.

SEAGOON:

Hand me the Union Jack. I claim this Union Jack for England!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

That ends the Goon Show.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Please leave quietly.

FX:

FEET RUNNING

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Charles Chiltern.

Vintage E10 - The Silent Bugler

Transcribed by Tomino. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons.

SECOMBE:

You be careful.

GREENSLADE:

Another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954. Any questions?

THROAT:

Er... no, mate, no.

GREENSLADE:

No. Very well, then. We present agents Sellers, Secombe and Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show. (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, today in the American Senate, Senator Vanderschmidt said...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

There's more, the House of Un-American activities, in wide screen and multicolour, Jane Mansfield on the Russian attack on East Manitoba (GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

And he continued by saying...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

(GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Which concluded his speech. Then on March the Third in our House Of Commons at four o'clock, the Prime Minister said.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

(FEMININE) Tea?

ORCHESTRA:

STIRING BRITISH EMPIRE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

These everyday exchanges in our political circles are made known to us all by the daily newspapers. But what of the secret services?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Yes, indeed, what of them? What of them, man? Unknown to us, the secret services are striving powers in a constant battle, man. Move and countermove, plot and counterplot.

SELLERS:

We give you now the story of only one minute fragment in this mosaic of political intrigue. Take the case of Agent X2. (FADE)

GRAMS:

TRAIN CARRIAGE

SEAGOON:

I am X2.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C: 'TA-DAHHHHHH'

SEAGOON:

My mission started when I was called to HQ MI5. I'd hardly got on board the train for London when... I had the uneasy feeling I was being watched.

FX:

SLIDING DOOR

WILLIUM:

All tickets, please.

SEAGOON:

Tickets? Oh, he, he, he. Oh, yes, yes. Ahem.

WILLIUM:

'Ere. This is a platform ticket.

SEAGOON:

That's right, I always travel by platform.

WILLIUM:

Come on now, mate. Come on now, matey. Where's yer ticket, there?

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, just joking, ha. There we are.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

Wait a minute. This ticket's from Piccadilly to Hyde Park.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I know. A very easy journey, I often make it, you know.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, my good man, don't mess me about, 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Aha. It's an old Welsh joke. Now, there. My ticket.

WILLIUM:

'Ere! This... this 'ere ticket was issued in nineteen ho two.

SEAGOON:

Really? Gad, we're running late.

WILLIUM:

And it's for the Brighton to London stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

Well?

WILLIUM:

Well, this ain't a stagecoach, mate.

SEAGOON:

You mean this train *isn't* horse drawn?

WILLIUM:

Nah.

SEAGOON:

I demand my money back! You charlatan, you! I... I want [UNCLEAR], I...

WILLIUM:

Wait a minute, here, you can't fool me about with all that clever talk, mate. You gotta pay for the ticket. Nah. Where did yer get on?

SEAGOON:

Curse. The game's up. Well, now, erm... What... what was that last station?

WILLIUM:

Thung Junction.

SEAGOON:

That's it! That's it! That's when I got on.

WILLIUM:

But we didn't stop there.

SEAGOON:

Do you think it was easy?

WILLIUM:

Look, where're you going to?

SEAGOON:

The next station.

WILLIUM:

Right, that'll be 18 shillings and thruppence.

FX:

COINS BEING COUNTER ONTO A TABLE

SEAGOON:

Right. There we are.

WILLIUM:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

You can leave that.

FX:

CARRIAGE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

SEAGOON:

Fool. Aha, ha. Little does he know that the *real* fare is not 18 and thruppence – but thirty two pounds, six shillings.

WILLIUM:

Little does 'e know that I'm nothing to do with the railway at all.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C: 'TA-DAHHHHHH'

GREENSLADE:

Thus, Seagoon arrived at HQ MI5 with the wind behind him.

FX:

DOOR

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Aaaah. Come in... ahhhhh... Come in, X2.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir.

JYMPTON:

X2, ahhhhh... you know... you know... you know what we want you for?

SEAGOON:

No?

JYMPTON:

Oh. Well, don't go away, we'll think of something. Aaaaaaah. Have you ever been to, ah, Russia?

SEAGOON:

No.

JYMPTON:

Oh. Ever been to Moscow?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

JYMPTON:

That'll do. Er, Colonel Spondle Clacknutt, will you... ahhh... explain to him?

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

Yes, well, we have reason to believe that the Russians have perfected a time machine. With it they could go forward into the future, do you see? And once there, they build planes that will travel faster than the speed of light. They've got to be stopped doing such a thing. You are the man for the job.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ta.

COLONEL:

Thank you. Now, are you married?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

COLONEL:

Understandable, I suppose. I would go on this mission myself but it's... well, it's too dangerous, you know.

SEAGOON:

You mean, I... I might get killed?

COLONEL:

With a bit of luck, yes.

JYMPTON:

Ahhhh... The Colonel... ahhhh... Colonel... ahhhh... is joking. Ha, ha, ha! X2, ah, follow me.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR

JYMPTON:

In here. Ah, Mr... Ahhh... Mr. Crun.

CRUN:

Morning.

JYMPTON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

JYMPTON:

Ahhhhhh... Morning. This is X2. Would you tell him about the Russian intelligence... the Russian intelligence.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Mooooorning.

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon at your service, sir.

CRUN:

Ah, yes, captain service. Now, here is a photo of the Russian master spy, Igor Blimey. He's escaped from every prison camp in Europe.

SEAGOON:

There's nothing on this photograph.

CRUN:

He's escaped again! Never mind. Next... next, there is the most hated man in Russia.

SEAGOON:

Who?

CRUN:

Jack Benny.

SEAGOON:

They, too, eh? Ha, ha. Poor wretches.

CRUN:

Ah, they, too. But, aha, haaa! Now – the most deadly agent of them all. They call him the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

The Silent Bugler?

CRUN:

Yes. Nobody has ever seen him. But here is a rare record of him. Just listen.

GRAMS:

SILENT RECORD HISS

SEAGOON:

I can't hear anything.

CRUN:

That's him! The Silent Bugler. If you ever hear nothing like that, look out!

SEAGOON:

With that warning ringing in my teeth, I spent the next three weeks and two days training under Major Bloodnok.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooohhhh! Oh, oh, me owls, me owls. Oh, me poor old owls.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, lad, training.

SEAGOON:

They tell me that during the last war you were taken prisoner.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, but I escaped.

SEAGOON:

Where from?

BLOODNOK:

Dartmoor.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

First of all, disguises. Black your face with this burnt cork. That's it. Now put on this straw hat. Now just take this banjo. There, you look marvellous.

SEAGOON:

You... you think it'll fool the Russians?

BLOODNOK:

The Russians? You idiot, you'll never fool 'em in that lot! Take it off! It's a good job you came to me.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on you.

BLOODNOK:

Thud! Oh, thud! Russians, you say? Well, well, well. Well, in that case you definitely need to appear inconspicuous. I have the very outfit. Stand by to check.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One ginger beard with detachable bells.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of reversible plastic socks, *easily* convertible into dog cardigan.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

BLOODNOK:

One pair of false cardboard skis. One wicker teapot with underwater escape apparatus.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One rubber dagger.

SEAGOON:

What's the use of a rubber dagger?

BLOODNOK:

Well, we don't want to shed blood needlessly, you know.

SEAGOON:

(GIBBERISH).

BLOODNOK:

Thun! Now, finance. Three thousand lira in rupees, payable in pesetas at any Mongolian bank whilst wearing tennis shoes in a thunderstorm under fire from rocket batteries.

SEAGOON:

You've thought of everything.

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Now, the sensitivity test. I shall just blindfold you, so. Now. I want you to tell me what I'm doing, right?

SEAGOON:

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Erm, you're taking my gold ring off my finger.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Now you're removing my gold watch. And my fountain pens from my pocket.

BLOODNOK:

(DISTANT) Bravo, keep it up.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho! Now you're taking my wallet. Oh, ho! You've taken my money belt.

BLOODNOK:

(DISTANT) Good lad, keep going.

FX:

DOOR

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha. That's right. No. No, I... I can't feel you doing anything yet. No, I...

FX:

PHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[MILLIGAN]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Call for you from Paris.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Secombe? The lesson's over, lad.

SEAGOON:

End of the Silent Bugler part one. At the organ, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part two.

SELLERS:

But first, for listeners who have just tuned in, here is a rapid synopsis.

GRAMS:

MILLIGAN GIBBERISH SPEEDED UP

SELLERS:

Now read on!

SEAGOON:

Before my departure for Russia I took one final test.

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon, we want you to identify objects that will be held up in rapid succession by the sergeant here.

SEAGOON:

(GIBBERISH)

OFFICER:

Good. Sergeant Eccles, do your duty.

ECCLES:

Ok, sir. Now then, my good man. The first object I hold up is this. What's this?

SEAGOON:

A banana.

ECCLES:

Good, good, good, good. (EATS BANANA) Got rid of that. Oho-ho! Now then, what's this?

SEAGOON:

A pencil.

ECCLES:

Good. (EATS PENCIL) Oooh, shouldn't have eaten that. Now then, now then, my man, the last one. Now... (STRAINS) What's... this...? Ooooooh! What's this that I'm holding up?

SEAGOON:

Errrrr... Let me see, now, let me see, er...

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on! Look at the shape!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I've seen... I... I've seen one like it.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on, you know what it is!

FX:

FLOOR STARTS CREAKING UNDER A GREAT WEIGHT

SEAGOON:

No, no, I'm not... I'm not quite sure, I...

FX:

FLOOR CREAKING UNDER A GREAT WEIGHT

SEAGOON:

No, I...

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on, you've seen one of these before.

SEAGOON:

I can't... honestly... say that I've...

GRAMS:

FLOOR COLLAPSES

ECCLES:

Owwwwwwwwww.....

FX:

KNOCKING

GRAMS:

ECCLES ARRIVES OUT OF BREATH

SEAGOON:

Oh, you're back.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, what was it?

ECCLES:

An elephant.

SEAGOON:

Of course. I should've guessed.

ECCLES:

Well, why didn't you, then? That was a good... what the...?

OFFICER:

Steady, Eccles, steady.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

OFFICER:

Steady, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

OFFICER:

Now, Seagoon, just one more small thing.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

You can (GIBBERISH).

OFFICER:

I'm sure I can do. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, Captain! I heard you! Hey!

JYMPTON:

(OFF) Thank you, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray! Hello everybody! Pauses for audience applause. Continues act. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) I should have said that before when you clapped earlier. Strikes 'stand easy' pose.

SEAGOON:

I understand you have a secret weapon for me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have it! I have! Unscrews false kneecap, takes out secret gun. I am in agony as I have not got false kneecaps. Puts on bold face. Eeeeeh! It still hurts, though.

SEAGOON:

What is this remarkable weapon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is... it is my backshot pistol.

SEAGOON:

You mean, whoever fires this pistol gets killed himself?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You just give it to an enemy, he aims it at you and then he gets deaded himself.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! How's it work?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll show you. I'll just point the gun at you, then I'll pull the trigger and... aaaahoooo. No. You point it at me and *you* pull the trigger.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. I... I point it at you like this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, don't point it at me, point it at yourself.

SEAGOON:

But you said to point...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful, don't point.

FX:

BANG!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiheeee! You rotten man, you! You've deaded me! You punctured my Flash Gordon bulletproof space vest with cardboard lapels. Price one and nine at all good chemists. Ehiheeee! Exits left to register for next year's radio awards.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part three.

SELLERS:

In a dark car with a hat pulled well over its eyes, Secombe was next driven to a submerged airport.

GRAMS:

PROPELLER PLANE TAKING OFF

SEAGOON:

Once there, I was given a spoonful of air linctus for my nerves. Which I had unfortunately brought with me.

GREENSLADE:

(TANNOY) Will passengers with disguised MI5 tickets for mystery flight X to undisclosed destination please inflate their false wigs and crawl as inconspicuously as possible to the isolated black plane standing in the shadow of the barbed wire. Thank you.

ELLINGTON:

Mystery flight X, this way, please. Passports, please! All passports, please. Name, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Er, Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Spinster.

ELLINGTON:

Next!

ECCLES:

Woof! Woof! Growl! Growl! Woof!

ELLINGTON:

Next!

GREENSLADE:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Madame Fifi La Bonbon, male impressionist.

ELLINGTON:

Good luck. Next!

SELLERS:

(WOMAN) Sir Arthur Bighampton.

ELLINGTON:

Right, ma'am. Next.

SELLERS:

Little does he know that I am not sir Arthur Bighampton but only his son, Prunella.

ECCLES:

Little does he know that I'm not woof woof growl but growl woof woof.

BLOODNOK:

Little do they know that I am not as I said Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster, but *Miss* Gladys Murgatroyd, bachelor.

ELLINGTON:

And... er... And you, sir?

SEAGOON:

I'm X2, Captain Hairy Seagoon, secret British agent.

ELLINGTON:

Mm, ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaaa.

SEAGOON:

Plainly, he didn't believe me.

ELLINGTON:

Close the doors. Now fasten your safety belts.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh. Morning!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning!

ELLINGTON:

Morning, ma'am.

MINNIE:

Morning, everybody. Morning, boy. Everybody take your seats, please. All... safety belts to be fastened. Come, Captain Seagoon, you must fasten your belt now.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MINNIE:

Your trousers are coming down.

CRUN:

Contract!

ELLINGTON & MINNIE:

Contract!

CRUN:

Give it the gun, Ellingbone.

MINNIE:

Give him time to get through the [UNCLEAR].

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

By now I was deep in enemy territory. Very deep. I was dropped without a parachute. But all the other occupants of the plane were also dropped. I was suspicious. Walking along the Fredstrasse in Dresden, I was halted by two men heavily disguised as Englishmen.

MILLIGAN:

Ah, gutt morgen, Herr Seagoon. And how is mein Herr, this morning?

SEAGOON:

Going a bit thin on top! I said. And they replied.

BLOODNOK:

Ach! Marlene dietrich! Achtung rolls of paper on butler, gerblungen. Spitfire and egg in the eye. Rommel, gerzeiten, up the old gerblingenblah.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He speaks Russian fluently. I must reply. (CLEARs THROAT) Si, si, senior. Ha, ha. Poor Russian fool. Little does he know that I'm not really a German but I speak the language fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Poor German fool. Little does he know that I am not a poor Russian fool, but Major Bloodnok, a poor English fool.

ECCLES:

Pardon... pardon, pardon mein Herr. (GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Morgen! Ten to one. Time to open my sealed orders.

BLOODNOK:

Ten to one. Time to open *my* sealed orders.

ECCLES:

Twenty to three. Time to open *my* sealed orders.

SEAGOON:

I wonder what mine say. Ah, yes! 'The man standing before you is Major Bloodnok'.

BLOODNOK:

Mine say: 'The man standing before you is Captain Seagoon, who has just been informed who you are'.

ECCLES:

See what mine say. 'Beat two eggs, add four ounces of...' Ooh, I got the wrong envelope! I got Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Mrs. Beeton!

BLOODNOK:

Now. We must disperse.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

We shall meet here when the clock strikes one.

SEAGOON:

Right. When it strikes one.

FX:

BELL TOLLS ONCE

SEAGOON:

Hello, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Hello, Mrs. Beeton!

BLOODNOK:

You're late, where have you been?

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Don't answer that phone, it's ringing in Russian.

SEAGOON:

What? Then I'll put on this false beard. Now.

FX:

PHONE BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? Who is speaking?

GREENSLADE:

If you take that silly beard off I'll tell you. Now listen, this is HQ MI5. Orders: Find the Silent Bugler. He knows where the time machine is. His location, the Dresden Opera House.

SEAGOON:

Right.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Men, the Dresden Opera House, hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, here we are. Today's symphony concert featuring... What's this? Relgub Tnelis Eht?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That spells the Silent Bugler backwards! Inside!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

ORCHESTRA TUNING UP

ECCLES:

Here we are!

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's an empty box!

ECCLES:

Not a match in it.

BLOODNOK:

Just in time... Just in time to miss the first sixty movements.

SEAGOON:

Just look at the Orchestra. They must be over a hundred and fifty.

ECCLES:

Ooh, they look much younger.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

And listen.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I wonder which one is the silent bugler.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MOMENTARY PAUSE

BLOODNOK:

That's him!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES

BLOODNOK:

Curse! He's stopped playing!

SEAGOON:

I didn't hear him!

BLOODNOK:

Well listen and...

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

There he is now!

SEAGOON:

Where? Where? Where?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES

BLOODNOK:

Blast! He's gone again.

FX:

RECORD NEEDLE JUMPING

SEAGOON:

What was that?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

STOPS

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The music seemed to repeat!

BLOODNOK:

I didn't notice anything and I know my Wagner backwards.

SEAGOON:

But they're not playing it backwards.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! That accounts for it.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STARTS THEN SLOWS DOWN

ECCLES:

Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens!

ECCLES:

Oh. Oh.

SEAGOON:

The whole orchestra are phoneys! They're miming to a gramophone record!

BLOODNOK:

Then the silent bugler...?

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK & ECCLES:

You... mean...

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist, it's all a bluff! Must be. The whole orchestra are secret Russian agents. We must get out of here quick!

ECCLES:

Get out? We got to find the time machine.

SEAGOON:

We must split up and search under the theatre.

ECCLES:

Ok, lets go!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. How do I know you're not enemy agents? I want proof of your identities.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, my card, sir, Major D. Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

My card. Captain Harry Seagoon.

ECCLES:

And here's my card.

BLOODNOK:

The two of clubs!

GREENSLADE:

For listeners who've been asleep, of whom I'm one,...

ECCLES:

Not two o'clock.

GREENSLADE:

...here's a short resume of what's gone on before.

SELLERS:

Helen Lovejoy, beautiful heiress to the Halibut millions, has been jilted at the altar by Villion de Paprikon, son of Louis XIV. Peter, Villion's Eton boating friend, has heard this, but being in Tibet has embarrassed Mary, his fiancé who being the only cousin of Sir Ray Ellington has passed the title on to Baron Geldray, also heir to the Halibut millions. Now read on.

GREENSLADE:

Has he finished?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Now. Ah! No! We *are* alone under the theatre.

SECOMBE:

That's it!

BLOODNOK:

And you are about to speak.

SEAGOON:

Look! The Time Machine!

BLOODNOK:

Put this...

ECCLES:

And it says half past four.

BLOODNOK:

Put this bomb under it.

ECCLES:

Right!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Well done!

SEAGOON:

Somebody's coming!

ELLINGTON:

Hands up, white man!

BLOODNOK:

it's a Russian! Run for it! Oh!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Taxi!!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS TRAFFIC INCLUDING HORSE, TRAIN AEROPLANE.

GRAMS:

DOOR

ECCLES:

Ah, we made it!

SEAGOON:

Safe at last!

ELLINGTON:

So, you all came back!!

SEAGOON:

What?

ELLINGTON:

Hands Up! Hands up! Up! Down! Up! Down!

BLOODNOK:

What's all this for?

ELLINGTON:

We like to keep our prisoners fit.

BLOODNOK:

We don't care! We destroyed your time machine, we can die knowing we've done our job.

ELLINGTON:

You fools. You only destroyed a *replica* of the time machine.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Foiled by our own stupidity and a bad script.

ECCLES:

What? What? What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Wait! I happen to be wearing red flannel underdrawers with a patch on. If I could lower my trousers, he'd think it was the Russian flag and salute.

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll pull from the back. One... Two... Three!

FX:

TEARING SOUND

ELLINGTON:

Long live Russia!

BLOODNOK:

Get him!

FX:

STRUGGLING

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Hands up, you Russian devil!

ELLINGTON:

Don't shoot! Me not a Bolshevik, me a white Russian!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Where's the time machine?

ELLINGTON:

The box in the corner.

SEAGOON:

Right. No mistakes this time. Put this bomb under it.

BLOODNOK:

But they'll hear it.

SEAGOON:

Not this one. Ha, ha. It won't go off until the twenty third of November.

BLOODNOK:

The twenty third of November? That's my birthday!

FX:

BANG!

SEAGOON & ECCLES:

Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I didn't like that one bit.

Vintage E11 - The Great Bank of England Robbery

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ji-yim da-dee-dee-deeee. Yimdahohyhyyyyyooo. Ooh. It's the Goon Show! Oh, dear.

OLD MAN:

[SELLERS]

Stop! Seagoon, hold these rectified socks to your ears and listen to the well-spoken BBC announcer:

GREENSLADE:

Hello, listeners. It's the Goon Show!

SECOMBE:

(POSH) What a lovely talker.

SELLERS:

(OFF, COCKNEY) Oh, marvellous.

SECOMBE:

You don't 'alf talk lovely, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC THESPIAN) And that is not all. Now we present Open Casebook.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

AMERICAN NARRATOR:

[SELLERS]

Those of you who can afford the newspapers will have seen the headlines. Those of you who can read will know what they meant. And if you knew what they meant...

FX:

GUNSHOT

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Owwww!

SECOMBE:

Good luck! Every day sees new progress in the march of crime.

NARRATOR:

Every 24 hours 873 robberies are committed, some of them by criminals. We now present the crime of the century!

SECOMBE:

The Great Bank of England Robbery!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GRAMS:

FOG HORNS

SEAGOON:

My name is "Fingers" Seagoon. That's because of my hands, you see, I've got fingersoll[?]. Hence the name of "Hands" Seagoon. Because of this deformity I wear spectacles on my shins and vice-versa.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Seagoon had been first mate on a small boat of mine smuggling sand from Leeds to the Sahara. But then things got too hot, especially during the summer, so he returned to Leeds and dropped anchor.

SEAGOON:

Hardly had I dropped inchor when the phone rang.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Seagoon, answer the phone.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) I want to speak to you on it.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

FX:

PHONE RINGING ENDS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Is that you, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) This is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne.

SEAGOON:

Ah, just the man. You owe me ten weeks wages.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) You're fired as from eleven weeks back.

SEAGOON:

Oh. So I'm out of work.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) What's that?

SEAGOON:

I said I'm out of work.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Oh, what a bit of luck you came to me. It so happens that I've just performed a vacancy.

SEAGOON:

I accept!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Splendid. Now listen. I'm arranging a Charabanc trip to burgle the Bank of England. My men are ready, my plans are laid. Your instructions await you in a sealed leather samovar.

SEAGOON:

The address?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) The street of a thousand dustbins in Chinatown.

SEAGOON:

I'll just write that down on a Chinaman. Now, how do I get there?

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Catch a train to the nearest railway station and buy a first class ticket to an unknown destination.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

HUNGS UP PHONE

ORCHESTRA:

TRAVEL-TYPE LINK

AMERICAN NARRATOR:

Within days Seagoon had arrived at the mysterious unknown destination.

GRAMS:

COMBINED FOGHORNS AND FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

Yes, by the dim light of an unlit candle, I finally found the street I sought and entered the most notorious of all waterfront hovels - the house of certain pleasures.

GRAMS:

1922 JACK PAYNE RECORD OF "ONE STEP" WITH PHONEY ORIENTAL SINGING

GREENSLADE:

Pushing through the bead curtains, Seagoon came into the hellish atmosphere. All around were English folk lying on hard wooden benches, drinking tea and eating toast and marmalade. It was hell!

YAKAMOTO:

Ahhhh. Plardon me, you are a stlanger aloud here?

GREENSLADE:

No, I'm just the announcer.

YAKAMOTO:

Ahhhh!

SEAGOON:

I'm the stranger. Is it... is it safe to speak here?

YAKAMOTO:

Ooh, no, not here. Followa me, a-please.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

YAKAMOTO:

Now, tell a-please what do you want?

SEAGOON:

Is it perfectly safe here?

YAKAMOTO:

Ooh, yes.

SEAGOON:

You sure no-one can overhear us?

YAKAMOTO:

(WHISPERING) No, no-one can hear. What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Beans on toast and a small tea.

YAKAMOTO:

Before I serve you that, you are over sixteen?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

YAKAMOTO:

Good, so is beans on toast. I get.

SEAGOON:

I began a night of moral degradation. I drank bottle after bottle of tea. My head reeled with the sensuous magic of the Chinese passion music.

GRAMS:

PHONEY CHINESE SINGING 'COLONEL BOGEY' WITH UKULELE ACCOMPANIMENT GETTING MESSY AT THE END.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening.

SEAGOON:

Looking round, I saw a tall, handsome, cross-eyed man with a bald mustache and wearing a mink vase.

GRYTPYPE:

I've been watching you.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. You're horrible, aren't you?

SEAGOON:

What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what?! (Chicken noises)

GRYTPYPE:

Who sent you here?

SEAGOON:

You did.

GRYTPYPE:

How do you know?

SEAGOON:

I listened to your conversation on the phone when you were talking to me.

GRYTPYPE:

You sinuous eavesdropper, you. I've good mind to have you sponned for that. However, I forgive you.

SEAGOON:

Now, what about this job?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you're going to rob the Bank of England.

SEAGOON:

(GASPS!)

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty will contact you with further instructions in a cellar beneath the bank.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

GRYTPYPE:

Now then, here is the first part of the plan. You go to London tomorrow evening. At midnight precisely, Big ben will go "oom, oom, oom" twelve times.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

It always does.

SEAGOON:

Continue.

GRYTPYPE:

I shall. As the last stroke fades away, an inconspicuous fish van with yellow mudguards, orange wheels and a French number plate will draw up at the back of the bank.

SEAGOON:

Who will be inside?

GRYTPYPE:

Nobody. Where it would be spotted right away - it's only a decoy, you understand.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a narrow escape.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. Now while the police attention is attracted to this van...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't interrupt me, would you? At the bank will appear eight men in straw hats, alabaster feet, black faces and carrying thirty Wurlitzer organs.

SEAGOON:

Will they play them?

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens, no, man. Do you think we want to arouse suspicion?

SEAGOON:

You've thought of everything! What part do I play?

GRYTPYPE:

Second banjo. Meanwhile, unobserved, a tram will be lowered from a helicopter through the glass roof of the London School of Economics. Inside it will be Major Bloodnok and two accomplices.

SEAGOON:

How shall I tell them apart?

GRYTPYPE:

They'll all be wearing black masks on their wrists.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad you appreciate the subtleties of the plan. One of them will admit you through a plastic coal hole.

GREENSLADE:

Don't worry, listeners, / don't know what it's all about, either.

SEAGOON:

Great. And where will you be?

GRYTPYPE:

I shall be at the corner of the Rue de Lapé.

SEAGOON:

That's in France.

GRYTPYPE:

I know.

SEAGOON:

What will you be doing there?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you see, I've seen it all happen before.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but look here, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Shh, no more now, no more now. Have you got everything clear in your mind?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, time for Mix Gooldron.

MAX GELDRAÏ & ORCHESTRA:

"ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY"

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES ONCE

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! Who left that thing lying there? Oh. Midnight and Seagoon hasn't turned up yet! Oh, I don't know. There's nothing for it, I'll have to start the robbery without him.

SEAGOON:

Psst! Psst!

BLOODNOK:

Aeorgh! Who's that, what's that?

SEAGOON:

It's me, Seagoon!

BLOODNOK:

Where the devil are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm inside the pillar box!

BLOODNOK:

Bravo! So you were here all the time! Come on, lad, let's be having you.

SEAGOON:

I can't, it's locked!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! Then what time's the next collection?

SEAGOON:

Ten minutes ago.

BLOODNOK:

Curses! You mean to tell me that you let the postman open the thing and didn't get out?

SEAGOON:

Well I couldn't see him. You see I'm in a brown paper parcel.

BLOODNOK:

But why didn't the postman *collect* the parcel?

SEAGOON:

I made a fatal blunder. I'm insufficiently stamped.

BLOODNOK:

This is going to need a genius to solve.

ECCLES:

Hallo! Hallo, Major. I got the answer.

BLOODNOK:

Well obviously I was wrong.

ECCLES:

Oh. I got a key.

BLOODNOK:

Bravo, then open it up, get inside and give Secombe a shove-up.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay, okay!

FX:

KEY TURNING, METAL DOOR OPENING. METAL DOOR CLOSSES

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY WHILE IN BOX) Oooh. The key's on the outside and... It's dark in here. Mr. Seagoon? Where are you, Mr. Seagoon? Hello?

ECCLES' ECHOE:

Hello?

ECCLES:

Who's that? Who's that?

ECCLES' ECHOE:

Who's that?

ECCLES:

I'm Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHOE:

I'm Eccles.

ECCLES:

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHOE:

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

ECCLES:

I'm Eccles, I tell you!

ECCLES' ECHOE:

I'm Eccles, I tell you!

ECCLES:

You're an impostor!

ECCLES' ECHOE:

You're an...

ECCLES:

Take that!

FX:

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING START

ECCLES (REGULAR AND ECHOES):

(GRUNTING NOISES)

FX:

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING STOP

ECCLES:

Ok, you win, you're Eccles.

ECCLES' ECHOE:

Ok. You're Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's better. That taught him a lesson, folks. Now then, got to find Mr. Seagoon.

ECCLES' ECHOE:

Needing me anymore?

ECCLES:

No!

ECCLES' ECHOE:

OK, goodbye!

ECCLES:

Goodbye! Mr. Seagoon? Hello? Where are you, Mr. Seagoon?

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Hello, sailor!

ECCLES:

Hohyhahuo! Here, have you seen a brown paper parcel in here?

WOMAN:

Cheeky thing! Ha, ha!

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, hooo!

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

There you are.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I'm here.

SEAGOON:

I managed to get out of the parcel.

ECCLES:

What strength!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, ho, ho, it's nothing. Never mind, bend down and I'll climb on your back cos I'll reach the mouth of the letterbox like that.

ECCLES:

Okay – hup! (STRAINING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

No, it's no good. I can't reach.

ECCLES:

Well, you stay where you are and I'll get on *your* shoulders.

SEAGOON:

Right!

ECCLES:

(MORE DISTANT) Nope, no good, not high enough yet.

SEAGOON:

Well, keep there and I'll climb on *your* back.

ECCLES:

Okay!

SEAGOON:

(MORE DISTANT) Nearly there.

ECCLES:

No good, I'll have to get up on *your* shoulders, now. (DISTANT VOICES OF SECOMBE AND ECCLES)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, may I draw your attention to this problem. Seagoon gets on Eccles's back and Eccles, half-way up a wall, stays where he is while Seagoon mounts on *his* back and so on. What is the distance between Seagoon and Eccles and the ground? I'll tell you, it is...

SEAGOON & ECCLES:

Wahhhhh! (CRASH)

GREENSLADE:

...exactly.

ECCLES:

Why don't... why don't you keep your big mouth shut?

BLOODNOK:

(SOMEWHAT DISTANT) Wait a minute, I'm throwing a length of rope through the aperture. (GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

Right! Got it!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Good. Now, grab hold and I'll pull you through. Take the strain.

ECCLES, SEAGOON, BLOODNOK:

Heave!

FX:

SOUND LIKE CORK POPPING, CRASHING

BLOODNOK:

(NORMAL) You idiots, you! Now we're *all* in it!

ECCLES:

Right in it, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Shh! Listen!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

It's the postman.

ECCLES & BLOODNOK:

Ooohoho!

SEAGOON:

Now, calm yourselves. Listen. As soon as he opens that door, everybody make a noise like a registered letter. He'll collect us and put us in his sack. Then we can cut our way out. Clear? Good.

ECCLES:

Okay.

SEAGOON:

Sh!

ECCLES:

Blue cross, blue cross.

FX:

SOUND OF POSTMAN SINGING LIGHTLY AS HE WALKS, OPENING PILLAR BOX, GATHERING LETTERS, CLOSING PILLAR BOX AND WALKING OFF

BLOODNOK:

Well it didn't work, did it?

SEAGOON:

Of course it didn't work! Some idiot was making a noise like an unstamped postcard.

ECCLES:

It was me!

SEAGOON:

Yeah, you fool, Eccles.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN: "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"

GREENSLADE:

Nine bitter months later.

BLOODNOK:

We've got to get out of here! We've eaten all the food parcels. And all the brandy's gone.

ECCLES:

And... and I want to sell my collection of postcards!

BLOODNOK:

Look here, lads, admit it. We've never had it so good.

SEAGOON:

That's not the point, Major. We set out to do a job and...

BLOODNOK:

And?

SEAGOON:

You're quite right, you know. We never have had it so good.

ECCLES:

We've never had it so good, have we!

BLOODNOK:

Of course. Look here, any more parcels of whisky or brandy left?

ECCLES:

None.

BLOODNOK:

Curses.

ECCLES:

There's only one parcel left from a fella called "Jack."

BLOODNOK:

Who... what's in it?

ECCLES:

A rubber dinghy!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

A rubber dinghy? We've *saved* ourselves! Now we can sail out of here.

BLOODNOK:

But we haven't got any water, man.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, any parcels of water?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Then we'll have to dig for it.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes, they don't call me an idiot for nothing.

BLOODNOK:

You mean you pay them?

SEAGOON:

Only by cheque. Quick! Hand me that pneumatic drill!

ECCLES:

I ain't got a new one.

SEAGOON:

Well hand me an old-matic drill.

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD, CYMBAL CRASH.

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

ECCLES:

Hoi-ya! They don't come older, folks!

FX:

SOUNDS OF DRILLING

GREENSLADE:

For the benefit of listeners without radio sets it should be explained that although they are unaware of the fact, Major Bloodnok and his confederates are drilling for water straight through the base of the pillar box down to the bed of one of London's famous underground rivers. Will they find it?

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Now, are we all a-dinghy? Good. We must keep a listening watch for police submarines. Eccles, switch on the ASDIC.

ECCLES:

Righto, Fred.

SEAGOON:

I'm not Fred.

ECCLES:

Well, I ain't Dick.

BLOODNOK:

This is mutiny!

SEAGOON:

Do as I say, Dick, switch on the ASDIC!

ECCLES:

Okay, Dick.

GRAMS:

ASDIC BEEPING.

SEAGOON:

Listen, what is it? Good heavens, it's Ray Elling-Baum!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Yes!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"IT'S ALRIGHT WITH ME"

GREENSLADE:

Changing course in order to avoid the music you've just heard, Bloodnok and his buccaneers soon found themselves on the upper reaches of the underground river – see chapter two – and directly beneath the Bank of England.

GRAMS:

WATER TRICKLING.

SEAGOON:

Shh, shh.

BLOODNOK:

All ashore, now. That's it, splendid, splendid.

SEAGOON:

It's very dark, Major. Shall I strike a match?

BLOODNOK:

Certainly not. I know the way perfectly well. Just follow me.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Strike a match, will you? That's better. Now... now we must proceed up this secret tunnel. It leads straight to the vaults. But remember, for the next fifty yards, men, not a sound.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Right?

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Shhhhh.....

GRAMS:

LONG SILENCE WITH WATER STILL TRICKLING.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, we admit that this lengthy period of complete silence cannot be regarded, properly speaking, as being in the category of entertainment. But as silence *is* necessary to the safety of these three men, we hope you will bear with us for another few yards.

GRAMS:

MORE SILENCE, TRICKLE OF WATER

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Here, looks like the end of the tunnel!

BLOODNOK:

Is it a cul-de-sac?

ECCLES:

I don't know, it's got a wall built across the end of it.

BLOODNOK:

Curse.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry. I've got Moriarty's instructions on me. He's made a two-sided, short playing gramophone record of the entire plan. Eccles, prepare the hand-wound phonograph.

ECCLES:

Oh, we're gonna have a dance?

SEAGOON:

No, you fool! Put this Moriarty record on.

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

Hello, hello, hello. Modern rhythm-type record. Modern rhythm-type record.

GRAMS:

1910S MUSIC WITH BIRD WHISTLE.

BLOODNOK:

You fools! You put on the wrong record.

ECCLES:

Put on the wrong record.

SEAGOON:

It must be on the other side.

BLOODNOK:

But it's an old cylindrical record.

SEAGOON:

Then we must play it inside out.

BLOODNOK:

This is going to be very difficult.

SEAGOON:

Not at all. I have here a reversible, unilateral, bamboo, high-fidelity, boot-pointed needle made especially for this purpose.

BLOODNOK:

What a bit of luck! Insert it into groove A.

SEAGOON:

Hoo, right. There.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

This is Moriarty speaking on a record. Now listen, mon amie. Here are your instructions. Have you reached the end of the tunnel?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

GRAMS MORIARTY:

Good! Now, I've got some notes written here, so strike a match.

SEAGOON:

We haven't got any.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

Never mind, I'll nip out and get some. Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI APPROACHES. DOOR CLOSES, TAXI ACCELERATES AWAY

SEAGOON:

Curse! We've come to the end of the record and he's gone! How can we get him back again?

BLOODNOK:

Play it backwards, of course!

SEAGOON:

How do you play the inside of a cylindrical record backwards?

BLOODNOK:

Quite simple, you put it on in the opposite direction, going away from you the other way.

SEAGOON:

Of course, what a fool I am! Right, here we go, backwards.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF RECORD BEING PLAYED BACKWARDS

SEAGOON:

The swine was speaking backwards! How can we get in touch with him now?

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER BEING LIFTED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) You fools!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty, where are you?

MORIARTY:

In hospital, badly scratched. You were using a blunt needle!

SEAGOON:

Well, what's the next move?

MORIARTY:

As soon as I ring off, follow me.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

RECEIVER BEING PUT DOWN.

BLOODNOK:

Well - which way did he go?

SEAGOON:

Gad! We must find a way out of this labyrinth. Tap the walls as we go along. Shh! There's somebody on the other side of this wall.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me your stethoscope. Yes, just as I thought.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

It's definitely...

FX:

TAP TAP

SEAGOON:

Are you positive it's...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

Positive, it's quite clearly...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

I knew them both in Africa until they split up and became...

FX:

TAP

BLOODNOK:

...and...

FX:

TAP

BLOODNOK:

But of course, they joined forces later and are now...

FX:

TAP TAP

BLOODNOK:

...again.

SEAGOON:

I'm glad to hear it.

BLOODNOK:

Mind you, if you should hear...

FX:

TAP TAP TAP

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

One of them is an impostor.

SEAGOON:

Which one?

FX:

TAP

SEAGOON:

Oh! You may be right. But right or wrong, there's someone on the other side of this wall. Suppose it's the police?

BLOODNOK:

The police? Ho, ho, hooo! I know how to handle the police.

SEAGOON:

How?

BLOODNOK:

Just you wait here.

ECCLES:

'E's a brilliant man.

FX:

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

And to this day I've never seen him again.

ECCLES:

We're being... we're trapped under the ground.

SEAGOON:

I've got an idea. Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I thought you'd never get to my part. Heelloo! Hello, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Hello, Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, everybody! Oh, did you just think of that?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Listen, men. We've got to tunnel upwards to get into the gold bullion vault. Now then, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Place this dynamite in the ceiling.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Okay. Alright then, captain. Takes stick of red dynamite, stuffs it in hole. Things: (SINGS) Around the world in eighty days. (NORMAL) Goes off mike singing song. (SINGS) I sing along, I go [UNCLEAR] around the world...

SEAGOON:

There's he goes, brave lad. Look at his shoulder blades rippling under the skin like shredded string.

BLUEBOTTLE:

KO, ready!

SEAGOON:

Light the fuse!

GRAMS:

DYNAMITE HISSING...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now run for it!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON & BLUEBOTTLE:

(OUT OF BREATH)

SEAGOON:

Safe behind this wall.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Where's Eccles? Eccles!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here he is!

ECCLES:

(OUT OF BREATH)

SEAGOON:

Where have you been?

ECCLES:

You left this behind.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION. MASS DROPPING OF COINS ONTO HARD SURFACE

BLUEBOTTLE:

You naughty man, Eccles, you destroyed every bone in my corsets!

SEAGOON:

Never mind that. Look at these gold coins. We've blown a hole in the floor of the Bank of England! Rich! Rich! Ahahahahaha!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Neddie! Just give me that sack of gold, I'll smuggle it to a secret van on the corner. And when I blow the whistle, join me in the van. Just wait here.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

ECCLES:

He's a... he's a naugh...

SEAGOON:

Hahahaha. At last we're rich! What a grand fellow he is.

BLUEBOTTLE: Yeah.

ECCLES:

(QUIET) Like my writing.

SEAGOON:

Just fancy, a toot on his whistle and we'll all be away with our gold bullion.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, he's nice, isn't he?

ECCLES:

He is... he's a...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray for gold bullron!

ECCLES:

He's gonna blow the whistle then we got the...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Then we'll 'ave the money, then.

SEAGOON:

Can you *hear* the whistle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) I've got a nasty feeling about him.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, have *you* got a nasty feeling about Grytpype-Thynne? Let us know.
Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYS "DING, DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD" JAZZ VERSION

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Charles Chilton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYS OUT

Vintage E12 - The Dreaded Piano Clubber

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954. In an endeavour to prove that radio is not blind we present, after a successful season at Rowton House, another programme in the series, which by careful planning, meticulous writing and superb presentation, has managed to avoid winning the Radio Award. Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

OUT-OF-TUNE PIANO, WITH ORCHESTRA.

PRIN:

[SELLERS]

Good evening. My name is Dudley Prin. Contemporary armchair detective. Tonight from my case book I'd like to tell you the story... (PUFFS ON EMPTY PIPE) Gone out. ...of a crime that shook England. Here to tell you more is a man who remembers it all.

SECOMBE:

(UPPER CLASS TWIT) Thank you, Dudley. I'm not the man who remembers it all, so... I'll step down.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Thank you. Every now and again there occurs a crime that makes us sit up. For some time now the Goons have had access to Scotland Yard's secret files, thanks to an arrangement with the police known as Dropsy. Known in the Americas as Graft.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) From these confidential files comes a story of a crime that no Sunday newspaper would dare to print. The story of... The Dreaded Piano Clubber.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSICAL LINK

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES. FOG HORN. FOOTSTEPS OF BOBBY.

SEAGOON:

It was such a winter's night as this when I, Lance Constable Ned Seagoon of Long Division, London River Police, was patrolling the river.

FX:

SPLASH AS BODY JUMPS IN WATER. WADING THROUGH WATER.

SEAGOON:

I'll be glad when we get a launch, Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

[SELLERS]

Yes. It is a bit chilly, I admit, swimming, I... Still, we must guard our great river, the Thames.

SEAGOON:

Yes. We'd better walk up the Embankment and get dry before we go in again.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Splendid idea, Jim, splendid ideee-aaaa.

FX:

FAST PIANO CHORDS.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oooh. What was that type noise?

SEAGOON:

It sounded like a piano.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Make a note!

SERGEANT:

Too late, it's already made them.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh. No ad-libbing, please.

FX:

PIANO FALLING ON A MAN. SHATTERING NOISE AND GROANS.

SEAGOON:

Quick. It came from over there.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS, FADING AWAY UNDER...

JIM SPRIGGS:

Quick, after over there.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING AGAIN.

SEAGOON:

Look, a body in the gutter.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ohhhhh, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Quick, Sergeant, take down these notes and description.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Description: five feet two.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Five foot two.

SEAGOON:

Short, tubby.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Short, tubby.

SEAGOON:

Wearing blue trousers and jacket, good looking.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Right.

SEAGOON:

That takes care of me. Now... The body. Wearing city suit.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Bowler hat and bowler trousers.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Carrying ear trumpet, side whiskers, bald. Sex (LAUGHS) - male.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Search his pockets, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

JINGLING COINS.

SEAGOON:

Five pounds in half crowns.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh. Oh, thank you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Not a word to the Inspector or he'll want some.

SERGEANT:

The crook! (SINGING) The croo-ook!

SEAGOON:

Here's a birth certificate in his hip pocket.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING.

SEAGOON:

Gad! According to this, his hip pocket's a hundred and thirty years old. So this might not be murder after all, this man might have died from natural causes.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ooh, I don't think he died from either, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

JIM SPRIGGS:

He's getting up, Jim.

HENRY CRUN:

Aah... Aaaah... Aaaaaah... (ETC)

SEAGOON:

Have you got all that down?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Every word, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Splendid!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhh...

SEAGOON:

Easy, old man.

HENRY CRUN:

Where am I?

SEAGOON:

England, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

England?

HENRY CRUN:

(SINGS) "There'll always be an England, as long as England..."

SEAGOON:

Thank you, yes, yes, thank you very much, yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now..

HENRY CRUN:

I didn't know the rest of the words.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Does anybody?

SEAGOON:

Now, what happened, sir?

HENRY CRUN:

I fainted.

SEAGOON:

Fainted? When?

HENRY CRUN:

Just after a man stuck me down with a piano.

SEAGOON:

Struck - with a piano?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What fiendish ingenuity! Did you get the number of the instrument?

HENRY CRUN:

No, he had his lights out. But I can describe the man.

SEAGOON:

Good, take this down.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Right, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

He was wearing trousers.

SEAGOON:

Got them down?

JIM SPRIGGS:

No, it's too chilly.

HENRY CRUN:

A shirt, a tie, a jacket, a hat, socks and one pair of shoes. One...

SEAGOON:

Splendid. With that description, if he ever enters a nudist colony he's a goner.

JIM SPRIGGS:

You were a gonner in the last war, weren't you, Jim? Anything else about the piano clubber you noticed?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, he was carrying a piano and this recording of Max Geldray.

SEAGOON:

I see.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Thank you.

MAX GELDRAI:

"I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE".

ORCHESTRA:

LOUD PIANO CHORDS WITH ORCHESTRA.

GREENSLADE:

That was the second time the dreaded piano clubber struck. In the months to come he struck twenty-eight times. Each time he struck his victim with a piano. Each time he crept up on his victim from behind and each time his victim was Henry Crun. Public opinion demanded a public enquiry.
(FADE)

OMNES:

CROWD - MUMBLES.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Order, please, order. Now the enquiry will now be conducted regarding the activities of an unknown assailant, the dreaded piano clubber. First witness.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My name is Captain Bluebottle.

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, CHEERING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eyyyyyyy! STOP!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, friends of Bluebottle. Now for an encore. (SINGS NONSENSE)

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Silence, silence. Stop that singing and I'll stop playing this guitar. Now...

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't hear you.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Do you mind? Now give your evidence.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, then. On the night of the attack I was walking down Bongers Lane, when suddenly I stopped.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hmm?

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Why, I said.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't know, I must have been tired. My little tootsies were steaming after certain rock and roll dances, you see.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Hm-hmm. And when you stopped you saw then the victim. The victim, Mr Crun, was laying in the gutter, yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, he was.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Hm-Hmm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And escaping over a wall was a man carrying a wooden-type piano.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

But mister Bluebottle, didn't you request the man with the piano to stop?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, 'cause he wasn't playing it.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Right. Sit down. Next, please.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sit down, next, please.

FIRST CLERK JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Next witness, William Slit. From USA.

SECOND CLERK:

[SELLERS]

Call William Slit.

THIRD CLERK:

[SECOMBE]

Call William Slick.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Raise your right leg and say after me: I swear...

WILLIUM:

I swear.

JUDGE:

I also drink an...

WILLIUM:

You lousy, rotten, stin...

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

I also drink and smoke.

WILLIUM:

I also drink and smoke.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Take the stand.

WILLIUM:

Oow.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Now, you've come a long way to give evidence.

WILLIUM:

All the way from New Orleans. The fare cost me eyery penny I 'ad, mate.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

New Orleans is two hundred and thirty four thousand five hundred and sixty miles away and we appreciate you making this long journey. Now, on the night of the crime, where were you?

WILLIUM:

I was in New Orleans, two hundred and thirty four thousand five hundred sixty seven miles away.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Next witness.

FIRST CLERK:

(THROAT) Call Minnie Bannister.

SECOND CLERK:

[SELLERS]

(CRUN-ESQUE) Call Minnie Bannister.

THIRD CLERK:

[SECOMBE]

Call Minnie Bannister.

FOURTH CLERK:

[MILLIGAN]

(WHISPERING) Call Minnie Bannister.

MINNIE:

Poow. My... my name is Minnie Bannister. Spinriste... spinnister.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Madam, what is your...

MINNIE:

Long time.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

...association with Mr. Crun?

MINNIE:

Oh. Man... man and woman.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Are you related?

MINNIE:

Yes. I'm... I'm his auntie, you know. And he's my nephew.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Oh, it sounds feasible.

MINNIE:

Oh, it is, it is.

JUDGE:

It is? Now, now, what are your occupations?

MINNIE:

Oh, well. Henry collects foreign stamps. And I knock my knees together.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Gad, what a den of vice! Miss...

MINNIE:

Nicky, nocky, nocky, nocky, noo, I go.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

That's quite enough, please. Miss Bannister, after Mr. Crun was first struck by this piano, did you notice any change in him when he arrived home?

MINNIE:

Yes, his hat was jammed over his eyes.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Well, I take it that this was caused by the force of the piano landing on his head?

MINNIE:

Ohhh, yes.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

And after...

MINNIE:

And an... an upsurge of head.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Lumps.

MINNIE:

Lumps. Lumps! LUMPS!

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning, your honour.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

And after the morning...

THROAT:

Morning.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Oh, I'm sorry. And after that, did he put anything inside his hat to absorb the shock?

MINNIE:

Yes. Me!

HENRY CRUN:

(OFF) I object! I object!

MINNIE:

You...

JUDGE:

To what do you object, Mr. Crun?

HENRY CRUN:

I object...

MINNIE:

Lumps!

HENRY CRUN:

...to being struck on the head by a piano.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Objection sustained.

HENRY CRUN:

Lumps.

MINNIE:

Lumps and...

BLOODNOK:

(RASPBERRY).

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Kindly leave the court.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, madam.

MINNIE:

(OFF) I didn't know you were...

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

I have said 'Objection sustained', that's quite enough. Not that I find any reason to continue with this enquiry as the information obtained is of a sketchy nature. We will therefore wait until further attacks have taken place.

HENRY CRUN:

I object to further attacks, I object to them!

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Mr. Crun, you *want* us to find the assailant?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, *and* the piano clubber.

JUDGE GREENSLADE:

Then you must let the attacks continue. If we don't find him, he might attack you again.

HENRY CRUN:

Very well, sir, but next time I shall vote Communist, I tell you.

ORCHESTRA:

LOAD PIANO MUSIC WITH ORCHESTRA AS ANOTHER PIANO FALLS ON HIM.

SEAGOON:

The attacks continued at the rate of one per week. And the weeks occurred at the rate of five per month. But the piano clubber always managed to escape us. Then he struck Crun in a new and terrible manner.

HENRY CRUN:

With the loud pedal down, oh!

SEAGOON:

Struck by a piano with the loud pedal down. England was horrified. The BBC gave out warnings.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) The police are appealing to the public to help track down the dreaded piano clubber. If you are hit by a piano, please don't hush it up. Tell a policeman. Make sure you are never on the streets alone. It is known that he never makes his attacks inside a building. So if, like myself, you work indoors, you are...

GRAMS:

PIANO FALLING DOWN AND BREAKING TO PIECES.

SEAGOON:

The dreaded piano clubber had struck inside the BBC. Struck down an innocent announcer. Causing John Snagge to do double duties. Special precautions were taken. To soothe the nation, records were played.

GREENSLADE:

Here is the Ray Ellington Quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

PIANO FALLING DOWN AND BREAKING TO PIECES.

MILLIGAN:

Oooohaaah! I've been spunned.

SEAGOON:

Yes, the dreaded piano clubber had struck again. Under pressure, parliament would assemble to pass new laws.

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES..

FIRST MP:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes. Yes, yes, gentlemen, you... you... you... you may well... you may well debate this matter. The... the... the... the problem is under the... under the circumstances... What are you saying behind me, there?

BLOODNOK:

I... I... I...

FIRST MP:

But I haven't finished, please.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I'm sorry.

FIRST MP:

I... The problem is under... under the circumstances, has the piano become a lethal weapon? I... I say, I say... I say yes.

BLOODNOK:

Definitely, Mr Curf, yes, yes. The piano should be catagorised as a lethal weapon. Anybody caught hiding a piano on their person should be taken into custody.

THIRD MP:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) Is the honorable member suggesting that people arriving in this country should be searched for hidden pianos, now?

BLOODNOK:

I am, sir, I am.

THIRD MP:

You're a heathen!

BLOODNOK:

What?

FOURTH MP:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Wait a minute! Eh! Eh! Wait a... I think it's all a lot o' rubbish, the whole thing. How in heaven's name can a man hide a piano on himself? I mean, 'ow can 'e? Look, anybody who was struck down by the dreadful piano clubber must be blind. I tell you, a full sized piano...

OMNES:

(LOTS OF VOICES)

FOURTH MP:

I ask you. Is it... is it... Ah, well, is it... is it not possible to see the man coming towards you and then... then...?

FX:

PIANO FALLING DOWN.

FOURTH MP:

Don't panic. I say. I say, old man, help me lift this piano off the Prime Minister.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Yes, even in parliament the dreaded piano clubber had struck. Then suddenly in December without warning, the violent attacks violently ceased.

SELLERS:

He was obviously having the instrument retuned.

MILLIGAN:

The police immediately swooped on every piano tuner in London.

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's another piano tuner in London, Mr. Crun.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, I wonder if we shall have any luck this time.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

FX:

SHOP BELL, DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Aaah, nobody about in the shop. Is there anybody in!?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Me!

SEAGOON:

Who are you!?

HENRY CRUN:

Mr Crun, I came in with you!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Mr Crun, there's only you and me.

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good, good. In any case, whoever works in this dreadful, filthy piano shop must be right off his head.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I... I wonder who he is?

ECCLES:

(RANDOM SINGING) Hel-lo, good evening.

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

ECCLES:

I would like... You wanna buy a piano?

SEAGOON:

I'm... looking for a criminal.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's one make I haven't got.

SEAGOON:

Don't be silly, I... I wouldn't buy a piano in this hovel.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

I've come...

ECCLES:

Hovel? My shop a *hovel*? Ohohohoho. Oh, no, no no, no, my man, this is a very elegant shop, this is. Famous... famous men come here, my man. Famous men. Do... 'Ere, do you know who comes here?

SEAGOON:

No?

ECCLES:

Monsieur Spol de Groyne.

SEAGOON:

Is... is... is he famous?

ECCLES:

No, but he comes here!

HENRY CRUN:

Seagoon, frighten him. Tell him... tell him who you are.

SEAGOON:

Yes, good idea.

ECCLES:

I... I got the... I got the lot of [UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

I'm Seagoon from Scotland Yard.

ECCLES:

Ohhh! I'm Eccles from Coney Hatch, here. Have a leather potato? I made it myself.

SEAGOON:

Please, please. You... you... you...

ECCLES:

I got all ov... I grow potatoes all over me.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Look, pud, pud, pud, pud, pud, pud, potato.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh... Spud.

ECCLES:

Ow.

SEAGOON:

Look here. You don't understand. I'm looking for a person who has been committing crimes against the British public by using a piano with force.

ECCLES:

Oooo, [UNCLEAR] (DA-DUMS)

SEAGOON:

Listen, Eccles.

ECCLES:

(DA-DUMS) Well, that's what it sounded like to me.

SEAGOON:

I must warn you that this is a case of ipso facto corincarborundum filius.

ECCLES:

Ohohoooo. What do all dem words mean, den?

SEAGOON:

I don't know but they make me sound intelligent. In any case, they fooled you.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, well. Well, you needn't have used such long words. Small words fool me just the same. (AD LIB - OFF) Still doesn't make me feel better.

SEAGOON:

Listen, Eccles. You... you... you... you say this is a piano shop?

ECCLES:

This is a piano shop. Dum dum dum dum... ooh.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now explain that notice in your window. The one that says: "For sale. African helefants, 'ouse trained".

ECCLES:

(AD LIB) You just got two there, didn't you?

SEAGOON:

(AD LIB) Yes!

ECCLES:

(AD LIB) I'll fetch another Haffrican helefant out for you. (ON SCRIPT) Oh, I don't stock anything like that, I never have.

SEAGOON:

But listen, supposing people saw that notice, come in 'ere and asked for a helefant. What happens then?

ECCLES:

Owow. I just say "I'm sorry, sir, I haven't got one".

SEAGOON:

But that's mad!

ECCLES:

I know but civility costs nothing, I say.

SEAGOON:

I give way to your superior ignorance.

ECCLES:

Good luck!

SEAGOON:

Do you mind if we inspect your pianos?

ECCLES:

Go ahead, it shouldn't take long.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

I haven't got any. Ha, ha! Oh, wait! Wait! Oh, yes, sir, I've got this one here.

HENRY CRUN:

Aha, that's the piano! That's the one! That's the very one that struck me down.

SEAGOON:

Are you positive?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, the dent in the back fits me perfectly.

SEAGOON:

Then we've got him! I have a constant watch kept at the shop. As soon as he calls to collect it, it's curtains!

ECCLES:

I don't sell any curtains.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

ORCHESTRA:

LOUD PIANO CHORDS ACCOMPANIED BY ORCHESTRA.

GREENSLADE:

So they waited. One day, two, three, a week, two weeks, a fortnight, a month, two months, a year, two years, three, ten twenty, thirty, forty years, forty-five years!

SELLERS:

We began to get a nasty feeling that he might not be coming back.

SEAGOON:

Then one midnight as we watched, a night-shirted figure in curlers ran out of the piano shop shouting...

ECCLES:

Heeelp, auwauho (GARBLED SHOUTING CONTINUES UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Steady, steady. Oh, take it easy. Take it easy. Mad Dan, settle down, boy. Now what's happened?

ECCLES:

The piano clubber's piano - it's gone. It was stolen while I was asleep.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

ECCLES:

Of course I'm sure, I was sleeping on it.

SEAGOON:

What key were you sleeping in?

ECCLES:

I was sleeping in A flat.

SEAGOON:

Capitalist!

ECCLES:

I got the money.

SEAGOON:

However, the piano clubber can't be far away, the show only lasts another few minutes. Lalkala!

LALKAKA:

Yimbomballaboo, sir. We are here, we're waiting. What is...?

SEAGOON:

This is no time for witty [UNCLEAR], Lalkala. Where are you?

LALKAKA:

Here, sir, here.

SEAGOON:

Silence when you answer me.

LALKAKA:

Silence for you especially.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Lalkaka?

LALKAKA:

What is it you are wanting?

SEAGOON:

I want you to head the dreaded piano clubber off. You got your whistle?

LALKAKA:

Yimbomballaboo.

SEAGOON:

Right. If he hits you with his piano, give out a loud blast and blow your whistle.

LALKAKA:

Supposing I am getting killed, though?

SEAGOON:

Then give three blasts and lay in the direction of down. Is that clear?

LALKAKA:

Now he tells me. Alright, alright, I will...

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Do your duty. Wait! Listen!

ORCHESTRA:

FAST PIANO CHORD. (CLUBBER'S SIGNATURE TUNE)

HENRY CRUN:

Ahow.

SEAGOON:

D'you hear that? The piano clubber's signature tune. It came from down that street.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Well , done, Nelly.

GREENSLADE:

While our heroes are seeking out the piano clubber, I'd like to tell you current BBC news. The Deputy Light Controller of Overseas Home Service Programmes has become engaged to Ethel Kroll. This has caused quite a stir as Ethel Kroll is married to Fred Ponk, Outside Broadcast Engineer. It promises to be quite an interesting battle of wits. I think that these snippets of news show that the Corporation is not without its thrills. We return now to the mundane Goon Show, who have now sighted the piano clubber.

ECCLES:

Ohow, I'm glad he finished.

SEAGOON:

Look, there he is. In that alley.

LALKAKA:

I'll get him when he plays again.

FX:

FAST PIANO CHORD (CLUBBER'S SIGNATURE TUNE), FOLLOWED BY TWO GUNSHOTS, PIANO CHORDS SLOW TO A HALT, UNDER...

LALKAKA:

Got him! I got him in his Sinatra in g minor!

SEAGOON:

After him! Follow the trail!

ECCLES:

Wow.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The trail led them to a lonely Armenian lapis lazuli villa in Picadilly Circus.

ALL:

CRIES OF "WHAT A PERFORMANCE" AND "WELL DONE, PLAY ON".

SEAGOON:

He must be around here somewhere.

BLOODNOK:

I tell you, I don't like the look of it.

SEAGOON:

Well, stop looking at it, then.

BLOODNOK:

What?

FX:

WHISTLING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY A "PLOP".

ECCLES:

Ooauw! Somebody threw a stone on my head. And it hit me right on the head! Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Yes!

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING.

SEAGOON:

And there's a piece of paper wrapped round it.

ECCLES:

My head?

BLOODNOK:

It's got writing on it.

SEAGOON:

What's it say?

BLOODNOK:

Sorry, Eccles, I meant to hit Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Signed, the Dreaded Piano Clubber. And it came from that top window.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me my telescope. Gad, it's count "Pules" Moriarty. Come down, count, or we'll throw Eccles at you.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! No, not that! I'll come down with my hands up.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, keep him covered.

ECCLES:

Ah, I'll get a blanket.

BLOODNOK:

Come on, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Don't shoot me. Don't... don't shoot me, I've got a headache.

SEAGOON:

Explain to us and the listeners the reason you attacked Mr. Crun with a piano.

MORIARTY:

Well, I... I was on a, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Let me... Allow me to do the talking, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Oow.

GRYTPYPE:

I have the teeth.

MORIARTY:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

Exactly... exactly who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm exactly Grytpype-Thynne, his lawyer.

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

Lawyer, lawyer.

SEAGOON:

I mean, how do you spell Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

S-M-I-T-H.

SEAGOON:

Why do you spell it like that?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm in disguise, you see. Inspector, Moriarty attacked Crun for a piece of string.

SEAGOON:

You risked life imprisonment for a piece of string?

MORIARTY:

I had to have it, my trousers were coming down.

SEAGOON:

Lalkaka, take these men away and end the story.

LALKAKA:

Allright, allright. Taking away.

FX:

POLICE CAR WITH OLD-FASHIONED POLICE BELL DRIVING AWAY AT SPEED

SEAGOON:

At last, the piano clubber under lock and key, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

GRAMS:

PIANO FALLING DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Let me out, let me out!

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

Alright, thank you, Wally, thank you, Wally...

ORCHESTRA:

STOPS.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, let's leave it at there for the moment. I've been asked by the BBC governors to explain for the benefit of nervous listeners that the piano clubber is just a fictitious character so please don't go to bed thinking about him, as he is...

GRAMS:

PIANO FALLING DOWN ON HIM.

ECCLES:

A good night, everyone. Ya da dam da dee doi...

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE OVER...

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan; with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

Vintage E13 - The Siege of Fort Night

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ECCLES:

E's right, you know.

GREENSLADE:

For the last time this evening at popular prices...

ECCLES:

(INDISTINCT GIBBERISH)... popular prices...

GREENSLADE:

...we present... the Goon Show.

ECCLES:

The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC OPENING CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Presenting the Siege of Fort Night.

GREENSLADE:

The scene - a lonely British outpost.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

ARMY OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Gentlemen, position... desperate. As you know, I am... thirty thousand miles away in the very liver of Africa.

SEAGOON:

You mean the heart, sir.

ARMY OFFICER:

This liver, this place is much further down. Depths of the jungle, the gallant British garrison at Fort Night are hard... er... pressed by Kurdish tribesmen. And, my dear gentlemen, more Kurds are on their way.

SEAGOON:

Kurds and whey! Ha! Ha! Ha! Kurds and whey! Ahem!

ARMY OFFICER:

Do you want a conk punch? Gentlemen, unless this garrison can be relieved within the next fourteen days, Fort Night is finished.

SEAGOON:

Can't they hold out for an extra week?

ARMY OFFICER:

Rubbish. I've never ever heard of a fortnight lasting three weeks, I mean it's all...

ECCLES:

I have!

ARMY OFFICER:

Who is that...? Action... Action, I call for immediate relief.

SEAGOON:

You mean... reinforcements?

ARMY OFFICER:

No, no, they have all the men they require.

SEAGOON:

Ammunition, then?

ARMY OFFICER:

They've plenty!

SEAGOON:

Provisions?

ARMY OFFICER:

They've got ample.

SEAGOON:

They can't live on ample alone.

ARMY OFFICER:

Worse still, they've nothing to cook it on.

SEAGOON:

Horrors! You mean they eat...?

ARMY OFFICER:

Exactly, raw ample and you know what that means.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I know. In a matter of days they'll be struck with the dreaded knee lurgy.

ARMY OFFICER:

Yes. They need cooking equipment.

SEAGOON:

Gas stoves.

ARMY OFFICER:

They're no good, I'm...

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ARMY OFFICER:

Within forty-eight hours the monsoons will break.

SEAGOON:

Can't we mend them?

ARMY OFFICER:

That is not our job. The point is... when it does break...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

ARMY OFFICER:

I wish you wouldn't do that!

SEAGOON:

The... the monsoon, sir.

ARMY OFFICER:

Yes. Oh, yes, quite, yes. When it breaks, you see, the river will rise and the fort will be nine feet underwater.

SEAGOON:

Gad. What's the answer?

ARMY OFFICER:

Waterproof underwater gas stoves.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) Sir! No... no such thing has been invented.

ARMY OFFICER:

That is because nobody has made one. But there is one man.

SEAGOON:

One? Come to think of it, there's quite a few of us. Ha! Ha!

ARMY OFFICER:

One man who *might* be able to help.

SEAGOON:

Not... not... not Ned Sopkin?

ARMY OFFICER:

You're dead right, it's not Ned Sopkin. It's Henry Crun.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

Without a moment's delay I flew over to Australia by submarine. There I found my man.

CRUN:

(SINGS) Around the world on eighty cents. I travelled on, my boots were gone.

FX:

KNOCK AT DOOR

MINNIE:

Ohhh! It's a knicky-knocky knocky knockeded ohhhh!

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Coming, coming.

MINNIE:

Somebody knocking on the knocker with a door.

CRUN:

Coming. Yes. Coming, coming.

MINNIE:

He's coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Eeeevening.

SEAGOON:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

SEAGOON:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening to yourn.

OMNES:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

OMNES:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Evening.

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

MINNIE:

Good eve...

CRUN:

The circus is back.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

CRUN:

It's an elephant, Min.

SEAGOON:

I... beg your pardon, I'm from the War Office.

CRUN:

No thank you, we have some.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, I'm Major Seagoon and I'm here on a mission.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(SINGS) Come and join us, come and join us...

SEAGOON:

You've got the wrong mission. Now Mr Crun...

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You are the inventor, yes?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then the country needs you! Can you invent a waterproof gas stove within the hour?

CRUN:

A *waterproof* gas stove? Oh, it's going to be very difficult. Very difficult, you know. You... you can't get the wood, you know, that's what...

SEAGOON:

Can't you?

CRUN:

No, you can't get the wood. Very difficult. Can't get it.

SEAGOON:

Have you ever built such a thing before?

CRUN:

Well, in a manner of speaking - no. Can't get the wood, you see. It's all very difficult.

SEAGOON:

Is there no way?

CRUN:

Oh, yes, definitely, definitely. But it *will* be difficult.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

Because you can't get the wood.

SEAGOON:

I can get you the wood.

CRUN:

Ah, well, that's going to be very difficult.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

I won't be able to go round saying 'You can't get the wood' anymore.

Good. Now then, you must start immediately to...

FX:

STRANGE UNEARTHLY MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Great heavens! What's that?

CRUN:

That's modern Min playing a gas stove.

SEAGOON:

A gas stove?

CRUN:

Yes, Scottish model, of course.

SEAGOON:

Oh. But how long would it take *you* to waterproof one?

CRUN:

Yes, well, that depends on how much you'd be willing to pay.

SEAGOON:

We'd pay thirty thousand pounds!

FX:

CONSTRUCTION NOISE AT COLOSSAL HIGH SPEED RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SHOUTS AND YELLS

CRUN:

There it is. Now, where's the money?

SEAGOON:

Wait! It is waterproof?

CRUN:

We'll soon find out about that, sir. Min.

MINNIE:

What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

Min, just get into the gas oven, Min, would you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear, I just been in the ba... ok.

CRUN:

Now I'll close the Ted Ray[?] door.

MINNIE:

Ooooookay.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MINNIE:

Oh. What... what have you put all these potatoes in with me for, Henry?

CRUN:

Just in case, Min.

MINNIE:

In case of what, Henry?

CRUN:

Lunch, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. What about the roast, eh, cocky?

CRUN:

It's already in there, Min.

FX:

MIN MOVING ABOUT IN THE OVEN

MINNIE:

I can't see it in here anywhere.

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

I can, Min.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MINNIE:

You devil! It's me!

CRUN:

You stop there, Min, now. I won't be long. Mr Seagoon, help me throw this into the river to just to test it.

SEAGOON:

Right-ho! (STRAINS)

CRUN:

One! Two! Three!

BOTH:

(STRAIN)

FX:

SPLASH.

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

Are the potatoes still dry?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry.

CRUN:

It works, sir! It works! Waterproof!

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, Mr Crun. I'll place an order right away.

CRUN:

Splendid. How many?

SEAGOON:

One.

CRUN:

One? Oh, dear, it's a lot of work making one. Couldn't you order less?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I... I don't think we could use none.

CRUN:

Pity. I can't get the wood, you see, that's what...

SEAGOON:

Very well, then. I'll take the one you just made.

CRUN:

Too late, it's drifting away down the stream.

SEAGOON:

Curse! You have to make another right away. But first – Max Geldray! Right, lads... to the bottle!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

While Henry Crun struggled manfully with the making of another waterproof gas stove, Captain Seagoon arrived at the base camp in Africa to arrange the transport of the gas stove with a military band.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Oh, thank heavens, I'm cured. Bad news, Seagoon, bad news. This heat, this heat. Oh! The doctor says I've got a temperature but I'm going to carry on.

SEAGOON:

What is your temperature?

BLOODNOK:

98.4.

SEAGOON:

But that's... that's normal.

BLOODNOK:

I know, that's why I'm carrying on.

SEAGOON:

Ah, great work, great work.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Now, how are we to get the waterproof gas stove to the garrison? Drop it by helicopter?

BLOODNOK:

Impossible, sir, impossible.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

The fort is invisible from the air. And worse still...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

The air is invisible from the fort. Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

By road, then?

BLOODNOK:

No road.

SEAGOON:

Up the river?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Down the river?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Across the river into the trees?

BLOODNOK:

No, no.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

No trees.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. Then across the trees into the river?

BLOODNOK:

No river.

SEAGOON:

By tram?

BLOODNOK:

Doesn't run.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

No railway.

SEAGOON:

Could we build one?

BLOODNOK:

No, the river would wash it away.

SEAGOON:

You said there was no river.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's behind the trees.

SEAGOON:

But a moment ago you said there weren't any trees, either.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but they've grown since then, you know. They just can't stand still for you, you know. I mean... you... you... you... you naughty man, you.

SEAGOON:

(AD LIB) You made that up didn't you.

BLOODNOK:

(AD LIB) Yes.

SEAGOON:

Wait! I remember seeing an armoured train back at the de-pot.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, yes, now, that was a dreadful thing. Sabotaged by enemies of the queen. That train was only armoured from the inside.

SEAGOON:

And what was the idea of that?

BLOODNOK:

We couldn't fire out but *they* could fire in.

SEAGOON:

How was that?

BLOODNOK:

I d... What? The windows faced inwards. There's only one thing for it.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

We must transport the gas stove by electrified Mongolian bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

What a splendid idoo.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't we think of that before? Meanwhile, at Fort Night.

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

Meanwhile, back in Australia...

CRUN:

You can't get the wood, you know, you can't get the...

SEAGOON:

While back at Fort Night!

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

At the same time as Major Bloodnok...

BLOODNOK:

We shall have to use electrified Mongolian bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't we think of that before?

MILLIGAN:

Listeners may well remember that they did.

SEAGOON:

But meanwhile, at Fort Night...

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

While back in Australia...

CRUN:

Very difficult, the wood, you know, it...

SEAGOON:

While at Fort Night...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES

MILLIGAN:

At this very moment in London's West End...

GRAMS:

VICTOR SYLVESTER'S 'COME DANCING' MUSIC

SEAGOON:

While, on the other hand, at Fort Night...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES, LOUD WHISTLE

MILLIGAN:

Chapter Two!

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

CHINESE VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

(ON PHONE) Listen, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What?

CHINESE VOICE:

I give you warning of Flu Manchu.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) Oh!

CHINESE VOICE:

If you proceed with waterproof gas stove at Fort Night, I promise you [UNCLEAR] the last disaster! I [UNCLEAR] hump. Poison dlinking water. (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH).

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

CHINESE VOICE:

(MORE CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH CONTINUES UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

Hang on to this phone a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

FX:

footsteps. Door opening.

CHINESE VOICE:

(STILL ON PHONE) I spit [UNCLEAR] all over you. I kill everything in your body. I put a dynamite in [UNCLEAR]. I (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)... aaaaaaahhhhh!

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Hello, bloodnok?

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) Alright, I got 'im.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid. Now get back here right away, will you?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) Right.

BLOODNOK:

Crun's just arrived with the waterproof gas stove.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMS

GREENSLADE:

Hurrying overland by sea, Henry Crun and his waterproof gas stove reached base camp disguised as a bale of tobacco.

SEAGOON:

Crun, you've arrived in the nicotine!

CRUN:

Oh... (pauses for audience applause) The parts of the gas stove are all marked and ready for assembly.

SEAGOON:

Right, men. Gas stove assemble!

FX:

gas stove being assembled very quickly

SEAGOON:

Hup! Right, Mr Crun. There it is.

CRUN:

Good, good, good, good. Now I'll turn on the gas and set the regulo at 3.

FX:

SWITCH

GRAMS:

ORGAN MUSIC

CRUN:

Dear, dear, that's not right, is it. I think I'll try regulo 2. Hm. Just have a look inside the oven.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

RAILWAY STATION NOISES

TANNOY:

[MILLIGAN]

(DISTORTED) The train now standing at Platform 3... is for [UNCLEAR], Barnsley, Kidgely, Glasgow and France.

GRAMS:

TRAIN GUARD'S WHISTLE, TRAIN SETTING OFF

WELSHMAN:

[TAKE A GUESS]

Pardon me, fellow, but where's the taxi rank?

CRUN:

I'm sorry, I'm a stranger round here.

WELSHMAN:

Oh! Indeed? And where do you come from?

CRUN:

Africa.

WELSHMAN:

That's nice, isn't it.

CRUN:

Yes.

WELSHMAN: Well, would you mind closing that oven door, there's a draught in the waiting-room by 'ere, you see.

CRUN:

Yes.

FX:

OVEN DOOR CLOSING

CRUN:

Amazing, isn't it amazing. I think I can see what the trouble is, I had the regulo on 5. It should have been on 2. Now let's see what we get.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

CRUN:

No, there's still something wrong with the gas stove, I think.

SEAGOON:

We... we can't waste time like this!

CRUN:

You know a better way to...?

SEAGOON:

We'll have to reassemble it again later on.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right now we must get out to the fort. There's very little time left. Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

We must set off immediately.

BLOODNOK:

You're dead right, we must do it today or we'll never get another chance. Eccles, get this gas stove on your head.

ECCLES:

OK. How far do I have to carry it?

BLOODNOK:

A thousand miles.

ECCLES:

Have I got to walk all the way?

BLOODNOK:

Course not. Part of the way you'll be allowed to run.

ECCLES:

What a kind man!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, we'll have to keep this expedition a closely guarded secret from the enemy.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry. The transport camels...

SEAGOON:

(CHUCKLES AT MISTAKE) Enemy!

BLOODNOK:

...are all expert linguists...

SEAGOON:

I'll say it again.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Enemy!

BLOODNOK:

The transport camels are all heavily disguised as men.

SEAGOON:

And the men?

BLOODNOK:

Heavily disguised as transport camels.

SEAGOON:

Ha! Ha! What a... what a brilliant [UNCLEAR] conception[?]. Was you trained by MI5?

BLOODNOK:

Only as a dustman.

SEAGOON:

So that accounts for everything.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now then, to Fort Night. All ready? Forwaaaard!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC 'LOST IN DESERT' CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Thus began a remarkable march of forty-seven days. And for March to have forty-seven days is remarkable. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

BLOODNOK:

To conserve energy we marched lying down and only stood up to sleep.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile, at Fort Night...

(SILENCE)

ECCLES:

Early closing!

FX:

AFRICAN DRUMS

BLOODNOK:

That night amid the sound of jungle drums, we were confronted by a tribe of natives, all in warpaint. I knew at once that I was face-to-face with some strange African customs.

AFRICAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Ohhh. Anything to declare, white man?

BLOODNOK:

Only a waterproof gas stove.

AFRICAN:

Ymblum naba blum.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

AFRICAN:

For that you pay in ivory. Importation of gas stove you pay three elephant tusks.

BLOODNOK:

What? You fiendish customs officer. Where do you expect *me* to get three elephant tusks?

AFRICAN:

I sell you. Very cheap.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What do want for them?

AFRICAN:

One gas stove, waterproof.

BLOODNOK:

What luck, I've got one! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccles! Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Give him that waterproof gas stove.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DROPPING OF METAL BITS

BLOODNOK:

Now pick up those three tusks.

ECCLES:

Okay. Hey, Major!

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

He's... he's got a waterproof gas stove.

BLOODNOK:

What a bit of luck! Just what we need. I say, you there! How much do you want for that waterproof gas stove?

AFRICAN:

Three elephant tusks.

BLOODNOK:

Three? Eccles, how many have you got?

ECCLES:

One, two... three!

BLOODNOK:

What luck! Pay him and pick up that stove. Oh, now we've got a pair!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, AD LIBBING) And we're a right pair, too!

BLOODNOK:

(OFF, AD LIBBING) Yes. And [UNCLEAR] out there.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

News from Fort Night. They can only live on uncooked ample for another hour.

BLOODNOK:

But it's 18 miles as the crow flies and our crow is a sick man, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

18 miles and all through enemy lines. It means certain death or certain life.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. One of us must volunteer.

SEAGOON:

That's what I say, one of us must volunteer.

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH) ...volunteer.

BLOODNOK:

Good old Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, bad old Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Brave boy, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, coward Eccles.

SEAGOON:

You coward.

ECCLES:

I'm a coward.

BLOODNOK:

Coward!

ECCLES:

Coward!

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's... it's no good three cowards going.

SEAGOON:

(CALLS) Mr Crun!

CRUN:

Mr Crun.

ECCLES:

Mr Crun.

SEAGOON:

We have one hour in which to cover 18 miles to the fort. Any suggestions?

CRUN:

Yes, well, we could go by train. What number reguló did we turn it to to get the railway station?

SEAGOON:

Number 5!

FX:

STOVE DIAL BEING TURNED

CRUN:

Ah, that's it, there. Well, now, open the oven door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF TRAINS

TANNOY:

...not to board the train is standing in the station. Train is now standing at Platform 7 of the gas stove. It is for Fort Night...

CRUN:

Ah, we're just in time. Everybody get into the gas stove and then bring it in after us. I'll get in first. Come on, Seagoon. Eccles!? Hand me in the right side of the stove.

ECCLES:

Okay. (STRAINS)

CRUN:

Now the left.

ECCLES:

(STRAINS)

CRUN:

Now the top and the back.

ECCLES:

(STRAINS)

CRUN:

Good, good.

ECCLES:

What a matter[?].

CRUN:

Now, close the oven door from the outside and bring it in after you.

ECCLES:

Wait a minute. Close it from the outside. And bring it in after me. That would mean climbing through it when it's shut and not opening it till I get through. Ohhhhh, ho-ho!

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you waiting for?

ECCLES:

I don't know how to do it.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh, very well. We'll take the rest of the oven by train or you can get the oven door and go ahead on foot.

ECCLES:

Make up your mind, do you want me to go on my head or my foot?

SEAGOON:

Very good question. Is that all clear?

ECCLES:

Yeeeeeah, that's all clear!

SEAGOON:

Right. Swallow this road...

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Swallow this road map and follow the instructions.

ECCLES:

(GULP – LIPS SMACKING)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Within an hour we were at the gates of the besieged Fort Night.

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES

ECCLES:

Major Bloodnok?

CRUN:

I'll ring.

FX:

DOORBELL

SEAGOON:

I'll do the talking. I've got the 11-plus.

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

You just look intelligent.

ECCLES:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Not you!

ECCLES:

Oh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]

Was that you ringing, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, it was the bell. Aha, ha, ha! It was the bell! Aha, ha... Ahem! We'd... erm... we'd like to speak to the commanding officer of the fort.

BUTLER:

I'll just see if he's in, sir. Do wait here.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Oh, owwww, oh!

SEAGOON:

(WHISTLES) He's a nice fellow, isn't he.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

I wonder whose side *he's* on.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BUTLER:

Pardon me, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BUTLER:

They're all rather busy at the moment. Perhaps if you could leave your card?

SEAGOON:

My card, curse! It's in my other suit. We'll have to come back.

BUTLER:

Perhaps you'd like to stay to tea, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that is kind.

BUTLER:

Do come in. You must excuse the confusion, we have the enemies of the Queen here.

SEAGOON:

Oh, are they stopping here as well?

BUTLER:

Yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. SOUNDS OF BATTLE, HORSES.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR]

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

BUTLER:

Yes. It's all very confusing at mealtimes. Is that, er... is that the waterproof gas stove we're expecting?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Could we connect it to the mains?

BUTLER:

I'm afraid that would serve no purpose, sir.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

BUTLER:

The gas was cut off yesterday, a little matter of a quarter in arrears.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Never mind, we mustn't fail now. Eccles, open that brown paper parcel.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

ECCLES:

Okay. (SINGS AS OPENS PARCEL) Oh! Oh-how, it's you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I've seen the light, Captain. Hello, everybody. I heard you call.

SEAGOON:

I haven't called yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know but I'm answering in advance. Strikes answering-in-advance pose, with ears well forward on balls of feet.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, into the gas stove and connect this cylinder of gas up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do that, Captain. Yes, I will. Enters gas stove and assumes crouching position within, as assumed by certain people in Bridge Of River Klin. Playing South London all next week. Fixes gas cylinder. (SNIFFS) I say.

FX:

GAS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you I smell gas?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Can you see where the leak is?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it... it's very dark in here.

SEAGOON:

Well, strike a match.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, Captain, I... Oh. Eh, wait a minute. Are you sure this match will not ignite the fatal gas, thereby deadening me, as it has on many previous occasions?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. They're safety matches.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you... thank you for your words of comfort, Captain. I trust you with my life. I do do that, yes. I will strike a match now. Strikes safety match for safety.

FX:

STRIKES MATCH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah-hah! You're waiting for me to get deaded, in't you? But I'm not going to. This week Bluebottle is not going to be deaded. So... there!

FX:

EXPLOSION, BREAKING GLASS FOLLOWED BY KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

POSTMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, postman, sir. There's a brown paper parcel for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you.

FX:

PAPER BEING TORN OFF PARCEL

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll open it. Owwww! It's you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You... driddled me! Seeks among debris for shattered underpants, shredded boots and three 1 inch by 1½ inch lumps of head.

SEAGOON:

That's done it.

BUTLER:

Compliments of the besieged garrison, sir. Could you make yours [sic] explosions quieter? We can't hear ourselves fight.

SEAGOON:

My aimless opthomologies[?] but the the underwater gas stove's exploded.

BUTLER:

Oh, dear and I had the Sunday joint all ready. This will mean surrender to the enemies of the Queen.

SEAGOON:

Surrender?

BUTLER:

Surrender?

BLOODNOK:

Surrender? To the enemies of the Queen?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

A splendid idea, I'll put on my coward set!

SEAGOON:

No, we must go in there and fight. Give out the swords.

ECCLES:

Ta!

BLOODNOK:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Open that gate and we'll charge in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Char...! Wait! There's nobody here.

BLOODNOK:

They've all gone.

ECCLES:

There's not a soul.

BUTLER:

Everyone out.

SEAGOON:

What a disappointing ending to the show.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

ECCLES:

Good night.

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVES UP AND SCREECHES TO A HALT. DOOR OPENS.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

Perhaps listeners will now believe how bad things *really* are in the Old Country. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan; with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

Vintage E14 - The First Albert Memorial to the Moon

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRAMS:

STRANGE SPACE AGE MUSIC.

SELLERS:

(REVERB) 'When he has conquered all the depths of space, when he has ridden all the oceans of the sky then man will have only just begun'.

GRAMS:

CRESCENDO AND HOLD UNDER...

SECOMBE:

So spake H.G. Wells, prophet of our time. And so man, the restless one, strains at the bonds which tie him to him to his own planet. Space... What lies beyond? What lies beyond... spaaaaace?

GRAMS:

RECORDING: CRESCENDO AND FADE OUT.

NUGENT DIRT:

[SELLERS]

Mum! Mum! Oh, mum!

MRS DIRT:

[SECOMBE]

What is it Nugent? Can't you see I'm busy ironing your father's head?

NUGENT DIRT:

Mum! 'Ere, what's that up in the sky there, Mum?

MRS DIRT:

[UNCLEAR]

NUGENT DIRT:

No, Mum, not that. What's that up in the ol' 'eaven up there?

MRS DIRT:

None of our family, dear. Now run along and play young murderers like a good little boy.

NUGENT DIRT:

No, mum. Look up! Cor, look at dat dere. Up in de sky!

MRS DIRT:

What's the matter with you?

NUGENT DIRT:

No, look! Look at it!

MRS DIRT:

What?

NUGENT DIRT:

There! Look!!

MRS DIRT:

Ahhhhhgh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhrgh!

SELLERS:

At the self same moment at Mount Palomar Observatory two professors see it.

PROFESSOR 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, Professor Plugg. Lo-ooouk, lo-lo-ooouk, lo-lo-loouk, look through the telescope. Professor, look!

PROFESSOR 2:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) It's something heading for the moon.

PROFESSOR 1:

Yes. Looks like a large ornamental statue.

PROFESSOR 2:

It can't be.

SELLERS:

But it was. Here then is the story of it entitled;

SECOMBE:

The First Albert Memorial to the Moon.

THROAT:

Corrrr!

GRAMS:

DRAMATIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon, Professor Seagoon. Why my parents christened me 'Professor' I'll never know. But that's a horse of a different colour. My story is unusual. Here then first is Cyril Shin-stick.

CYRIL SHIN-STICK:

[MILLIGAN]

(AHM) Thank you. Could I have a...?

(SINGING WITH NASAL VIBRATO) I find you here... (LONG, GARBLED SONG). Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Cyril Shin-Stick has no bearing on my story. I included him for one reason. He was cheap. But... but that's a horse of different colour. As I was saying before, and I'll say it again, but that's a horse of a different colour. Ha ha ha ha ha! Ahem.

SELLERS:

The date, August the 3rd of June, May 1950-12-11. Seagoon, then a young man of two, hurried into the offices of the British Interplanetary Society clutching vital plans.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Oooowh. Hah hah hah hauegh! Come in, nice Professor Seagoon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, come in, Professor Seagoon. Come in, I say! Hello, everybody. Thinks: Cor! Unthinks. A greeting loud and true, I give you. Let the welcome ring!

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT. (WOODBLOCKS OF DIFFERENT TONES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooohie! Ooo. Unscrews lump off nut. Thank you. Moves backstage, sits down.

MORIARTY:

Now listen, Neddle. This is Bluebottle, an unusual boy.

SEAGOON:

In what way?

MORIARTY:

He's older than his parents.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Nasty. However, I have here, gentlemen, the plans of my spaceship, the B2.

MORIARTY:

Let's have a look at them noo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, let's have a look.

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Owiee!

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

LARGE SHEETS OF PAPER UNROLLING.

SEAGOON:

There you are, gentlemen.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We know where we are, there's no need to tell us. Hue hee hee! A jest! A jest, I say!

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooowh! Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now then, Seagoon. This rocket, why is it shaped like a sausage machine?

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you. I like sausages!

OMNES:

IMPRESSED MURMURS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Yes, but that's a horse of a different colour.

MORIARTY:

Is it?

SEAGOON:

This rocket will give England a clear lead of a hundred years over Julius Caesar.

OLD PROFESSOR:

[SELLERS]

Julius Caesar? He... Surely he's been dead two thousand years?

SEAGOON:

Then... that puts us even *further* ahead of him. Ha ha ha! He'll never catch us up, now. With this rocket space ship we'll be the first men... on the sun!

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

Land on the sun? But what about the heat?

SEAGOON:

We'll be wearing topees.

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

Seagoon, Seagoon. On entering the sun's corona, or cigar, the heat is a million degrees centigrade and low-grade and the flames are two thousand miles high.

SEAGOON:

Fear not. I'm taking something to deal with all that.

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

What?

SEAGOON:

The London Fire brigade.

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

Ah, but are they good at really big fires?

SEAGOON:

Of course. They started seven last week.

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

The whole idea is preposterous.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, preposterous.

SEAGOON:

You think I'm mad, don't you?

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

Ah, yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good day to you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS PACING ON LOOSE GRAVEL.

SEAGOON:

Heartbroken, I walked the streets through the thick London fog. About midnight I climbed the stairs to my bedroom. It was in complete darkness.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MOLLY:

[SELLERS]

(SULTRY VOICE) Oh, is that you darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes - it's me.

MOLLY:

Oh, darling. (KISS) Dearest, I thought you'd never get home.

SEAGOON:

It was the fog, dearest. (KISS. KISS)

MOLLY:

Oh, you poor darling. (KISS. KISS) Mmmm.

SEAGOON:

It was wonderful being in her arms. For two blissful hours we kissed. But the rocket played on my mind.

MOLLY:

Is something wrong darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Bad news.

MOLLY:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'm in the wrong flat.

FX:

DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY.

SEAGOON:

The door opened. The light switched on.

RAOUL:

[ELLINGTON]

(UPPER CLASS ENGLISH ACCENT) I say, Molly, what the deuce is going on hyar?

MOLLY:

Raoul, darling! I thought this man was you.

RAOUL:

This could only have happened in the dark. You boulder and cad!

SEAGOON:

Have a care. Do you know who I am?

RAOUL:

No.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, I'm safe.

RAOUL:

I suppose you're waiting for a bus.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRAMS:

OMNIBUS BELL. BUS DRAWS AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Finally, at two o'clock, I arrived home.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Der de dum doh, ylorw dum dur de...

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

ECCLES:

Dum der der dum...

SEAGOON:

Is that you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I don't know, it's too dark to see. Oh, ho ho!

SEAGOON:

I'm in no mood for your... nattering, Eccles. You see, they've turned down my space ship to the sun. Do you know what they said to me?

ECCLES:

How could I? I wasn't there. Were you?

SEAGOON:

Yes. After five minutes they said I was mad.

ECCLES:

Didn't take 'em long to find out, did it?

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's terrible. But that's a horse of a different colour.

ECCLES:

You shouldn't have brought it with you.

SEAGOON:

Neigh-ghghghghgh!

ECCLES:

There, there, professor. Don't cry.

SEAGOON:

(WEEPING)

ECCLES:

Don't cry professor. Don't cry. You see, after you're dead people will look up to you.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I'm going to bury you up a tree. Oh, they even might make a statue for you. You know, like the Albert Memorial. Something big like that, you know.

SEAGOON:

The Albert Memorial? The Albert Memorial, of course! Why didn't I think of it before, that's the very thing! If they won't sponsor my rocket, I'll try the Albert Memorial instead. Headstone!

HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, sir, I'm coming, I'm coming.

SEAGOON:

Headstone, harness the horse to the car. We're going out.

HEADSTONE:

Right, sir. Giddup, there, Dobbin!

GRAMS:

SLOW CART HORSE HOOVES ON COBBLE STONES. VERY STEADY.

SEAGOON:

So we galloped through the night.

HEADSTONE:

Giddy-up, dobbin!

SEAGOON:

What's the horse got pyjamas on for?

HEADSTONE:

I dragged him out of his bed.

SEAGOON:

Oh, for a moment I thought it was the horse of a different colour. Aha, ha, ha, ha! A-hem. Slow up here, Headstone. The house I'm looking for is at the end of this lane. There, I think that's it with the candle burning in the window. (FADE)

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF CLOCKWORK. LARGE GRANDFATHER CLOCK STRIKES 2AM.

CRUN:

Ah. Two o'clock.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooh. Heeeenry. Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh, Henry, Henry!

CRUN:

What? What? What?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Henry Crun.

CRUN:

What, Min? What, Min?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) What... what was that, Henry?

CRUN:

It was the grandfather clock striking two.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooh! Could you come upstairs and move it?

CRUN:

Move it? What for, Min?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) It's fallen on top of me.

CRUN:

I'm coming, Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Just as soon as I've finished what I'm doing.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) What are you doing?

CRUN:

Nothing dear, but I'm doing it slowly.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Hurry up, Henry, or it's cracking my quingels.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

CRUN:

Ahhhgh-oooww!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening, are you Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Yes, yes. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Are you the secretary for the preservation of ancient monuments?

CRUN:

I'm much more importanter than that.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

I'm one of the ancient monuments.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, I've come to talk to you about the Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Oh, that's very, very kind of you. No one ever talks to *me* about the Albert Memorial. And I *love* talking about it. You know, I often...

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Henryyyyy!

CRUN:

What dear?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Getting very heavy, Henry. Oh! Owwww!

CRUN:

Yes, alright, Min.

MINNIE:

Oooh! Ooooh! Phish-tooo! Phish-tooo! (EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

The Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to hire it.

CRUN:

Ah, we don't want it any higher, it... high enough as...

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooooh!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

The pendulum's banging my... nooooo...

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, what I meant was I...

CRUN:

Uh?

SEAGOON:

I'd like to borrow the Albert Memorial for a few months.

CRUN:

No... what? Lend it to a stranger? I don't know you from Adam, sir. You...

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm... I'm better dressed than 'im.

CRUN:

So you are, yes. But that's not the point, you see.

MINNIE:

Henry,...

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

...the bed's collapsing under the weight of the clock, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, dear, yes, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

But I must have the memorial. Look, what would you say to twenty pounds?

CRUN:

Nothing, I never talk to strangers.

SEAGOON:

Can you keep a secret?

CRUN:

Well, erm...

SEAGOON:

Lend me the Albert Memorial and I'll pilot it to the sun. Or the moon, whichever you like. You'll be famous!

CRUN:

Ohhh. Well, I suppose it'd be alright but I should have to come along as caretaker. You see it's in my charge.

SEAGOON:

Then you'll lend it to me?

CRUN:

Er, yes.

SEAGOON:

Eureka! Ellington, let there be music.

MINNIE:

Never mind about music, I'm in the bed under this thing...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

The following week saw work begin on the Albert Memorial. Hyde Park was transformed into a vast camp consisting of the following;

SELLERS:

Ten thousand workmen.

MILLIGAN:

A quodge of parrots called 'Mips'.

SEAGOON:

Seventy iron grabs.

SELLERS:

One thin thing with lumps on.

MILLIGAN:

Four gringel clurds and a ppphnuff!

SEAGOON:

Six hundred excavators.

SELLERS:

One thurlan glea!

MILLIGAN:

One sponton glea!

SEAGOON:

One thin thing with lumps on.

SELLERS:

Four hundred and eight pairs of 'tooof'.

MILLIGAN:

Sixty six nibblits brackets and punchon-purchase and a gny-y-y-yakkakoo!

SEAGOON:

Ten sacks of Peruvian and Abyssinian haddock pipes with illuminated toop crusher.

SELLERS:

One thin thing with lump on.

MILLIGAN:

One - (MOUTH SEQUENCE)

SEAGOON:

One phhnudd, shop soiled.

SELLERS:

One phish, too, too.

MILLIGAN:

Too, too, phish, one ping phol tahh.

SEAGOON:

Sixty lengths of smokeless alabaster scaffolding.

CRUN:

That's the lot, Professor?

SEAGOON:

Right. To work. Foreman!

FOREMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, yeah. Yerp, yerp.

SEAGOON:

Lower the grab over the top of the Memorial then raise it ten feet in the air.

FOREMAN:

Right-oh, there. Right, up w'it dere.

GRAMS:

HIGH POWERED INDUSTRIAL ENGINE.

SEAGOON:

There she goes, Crun. Up in the air. Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Mmm? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Major, as soon as they've raised the Memorial get six men underneath, drill ten holes in the base and fit in the rocket loaders. Right?

BLOODNOK:

Anything for a lady.

SEAGOON:

Lady? I'm not a lady.

BLOODNOK:

I admire your confidence, sir. Charrrrrrrge!

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, yer.

SEAGOON:

Get that lorry back, will you?

ECCLES:

Ok. Come on den, mate.

GRAMS:

LORRY REVVING.

ECCLES:

Ok, now. Come on. Back. Plenty of time...plenty of space. Come on. (REVS) Back. Right end. Right - steady now. Down with your left. Ok, hard over. Come on. Back, back, back, back, back, back! Come on. Straighten up, now. Straighten up, come on. Right, as you are. I'll tell you when. Come on now, then.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS CRASH. HUGE PILE OF BRICKS FALLING.

ECCLES:

Ok. That's enough. Right.

LORRY DRIVER:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) You dull idiot. You backed me straight into that wall over there.

ECCLES:

Oooh-ooo-ooer.

LORRY DRIVER:

I'll give you oooh-ooohhh! What's the matter with you? Y'must be off your nut, man.

ECCLES:

Oh, no I ain't.

LORRY DRIVER:

Then why did you back me into the wall?

ECCLES:

Well, I'll tell you why. Because I'm...er. You're right, I must be off my nut.

GRAMS:

CLOUDS ON NUT. VARY THE SIZE OF WOODBLOCKS.

ECCLES:

Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Eee-er aow!

CRUN:

What's wrong, Eccles?

ECCLES:

He banged my heads together.

CRUN:

Well, you shouldn't stand so close to yourself.

ELLINGTON:

(DISTANT) Ok, stand clear over there!

ECCLES:

Right-oh!

ELLINGTON:

Mind the crane, there.

ECCLES:

Right-oh!

ELLINGTON:

Ok, Theophilous. Let yer grab down.

GRAMS:

INDUSTRIAL WINCH UNWINDING.

ELLINGTON:

Right. Up with it.

CRUN:

Coming up. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now Crun, I want the statue of Prince Albert moved out to a place of safety. And in the space we'll fit the cabin.

CRUN:

Good, yes, I've got some candles to light the interior.

SEAGOON:

Candles? Ah, ha, ha, Mr. Crun. Candles!

CRUN:

What, what, what?

SEAGOON:

This is the twentieth century, Mr. Crun.

CRUN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

We have different methods of lighting these days. One that will flood the cabin with light. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Show Mr. Crun our oil lamps.

ECCLES:

Ok.

CRUN:

Oil lamps? Wonder upon wonders, oil lamps.

SEAGOON:

(GLOATING) He he he! We must move with the times, Mr. Crun.

ELLINGTON:

Seagoon, sir. We've drilled all the holes in the base of the memorial.

SEAGOON:

That's wonderful.

ELLINGTON:

Woooah, it ain't.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ELLINGTON:

The whole thing split up in two.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Albert Memorial split in two! Thin things with lumps on!

CRUN:

Don't worry, don't worry. Just by chance I happen to have in my pocket a sixty ton tin of Doctor Zonbroan's Frog and Toad glue.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Ellington, bind the whole Memorial with iron bands, ones that won't break up.

ELLINGTON:

Me got 'em.

SEAGOON:

Good.

SINGHIZ THING:

Can we have a word with you, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

SINGHIZ THING:

Well, we checked the cabin space that will be available. And you will only have room for a crew of six.

SEAGOON:

Curse! I wanted to take four. So, we'll have to cut it down to six. Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(SHOCKED) Did I see you lying down, then?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Er, yes I was.

SEAGOON:

I don't tolerate people lying down on the job.

BLOODNOK:

I wasn't lying down on the job.

SEAGOON:

Then what are you doing?

BLOODNOK:

I was fighting a midget, if you must know. See, the little boulder did something that made my old military blood boil.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He set fire to me. Charrrrrrrge!!!

SEAGOON:

So the work went on. I watched the shape of the Albert Memorial gradually change. The cabin took shape. And then the intricate work of fixing the controls, radar, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub bhooh! Peeda dubba dub dub, peeda dubba dub dub, peeda dubba dub dub doha...

CRUN:

Yes, that's it Eccles. Just hold the ends of these two wires, would you?

ECCLES:

Ok. I'm not electrician but I'll do it . Ok.

CRUN:

Just wait there a moment.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ok, folks. Da de de de dum...

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS SHORTING OF ELECTRICITY CABLES.

ECCLES:

OWWW! Oo... OWW OWW OWW!

CRUN:

(DISTANT) Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

CRUN:

Let me know when the electricity comes on.

ECCLES:

Are you trying to kill me?

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, keep... keep going, I ain't gone yet.

SEAGOON:

So it went on, the merry work. April the hundred and second. A final check was made on the Memorial's stone-work.

GRAMS:

SHOVELS SCRAPPING ON STONE.

OMNES:

DISTANT WORKMEN'S MURMURS.

CRUN:

Well, Mr. McNabs, what do you think?

McNABS:

[SECOMBE]

(SCOTTISH) Well, sir, it's in excellent condition and I must congratulate you on your choice.

CRUN:

Thank you, thank you.

McNABS:

I can think of nothing better to send to the moon than the Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. I mean after all, where is there a better example of English sculpture, eh? Name one! That's all, name one. I... I defy you to name one. Go on, name one.

McNABS:

Well, er, there's the horse trough in Commercial Road.

CRUN:

Ha, ha, ha, yes! But name *another*!

McNABS:

I never reveal horse trough's names. You see... they belonged to my mother.

CRUN:

Er, yes, well, er, better get on with Max Geldray, then.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, get the splun!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

For three months we worked like Trojans. And, as you know, Trojans are a lazy lot. Like the story of the Trojan horse, that's a horse of a different colour.

SELLERS:

The Albert Memorial finally converted into a rocket, was finally ready for launching in an outlandish spot where no human being ever visited - Glasgow.

MILLIGAN:

Dawn! June the 9th was zero hour. Inside the Albert Memorial rocket we stood waiting Professor Seagoon's orders.

SEAGOON:

All ready?

OMNES:

(VARIOUSLY) Yeah.

ECCLES:

Can I... er, can I ride on top?

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I want to smoke.

SEAGOON:

Silence. Now close the hydraulic doors.

GRAMS:

HUM OF MACHINERY. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Crun! Stand by the splicing noodlebug plug.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Eccles. Check the yakka bak-kakka gauges.

ECCLES:

Ok, the yakka bak-kakka gauges.

SEAGOON:

Flowerdew, stand by the thermostatic gyroscope. Check the map current compression of the internal diathermics across the cornernik radar on the [UNCLEAR]! Release the afterstore burners. Raise the hydrostatic elements and whole lock in the [UNCLEAR].

FLOWERDEW:

Do it yourself!

SEAGOON:

Mutiny! Eccles, arrest that man!

ECCLES:

Ok, come on!

FLOWERDEW:

Take your dirty hand off my filthy arm!

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

ECCLES:

What! What? Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! (EXTENDED) You had enough?

CRUN:

Yes, but it wasn't me.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. We're coming to take-off time.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Poor Min, I left her with that grandfather clock on her head.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Quiet. We're taking off in ten seconds from now.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Help, cockie!

SEAGOON:

Nine, eight, seven, six... um, seven, six. Let's have a look at that list. Alright - seven, six, five, four, three, two, one - NOW!

ECCLES:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CAPE CANAVERAL LAUNCH SEQUENCE. ROCKET BLAST, AFTER BURNERS ETC.

ORCHESTRA:

TRIUMPHANT SPACE MISSION LINK

GRAMS:

HIGH PITCHED ELECTRONIC SIGNALS.

SEAGOON:

Men, we're off the earth.

ECCLES:

Oh, good!

SEAGOON:

We've been off the earth for five minutes. We're heading for a mist-shrouded planet.

CRUN:

Hold tight.

SEAGOON:

We're coming in! Hold on.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS CRASH. SHEETS OF METAL, ROCKS, BRICKS ETC.

ECCLES:

Owww!

CRUN:

Owwwww!

SEAGOON:

Everyone alright? Good. Well, we've landed on a planet. Which one, I don't know. But whichever it be, we've made history.

ECCLES:

(FAINT) Oooh!

CRUN:

(FEEBLY) Good. Good.

SEAGOON:

No hysteria, please.

CRUN:

Well, I think we'd better go out and explore.

SEAGOON:

Right. Fasten your pressurised helmets. Follow me!

GRAMS:

HUM OF AIR LOCK OPENING.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING ON RUBBLE.

SEAGOON:

Heavens! What a terrible astral mist.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... I can't see a thing. I wonder what planet this is.

SEAGOON:

I think it must be Pluto. Listen.

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF COGS. CLOCK STRIKES.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Help! Henry, get me out from under this clock.

SEAGOON:

No, nooooo.....!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

S9 E01 - The Sahara Desert Statue trailer

Transcribed by Helen.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SEAGOON:.

Who's there?

HENRY CRUN:.

We're...

MINNIE:.

Ohhhhh....

HENRY CRUN:.

Oooo-ahhhh...

MINNIE:.

Autograph hunters, buddy.

SEAGOON:.

What do you want, buddy?

HENRY CRUN:.

Erm... Autographs.

MINNIE:.

Autographs.

HENRY CRUN:.

Autographs.

MINNIE:.

We're modern [UNCLEAR]...

GREENSLADE:.

(OVER MINNIE) Alright, you two, alright. Break it up, you can get your autographs after the show. Ohh, they're a right lot of Charlies, they are.

MINNIE:.

Ahhh. Ohhaaahhhh. Ohhh, the vapour! The vapourrrr!

GREENSLADE:.

See what I mean? Well, now, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight at 8.30 sees the return of The Goon Show. There's not much I can tell you about the story of the first episode. Except to say that a nude Welshman is holding a rice pudding in the middle of the Sahara desert. And an atom bomb will be dropped on him. What will be the effect? Well, your guess is as good as mine. Urrrrgh! Anyhow, the story is called, 'The Sahara Desert Statue'. Which doesn't mean a thing for after all... it's all in the mind, you know.

HENRY CRUN:.

Morning. Good morning. Morning. Morning. (FADE)

S9 E01 - The Sahara Desert Statue

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GRAMS:

DRIPPING WATER IN AN ECHOEY SEWER

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme and the roof leaks.

OMNES:

GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT

Milligan:

(OFF) Good heavens – secrets!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, even worse, I have a severely shattered shirt-tail.

SECOMBE:

Say that again, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Severely shattered shirt.

SECOMBE:

Steady on. Remember what happened at rehearsal, Wal.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SPRIGGS:

It got a better laugh that way, too, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Stop!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, I will stop.

SECOMBE:

What's this approaching? It's a lorry driven by a Rolls Royce, isn't it? Yes, it is! It's that great thespian star of brouhaha-ha-ha, Berebohm Sellers!

FX:

CONSIDERABLE CHEERS, CLAPPING, WHISTLING

SPRIGGS:

Oh, he's not as popular as he used to be! I'll sing that bit, folks. (SINGS) He's not as popular as he used to beeee! (NORMAL) I also had...

SELLERS:

(HEAVY ACTOR ACCENT - ECHOEY) Aye [UNCLEAR] prunes. Noxt week, I shall be appearing in "The Impotence of Being Ernest". By Oscar Wilde, the blaggard of Reading jail. Yours, Neddie.

SECOMBE:

Ta.

OMNES:

SEVERAL, EACH IN TURN SAYING TA, TEE, TI, TOE, TUU!

SELLERS:

All together!

OMNES:

TOOOOO!

SELLERS:

Oh, what it is to have friends!

SPRIGGS:

I know, I once... Next question, please.

SECOMBE:

"Dear sir: My wife has just made a pancake thirty foot round. Is this a record?"

MILLIGAN:

I don't know, try playing it on the gramophone.

SELLERS:

Together, the band.

ORCHESTRA:

(SHOUT) Ta-da

SELLERS:

Ah! Caught with their instruments down!

SECOMBE:

And now, folks! Take up the slack while we unwrap this brown paper parcel.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

SECOMBE:

(INCREASINGLY SQUEAKY VOICE) Look! Ah, ah, look! (SQUEAKS)

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What a... what an actor!

SECOMBE:

It's a life-sized Goon Show in imitation plastic!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, ho-hooo! And what are these little round things?

SECOMBE:

Gad! It's a set of spare glass jokes!

SELLERS:

Let us hear one, Tom.

FX:

GLASS BREAKS

SPRIGGS:

Ha-ho, that's an old one, Jim!

GREENSLADE:

Gentlemen?

SPRIGGS:

"Gentlemen"? What's up with you?

GREENSLADE:

This, ah, registered brassiere has just arrived by female.

SPRIGGS:

From a bosom friend! I got it in quick there. Thank you. Thank you, it won't last long, folks. And here now... here is an impression of Tom Sellers reading it.

SELLERS:

Ta, te, to, ta, too! This message...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) And lo! He did it. What? And lo! He...

SELLERS:

This message shows this week's story of the French wine yards entitled "I Like Claret and (SINGS) to Helllll With Burgundyyyyyy!"

SPRIGGS:

Oh, and now, here wearing a three knot river, is page one.

SECOMBE:

Hello, folks! My name is Page One but it's spelt differently.

SPRIGGS:

What do you mean, it spelt differently?

SECOMBE:

D-I-F-F...

SPRIGGS:

(INTERUPTING) Yes, yes, yes, yes. But... but... but... but how do you pronounce it?

SECOMBE:

It's pronounced "bang", but it's spelt...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SECOMBE:

But the 'E' is silent.

SPRIGGS:

Silent? Silent as in what?

SECOMBE:

There *is* no 'E' in 'what'.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, there is, Jim. Ohh, yes, there is, even though they're laughing. It's spelt with 'W-H-A-P-E'

SECOMBE:

That's pronounced, "Wha-pee!"

SPRIGGS:

Oh, not if the 'E' is silent, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Let's hear a silent 'E'.

SPRIGGS:

Right, a silent 'E'.

SECOMBE:

(PAUSE) Nothing!

SPRIGGS:

Right! They all saw it coming, didn't we? Now then, a word from... Peter Sellers!

SELLERS:

Drawers!

SPRIGGS:

Next week, another word!

SELLERS:

And now, for no reason at all, where did you get the money to escape from Australia?

SPRIGGS:

For no reason at all-lllllll..... My stand-in will answer that. Forward standee.

SECOMBE:

My name is Spike "Stand-In" Milligan. But the knees are silent as in trousers.

SELLERS:

Not... Not trembler?

SECOMBE:

Touche.

SELLERS:

Mr. Greenslade, answer that for me as me!

GREENSLADE:

My name is Peter Sellers.

SECOMBE:

And who's playing you?

SELLERS:

Me!

SECOMBE:

Then who's Peter Sellers?

SPRIGGS:

I am! But the "I" is silent as in looking.

SECOMBE:

Will you care to elaborate?

SPRIGGS:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

We have to wait. (LAUGHS)

SPRIGGS:

He gets them in somehow. It's a joke, folks! Oh-ha, ha, ha-ha-ha!

SECOMBE:

And "ha-ha, ha-ha-ha" is the right answer! So say "Ah!"

SPRIGGS:

Ah!

FX:

GUNSHOT, THEN TASTING

SPRIGGS:

Three-oh-three, my favorite bullet.

SECOMBE:

Do you like it? I fired it myself.

SELLERS:

Too much salt for me.

SECOMBE:

Who heard of too much salt in Sellers?

SELLERS:

I am not salt sellers, my name is Peter.

SPRIGGS:

Saltpeter!

SECOMBE:

That's an explosive!

FX:

EXPLOSION

SELLERS:

Oh, there I go!

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Triumph of matter over mind.

HERN:

[SECOMBE]

And now from Peterborough, 17-year-old Manx Jeldray. And here he is, 17-year-old Manx Jeldray from... Peterborough!

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, at last the breaks!

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Come along in the back, there!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

PENGUIN CALLS, MOURNERS WAILING

HERN:

Och, that... that was contestant number four, 70 year-old Venice girl, [UNCLEAR]. So a big hand for contestant number four, 14 year-old Frank O'Roy from Leeds. A-ha, ha! Ha!

FX:

HALF-HEARTED CLAPPING

SECOMBE:

A-ha, ha. Ahem.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Now, the Goon Show proper. I have in my left ventricle a copy of the Edict of Nantes holding an elephant cardigan. Through the hole drilled up the bottom, I can see the House of Commons. In the Strangers' Gallery, disguised as strangers, are two sinister figures rampant on a cloth of filetted spon. (SINGS) Spo-o-o-on!

FX:

SCRATCHING

MORIARTY:

Ah. Ohhh! Ah. Oh. Ah, the flin, the flin! Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Will you stop the revolting buttock-scratching in the Strangers' Gallery?

MORIARTY:

But I've *got* strangers in my gallery!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop this noise in Parliament, do you hear? Do you want to wake them up?

MORIARTY:

But I...

FX:

YAWNING AND WATER SOUNDS

GRYTPYPE:

You fool, you've woken up Lord Tavener!

MORIARTY:

He's... he's getting out of the bath!

TAVENER:

[SECOMBE]

(VERY OLD) Now, now, members, mems and more. As I was saying... What?

MEMBER:

[GREENSLADE]

Hear, hear.

TAVENER:

As I... I was saying, do you realise that the Atomic Commission... (FADES)

OMNES:

CLAPPING

TAVENER:

You had better tell them, Lord Jewels.

LORD JEWELS:

(ALSO VERY OLD) We at the Atomic Commission have no idea what the effect of an atom bomb would be on a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding.

BACKBENCHER:

[MILLIGAN]

Do the... do the... do the Russians have this information?

MEMBER:

[SECOMBE]

No, and I would say... (GIBBERISH)...

LORD JEWELS:

Would Mr Bevan have any comment upon that?

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER SPED UP

LORD JEWELS:

Thank you.

INDIAN MEMBER:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, gentlemen, the government are willing to pay – thank you – are willing to pay 1,000 pounds in cloth Hindu leggings for any Welshman who is willing to stand naked holding a rice pudding and hit by the powers of an atom bomb.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

I know the very man. Come!

MORIARTY:

Owww!

FX:

TWO WHOOSHES

GREENSLADE:

Sure enough, those whooshes were pointed at an early Anglo-Saxon leaping house in Picadilly. Within, two men are repairing the ravages of Roman occupation.

FX:

SAWING SOUNDS, THUDS

WILLIUM:

(SINGING) I'm in love with you. Rose...

SEAGOON:

William! What are you doing in there?

WILLIUM:

Cutting me toenails, mate. When I gets in bed at night they tears the ceiling, mate.

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

I say, you in there!

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's Bloodnok, professional soldier and amateur landlord!

BLOODNOK:

Have you got a woman in your room?

SEAGOON:

I certainly have not!

BLOODNOK:

Well, get out of here, will you? This is not that kind of a house, do you hear?

SEAGOON:

Now he tells me, after all those nights of raffier and fretwork.

MORIARTY:

Knock, knock, knocky, knock, chum.

SEAGOON:

Knock, knock, knocky, knock, chum?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

That's the private number of the door knocker! Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS, RUSH OF FEET

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddle!

SEAGOON:

I recognise those octagonal shin. Of course! It's Count Jim "Thighs" Moriarty! Voted Mr Knackers Yard of 1901! And known in Africa as the white Charlie Chaplin.

GRYTPYPE:

The steam count... (SELLERS CRACKS UP)

MORIARTY:

Pssssssh...

GRYTPYPE:

(SELLERS RECOVERING) ...has been commissioned to do a statue of the Sahara Desert holding a rice pudding and he wants you, Neddle, to pose for it.

SEAGOON:

Me? Pose as a desert?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Certane-ment, you're just the right size. And twice as barren.

SEAGOON:

Do I... Do I have to pose... N-U-D-E?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course you do. The Sahara never wears clothes.

SEAGOON:

Not even for supper?

GRYTPYPE:

Malicious rumours.

SEAGOON:

But you can't sit down to dinner nude. Supposing there are ladies present?

THROAT:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

To continue: How long would I have to hold the pose for?

GRYTPYPE:

You don't have to hold any pose, Ned. You can move at will. Just as long as you don't move. Now, for salary. You will be paid in the current Bank of England cigarette card series of famous criminal footballers.

SEAGOON:

I accept!

GRYTPYPE:

Ta.

OMNES:

EACH IN TURN SAYING: TA, TEE, TEY, TO, TUU!

GRYTPYPE:

All together

OMNES:

TOOOO!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, coming on very nicely, thank you. And now to contact the British Sahara Desert Atomic Centre. But, first, Ray Ellington will... erm... sing through his mouth and other things.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM"

HERN:

Thank you. [UNCLEAR] now to 16 year-old [UNCLEAR] from Portsmouth. A big hand, then, for the 13 year-old Ray Ellington from 13 year-old Portsmouth. A-ha, ha!

GREENSLADE:

Ta.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Hear, hear.

GREENSLADE:

By... erm... by placing a microphone near Grytpype-Thynne's trousers, we pick up the thread which shows Ned in the Sahara Desert.

GRYTPYPE:

Now then, Ned, off with your clothes, Neddie!

FX:

CLOTH RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Whoop! There! How do I look?

MORIARTY:

Owww....

GRYTPYPE:

I suppose he makes *somebody* happy. Hold this rice pudding.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES)

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERS) Grytpype! Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

It's only three minutes to zero hour before they drop the bomb, hurry! (SWEETLY, TO SEAGOON)
Now, Neddie...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Here, stand on this bull's eye... and don't move.

FX:

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY LEAVE IN TWO WHOOSHES

SEAGOON:

(ALONE) Don't... don't move, he said. Right. (HUMS) Gad, if only my mother could see me now.
Posing for a statue of the Sahara, what a proud day for Wales! Not to mention sardines and kippers!
(LAUGHS, CALMS SELF CONSCIOUSLY) (ASIDE) It's a bit early in the show, really isn't it, now.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Seeing that Mr. Seagoon is in a state of, ah, dishabille...

SEAGOON:

Cheeky.

GREENSLADE:

...it would be appreciated if old ladies with binoculars... would all listen with your backs to the wireless or place a dark cloth over the speaker.

MINNIE:

(MUTTERING) Oh, dear, it's not fair, you know. Not fair.

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE OTHER MINNIES MUTTERING

SEAGOON:

Gad, this is living! Now, what was it that Moriarty said?

FX:

WHOOSH

MORIARTY:

I said "Don't move!"

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Ta. Wait! What's this approaching across the desert?

ECCLES:

(SINGING TO SELF, WORDLESSLY, UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

It's a ragged soldier clad in cement sacks playing an imaginary piano! He must be one of ours.

ECCLES:

(SINGING, UNDER..)

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

ECCLES:

(WITHOUT INTERRUPTING HIS SINGING) Morning. (CONTINUES SINGING, FINISHES. PAUSE. STARTS UP AGAIN)

SEAGOON:

Gad, that sun's hot!

ECCLES:

Well, you shouldn't touch it. (KEEPS SINGING, UNDER..)

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Well, it's touched you! (LAUGHS) Just then I caught a glimpse of the label on his head. It said, "Early English Idiot, circa 1899."

ECCLES:

I... I'm not an in-diot. Ask me any question, I'll tell you I'm clever, real clever. C-L... X-L-X – ER. Pronounced "agulgugluglm"!

SEAGOON:

All right, then. What's your name?

ECCLES:

Oh, the hard ones first, eh? My name's 'Hey, Now, Lord Salisbury'. Lord Salisbury? No, nope. He's got two pairs of trousers. Bridget Bar-dot?

SEAGOON:

Come on, man, your name!

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH) My name, man. That's funny, I... I had it on the tip of my tongue.

SEAGOON:

Stick it out, then.

ECCLES:

Ahg.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. "Fred Smith, Esq." So you're Fred Smith Esquire.

ECCLES:

No, that's the name of my tongue.

SEAGOON:

We must be related! Smith is the maiden name of my right elbow.

ECCLES:

Well, I'd be better getting back to the barracks. How far is it to the fort, Fort Nose?

SEAGOON:

13 miles.

ECCLES:

13. That's unlucky.

SEAGOON:

All right, then. 14 miles.

ECCLES:

You see? It *was* unlucky. I'm a mile further away now. I shall go among you.

FX:

FAST SINGING OF SOME SORT REPRESENTING APPROACHING ARABS

ECCLES:

Look! The riffs.

SEAGOON:

I thought they were abroad.

ECCLES:

I'm off!

FX:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Now, I mustn't lose my head. If I keep dead still, the fiendish Arabs will think I'm a statue of a statue.

FX:

MUSIC ENDS, HORSES NEIGH

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]

Bahhhh! Well, look! Statue of fat man holding rice pudding! Just what I need to put in my harem. Keep wives happy till I get TV or more time. Get him up on horse! Hupp! Allah!

FX:

MUSIC RESUMES, HORSES NEIGHING

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners: What a stroke of luck for Mr. Seagoon. Another thirty seconds and the A-bomb would have burst on that very spot. But wait! Someone approaches the danger zone!

OMNES:

VOICES SINGING

VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

It's the long-lost number eight touring company of the desert song.

OMNES:

CONTINUE SINGING

ACTOR:

[SELLERS]

Ah, my dear. Look at the peaceful scene.

MINNIE:

Oh!

ACTOR:

Let us rest here in the shade of this grasshopper's leg.

MINNIE:

Oh!

ACTOR:

Oh, the inspiration!

MINNIE:

I know!

ACTOR:

I feel a song coming on, my dear.

FX:

WHISTLING SOUND OF APPROACH OF BOMB COMING CLOSER UNDER THEIR WORDS

BOTH:

(SINGING) Because of you...

FX:

EXPLOSION; THINGS SETTLE; TWO WHOOSHES

MORIARTY:

(OUT OF BREATH) Look, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

He's there, a direct hit! But he's in bits! Otherwise, he's alright.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Come on, wake up, Neddie, it was only an atom bomb (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

No, let me. Allow me, Moriarty, I'm rather good at jigsaw puzzles.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Now that bit goes in there...

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

This leg... goes there.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

That bit in there... And this goes in there!

MINNIE:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

No, it doesn't, no, no, I'm sorry. Wait a moment. This knee fits here.

MORIARTY:

The knee!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, he's...

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Horrors of mutation! He's changed! He's turned into more than one person!

MORIARTY:

Well, there was always enough of him!

GRYTPYPE:

Let's get him to the Atomic Centre!

MORIARTY:

Right, we get him there!

FX:

DRAMATIC SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

There, then, we have the situation. But the capture of the nude Neddie soon came to the attention of the OC, Fort Bowels, Kenya.

FX:

BLOODNOK THEME. BATTLE SOUNDS. SHIP'S HORN BLOWS LOUDLY, SPEEDS UP, WATER GOING DOWN PLUG HOLE. BLOODNOK REACTS TO EACH SOUND WITH VARIOUS HORRIFIED "OH"S

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh! (VARIOUS BLOODNOKIAN NOISES) Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, there must be a cure for it, oh, dear. Oh...

CAPTAIN:

[SECOMBE]

Knock, knock!

BLOODNOK:

Come in, knock, knock!

CAPTAIN:

Good morning, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it... it's Secombe playing a different part! Curse these small-budget shows! What's in that envelope?

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

The next part of the plot...

BLOODNOK:

What?

JYMPTON:

...and a messenger in the plain wrapper.

FX:

OPENS WRAPPER

BLOODNOK:

So it is! Come out! Speak up, gollywog, or I'll have you flunned.

FX:

POP

ARAB:

[SECOMBE]

(ARAB-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

BLOODNOK:

Tell him... we can't understand what he's saying.

JYMPTON:

Oh. Er... Gala-tane-gogogogong gala-tagataga.

ARAB:

Gala-tagataga? Gala-tagataga?? (BABBLES ANGRILY)

JYMPTON:

He says *he* doesn't understand what he's saying, either.

BLOODNOK:

Then I was right!

JYMPTON:

Er, yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Even as I spoke...

JYMPTON:

Ohhhh!

BLOODNOK:

...the native plunged his hand into his lunch basket and drew out a glass ball. A daring move on his part.

CAPTAIN:

It's a fortune teller's ball.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Why weren't we invited, I... I say! Oh, I can't resist 'em. Hand me the turban. Now, crystal ball, what can we see? Turn up the brightness. A-ha, haaa! It's a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

BLOODNOK:

Being abducted into Red Bladder's harem! Action! Bugler!

BUGLER:

[SECOMBE]

Yo?

BLOODNOK:

Sound the sound of the buge!

BUGLER:

Right. Ahem! (TRIES TO MAKE BUGLE NOISES WITH LIPS, FAILS)

FX:

GUNSHOT

BUGLER:

(MOUTH BUGLE DIES AND FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC, REAL BUGLER

GRAMS:

MARCHING BOOTS

BLOODNOK:

Left, right, left, left... (SPEEDS UP MARCHING) Come on, pick it up, men. Come on, pick up those doggies (SLOWER, FASTER, ETC)

CAPTAIN:

Ensign! Ensign!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, capi-capi-captain, what is it?

CAPTAIN:

How far from Red Bladder are we?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I think we must be within earshot.

CAPTAIN:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He just shot off one of my ears!

OMNES:

SINGING: "AND HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW AND SO SAY ALL OF US, HEY!"

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, thank you, Bluebottlers! I'm glad to back. And the good news, now. During the summer hols, guess what happened? I started to grow hairs on my little legs! (LAUGHS) Nature is preparing me for marriage! Hoo-ray! For the next part, I will...

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh! Hey, you hit me like that again and see what happens!

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

See what happens?

CAPTAIN:

Look!

GRAMS:

TRAIN PULLING INTO STATION

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it's the 4:20 Arab fort from Islington! Dead on time! Take cover, lads!

CAPTAIN:

There's the Red Bladder, up in the battlements!

BLOODNOK:

Do you think he's going to capitulate?

CAPTAIN:

I don't know. I should stand back in case he does.

BLOODNOK:

Yes! Eccles, Eccles, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Ya?

BLOODNOK:

You speak the language.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLOODNOK:

You challenge him.

ECCLES:

Okay. Red Bladder? You can't frighten me!

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Ow, he frightened me!

BLOODNOK:

Bladder! I give you til dawn to get out and surrender... or the new rent act will come into force!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, the PM addresses the House.

PM:

[SELLERS]

I, mems, ma'ams and mumses. I have just received great news. The Atomic Commission have ascertained that when a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding is struck by an atomic bomb, he turns into a fully clad Number Eight Touring Company of The Desert Song.

MEMBER:

[MILLIGAN]

Then Britain leads the world!

OMNES:

CHEERS

GRAMS:

"LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

SPRIGGS:

Soon, all over England, reactors were set up and atomic furnaces were turning nude Welshmen into Number Eight Touring Companies of The Desert Song! Song, song, song, song, sing, sing, sing (ETC, FADES INTO MORSE CODE) Oh, they've taken over.

HERN ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And it was ascertained today that England now leads the world in the production of Number Eight Desert Song touring companies.

GREENSLADE:

And what of Neddie?

GRYTPYPE:

To this day, he stands stock still as a statue in a harem. One move would mean... Huh. Well, the unkindest cut of all.

GREENSLADE:

I think they've finished. So would you all leave quietly? Thank you.

GRAMS:

NOISE AND VOICES OF GENTLEPEOPLE LEAVING, SOME LIGHT MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND. FADES TO SILENCE

GREENSLADE:

I expect you're surprised but that was the Goon Show. In real life they are disguised as Wally Stott's orchestra, the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan. Who also writes the thing. The only unreal persons in this recording were Wallace Greenslade, announcer. And the producer, John Browell, who prefers to be called...

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC "DING, DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD"

S9 E02 - I Was Monty's Treble

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

POP OF CORK, BUBBLES, WATER POURING

SPRIGGS:

(OVER) Oh. Oh, dear, the cork's come out.

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

SELLERS:

(OVER) Stop it before the BBC flows away.

SEAGOON:

(OVER BUBBLES) Don't panic ponc...

SPRIGGS:

(OVER BUBBLES) Pinic ponc.

SEAGOON:

(OVER BUBBLES) There's still three gallons of BBC left.

MILLIGAN:

(OVER-ACTING) Thank a-heaven!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Ha ha, ha ha ha. I ask you, folks, what other show provides such original openings? Ha ha ha. Or, if you disagree, such *unoriginal* openings. Ha ha ha. (AHM)

SPRIGGS:

Okay, thank you, Jim. You see...

SEAGOON:

Keeping it going, you know, keeping it going. Well done, well done.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim, yes, thank you, yes. We need it, folks, tonight, it's gonna be tough. You see...

SEAGOON:

Ee!

SPRIGGS:

Ohh! Nipped in the bud! We cover ourselves both...

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha. Aha ha.

SPRIGGS:

You've been looking.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello.

SPRIGGS:

Now then, you see, folks, we cover ourselves both ways. This doesn't make much sense any more, but I'll carry on. You see... We cover ourselves both ways but the wind gets in at the side.

GRAMS:

BRIEF, LOUD HOWLING WIND

SPRIGGS:

Ohh, naughty wind! Ohh, I still carry on. Now... It's Sellers' part. See, now, folks...

SEAGOON:

He changed the script this morning, folks.

SPRIGGS:

Now, folks, a simple test of marital fidelity. Bend down, clutch the ankles and say after me. No, not that! Ohh hee!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Ohh hee!

SPRIGGS:

Taahhrr!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Taahhrr!

SPRIGGS:

Thingggg-ger!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Thingggg-ger!

SPRIGGS:

Alablalalalablablum! (PAUSE) Oh, I knew they couldn't last the pace, folks!

SEAGOON:

Good man, Milligoon.

SPRIGGS:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Now, here's a ticket to Eva Bartok.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, he ha ha ho, owwee!

SEAGOON:

Now forward, silly old Sellers. Try this Elstree film-type military hat.

SELLERS:

Is this the hat of the book?

SEAGOON:

The very one worn by John Mills and Richard Attenborough when they were ice cold in the sea of sand with the man upstairs in Alex.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, we're going to do a fillum, Jim.

SELLERS:

Yes! Lights, cameras, knees, teeth, corsets, ac-tion!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC PIECE 'WOTCHER'

GRAMS:

CROWD SCREAMS, SHRIEKS

SEAGOON:

Hup! Hello, folks! Calling, folks, folks, folks, calling folks. We tell you the story of the best kept secret of the well-known World War Two.

SELLERS:

The story of the film of the book of the tram.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL

MILLIGAN:

'I Was Monty's Treble'. Or...

SEAGOON:

'I Was a Teenage Werewolf's Father'. Or...

SELLERS:

'I Was Sir Winston Churchill'. Or...

MILLIGAN:

'I Cooked for Royalty' by Maurice Winnick.

ORCHESTRA:

ADVENTURE MUSIC LINK

MILLIGAN:

1939.

SEAGOON:

1940.

SELLERS:

1941.

ECCLES:

49 B.C.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Oww!

SEAGOON:

1941.

HENRY CRUN:

1941. Any advance on '41?

SEAGOON:

There was no advance in '41, the war was at a veritable stalemate.

WILLIUM:

Was it, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes, mate. Here, swallow this statue of Eva Bartok.

WILLIUM:

Oh, yum-yum, mate, oh.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed, 1941. A fateful year for England and Elstree. You see, the Germans had got wind...

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Let me finish!

ECCLES:

Oh, and ruin the gag? Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha. Had got wind of a new General.

GRAMS:

ARTILLERY FIRE, CHICKENS CLUCKING, GUNFIRE

SELLERS:

(OVER) Hear that thrilling sound? British artillery shelling German chickens. Monty had struck.

ORCHESTRA:

IMPRESSIVE-SOUNDING FANFARE, ENDING IN OFF-KEY MESS

SEAGOON:

(AHEM)

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gerspontein der fueldavistice splooker. The Englanders have broken through at El Alamein. Zis could mean curtains for us. It could also mean vindows and doors.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Aye, aye. Zis, er, General Field Marshall Montgomery must be captured, kiptured, tortured and in zat order.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh. You... you... have a plan?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ohh.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) I have a plan of the plin hof of the plons of the plan.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) But have you the ploons of the plins of the plons of the plons?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Curse, I forgot those!

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Then get on with the ploons.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Klin. Prin. Montgomery is always flying backwards and forwards between England.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) They have planes that fly backwards?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Private Schnertz, I have bad news.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Private? I'm a General.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Zat is ze bad news.

SECOMBE:

(HIMSELF) That is the old joke. Ha ha ha.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) And we all saw it coming! Aha ha.

FX:

WATER POURING

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Dere, dere, dere, de liebherren. Don't cry so much, we can't swim, you know. Ho ho.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) But we are laying the eggs tonight.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What? Without the red lions on, too.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (OVER) Varow-rooden.

SECOMBE:

(CHICKEN NOISES)

MILLIGAN:

(CHICKEN NOISES)

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gentlemen, this is the plan of the plin plon.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh, you got the plons of the plin of the plooon.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Vrooden kaploon. Our fighter planes have been ordered to shoot down all planes carrying General Montgomery played by John Mills and Richard Attenborough.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh, that... supposing that one gets through played by Anthony Steele?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Anthony Steele is a Monty?

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Some casting director has blundered, mein Herrs.

ECCLES:

It wasn't me, mine hairys.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (AHEM) Er, gentlemen...

ECCLES:

Yeah...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) This man, wearing a leather wig, is Germany's greatest fighter ace, Herr von Schlapper Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, fellas. Have a good war. Have a good war, fellas. Bang!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) *This...* is our greatest fighter ace?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (DESPAIRING) It's going to be a long, hard war.

ECCLES:

Little do they know that I'm not Herr von Schlapper.

GREENSLADE:

This then was the enigma.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GREENSLADE:

Who was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Who was Eccles?

GREENSLADE:

The play continues.

ECCLES:

Play continues.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ta.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Knock knock in German.

SELLERS:

Come in in Chinese.

SEAGOON:

Ta in Siberian.

SELLERS:

Mishpocha in Yiddish.

SEAGOON:

Yiddishern in Etruscan.

GREENSLADE:

Such, then, was the lingual virtuosity of the enemy.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Meinen Herren, before we go any further, look at this.

FX:

RUSTLING PAPER

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ohh.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Splatsen ondispenser kerlufenhaus! Zis is a new anti-British drinking song.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Quick, we must all face England and sing it.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO INTRO, THEN BACKING TO SONG

ALL:

(SINGING TO THE TUNE OF "STROLLIN' DOWN THE OLD KENT ROAD")

Sieg heil,
splonsun undersplon,
minger grobal aspig fiel,
underneath zera hat fiel,

boom crash
Kreud efunfderhul,
splatsun win der Old Kent Road,
cor blimey...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Halt!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What?

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Cronsens mit der minger! Zis song is a fake! Take its beard off!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ahh! You are right! Underneath, dis song is clean-shaven.

ECCLES:

Clean-shaven! What a perfect cue for sixteen-year-old Max Geldray of Digmotmon.

MAX GELDRAI:

Oh, I'm getting the breaks, boys.

ECCLES:

You need 'em, man.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Jawohl!

MAX GELDRAI:

'THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU'

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, CROWD SCREAMS, GASPS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Good heavens! What ritual cavorting by the masses before the opiate spell of Madge Geldray?

MILLIGAN:

Ahh.

SELLERS:

I tell you, the harmonica is a sinful instrument. Give me Cavan O'Connor, the King of Sing.

SPRIGGS:

The King of Sing? You mean the Kong of Song, Jim.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. He means the King Kong of Sing Song.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, no, Jim, he means the King-a-ling-long song of the hing tong long.

GREENSLADE:

Gentlemen...

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) And, um, that's dying the death so I'll pack up.

GREENSLADE:

Prepare yourselves for part two. A coward's air-raid shelter in London.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, SHELLS WHIZZING OVERHEAD, SHELLS EXPLODING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohhh! Ohhh ohh!

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER, SHELLS EXPLODING, BOOTS RUNNING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohhh! Ohh, no wonder I can't go to parties any more. Oh. Oh.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes?

MILLIGAN:

(ON PHONE) Bloodnok, this is the insurance company.

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MILLIGAN:

(ON PHONE, OVER BUBBLES) It's no good sir, we've got to increase the premium on your underwear.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear. Switch that air-raid off, will you?

GRAMS:

SWITCH CLICKED

SEAGOON:

Pity, that air-raid goes in the top ten.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. So you like music, do you? Well, well. Do you happen to know Beethoven's Fifth motor car?

SEAGOON:

How does it go?

BLOODNOK:

(CAR IMPRESSION) Brrrrrrrrrrrum pshpowww!

SEAGOON:

(OVERCOME) It's... it's quite beautiful. Much better than Schubert's horse and cart.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Didn't get much of a laugh, but never mind. Well now... British High Command have decided to create a double for Monty's body.

SEAGOON:

And who will it be?

BLOODNOK:

John Mills and Richard Attenborough.

SEAGOON:

Why them?

BLOODNOK:

It's *always* John Mills and Battenbattenbutt... (FLUFFS LINE)

BANERJEE:

Wait a minute, please. But supposing, yes yes, they're supposing, man, supposing Monty's dribble is killed and run over by an armoured German tram. Tell me about that, man.

SEAGOON:

Then we create a Monty's treble.

BLOODNOK:

And what if the treble is struck down by a plague of German knee zeppelins?

BANERJEE:

What What? What...

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

BANERJEE:

I...

SEAGOON:

To solve the problem...

BANERJEE:

What, what?

SEAGOON:

...we must ask the Statistician Royal exactly how many Monty's doubles we need. So, over to them.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS LINK

FX:

METAL OBJECTS DROPPED ONTO FLOOR

HENRY:

(OVER) Oh, dear, dear. I think this bed's had it, Min.

MINNIE:

Ah. You're right. Henry, it's going home.

HENRY:

Doesn't it live here anymore then, Min?

GRAMS:

SPRINGS STRAINING AND TWANGING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Now... there it goes. Oh. oh, dear.

GRAMS:

SPRINGS, THEN CLOCK CHIMING

HENRY:

Was that you, Min?

MINNIE:

No! It was the... the bed striking one.

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh.

HENRY:

Ah. (SMACKING OF LIPS)

MINNIE:

How. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Oh, dear, dear, dear.

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear. Ah.

MINNIE:

Good... goodnight, Henry.

HENRY:

Goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

(MILLIGAN CAN BARELY STOP LAUGHING) There's somebody laughing outside the bedroom door.

HENRY:

It's that lodger, we must get rid of him, Min.

MINNIE:

Lodger. Did you take your male hor... Did you take your... male hormone pills?

HENRY:

Yes, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Yes. They give me the strength to go to sleep, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, I know.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

HENRY:

(OVER) Ohh.

MINNIE:

(OVER KNOCKING) Ohh! (CALLS) Come... come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Come in.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ohh!

SEAGOON:

(OVER GALLOPING) Over, forwards, sideways and upwards!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS STOP

HENRY:

How dare you ride a naked horse into our bedchamber.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, this horse is a nudist.

MINNIE:

I don't care, get some clothes on him.

SEAGOON:

Never! I refuse to ride a clothes-horse! Hup!

MILLIGAN:

Hey!

OMNES:

CHEERING AND APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Stick it out, folks, it won't be long now.

MINNIE:

The good ones lay an egg.

SEAGOON:

Now, Mr. Crun. Have you got the statistics?

HENRY:

Very badly, sir, very...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha.

MINNIE:

Don't look, Henry, don't look.

SEAGOON:

Gad, so!

MINNIE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

We need forty thousand Monty's doubles, eh? We'll have to form regiments. We'll start with Ray Ellington, who always precedes the brandy. Good luck, lad, good luck! Aho ho.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SUNDAY'

GRAMS:

COWS MOOING, SHEEP BLEATING

SELLERS:

He's drawing a very strange audience these days.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Part four. The Germans become suspicious.

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES MUSIC LINK

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gentlemen, this is part four and we have just become suspicious.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) I have just opened zis three-ounce tin of suspicion.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (SMACKING OF LIPS) Mm, it tastes very suspicious.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Mm. Then our suspicions are vell founded. Last night General Montgomery was seen talking to a voluptuous woman in za Edgware Road. At ze same time he was seen talking to an exotic woman in Cairo. A second later ver seen talking to a ravishing blonde in Barcelona. Gentlemen, who were these men?

ECCLES:

(LECHEROUS) Who were those women? Aha ha ha.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

(OVER) Oww oww. Oww oww. Oww. Who do you think you're hitting?

SEAGOON:

You!

ECCLES:

You... you're right the first time. (ASIDE) Little do they know they weren't hitting me, folks, they weren't hitting me.

GREENSLADE:

This was the enigma.

ECCLES:

Enigma

GREENSLADE:

Who was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Who was Eccles?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja, now listen. It is obvious that the enemy are using doubles. To find the original we must get the plans of an original General Fred Montgomery.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE FLARE LINK

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) I'm in love with an old trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE FLARE

FLOWERDEW:

Yes, it's very good but entirely out of place, dear, very good. Yes.

SEAGOON:

But now to assume my part as an MI5 officer in MI5.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim, secrecy is essential. Essen-tial! We know that the Germans are sponsoring on the splo...

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS ONCE, THEN TWICE

SPRIGGS:

(OVER) Ay...

SEAGOON:

A...

SPRIGGS:

Ssh ssh.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS TWICE

SPRIGGS:

What's that?

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS ONCE, ONCE AND THEN TWICE

SEAGOON:

Three, two, one and then two knocks? I wonder what it means.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It means I wanna come in, you twit. Ay. Message for you. I will read it. From Mrs. Gladys Wrenge, 45 Sebastopol Terrace, Scunthorpe. 'Sir, reference to room you 'ad 'ere durin' the pantomime season. Well, we know what it is, we know who done it, but for 'eavens sake tell us where it is!'

SEAGOON:

Right. Next joke, please. Now, what's in that teapot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A... a man.

FX:

CLINK OF TEAPOT LID

BLUEBOTTLE:

'E says 'e wants to see you.

FX:

TEAPOT LID RATTLED, THEN TAKEN OFF

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Come on out.

MORIARTY:

Owww. Just a minute, I'm just paying off the taxi.

WILLIUM:

Five and six, sir.

MORIARTY:

Thank you, boy.

WILLIUM:

Good luck.

MORIARTY:

Ah. Ah. Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Now, sir, will you explain why you were hiding in a teapot?

MORIARTY:

I don't like coffee.

SEAGOON:

Let's try the second version of that gag, eh?

MORIARTY:

We'd better.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now, sir, will you explain why you were hiding in that teapot?

MORIARTY:

I had a date with a tea-bag!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD

SEAGOON:

Two... two for the price of one, folks...

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

...and guaranteed free from governments.

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, let me explain this tangled pastiche. This cream-coloured wreck is none other than General de Gaulle "Stones"...

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Leader of the Free French Women.

SEAGOON:

Any free samples?

GRYTPYPE:

Down, boy, down! We are secret agents working under cover because of rain.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Have you any means of identification?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I have two small warts on my belly.

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid I must ask to see them.

GRYTPYPE:

There's no need to. Here is a full-scale...

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

GRYTPYPE:

...drawing of them, showing Bushey Park and other environs, plus the dual carriageway leading south to my knees.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, these warts appear to be in order. Now then...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DISGRUNTLED) I shouldn't 'ave come. I get nothing, cuttin' my parts down. I coulda stayd at home, I didn't want to come...

SEAGOON:

So, gentlemen...

BLUEBOTTLE:

...to this rotten show.

SEAGOON:

I want to explain what we're trying to do.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't want to come 'ere at all.

SEAGOON:

Now in the fir...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Told me I gonna have a lot to say this week.

SEAGOON:

As I was saying, gentlemen...

BLUEBOTTLE:

My mum was alway groanin', I never had nothin' to say.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRY AND LOUD) If you've got a grudge, out with it, man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, I have! I got nothin' to say! You get all the acting parts. I don't know why. I seen that rotten show of yours at the Palladium. No wonder Val Parnell's resigned, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

You...!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yahay!

OMNES:

Ay! Ay!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! you twits! Look! You torn da legs off my shirt.

SEAGOON:

Legs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my shirts are made from mum's old drawers.

SEAGOON:

Ssh, fool! On the BBC the word 'drawers' is verboten.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright den, my shirts are made from mum's old verboten.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! Ooh, my crits!

MORIARTY:

Get out o' way, there. And now... And now, Neddie, have you got the plans of the original Montgomery?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, they're at the secret military laundry.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Then have you any idea of his future movements?

SEAGOON:

Yes, we have. We have a marble statue of them. But you need written permission to see it.

FX:

SCRIBBLING ON SLATE

MORIARTY:

Ah! There, there. There's a chit.

SEAGOON:

Wait. This ink is still wet.

MORIARTY:

Yes, er er... um, it's been raining, Ha ha, ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha.

MORIARTY:

Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

I see.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(READING) 'Please allow one Moriarty to see statue of Montgomery's future movements', signed General Health-Isbad. Who's General Health-Isbad?

GRYTPYPE:

Mine is, it's been bad for years, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm not satisfied with the standard of your jokes.

MILLIGAN:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

They have a Teutonic ring. R-I-N-G, pronounced...

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIME ONCE

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie. Remember our blue German blood.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) As they spoke, I noticed that both their Birmingham Iron Crosses had been made in Germany.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Hands up, Neddie! Up down, up down, up down, up! When we take prisoners we like them fit, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

So, you're German secret agents played by Lew and Leslie Grade!

GRYTPYPE:

Call it mis-casting if you wish. Moriarty...

MORIARTY:

Major.

GRYTPYPE:

Destroy that statue of Monty's future movements. The war is ours!

MORIARTY:

Ayar!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha. Don't be disheartened, listeners. That statue of Montgomery's movements was in fact only a statue of John Mills and Richard Attenborough's future movements. We, ha... we British aren't aren't stupid, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, you are, you're a lot o' twits, that's what you are. Look at my verbotens, all torn. I can't go out with birds like dis, can I?

GREENSLADE:

(AHEM) That night, one thousand guns of the Eighth Army thundered out their challenge.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang! Ahee hee hee.

GREENSLADE:

(AHEM) All night the battle raged. The Germans counter-attacked singing rude songs...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (SINGS OVER GREENSLADE) There was an old lady of Berlin...

GREENSLADE:

...and making certain unsavoury gestures.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) There's a einer batrieden...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Please!

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Za batrieden.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. At Montgomery's double's HQ...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MIMIC) Ays at ebery's ay-queue...

GREENSLADE:

His ever-ready staff...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Ever-ready staff...

GREENSLADE:

(FORCEFUL)... slept at the Alert.

BLUEBOTTLE:

At de alert.

OMNES:

CROWD SNORING AND WHISTLING

GRAMS:

COCK CROW

OMNES:

(PAUSE) SMACKING OF LIPS, CONTINUE SNORING, A FEW MURMURS

GRAMS:

COCK CROW

OMNES:

(PAUSE) SMACKING OF LIPS, SNORING AND WHISTLING

GRAMS:

COCK CROW COMMENCES

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

REMAINDER OF ROOSTER CROW SPEEDED UP - FAST

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Got him! I bet that's done him a power of good!

FX:

URGENT KNOCKING ON TINNY DOOR

BLOODNOK:

(PANIC) It's a lie! Miss Bartok and I are just good friends, I tell you. That's all we can be.

SEAGOON:

It's enough, isn't it? Ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Open up! Open up this four-ounce tin of Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Here's a tin-opener, open it yourself.

FX:

SINGLE TAP ON MUSICAL SAW FOR SPRING EFFECT

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, hurry! The battle started an hour ago.

BLOODNOK:

Blast! We shall miss the first part, I shall have to hurry. (FADE)

SEAGOON:

Never mind! There's a matinee on Thursday.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Ah.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING, TOGETHER WITH BICYCLE BELL RINGING

ECCLES:

(OVER) Away ah ah oh, oh.

SEAGOON:

(OVER GALLOPING) It's a man galloping on a bicycle.

ECCLES:

(OVER GALLOPING) Oh. Whoah!

FX:

GALLOPING STOPS

ECCLES:

Out o' my way, men! I'm on an urgent secret mission.

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

I'm deserting! Aho ho. (ASIDE) It's not me deserting, folks, it's Jor Damillkom Mills and Attenborough.

SELLERS:

Who, then, was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Wamoh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS, CHORD HELD, THEN SNARE DRUM BEAT HELD UNDER FOLLOWING

GREENSLADE:

(OVER SNARE DRUM) By dawn the Germans had been routed. Victory was ours and the English army went mad with joy.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS STOP

FX:

TEACUPS RATTLING

GRAMS:

INSTRUMENTAL 'I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN' FOR 10 SECONDS

FX:

(OVER) TEACUPS

SEAGOON:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) They say it's been in all the papers, you know.

SELLERS:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) We've had awfully nice weather for it.

SEAGOON:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) We did, yes. We... er, another fairy cake? There's more there.

SELLERS:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) Just love one.

FX:

DOORS OPEN

GRAMS:

MUSIC STOPS

BLOODNOK:

Stop this orgy, do you hear!

SEAGOON:

I say.

BLOODNOK:

I bring bad news *and* the payoff.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) The engine's running. Ha ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

That Battle of El Alamein we won was a fake. It was Alamein's double, played by Eccles.

ECCLES:

So dat's who I was. (SINGS ONE LONG HIGH NOTE - HELD FOR 11 SECONDS)

Ohhhhhowwohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

(AFTER 8 SECONDS INTO ECCLES'S NOTE, OVER) And on that note we end this week's show,

ECCLES:

(NOTE ENDS) Aha ha ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

I believe there's quite a good bus service from here so... goodnight.

GRAMS:

SHEEP BLEATING FOR 5 SECONDS

GREENSLADE:

Among the sheep in this recorded Goon Show were Wally Stott and his Orchestra, Max Geldray, The Ray Ellington Quartet, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, who writes it. Those who were fleeced were Wallace Greenslade, Announcer and Producer John Browell, who... often wishes he could... (ABRUPTLY CUT OFF BY MUSIC)

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' - 32 SECONDS

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

S9 E03 - The Million Pound Penny

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Harm it and you harm me. Semper fidelis, vivat John Snaggers! I will now swear an oath on the Radio Times.

SELLERS:

Stop! Here is a warning: owing to an outbreak of fish in the Cotswolds, all Tibetans with legs will be shot.

SPRIGGS:

Take aim, fire!

FX:

GUNSHOT

SECOMBE:

Aaaa! You fool, Milligoon. I'm not a Tibetan.

SPRIGGS:

Ooh, then why are you wearing legs, Jim? (SINGS) Why are you wearing legs?

SECOMBE:

People say they make me look taller.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, folks. Only legs will give you those extra inches. Buy a pair today! The new king size filter legs with a flip top knee!

SPRIGGS:

Never mind the flip flap knees, Jim. Where did you get those legs?

SECOMBE:

I bought them during a crawling tour of Bulgaria, you know. I was crawling...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SECOMBE:

AaaaaaeEEEEEEaaaaahhhh!

SELLERS:

I will now say part two from a distance. (OFF) Part two from a distance!

GREENSLADE:

I say 'This is the story of a crime-type murder'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE

SELLERS:

The scene: a watertight alibi in Chelsea, London WC.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Nobody move! This camera is loaded with a film of bullets. Mary Inspector Seagoon is the name. A-ha, ha. Now which one of you sixty men is Rita Hayworth?

WILLIUM:

We take it in turns, mate.

SEAGOON:

A constabule of the polis! Now tell me, what am I doing here?

WILLIUM:

Lookin'... lookin' for a murderer.

SEAGOON:

It's a bit early for that.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's a matinee, mate.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see. Who's playing the lead body?

WILLIUM:

So help me! Tom Pete is dead, matey.

SEAGOON:

Pete, dead? Dead Pete, that's terrible!

WILLIUM:

Yes, didn't get a laugh, either, did it.

MILLIGAN:

Keep going, lads, the good ones are ahead, keep going.

WILLIUM:

I found the vica-tim in the doorway of Val Parnell's wallet.

SEAGOON:

Poor vica-tim. C'est triste.

WILLIUM:

Triste, yer. By his body lay a sock half-full o' jelly.

SEAGOON:

Then... we're looking for a man wearing one sock and eating a jelly.

SPRIGGS:

Curse, Jim! London's full of them, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Ah, inspector Tooth. Bad news for you. Your grandmother, Fred Pete, is dead.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, I read about it in a newspaper.

SEAGOON:

He didn't die in a newspaper, mate. He was found under a copy of The Poultry Gazette!

SPRIGGS:

Poultry Gazette? I suspect fowl play!

SELLERS:

Ta-dahhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

I suspect old jokes, hup!

SPRIGGS:

Constable, arrest all old Jokes.

WILLIUM:

Right. Why'd the chicken cross the road? To get to the other side! I arrest you! Got him!

SPRIGGS:

Good man. Gentlemen, I think this man who did this sock jelly murder was a master criminule. Is there anything missing?

WILLIUM:

Yes, 'e is.

SEAGOON:

So! He got away with himself. He got awaaaay with himself. That's better, wasn't it, that was more like it. He must've been using the new king size legs. Anything else gone?

WILLIUM:

Ten volumes of Diana Dors in 3D.

SEAGOON:

What? Arrest all musclemen and search them for books of Diana Dors. And while you're about it, search Diana Dors for musclemen.

WILLIUM:

Oh. I'll get me appliance, mate.

SPRIGGS:

Stop! Willium, put that inspection light. Now tell me, where did you find this sock full of jelly, Jim?

WILLIUM:

On top of the Eiffel Tower.

SPRIGGS:

Sooooo! We're looking for a tall Frenchmen! *Or* a short Frenchmen standing on a chair with long arms. *Or* a short [UNCLEAR] looking facing east. With the long arms. Etcetera.

SEAGOON:

It could've been... It could've been... It (MAKES NOISE LIKE A SPEEDED UP RECORDING).

MILLIGAN:

That was an ad lib.

SEAGOON:

It could've been a tall man sitting *down* with long arms, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Yes. Shhhh!

SEAGOON:

What are you listening for?

SPRIGGS:

Laughs, Jim. What's the matter with them tonight?

SEAGOON:

You've had it too easy in Australia, mate!

MILLIGAN:

Don't [UNCLEAR]!

SEAGOON:

(laughs) Holding boomerangs and all that, there!

MILLIGAN:

All lies! All lies! I was [UNCLEAR]. It's all lies.

WILLIUM:

Inspector, I just been consulting my date book.

SEAGOON:

And?

WILLIUM:

I haven't eaten one for weeks. Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Arrest that man for old jokes.

WILLIUM:

Here, steady ohhhh...

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you twit!

SPRIGGS:

Please! Seagoon, outside.

WILLIUM:

Gentlemen...

FX:

WHISTLE

WILLIUM:

Ah!

GREENSLADE:

Half time, lads.

SEAGOON:

Ta.

GREENSLADE:

And as the players run off the field for a £10,000 transfer fee, on come the band of the royal Max Geldray

GELDRAI:

Oh, boy, at last, the breaks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Good luck!

MAX GELDRAI:

"PLEASE BE KIND"

GREENSLADE:

He's, um, very good, you know. Very good indeed!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Bit better than last...

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Ta. The Sock Jelly Murder: part two.

SEAGOON:

Stop, stop! Hello, folks. Hello, folks. Good news, folks. Whilst Max Geldray was playing, they captured the sock jelly murderer. A man called Arthur Plin.

GREENSLADE:

I say, that's a bit disappointing for the listeners.

THROAT:

Never mind, folks. We fill in the time with Ned the Miser.

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Arrrrr earrrr. You 'ear that naughty wind? 'Tis the wind that blows over the Kenneth Moors of a wintertime. People do say that if you 'olds a nergle in yer 'and and puts one ear 'ole to the ground, you can 'ear the wind blowing in the other ear 'ole. And that's the 'ouse of Miser Ned. Maharharhar harharharhar!

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND UP AND OUT

SEAGOON:

Aaaaa ha ha ha! Jeeves, throw another unpaid bill on the fire. And while you're about it, throw on a couple of unpaid Freds. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The money! And power! That's what I've got. Ha, ha. What else have I got?

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

SEAGOON:

The wind! Aaaah! Jeeves, here's a pencil. Go and draw the blinds.

JEEVES:

[MILLIGAN]

(INDIAN ACCENT) I arrest you for old jokes.

SEAGOON:

That was in the Sock Jelly Murder, that's over. I'm acting, I'm actin' me nut off, 'ere. A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Now, Jeeves, pull out the Seagoon's horde of coins.

FX:

ONE COIN DROPS TO FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Now back in the safe with it! A-ha, ha! A-ha, ha! One penny! Ha, ha! And it's tax-free! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Aaaaaaah! Ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha.... (CHOKES)

GREENSLADE:

He's *very* good, you know. *Very* good indeed. Meantime, with the aid of an ear-trumpet, two men have heard of Miser Ned's penny. And were heading that way along the old moor road.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPS PULLING CARRIAGE, SCREECH OF BREAKS, CHICKEN NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Coachman! Coachman! Why have we stopped?

SINGHIZ THING:

Chickens are tired, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

But coachman, my brown paper parcel and I must have shelter for the night. Our underwear is porous.

MORIARTY:

Alaga...

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you.

SPRIGGS:

Hands up! Hands up, everyone except me.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast! It's Ben Turpin. the cross-eyed highwaymen.

SPRIGGS:

Wrong, Jim. We are uncross-eyed Bow Street runners. And we're looking for a criminal ventriloquist and his French dummy, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, sir, but we're clean out of criminal ventwiloquists. Try the stage coach further down the road, they may stock them.

SPRIGGS:

Right, Jim.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, dear count, you can come out now, they've gone.

FX:

RATTLING PAPER

MORIARTY:

Aah! Must be a better way of travelling than this.

WILLIUM:

I thought so! You been tryin' to ride free.

MORIARTY:

Nonsense! Nonsense, nice man. Nonsense, Herr Doktor. I'm a ventriloquist dummy. Ha, ha!

WILLIUM:

Eh? You're real, you talks. And look! You got dandruff on yer nut.

MORIARTY:

I tell you, it's *his*.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, it's mine. Not only do I throw my voice, I also throw my dandruff.

MORIARTY:

That is true, I back him up on that.

WILLIUM:

I shall have to take down your name, I...

MORIARTY:

I never...!

WILLIUM:

Aaaah!

GRAMS:

SPLUDGE!

WILLIUM:

Aooow! Ow, I been sponned, ohhh!

MORIARTY:

Right in his old bazolika dowsers! A-ha, ha, haaaa!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But you'd better unscrew that lump on his nut, we don't want to leave any evidence, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right. Look, Grytpype, there. 4,000 miles away. A house with a light in it.

GRYTPYPE:

And it smells delicious. Go and ring the front door here and I'll cover you with this forty-five calibre sing.

MORIARTY:

At once, [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS A VERSION OF 'TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART AGAIN' FOR ABOUT 15 SEC)

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING IN

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHS) Here, complete with two spare door knockers, one door.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Hand me my door knocking hat.

FX:

DOING!

MORIARTY:

Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, to arouse the occupants.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

HENRY CRUN:

(OFF) Coming, coming!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING SLOWLY (FOR 20 SEC)

MORIARTY:

He's coming, sir. He's coming.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS AND LOCKS

HENRY CRUN:

Aaah! Now, who was that knocking?

MORIARTY:

It was my friend, Grytpype-Thynne.

HENRY CRUN:

I can't see him.

MORIARTY:

That's because *you* were playing him.

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MORIARTY:

He's never here when you're here.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't understand.

MORIARTY:

Neither do the audience, that's why it isn't getting a laugh.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Very quiet this evening.

MORIARTY:

Yes, they is. Now listen, old man. We are stranded, you know. Stranded.

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MORIARTY:

Yes, our stage coach was suddenly taken ill with a dreadful...

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun! Close that door... I say, who are these three women?

HENRY CRUN:

These three women are two men.

SEAGOON:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, we are fleeing from the advancing German army.

SEAGOON:

Eh? They gave in in 1945.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, yes, but we are made of sterner stuff, sir

SEAGOON:

I don't like this at all.

MORIARTY:

(OFF – AD LIB) You're not the only one.

SEAGOON:

Two strange men arriving in a mist during an equinox of the shins on the anniversary of my legs? Ha, ha. Oh, no. It bodes evil, I tell you. There's an old Gypsy saying... I just can't think of it at the moment.

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, my card.

SEAGOON:

Mr Grytpype-Thynne? King of England? King of England? Knighthoods done while you wait? You're the king?

GRYTPYPE:

My word, yes

MORIARTY:

That is true, Ned.

SEAGOON:

How do you know my name?

MORIARTY:

I met it at a dance.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

MORIARTY:

Pretender to the throne of France!

SEAGOON:

You don't look like a king.

MORIARTY:

That's because I'm only pretending.

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Aaaah! Oooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon the steam king, Neddie, he's never been the same since the fall of France.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

It fell on me, that's why!

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Aaaah! Oooow! (FRENCH GIBBERISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you steaming idiot!

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH GIBBERISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Phish too! Now, Ned. You're rich, yes?

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty was feeling inside your pockets and he heard you had money.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! See this penny? I own it!

MORIARTY:

A penny. Both sides?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Hard to believe, eh? A-ha, ha! No, no! Put down that sock full of jelly, no! So you're the maaaaan!

GRAMS:

SPLUDGE!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaeeeehuuh!

MORIARTY:

Timbeeer!

GRAMS:

TREE CRASHES DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Good work, steam count. Unscrew his legs so he can't follow us. Now for the palot. Dear listeners, this penny is valuable. You see, it has been left a million pounds in the will of Neddies grandmother. All we have to do now is finish granny.

GREENSLADE:

Very good, lads. Meantime, forty-thousand miles away in a daub and wattle hut in Mongolia, Ray Ellington is about to play a contortionist in E flat.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THAT'S MY GIRL"

GREENSLADE:

He's, um, very good, you know.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) He is, you know.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Yes. Jolly good.

GREENSLADE:

Very good indeed. Meantime, as Ned the Miser lies unconscious in a pool of unconsciousness, a fiend poacher is at work in the grounds.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

BUBBLING WATER UNDER GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Aaaarough! Aaaaarrough! Aaaaaaouh! Aeough! Oh! Ohhh! Oh, that's better. (SINGS) Oh, oh, Dennis. Dennis, you eat tonight, Dennis, that is what you do. You eat tonight. (STOPS SINGING) Now, where's me butler's revenge frying pan? Ah, here we are.

FX:

RATTLING PANS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) La, da-da, deeeeee. Little fishes from the sea. I'm going to cook you tonight, my dear. Ho, ho, Hooo!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Bang, bang, my man!

BLOODNOK:

What, what, what?

ECCLES:

Don't you know you're not allowed to shoot fish?

BLOODNOK:

Scron me lip plons! What the... Who are you, sir? Explain away that tatty body and those Jacobean legs, please.

ECCLES:

They're mine.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

I'm Mad Dan Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Well that explains everything, but it doesn't help me at all. Well I deny having shot any fish.

ECCLES:

Aooooooh! I saw you point your gun at that river and go... BAAANG! You did that.

BLOODNOK:

What? But I wasn't shooting naughty fish.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

I was shooting the river.

ECCLES:

Shooting the river?

BLOODNOK:

Course.

ECCLES:

(CLOSE TO MIC) There's something funny going on here, folks.

BLOODNOK:

Come away from that audience, Eccles, you don't know where they've been. I can explain everything, Eccles.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF – AD LIB) I say, look here.

BLOODNOK:

There's been a terrible drought in Bagshot and the lads sent me out here to shoot some water. You've heard of a water shoot, haven't you, Mad Dan?

ECCLES:

No. But I've heard of a piece of knotted string.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, it's... it's *like* a piece of knotted string, only it's called a water shoot.

ECCLES:

Ohhhooooogooo.

BLOODNOK:

I don't think you're quite with it, you know. However, I'll play it to you.

ECCLES:

Play it to me.

GRAMS:

PIANO ACCOMPANIES BLOODNOK IN A 32 SEC. RENDITION OF "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" AS FOLLOWS:

BLOODNOK:

It's a long, long way to Tipparary

It's a military way to go

A long, long way to Tipparary

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

AaahOoooh! To that Swedish girl I know.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

That's not a girl

A long way to Tipparary, ohhh...

'cause my heart lies there.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

A long, long way to Tipparary
'cause that's were I want to be.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

Aaawhooh!

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

There!

ECCLES:

That was a Water Shoot?

BLOODNOK:

In the key of E flat, there's no law against shooting water, I tell you.

ECCLES:

Oh, no?

BLOODNOK:

No.

ECCLES:

I'd better look in my little book and see what it says.

FX:

FLIPPING PAPER IN A BOOK

ECCLES:

"This book... belongs... to Eccles". OK, you're in the clear.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ECCLES:

Yeah. You're still trespassing though. I'd better take your name down.

BLOODNOK:

My name? Oh, erm...

ECCLES:

Come on, now.

BLOODNOK:

Er, well, I, um... Mrs Elizabeth Thuinge.

ECCLES:

Mrs El... You a woman?

BLOODNOK:

Er – Quite so, yes, yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Oooooooooohohohoho!

BLOODNOK:

Stay away from me, I tell you!

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

ECCLES:

We'd better... We'd better run and tell the master.

LITTLE JIM:

We'd better run and tell the master!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC AND LONG LINK

SEAGOON:

Aaah! Ohohoh! Struck down! Aaooh! AAAAAaahohohoho! In me prime, yet! Oooohho! oooohho!
Hoh.

GREENSLADE:

He's *very* good, you know, very good. That... That was Mr Seagoon playing Ned the Miser, still unconscious. But luckily, the long player of his groans have reached the top ten and a band of young stalwarts are on the way.

GRAMS:

FAST MARCHING MUSIC FOR 13 SEC.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men, halt!

GRAMS:

STOP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Falls on the ground from the shoulders put there.

GRAMS:

PLANKS ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. SOMEONE SAYING: HA!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men of the third Finchley Wolfcubs... Young Sprodley, don't do that. We are known as the women-savers. Our duty is to crush vice in Finchley.

GRAMS:

LITTLE BOYS SHOUTING: HIP HIP, HURRAY HURRAY. HIP HIP, HURRAY HURRAY. HIP RAY HIP RAY HIP RAY!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Crush all vice and leave just enough for us. Now, men, breathing exercise. In...

GRAMS:

BOYS BREATHING IN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh, Plunton! Draw your stomach in like this.

FX:

SLIDING WHISTLE GOING DOWN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, my trousers!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Young Bluebottle! Stop that modern-type entertainment at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, it's Granny Min from Eastbourne. Hello, Granny Min from Eastbourne.

MINNIE:

Hello, young Bottle from Plunge. Your dinner's in the oven.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaoooooh! Struck down by sock jelly! Aaaaah!

MINNIE:

It's Neddie! Ohh, he looks a drunk. Neddie, let me smell your breath. (SNIFFS) Neddie, you've been eating again.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaah oooooooo!

MINNIE:

Throw away that bottle of vintage food.

SEAGOON:

Oooh! Granny Min! Back from the dead! How long you staying?

MINNIE:

Me, dead? Who said soooooo?

SEAGOON:

The man I paid to knock you off. I mean aaaadododoooo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Granny Min, he wants to do you in, Min.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you nutty nit or I'll...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Granny Min is gonna belt me with that dirty big saw!

SEAGOON:

It's only made of rubber, lad.

MINNIE:

Throw it away.

FX:

SAW HITTING FLOOR

MINNIE:

Ooooh!

HENRY CRUN:

Sir, sir, the gamekeeper is outside with a bucket of dead water, sir.

ECCLES:

Hello, master. This man's been shooting at your water.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you, Ned the Miser. I'll sue you for every penny I owe you and... Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. (WITH OCTAVE) Ohhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohohohoho!

SEAGOON:

What's on the other side? I don't...

BLOODNOK:

Silence, please. What? It can't be. Is it?

MINNIE:

Is it? It is.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Dennis, isn't it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, dear heart. Ooooh! And you, my childhood sweetheart number 3-4-5.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Then you remember.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I remember, my dear. I have a memo on my shins.

MINNIE:

Oooooh! Oh, Dennis, ohhhh! Then you *do* remember me.

BLOODNOK:

Of course, darling. You're Fred Puker, the dustman from Leeds.

MINNIE:

Ooh, no.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Ooh, no. I'm Minnie Bannister, the millionairess from Tring.

BLOODNOK:

From Tring! Even better! Ohhhh, how well I remember the place, Tring. Tring Tring Tring.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

You rang, sir?

BLOODNOK:

What? Get out, will you!

MINNIE:

But he's very good.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he is very good.

MINNIE:

Very small part. Thank you. Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Next week, Manchester.

BLOODNOK:

Come, Min. Let me hold you close.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Not... Ohhh, stea... Ohhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Oh, now.

GRAMS:

LOUD SHIP'S HORN

BLOODNOK:

Aeough!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GUST OF WIND, TWO CLOCK CHIMES

GREENSLADE:

That was two clocks striking one independently and the wind is on loan. In the great Baronial phone box, Ned the Miser is plotting to destroy Min.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, two o'clock. Time for your revenge.

HENRY CRUN:

Alright, we must save my modern Min from ancient Bloodnok, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Here, put this bomb in his coffee.

HENRY CRUN:

Won't it keep him awake?

SEAGOON:

It'll *explode* him! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

HENRY CRUN:

But Bloodnok is *used* to explosions.

SEAGOON:

Not this kind, mate.

SEAGOON:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

Off you go. Ha, ha, ha. The moment he explodes, I'll force the old dear to change the will in my favour. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha! Hum hum. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, haa!

GREENSLADE:

He's... He's *very good*, you know. And so Mr Secombe overacts his way towards another summer season at Scunthorpe. Meantime, outside the manor, the counter-plot is about to begin.

ORCHESTRA:

SHOWBIZ LINK

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, we're on.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, there's a light in Min's window. Load the grandmother gun.

MORIARTY:

And don't forget, don't shoot 'till you see the whites of her corsets.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Let's toss for who does it.

MORIARTY:

Right! Let's use the rich penny.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Heads or tails?

MORIARTY:

Yes! Up she goes.

FX:

RATTLING COIN

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Come out, Min, or I'll... oops!

FX:

COIN IN MUG

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! I've swallowed a penny, I'm rich!

MORIARTY:

Oh... Oh, dear, don't panic, sir. Let's have a... Let's have a drink together.

BLOODNOK:

What a fine idea.

MORIARTY:

Here's to you and your penny.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Caster oil! Ohhh! And after that coffee, no no!

SEAGOON:

Did you say coffee?

HENRY CRUN:

Has he drunk it yet, sir?

MORIARTY:

I tell you I...

GRAMS:

LONG EXPLOSION

FX:

COIN FALLS TO FLOOR

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

There... there's a penny. Let's go buy lollipops, shall we?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SING "POP GOES THE WEASEL" FADES OUT)

GREENSLADE:

They're very good, you know. And yes, they appear to have finished. So everyone back to their own beds. Goodnight.

GRAMS:

WAILING

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH"

GREENSLADE:

They're very good, you know. Very good indeed!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT"

S9 E04 - Pam's Paper Insurance Policy

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

(ORIGINAL BROADCAST VERSION) This is the BBC Home Service. Fraternising with the Light Programme natives is forbidden.

(REPEAT BROADCAST VERSION) This is the BBC Light Programme. Fraternising with Home Service natives is forbidden.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Owww!

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) I told you he'd been at the...

SECOMBE:

I seen you tip-toein' into the typist's pool after dark.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well done.

GREENSLADE:

That was only for a moonlight swim, sir.

SECOMBE:

A moonlight swim in your pyjamas? I don't believe my ear trumpets.

GREENSLADE:

All lies, dear listeners. I wore not the pyjamas. I wore bathing drawers of the briefest grist.

MILLIGAN:

Ah, ha, haaaa.

GREENSLADE:

And ladies have remarked on my noble proportions.

SECOMBE:

I bet they have, mate. Ha ha. Now just take a gander at this sequel to the hula-hoop.

GREENSLADE:

Let's see.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) The hula-hoop

GREENSLADE:

Be you own father: A new genetic game. I... I say, the ladies won't subscribe to this idea.

SECOMBE:

Fear of unemployment, eh? Don't worry, ladies, it's only a game, you know, only a game. Ha, ha, ho, hooo.

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) You had them worried, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Here's another Merry Christmas game. The complete home neck-breaking kit. Watch. Hup!

FX:

THUD. NECK BREAKING.

GRAMS:

CHEERS.

SELLERS:

Yes, folks. You can hear how popular a broken neck can be. Just one downward stroke of a sledgehammer and wow, hear your friends laugh. And now a word from our sponsor.

SECOMBE:

Blood-orange.

SELLERS:

Next week another word.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Told you it wouldn't get a...

SELLERS:

Forward, nurgler Seagoon.

SECOMBE:

Aaahh.

SELLERS:

Ee.

SECOMBE:

Ti.

SELLERS:

To.

SECOMBE & SELLERS:

Tuuu!

MILLIGAN:

All together now, please:

OMNES:

Tuuuuu!

MILLIGAN:

Ohhh, what it is to have friends. (PAUSE) Or I thought I did, anyhow. Now, folks, here is Mr Greenslade to make an omni-directional announcement, from the waist upwards.

SECOMBE:

Come on, there, Wal. Give us the old posh wireless talkin', there, Wal.

SELLERS:

Go on, Wal, spit da words out, Wal, go on.

MILLIGAN:

Go on, there. Go on, Wal...

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen.

SELLERS:

Cor, 'ark at 'at, there.

SECOMBE:

Yeah, class.

GREENSLADE:

Stop. Oi, oi.

SECOMBE:

Real class. Real class.

GREENSLADE:

Quiet.

SECOMBE:

Real class.

GREENSLADE:

Quiet.

SECOMBE:

Take your glasses off, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Look...

MILLIGAN:

Get up, there.

GREENSLADE:

Because I talk proper like, nark all the old chatter, there, please. (LAUGHS) Ladies and g...

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

MILLIGAN:

This is only the beginning.

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and g entlemen, the scene is a pair of trembling knees in the Maldives. From their shelter two criminals royal are partaking of a frugal meal.

FX:

KNIVES AND FORKS ON PLATES. (UNDER SCENE)

GRYTPYPE:

(HUMS)

MORIARTY:

Another plate of frugals?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, no, Moriarty, but a little more newspaper stew, if you [UNCLEAR]...

MORIARTY:

You shall have it, sir. (SINGS TO HIMSELF)

GRYTPYPE:

We've never had it so good, count.

MORIARTY:

We've never had it so good, buddy,

GRYTPYPE:

My dear pince-nez. Tell me, pince-nez...

MORIARTY:

Owww?

GRYTPYPE:

Where did you learn this foul but economical recipe?

MORIARTY:

It's a family secret!

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

They died after the first mouthful.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

And so did that joke. It was terrible... I had to do all the washing up myself.

GRYTPYPE:

There is a possible plot for this week's show.

MORIARTY:

No, let me get out of the way.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Do listen carefully, dear listeners, on your attention of it depends your enjoyment. The editor of "Pam's Paper" will pay one thousand leather pounds to the next of kin of any person who is drowned in water, provided a copy of Pam's Paper is found on the deceased's body. You're wearing a deceased body aren't you, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

No, no! It's still got power in it. Listen to these knees:

FX:

CASTANETS.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

That is power, my dear pince-nez. Never mind about that, run out and buy a copy of Pam's Paper and we'll find a Charlie to drown, Moriarty. Ha ha ho!

MORIARTY:

Hu hu ho!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on board one of Her Majesty's gas stoves in a Sussex wood, a bundle of Welsh rags suddenly become animate.

FX:

HAMMERING ON ANVIL

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) We'll keep a welcome in the dustbins, A-ha, ha, ha, ha, deee-da-deeee. Ah-ha... Oh, er... Ha! That's got me old legs straightened out. Ha-ha, ha! Aaaaah, now, folks. What a perfect winter's day. A blanket of white snow. What a pity it's July. Ha ha. Still...

FX:

SOMETHING SCRAPING, BOTTLES DROPPING (REPEATS)

SEAGOON:

Willium! What are you doing there in that bush?

WILLIUM:

Shavin', mate. I had a sudden attack of 'airs.

SEAGOON:

Well hurry up, there's other people waiting.

WILLIUM:

I thought you was trying to cut down on bushes, mate.

SEAGOON:

Idle gossip, I tell you, idle gossip.

FX:

LOAN BIRD WHISTLING/CALLING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Listen! An English bird in full-throated cry! Oh, a part of England's treasured heritage! Where is the dear bird? Ahhh, I see him.

FX:

GUNSHOT.

GRAMS:

WHA, WAA, (THEN SPED UP)

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Got him. Right in the primaries.

ECCLES:

You fool! Look what you done to my fairy cakes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, naughty me.

ECCLES:

You naughty man. These fairy cakes are heirlooms.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, let me describe this crutty herbet. He was covered from head to foot in hand painted chicken feathers and standing in a tree.

ECCLES:

Eh! What...? Why has this tree stopped?

SEAGOON:

It's got a puncture.

ECCLES:

(TYPICAL ECCLES NOISES). I said.

SEAGOON:

Come down, nitty nong. And warm yourself by this roaring lion.

ECCLES:

Oh, ta. I'm going to let you into a secret. (PAUSE) I'm making... a world record.

SEAGOON:

Really? Tell the, folks. Listen to this, folks. Why should I suffer alone?

ECCLES:

I do.

SEAGOON:

(ECCLES-LIKE) Okay.

ECCLES:

Folks, if I go on wearing these chicken feathers for the next eighty nine years, I'll break the world's bird impression record. And win the golden nest... (AUDIO CUT OFF?)

SEAGOON:

Gad! You parents must be proud of you.

ECCLES:

Well, actually they're not, I... I... um...

SEAGOON:

Well do a bird impression for the folks.

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll do a bird impression for the, folks. (PAUSE) Ahem. Bang! Ahhhh, owwww.

SEAGOON:

What bird was that?

ECCLES:

That was the one you just shot! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hoooo! You're a funny man, Eccles! A-ha, haaaa!, Eccles you're a funny man.

WILLIUM:

You're a twit, mate, now go on, be off with you, mate, go on.

ECCLES:

Well, before I be off, I'll do an impression of Max Geldray's nose.

GRAMS:

LONG FOG HORN BLAST.

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, at last the conk is getting a breaks!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Mr Geldray is now willing to sign autographs.

SEAGOON:

Willing? He's desperate, mate.

GREENSLADE:

Be... Be that as it may, me, mi, mo, mu. But will you please take up your positions for part two? On your mark, get set, go!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF RUNNING BOOTS SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Look! What's that lying there on the road, gasping?

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's a friend of man. A fully mature, clean shaven, world war one doughnut.

SEAGOON:

Gad! So it is. Form a cordon round it.

MORIARTY:

(ECHOING) (GIBBERISH).

WILLIUM:

'ere, there's some nit inside it. I'm off.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Whoever you are in that doughnut, come out!

MORIARTY:

(ECHOING MUFFLED) Don't shoot, come out. We're coming out in the direction of up.

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF MOTORS. CRASH OF DOORS.

LIFT ATTENDANT:

[SELLERS]

Top floor: Blouses, loose colours and certain appliances.

SEAGOON:

A door in the doughnut opened and out stepped two well endowed men facing east.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't panic, Ned. Put down that loaded Eccles. We are but honest doughnut miners.

SEAGOON:

Miners? Mining for what?

GRYTPYPE:

Jam.

SEAGOON:

Jam, the man says. There hasn't been jam in doughnuts since before the war.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, no?

GRYTPYPE:

No?

MORIARTY:

Look at this!

SEAGOON:

Gad! Dear loosteners. There, gleaming on a slice of Moriarty's bread, was a piece of genuine uncut jam.

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, ha, haaaa. And there's moooore where that came from.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I wish I could strike jam.

GRYTPYPE:

You can, Ned. Hu, hu, hu ho.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Join us and become a merry singing jam miner in this key.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(SING TO THE TUNE OF TRAMP, TRAMP TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING)

Jam, jam, jam, the boys are marching
Jam, jam, jam, they have them all,
if you have to get some more,
you can scrape it off the floor,
sandwich jam, jam, jam, forever more!

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a wonderful start.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned, your entrance fee. Have you any securities?

SEAGOON:

A life insurance on Greenslade.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GREENSLADE:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Then run and collect it, Ned.

FX:

PAIR OF FEET RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(THEY HUM WHILE THEY WAIT)

GRYTPYPE:

This thing takes a lot of nerve, you know.

FX:

RETURNING FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

MORIARTY:

Here he comes back again.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS SLOWING TO A STOP.

MORIARTY:

Welcome back, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Here's Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Here. Fifty pounds insurance.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL

GRYTPYPE:

And there is your jam miner's ticket.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, take him somewhere while I arrange his drowning.

MORIARTY:

I'll do that.

GRYTPYPE:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) And don't forget the copy of Pam's Paper on the naughty body.

MORIARTY:

Just for the plot.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Come, Neddie, let us dine in to the manner which we are not accustomed. Namely... food!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Taxi!

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SPRIGGS:

Where to Jim? (SINGS) Where to Ji-immmmm? Where, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Part three and don't strain yourself. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Hold tight Ji-immmmm.

FX:

HORSE SLOWLY CLOPPING AWAY.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in part three, a hotel chef has had a *terrible* accident.

FX:

VERY LOUD THUD.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

FX:

EXPLOSION, CRASHING OF GLASS, UTENSILS ETC SPILLING

BLOODNOK:

Oh, open a window, will you? Ohh, dear. A gas stove's exploded. Oh, dear, all me English Pizza ruined. Never mind, it was only a B pizza.

FX:

EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Hello, we've come here to dine.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, welcome to Chez de Customers, Monsewer.

SEAGOON:

Merci, merci vous etez très gentile, mon ami. Nous sommes très...

BLOODNOK:

Speak English, you ignorant swine, will you.

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, how dare you insult this ignorant swine?

BLOODNOK:

I beg your pardon, I had no idea that you were an ignorant swine. Allow me to show you to your tarble desmaines.

MORIARTY:

Ah, damaines.

SEAGOON:

Ta. I say. Why are you smothered in rice pudding?

BLOODNOK:

I'm trying to keep it at body temperature, you...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Anyway, that went well, didn't it.

SEAGOON:

Splondeed, splondeed. Now, could we have the menu?

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, the menu is off. Something else, perhaps? The... bill, the l'additions? Or something?

SEAGOON:

I know where I've seen you.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

You're Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Right first time.

SEAGOON:

I recognised your old army boots.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, I always wear 'em, you know.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I can't get 'em off, as a matter of fact. You! I... Wait... wait a bit. Where's me old pictures? I've got 'em here some...

SEAGOON:

Ooh.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I recognise that frilling sticking plaster. You're private Ned Seagoon. Well, well, well, well, well. People told me you were dead.

SEAGOON:

What people?

BLOODNOK:

The ones that saw you on television recently.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? Lies, you know, all lies! Hello, folks, hello, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Give us a song.

SEAGOON:

I'm the [UNCLEAR] of London, you, I sing louder than Adele Leigh.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Sing!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) We'll keep a dustbin in Yaka Ba Kaka.

MORIARTY:

He's only joking, Neddie, don't get so upset, Neddie

SEAGOON:

Yes, but why does he have to tell the truth?

MORIARTY:

I don't know.

BLOODNOK:

Ned, I hear you just matured an insurance policy.

SEAGOON:

True.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Ned. You remember that during the war I borrowed a hundred pounds off you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I'm perfectly willing to forget all about it. And let bygones be bygones. Now Ned, can I interest you in a few shares in an exploding knee industry?

MORIARTY:

Don't listen, Neddie, he's a ch... a creat, a pa... cheat! A crook! He's a blaggard, I don't know...

BLOODNOK:

Take that!

FX:

METALLIC CLANK

MORIARTY:

Oooowwww... (PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

Fear he's... allergic to sledgehammers, you know. Gladys!

THROAT:

Yes, Mate.

BLOODNOK:

Massage his head with a shovel.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

METALLIC CLANK

MORIARTY:

Arrgghh!

BLOODNOK:

See that bottle of water on the mantelpiece?

SEAGOON:

Is it yours?

BLOODNOK:

Last night I crept down to the river Thames and I stole it.

SEAGOON:

What a thrilling life you lead.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I have discovered, Neddie, that the river Thames reaches *both banks!* I believe that there is life on the other side.

SEAGOON:

Fool! Ha, ha, ha. England finishes at Woolwich.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but there have been signs; things floating in the river, you know; that show there are sort of low form of life over there, you know.

SEAGOON:

How long would it take to cross?

BLOODNOK:

Four months as the crow flies. Of course if you go to Battersea Bridge it takes only ten minutes.

SEAGOON:

But isn't that the... the danger route?

BLOODNOK:

It's *hell* over there, I tell you. Only last week an old lady fell off her electric stilts... and well, I'm afraid she'll never live again.

SEAGOON:

You're right, it's better by raft. (PIRATE ACCENT) I'll join 'e, matey.

BLOODNOK:

Good 'e, matey, arrr.

SEAGOON:

Argh aaargh.

BLOODNOK:

Now take this pen and sign on a prize crew... (SOUNDS LIKE A SHARP EDIT). Da da daa dum

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

GRAMS:

GAGGLE OF PEOPLE TALKING.

GREENSLADE:

The sounds you hear are second rate extras chosen for their inferior quality to allow Mr Secombe's slender talents to shine.

SEAGOON:

I'll see you outside, mate. (LAUGHS) I couldn't miss ya. (CLEARs THROAT) Men of old Deptford! You're all naughty sons of the sea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not, I was born on dry land, I was. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you! The Fred Quinge ward.

SEAGOON:

Right. Take one pace forward.

FX:

BOOTS STEP STEP, SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiiie!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now one pace back, you spotty herbet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... rotten twinnick. Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) That's the trouble. There is nobody my size!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home now? I gotta get my ear bandaged, I just bit it.

SEAGOON:

How did you manage to bite your ear?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SLOWLY) I stood on a chair, a-ha, hey!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Stop that laughing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I'm the funny man in this bit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now this... (LAUGHS) (OFF) It says 'ere. (NORMAL) Now! Those who want to sail on the cross-Thames raft, follow me. But first, Ray Ellington will give us a chance to get at the old brandy, there. Ahhh....! (FADE)

FX:

STAMPEDING FEET.

ELLINGTON:

I wonder where he hides that stuff?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ODD MAN OUT'

FX:

CONTINUOUS SLAPPING, UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(CRIES OF PAIN, VARIOUS OWS, ETC) Ah.

(2 SECOND PAUSE)

FX:

SLAPPING RESUMES, UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(FURTHER CRIES OF PAIN, VARIOUS OWS, ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

There. Take that. Take that, [UNCLEAR]!

FX:

SLAPPING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

There!

MORIARTY:

(OWS OF RELIEF)

GRYTPYPE:

Let that clubbing be a lesson to you, you crutty French schlapper.

MORIARTY:

Not... nutting.

GRYTPYPE:

I turn my back and you let Neddie get into the opiate brown power of Bloodnok.

FX:

SLAP.

MORIARTY:

Ow! I'm... I'm sorry, Grytpype. Sorry, pronounced...

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE) I'M SORRY, GRYTPYYYYYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

All right then, Moriarty.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, SPED UP) I'M SORRY GRYTPYYYYYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't cringe to me, you fool.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, LOWER) I'M SORRY GRYTPYYYYYPE

GRYTPYPE:

I can't bear you saying it once, three times is too much for me.

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE, SPED UP) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE, I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. (REPEATED AND ECHOED)

GRYTPYPE:

You're sorry?

GRAMS:

(MORIARTY INSIDE PIPE) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. (GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER) I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE. I'M SORRY GRYTPYPE.

GRYTPYPE:

I've heard that somewhere before. Get into this cannon, Moriarty.

FX:

BOOM.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww..... (FADES)

GRYTPYPE:

Consider yourself fired. Fortunately, by walking with a limp, I placed a limpet mine under their raft. Don't forget, folks, they are on a raft.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL TRUMPET LINK

MORIARTY:

(OVER, SINGS) Ba bar da doh.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER, SINGS) Dohhhh. De ya papoohh.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) October the fourteenth.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS, UNDER:

BANERJEE:

Get! Shoo! Shoo! [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

[UNCLEAR].

BANERJEE:

But look! But ohh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear.

BANERJEE:

All coal dust everywhere.

LALKAKA:

Ah.

BANERJEE:

Good heavens, I... I... Good heavens.

LALKAKA:

Ahdah.

BANERJEE:

I... I... I don't know what. The European Bloodnok says the raft... the raft must be finished today.

LALKAKA:

It is finished, it will be finished today, it will definitely be finished.

BANERJEE:

It will.

LALKAKA:

Now don't panic, man. Everything in the garden is indeed lovely, I'm telling you.

BANERJEE:

Lovely. Lovely, lovely. Lovely, he says. Lovely! I'm... I'm down to my last loin cloth and not a sign of any curry powder from the old country. Everything is lovely, he says. Everything is lovely.

LALKAKA:

But listen, listen.

BANERJEE:

What?

LALKAKA:

Listen to me Banerjee.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

But listen, listen.

LALKAKA:

What?

BANERJEE:

Listening, listening listening.

LALKAKA:

Looking on the op . . . op . . . er . . . opamatistic side,
man. Two things can happen.

BANERJEE:

Two things?

LALKAKA:

One... one... one that we finish it.

BANERJEE:

Yep, yep.

LALKAKA:

And two, that we do no finish it.

BANERJEE:

Yes.

LALKAKA:

And if we don't finish it, well, that is definitely the finish of it, that is what...

BANERJEE:

What are you saying, man?

LALKAKA:

I know.

BANERJEE:

What are you saying?

LALKAKA:

I [UNCLEAR]...

BANERJEE:

If we don't finish it, that is the finish of it. You're up the duff, I tell you. (CONTINUES UNDER
LALKAKA)

LALKAKA:

What I said was grammatically correct, I'm telling you.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

It is just that you've never been to Oxford [UNCLEAR] University.

BANERJEE:

Ha ha hud!

LALKAKA:

So you do not understand the parsing and the tensing of the sentences.

SEAGOON:

Is... is the raft finished?

BLOODNOK:

It's floating and that's good enough for me. We shall sail with the tide. Hoist the mast! We shall have to wait for the wind.

SEAGOON:

With you aboard we shouldn't have to wait too long.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Now I want you to keep this copy of Pam's Paper on your body.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. It fits perfectly

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I chose it myself.

SEAGOON:

(GIRLY VOICE) Oh, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Not at all.

SEAGOON:

What about navigators?

BLOODNOK:

I never wear navigators! This man will be he, he he hee.

ECCLES:

Hel-lo, Neddie. You remember me? Here. (MAKE BIRD WHISTLE NOISES)

SEAGOON:

Of course! Do you remember me?

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Owww! Aool, aool. My new fairy cakes.

SEAGOON:

This man is no good, he's perforated below the water line.

BLOODNOK:

What? He's brilliant, I tell you. Eccles? Did you know that the Thames is 218 miles long?

ECCLES:

218 miles long, eh?

BLOODNOK:

And you know it's 30 yards wide?

ECCLES:

30 yards wide.

BLOODNOK:

You see? He has the answer to both questions.

SEAGOON:

Ahh. You know how wide it is, you know how long it is, but! Can you tell me where the source is?

ECCLES:

Oh, I think it's on the dinner table. Ho, ho! A-ha, ha, ha. You're a funny man, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oh, I lie mala.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ECCLES:

I'm alone, ain't I?

BLOODNOK:

Pity about that but proof positive. Well, cast off, I'll just strap on these fifty life belts for a joke.

SEAGOON:

Well done.

BLOODNOK:

The dreaded Thames trans trum trom...

ECCLES:

ba dum ba dum.

BLOODNOK:

Is on!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

FX:

FOG HORN (CONTINUE QUIETLY IN BACKGROUND)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOES GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on the dreaded north bank, the editors of Pam's Paper which, if you remember, are offering one thousand pounds for...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Get on with it, will you? Keeping me hanging round, I'm only wearing shorts in this fog, you know.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) On the mysterious north bank we find the editors of Pam's Paper enveloped in fog.

FX:

LONG FOG HORN.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh-ohhhh-ohhhh!

CRUN:

Oh, dear. What a night it's going to be, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

FX:

FOG HORN.

CRUN:

Ohhhhh, ohhhh.

FX:

LOW FOG HORN ANSWERED BY ANOTHER BACK AND FORTH

CRUN:

Put your saxophone away, Min, will you?

MINNIE:

I wish it was. It's something crossing the river, Henry! And don't forget that lord Pugg is coming tomorrow. lli puggy.

CRUN:

It's not Pugg, Min. It's pronounced "heeeeeewwww"

MINNIE:

Oh, that's dangerous, Henry. I mean, supposing somebody recognise him on the tram and shouts "PEEEWWW"

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

Could put the trams off their...

FX:

CRASH, EXPLOSION

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Owwww!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhhhhh.....!

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Owwwwww!

CRUN:

Somebody's drowning, bring the Irish Stew.

MINNIE:

What for?

CRUN:

I love Irish Stew.

MINNIE:

Well, Irish stew in...

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Help! Help! My legs don't reach the bottom.

MINNIE:

He must be deformed.

CRUN:

(OFF) What's happening out there?

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

CRUN:

Ned, catch this dry suit of clothes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, here's the receipt.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast, Moriarty, he's still alive.

ECCLES:

Ha! (CATCHING BREATH) Pardon me. Oh, dear, what a swim! A-ha, ha, hooo-oow. Are you natives of the dreaded north bank?

GRYTPYPE:

Errrr... Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

(STRANGLED LAUGHTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Welcome, white man, just put this Pam's Paper in your pocket.

ECCLES:

Ooh, ta.

MORIARTY:

Now close your eyes, Eccles. Together, hurmmmph.

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

You're wrong, folks, I stepped to one side, ha ha ha. Arrhhhgh!

FX:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

(OFF) Who did that to me?

GREENSLADE:

That's it, folks, I've got to dash, I've got to an insurance company. Oh!

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Wrong again, folks! A-ha, ha, ha. Well, it's a happy ending isn't it.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME STARTS

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, the script was by Spike Milligan, the announcer was Wallace Greenslade and the program was produced by John Browel.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

Notes:

1) On the south bank of the Thames - was the home until 1961 of the most important naval victualling yard. Also Milligan home ground.

S9 E05 - The Mountain Eaters

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Away with dull care!

SEAGOON:

You're right, Wal, let's dance.

ORCHESTRA:

'ARCHERS' THEME MUSIC SPED UP. MUCH BACKGROUND YELLING ETC, "GET OVER THERE" ???

SELLERS:

(NASAL VOICE) Stop! Don't you know it's dangerous to do a pas de deux in a confined space?

SEAGOON:

Pas de deux? What's it mean? What does it mean?

SPRIGGS:

Means you're ignorant, Jim!

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. Lies, lies, I tell you! Listen to this. Two and two are four. C-A-T cat, D-O-G... um... um...

SPRIGGS:

D.O.G. spells what, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Correct. D.O.G. spells "What, Jim" (LAUGHTER). Well done! A funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre today. A man in lilac pyjamas said "Could you direct me to a flower bed?"

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE STOPS

SELLERS:

(QUIET VOICE) Mister Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes? Don't stand too near, I've got money.

SELLERS:

(QUIET VOICE) Sir, message just arrived by plumed messenger for you.

SEAGOON:

It's a hand-typed letter. Let me see. (READS) "The governors of the BBC cordially invite you to throw yourself off London Bridge. Dress optional."

GREENSLADE:

This is a great... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) This is a great honour for you, Mr Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What! They must think I'm a Charlie.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Charlie!

SEAGOON:

Hello? Oh! Just a slip of the ton-gue! Ha, ha, ha! Your turn, Wal. Give us the old words, there.

GREENSLADE:

Gentlemen, there's a jolly hand-written show on the other side of this music.

ORCHESTRA:

CAN-CAN MUSIC

SELLERS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) It was the year eighteen hundred and nineteen thirty-two and Paris was under the iron heel of French domination. (STRING OF GUTTERAL UTTERANCES) Along the boules-vardes, women was dressed in acme[?] of stupidity. And the cafes were full of 'Ayworth's ex-husbands .

GRAMS:

OLDTIME DANCE MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(NASAL SINGING ALONG TO THE MUSIC)

GRYTPYPE:

Do you want a bucket?

MORIARTY:

Come on, merry Grytpype, it's a beautiful day.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Look, the sun is shining through the hole in your underwear.

GRYTPYPE:

Get out of that bath, francish wretch, and do an impression for me of food.

LANDLORD:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Pardon me, m'sieur. The patron this cafe wishes to inform you that taking a bath in double beds are forbidden in here.

GRYTPYPE:

But they're both over fourteen and house-trained.

LANDLORD:

I'm sorry, but you see..

GRYTPYPE:

Do you realise, sir, do you realise who we are?

LANDLORD:

Non.

GRYTPYPE:

You see those pallid clenched knees arising from that bath water?

LANDLORD:

Oui, m'sieur.

GRYTPYPE:

They belong to the submerged fear-ridden body of Count Jim "Bubbles"...

GRAMS:

BUBBLING SOUNDS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Owner of the world's greatest collection of fourteenth Century Italian explosions.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

There's one now. A genuine Richard the Third.

LANDLORD:

But, m'sieur you've been.. M'sieur, you have been living here for a month without buying a drink.

SEAGOON:

Stay your hand, mister landlord, m'sieur. I'll buy these two villians a drink. Gar-kon, three tins of wine.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, sir, thank you. By your bearing, your dress and your manner, I presume you are an uncultured oaf.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Very good. May I sit down?

MORIARTY:

I thought you were.

SEAGOON:

What, what, what, what, ..(several more, ending in chicken sounds)

GRYTPYPE:

Apart from Harry Secombe, who are you?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm Lord and Lady Debrett, ne Ned Seagoon. And both my legs are licensed for walking.

GRYTPYPE:

They won't last, I tell you. No. What are you doing in there?

SEAGOON:

Well, apart from that, I'm over here on a sort of busman's holiday.

GRYTPYPE:

Doing what?

SEAGOON:

Driving buses.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I do it to eke out my fifty pound allowance.

MORIARTY:

(CHOKING SOUNDS) Fifty pounds? (MORE TYPICAL MORIARTY "OW" SOUNDS AND OTHERS)
He's got money! He's got money!

FX:

SLAP SOUND

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

You must pardon the steam Count, he's in strict training.

SEAGOON:

For what?

GRYTPYPE:

His death.

SEAGOON:

Huh! Gad, he looks in perfect condition for it. He must win.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Well, I think I'll go and blow my fifty pounds on the table.

MORIARTY:

Fifty pounds again. (AHH, OWW ETC OVER)

FX:

VARIOUS SOUNDS: SLAPS, WOOD BLOCK, PISTOL SHOT, FRED THE OYSTER SPED UP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

SEAGOON:

Is he ill?

GRYTPYPE:

I... I... I fear he's got the dreaded pauper's crut, you know. There is only one known cure - fifty pounds placed inside the victim's wallet.

SEAGOON:

Has he got that much?

GRYTPYPE:

No. But just by chance he has an empty wallet.

MORIARTY:

(GURGLING SOUNDS) Fifty pounds! Fifty pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

We must hurry and find that money. His overacting is becoming increasingly apparent to us all.

SEAGOON:

I say, would... would *my* fifty pounds be of any use?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we can but try, Ned, we can but try. Let me have it.

FX:

SOUNDS OF COINS FALLING ON TO A TABLE

MORIARTY:

Is a penny short!

FX:

SOUND OF SLAP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Debrett, you have the steam Count's undying thanks. We shall go directly to the Mona Lisa and sign an IOU on the bottom for you.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Well, whilst I'm waiting here I'll just play this extended-play conk of Max Geldray.

GELDRAI:

Oh, boy, my conk is still getting the breaks!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ALL IN THE GAME"

GREENSLADE:

Part 2 - the Louvre. The well-known double entendre and comic's resort.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. Here's the Mona Lisa and look, Wal, what honest men those two were.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

There you see, the corner, you see, that the paint's still wet.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm. "IOU fifty pounds, signed Leonardo da Vinci."

SEAGOON:

Yes. So that's what their name was, Leonardo da Vinci.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Well, I'll just slip the painting into my inside pocket. There!

FX:

SLAP ON POCKET

ECCLES:

Hul-lo. Let me stop messing around and we'll get on with the show. Comment allez-vous.

SEAGOON:

Bien, merci. Et vous?

ECCLES:

Oh, that's the end of that. Haha.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, the art connoisseur wore a suit of shredded brown paper scaffolding round his legs. And a body that hadn't been lived in for some time.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm dressed for the part. I'm going to conquer Mount Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

It's been climbed before, you know.

ECCLES:

Ah. But has anybody *eaten* it before?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I've... I've... I've never seen it on the menu.

ECCLES:

Ah. Then the way is clear for my attempt. Hold this plate.

FX:

CLINK OF PLATE, SOUND OF UNWRAPPING OF PARCEL

SEAGOON:

He opened a parcel and took out a slice of earth labelled 'Mount Snowdon'.

WILLIUM:

'ere, stop 'im! Stop 'im! 'ere, Eccles. Put that down now. I told you not to eat Mount Snowdon 'til you was fit, didn't I? Swallow this condition powder.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS)

WILLIUM:

Now then, for the next month you trains only on eating 'ills.

SEAGOON:

Are you his trainer?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I am, mate, yeah. I been managin' 'im since 'e was two, you know. Since then, I been a-training 'im for the biggie. You see, mate, the moment 'e eats a mountain, 'ollywood'll be screaming for 'im, ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Oh. I say, do you need a stand-in?

WILLIUM:

Got any money?

SEAGOON:

I'm expecting fifty pounds.

WILLIUM:

Fifty pounds? 'Ow... 'ow... 'ow much is that, then? I mean, er, which side of 'alf-a-crown is it on?

SEAGOON:

The rich side.

WILLIUM:

You're on, mate! You're Eccles' stand-in.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The luxurious and naughty Hotel Disgrot in Venice.

ORCHESTRA:

FEW BARS OF "O SOLO MIO"

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SING ALONG TO THE MUSIC)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, this is it. This is the bonne vie, la bon mot. Moriarty, pass me another strand of fume spaghetti.

FX:

SPROING

GRYTPYPE:

Delicious, delicious. Ah, punden de deplel. How much money have we got left, Moriarty? (SELLERS GIGGLES)

MORIARTY:

Ten pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

That means we can afford to stay on at this hotel for the next six moments. Have you got the cartons packed?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

The knotted sheets hanging out of the window?

MORIARTY:

Yes. I've...

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK ON NOT VERY SOLID DOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

FX:

RUNNING FEET FOLLOWED BY CRASH THROUGH GLASS AND SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

The coward! Come in, will you, please.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE, OPENS

GELDRAIY:

Don't move, boy! I'm from the French Suret police.

GRYTPYPE:

It's son of Hilda Baker!

GELDRAIY:

Silence! You are in the presence of a great man. I am Mr. Max "Conks" Geldray, the world's greatest Dutch detective.

SEAGOON:

The world's worst actor!

GRYTPYPE:

Please, Ned, please, back to your own bed! Now tell me. Whay has your conk forsaken its place in safety behind your harmonica?

GELDRAY:

The Mona Lisa has been stolen, boy. Stolen from the, erm... how do you pronounce this?

GRYTPYPE:

Louvre. L.O.U.V.R.E, pronounced Louvre (EXAGGERATES THE "RE" EACH TIME HE SAYS IT) Louvre. (GETTING FASTER AND SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT EACH TIME). Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. (ETC... FINALLY...) There, you have a choice of twenty.

GELDRAY:

Well, it's been stolen by a short, fat man.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie with the Mona Lisa, gad!

GELDRAY:

By golly, I'll swear I get it back, until then my conk will never rest. Farewell, boys! Farewell!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

He was very good you know, very good. He's never done any acting before, you know.

SEAGOON:

Now we know why, mate. (LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Please! Please, Mister Seagoon, please.

SEAGOON:

Rhubarb.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if listeners will bend down they will see quite clearly a meeting with a piano accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS, PIANO

CHAIRMAN:

[SECOMBE]

(VERY OLD AND FALTERING) Gentlemen, I am... I am glad to announce..

MINNIE:

Speak up!

CHAIRMAN:

...that...

MINNIE:

Speak up!

CHAIRMAN:

I am glad to announce that since 1893 no other mountain eating has occurred in England.

OMNES:

APPLAUSE

CHAIRMAN:

Now I propose... (CHOKES AND FALLS)

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Oh, he's dead, Min.

MINNIE:

What, again?

CRUN:

Gentlemen, the chairman has just died.

OMNES:

APPLAUSE

CRUN:

We will send a fresh husband to the widow as soon as the weather permits.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Now, as he was saying,...

GRAMS:

CHICKEN SOUNDS

CRUN:

Oh, dear, Min, Min. Oh, Min, hold this chicken. Be careful, she's...

MINNIE:

I'm sorry, dear...

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

...I know... I don't know why you have to carry a chicken around, Henry.

CRUN:

Well, it's the fog, Min, I always carry one when there's a fog.

MINNIE:

What... what for?

CRUN:

Because chickens can't see where they're going in the fog. Unless it's a fog chicken and there's no such thing as a fog chicken.

MINNIE:

What are you talking about? There was no fog today.

CRUN:

Well, this isn't a fog chicken.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(DEGENERATES INTO AN ARGUMENT ABOUT FOG AND FOG CHICKEN)

SEAGOON:

Get on with the meeting!

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I've got a cricket ball to catch!

CRUN:

Gentlemen, to prevent mountain-eating in England, we are raising the license fee to fifty pounds sterling.

ECCLES:

Oh, mate! You've ruined my mountain-eating chances!

SEAGOON:

Unfair to mountain-eating stand-ins.

ECCLES:

Oh.

ORCHESTRA AND GRAMS:

SAD VIOLIN AND CRYING

SEAGOON:

No money for a mountain-eating license. No signs of Leonardo da Vinci's fifty pounds back. Aaagh! I have been forced to live with a fifteen shilling a week suit. I in the jacket and Eccles in the trousers.

ECCLES:

Open a window! Now, I'll start *my* new diary. What's it say here? Tuesday the second. What'll I write? Ah!

FX:

SCRATCHING OF PEN

ECCLES:

"Today is Saturday". Oh, no. No, that – no. I don't know what to write. "Today..."

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Ah, that's it. "Today I heard a knock on the door. Is this a record?"

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it's me, you twit!

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Open up, you twit. I'm freezin' out here.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE, DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good evening, sir. Is you the man who has just opened that door?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I am, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, what a memory you got.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes, yes, yes. I... I... I remember things, you know. Magna Carta, 1215.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You've had a good life, haven't you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes, now who are all these crutty herberts with string bags?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not call them that, sir. They are mens of the third Finchley wolf cubs in mufti. Mens, by putting knees together all the way down, atten-shun!

ORCHESTRA:

XYLOPHONE SOUNDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Steady, mens, steady there! I say, Pules, why don't you use your handkerchief? From the right, number!

GRAMS:

SPED UP VOICES OF VARIOUS PITCHES COUNT FROM 1 TO 10

SEAGOON:

Here, hold on, those three end cubs are girls!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't give us away, mister. After all, it's cheaper than television, innit. You're a man of the world, you understand.

SEAGOON:

I do now, ha ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We're collecting for the East Finchley Poor Mothers' Christmas Pudding Club jumble sale fete.

ECCLES:

Here, Neddie. I just phoned that number, there's nobody in.

SEAGOON:

What number?

ECCLES:

Magna Carta 1215.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, it's silly old Eccles. Hello, silly old Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hullo, Bottle. Hullo. (ASIDE) 'Silly old Eccles'. Ah, hullo, silly old Bottle. That got even with 'im.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'ere. Why aint you got no clothes on?

ECCLES:

Well, I just been making a phone call.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You don't have to undress for that.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha! We learn something new every day!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You going to give the Young Mothers something, then?

ECCLES:

(LECHEROUS LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Yes. Here's a Ray Ellington. (EXCITED) And there's a bottle of brandy! Aaaaahhh...! (FADES INTO DISTANCE)

FX:

WHOOSH

ELLINGTON:

I wonder where he keeps that stuff.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU"

SEXY FEMALE VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Hello, mothers, housewives. Good news. Did you know that Ray Ellington is now on sale in the shops? At three and four a pound, he's really wonderful value. Better than those silly old two and four-penny husbands. And remember, Ray Ellington lasts the whole drink through. Get Ray Ellington today. Oooh.....

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Sellers hastens to add that he's only doing an impression. And now, the Mountain Eaters, part 2. Mr. Secombe!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET, GETTING CLOSER

SEAGOON:

Whew, sorry I'm late, Wal. That's all right, mate. I couldn't get the cork out. 'Ere! Where we up to there, Wal, there, that there, what we gonna do there, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Well now, we have discovered that eating mountains in India requires no license. So, well, listen to this.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BANERJEE:

Mr Lalkaka, Mr Lalkaka. Where are you, man, where are you? Making the appearance, please.

LALKAKA:

What, what? What...? Mr... Mr Banerjee, what... what are you doing here in the chutney season?

BANERJEE:

Let me explaining.

LALKAKA:

What are doing here?

BANERJEE:

I... I'm telling you, I'm telling you. All... Indeed, gregarious incurrutable news has been reaching my Hindu ears, man, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

They have reached there, have they? Good heavens. You... you... you... you must hurry. You must hurry, man, hurry.

BANERJEE:

I know, I know. I've heard a rumour that Mount Everest is getting shorter.

LALKAKA:

Well, if it's getting shorter, it's no suprise to me.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

None at all. Look... look, let's face it, man.

BANERJEE:

What... what's that, man?

LALKAKA:

Mount Everest has had a good run for its money.

BANERJEE:

True.

LALKAKA:

All good things must come to an end, you understand.

BANERJEE:

Most dubitably, I am understanding you, I am understanding you.

LALKAKA:

Grateful for your anticipation.

BANERJEE:

But we must go and investigating the reason for Mount Everest demise. Now come along, erm... Swallow this mango curry and we will - off we go.

FX:

WHOOSH

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

THUNDER X 3

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho! Oh, dear! Oh-ho. Oh-ho. Ohhhhhh! Ohh! Oh, dear, dear, I... I've never had 'em so bad, you know. Ellinga. Ellinga, bring me ointment, me boots are squeaking.

ELLINGA:

("FOREIGN" WORDS).

BLOODNOK:

Huh?

ELLINGA:

("FOREIGN" WORDS), mate. ("FOREIGN" WORDS).

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. You, too, eh? I'll get rid of 'em for you. Hand me me military saxophone and civilian drum, will you.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES' MARCH (GOON SHOW THEME) ON SAXOPHONE AND DRUM

SEAGOON:

Hey! Hey, you!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC TRAILS OFF

SEAGOON:

Put a sock in it!

BLOODNOK:

've got two socks in it and it's *hell* in there, sir.

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]. Stop that (IMITATES MARCHING MUSIC)! Stop that music!

BLOODNOK:

I say, you aren't by any chance a millionaire, are you?

ECCLES:

One, two, three, thruppence. No. No.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it was a shot in the dark, one never knows.

SEAGOON:

I hope it hits him. Listen, you brown blatherer. We're trying to eat a mountain. And we must have silence for it. S. I. L. E. N. C. E., pronounced... (SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

Beautifully pronounced! But, dear little Welsh titch of no fixed trousers, you don't think that I play that military saxophone without reason, do you? Oh, good heavens, no. It's the only way of keeping boils away.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish!

BLOODNOK:

What! Have you ever seen a saxophone with boils?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, well, let's hear no more of it, then, [UNCLEAR].

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES' MARCH (GOON SHOW THEME) ON SAXOPHONE AND DRUM

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Blood! Nok! Aaagh! If I give you this, will you stop?

BLOODNOK:

What's it? What? What? Where's me old ex-WD glasses? Wait a minute. "I.O.U. fifty pounds, Leonard da Vicki". No, "Vinki". Ohhh! Ohhhhhh! End of part 2!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GEORGE CHISHOLM:

(SINGS) I'm in love with an old trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE MUSIC

SEXY WOMAN VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Get some today!

GREENSLADE:

It is a month later.

FX:

HANDFULS OF GRAVEL BEING GRABBED AND EATEN

SEAGOON:

(CHEWS AND SWALLOWS, TAKES GULPS OF BREATHS) We've done it, Eccles. We've done it. We've eaten Mount Everest. All we've got to do now is to wait for the Hollywood offers to roll in.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Yeah!

ECCLES:

All we gotta do is wait for Hollywood offers to roll in. Yeah. To roll in. (MUMBLES) 'Ere, they're taking a long time, aren't they.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, it... it just *seems* a long time because that's what they're taking.

ECCLES:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello.

SEAGOON:

It's two men called Leonardo da Vinci.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, three men called Secombe.

SEAGOON:

Well, you got my... you got my fifty pounds, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

No, Neddie, now you're a naughty boy. Did you know the fifty pounds you lent us was very ill?

SEAGOON:

Ill?

MORIARTY:

Terribly ill!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But don't reproach yourself, Ned. Nevertheless, it was. So as an act of charity we took your fifty pounds to Italy for a holiday.

SEAGOON:

Is it better?

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhhh, so much better, Neddie. Wonderful, it's bronzed, wears shorts and can whistle the Maiden's Prayer.

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie. Now, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Do you still have our... our nice I.O.U. on the Mona Lisa?

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) You... you'll laugh at this.

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHING) I'm gonna laugh...

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) Honestly.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHING) Funny.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) You see, I... I... I... I didn't think you were coming back.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean you doubted our obvious insincerity? Who's got it?

SEAGOON:

Major Dennis Bloodnok, the well-known exploder.

BANERJEE:

Look! There are two men! Arrest them! Arrest them!

SEAGOON:

But... but you can't arrest me. I've got a doctor's certificate saying prisons are bad for me.

BANERJEE:

Never mind the chat, man. One of you two men must have eaten Mount Everest. Come on, now.

(MUTTERS)

SEAGOON:

I'm not going to split. Me? A gentleman? Ha, ha! Never. I refuse to tell you.

ECCLES:

Well, stop pointing at me then!

BANERJEE:

Arrest him in Hindu!

ECCLES:

Owow! Owww!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Moriarty. Next stop, Bloodnok.

MORIARTY:

Aaagh!

FX:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! Oh, who are you? What are you doing...? (OBVIOUS EDIT?)

MORIARTY:

Neddie. Neddie... Neddie wants his silly old Mona Lisa back, Dennis.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it's... it's... it's soooold! You don't think old Dennis didn't know the value of that painting, did you?
Oho, yes. Look at this little crisp wad, here. Three pounds ten!

MORIARTY:

You fool! That painting was worth five hundred thousand pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Who bought it?

BLOODNOK:

The Finchley Wolf Cubs.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKED SCREAMS)

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISE

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'll buy that over there. What about that one?

GRYTPYPE:

Just there, Moriarty, that spotty cub's got it.

SPOTTY CUB:

[SECOMBE]

Roll up! Roll up! What am I bid for this old painting?

GRYTPYPE:

This is just going to be just too easy, Moriarty. Start the bidding.

MORIARTY:

Ah, little boy. Two shillings for that silly old painting.

CUB:

Two shillings? Ho, ho, ho. Sorry. It's more than that, you know, we have a fixed price on it.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ohhh, dear, dear. How much is it then, sonny?

CUB:

Five hundred thousand pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRILY) Moriarty, these wolf cubs are getting smarter every day! Come!

MORIARTY:

Aaagh!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

I say, I *did* enjoy that. Well, must be off home to the little woman. Goodnight, all, goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW"

S9 E06 - The Childe Harolde Rewarde

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Come! Let us roll up our trouser legs and reveal the contents.

SECOMBE:

Mr Greenslade! Cover those revealing off-the-shoulder socks.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry but I must cut down on spices.

SECOMBE:

Be on your guard, then. Now kneel down and say after me, "I am shorter than Harry Secombe".

GREENSLADE:

I will never sink that low.

SECOMBE:

If you don't acquiesce to my demands you'll get jelly up your vest.

GREENSLADE:

I warn you, Mr Sitchelcloombe, that the practise of inserting jellies up senior announcer's vests is punishable by death.

SECOMBE:

Why? Is... is it harmful?

GREENSLADE:

Death is very harmful.

SECOMBE:

And pushing a jelly up announcer's vests?

GREENSLADE:

It can ruin a jelly for life, to say nought... to say nought of its effects...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) To say nought

GREENSLADE:

...upon enunciation.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Yackaboo!

GREENSLADE:

I pray you listen to this rare recording of such an occasion.

SELLERS:

(deep echoey voice) This is London calling in the brown euphonium service of the Bar-Bee-Cee. Here is an important announcement. At six o'clock this morning, I fell off the top of St Paul's. will anyone who witnessed the accident please phone Scotl...aarrrrgh!

FX:

SOUND OF SELLERS BEING ATTACKED AND THUMPED

A fate worse than death. He passed away that night in the direction of down.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Mr. Sellers? Forward with your hand-knotted legs.

SELLERS:

My music, please, minstroon.

GRAMS:

IDYLLIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

Ah, that music! It's 1899 and always on time. It comes from Winchelsea in the heart of the Brown country. A typical English village with a population of 8 million, two-thirds under seven. From time to time, nothing happens.

SEAGOON:

But it always gets into the Sunday papers, mate! (LAUGHS)

OMNES:

MANY LAUGHS AND GROWLS AND WEST COUNTRY ARRRRS

SELLERS:

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) I don't suppose we'll ever stop it in Winchelsea! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

(BABY CRYING, COWS MOOING)

MINNIE:

Itsy bitsy, tiddle-widdle. There, there, there, there. Ohhhh.

CRUN:

Dib, dib, dib, dib, dib.

MINNIE:

Dibble, dibble, oh, dear.

CRUN:

Dibble, dibble, dibble.

MINNIE:

Ahh. Coo!

CRUN:

Look, Min. Look. One tooth.

MINNIE:

So you have, Henry.

CRUN:

How many months is he now, Min?

MINNIE:

439.

CRUN:

So, he's 37 years old, is he?

MINNIE:

Yes. Dib, dib... dib.

SEAGOON:

Listen, Auntie Min and Uncle Hen.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I know you love children but... isn't it time I was weaned?

CRUN:

Listen, Min, he's trying to talk!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

BOTH:

(BABY TALK)

SEAGOON:

I can't go on kippin' in this pram, it's had ten extensions already. People are starting to talk!

MINNIE:

There, there.

SEAGOON:

Another thing: I can't go on wearing nappies any longer!

CRUN:

Long nappies are a *must* with you.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

It's embarrassing, I tell you! Look... look what happened to it in the... in the Paul Jones last night!

CRUN:

You won a spot prize?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but... what a spot to pick!

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Let's go in and I'll show you how to bend mangoes. Forward with leather... (FADES).

MINNIE:

Leather... (MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

They've gone in, folks. A-ha, ha! Now's my chance to escape! I'll knot me nappies and slide down the pram! Hoop, no! That would leave me starkers! And there's frost about!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING)

I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
in a military way.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh. oh!

(SINGING)

I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
He travels the road,
I travel the roooooad,
in a military way.

(SPEEDS UP)

All day long you'll see meeee,
down the old roooooad
and when you see meeeeee,
I am on the road, awayyyy!

(CONTINUES FAST UNDER:)

SEAGOON:

What luck! Here comes a man pushing himself along on a piano! And I must say, he's a funny shape.

BLOODNOK:

Scroll me progs and sorts me plue! What's this? Where's me regimental tape measure? Oh! Three foot by three? Either it's a tall child or a short man.

SEAGOON:

I'm the latter.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! We must be related, I'm a former latter, you know. But I retired, the strain became too much for me, oh.

SEAGOON:

Then those lumps on your head are not fakes.

BLOODNOK:

What a practiced eye you have, dear lad.

SEAGOON:

It's... it's been practicing all day. Listen!

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON'S EYE:

(SINGS) do rey me fa so la ti dooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes.

SEAGOON:

(CONTINUES OHHH!)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. I'll have five of those, please. What...? What...? What...? What...? What's that lovely thing around your neck?

SEAGOON:

A gold chain. It belonged to my mother's throat.

FX:

SAWING SOUND, BREAKING, FALLING

BLOODNOK:

Oops! Oh, ho, ho, ho, dear, dear. It's broken and what do you know? It's fallen straight into old Dennis's deed box. Oh, dear! Ohhhh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, ho, ho. Do you believe in miracles, lad?

SEAGOON:

Help me escape... and you can keep it!

BLOODNOK:

I'll not be party to such a crime! Let me tell you, sir, that I am in the process of finding King Arthur's lost sword!

SEAGOON:

Let me join you! I'm facing in the same direction. What could be better, batter, barter, or bootter boudoir?

BLOODNOK:

Spoons on you, spoons!

SEAGOON:

Splin!

BLOODNOK:

Have you ever had any experience in King Arthur's sword finding? Have you?

SEAGOON:

I took... I... well, I... I took a course in it at Oxford, you know and...

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

...and was sent down with flying colours and a pound of 24-hour, quick-dry liquorice.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! But does your granny wear a bowler?

SEAGOON:

Side-saddle!

BLOODNOK:

Then you're my man! Come, now. Hold this outboard motor!

FX:

MOTOR SPEEDS UP AND FADES AWAY

MINNIE:

Help! Murder! Thieves! Oh, dear. Oh, he's... The child's gone. Gone and never called me mother.

FX:

PHONE DIALLING

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, let me see. Hello, dialling, dialling. Hello? Police! Eh? Hello?

WILLIUM:

(ON PHONE) Hello?

MINNIE:

Hello?

WILLIUM:

Police, rail and fire station, 'ere.

MINNIE:

Oh... dear, I... I'm... ohhhh. (VARIOUS STARTLED OHHS)

WILLIUM:

'Urry up, ma, I'm in the bath.

MINNIE:

Oh. I... I won't look. Are y... are you the police?

WILLIUM:

No, I'm the Station Master, I'll get him.

MINNIE:

Good. Oh.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, Constable 'ere.

MINNIE:

Wait. You were the... you were the Station Master!

WILLIUM:

I was but I changed me 'at.

MINNIE:

Oh. The Childe Harolde has been stolen!

WILLIUM:

What? Little 'arold?

MINNIE:

Little 'arold.

WILLIUM:

The light of Plin Street, gone? I'll save 'im, ma! Now then, any unusual marks on his body, there?

MINNIE:

Yes, he has a pair of legs that don't reach the ground.

CONSTABLE:

So. We're lookin' for a lad with a space underneath. I'll save him, mum. Click!

MINNIE:

"Click"?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I'm 'anging up.

MINNIE:

Oh. Come round and cut you down, then.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGLED "TADAAH"-TYPE CHORD

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Calling, folks! It's Neddie again! We now perchance upon two men reclining in a deserted crow's nest, listening to a deserted wireless program. Hup!

GRAMS:

1920S MUSIC SPED UP

WIRELESS ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

Yes, it's Bert Trusser and His Late-Night Golden Silver Strings. At this time of the year, it's when a young man's fancy turns to love. And, well, yes, this young man's fancy turned to love and lovely Tom Links sings: "I Never Knew What Love Could Do". And here it is and it's called...

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

TOM LINKS:

[SECOMBE]

(SINGS)

I stood on the cliffs at midnight,

I stood on the cliffs at dawn.

(SPEEDS UP)

I stood on the cliffs as the wind blew

And... eep!

FX:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) We interrupt that splash to give you a police message: The Childe Harolde is missing. A reward of four shillings a pound will be paid for his body's return. At the kidnapping, the child weighed 16 stone.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. 16 stone at 4 shillings a pound? That's 45 pounds reward, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

With that money I could afford to stand up! 45 pounds! (SHOUTS BABBILOUSLY, GETS SMACKED)

Ahoh-ooooh...

GRYTPYPE:

(TRIES TO SPEAK BETWEEN BABBLES) Will you be keep... Will you be... Will you... Please, Moriarty. Keep still, do you want us both out of this suit? Now. We must plan a plan during this rendering of Max Geldray's conk.

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, my conk is still making the headlines! Ploogie!

GRYTPYPE:

Conk has spoken!

MAX GELDRAY:

"BUT NOT FOR ME..."

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET ARRIVING, WAVES LAPPING ON A LAKE SHORE

BLOODNOK:

Whoa, Ned, whoa, whoa, whoa. Yes, yes. This recorded lake might well be the one in which King Arthur's sword drowned.

SEAGOON:

What a terrible death for a sword!

BLOODNOK:

It was in it up to the hilt, you know.

FX:

EVEN MORE STRANGLED "TADAAH"-TYPE CHORD

BLOODNOK:

Thank you! Now, lad. I'll lay down and think of you as you schlap around looking for the old food, there.

SEAGOON:

Isn't it risky me walking round the country in a nappy?

BLOODNOK:

Have no fear, Neddie! The district abounds in wet nurses *and* a 24-hour nappy service.

SEAGOON:

Then I will return unblemished! (LAUGHS) Farewell!

FX:

QUACK-QUACK, QUACK-QUACK, QUACK-QUACK, SPEEDS UP AND FADES

BLOODNOK:

And that is exactly what he looks like from the back. Part three, Neddie, further away.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING AS HE MARCHES ALONG) ...tramp, tramp, tramping along the highway, with your legs all upside down! (STOPS) Gad! What's this under the old cardboard oak tree? A sword in a stone!

GRYTPYPE:

He's spotted it, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

What does the label say? "Excaliber. Read instruction in envelope."

FX:

OPENS ENVELOPE

SEAGOON:

"Whoever pulls the sword from the stone shall be king." King! Gad, I'd stop traffic on buses! (LAUGHS THEN STRAINS TO PULL OUT THE SWORD)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, dear straining lad.

SEAGOON:

If I could only get this out.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Can we help you?

SEAGOON:

D'you know a blacksmith?

GRYTPYPE:

Follow this road until you reach a blacksmith and when you get there, ask again.

FX:

WHOOSH

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC THEN HONK-TOOT-AND-CHORD TYPE MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

Make up your minds, you twits! I've been standing here waiting to start my part.

ORCHESTRA:

ANGRY MURMURS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up! Shut up, will you! You ruined your RADA but you won't do it to me, I'll tell you. Now, then. (CLEARS THROAT) "The village... The vill... The Vimlage Blacksmith" by William Wandsworth. "Boil, cauldron, boil. Thou art not unkind. Man's ingratitude to Gerald Hairs of 20 Quert Street, Epington"? 'Ere, dat's not right, dat's not a blacksmith! Come on, now, come on! Who's the boy who's been messing round with my parts? You rotten part-messers, you! Come here, you!

GRAMS:

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

ECCLES:

I'm the anti-climax.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dear, Eccles. I don't know what to do you with you, man. What the matter with you, man? What you got in the parcel, then?

ECCLES:

A bottle of water.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. I never knew you went in for that kind of thing.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, when you're earning big money, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

You know how to fish?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Man . Could I see it with the cork out?

FX:

RUSTLING PAPER

ECCLES:

Der. Der, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh-ohhhh. Is that real water?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah! I got the maker's guarantee on this record. You listen.

BLOODNOK:

This water is genuine and any copy of it will be confiscated. Remember, only genuine water makes this sound:

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING, GETS FASTER) Buy a bottle of genuine Bloodnok water, today!

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

ECCLES:

You... You see? You can't get... better than that!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. What are you carry it about for then, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Cos... it hasn't got legs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, what about running water?

ECCLES:

'Ere. This water must be a fake! Where that naughty Bloodnok?

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

FX:

BANGING ON METAL SOUND

SEAGOON:

I say, Madam. Are you a blacksmith?

My name's Smith and you got eyes.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Could you help me to get this sword loose?

ELLINGTON:

Well, I'll hold it and when I nod my head, you hit it.

SEAGOON:

Let's get this right. You hold it. And when you nod your head, I hit it?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah!

SEAGOON:

Okay.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

FX:

BANG ON METAL

SEAGOON:

Hurrah, that got it out. (LAUGHS) Hands up all those who thought I was going to hit him on the nut. Take 10, like. Thank you and goodnight, Gladys Young. Now, then. I'm the King of England! All kneel down and say after me: "I am shorter than Harry Secombe"!

GRYTPYPE:

Your Majesty! We just heard the good news! Allow me to present my credentials.

FX:

ITEMS FALLING ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

What beauties!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. The finest set this side of The Wash.

SEAGOON:

Well done! (LAUGHS) (SOTTO VOCE) You could do with one (ALoud) Thank you, loyal subjects! Kneel down and I'll dub you!

FX:

BOING

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Arise! Arise, the Rector of Tottenham Hotspur and Chelsea.

MORIARTY:

Merky, merky, merky. Greeting from la France, your Majesty! Your Majesty, your royal robes and your royal choppers.

SEAGOON:

They're too big!

GRYTPYPE:

We'll soon fatten you up, lad. Swallow this stuffed elephant down.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWS)

FX:

ELEPHANT TRUMPET

SEAGOON:

Ah, delicious!

GRYTPYPE:

On the royal scales with him!

GRAMS:

SCALES SOUND

MORIARTY:

Ah! Oh, look.

FX:

SCALES STRAINING SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

What! 83 royal stone!

FX:

SCRATCHING OF PEN ON PAPER

MORIARTY:

4 shillings a pound, 83 stone. That's 240 pounds reward!

GRYTPYPE:

(SECRETLY) The heavier, the better, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Yes, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Ned, nibble this roast mountain down.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! Down...

SEAGOON:

(GOBBLING SOUNDS) Gad, it's wonderful being a king! You can eat things that commoners don't get!
(LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

And another little fried hippopotamus for you, lad!

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you! (SWALLOWS, STRAINS) Oh! Let the royal minstrel play!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"OLD BLACK MAGIC"

SEAGOON:

(STILL EATING)

FX:

SCALES STRAINING SOUND

MORIARTY:

500 stone, 3 pounds, 4 ounces.

GRYTPYPE:

A jackpot, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Look, I...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Here.

SEAGOON:

I can't eat any more, lads, Hic! Pardon. I...

FX:

PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? King Seagoon the First here, speaking from Pond Street, Croydon.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

Oh, er, this is Prime Minister. Look here, I've looked up your claim.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

PRIME MINISTER:

And I'm afraid you're not the King of England, you know?

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhat?

PRIME MINISTER:

What, what?

SEAGOON:

But there must be some mistake, I'm... I'm all dressed for the part! I mean, I'm... I'm on the throne!

PRIME MINISTER:

Sorry, sorry.

SEAGOON:

Well, what *am* I king of? Croydon?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, not even that, no.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Pond Street, then?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, no, no.

SEAGOON:

Oh. What then?

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, uh, look here, what's the number of your house?

SEAGOON:

23.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, that's it, you're king of 23 Pond Street, Croydon, that's it.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! That's better! (LAUGHS) You don't get me scared into abdication, you know! Knock, knock, knock! Ah, the door! Come in!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Ned, what happened, what happened? Where did you nip to, you... you naughty thing. I've been laying by the lake for three months in all weathers, but the weather got too much for me, you so and the wind, you know it... oh...

SEAGOON:

I bet it was, mate. Yes, yes. Yeah, your... your search is over! I found the sword Excaliber!

BLOODNOK:

Excaliber to you, too, my dear fellow. Steady, wait a moment! What? Oh, ho ho! Oooh! Where's me old military magnifying glass? What a second. This is a fake!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Look, here. "Property of the Donald Wolfit Touring Company of Nudes, Knees and Shakespeare"!

SEAGOON:

(CRIES) This means...

BLOODNOK:

Course!

SEAGOON:

This means I'll have to abdicate! Citizens, 23 Pond Street is now without a king!

BLOODNOK:

I declare it a republic! I say, wait a minute. Who's... who's...? Look who's... Ohhh! Look who's there in the mirror! Why, it's old Dennis Bloodnok! First president of 23 Pond Street. Hooray for Dennis.

MORIARTY:

Hurry, Ned, it's a revolution! They will overthrow the monarchy! Pull this coach on.

FX:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Thank you for rescuing me, loyal subjects! I'll see you have tea with me.

GRYTPYPE:

And you with us! We commence with elephant au gratin and cement pudding.

SEAGOON:

(EATS) Ah, delicious!

FX:

WEIGHING

MORIARTY:

603 stone, Grytpype!

SEAGOON:

No more, now, lads, please, I... I'm almost bursting!

FX:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Too late! Why? Why have we stopped? Where are we?

MINNIE:

Coo-eeeeee...

SEAGOON:

Help! Not the cradle again!

GRYTPYPE:

Here, Auntie Min, your child Harolde. 603 stone at 4 shillings a pound equals, ah, skelton-thrunder-klee pounds reward.

MINNIE:

He's a fake, my boy only weighs 16 stone.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we shall have to reduce him. Into the steam bath with him, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Ah!

FX:

DOOR OPENING, STEAM HISSES

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, stop (SCREAMS)

GRYTPYPE:

Get the steam on his knees, Moriarty! (LAUGHS) That's it. Look at that stomach vanish, Moriarty!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS)

MORIARTY:

That's got him down, bring him down.

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, stop! I'm vaporising with the heat! You can't do this to me, I'm... I'm the King of 23 Pond Street! I'll have you arrested by my royal policeman! (SPEEDS UP TO INAUDIBILITY) My mother keeps a duck-farm in Kent and they're all facing East, I tell you! You put a [UNCLEAR] lay eggs on you. Let me go! (SCREAMS, WINDS DOWN)

MORIARTY:

Ah, he's vaporised now, into this bottle with him. There!

FX:

POP

MORIARTY:

Now, to the Palladium!

FX:

WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

The scene: Harry Secombe's dressing room.

GRAMS:

DANCE HALL MUSIC, KNOCK ON DOOR

LEW:

[SELLERS]

Yeah, what is it, autographs?

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Um. Yeah, autographs.

LEW:

In that cue over there, sonny.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER:

Ta.

ECCLES:

(ARRIVING FROM A DISTANCE) Oowow, this is it, dressing room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. It's hot in 'ere.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Like a drink from my bottle of water?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, thanks, Eccles, I'm training to be a desert.

ECCLES:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Hands up, everybody! Drop everything!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Now, listen, Secombe fans, this bottle contains your favorite singer in liquid form!

SECOMBE:

(MUFFLED THROUGH REST OF SHOW) Hello, folks, don't let me down!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Put a cork on it, Moriarty!

FX:

POP

SECOMBE:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, we want a thousand pounds or we drink him!

SECOMBE:

Don't let him drink me, folks, I hate traveling by tube!

LEW:

All right, all right, I'll pay!

FX:

MONEY FALLS

LEW:

I'll pay! There, 1,000 pounds in big NAAFI spoon.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Even better than we thought! Here's your bottle! Come!

FX:

WHOOSH

LEW:

'arry! 'arry! Harry! Speak to me! Say something, 'arry!

SECOMBE:

'eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

LEW:

Hold his bottle while I get a doctor.

ECCLES:

Okay. (HUMS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Don't get dem bottles mixed up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No.

SECOMBE:

Can anybody see what's coming, folks? If so, well, don't spoil it for me!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES EVERY TIME THE DOCTOR SPEAKS

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

(SINGING SCOTSMAN)

ECCLES:

Hello, doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) This is the patient here, is it, aye?

FX:

WATER BEING POURED

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) Aye, this is a genuine vintage Secombe and it tastes very ill. (TASTING SOUNDS) Aye.

ECCLES:

(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

What are you laughing at, what are you laughing at, there?

ECCLES:

Well, I just ready in case anybody said something funny.

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES)

SECOMBE:

Hurry up, I'm catching me death of cold in here. Me sediment's gone to the bottom!

ECCLES:

Oh!

DOCTOR:

Aye, we got no time to waste. The only way to restore Mr. Secombe to his normal self is to bring this to the boil, add a pound of leeks.

GRAMS:

BOILING

DOCTOR:

Goats milk, a touch of Sosban Bach. [UNCLEAR] Jones, a spoon o' whirl and...

SECOMBE:

What about the brandy?

DOCTOR:

Steady, Secombe, steady Secombe, I'm just going to add this bust of Sabrina to bring you to the boil.

GRAMS:

BOILING, EXPLOSION

DOCTOR:

That's strange, nothing's happened.

ECCLES:

Oh, ho-ho! I... Hic! I gave you the wrong bottle!

DOCTOR:

What, what, what, what? The other one then, hurry, it's the payoff! Hurry.

ECCLES:

I... I drank it.

DOCTOR:

Say `ah'.

ECCLES:

Ah.

SECOMBE:

(SCREAMS) He's had onions for tea!

DOCTOR:

Quick, the stomach pump!

ECCLES:

Oh, no! Not the stomach pump!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen,...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

...in the interests of hygiene, we end this show. Good night, all.

ECCLES:

Aoooh!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

S9 E07 - The Seagoon Memoirs

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

I like the way you said that, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, thank you.

SEAGOON:

It had a certain dramatic power, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

Alec Guinness could use a man like you.

GREENSLADE:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Well, dig his garden, mend the bridge. Clean his boots.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, do I look the sort of man who goes around cleaning people's boots?

SEAGOON:

Show me your tongue.

GREENSLADE:

Arghh.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

No, no, no, no, noooo. No, no, don't get the wrong idea.

SEAGOON:

Nyowwww.

GREENSLADE:

This black on my tongue is only liquorice.

SEAGOON:

Don't give me that, Wal. Who wears liquorice boots!?

GREENSLADE:

John Snagge.

SEAGOON:

The mad fashion-crazed fool! Altogether now!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ah-ha-he-hoh. Ah, ha ha hoh.

SELLERS:

(POSH ACCENT) Excuse me, who is the owner of policeman PC 439?

MILLIGAN:

(WAY OFF, CALLS) I am.

SELLERS:

Well, would you come out and move him, he's holding up the traffic, do you mind?

SEAGOON:

I've got a funny line 'ere, it says, "Why, is it coming down?" Ha, ha, ha, ha! Aha. (AHM) I shouldn't have said that. (TO SELF) "Is it coming down?"

GREENSLADE:

It's the cold weather, you know.

SEAGOON:

Enough of these jocular funnyments, Wal. Jump on this porridge motor bike and announce the knitting pattern of tonight's woollen programme.

GREENSLADE:

Right, I wool.

SEAGOON:

Wool done, Wal. Aha, ha, ha! "Wool done"! (RESIGNED) I'm goin'.

GREENSLADE:

This joke is now available on the new breakable record. Why not buy one today and smash it. Orchestra? Some Greenslade music, please.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC SETTING

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we were to have started this week with part one. But owing to circumstances over which I have no self-control, we are starting with part four. Therefore, we present part four, which, as it now appears first, is re-named part one. Therefore, part three.

SELLERS:

Listeners are requested to make the necessary adjustments.

SEAGOON:

They are also warned to put on dark glasses to protect them from the dazzling glare of Greenslade's nose.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, because I polish my nose with...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Always use...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

It lasts the whole nose through.

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL CRASH

MILLIGAN:

Ping.

GREENSLADE:

To o...

MILLIGAN:

Ping.

GREENSLADE:

...pen the scene, we take a knife and cut round the dotted line.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, ping.

GREENSLADE:

Inside we find...

SEAGOON:

Ping. [UNCLEAR], Wal.

GREENSLADE:

...the Great North Road in an icy blizzard.

SEAGOON:

A lovely turn.

GREENSLADE:

Beside the road stand two...

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD, WIND

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) ...ragged tremblers trying to thumb a lift.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD CONTINUES, VEHICLES RACING BY

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Ah, ah. Ahyah ya ya. Ah. Ayah. Yeous akalibarsh. Sapristi nabolash! It's no good, Grytpype, they won't stop.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, of course they won't stop when you keep waving that revolting thing at them.

MORIARTY:

It's my thumb.

GRYTPYPE:

What have you been doing with it?

MORIARTY:

I've been holding it up on the end of a pole. And he doesn't like it!

GRYTPYPE:

Silence, you steaming heap! You hear me, Moriarty, there is only one way to stop a car, sex appeal.

MORIARTY:

Ah.

GRYTPYPE:

Sex appeal is the key word.

MORIARTY:

Yapapapabah.

GRYTPYPE:

Now roll up your trouser legs and show them the hairs on your socks.

MORIARTY:

My socks? But I ate them last night!

GRYTPYPE:

All by yourself?

MORIARTY:

Ayibah.

GRYTPYPE:

You greedy French swine! What about me?

MORIARTY:

Every time I tried to eat you, you kept waking up.

GRYTPYPE:

So! Those teeth marks on my underwear were yours!

MORIARTY:

It was *hell* in there, I tell you!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

I must have money and food! Azoww! Money and food!

GRYTPYPE:

Sshh! Quiet!

MORIARTY:

No... na chi... na...

GRYTPYPE:

Something's coming.

MORIARTY:

I... pai...

GRAMS:

VEHICLE APPROACHES

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Oh. It's a hand-operated piano.

GRAMS:

OVER ENGINE, PIANO PLAYING

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Stop it, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ENGINE AND PIANO) I can't, it's a nervous habit.

GRAMS:

PIANO STOPS PLAYING, SCREECH OF BRAKES

GRYTPYPE:

The piano drew up with a screech of brakes. The lid opened and a head popped out.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks, it was mine, it came with the body. The legs I got from a second-hand leg dealer. (CALLS)
Hello, gentlemen. What ails thee?

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me. Why are you driving that piano, laddie?

SEAGOON:

My chauffeur is ill, he's got a bad case of the nose.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, most painful.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

The Count here often suffers from it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Noses run in our family. Ha, ha, ha, ha! A merry type joke. Oho ho.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha jai. Aha. Oh, my crins.

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you laughing nit. Or I'll fetch you one round the knees with this starting handle, do you hear me?

MORIARTY:

Ah. Ah, de jah.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, little square bladder.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

No, don't tell me your name, let me guess your face. You are... Krell P'neen!

SEAGOON:

No, I'm not.

GRYTPYPE:

You see, I was right the first time. I never forget a tune.

SEAGOON:

Actually, I'm Ned Seagoon, licenced piano-driver in E-flat and former hygiene orderly in charge of the Eighth Army ablutions at Alamein.

MORIARTY:

Poohh!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Poohh.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you must have a shocking tale to unfold.

SEAGOON:

No, it got torn off in the laundry.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. In that case, you must write your war memoirs, you'll make me a fortune.

SEAGOON:

My memoirs! You're right! I'll start immediately, if not before. Have you got any paper?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but I'm wearing it.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Then I'll write them on this piano. Let's see now, Chapter 1...

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYS BRIEF MELODY - SCATTERED NOTES

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! What an exciting story!

MORIARTY:

Ohhh, ha, ha, ha! Neddie, you'll get rich. Get Bridget Bardot to pose for that book, it'll be a best seller.

GRYTPYPE:

You could have it serialised on television by Winifred Atwell. Well, so long, Neddie, we have to go now.

SEAGOON:

Go? Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we all have to go sooner or later, don't we, Moriarty? Come, get your knees and hat.

MORIARTY:

Nabawawa.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Well, folks, I must carry on writing my memoirs. But! To keep you amused, the attendants will pass round little rubber replicas of Max Geldray's conk.

MAX GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, my conk is twice as popular since I polished it with...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ping!

MAX GELDRAY:

'I KISS YOUR LITTLE HAND MADAME'.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

And now, if I stand facing east I can get a perfect view of part two. The scene: a Labour Exchange where a queue of retired Field Marshalls are lining up to draw their pensions.

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

(COCKNEY) 'Ere, stop that shovin' there!

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

Lor', take your... take your turn like everybody else.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Stand aside. Stand aside, Ji-iiiiim! I am Field Marshall Spriggs, I tell you. I want to get to the front.

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

You never wanted to get there in the war, did yer, eh? Ahh. Alroight, there.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

All lies, all lies, folks. [UNCLEAR].

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

Look at 'at, Charlie, eh?

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

You're dead right, Fred. Aha. You're dead right there, Fred. Ha ha ha.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Are you calling me a coward?

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

Yeah, and I'm callin' you a coward.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

You're a liar. I'm a retired coward, DSO. And bath-chair and steam.

CLERK:

[SELLERS]

Here we are. Retired coward's pension, 17 and fourpence.

FX:

COINS ON DESK

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Oh, thank you, madam.

CLERK:

You're welcome, Cheeky.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Perhaps I was wrong. Oh, the pension.

FX:

GATHERING COINS

GRYTPYPE:

Field Marshall Spriggs?

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Ye-e-e-es?

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

From the book of the same name.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course. First impression. And...

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

You'll sell well.

GRYTPYPE:

...the empty stomach in this rag waistcoat belongs to none other than Count 'Rumbles'...

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Abalahoww,

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Champion barbed-wire hurdler until his tragic accident.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Now listen, Field Marshall. Gunner Seagoon, former ablutions orderly at Alamein, is writing his war memoirs. In them he reveals the true facts about the hygiene of the General Staff.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Ohh. Then the world will know the facts about Montgomery's socks.

GRYTPYPE:

Worse than that!

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Not the...

GRYTPYPE:

He intends to tell the secrets of the military laundry.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim. My career is ruined. As a Field Marshall I will have... be finished for ever! I shall be asked to resign from my unemployment queue. Are you sure about this, Jim?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, at this very moment Seagoon is writing the last chapter on a rosewood piano on the Great North Road.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Bring me that piano alive and this ten shillings is yours, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

So it is! It's got my name on it.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

What is your name?

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Mr. Ten Shillings.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Any relation to the pound?

GRYTPYPE:

My half-brother, you see.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Of course! Bring me that piano at once in the key of G.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Come, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahyaha.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

And now, part three. A Welsh roundabout on the Great North Road.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Whoops! (ASIDE) Nearly went, there. (NORMAL) Hello, folks! I've finished writing my memoirs. Just listen to this last paragraph.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SCATTERED NOTES FOR 5 SECONDS

SEAGOON:

Like it? Aha, ha, ha. Ah, yes, this will earn me a fortune, if not a five-tune or a six-tune. Or a seven-tune. (AHM)

WILLIUM:

'Scuse me, sir, there's someone to see ya.

SEAGOON:

Who is it?

WILLIUM:

Me.

SEAGOON:

Well, ask you to come in.

WILLIUM:

I am in.

SEAGOON:

Then get out!

WILLIUM:

Ah, oh, 'ere, 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Yeh, oh.

WILLIUM:

Ma'ey, eh.

SEAGOON:

Eyeh ooh.

WILLIUM:

You can't get rid 'o me as easy as that, I tell ya. I come from the Borough Council to collect... the rent what is... what you owe.

SEAGOON:

What rent?

WILLIUM:

The rent for the Great North Road. You can't kip 'ere for nothing, you know. It's fourteen an' a tanner.

SEAGOON:

What? Fourteen and a tanner for an unfurnished road with outside plumbing?

WILLIUM:

Yern. And what's more, you're responsible for doin' the decorations, you are. You'll 'ave to repaint that white line, ma'ey.

SEAGOON:

I refuse to pay, matey.

WILLIUM:

Then I shall be forced to distrain upon your furniture.

SEAGOON:

You filthy swine!

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Anyway, all I have is this piano.

WILLIUM:

Well, that'll do. I shall confriscinate it and sell it for the value o' the rent. (CALLS) Charlie?

CHARLIE:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Yes?

WILLIUM:

Take it away.

CHARLIE:

Git up there. Git up.

GRAMS:

CRACKING OF WHIP

CHARLIE:

Oww, me nut!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING AND PIANO ODD NOTES

SEAGOON:

In a trice, they harnessed my piano to a huge piebald chicken and drove it away. (SADDENED) Ohhh. My priceless memoirs gone. All that work for nothing. (OVERCOME) Oh, grief! Mourning! Over-acting!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Well, things are beginning to move, now. You see...

MILLIGAN:

Ohohoho!

GREENSLADE:

...while you've been... while you've been asleep, the piano has been sold by public auction to a retired elephant sexer.

FX:

DOOR BEING OPENED AND CLOSED REPEATEDLY

MINNIE:

(OVER, CALLS) Oh. Hello? Are you there, Henry? Henry? (OFF) Henry? Henryyyy? Oh, dear, dear, dear. (APPROACHING) Oh, dear, dear. Henry? (OFF) Henry?

FX:

DOOR MOVEMENT STOPS

MINNIE:

Oh, oh, he's bought a piano. (CALLS) Henry? (OFF) Henry?

HENRY:

What? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Where are you, cocky?

HENRY:

I'm in the piano, modern Min.

MINNIE:

What are you doing in there without a chaperone?

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

You know you're too old for that sort of G-string thing.

ORCHESTRA:

STRUMMING PIANO STRINGS

MINNIE:

(OVER) Come out, so.

HENRY:

(OVER STRINGS) Right, Min, I'm coming, Min.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO STOPS

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry, after all these years, our own... our own piano.

HENRY:

Yes, all our own, Min. At last we can take a bath.

MINNIE:

(EXCITED) Wheeeeeeeee!

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

(SINGS, TOGETHER WITH FOOT TAPPING)

Splish, splash, I was having a bath

round about a Saturday night

Deem num anum apapoh, eenum...

HENRY:

Contain yourself, Min, contain yourself.

MINNIE:

I'm going now, buddy. (SINGS) Oh, bim biddle oh...

HENRY:

(OVER SINGING) You've had too much Indian brandy, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Myup amanum doh.

HENRY:

Stop that wicked spasm dancing, will you. Now then, we must fill the piano with water. Fetch me the tap, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, chance, here it is.

GRAMS:

WATER RUSHING, CONTINUES UNDER

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ohh, wonderful.

HENRY:

Oh, yes.

MINNIE:

You realise now we shall have to buy some carbolic.

HENRY:

I've got some carbolic, Min.

MINNIE:

What the... Where? Where? Where?

HENRY:

In the...

MINNIE:

Where, where is the carbolic, where?

HENRY:

I got to buy... here.

MINNIE:

(ANGRY) You've never given me the carbolic before!

HENRY:

(ANGRY) Well, I don't have to show it to you if I don't want to!

MINNIE:

(ANGRY) You should have!

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

We've... (GIBBERISH AT HIGH SPEED)

HENRY:

Ohh. Ohh.

MINNIE:

Well, where is it?

HENRY:

In the safe, that's where it is. Don't you remember? My Uncle Cecil left it me in his will.

MINNIE:

You fool of a man.

HENRY:

What, what?

MINNIE:

You fool of a man. You know that Myrtle Kernitt got the soap. And we got the house-brick.

HENRY:

Well, we shall have to wash ourselves with a house-brick, then.

MINNIE:

Ohh. Oh, the piano, um, the piano's nearly full, Henry.

HENRY:

Good, good, right, turn it off.

GRAMS:

RUSHING WATER SLOWS, STOPS

MINNIE:

Ooh, dah, ooh.

HENRY:

Now, just to test the water, Min. Then...

MINNIE:

(SMACKING OF LIPS) Tastes delicious.

HENRY:

Don't drink it, you silly thing. Lend me your toe, Min. Just dip it in.

FX:

QUICK BUZZ

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Ohh, the ploo, the ploo!

HENRY:

Oh. It's too cold, I can't get into that, Min. It would turn my trousers blue.

MINNIE:

Well, we'll have to heat the water, buddy.

HENRY:

Yes, I'll light a fire under the piano, Min.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

MINNIE:

Right, now.

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Careful with those matches, they're not insured against fire, you know.

HENRY:

I know.

MINNIE:

You...

HENRY:

There, it's... doing nicely now.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

(OVER) Oh.

HENRY:

What, what?

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Pickapow!

HENRY:

Poh.

MINNIE:

Pickapow! Ut pickapow! Nyip.

HENRY:

Wha... what?

MINNIE:

Put... it's... it's the door. It wants to come in.

HENRY:

Oh. It must have forgotten its key, I'll just...

MINNIE:

Key of E-flat.

HENRY:

Put on my... door opening hat.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE:

Mor-ning, sir.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE:

Good mor-ning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE, HENRY & SEAGOON:

(CONTINUE AS ABOVE FOR A FURTHER 12 SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

Good heavens...

SEAGOON:

Well now, I...

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning. Mor-ning.

GREENSLADE:

Mor-ning.

HENRY:

Well, it passes the time, doesn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's another thirty seconds gone. Now... I hear you bought a piano today.

MINNIE:

That's right, young man,...

FX:

BRING UP FIRE CRACKLING

MINNIE:

...it's in the morning room.

HENRY:

Huh! Min! Sound the alarm! Send for the fires brigade!

MINNIE:

Tipadoo! Wickadoo! What's happened? What's happened?

HENRY:

The water's caught fire and it's burning the piano down!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Stand back while I throw on this bucket of Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'THE LATE, LATE SHOW'.

GREENSLADE:

That was, of course, Ray Ellington, the bed-ridden tap-dancer. And now, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE, RAGGED AND OFF-KEY

GREENSLADE:

We turn you to Mr.Crun's front parlour where Seagoon's piano is still blazing merrily away.

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING, CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Oh, my piano, my memoirs, oh, horrors! I must play this record of a fire brigade.

GRAMS:

FIRE ENGINE BELLS AND ENGINE APPROACHING, SCREECH OF BRAKES, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS
APPROACH, STOP, THEN ECCLES (PRE-RECORDED, PLAYED FAST) SAYING 'AH. WHERE'S THE FIRE?'

SEAGOON:

Here!

GRAMS:

ECCLES (PRE-RECORDED, PLAYED FAST) SAYING 'JUST A MINUTE. I'LL GET DOWN OFF THIS RECORD.
HUP!'

FX:

JUMPING ONTO FLOOR

ECCLES:

Woh! My voice has dropped as well. Ahoh! Well, what's goin' on here? What's goin' on, eh? Eh? Eh?
Eh? Eh?

SEAGOON:

My piano's on fire.

ECCLES:

Oh, I better write dat down in my note-book. C-A-T, cat.

SEAGOON:

No, no, piano. I want you to put it out.

ECCLES:

Oh. I can only spell 'cat' so I'll 'ave to put the cat out. Ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

But the cat isn't on fire.

ECCLES:

What? Den what did you send for me for?

SEAGOON:

Because, you booted idiot, my piano is on fire.

ECCLES:

Fire? Quick! (CALLS) Jump into dis sheet! Go on! Jump, I'll catch you!

SEAGOON:

(FLATLY AND NOT AMUSED) I'm standing on the floor.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, get on a chair, den. Now, jump!

SEAGOON:

Hup!

FX:

JUMPING ONTO FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Hurrah! Saved! Aha, ha, ha!

ECCLES:

Ha. Well. I'll be off, now. Any time.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING CONTINUES

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Folks. What a calamity! My piano burnt to the ground, oh, oh, oh! Acting, pathos, tears, Pagliacci! The paint and the powder! (SINGS) On with...

GREENSLADE & SEAGOON:

(BOTH SING) ...the motley,
and the paint and the powder...

GREENSLADE:

Right, right, thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

(CONTINUES SINGING 'ON WITH THE MOTLEY')

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Look, that... all... That's... That's quite... That's quite enough, thank you very much.

SEAGOON:

Sorry, Wal, I was just gettin' a bit o' the old operatic, there. (RASPBERRY)

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you will step into this rubber duck-pond, I will tell what happens next. It's Part Four.

SEAGOON:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

In a secret chemical laboratory, a chemical experiment is taking place.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

GRAMS:

WATER BOILING, EXPLOSION,

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

GRAMS:

WATER BOILING, EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh! Oh. Oh. There must be a cure for it, you know. (CALLS) Oh! Singhiz! Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Eh? What?

BLOODNOK:

Sweep up the debris, will you.

SINGHIZ THING:

What?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What? Don't point yourself at me, sir, I might go off.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in this laboratory?

BLOODNOK:

(INDIGNANT) How dare you! (NORMAL) What? I was just doing an experiment, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

I was finding out what happens when you mix hot Bombay Duck and curried gunpowder. Ohhohoho! Oh! Oh, dear! Yes. Wait a... a... oh... oh... wait... wait. Where's me old photographs? Cor 'struth! Aren't you Lance Sweeper Seagoon of the Fourteenth Cavalry Followers?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (ASIDE) I've lost me bucket. (NORMAL) And I need your help. You see, I've... I've written my memoirs.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOCKED) Ee what? It's a lie, I tell you, it's a lie! I wasn't *in* that wardrobe! In any case, I was waiting for a bus, you see. And...

SEAGOON:

But I haven't mentioned you, I...

BLOODNOK:

...Colonel's daughter... what?

SEAGOON:

I... I haven't mentioned you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, well, it was somebody else.

SEAGOON:

Anyway... yes, yes, yes. My memoirs have been burnt and... and they were worth a fortune.

BLOODNOK:

A fortune? But surely you kept a copy?

SEAGOON:

Only in my head.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Then we must take your head to a publisher at once. I'll just get my... hat and coat and trousers and... socks, vest and underpants... (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon pulls up a comfortable tiger and sits down to wait. But hist! Let us listen awhile at this open drain.

GRAMS:

WADING THROUGH WATER

MORIARTY:

(OVER, SINGS) Moonlight and roses,
for all the power that was given to me...

GRYTPYPE:

Hush, Moriarty. Did you hear that mouth-type talking?

GRAMS:

WATER MOVEMENT STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie has kept a copy of the memoirs in his head.

MORIARTY:

What? Then we must steal his head at once.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But who can we get to do it?

MORIARTY:

Wait! I know just the brave, intrepid lad. Forward, lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a duck! It is not, it's Super-Bottle!

GRYTPYPE:

Simmer down.

MORIARTY:

Listen, Super-Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Get Seagoon out of that laboratory and a fortune in sherbet suckers... is yours!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ecstasy! For two sherbet suckers, Freda Niggs is mine, tonight!

MORIARTY:

I gave her three last night! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Right, let's go through this sound effect of a door opening.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men of the East Finchley Elastic Boy Scouts...

LITTLE JIM:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

By da left, both feet forward putting, quick go!

GRAMS:

MANY BOOTS MARCHING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Halting, by placing feet in de stop position, halt-stop!

GRAMS:

MARCHING BOOTS STOP

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What's this? A piece of bread and jam with a sticky boy on the end?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men, corks in pop-guns, put! Guns at Neddie, point. Hands up, Neddie, you're our prisoner.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hands up, Neddie, you are our prisoner.

FX:

POP

ECCLES:

Ooh, how did that get out, there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles, you nit.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, I thought you were a fireman?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but I... I... I... somebody put me out and they gave me the part of a Boy Scout.

SEAGOON:

Which part of a Boy Scout?

ECCLES:

(WHISTLES) Whistle, the whistle.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, Mr. Sea-man, we've captured him.

MORIARTY:

Well done. Here's a pair of braces for your trouble.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What trouble?

MORIARTY:

Your trousers keep falling down!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! They're still with that type. Aha, ha, hooo! That little jokule.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. The fiends took me by force to the offices of Norbert Nark, Publisher.

NORBERT NARK:

[SELLERS]

(NASAL VOICE) Come in.

MORIARTY:

Ah. Bonjour, mon Anglais ami. Bonjour. Je avec ici...

NORBERT NARK:

Ah. Oh?

MORIARTY:

...a copy of a tres interesting homme you may like to publeesh.

NORBERT NARK:

Ah? Let me read him.

MORIARTY:

Right.

NORBERT NARK:

He's not pseudo Tudor with the shingle elevation, is he?

MORIARTY:

Only in the mating season.

NORBERT NARK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

He laid me on the desk and the publisher quickly thumbled through me.

FX:

TURNING PAGES

NORBERT NARK:

Ah. Yes.

FX:

PAGES STOP

NORBERT NARK:

He's quite fascinating. Thrilling and very well written. Of course, we may have trouble with the censors, he's rather dirty in parts, you know. How does he end?

MORIARTY:

Oh, you know, the usual way.

NORBERT NARK:

Gentlemen, I'll publish him!

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, no you won't! I refuse to be published!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

You swines! You've stolen my Neddie! Hands up!

MORIARTY:

Too late, huzzah! Drop your gun!

GRAMS:

HEAVY OBJECT THUDS TO THE FLOOR

NORBERT NARK:

Drop that lamp-post!

GRAMS:

METALLIC CLANG

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that gas-works!

GRAMS:

BUILDING CRASHES TO THE GROUND

SEAGOON:

Drop that Eiffel Tower!

GRAMS:

METALLIC BUILDING CRASHES TO THE GROUND

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that English [UNCLEAR]!

GRAMS:

HEAVY SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Drop that [UNCLEAR]!

GRAMS:

LARGE BELL BEING STRUCK

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that explosion!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

But it was no use. Soon afterwards Seagoon was published in an edition of four thousand copies. And as from tomorrow, will be on sale at all leading book-sellers and second-class slipper-baths. Give your friends a Seagoon, they probably deserve it. Goodnight, all.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' MARCH FOR 35 SECONDS, THEN PLAYOUT

S9 E08 - Queen Anne's Rain

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. The blame should be spread equally!

SECOMBE:

He's right, folks. There are so many in the BBC the blame can be spread so evenly it doesn't notice.

GREENSLADE:

Mr Strecham! How dare you reveal BBC cover-up methods!

SECOMBE:

It's my duty to protect the public, folks. And for this I hope to get an OBE.

GREENSLADE:

And what do you think you're going to do with it?

SECOMBE:

I'd sing it.

GREENSLADE:

How does it go?

SECOMBE:

(SINGS TO THE TUNE OF DANNY BOY – KIND OF) OBE, I love your daughter.

GREENSLADE:

So, that's the OBE. Oh, I see. I thought it went: (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF DANNY BOY) Oh, OBE, the pipes, the pipes are frozen.

SECOMBE:

That's the Order of the Garter you silly... twilger

GREENSLADE:

Oh, you... Oh.

SECOMBE:

And it's still in the top ten birthday honours, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Is it?

SECOMBE:

Yes. It was fourth last week. Listen.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SECOMBE:

It sounds like Peter Sellers. Forward him with his hi-fi lawn mower.

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) It records as it cuts and that is for me. Come! Now, my applause, please.

GRAMS:

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE OVER

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) Oh, ho, ho, hooo. Oh, yes, yes. Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes.

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE STOPS SUDDENLY

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) I'm getting known. It's quite obvious, yes. Minstrel, sing that for me.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS, WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT) I'm getting knooooown.

SECOMBE:

How much does he pay you for that?

SPRIGGS:

A free feel of his Rolls Royce, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Oh, well done, well done.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) And a fine master is heeeeeee.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SPRIGGS:

Oh, master...

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) He had to go. I shot him for nothing, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, you're a kind man. I think it's time we had a go at the Grune Show. The scene is a certain place, at a certain time, in a certain year.

SPRIGGS:

We're not giving anything away tonight, folks. Can we have an attack of the thunders, please?

GRAMS:

LOUD CRASH OF THUNDER, WIND HOWLING, RAIN POURING UNDER

CRUN:

Oh, there. That's got it in position. Ahhhhh... Argggh!

FX:

STRANGE SOUND ENDING IN DUCK CALL (SPROING FOLLOWED BY OYSTER OPENING SOUND)

CRUN:

Eureka! I've invented the whoopie cushion!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Stop that noise over there.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Stop that over there. Pufh!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

What? What are you doing at the window, Min of mine?

FX:

HEAVY BOOTS WALKING

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

(ON MIC) I'm counting the rain, Cocky.

CRUN:

Come away at once, Min. Supposing people saw you counting rain on a Sunday. What would they say?

MINNIE:

They'd say, "Oowww!"

GRAMS:

RAIN FADES

CRUN:

You see? I told you so. Now look at the year 1880.

MINNIE:

1880? Oh, and I haven't got the dinner on yet.

CRUN:

Never mind the 1880 dinner, Min of mine.

MINNIE:

(RAPIDLY) What's up? What's up? What's up? What's...?

CRUN:

You get on baiting those elephant traps.

MINNIE:

I don't see the point of them, you know.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

We've never caught one.

CRUN:

That doesn't mean we must stop trying, Min of mine.

MINNIE:

Phish-too.

CRUN:

Think of the dangers. Supposing you came down one morning for a greens-strainer...

MINNIE:

Ooooh!

CRUN:

...and found an elephant in the larder, eh?

MINNIE:

Well, I've never *seen* an elephant in the larder.

CRUN:

That is because they're *hiding*, Min of mine!

MINNIE:

Where do elephants hide? Tell me that!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Where do elephants hide, Buddy?

CRUN:

Well, I don't know, saxophone Min. But it's clear to me that they must hide somewhere. How else could they get away with it for so long?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BANNISTER AND CRUN:

Ooooooh.

MINNIE:

Who's that? All be murdered in our beds!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

It might be a man of evil powers!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

It might be a man...

CRUN:

Min, hand me my tin hat.

FX:

METALLIC NOISE

CRUN:

Now my sword.

FX:

SWORD RATTLING

CRUN:

Now the blunderbuss.

MINNIE:

Brave man, Henry.

CRUN:

Now, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Go and see who it is.

MINNIE:

There's somebody who believes in... Come! Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good Evening, I.....

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Arrrrrgghhhh!

CRUN:

Right in the credentials. Now, sir...

MINNIE:

He's the man from the Prudential, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes. Now, sir. What do you want?

SEAGOON:

I want a doctor, mate.

CRUN:

There is no Doctor Mate living here, sir!

SEAGOON:

But you must let me in. I've had an accident and it's starting to show.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm the local squire.

CRUN:

Ohh, come in. Let me take your hat and coat.

FX:

BROWN PAPER RUSTLING

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CRUN:

Min, throw these on the fire.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, I will.

SEAGOON:

I was on my way to London town when my horse took ill with a puncture. Have you a telephone?

MINNIE:

No. But we have a window with a pane of glass missing.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'll try that. Hello? Hello?

FX:

TAPPING ON WINDOW

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello? This window's gone dead.

CRUN:

Yes, the GPO took it out after a final demand, you know.

SEAGOON:

How painful. Well, it seems as though I'll have to stay the night here. Have you a bed?

CRUN:

Not on me, sir, we keep them all upstairs, you know.

SEAGOON:

Superstitious, eh? Ha, ha, ha. Well, er, have you a spare room?

CRUN:

Yes, sir, it's in the spare room.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good. Then I'll put my spare body in it. I only wear this one for work, you know.

MINNIE:

You've had a hard day. (ASIDE) So have they. Come.

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you. I'll... I'll be off in the morning.

MINNIE:

Ohh. But they say the bridge is under water. The River Foot has risen seven inches.

CRUN:

No, Min, the River Severn has risen *foot* inches.

MINNIE:

How can a river rise its foot inches?

CRUN:

(GROWING ANGRY) Who's talking about a river with feet?!

MINNIE:

(ALSO GETTING ANGRY) Don't you raise your voice to *me*, Chummy!

FX:

WOOD BLOCKS – SLAPPING –

OMNES:

FIGHTING

GRAMS:

BREAKING GLASS

BANNISTER AND CRUN:

Ohhh, arrrghh (LASTS 18 SECONDS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

MINNIE:

Now, Henry, don't make me lose my temper. Where the... Where is he? Henry?

SEAGOON:

He's gone. He did a brilliant impression of the Oozlum bird.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Then who have I been hitting?

WILLIUM:

It was me, Ma. I come down in me 'jamas to get a mug o' tea. And Whallop! Thun! Blut! I cops a piano on me nut!

SEAGOON:

It suits you, though.

WILLIUM:

Yer. Well, I admit, pianos have always suited me, you know, sir. I... er, (SNIFFS) Yer see, I got a B flat 'ead, you see.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see.

WILLIUM:

Ted Ray.

SEAGOON:

How come you got you pyjamas on back-to-front?

WILLIUM:

Well, I turned round suddenly and left 'em behind. I'd better get up to bed, nah. Good nighty, matey.

SEAGOON:

Good night? But it's breakfast time.

WILLIUM:

Yes. Well I don't like waitin' till the last minute, you see, er... There's only one pair of stairs up to my room and if I miss 'em I 'ave to wait for the next pair. An hour before they get 'ere. Good night on you, ohhhh....

SEAGOON:

And good night on you.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh....

FX:

DOOR OPENS, POURING RAIN, DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

'Ello! 'Ello Auntie Min. 'Ello, Uncle Crun.

CRUN:

Hello, Uckle.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Uncle Crun.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. I'm Squire Seagoon of the Fernakapan Farm.

ECCLES:

Oh. 'Ello, (UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY LIKE " SQUIRE SEAGOON OF THE FERNAKAPAN FARM ").

CRUN:

Master Muckle. What... (SELLERS CORPSES) Master Muckle, what have you been doing?

ECCLES:

I've been watering the garden.

SEAGOON:

In all the rain?

ECCLES:

Don't look at me so strange. I had a mackintosh on, my man.

CRUN:

You must pardon Master Muckle. He's going through the awkward age, you know.

MINNIE:

Been going through it for 48 years now, you know.

SEAGOON:

Taking the long way round, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha! A-ha! Ha-hum.

ECCLES:

(CLEARs THROAT) I... I ain't never met you before, have I?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

A-ha! You see, I remembered! Ha, ha, ha!

CRUN:

He's training, you know.

ECCLES:

I'm training, you know.

CRUN:

Next week, he's entering the World Sleeping Contest!

SEAGOON:

Why isn't he in bed, training?

ECCLES:

Oww.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Oh, wow, it's...

GELDRAÏ:

Hold everything, boy. I bring bad news, boy.

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a genuine Diana Dors cast of a wrestler.

GELDRAÏ:

No, boy, I'm the town crier!

SEAGOON:

Well start crying, then.

GELDRAÏ:

Listen, boy. Don't laugh at me, I don't get any extra money for doing these parts.

SEAGOON:

Sounds like a fair arrangement.

GELDRAÏ:

The valley is flooded, boy.

CRUN:

Eccles! You watered those flowers too much, I tell you!

GELDRAÏ:

The bridge to London is under water, it's a dead loss.

SEAGOON:

So are you, mate. (LAUGHS, AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Get an old conk on top of the 'armonica, we'd fortify ourselves with a brandyyyyyy..... (FADES)

FX:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAÏ:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part two. By which time it had been raining forty days and forty nights. Making a grand total of eighty days and nights. The waters rose and then at dawn... this!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME (FAST)

FX:

THUNDER, RAIN POURING, MORE THUNDER

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohhh, ohhh! Oh! Oh. Oh, what must the neighbours think? I say, Ellinga. What's happened?

ELLINGA:

(NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOLLOWED BY) ...blimey, oh.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear, you, too, eh? Now where's me breakfast?

FX:

CUP AND SAUCER RATTLING

ELLINGA:

Meega!

BLOODNOK:

Me chota housay.

FX:

HAMMER ON ANVIL REPEATEDLY UNDER

BLOODNOK:

(STRAINS ON EACH STRIKE OF ANVIL) Ellinga? How long did you boil this egg?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

How long did you boil that door?

SEAGOON:

Major, open this egg!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

WATER SLOSHING

BLOODNOK:

How dare you bring all that water into my house! Get out, water!

SEAGOON:

It's no use shouting at it, that water is deaf.

BLOODNOK:

What a tragedy, deaf water! Explain, sir! Why are you floating through me bedroom on a piano?

SEAGOON:

Well, I was... I was sleeping on it in the key of G when suddenly the great dam burst!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! I shall see my solicitor in...

SEAGOON:

Cut it out, Major, get on.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Floods are rising at the rate of three and sixpence an hour!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Are they? Well, I must first dive down to the basement and collect the tenant's rent.

FX:

SPLASH BUBBLES

SEAGOON:

And while he's gone, here's a joke. It appears that there were two men, you see, a Scottish man, a Jewish man and they were having lunch together. After the meal, the bill was proffered and the Scotsman was heard to say he would pay for it. Next day, a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered. A-ha, ha, ha! Yes. A-ha, ha. Of course, if I have offended the Scots by this story we can always tell the story so it ends up with the Scots ventriloquist being murdered, you see. (CLEAR THROAT) Or on the other hand, if I've offended both then... then we substitute another race. A-ha,

ha, well... To be on the safe side, I... I should have told the story with different races altogether. Now, for instance, the Derby and the Ascot Gold Cup, behind the legs with the [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

[Unclear].

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Excuse me, sir, they were all out. Never mind, I had to turn the gas off so it didn't matter. Now, just fit this outboard motor onto the piano and....

FX:

OUTBOARD MOTOR SPEEDS UP

BLOODNOK:

Owwwwwwwhhhh! Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, from the comparative safety of a long-disused factory chimney, a French scrag reviews his financial position.

MORIARTY:

And, um, one empty tin.

FX:

TIN DROPS ON FLOOR

MORIARTY:

One fishbone elegant.

FX:

FISHBONE DROPS ON FLOOR

MORIARTY:

One icepick formidable.

FX:

METAL HITS FLOOR

MORIARTY:

A piece of string!

FX:

CLANG

GRYTPYPE:

Hel-lo!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

So! You've been keeping these things from me, eh?

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, put all that stuff in my name at once!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I'm sorry, Grytpype,

GRYTPYPE:

Well, then!

MORIARTY:

Sorrrrry, Grytpyyype.

GRYTPYPE:

Grrr!

MORIARTY:

Could I have my teeth back for Christmas?

GRYTPYPE:

Here is the pawn ticket.

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) Achh! You pawned my teeth? You swine of a swine!

GRYTPYPE:

What!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I challenge you to a duel! Name your weapon!

GRYTPYPE:

Teeth!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I'm lost!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't take it to heart, steam Count. I have a feeling that any moment now our star will wax. Get your ear to the ground and hear what your ear can hear.

OMNES:

MIXED MURMURINGS

GRAMS:

CHICKEN CLUCKING

YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

'Ere come the squire, now. Maharrrr!

SEAGOON:

I have called this meeting because of all this extraordinary weather.

YOKEL:

I read in the paper that it's that Queen Anne's rain. Maarrrr!

MINNIE:

So, it's Queen Anne's rain we're getting, is it? She's responsible?

SEAGOON:

This is a very serious allegation against Queen Anne.

MINNIE:

Owwwwhhhh!

SEAGOON:

If this is her rain then we must ask her to stop it!

BLOODNOK:

I'm a military man, sir, it is my duty as a senior scoundrel to ask her majesty, Queen Anne, to leave off raining.

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

What are we going to do in the meantime? I mean, I... ahhh... ahh... argh!

SEAGOON:

I don't know how to stop rain, folks. If there was anybody who could they'd be worth their weight in gold.

FX:

TWO WHOOSHES

MORIARTY:

We weigh 20 stone!

SEAGOON:

Who are you? Explain those frayed collars.

GRYTPYPE:

They are part of our entourage. We were resting in the Urals... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER – THE FILTHY SWINES!) ...when we saw your plight.

SEAGOON:

I must draw the blinds.

GRYTPYPE:

This man clenching a do-it-yourself beetroot... is Count Jim "Naboolas"...

FX:

CASTANETS

MORIARTY:

Owwwww

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Who will unleash a truth upon you!

MORIARTY:

The sky over England is leaking! And that's why the rain is getting in!

OMNES:

ALARMED MURMURINGS INCLUDING "DID YOU EAR THAT?" AND THROAT SAYING "I 'EARD THAT..."

YOKEL 2:

[SECOMBE]

He's talking out the back of 'is 'ead!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course he is. That is where he keeps his words, it took him years to get it right, you know. The Count continues.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I suggest....

FX:

SPLAT

GRYTPYPE:

Who threw that steaming pudding at the Count?!

YOKEL 3:

[MILLIGAN]

I did.

GRYTPYPE:

There's two of us, you know!

FX:

SPLAT

GRYTPYPE:

Owww. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Wait! You two men claim the sky is leaking? What proof have you?

MORIARTY:

Water proof!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Moriarty, play him our qualifications.

GRAMS:

SCRAP METAL

MORIARTY:

(SINGS WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT)

And there's more where that came from,
I don't mean maybe,
More where that came froooooooooom.

FX:

SLAP – SPLASH

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

There! Recorded at sea.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

GRYTPYPE:

And now, good villagers, this is our plan. We will sue the government for neglecting to keep in good repair the sky over Upper Dicker village.

OMNES:

MASSED YOKEL-TYPE ARRRS

GRAMS:

SPED UP CHICKEN SQUORKS

GRYTPYPE:

We will of course need scientific premises. Tell me, has this village got a laboratory?

SEAGOON:

Could you spell that?

GRYTPYPE:

And ruin the gag? Never, sir. Come, Moriarty.

ORCHESTRA:

"THE ARCHER'S" THEME SLIGHTLY SPEEDED UP

OMNES:

OOOOOOHHHH....

GREENSLADE:

That was a special arrangement of the Houses of Parliament in the key of "C".

HERN:

[SELLERS]

And now, folks, a big hern for the hairy Speaker, hern.

ORCHESTRA:

"WHO WANTS TO BE HAPPY?"

OMNES:

SHOUTING

ELDER:

[SECOMBE]

Thank you.... ahhh... silence (OLD-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF DYING)...

FX:

BODY HITS FLOOR

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

There he goes. Honourable members, a serious situation has arisen.

OMNES:

ANGRY CROWD NOISES INCLUDING "RUBBISH!", "DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

CHURCHILL:

I'm glad you all came.

TORY TWIT:

[MILLIGAN]

Mr Prime Minister. (LONG, UNINTELLIGIBLE QUESTION) ...it on the spring tide. Whoever...
(UNINTELLIGIBLE). Thank you.

CHURCHILL:

I'm coming to that, sir. First, the grave news. The village of Upper Dicker has accused Queen Anne of raining too long.

ELDER:

[SECOMBE]

(SOUNDING NEARLY DEAD) Ohhh... arrrrrrrr.... Oh.

CHURCHILL:

You choose your words well, sir. The villagers have insurrected!

MP:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) The swines!

CHURCHILL:

So. I have, this day, despatched a steam gunboat up the River Steam Dicker.

OMNES:

MASSED CRIES OF "HEAR! HEAR!"

GREENSLADE:

And that is the end of "Today in Parliament". Meantime, here's a non-sequitor entitled "Ray Ellington".

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"TOO MARVELLOUS FOR WORDS"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, three men are trying to cross the River Dicker by iron bedstead.

GRAMS:

WATER FLOWING UNDER

SEAGOON:

Well, it hasn't sunk yet!

BLOODNOK:

It's not in the river yet.

SEAGOON:

I know, but if it doesn't sink on land that's half the battle.

BLOODNOK:

Loo!

SEAGOON:

What's "Loo"?

BLOODNOK:

Half a battle. Water-Loo! Ha ha!

ECCLES:

We got a water loo in our garden.

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, folks.

ECCLES:

(WAITS FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER – NOT A SAUSAGE) (OFF) Apparently nobody else has! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, we can't live forever, you know.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? You just wait and see, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Very well - I will!

ECCLES:

Ok. (LIP SMACKING NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

Well? Come on, I'm waiting.

ECCLES:

All right, I'm living forever as fast as I can.

BLOODNOK:

You're a phoney, Mad Dan Eccles!

ECCLES:

I'm not! Let's get on with it! I'm getting tired, lyin' in bed. My mother said that it's not good for young men to lie in bed all the time.

SEAGOON:

Get back in kip! You're in training. Now all stand on the bed and lift it quickly before we realise it can't be done. Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Oho! It's floating! And it fits the river perfectly!

SEAGOON:

It's as I plinned, planned, plooned and plinged! Tonight, we'll be in the London. With luck, Eccles should win the sleeping contest and with the prize money we can afford a new sky over Dicker!

ECCLES:

'Ere! Oo... oooo's de captain of dis bed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am. Sea Ranger Bottle of the Royal Upper Dicker Navy. Stand clear of the bed for action.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! My nut! You try that again!

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh! I'll give you one more chance. Just you do that a...

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! Don't do that again.

ECCLES:

Listen, Mr Sealoan. If you hit Bottle, you hit me!

FX:

SLAP

ECCLES:

Ow, 'e 'it me! He 'it me, Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You hit him again!

FX:

SLAP

ECCLES:

Owwwww! Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, you better get out of 'ere before you get killed!

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! What was that explosion aft?

BLOODNOK:

Don't ask, lad, don't ask! Look! A naval sloop and it's firing shells addressed to us!

GREENSLADE:

Ahoy, HMS Fairycake!

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

(LINE DROWNED OUT BY AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) ...Upper Dicker. Anyone who does will be incarcerated!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Very well, we'll chain the river to its banks. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

WHISTLE OF BOMB BEING DROPPED THEN EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

OMNES:

MASSED YOKEL MURMURINGS

SEAGOON:

What is it?

YOKEL:

[MILLIGAN]

There's a strange monster, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Good villagers! This is a hot air Goldolphus balloon in which we will ascend to repair your sky, as soon as Squire Seagoon returns with the money.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Bad news!

MORIARTY:

Bad news? What? Sounds like bad news!

SEAGOON:

The brass bedstead was sunk by naval gunfire and Eccles went down with his mattress! Worse still... he came up again.

MORIARTY:

So, there's no money! Argh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

He took that badly. Well, gentlemen, no money – no repairs. But worst of all, (SOBS) no money.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

RAIN POURING UNDER

GREENSLADE:

And still it rained. The waters rose and because of his build, Mr Secombe was the first in danger of drowning.

CRUN:

What are you doing at the window, Min?

MINNIE:

(BLOWS BUBBLES)

CRUN:

Oh, dear, this means we shall have to move up a floor, again.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

WATER POURS IN

SEAGOON:

Good news! Queen Anne's stopped raining!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens! I thought she'd never stop.

ECCLES:

At last, a happy ending!

BLOODNOK:

Not quite!

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Owwwowww!

BLOODNOK:

That is a happy ending! Yes, well, er... (SNIFFS) Er... That's about all there is, really, I suppose. You'd better get out of here as quick as you can, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG TUNE

S9 E09 - The Battle of Spion Kop

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Now here is a variation on that. This is *the* BBC Light Programme.

OMNES:

MURMURS OF APPROVAL INCLUDING "VERY GOOD, THERE"

SELLERS:

The old night school's paying off there, Wal.

SECOMBE:

Yer, chat on more on it, there, Wal, lad! Give us a bit more of the old posh chat, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I continue my recital of announcements. The BBC is open to the public on Thursdays and Wednesday afternoons. Or on Wednesday afternoons and Thursdays.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim. Now here, folks, is Chief Ellinga Too-Ying-Too to say 'Thursday' in Swahili.

ELLINGTON:

Mala toola yah! Yarga toola marngo? Tula mar garrrr. Ohta meichicka fagula tolum. What?

SPRIGGS:

You see how long the days are in Africa, folks. (ASIDE) She's in tonight. (NORMAL) Forward, Mr Seaside, with your New Year's resolutions.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! it is me, folks! Folks, it is me! Next year, folks, I hope to give up 1958 - permanently!

ELDER STATESMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ungrateful beast, after 1958 all that it's done for you, you discard it like an old boot, I won't hear it.

SEAGOON:

Let me warn you, hairy sir, of the many dangers and dongers of keeping on old years after it's worn out. Mrs Greenslade's husband will now tell you why.

GREENSLADE:

It was the year 1907 and here is the orchestra to play it.

ORCHESTRA:

NEW MAD LINK ALL OVER THE SHOP. SINGING IN THE MIDDLE. FINISHES ON A CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, what a year that was. The South African war had broken out and was now in its second year.

OMNES:

SINGING 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY'

SEAGOON:

Knock, knock, knock on a door in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

Knock, knock on a door in Africa? Gad, that's the address of *my* door! Come in!

SEAGOON:

Effects door opens.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh, effects, ahhh.

SEAGOON:

May I introduce myself?

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

(ANNOUNCING) Ladies and Gentlemen! The man in the blue corner is Neddie Seagoon. (NORMAL)
Thank you. I'm 5th Lieutenant Seagoon reporting from Sandhurst SW9.

BLOODNOK:

Well, sit down on that chair in Africa SE16.

FX:

DUCK CALL

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I was told to hand this envelope to you with a hand.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Pronounced... Ohhhhhh!

FX:

ENVELOPE OPENING

BLOODNOK:

Ah! These are your secret orders.

SEAGOON:

What do they say?

BLOODNOK:

Stand aaaaaat... Ease!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT STANDING AT EASE

SEAGOON:

(RELIEVED) Ah! Oh, that feels much better, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And it suits you, what's more.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you!

BLOODNOK:

Now! To military matters of milt. Captain Jympton?

GRAMS:

MAD DASH OF COCONUT SHELLS HORSES HOOVES VERY BRIEF, VERY FAST. APPROACHING TO FOREGROUND

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhh! Ah, sorry I'm late, sir. I... was quelling a native with, ah... quells.

BLOODNOK:

You'll get the military piano and bar for this.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Now explain the victorious positions of our defeated troops, will you.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ah... Intelligence, ah... has established that, ah... the people attacking us, ah... are the enemy.

BLOODNOK:

So! *That* is their fiendish game, is it?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen. Do the enemy realise that you have this information?

BLOODNOK:

No, no, we got 'em fooled, they think *they're* the enemy!

SEAGOON:

Oh. What a... (SELLERS AND SECOMBE CRACK UP) They think *we* are the enemy, yeah. (NORMAL)
What a perfect disguise!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ha, ha, ha. Yes, you see, Lieutenant Seagoon, we have a plan of a plin of a plon of a ploof.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Of a ploof.

HUGH JYMPTON:

The South Africans are magnificent fighters and it's our intention to persuade them to come over to our side.

SEAGOON:

Then that would finish the war, sir!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Oh, no. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, dearie no!

SEAGOON:

Then how would you keep it going?

HUGH JYMPTON:

My dear sir. England is *never* short of enemies!

BLOODNOK:

Of course not, the waiting room's full of 'em. Now, Seagoon, sit down. Tell me - what's the time back in England?

SEAGOON:

Twenty to four, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's nice to hear the old time again. Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Yes, sir?

FX:

SLAPSTICK

SINGHIZ THING:

Ahhh!

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here now, will you! You see, Seagoon, how bad things are. That banana, for instance, it's only been eaten once and look at it!

SEAGOON:

But sir, back in England they told me all was well.

BLOODNOK:

Back in England all *is* well, it's *here* where the trouble lies.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What? What? What? What?

GRAMS:

APPROACH OF OLD CAR BACK FIRING, GRINDING OF GEAR, PARPING ON BULB HORN, CAR EXPLODES, GUSHER OF STEAM, FALLS TO BITS, YELLS

ECCLES:

Well. I think I'll pull up here.

BLOODNOK:

I say, you with the apparent teeth.

ECCLES:

Oh, a soldier man! 'Ello, soldier! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! You're dead, soldier!

SEAGOON:

Let me talk to him. (CLEARS THROAT) I speak idiot fluently. (DOES ECCLES IMPRESSION) 'Ello, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, you're from the old country! 'Ello. (AD LIBS TO AUDIENCE MEMBER CLAPPING LOUDER THAN OTHERS) Somebody else from the Old Country out there. I wish they were back there! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, er...

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Allow me to humour him with this mallet.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, leave it to me. (AS ECCLES) Tell us, Mad Dan, what are you doing in Africa?

ECCLES:

What am I doin' in Africa? I translated.

SEAGOON:

(UNDER ECCLES) What are you doing in Africa?

ECCLES:

I'm here as an adviser to the British Army!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! (AS ECCLES) What are you going to advise them?

ECCLES:

Not to take me.

BLOODNOK:

I respect your cowardice, sir, it warms my heart and gives old Dennis a real smart idea. Come over here and warm yourself by this Recruiting Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

(COCKNEY) Hello, hello, 'ello, my lad. You look a likely lad, there.

ECCLES:

'Ello, 'ello, um, my lad. (GIBBERISH)

SERGEANT:

Very good, very good, very good, there.

ECCLES:

(OFF) You're on your own.

SERGEANT:

Now 'ere, lad. 'Ow would you like to 'ave a grandstand view of the opening night of the Battle of Spion Kop, there?

BLOODNOK:

Here, just a moment, Sergeant. Spine-ra Kop! He can have *my* place, I tell you!

SERGEANT:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Just by chance, Sergeant, I have a vacant uniform in the front rank, he'll see *everything* from there.

SERGEANT:

Now, then. You 'eard that very fair offer from the nice Major, there.

ECCLES:

He's a nice Major.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

He's a nice... nice man. How much do you want for dat?

BLOODNOK:

Well it's usually it's free but, er... just this once it'll be seven shillings. So, ah, shall we say a pound?

ECCLES:

A pound?

BLOODNOK:

You said it!

ECCLES:

Oh! I've only got a five-pound note.

BLOODNOK:

Well I'll take that and you can pay me the other four later.

FX:

TILL

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the old military till.

SERGEANT:

You're a very lucky lad, there, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yer?

SERGEANT:

I'll have a regiment call for you at six tomorrow morning. Meantime, here is the well-known 'Conks' Geldray. A sittin' target!

MAX GELDRAY:

Boy, in the war my conk holds his own.

MAX GELDRAY:

"THIS CAN'T BE LOVE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC 'RETURN TO THE STORY' LINK

GRAMS:

HORSE ARTILLERY TROTting UP TILE LINE. DISTANT TRAMP OF SOLDIERS PLODDING ALONG ROUGH ROAD

GREENSLADE:

At dawn the British attack was mounted. Not very well stuffed but beautifully mounted. Then suddenly through the stilled British front line, a lone voice is heard.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) Lucky charms! Get your lucky charms before the battle. Get your lucky charms, boys. (SINGS) Get your self a charm today and save yourself from harm today.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

WILLIUM:

'ere, mate, charm man. 'Ere.

MORIARTY:

What is it, merry drummer man?

WILLIUM:

Them charms. Are they any cop, mate?

MORIARTY:

Ah, they're... They're *real* cop, mate. Nelson brought one for Waterloo.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

MORIARTY:

What? What?

WILLIUM:

'E weren't at Waterloo.

MORIARTY:

Of course not, he was in my shop buying a charm. You see how lucky they are?

WILLIUM:

'Ow much is a good one, then?

MORIARTY:

Well, tell me, what part *don't* you want to be wounded in?

WILLIUM:

I don't want any o' me parts woundin'.

MORIARTY:

I know, you want the all parts comprehensive charm!

WILLIUM:

Well, 'urry up, then. 'Ow much?

MORIARTY:

Three shillings, it's a real bargain with barg.

WILLIUM:

There, snail eater. I pins it on me chest so me chest won't get killed.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

WILLIUM:

Ohhh! Mate.

FX:

THUD OF BODY

MORIARTY:

Good shot, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

Unpin the lucky charm and back on the tray with it. Off you go, Morantilly.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Chaaaaarms! Second hand lucky charms. (FADING) Only used once before.

GRYTPYPE:

There he goes. A true son of France and Hyde Park. Who knows what mystic thoughts are whispering in the mossy glades of his krutty shins.

SECOMBE:

I say! You mind taking your hat off, old chap? The battle's about to begin and we can't see, you know.

SELLERS:

(SHOUTS) Fire!

GRAMS:

BATTLE STARTS - FIRST THE VOLLEYS OF MUSKETRY, THEN DISTANT CANNONS. THE RETURN FIRE OF THE ENEMY IS EVEN MORE DISTANT. FADE DOWN AND UNDER. FADE IN BIG BEN CHIMING. FADE

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

Gentlemen of the house. The Battle of Spion Kop opened last night.

OMNES:

ENTHUSIASTIC MURMURINGS INCLUDING "HEAR HEAR!" AND "LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!"

PRIME MINISTER:

Ahhh. But I fear it got very bad notices in the Press.

MP 1:

[MILLIGAN]

You're not thinking of taking it off are you, Mr Prime Minister?

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, unless Robert Morley puts some money in I can see no other way...

MP:

[UNCLEAR]. What about Binkie and his backers? They'll... they'll lose all their money.

PRIME MINISTER:

Patience, sir, patience. We have here Lieutenant Seagoon...

MP:

Have we? Ohhh...

PRIME MINISTER:

...who will proceed to give us the reasons for the disayster.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Honourable Members. The reason for it flopping was obvious. There isn't one decent song in the whole battle.

MP 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, come, I say.

MP 3:

[SELLERS]

But soldier fellow, the Battle of Spion Kop isn't a musical, you know.

SEAGOON:

And that's where we went wrong.

MP 3:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

If the *Americans* had been running it they'd have had Rex Harrison and the other wrecks.

MP 3:

But do you know any good composers of battle songs and scores?

SEAGOON:

Just by chance and careful planning, I have an Auntie in Grimsby who sits amongst the cabbages and plays an elastic water tank under supervision.

MP 3:

I didn't know there were any of her kind left, you know. Now off you go and tell your auntie the good news.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OVER..

SECOMBE:

(SINGS 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY', SPEEDING UP INTO THE DISTANCE)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

HAMMERING OF A METAL HAMMER ON ANVIL

HENRY CRUN:

(OVER HAMMERING MUTTERS) There. Now that's got the spoons in fine-spoon fettle, Min.

FX:

QUICK TWO SPOONS TOGETHER Á LA BUSKERS

HENRY CRUN:

(SINGS) 'Na ahah, ahah, aliah, ah' Now, Min. Get inside the piano and select me a tuning A.

GRAMS:

ONE SHEEP BLEATING

HENRY CRUN:

Again, Min.

GRAMS:

ONE SHEEP BLEATING AGAIN

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh, they don't make pianos like that any more.

MINNIE:

Isn't it time we had it shorn, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

No, not yet, Min, the winters are not upon us, you know. Hand me my knuckle oils.

MINNIE:

(GIGGLES) Rub it well into the k-nuckles. I get it mixed with Indian brandyyy! Rub it in!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh, Indian brandy, oh.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] it into those knuckles.

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhhh. Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, dear.

FX:

AGONISING KNUCKLE CRACKING

HENRY CRUN:

No good, Min, these calminatives are no good, I tell you.

MINNIE:

They'll purge you, purge you.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh, I... I've got the flat-feet in the third knuckle, you know, Min. Ah, well, now to try for the Pajanynee variations for spoons arranged - Crun!

GRAMS:

DISC OF VARIATIONS

HENRY CRUN:

(PLAYS SPOONS. THEN...) Stop! Stop, stop! This spoon is out of tune, Min. Have you been eating with it, again?

MINNIE:

Nooooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Then what's that your stirring the soup with?

MINNIE:

A violin.

HENRY CRUN:

She's always got an answer, the old cow.

MINNIE:

Nowwwwwww.....

HENRY CRUN:

Now.

MINNIE:

Now, you always say that.

HENRY CRUN:

Now to compose the last tune for the battle of Spion *Kop*!

FX:

BUSKER SPOONS IN TEMPO

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(SING 'DOLLY GREY', FADE)

GRAMS:

FADE UP BATTLE NOISES, EXPLOSIONS, ETC. LARGE EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Oh! Ellinga, turn the volume of that battle down, will you.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Major! The enemy...

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaooooohh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, he's gone. Ah! Here are his boots. They're still warm! He can't be far.

BLOODNOK:

Aaah, there ain't nobody here but us chickens, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a cowardly red face on the top of a chicken wardrobe.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it's you Seagoon, you... you coward.

SEAGOON:

Why have you deserted your post?

BLOODNOK:

It's got woodworm, sir.

SEAGOON:

Old jokes won't save you.

BLOODNOK:

They saved Monkhouse and Goodwin, well that's good enough for me.

SEAGOON:

Major.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's still hope.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Look!

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Crun's vital battle songs have arrived.

BLOODNOK:

It won't be easy, sir, the enemy have just attacked in E-Flat and we had to retire to G-Minor.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, sir. These old songs are all written in six-sharps.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the most powerful brown key of them all. Get Ellinga and his Zulu bones to dash off a chorus towards the enemy.

SEAGOON:

Fiiiiire!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MR SUCCESS"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

BUGLE CALLS AT VARYING PITCHES, RUNNING BOOTS OF TROOPS TAKING UP POSITIONS

SEAGOON:

At dawn under cover of daylight we took up our positions with our teeth blacked out.

MILLIGAN:

(WOEFUL) Every man had his ammunition pouches bulging with offensive military songs and spoons at the ready.

SEAGOON:

Right. We'll just have to sit and wait.

(LONG PAUSE – 10 SECONDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you tink we're gonna win, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Never was victory more certain, little lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Then why have you got that taxi waitin' for you at the end of your trench?

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Oh, well. Here's a half-a-crown, little lad, I... I think we can forget all about it now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I can't forget about it.

FX:

COLOSSAL CLOUT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahah! I've forgotten about it!

SEAGOON:

Now explain to me why you're lying down two inches below the level of the ground and speaking through a tombstone.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I was doing an impression of a zebra crossing when... Squelch! A taxi ranned over me breaking both my boots above the wrist.

SEAGOON:

What agony, ighony, agony, oogany, mahogany. Did it hurt you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, cos I'm makin' it all up, you see! Hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI APPROACHES AT TERRIFIC SPEED; JELLY THUD SOUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! You taxied me. Look, the Christmas string's coming off my legs.

SEAGOON:

Swallow this first-aid book and custard. I'll have your legs relacquered free and exported to Poland.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a fair man, sir. Merry! Krilbuns.

ECCLES:

Oww, Bottle, what you doin' under that taxi?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It ran over me, Eccles.

ECCLES:

You must be rich. I can only afford to be run over by buses.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my man, when you're in the big money, you know, you can do things like this.

ECCLES:

You see, one day I'll have enough money to be run over by a Rolls-Royce *with a chauffeur!*

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, pull me out, then.

ECCLES:

Right-oh. Hold this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is it?

ECCLES:

I don't know, but I got it cheap.

SEAGOON:

Let me see what you got cheap?

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWL

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's a genuine hand operated 1914 tiger!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, put that tiger back in its stripes, we don't want any scandals during ladies night, you know.

SINGHIZ:

Pardon me, sir. All the men are ready with their music.

BLOODNOK:

Good, let us have those spoons, then, lad.

ORCHESTRA:

EACH MAN ISSUED WITH TWO SPOONS. THEY MAKE NOISE LIKE BUSKERS

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh. Oh, what a terrifying sound. It's a good job nobody heard it.

SEAGOON:

Now, men. To your military Crun music. And take up your vocal positions with your voices facing outwards!

BLOODNOK:

And don't sing men until you see the whites of their song sheets. Are you ready? Bugler, sound the elephant.

GRAMS:

HIGH PITCHED TRUMPETING BY SINGLE ELEPHANT

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Here they come now, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Quick! Me spoons and me music, I'll show 'em!

FX:

TWO SPOONS BUSKING IN TEMPO TO..

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING 'GOODBYE DOLLY I MUST LEAVE YOU') (SHOUTS) Come on you fools! There's more of this where this came from! (CONTINUES SINGING) 'I don't know want to go'. (SHOUTS) Sing up, lads!

OMNES:

ALL JOIN IN SINGING AND RATTLING SPOONS

GRAMS:

SHELLS START BURSTING IN THEIR MIDST. STARTING SLOWLY AND INCREASING IN INTENSITY

BLOODNOK:

(CONTINUES TO SING BUT GRADUALLY HIS MORALE IS DESTROYED, HE BREAKS OFF)

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Run for it, lads, run for it! These songs aren't bullet proof! Aaaaohhhh!

GRAMS:

WHOLE ARMY RUNS AWAY YELLING IN TERROR. SPEED UP AND FADE

(PAUSE)

GRAMS:

ARCTIC GALE HOWLING, OCCASIONAL WOLVES

BLOODNOK:

(OUT OF BREATH) Oh! Ohhh! That's far enough, lads. Where are we?

SEAGOON:

The South Pole, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Well, no further, we don't want to back into them. Anyway... Plant the Union Jack, will you? The national flag of the Union of Jack. I claim the South Pole in the name of Gladys Pills. Of 13 The Sebastibal Villas, Sutton.

SEAGOON:

Who is she, sir?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know but obviously we're doing her a big favour.

SEAGOON:

There's still a chance of victory. Look!

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Look what I've got in the brown paper parcel

FX:

RUSTLING OF PAPER

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, *white* paper! What a glorious victory for England.

SEAGOON:

Look under the stamp.

BLOODNOK:

What? A fourteen-inch naval gun.

ECCLES:

And guess what's in the barrel?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea.

SEAGOON:

Major, inside the barrel are photographs of a British military dinner.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Keep it going, lad, keep it going.

SEAGOON:

I will, indeed. I intend to fire that photograph at the enemy canteen during their lunch break. When they see the size of British military dinners, they'll desert.

BLOODNOK:

I know, half *our* men deserted when they saw the size of 'em. However it's worth a try. Take aim...
Fire!

GRAMS:

COLOSSAL EXPLOSION; FOLLOWED BY PILES OF BONES FALLING ON TO THE GROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaiee! That's the last time I kip in a barrel, I tell you. Collapses and is left out of show from now onwards. Goodnight, everybody.

GRAMS:

CHEERS APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. By popular request I've come back again.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aie!

SEAGOON:

All we can do is to wait and see what effect that photograph of a military dinner has on the enemy.
Meantime - a sound effect.

GRAMS:

WIND UP AND WOLVES HOWLING

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in Parliament, the British Government had written off the Battle of Spion Kop as a dead loss.

ANCIENT STATESMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Gentlemen... Gentlemen, to save face, and the honour of England, we're going to bring back that old favourite... The Battle of Waterloo"

OMNES:

ANCIENT MURMURS OF APPROVAL, MILD CLAPPING, MURMURS OF "HEAR, HEAR..."

PRIME MINISTER:

Gentlemen, we shall send out immediate notification to the original cast.

ORCHESTRA:

MARSEILLAISE-TYPE LINK

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

(SNORING)

FX:

(DOOR OPENING)

FRENCH SEAGOON:

(FRENCH ACCENT THROUGHOUT) Mon Emperor, wake-up!

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

How... How dare you wake the Emperor Napoleon up in the middle of his retirement.

FRENCH SEAGOON:

Wonderful nouvelle wonderful news.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Quelle, news, quelle, you!

FRENCH SEAGOON:

By special request we have to do an encore of the Battle of Waterloo.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

What? But we lost it!

FRENCH SEAGOON:

This time we've got a British backer.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Ahhh! Sapristi nabolos and gabolaboo! Get my trousers oiled and unwrap a fresh Josephine! (AS THROAT) Urrrrr... (NORMAL) There's going to be fun tonight in the camp!

FX:

THWACK

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Down, Emperor, down. Snail-eating fool. Back to your grave, you know you're not allowed out after your death.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Blast those silly rules!

GRYTPYPE:

My card, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

This is a piece of string.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you no imagination, lad? I am Lord Ink.

SEAGOON:

Not Pennan?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Pennan Ink.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, folks, it's getting near the end, now. All pay offs will be gratefully received.

GRYTPYPE:

One coming up, Ned. Unfortunately my client, Moriarty, is appearing in 'The Death of Napoleon' at the local knackers yard. Looks like being a very long run.

SEAGOON:

It looks like being a long run? What does?

GRYTPYPE:

Ten miles.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRYTPYPE:

They're off!

GRAMS:

TWO PAIRS OF RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

As we ran we discussed the contract for the Battle of Waterloo. Later at the Preston Barracks, Brighton, we auditioned for the part of the Duke of Wellington.

GRAMS:

FADE IN SELLERS SINGING LAST PART OF 'ANY OLD IRON', MATE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Wait inside the piano one moment, will you? What do you think?

GRYTPYPE:

He's not the Lord Wellington type, you know.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. Yes. (CALLS OUT) I say, we... we... we'll, we'll write and let you know.

WILLIUM:

Let me know what?

SEAGOON:

That you're no good for the part.

WILLIUM:

Right, then I won't takes another job till I 'ear that, then.

SEAGOON:

Next, please.

FX:

BOOTS APPROACHING

ECCLES:

(SINGING FROM WAY OFF) "I'll follow my secret heart till I find you..."

SEAGOON:

One moment. (ASIDE) Where's my pistol?

GRYTPYPE:

No, Neddie, no. Er, one moment.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Grytpype! Listen! With Eccles playing the part of Wellington, this time the French are *bound* to win the Battle of Waterloo!

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

GRYTPYPE:

Button the hat and sword. Now, charge!

GRAMS:

GREAT GALLOPING OF HORSES INTO DISTANCE WITH SHOTS SCREAMS AND MORE SHOTS

ECCLES:

Owwwowwww!

SEAGOON:

(IN TEARS) No! We... We've lost the Battle of Waterloo!

MORIARTY:

Get your new history books. Get your new history books, here. Read how the French won Waterloo, folks. For the second time [UNCLEAR]... (FADES)

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Seagoon? Look here, a right twit you made of yourself firing that photo of a dinner at the enemy. Do you know what they fired back?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

The photograph of an empty plate.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha. An empty plate! (CLEARS THROAT) Well. There you are, folks. The old anti-climax again! (LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH'

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

S9 E10 - Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. To add seasonal cheer to the broadcast, I've had written permission to wear a small holly leaf in my button hole.

SEAGOON:

Whup! There's white hot courage for you!

GREENSLADE:

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

SEAGOON:

Don't you realise, Wal, boy, that the Druids used the holly leaf for certain unsavoury ritualistic rites.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Indeed.

GREENSLADE:

Well, I'd better hurry and get that word cleared by the BBC censorship department. Gid up there!

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOP OFF VERY FAST

SEAGOON:

There he goes! And in the space we see Peter Sellers!

SELLERS:

Schizig! If listeners will stand up and place both hands on their partner's shoulders, they will actually pick up the sound of the all-powerful BBC censorship department. (GURGLE)

GRAMS:

FANFARE

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Ummmm.... Ahhh... Commme... errrr.. ahhhh... ahhh... ahhhhhhh....

MINNIE:

He's trying to say 'come in'.

SECOMBE:

Errr..... ahhhhh....

HENRY CRUN:

Male hormones forever!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

SECOMBE:

(HAS AN ATTACK) Ahhh... Ahhhh! (COLLAPSES)

FX:

THUD OF BODY & BITS OF BODY SCATTERING. BALL BEARINGS MARBLES ROLL ALONG FLOOR. HAND FULL OF FORKS. METALLIC RESONANT NUTS AND BOLTS FALLING

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear. He's disintegrated, Min. I'll have to take over his trousers.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. GALLOPING HOOVES AT GREAT SPEED (COCONUT SHELLS)

GREENSLADE:

Ahoy!

MINNIE:

Ahoyyyy youuuu!

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh.

GREENSLADE:

I've come to get clearance on a word.

HENRY CRUN:

What is the word, sir?

GREENSLADE:

Well it's... er... um... um... er... er... Yes, yes, yes. 'Holly'!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh. What's wrong with it, sir?

GREENSLADE:

Well, it's believed to have an undertone of eroticism.

THROAT:

Oh, blimey.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Could you write this word down?

MINNIE:

Blindfold yourself, Henry, don't look!

HENRY CRUN:

Blindfold myself.

GREENSLADE:

Yeeeeees, I could.

FX:

WRITING

GRAMS:

LOUD STARTLED CLUCK OF CHICKEN

HENRY CRUN

Blast! He can write on chickens. You want us to see if this word is fit to be said?

GREENSLADE:

I fear so.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohh, dear. Well that puts us in a rather nasty spot, doesn't it. We don't like committing ourselves.

GREENSLADE:

Well, it's alright. Oh, yeah, but you're the Censors.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, but we don't *like* that sort of thing, you see.

MINNIE:

Don't we?

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

MINNIE:

We don't like it.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

We don't, do we.

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) We don't... we don't like it at all.

HENRY CRUN:

We don't...

GRAMS:

Chicken clucking

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) Mr Lord Scrubs! You're the oldest, what do you think of this word?

LORD SCRUBS:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Ahhhhh... ahhhhh... I... I... I... I... I won't... ahhhh... commit myself... ahhhh... at this stage.
I... ahhhh... I... I'll... I'll go... go along. Yes... I... I'll... I'll go along.

HENRY CRUN:

Who will you go along with?

LORD SCRUBS:

Aaaaaanybody who...

AUSTRALIAN:

[SELLERS]

Well, I think I'm with you there, I'm with you all the way, I'll go along with that, I reckon, yeah.

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) Does anybody agree with that?

SELLERS:

(NASAL) I agree with that.

LALKAKA:

So do... So... So do I.

GREENSLADE:

But look, look, look, look, look, what are you all agreeing about?

MILLIGAN:

(posh idiot) I rather make this complication that the most of the mount thing time malfonsy and the plusion of this at all.

PRIME MINISTER-TYPE:

Ha, ha, ha. You devil. You devil, you devil. So... then it's agreed that we all agree?

MINNIE:

Yeeees.

PRIME MINISTER-TYPE:

Yes. Now, what was the question again?

GREENSLADE:

Now, the word... The word 'holly', is it...?

MINNIE:

Canteen's open!

HENRY CRUN:

Canteen!

OMNES:

MASSED CRIES OF 'TEAAAAAAA'...

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH OF BOOTS DEPARTING, DISTANT SLAMMING DOORS VERY FAST

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well. They've escaped under cover of stupidity.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, dear, oh, dear. Very well. In place of the word 'Holly', here's an excerpt from my latest long-player called 'Suddenly, it's the news'.

SEAGOON:

Get off that gramophone! In place of that...

OMNES:

CHAOTIC UTTERANCES INCLUDING "WELL, HELLO", "YACKABOO!", "SIGN THAT, THERE, GIVE US AN AUTOGRAPH!"

SEAGOON:

'Ello, 'ello. Invasion that. I've got the word down, there. Here is a conundrum. What is this sound?

CRUN:

Pa, pee, pie, poo!

SEAGOON:

Correct! That is an announcer. Forward! Ta, pee, tie, poo!

SELLERS:

It is I, Tom.

SECOMBE:

Yes, it is old I... 'It is I, Tom'. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Peter Sellers. Playboy of old Finchley tube station. And friend of West End managements.

SELLERS:

I... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) I see a vision, Tom.

SEAGOON:

Well, hold this song and accompany this next announcement.

SELLERS:

(SINGS IDIOT TUNES BEHIND GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, what kind of christmas has it been? Let us recount. One, two, three.

GRAMS:

ECCLES CHOIR SINGING 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS'

TERRY FRANCE:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello, Listeners. Terry France, here. And we're going over now to the services station in the Christmas Islands. So over to them.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

KID:

[SECOMBE]

Look, Mum! Another Atom Bomb!

MUM:

[SELLERS]

You lucky boy, that means Dad'll be home early from work.

SEAGOON:

And here in London we interview passers by. Excuse me, sir. Do you believe in a white christmas?

ELLINGTON:

Are you kiddin'?

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Yes. And... (CLEARS THROAT AWKWARDLY) ...you, madam. Do you believe in an old-fashioned christmas by the fire?

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ooh, not 'arf, dear!

SEAGOON:

Conks? Play that arrangement for nose and harmonica! Me? I'm for the old brandy, there.

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH OF RECEDING BOOTS

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT'S GOT TO BE YOU"

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Ta. Thank you. Now, over christmas a great story broke. There being no newspapers it missed the headlines. But here it is in all its monkey para too-too-doo pin-pon pee-bee-bee tiddley. I doe too is the Story of the Tun Tack Tock.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MILLIGAN:

It is Christmas. And somewhere in a goatskin flat in naughty Wales, a young hairy titch is working on a painting of a pain-*ting*!

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) I painted her, IIII painted her! (NORMAL) Aha, ha ha! Now... A dab of red here and a touch of puce, here.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

[SELLERS]

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

Steady, Miss Fruit. Keep still.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

It's awfully cold posing like this.

SEAGOON:

I've got the candle on! Now, there! There we are. You can relax. It's a masterpiece!

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

The plans of a new British dustbin.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

(ANGRY) And you've had me posing nude for that?

SEAGOON:

It's something to do with my unhappy childhood, ha ha. Now, off you go and change behind that glass screen. Aha, ha. There she goes. Aha, ha, ha. TV was never like this. Knock, knick, knack, knick, knockitty, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. It's an impression of a door knocker. Come in!

HENRY CRUN:

Impression of innn....

SEAGOON:

Steaming Pud! It's me old wrinkled retainer, Uncle Crun. In his new Kingsize nightshirt.

HENRY CRUN:

Here, master Ned, a nice quince jelly for you.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Ohh, it's not set.

HENRY CRUN:

No, Min warmed it up. It's no good eating cold jelly on a windy night, you know.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH OF WIND

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhhhhhhh!

SECOMBE:

I wonder where that draught's coming from.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know where it's coming from but I know where it's going to! Ha, ha, haaa! Oh, christmas cracker joker, you know.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH OF WIND AGAIN

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, this nightshirt is too big for me, the wind is...

SEAGOON:

Wait! There's another pair of legs... sticking out at the bottom!

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh! Who's that in there? Come out or I'll...!

ECCLES:

No, no! No, don't! Don't shoot! (GIBBERISH) 'Ello, Neddle. 'Ello, Uncle Crun.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

'Ello. I been slummin'.

SEAGOON:

Eccies! What you doing in that nightshirt?

ECCLES:

Nuttin', everythin's marked 'Don't Touch'.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Yes. Antiques, you know. But how did you get in? That's what I want to know.

ECCLES:

I got a map of your legs.

SEAGOON:

Come on out at once!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

A door in the nightshirt opened and out stepped a street with a man in it.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, what is all this noise? There's people in that nightshirt trying to sleep, you know.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? You'll get a biff on the knee. Explain that krutty hand-operated mattress.

GRYTPYPE:

That mattress, sir, contains the princely string and nut-bound body of such stuff as steams are made of. None other than the Count Jim 'Wakey-Wakey'...

FX:

COLOSSAL SLAP ON BARE SKIN

MORIARTY:

Ah! Ah! Ohhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

FX:

SCRATCHING

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh. Greetings, my loyal subjects. And all...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh! Ahh! Ahh!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop that revolting scratching, will you, Count. The dear Count is plagued this year with a return of the Royal Strains, you know.

SEAGOON:

Does he really own that nightshirt?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. E'en now, see how he walks the battlements. Of course, he only rents the top.

SEAGOON:

What about the rents in the bottom?

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, old jokes will get you nowhere. Look what it did to the Count.

SEAGOON:

I apologise for my altitude.

GRYTPYPE:

It is rather low, Ned. Could we sell you an extra three feet?

SEAGOON:

Just what I need.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, saw three feet off your wooden leg.

MORIARTY:

No. I'm going to the ball as a toffee apple.

GRYTPYPE:

It's for money, I tell you!

FX:

FURIOUS SAWING; END DROPS OFF

GRYTPYPE:

There, Ned. Three feet.

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'll tie it to my head and put my hat on it.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas! He looks like...

GRYTPYPE:

Sh! Don't tell him!

MORIARTY:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, I must get my plans of the dustbin up to London. Where's the nearest station?

GRYTPYPE:

In this cupboard, admission thruppence.

FX:

TILL, CUPBOARD DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN STATION

WILLIUM:

'Ere. Shut that door, will yer? You want me train to catch cold?

SEAGOON:

When's the next one to London town divine?

WILLIUM:

Ask that 'airy doggie over dere.

SEAGOON:

Ask the doggie? Does he speak?

WILLIUM:

Does he what? Does he speak? Oh, I... Eh? 'Ere, listen. Listen to this. 'Ere, 'ello, dog. Hello, doggie. Go on, tell him, dog. No, he don't speak.

SEAGOON:

How does he know when the train goes?

WILLIUM:

I told 'im. Wohh! I can feel a low stabbin' pain in the seats o' me underpants. That means it's 9.20! Time to go in it. Hold tight!

FX:

GUARDS WHISTLE

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, HORSE CLOPS SLOWLY AWAY

SEAGOON:

Bit short of coal, aren't you?

WILLIUM:

Yer, you ain't got a bit on yer, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I gave up carrying it.

WILLIUM:

Oh! Course. Taking chances, eh? Ha, ha, haaaaa.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN SPEEDING PAST

GREENSLADE:

On arrival in London town divine, Neddie rushed to 10 Downing Street.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

[ELLINGTON]

(AFRICAN ACCENT) What you want man?

SEAGOON:

Here! Who are you?

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

I am de Foreign Secretary, man.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you... you do look a bit foreign. Ha, ha, ha!

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

Ohhhhh, steady, man. That could mean war with Ghana!

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

I say, Basil. Who... Who is that blotting out the sun with his head?

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

It is a man with a wooden leg tied to his nut with a hat on top.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh, that'll be Lord Hailsham, I expect.

SEAGOON:

No, indeed, sir, I'm Ned Seagoon. I've got plans.

PRIME MINISTER:

Ohhh. Let... let's have a look.

FX:

UNROLLING PLANS

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes. Nothing here.

SEAGOON:

The drawing's on the other side.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh, that's a clever idea, who'd have guessed? Ha, ha, haaa. Live and learn.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, wonder what's this? Plans of a new anti-atomic dustbin. Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Yes. You see, in the event of radiation, this dustbin will keep your garbage... atom free!

PRIME MINISTER:

What rubbish!

SEAGOON:

Indeed.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well. Here's a CBE on account. Now would you like to, er... Would you like to try for the Knight-Star and Garter?

SEAGOON:

Well, if it's okay with you, sir - it's alright with me.

PRIME MINISTER:

Good. Well, come back tomorrow with Hughie Green. Until then, a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Whoop! Steady there!

PRIME MINISTER:

I say, what an ideal intro for Rain Ellungton.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'M GETTING MARRIED IN THE MORNING"

GREENSLADE:

Hardly... Hardly had that music ceased, and the wind gone up the chimney, when the PM presented the new atom-proof dustbin to a meeting of high ranking idiots.

FX:

TOY BEAR'S GROWLER SOUND

PRIME MINISTER:

Gentlemen. This dustbin has great potential, potential and potential.

IDIOT 1:

[SECOMBE]

Can it go to the moon?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, but from small beginnings, you know, uh, uh?

OMNES:

MUMBLES OF AGREEMENT

IDIOT 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Is that... is that the prototype?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, that is the dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 2:

It *sounds* like a dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

[SELLERS]

I say. May I try that?

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

A-ha, ha. I say, it's... it's not at all difficult, is it. Ha, ha!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

Ahhh.

IDIOT 4:

[SECOMBE]

(AGEING) Let, ahhh... I say, fellas, let *me* try, now, eh?

IDIOT 3:

Yes, well, yes.

FX:

DUSTBIN DIFFERENT TEMPO TO DENOTE THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS TAKEN OVER

IDIOT 4:

Ooh, ah! Ha, ha, ha! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (LAUGHS)

IDIOT 3:

My turn again.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 4:

Why didn't we get one of these before, eh? (LAUGHS)

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, me again, now.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID REPEATEDLY

OMNES:

ALL LAUGH, EXCITED NOISES ABOUT BANGING THE BIN. A JUMBLE OF EXCITED VOICES under the BANGING OF THE BIN. BACKGROUND VOICES CONTINUE UNDER...

PRIME MINISTER:

Jolly good. Yes. Get one of those.

IDIOT 2:

So glad you came.

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes.

IDIOT 1:

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

IDIOT 2:

Wonderful.

PRIME MINISTER:

Very good.

IDIOT 1:

Oh, what fun!

PRIME MINISTER:

I haven't leapt for years, you know.

IDIOT 1:

Ah, splendid, first class.

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes.

IDIOT 1:

Ha, yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well.

IDIOT 1:

Yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, Lord Stron, tell the House of your plan.

LORD STRON:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) Yes. Er, we intend to find if it's possible for a man to go over the Niagara Falls in a dustbin.

PRIME MINISTER:

Hear, hear.

IDIOT 1:

Absolutely, first class.

LORD STRON:

Thank you. We've got to keep it pretty dark otherwise the Russians will start putting dustbins into orbit on the Volga rapids. Gentlemen, if you'll all step into this train, we'll attend the first attempts of the dustbin (GIBBERISH – FADES AS HE WALKS AWAY AND IS HIT BY AN IRON BAR)

FX:

IRON BAR CLANGING

LORD STRON:

(CRIES OF PAIN)

GREENSLADE:

Believe it or not, that was the sound of the Kremlin. You'll just have to believe us. There it is. Now, pardon me while I stand behind this freshly painted scene.

SPOTTOVITCH:

[MILLIGAN]

(COMIC RUSSIAN ACCENT) Comrade Spondovitch. (RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) There is a man outside to see you.

SPONDOVITCH:

[SELLERS]

(CALM RUSSIAN ACCENT) Quick, swallow this desk, then, secretary. Prepare for a long siege.

SPOTTOVITCH:

(RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) The man claims to be the son of Mata Hari.

TOOLSVITCH:

[SECOMBE]

(RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Is he persistent? Is he persistent?

MILLIGAN:

You are!

SPOTTOVITCH:

He persisted that he was Mata Hari herself until I called a doctor.

SPONDOVITCH:

Comrade Toolsvitch, send him in.

TOOLSVITCH:

Come in, son of Mata hari.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SERIES OF FAST APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Black Eagle is sitting on the Red Flower Pot.

TOOLSVITCH:

Ze password!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh? All is well, comrades. Bluebottleski is here with cardboard to spare.

SPOTTOVITCH:

Tell us, Comrade. What kind of undercover work have you been doing?

BLUEBOTTLE

(SHEEPISH) Ohh, I couldn't tell you that. Oh, I don't know though. Well. I was look-out for the Finchley Wolf Cubs.

TOOLSVITCH:

(KEEN) Ahhh! What did you spot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I spotted Mrs Evans and the Milkman.

TOOLSVITCH:

What did you get for that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A clout on my ear 'ole.

SPOTTOVITCH:

Is that a decoration?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, that's why I wear one on each side of my nut.

TOOLSVITCH:

Magnificent! Zere is a tin rouble. Get the plans of the British anti-atomic dustbin - or you will lose your deposits!

ECCLES:

What's goin' on here?

TOOLSVITCH:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

Stalin.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You twit, Eccles-vitch. Come with me. Farewell, comrades! Nothing but death can stop Bottleski from the plans. Farewell!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here. There's a big spider out dere. Oh!

ECCLES:

I ain't frightened o' big spiders! I'll fix him.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GRAMS:

GREAT ROARING OF A LION

GRAMS:

TERRIBLE BATTLE

ECCLES:

(YELLING FOR HELP)

FX:

THUDS, BANGS ETC

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here. Where's all your clothes?

ECCLES:

(GASPING) Bottle. Say after me. "I must learn the difference between a lion and a spider".

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh. Ah, ha, ha!

ECCLES:

(OFF) That's all you can say, Bottle?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Neddie, here, folks. Meantime the plans went ahead to test my dustbin over the Niagara Falls. For this, the Government brought the Niagara Falls to London and put it up at the Savoy. Ha, ha, ha, ha. In charge was a master of nuclear explosions.

ORCHESTRA:

LAST PART OF BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS, BUBBLES, ELECTRONIC NOISES, BURP, ELECTRONIC BUBBLES, RASPBERRY, POP SPRING, FADE

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohh! It's a good job the room's sound proof. Poor old Frank Sinatra upstairs, my goodness.

GRAMS:

ATOM BOMB

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh, that was the biggest explosion of the series.

SEAGOON:

Was it Christmas Island?

BLOODNOK:

No, sir, christmas pudding.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, grand news! We've managed to send an elephant up the Falls in the atom-proof dustbin *and it lived!*

BLOODNOK:

What? No other dustbin has ever *done* it and lived.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ah, well. (NORMAL) Now next... (OFF) Ah, well, you see. Ah, well.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now next, we want a human being to go in it.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm safe, folks! Oh, ho, ho, ho!

BLOODNOK:

They've called you, men, the flower of England and the flower of flunge, to volunteer. Come now, remember it's for England, men.

SEAGOON:

Ho, ho, ho. Can't you think of a better reason? Ha, ha, ha! Like mummy.

BLOODNOK:

Cowards, you are! Cowards all! Very well, we'll draw lots for it. Now, Eccles. Write your name on fifty pieces of paper and put them in a hat.

ECCLES:

Right. There.

BLOODNOK:

Now, draw it out.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

What's it say?

ECCLES:

Mrs Gladys Smith. A-ha, ha, ha!

BLOODNOK:

You imposter, sir! *You're* not Mrs Gladys Smith, *I* am!

ECCLES:

I don't wanna die.

BLOODNOK:

You don't want to die?

ECCLES:

I... I'm not...

BLOODNOK:

You suspicious fool! You superstitious mule, you.

ECCLES:

What? What?

BLOODNOK:

You won't die, Eccles. Roll up your trousers!

GRAMS:

WOODEN SLAT BLIND PULLED UP

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Just as I thought - legs that reach to the ground! You know what that's a sign of?

ECCLES:

Legs?

BLOODNOK:

No, it's the sure sign of a long liver.

ECCLES:

Good, I got a long liver!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, and I bet you five pounds you'll live forever... starting now! (SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

You've done it! You've lived forever.

FX:

TILL

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now strap him in that dustbin for the test.

ECCLES:

No! No, let me go! (OFF) Take your filthy hand off my filthy arm. I...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

JOHN SNAGGE:

This is London calling in the uncut bicycle service of the Ba Be See. This afternoon, the Prime Minister told an eager half-empty House that today England would launch an atomic dustbin into the Niagara Falls, with a highly qualified pilot at the controls. There were demonstrations at the dustbin launching base when a million barber electricians carrying soup tureens lay down in the road with socks full of grit. The driver of the steam roller said 'It was so tempting, I'm sorry, I won't do it again'. Arsenal 8 - Tottenham 87.

GRYTPYPE:

You hear that, Neddie?

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Did you hear that? Did you hear that?

GRYTPYPE:

They're debasing the original use of your dustbin.

SEAGOON:

I'll get my revenge.

MORIARTY:

No, I'll get mine, it's nearer.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, no, no, thank you, but... my revenge is stronger and it lasts the whole drink through. Ha, ha! Don't forget, folks. When you want your own back - get revenge. Today!

MORIARTY:

(SINGS ADVERT STYLE) "When you want your own back, get re-venge...

MORIARTY, SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

...todaaaaaaaaay!"

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, for no reason at all, I will become your solicitor.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Take a letter on uncut lino. "Dear Bloodnok..."

FX:

NAILING DOWN LINO, CONTINUES UNDER DICTATION

GRYTPYPE:

"Unless you return the plans of Ned's dustbin I shall be forced to charge my client a higher rate".
Signed, Thynne. Now let me hear that back.

GRAMS:

NAILING DOWN LINO PLAYED FASTER

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

(SPED UP) SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED,
THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now go and lay that under his military kippers.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha, ha.! He who laffs liffs loofs la... Ahem. He who hees laffs loofs liffs. Ha, ha! Farewell.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! I never knew his legs could move so fast.

SEAGOON:

Neither did I, I better get after 'em!

FX:

WHOOOOSSHHH

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha! This lino means curtains for you.

BLOODNOK:

Lino curtains? What a quaint seasonal custom. But wait. This is a *solicitor's* lino. You'll hear from my linoleum layer in the morning, sir. Meantime, take that!

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH

SEAGOON:

(MAKES BEEN-HIT-BY-A-JELLY-SPLOSH-SOUNDS. SPITS IT OUT) What is it?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, sir. It was dark... (EDIT?)

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a banner with a strange device and clutched by a lad in snow and ice.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Get your hands up.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, take that silly rice-paper off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You touch one hair of dat... and splashoul! The disintergrater ray gun will speak in my hand. Aie!

FX:

CLANG

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, the 'lastic's come off the trigger.

SEAGOON:

Don't cry, Bottle. Here. Have the suspender off my sock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank... No, no! That suspender is just a glittering Western prize to make me forget my mission. Now, Seagoon, look into my eyes. Toot! Toot! Toot! Little daggers come out and point all the way along my eyes to his. Too-too-tooty, toot, toot. The secret of Bottle's mesmerism is bending Ned to my will. Strain, straaain. Powers of eyes, powers of eyes! Ohhh, squint, squinty, squint, squint. Oheh! My nose has started to bleed.

SEAGOON:

You've crossed your eyes, you nit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, no! Then I'm finished with Russia, I am. I can't go out wid birds when my eyes is crossed!

SEAGOON:

We've no time to lose!

BLUEBOTTLE:

We must save Eccles from a death worse than fate.

SEAGOON:

Yes. *We must save Eccles!*

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but they never did. Ho, ho, ho, dear, dear, dear. To think you poor people came all this way just for that! Liddle, diddle, diddle, dum. Where are the payoffs of yesteryear, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH'

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

S9 E11 - The Spy or Who is Pink Oboe

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

(PETER SELLERS HAD THROAT PROBLEMS AND WAS REPLACED BY THE FOUR GUEST ACTORS AT THE LAST HOUR)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

TRAGIC ACTOR:

[STARK]

Pray! Say your pertuffs quietly, folks! As here is a High Fidelity recording of John Snagge.

GRAMS JOHN SNAGGE:

This is the Satyricon of Petronius service of the Ba Be Sea. We apologise for the audience who attended the Goon Show on Sunday the 28th of December. It has been discovered that these people had actually written in for tickets to see a broadcast of Swedish Drill by the Luton Girls Male choir. The actual Goon Show audience were misdirected to a gramophone recital of Jackson Pollock Paintings on clubbed leather. We apologise to all concerned. I will now kill myself.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. GROAN. THUD OF BODY.

GREENSLADE:

(BREAKS DOWN) Oh! Oh, Master Snagge!

SEAGOON:

Don't cry, Wal. He remembered you in his will.

GREENSLADE:

How much???????

SEAGOON:

Oh, no money. He just said, "I remember Wal Greenslade".

GREENSLADE:

Charlie!

SINGHIZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, sir! But the Goon Show has broken out.

SEAGOON:

Singhiz! We must volunteer for it at once. Forward!

SINGHIZ:

Good luck, sir!

GRAMS:

BRISK ARMY OF BOOTS MARCHING AWAY SINGING: "GIVE ME SOME MEN, SOME STOUT-HEARTED MEN". SPEEDS UP.

GREENSLADE:

I, too, will volunteer for the Goon Show by announcing this announcement. We present: The Spy.
Or...

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

(FAST) SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a deserted lock-keeper's lock, the remains of French Aristocracy is steaming.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BOILING POT

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Shine through my silent thoughts again...

GRYTPYPE

[DYALL]

I say, that smells good, Moriarty. What is it?

MORIARTY:

Me! Me mind! I'm using Perfume de Sewers Battersea Devine on my knees.

GRYTPYPE:

You erotic fool!

THROAT:

Urrrrr.....

GRYTPYPE:

You know full well that knee perfumes were the cause of Louis Cans downfall.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Sapristi Doodle! Caramba le Ponk! You insult the knees of mon King. Mon Roi de France!
I challenge you to a steaming duel! Name your weapon!

GRYTPYPE:

I name my weapon... "Basil"! Now... you name yours.

MORIARTY:

I choose that magnificent melody divine, the Miserae at ten paces!

ANNOUNCER:

[SECOMBE]

My Lords! Ladies! And gentlemen! This is a ten round...

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Right!

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you! Ahhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Arrrrrr! Right in the old dinner disposer!

MORIARTY:

Now then... back to the back! Ten paces. And Sing!

ORCHESTRA:

QUIET PIANO INTRO. TIMID BELL SOFTLY THROUGH OUT DUEL PUNCTUATING LINES

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) In yon gloomy towerr.

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miserae!

GRYTPYPE:

Where death now is gleaming

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

In death we shall meet no more!

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

On a cold winter's dayyyyyy.....

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ! Miseræ! Miseræ! Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

And now, to the arrrrrrrrhhhhhhh...!

GRAMS:

DOUBLE FORTE JELLY SPLOSH

MORIARTY:

You swine! You tried to hit me with that unsigned sock full of grit. I'll not give in. Anything you can do... I can do better.

GRAMS:

THE FOLLOWING RECORDED, GETTING FASTER AND FASTER

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't.

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't!

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't!

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't, no you can't, no you caaaaaaan't!

(PAUSE)

MORIARTY:

(SPED UP) Yes I cannnnnnnnnnnnn! ...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(SPED UP) Owwww!!!! ...

GRAMS:

SPLASH - NORMAL SPEED

MORIARTY:

Hellllp! I can't swim in water!

SEAGOON:

Here! Grab this copy of Bulganin's confession.

MORIARTY:

Will it save me?

SEAGOON:

It saved 'im! Now slide this piece of dry land under you.

MORIARTY:

Whatever it was.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF PUSHING A GRAND PIANO ON CASTORS OVER A WOODEN FLOOR. THE CASTORS BEING A BIT SQUEAKY TO GIVE THE SOUND OF TRACTION

MORIARTY:

Ta!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, Ned. For saving the Steam Count, we charge a fee of three-shillings!

FX:

TILL

MILLIGAN:

(WAY OFF) Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Could you play that again?

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

What a lovely tune!

GRYTPYPE:

Like it? It's the National Anthem of America. All the shops are playing it. Now...

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! Then it's time for World War One! On your marks!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH AWAY OF MANY BOOTS, WITH A MILITANT BUGLE CALL OVER THE TOP

GELDRAY:

That only leaves old Max "Conks" Geldray, boys.

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR] him, boy!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Whitehall. Plee, plah, plippity-ploh, plooh! Thank you.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Excuse me, Colonel Chinstrap, but, er, Captain Seagoon's bed has just pulled up outside, sir.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

[TRAIN]

Oh. By jove, he must be a late-riser. Just a minute.

FX:

POPPING CORK - POURING

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I don't mind if I do. Come in, Seagoon!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Hello, Colonel Jim, Sir.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

How d'you do, sir. I say, sit down, my dear fellow, and let me take some of your surplus legs from under your surplus.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha! Thank you. Mind if I play a violin?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

As long as it's one of ours.

SEAGOON:

Care for one?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, just this once.

GRAMS:

TWO VIOLINS TUNING UP IN A VERY AMATEURISH WAY

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

By Jove, delicious. Now, Seagoon, do you know we're at war with naughty Germany?

SEAGOON:

Well, I heard shouting.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Lieutenant... Lieutenant Jympton? Tell him all.

JYMPTON:

We need you, sir, for counter espionage, sir.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! I suppose it means certain death?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

And a pension. Perfect combination!

SEAGOON:

Ha! Well, it's for the old country. Ha, ha, ha. Seagoons have never flinched from death.

ORCHESTRA:

BRING IN A MUTED TRUMPET PLAYING 'THE LAST POST' AT SUNSET EFFECT

SEAGOON:

I can see it all now. I'll fight till my ammunitions gone.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well done, sir.

SEAGOON:

I'll say to the other men, "Lads, make your way back as best as you can. Me? I'll stay on, I'll... I'll fight 'em barehanded until I'm overpowered and... then I'll swallow my secret code".

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Good for you.

SEAGOON:

They'll torture me. I won't speak. It'll mean the firing squad. Ha, ha, ha. So what? They'll say, "Any last requests?" I'll say, "Yes, damn you, I want evening dress." I'll take my time and... put it on with my full miniatures. "Blindfold?" they'll say. Ha, ha, ha. Blindfold.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

SEAGOON:

The rifles will come up. The click of the cartridges rammed home.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Good heavens.

SEAGOON:

They're taking aim. Ha, ha, ha.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

SEAGOON:

I'll be smiling that... that carefree daredevil smile. The officer will raise his sword.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

And then?

SEAGOON:

The volley will ring out and... I'll slump smiling to the floor – dead.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(BLOODY COWARD) I don't want to gooooo!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I say! Stop him before he gets to the bus stop.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR OPENS

OMNES:

(STRUGGLE)

SEAGOON:

(over above) Let me go! I'm a professional coward, I tell you, I... I don't want to go to war.

JYMPTON:

I... I caught him in Glasgow, sir, wearing a Jewish kilt, sir. It takes a lot of...

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

My old regiment. Look, Seagoon. There's a thousand pounds in it! If you succeed in this mission, it will shorten the war by three-feet six-inches.

SEAGOON:

So wars are being worn shorter this year?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

What's the job?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, a certain German spy has got the complete plans and measurements of the Union Jack. It's our job to stop him before he builds a prototype.

SEAGOON:

Will they stop at nothing! Who is this fiend incarnate?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Jympton. Tell him.

JYMPTON:

Have you ever heard of a German spy called (SINGS) "la da die, dum die dum, lum da die dum" (TO TUNE MARCH LOHENGRIN). Have you heard of him?

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

GRAMS JYMPTON:

SERIES OF STRANGE SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED

SEAGOON:

I think I'd recognise him if I heard him.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Jolly good.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm your man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

A month has passed and we are now lumbered with a meeting of high military Freds.

SECOMBE:

Gentlemen! Tomorrow we start our great mission to recover those plans of the Union Jack. I have chosen you all for your intelligence.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Are you sure of dat? (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Ta. Ta. Right, that's [unclear].

SECOMBE:

Ahem! There may have been some slip-ups. Tomorrow... tomorrow we leave for France. Now, this... this is the secret password: "The wind is blowing through my grandmother's knees".

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

SECOMBE:

The reply is: "Annie is waiting upstairs."

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, ho ho ho, hooooaaaaoooooh!

GRYTPYPE:

I can see we're going to have trouble with you.

ECCLES:

What? What the...?

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owww! Owwwww!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

LIGHT WIND AND SEMI-DISTANT SOUND OF AIRSHIP ENGINES REVVING

GREENSLADE:

Dawn at Hendon Aerodrome. A freshly wallpapered airship is...

GRAMS:

ENGINE TICKING OVER... APPROACH OF JEEP. PULLS UP WITH SQUEAL OF BRAKES.

GREENSLADE:

... being shaved for active service.

SEAGOON:

Morning, Commander.

COMMANDER NARK:

[CONNOR]

Good morning. Now, Seagoon. These are the code-names. (ASIDE) You know?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

COMMANDER NARK:

I don't feel strange in this programme at all. (LAUGHS) Here are the code-names of our agents in France, here.

SEAGOON:

Carry on, I'll remember them.

COMMANDER NARK:

Yes. There's the Black Rabbit. The Blue Pelican. (SNORES) And the Yellow Alligator.

SEAGOON:

Roger.

COMMANDER NARK:

Then there's the Octaroon Monkey. The Pink Oboe and the Purple Mosquitoe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I think I... think I'll... remember them.

COMMANDER NARK:

Then there's the Vermillion Sock, the Vermillion Ponk, the Chocolate Speedway and the White Bint.

SEAGOON:

Look, I... I... I think I'd... I'd better write this down.

COMMANDER NARK:

No, please, don't! You'll go colour blind.

STARK:

Excuse me, sir. Um, er... Your airship is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Let me taste. (TASTES) Ooh, hoo, hoo! Delicious! Right! Tell Eccles to get inside, run my bath and lay out a blonde manequin.

STARK:

Hooray for war! A-ha, ha! Hooray for war! A-ha, ha!

DYALL:

I think we're going to have trouble with him, too, Sir,

SEAGOON:

Well, goodbye fellas! And Hugh?

JYMPTON:

Ah... Ye... Yes, sir?

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE "LAURA" A LA FILM BACKGROUND MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hugh?

JYMPTON:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Say goodbye to Penelope for me.

JYMPTON:

Yes, sir. (CALLS) Goodbye, Penelope!

SEAGOON:

Not yet, you fool! When you see her, darling, when you see her, tell her... tell her...

JYMPTON:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I can't think of anything to tell her.

JYMPTON:

Oh! Well, I... I... I'll tell her that, then, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad, how we've loved!

JYMPTON:

Uh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Passionate? Ha, ha!

JYMPTON:

Ahhhh!

SEAGOON:

By heavens, she's a hot little number.

JYMPTON:

Yes, so I found out after I married her, sir.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha!

JYMPTON:

Ha, ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Well, fair shares for all. A-ha, ha, ha! Ahem! Goodbye.

JYMPTON:

Goodbye, sir!

OMNES:

GOODBYE, SIR! GOODBYE! ETC...

JYMPTON:

Good luck on you!

GRAMS:

ROAR OF THE. GREAT AIRSHIPS ENGINES UP. GRADUALLY THEY FADE INTO DISTANCE. THEN SILENCE.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRILY) Who let go of the rope before I got in?!

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I say, Seagoon. That boy was doing his duty! We wanted *you* to miss that airship. That's to be a decoy.

SEAGOON:

How do I get to France, then?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

By this secret Military tricycle, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The war's as good as won! So saying, I hailed a taxi and cycled to Folkestone.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

God for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

There, I caught a steam packet across the Channel. And as I drove my velocipede up the gang-plank, I saw another tricycle of foreign design upon my tail.

MILLIGAN:

Gerblongen, gerkeinen! Ich hatte sich un Edgware Road three and nine standing room only!
(CONTINUES WITH GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

It's old Milligan doing his impression of a naughty German, there! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

BURST OF A MACHINE GUN. ZOOMING OF PLANES IN COMBAT... OCCASIONAL MACHINE GUN FIRE.

SEAGOON:

Take zat, you swein! Ah, ha, ha! Yackaboo! By turning my tricycle in a tight turn. I was on his tail and let him have a burst of steam.

GRAMS:

STEAMMMMMMMM

MILLIGAN:

Ich der steamen der heiser!

GRAMS:

HOWL OF DOOMED FIGHTER PLANE... FADE

MILLIGAN:

Ach! Listen! You sweinhund!

SEAGOON:

Got him, right in his Dorniers! Ha, ha, haaa! And so, folks, I shot down my first German tricycle. Waiting to sail, Old Man River Ellington played a merry shanty. And I... I went for the BRANDYYYY!

GRAMS:

RUSHING AWAY OF DRINK CRAZED BOOTS, SCREAMS AND SHOUTS

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part Three, the spy. Pong, pee, taddy-tee.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA MUSIC

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS OVER MUSIC. SHIPS TELEGRAPH. SOUND OF SEA. SEAMEN YELL

SEAGOON:

Well, so far so good.

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

(ON TANNOY) Hello, all passengers.

ECCLES:

Listen.

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

This is your Captain "Merry Jim" Greenslade, speaking. Here is a warning.

ECCLES:

Oh?

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

This ship will be passing through fish infested waters, many of them sympathetic to the Germans. So therefore, there must be no naked lights on board.

MR O'TOOLE:

[CONNOR]

(IRISH ACCENT) Oh! Did you hear that, Mrs O'Toole? Now put some clothes on that match.

MRS O'TOOLE:

[STARK]

(IRISH ACCENT) Well, I... I can't, I... I'm looking for me Dorothy bag, darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

Oh, that old bag.

MRS O'TOOLE:

Well, I... I must find it, cocky.

MR O'TOOLE:

Why, what's in it, then? What's in it, eh? Eh, what's in it?

MRS O'TOOLE:

You are, Darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

What? Yeah, yeah, ooooooh, ohhhhh, dear. You naughty woman. You told me it was an overcoat sewn up at the bottom.

MRS O'TOOLE:

Well, you see, we couldn't afford the fare, Darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

You got me into a yer Dorothy bag under false pretences? You darlin', darlin'. You're de darlin'.

MRS O'TOOLE:

I'm the darlin'?

MR O'TOOLE:

You are the dirty darlin'!

MRS O'TOOLE:

I'm not a dirty darlin'!

MR O'TOOLE:

You're a dirty old darlin'!

BOTH:

ARGUE. FADE.

ORCHESTRA:

VERY CORNY BUT WELL PLAYED SHORT LINK. ALL VERY NEAT BUT MEANS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

GRAMS:

AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT. THEN CHANGE TO AIRSHIP AS HEARD FROM INSIDE GONDOLA.

GREENSLADE:

We join the pilotless airship, the plotless story with luckless Eccles.

GRAMS:

BATH TAP RUNNING

ECCLES:

(SINGS NONSENSE)

GRAMS:

WATER STOPS

ECCLES:

Captain? The bath's ready. Captain? Captain? Ohh, funny thing, folks. I'd better go and see...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Ohhhh. Pardon me, Miss. Um, you seen Captain Seagoon?

ENCHANTRESS:

[CONNOR]

No, I haven't darling.

ECCLES:

(LAUGHS LECHEROUSLY) I'm not dat young! Ha, ha, ha, hooooo!

ENCHANTRESS:

Tell me... Tell me, what's your name?

ECCLES:

My name... Eccles. NO! Um... Um... Rock Hudson! That's who I am. I'm... Rock Hudson, buddy.

ENCHANTRESS:

Well... You come and sit down here, Rocky. You naughty, naughty boy.

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here, here, here, heeeere! Oh, here, here, here, here, heeeere!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Oh... There's someone knocking at the airship door! At twenty-thousand feet!

ENCHANTRESS:

He must be very tall.

ECCLES:

Anything you say. I'm coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS. RUSH OF WIND OUTSIDE AIRSHIP.

ECCLES:

Who's that out der in der...?

FLOWERDEW:

[STARK]

I say, I say, do help me, Eccles, I'm...

ECCLES:

Oh!

FLOWERDEW:

I'm... I'm balancing on a ladder.

ECCLES:

Oh!

FLOWERDEW:

I'm being chased by a police ladder.

ECCLES:

Come in, then! Ohhh! There!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, WIND STOPS

FLOWERDEW:

I say, Eccles, you... you do look rather a decent type.

ECCLES:

Owhh.

FLOWERDEW:

Don't you think you, sort of, better get at the steering wheel? I mean to say, nobody's steering. I mean, isn't that silly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ECCLES:

Better watch this one.

FLOWERDEW:

I say! Oh, well, I'll take over, then. (SINGS) By Jove, fighting for Englaaaand! (NORMAL) Oh, if only my mother could see me now.

FX:

FAST PHONE RINGS UP QUICK

FLOWERDEW:

Hello? Is that you, mother?

VON LOHENGRIN:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Is that airship RUOne-Two?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes. Are you one, too?

VON LOHENGRIN:

Tell your pilot to put his hands, legs and teeth up - or I'll fire, ger-bang!

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, do you know him, then?

M'suir. Follow me, while I follow you.

GRAMS:

RUNNING ALONG. TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS. PASS INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

For an hour we ran in French, which I ran fluently. At Midnight we arrived at the old Chateau in Ville de Fon da Foon.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jim. "The Wind is blowing through my Grandmother's knees".

SEAGOON:

"Annie is waiting upstairs".

SPRIGGS:

Good! Good, meee-eeeen. He's one of us!

MADAM X:

Good. Thank heavens he's not one of *them*, dear.

SPRIGGS:

Silence. Silence, Madam X.

SEAGOON:

Can you tell me anything about (SINGS LOHENGRIN). 'Ere.

SPRIGGS:

I know his whereabouts.

SEAGOON:

Introduce me to them.

SPRIGGS:

Very difficult, Jim. Very difficuuuuuulltttt. But go to the Lonely Crossroads at Rue de Postcard. And... (ASIDE) Thank you, [UNCLEAR]. (NORMAL) There you will stand on one leg and whistle in English!

SEAGOON:

Gad! I'll be whistling for England.

CONNOR:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Monsieur.

SEAGOON:

Er, Oui?

CONNOR:

First you must swallow zis alarm clock.

GRAMS:

MIX IN TICKING BEHIND DIALOGUE

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

CONNOR:

Ah. When it rings, you will know where it is at ze time.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! Farewell!

CONNOR:

(LAUGHS QUIETLY TO HIMSELF) C'est un Charlie.

MORIARTY:

Certainment!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS ("DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND, ÜBER ALLES")

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) Let me go! Let me... Take your...

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) For the last time...

ECCLES:

Let me go-oh-oh-oh!

SECOMBE:

Tell me vere is British Agent called "Knees up Muzzer Braun" is hiding!

ECCLES:

I don't know where (SINGS) ""Knees up Mudder Brown is..." (GIBBERISH).

SECOMBE:

A likely story. Herr Davidson! Tie zese men to a barrel of explosive saxophones!

ECCLES:

Ow-owwww-owwww!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

LIGHT WIND, APPROACH OF NEDDIE RUNNING. STOPS IN FOREGROUND.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah! Ah! These are the crossroads. Now stand on one leg... Stand on one leg and... and whistle. (WHISTLES VERY TWITTERY LOHENGRIN).

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH IN FACE

SEAGOON:

(SPITS IT OUT AND SPLUTTERS) Who threw that enemy Christmas pudding?

GRYTPYPE:

Quick! Tie his teeth behind his back before he can eat it!

MORIARTY:

There!

SEAGOON:

You devils! You'll hear from my solicitor about this.

GRAMS:

LOUD TICKING

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas! There's something ticking inside his stomach! (MILLIGAN ALMOST CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

It must be a stomach bomb! Run for it! Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

FURIOUS RUNNING AND SPED UP SCREAMING BY THYNNE & MORIARTY SUCH AS...

GRAMS MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR], I tell you! Keep going!

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

Don't bother with that now, just change your socks and get... keep running!

GRAMS BOTH:

THEIR VOICES GET FASTER AND FASTER AS THEY RUN OFF AND FADE. Silence.

WILLIUM:

[CONNOR]

'Ere, was that you whistling on one leg, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (SLOWLY) "The wind is whistling up my grandmother's knees".

WILLIUM:

Ahhhh. She oughta wear long draws, then, mate! (LAUGHS BREATHLESSLY)

SEAGOON:

That was a secret code, ya nit. He wasn't at rehearsal, you know, and I get 'im in a hurry.[?]

WILLIUM:

I'm not wiv it yet.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES) I don't think we are, either.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. Oh! Important word, mate.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

"Annie is waiting upstairs".

SEAGOON:

Good. Who are you?

WILLIUM:

I'm Pink Oboe.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Ted Ray's granddad.

WILLIUM:

And I can prove it. Now, listen. Eccles is in danger.

SEAGOON:

This is going to be a happy ending, folks!

WILLIUM:

Yes. Now get that wheel-barrer, there. (DEEP BREATH) And foller me!

GRAMS:

TRUNDLING A WHEELBARROW ALONG. ONE MAN'S BOOTS RUNNING EFFECT AS IF A MAN RUNNING AND PUSHING THE BARROW.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

CHAINS STRUGGLES

JAILER:

[MILLIGAN]

(OVER) In here, agent "Knees Up Mother Brown". Get in there, you...!

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) Let me go, you German... German devils, you!

JAILER:

Zis war is over for you!

FX:

IRON PRISON DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Swines. (SNIFF) Funny smell in here. (CALLS) Bloodnok!?

ECCLES:

It's, er, not 'im! It's me over in the corner. I'm tied to this barrel of exploding saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Let me...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

FX:

CLOCK FALLS ON FLOOR TICKING

ECCLES:

Ohowwwohh. Neddie? Oooh, well, that's the sad story of Agent Ned, folks. All that's left...

GRAMS:

CLOCK ALARM RINGS

ECCLES:

...is this clock he swalloooowed. 'Ere! Time for beddy-byes. Where's my dolly?

ENCHANTRESS:

Here I am, darling.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha! I'm not that young, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH" PLAYOUT

S9 E12 - The Call of the West

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Good! Now, Wal, here is that same announcement by a midget.

GRAMS:

SPED UP VERSION OF SECOMBE SAYING "THIS IS THE BBC HOME SERVICE"

GREENSLADE:

Who's he?!

SEAGOON:

I'm a friend of Bert F'tang.

SELLERS:

F'tang?

SEAGOON:

F'ting!

SELLERS:

Fintacoo!

SEAGOON:

F'too!

SELLERS:

F'zow!

SEAGOON:

F'ting!

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

(SPED UP) Friend of Bert F'tang!

GRAMS:

ETC F'TANGG, F'TING! F'TOO! F'TING SPED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Dear Spontellibons. You are listening to the sound track of this week's wonder ear-film, presenting: Captain Stingo, or...

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Goon Law, or anything orwlhor Hern.

ORCHESTRA:

WESTERN THEME, WITH MANY TRUMPETS, THEN TAKEN DOWN UNDER:

HERN:

See, hear and smell hairless midget Harry Seagoon as Double Captain Rapture. Hard riding, hard shooting, hard up cowboy.

SEAGOON:

Hello, you ornery critters!

HERN:

This role calls for great audience imagination. See, feel and hit Spike Milligna as the dying actor.

FX:

GUNSHOT

MILLIGAN:

Ooowww!

SECOMBE:

Yes! For the first time on your radio screen, see the hand-operated electric teeth of Peter "Voices" Sellers... as Big Black Beauty, the mad wallpaper stallion!

FX:

GALLOPING INTO DISTANCE, ACCOMPANIED BY DONKEY BRAYING (FRED THE OYSTER)

SEAGOON:

Listen to the strains of Tex McLengh and his sons of the bicycle saddle!

GRAMS:

"GIVE ME A HOME, WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM" - SOUNDS OF FALLING METAL, ACCOMPANIED BY CRIES OF "OH!" AND "OH DEAR"

GREENSLADE:

This, then, is your entertainment for this evening.

GRAMS:

BOOS, SCREAMS, CRIES, FEET RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Come back! Come back!

ORCHESTRA:

WESTERN THEME.

GRAMS:

SAILORS CRIES AND DISTANT REPLIES

GREENSLADE:

It is 1867 and dead on time. The harbour of Boston is a hive of inactivity as English immigrants bring their shattered bank accounts to the New World. Along side is the Good Ship Venus. The pling plang toof, nobitty nibbitty noo, pleta omnivorous plethora, pletty plom plom tartity to to tooee, fit plor tong tang tit putt putt... I say... I... I can't read this rubbish! I - ohhhh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sonny, it's a tradition amongst drowning men. Now. Come, lets step ashore onto America, the land of plenty.

AMERICAN BUM:

[SELLERS]

Hey, bud. You got a nickel for a cup o' coffee?

SEAGOON:

You poor man, you must be starving. Here - take that.

FX:

WWWINGGG BLOT. BONK. JELLY SPOSH.

AMERICAN BUM:

Oooh, buddy, ohh.

SEAGOON:

That'll teach him not to be poor in front of me again. Now where's my slave, Uncle Tom's Cabin?

SLAVE:

[ELLINGTON]

I'm here, boss. Youse covered wagon is waiting for youse.

SEAGOON:

Good for youse. Fill the horses up with three gallons of hay. Ha, ha, ha! What a gallant figure I must have made in my tricorne hat, tricorne trousers and an unexploded first edition of the Union Jack.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you say 'covered wagon'?

SEAGOON:

Yes, and here's a photo of me saying it.

GRYTPYPE:

And here is a statue of the word 'Thank You'.

SEAGOON:

Good! I'll unveil it tomorrow.

GRYTPYPE:

Fine, fine. Are you a millionaire?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm seven'n'six short.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast! Look, sir. I, too, am heading west with this retired wooden fish crate.

MORIARTY:

OOOowwwwww. Let me out of here, Grytpype. The fumes, oh, the pong! The pong, Grytpype!

SEAGOON:

I say.

MORIARTY:

Let me out of here.

SEAGOON:

What are those yellow things champing at the knothole?

GRYTPYPE:

They are the teeth of a dear friend and confidante. The great French poet and lyric plumber, Count Jim "Flies"...

FX:

BUZZING OF FLIES

MORIARTY:

(YELPS) Oh, oh! Oi! Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Why does he travel by fish crate?

GRYTPYPE:

Something to do with the devaluation of the Franc, I'm not sure. However, apart from which he is inventing something.

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL SAXOPHONE RIFF

GRYTPYPE:

Listen, he's working on it, my dear sir. E'en now, he treads the keys of his Adolphe saxophone. Could we hire, perchance, a room on your covered wagon so that the Count may continue undisturbed by disturb?

SEAGOON:

Well... there's no bath.

GRYTPYPE:

No bath? Just what the Count likes at the end of a long day.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, where's the rent?

GRYTPYPE:

In my trousers.

SEAGOON:

He bent down and sure enough, he had a rent in his trousers!!

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL TRUMPET RIFF, HEY!

SEAGOON:

California! Syrup of figs! Here we come! Gid up, there.

FX:

WHIP CRACKS. HORSES TROTTING. UNDER:

MAX GELDRAV:

"SHE COMES FROM LOUISIANA..." SEGUED INTO "A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKLEY SQUARE"

GREENSLADE:

That night, the wagon train rested in the plain of the plat, plong, tip, tog, clon, thun, plat, nick-nack, paddy-whack, give the dog a goon. Splish! Splish! I do... I... I... I refuse to read them, I won't read them (WALKS OFF MUTTERING)

GRAMS:

NIGHT FROGS AND CRICKETS. DISTANT HOWL (MORE LIKE THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES THAN PRAIRIE DOGS)

SEAGOON:

I say. Will all those prairie dogs never stop howling?

GRYTPYPE:

They're always howling. No trees on the prairie.

SEAGOON:

Listeners who recognise that gag please keep their trap shut. Well, I'm going to bed. Goodnight.

FX:

STRETCHING BED SPRINGS, POPPINGTWANGING OF SOME SPRINGS

SEAGOON:

Ah, 18 stone 3. Gad, I'm a heavy sleeper!

MORIARTY:

(QUIETLY) Let me ouuuut, buddyyyy.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhhhhh. Quiet in that crate.

AUDIENCE MEMBER:

(FAR OFF) I hate laughing[?].

MORIARTY:

Is... Is it night or day?

GRYTPYPE:

Fool! That sort of thing is only for the rich.

MORIARTY:

Let me out, oh, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll let you out when you've made enough saxophones to sell to the Indians.

MORIARTY:

I've made corud-serc-neef-nook-she saxophones

GRAMS:

CHAINS RATTLING, DOOR OPEN

GRYTPYPE:

Have you?

MORIARTY:

(SOBS) Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, come out. (PAUSE) Now.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Which of all these fish-bones is you?

MORIARTY:

I'm the one with hairs on.

GRYTPYPE:

My goodness, the sea trip has done you a power of good. You'll soon be strong enough to lie down, Count.

GRAMS:

INDIANS WHOOPING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

What's that!? The Indians are attacking us on the new wide screen!

FX:

GUNSHOTS, CHICKEN CACKLES. SHOTS. RICOCHETS. BREAKING GLASS. WAR WHOOPS.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Born on born on a mountain top in Tennessee. (MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

What luck! It's Davy Eccles and his goon-shin cat!

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

You do it and you can clean it up, mate!

ECCLES:

They're all with me tonight.

SEAGOON:

Now, listen.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

We need help.

ECCLES:

Yeah!

SEAGOON:

Those smelly old Indians are overpowering us.

ECCLES:

Hold your nose then, buddy/ Hold your nose.

SEAGOON:

Very good, yes.

ECCLES:

Hold your nose!

SEAGOON:

Now, get through to Fort F'tang...

ECCLES:

F'tang.

SEAGOON:

...and fetch help.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Here's the fare.

ECCLES:

Ta! Giddup!

GRAMS:

BUS PULLING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Fortunately for us, folks, a bare ten miles away, the US sixth cavalry were in the area. And! A bare ten miles in America is equal to three fully-clothed miles in France! Ha Ha Ha!

GRAMS:

CHARGING CAVALRY

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Whoa!

FX:

CAVALRY STOPS DEAD

COLONEL:

There's discipline for yer. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG! INTO BUCKET

COLONEL:

Lieutenant Hern-Hern?

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING CLOSER AND COME TO A STOP.

LT. HERN-HERN:

[SECOMBE]

Yessir?

COLONEL:

Where's your horse?

LT. HERN-HERN:

You only called *me*, sir.

COLONEL:

Yeah, well, that's a good answer son. You must be mighty proud of it.

LT. HERN-HERN:

It belonged to my father, Hern.

COLONEL:

It's a well-worn Hern, yes. Here's a dollar, Hern.

LT. HERN-HERN:

A dollar, Hern? What for, Hern?

COLONEL:

It's pay as you h-earn. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Sergeant F'doo? Where's the chuck-wagon, Hern?

SERGEANT F'DOO:

[MILLIGAN]

(GIBBERISH, SOUNDS LIKE:) I's... hine. The worst kind, sir. A most. Haff... hine.

COLONEL:

Oh. Well, if you say so. (SPITS)

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH, SPLAT!

SERGEANT F'DOO:

Oh! [UNCLEAR].

COLONEL:

I'm sorry, Sarge. Here, catch this lifebelt!

FX:

SPLASH!

SERGEANT F'DOO:

Thank you!

LT. HERN-HERN:

We'd better get going, Colonel. They say that the Knobbly Knee Indians are in the vicinity.

COLONEL:

Let's hope we don't get the wind up.

OMNES:

(SINGS) When I'm calling you oooh, ooh, ooh...

GREENSLADE:

(OFF, SINGS) And I'll answer toooooo.....

OMNES:

oo oo oooh

LT. HERN-HERN:

It's three lone Indians!

COLONEL:

Call 'em over, we could do with a loan, Hern, yeah!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Great Jumping Fanacapants! It's the Knobbly Knee Tribe in full warpaint and wallpaper.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

[ELLINGTON]

Ugggg! How! Vuuuugg! Tiff, Nuff, Vim, Doo, Vugg.

COLONEL:

I reckon there must be an easier way to make a living, ya know! How, Hern, how.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Me, Chief investor in Wall Street. Chief Sitting Bull and Bear. *This* is my squaw.

GREENSLADE:

How do you do?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Uggggg!

COLONEL:

Yes, I thought that, too.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

And this nit, here, is my son. Great warrior, Fred Smith, OBE.

FRED:

[GELDRAY]

Hello, boy! I had eggs for tea.

COLONEL:

Hey, he looks mighty tall in the saddle.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

That's because he's on a horse, mate!

OMNES:

Tadaaaaa!

COLONEL:

Chief, we wanna do business. We're willing to knock all your teeth out for nothin' and give you genuine false ones in exchange for an old buffalo hide.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Mmmmm. Ug. All my braves have buffalo hides.

COLONEL:

Where's yours?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Where's my what, mate?

COLONEL:

Where's your buffalo hide?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

He's hiding behind that tree, mate.

OMNES:

Tada!

SECOMBE:

Sounds like Monkhouse and Goodwin got here first!

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Look! Wait a minute! Me no like what white man offer. You go, or my braves go on four-lane warpath. Now give you biff and conk! biff!

FRED:

That's my dads, boy.

COLONEL:

Watch out, Sittin' Bull, I'll get you as sure as my name's Custer. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG! OWWW

FX:

HORSE GALLOPS UP

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here, here! Oh, here, here!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Holy Smoke! It's something going "here, here, here, here"!

ECCLES:

It's *me* going "here, here, here, here"!

COLONEL:

Now, steady there, son, steady. You let me get a hold of your coconut shells!

ECCLES:

I've been through *hell* to get here!

COLONEL:

There must be a cooler route, son, I reckon!

ECCLES:

The wagon-train with your wife onboard is being attacked by the Indians!

COLONEL:

My wife! Is she safe?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

COLONEL:

I never did like them Indians, you know.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Did any follow ya?

ECCLES:

Yeah. They're shootin' at me all the time. But I just stuck my tongue out at dem.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Get wounded?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Where?

ECCLES:

In the tongue. Aha, ha!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Well, for no reason at all, forwardddd!

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF HOOVES. WESTERN TYPE MUSICAL SPED UP. FADE.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Ah! White man gone. And leave no tip! Come! We go on warpath! Take partners for next war dance!

GRAMS:

BEATING OF DRUMS, NOISE OF CROWD IN BAR OVER:

ORCHESTRA:

"TEA DANCE MUSIC"

GREENSLADE:

That night, the tribes of the Sioux confederacy were assembled for war. A white man and his fish crate were the centre of attraction.

GRYTPYPE:

Redmen! I come as a fellow equity member with all dues paid. In this fish crate are what Redmen need.

CHIEF:

[SECOMBE]

Red women?

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Later, Chief, later! But plenty of it, later. First, I knock on box, so.

FX:

KNOCKS ON CRATE

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE SNAKE CHARMING MUSIC

TRIBE:

(MASSED GASPS AND OHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! We bring you saxophones!

OMNES:

(SINGS) From out of the sky, my brother and I.

CHIEF:

Ug! Me like. Me try play.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE MUSIC, SLIGHTLY OFF

MORIARTY:

You play lovely, Chief. You play lovely.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he plays lovely, doesn't he.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Could easily pass for music. I'd pass it.

CHIEF:

Good! Tonight, me and braves attack white men with saxophones! Mu,ha,ha,ha,ha! Minnie-ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONES, DRUMS, INDIAN WHOOOPS CACOPHANY. FADE UNDER:

COLONEL:

Gentlemen. Somebody's supplying the Indians with saxophones. (SPITS)

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ah think I know who it is, you know.

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Bring that thing closer, will yer? You were saying, Hern?

LT. HERN-HERN:

I know who they are. Moriarty and Thynne.

COLONEL:

Where's they hiding?

LT. HERN-HERN:

America.

COLONEL:

Sergeant, make a note of that in the address, will you.

ECCLES:

How do... how do you spell it?

COLONEL:

Don't bother how to spell it, just write it down.

ECCLES:

Ookay.

FX:

SCRIBBLING

COLONEL:

Now read it back, will yer?

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

COLONEL:

That sounds like the place to me, yeah. Alright, men! Search America and look under the beds!

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF CAVALRY. WESTERN TYPE MUSICAL SPEEDED UP ("TEXAS RANGER'S SONG" FROM "RIO RITA")

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, they've got wind of us! We've got to get away, I tell you!

FX:

SMACK!

MORIARTY:

oooooooooooooooooooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't panic, Count. Get into this woman's disguise kit. While Ray Ellington releases his power of song on an unsuspecting world.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Dodge City, television centre of the old west, a quack hawks his wares and wears his hawks. Whichever way is the better, I wouldn't know.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

WHOOPS. BUBBLING, FIZZ-WHISTLE, EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Ohh, that's done me a *power* of good, folks! And... Thank you. And there's more where that came from, folks! Citizens of Dodge City! Bloodnok's the name! Doctor Dennis Bloodnok, late of Harley Street, Twickenham. Now, then. I've cured the aristocrats of the plin and the barmers. Now let me read this testimonial, sir. "Dear Sir. Since taking your course of Thunderpills, I feel... I feel like a new man. Signed, Mrs Ivy Chandler". Now then, who will be the first to try it, I say?

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES.

BLOODNOK:

Who will be the first?

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES.

COOLIE:

[MILLIGAN]

(HINDU ACCENT) Wait. Wait. Just wait. Wait. I'll try some of that, sir, I'll try some of that.

BLOODNOK:

You'll try some?

COOLIE:

I'll try some.

BLOODNOK:

A Hindu Raja, give him a big hand!

GRAMS:

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERING, ABRUPT ENDING

COOLIE:

Thank you, sir. But I... I'm only a coolie.

BLOODNOK:

Coolie? Give him a small hand, will you?

GRAMS:

SPARSE APPLAUSE.

COOLIE:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Now then, Mystic Son of the East. Sip this small sulphur and liquorice bomb.

FX:

LIPS SMACKING.

BLOODNOK:

Look! Oooh! Before my eyes! Before my military eyes! Oh-ho! The colour is coming back to his pallid loincloth!

GRAMS:

TRAIN NOISES, WHISTLES BLOWING, HEAVY TRAFFIC, SIRENS, EXPLOSIONS, PEOPLE YELLING AND RUNNING FEET, ALL MIXED UP.

COOLIE:

Oh, moog! Good heavens! Oh, good heavens! Where are my trousers and loin cloth gone?

BLOODNOK:

How do you feel, Prince of the East?

COOLIE:

I don't feel well. Ivy[?]. I... I... I feel very... very ill.

BLOODNOK:

III!?

COOLIE:

III.

BLOODNOK:

You ungrateful swine!

CROWD:

And you're a quack, mister, you're a quack!

COOLIE:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Steady, Yankee doodles. Or I'll have the red-coats on you! I'm a personal friend of Billy Butlin, you know!

GRAMS:

ANGRY CROWD, RUNNING FEET, ELECTRONIC GUNSHOTS, RUNNING FEET, BLOODNOK YELLING, MERGES INTO "SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN", ON AN OLD BAR PIANO, WESTERN STYLE, BAR CROWD NOISES

BLOODNOK:

Careful there! Ohhh! Careful there! Oh! Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Careful! Ohhhh! Ohhhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

I say, barman. Drinks for my lady.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I'll have a glass of fish and chips.

GRYTPYPE:

And see you put a good head on it!

BARMAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Man, we don't keep any drink called 'Fish and Chips'.

MORIARTY:

Ahharha.

GRYTPYPE:

What! Come, Moriarty. We shall take our trade and malnutrition elsewhere.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Hold everything!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. You hold the piano, I'll feel the table.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I'm Lieutenant Hern-Hern of the United States Cavalry.

GRYTPYPE:

Delighted.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Reasonable charges to irregular customers. Delighted to meet you too, sir. Now we're lookin' for two men who been selling contraband saxophones to the red Indians. Thereby causing unemployment amongst white musicians.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKED CHIMP-LIKE YELPS)

FX:

THUD!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Pardon me, ma'am. Your, er... your wig's fallen off.

GRYTPYPE:

Wig? How dare you, sir! The unfortunate woman just happens to have gone bald suddenly. It's obviously a case of the new lightning French alopecia, from the song of the same name.

MORIARTY:

That's right, that's right, (SINGS) Alopecia, lightning alopecia. Alopecia, happens everyday.

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) First you get it on your nut.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) First you get it on your nut!

FX:

WOODEN BONK

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) On my nut!

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) On his nut!

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) On my nut!

OMNES:

(SINGS) Ohhhhhhh... Alopecia, lightning alopecia. Alopecia...

LT. HERN-HERN:

Alrighty!

OMNES:

SINGING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh-ohhhhhh.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Stop that alopecia! One moment, you two, I... I seem to recognise your face, sir. Take off that false nose!

GRYTPYPE:

What!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ha-ha. Now them false ears.

GRYTPYPE:

I protest!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Now that false suit. And that false chest.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ha, ha, ha. Just as I thought. I don't know who you are. Who are ya?

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Nelson.

LT. HERN-HERN:

He had one arm missin'.

GRYTPYPE:

I have - I used to have three.

ECCLES:

Hello, fellas! (GIBBERISH) Care to have a hand o' cards?

LT. HERN-HERN:

Poker, pontoon or rummy?

ECCLES:

Yes. And cards. Now, den.

COLONEL:

Well, alright, fellas, I pass.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I pass.

ECCLES:

Mmm, it's up to me now, folks. (QUIETLY) It's up to me now, folks. (SMACKS LIPS). I'm callin' ya, fellas!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, he's callin' us all fellas. I shall recipromedicate. I shall call him a fella. Hello, fella!

ECCLES:

'ere, what's that under there? Bottle! I didn't see you under that big black hat with that cotton moustache.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's the Call of the West, partner! Chews plug of Hopalong Cassidy cardboard string tobacco. Liquorice-type. Spit, spit, spitty. Ooohhoee. Gone right down the front of my shirt.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Who are you, stranger? Speak up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am... I'm Marshal Matt Dillon of 23 Flub Avenue, East Finchley, North 12.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I ain't never seen you in Dodge City before. How did you get here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I came on the 49 bus on the High Street.

LT. HERN-HERN:

There ain't no buses run out here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it only took me as far as the Odeon, I had to walk all the rest of the way myself.

ECCLES:

What about... what about the game?

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ok, then, you're... you're callin', Mad Dan. What kind o' hand you got?

ECCLES:

Four fingers and thumb!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I beat you, Mad Dan. I got four fingers, two thumbs and a toe!

ECCLES:

A toe? There ain't no such hand!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you think I'm a cheat?

ECCLES:

No, I... I think you're deformed! Ho-howw!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No man can call Bluebottle deformed unless he's a specialist! Eccles, I'm runnin' you in.

ECCLES:

I've been run in, I've done ten thousand miles. (OFF) Now, *he's* been lubricated[?]

LT. HERN-HERN:

Come on, Mad Dan. Are you going quietly or do we have to use ear-plugs?

ECCLES:

Ohhohhh. What's... what's the charge?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The murder of Julius Caesar!

ECCLES:

I wasn't *alive* when he was murdered.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I know dat. I know dat. That is why... we had to wait 'til you was born before we could arrest you!

ECCLES:

Down with Caesar!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

You won't take me dead or alive!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, *how* are we gonna take you, den?

ECCLES:

Well, sorta in between.

LT. HERN-HERN:

He's there now. Let's get 'im!

ECCLES:

What!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go for your guns, Mad Dan.

ECCLES:

Ugaeccle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm warning you! See the panther-like movement of my mittened hands... as they curl towards the cardboard and string triggers of my Shredded Wheat cutout pistol.

FX:

OPENING DOOR

BLUEBOTTLE'S MUM:

[SECOMBE]

There you are, you dirty little tramp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-ho, Mum!

BLUEBOTTLE'S MUM:

I'll give you "Oh, Mum"! Your father's been lookin' everywhere for his trilby 'at! Where's all the shoppin' I sent you for?

FX:

SLAPSTICKS. BONKS. OVER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, mum, you spoiled my game! Bye-bye, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Bye-bye!

GRYTPYPE:

And so perish all enemies of the Queen.

MORIARTY:

And there's more where that came from.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Now I recognise that voice by the shape of them words!

GRYTPYPE:

Run for it, Moriarty, they know us!

MORIARTY:

Agh!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

GREENSLADE:

This then was the situation: Bloodnok pursued by the mob, Grytpype pursued by the ninth cavalry, and Bluebottle pursued by his mother. With that in mind, will listeners please take in their slack and listen to the occupants of Fort F'tang preparing for the Indian assault.

FX:

CHAINS CLANKING AS STUFFED INTO TIN CUP. OVER:

MINNIE:

Plumb it well in, Henry, plumb it well in.

HENRY:

Ah, yes. They won't quell old Hen Crun by surprise. Min? Stand against that wall for a certain test.

MINNIE:

Oh. Ok, cocky.

FX:

SHOTGUN BLAST, CLINKING OF METALLIC BITS AND PIECES DROPPING UNDER:

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ohh, dear! Ohhhh! Ah! Ohhhh...

CRUN:

Did that hurt, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes!

CRUN:

Good, then this is the gun for the redskin. Er, just in case, I'll get a gun ready for the blueskins and the greenskins.

MINNIE:

I hope... I hope they attack soon because the dinner's getting burnt.

CRUN:

They'll never attack a burnt dinner, Min, I tell you!

UNCLE OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

CRUN:

Uncle Oscar. What are you doing out of your grave?

MINNIE:

He must be feeling better, Henry.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

MINNIE:

Ooooh, oh, hoo-hoooh! Ohhh!

CRUN:

Oh, Uncle. At *your* age. You've been at the hormones again.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

FX:

TEETH DROPPING INTO SAUCEPAN.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

CRUN:

There go his teeth, Min. That means more dinner for us.

MINNIE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

DISTANT INDIAN WAR WHOOPS

MINNIE:

What's that!?

CRUN:

Ohhhh!

MINNIE:

Oooh-hooh!

CRUN:

You hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

What's this? What's that?

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Phishtoo, phishtoo!

MINNIE:

Phishtoo! What's that?

CRUN:

It's the war-whoops of the Nakatacka Indians!

MINNIE:

Oh! Are they the ones that commit atrocities?

CRUN:

Yes, Min.

MINNIE:

I'll go upstairs and get ready!

CRUN:

Stop it, Min, do you hear?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

You know that's for meeeeeee, I tell you!

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

MINNIE:

Oooh.

CRUN:

He remembers, Min. He's remembered in leather. Now, Uncle, get inside that coffin and defend it with your life! Min, get into your best red flannel draws and defend them to the end.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh...

CRUN:

I shall just announce the next part of the programme. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have pleasure in announcing a knock at the door.

FX:

DOORBELL RINGS

CRUN:

Blast! There's been a change in the programme. Who is it?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING AND INDIAN WAR WHOOPS!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh!

COLONEL:

And so, folks! With rivers of blood being shed. Arson, rape, murder everywhere. We say Goodnight from Happydrome

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

COLONEL:

Ohh! They got me, folks. Another unhappy endin', especially for me. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Oohohoh!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

SCOTTISH WOMAN ANNOUNCER:

(PRESUMABLY FROM A RADIO BROADCAST AND NOT PART OF THE PROGRAM?) That was the Goon Show a BBC recorded program, starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade. The script was by Spike Milligan and the producer was John Browell

Notes:

1) Rhyming slang for penis - hence great mirth from audience. It's also a bawdy song:

'twas on the good ship Venus,
My Lord you should have seen us.
The ship's figure-head was a girl in bed
(and something about) the captain's penis.
(there are lots of variations - go look for 'Good Ship Venus')

2) "Born on born on a mountain top in Tennessee..." is the first line to the "Davy Crockett" TV show, which is why Eccles is referred to as "Davy Eccles".

S9 E13 - Dishonoured - Again

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. From the book "I knew Terence Nuke" by Eileen Veredsmore Lewisham, tiddely doo spot, we present the play: "I knew Terence Nuke from the book by Eileen Veredsmore Lewisham".

ORCHESTRA:

INTRO.

FX:

FOG HORNS.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Ohhhh! Ohhhh, dear. Ohhh!

SELLERS:

It can be cold in London. Damn cold. On such a night as this, eighty years ago, a ragged idiot staggered into a forty year old fog laden Limehouse area.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS UNDER...

SEAGOON:

(COUGHING AND WHEEZING) It's me, folks. Neddie Seagoon. Ah, here it is, Christmas Eve and still no offers of pantomime. And not a penny have I towards a plate of vittals for me poor half-starved 18 stone body. So I laid me poor old twenty stone head down on this eight-stone embankment bench. Aaah... This is nice and soft!

ECCLES:

That's 'cause you're lying on me.

SEAGOON:

Ah, hello, hello.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello, 'ello!

SEAGOON:

'Eello 'ello 'ello.

ECCLES:

I wouldn't mind but I got friends to see. They're travelling south.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Er, you two men, what you doing, there?

ECCLES:

What?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Come, move along, now, that bench is for royalty of no fixed abode.

SEAGOON:

Constable, have pity. T'is Christmas, the time of good will.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Cor, 'struth, so it is. Well, a Merry Christmas on yer, mate .

SEAGOON:

And the same to you!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Now move along there before I belt ya!

MORIARTY:

A moment, laaaaaw guardian. A tiff, tuff, tang!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a man with a military bearing which he tossed in the air and caught. He emerged from the darkness and walked into the light.

FX:

BONG!

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN) Now, policeman. How would you like to join the river police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Oh, I'd like that, sir.

MORIARTY:

Hup.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Argh!

FX:

SPLASH.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Thank you, sir!

MORIARTY:

And a Merry Christmas to you!

SEAGOON:

The stranger now turned his glance on me. He observed my shredded paper suit, my thrice turned overcoat and my toes sticking out at the end of my feet.

MORIARTY:

Down on your luck?

SEAGOON:

Why are you interested in me?

MORIARTY:

I run a rag and bone shop.

SEAGOON:

Looking for a manager?

MORIARTY:

No I'm looking for stock. However, I have a friend of mine. A bank manager in the Bank of Twickenham. The honourable Thynne, Grytpype-Thynne. How are you at mathematics?

SEAGOON:

I speak it fluently.

MORIARTY:

Touché.

SEAGOON:

Threeché.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Take this tray and present yourself to him tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon's wife was overjoyed at Ned's luck. He started work as a bank clerk with every prospect of becoming one.

SEAGOON:

My wages were eight shillings a week, with an allowance of three shillings for each child.

GRYTPYPE:

This brought his money up to eighty pounds a week.

SEAGOON:

That was the manager, Mr. Thynne, well-known in concentric circles.

GRYTPYPE:

Mister Seagoon, how long have you been with us?

SEAGOON:

Twenty minutes.

GRYTPYPE:

What a splendid record of devotion and honesty. Neddie - and this is where the story *really* starts - Neddie, I'm putting you in a position of thrust. You're going to be in charge of the gold vault. Here is the key.

SEAGOON:

Gold. GOLD! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The gold! Ha, ha, ha! The lovely gold! I'll be rich! Ha, ha, ha! No more rags for me! Gold! Ha, ha, ha, ha, The goold!

GRYTPYPE:

I wonder if he's the right man for the job.

SEAGOON:

I decided to pinch the gold. Immediately, I backed a large horse-drawn motor van up to the front entrance of the bank.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

'Ere, you can't park that there, sir.

MORIARTY:

Ah, constable. How would you like to join the river police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'd like that very much, sir.

MORIARTY:

Hup.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Aargh!

FX:

SPLASH.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Thank you very much sir.

MORIARTY:

And a Merry Christmas! Now, carry on, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it's a lovely day for carrying on, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right. Next, I carefully disguised myself as a Zulu warrior of the Matabele rising. So cunning was my makeup not even my own grandmother would've recognised me.

THROAT:

Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Hello, granny. In this inconspicuous disguise I took the gold from the vaults and loaded it on to the van. For three hours I toiled back and forth.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie,

SEAGOON:

Curses, I'm spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

Why are you wearing that leopard's skin?

SEAGOON:

So that's why I'm spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me, where are you taking that gold?

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I had to think of a good excuse.

GRYTPYPE:

You're stealing it, aren't you, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Blast! Why didn't I think of that?

GRYTPYPE:

We will have to give you a week's notice.

SEAGOON:

Why? What have I done?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing. But we're having to cut down on staff, you see there's been a robbery. Erm, would you get that van started while I get my hat and coat.

SEAGOON:

You're coming, too?

GRYTPYPE:

There's no point in staying, there's more money in the van than there is in the bank.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we'll be partners.

GRYTPYPE:

Shake.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you my hand.

GRYTPYPE:

I gave him my foot, it was a fair swap.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle i po.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. And for no reason: Max "conks" Geldray.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah!

MORIARTY:

Aargh!

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE".

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured part two. And this is where the story *really* starts. With their new found wealth, Ned painted the town red. Then... the first blow fell.

FX:

WRESTLING WITH DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, bad news. The bank you stole the gold from told the police.

SEAGOON:

What a rotten trick. Is nothing sacred?

GRYTPYPE:

Give yourself up, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Give myself up? No, I can't break myself of that habit. What about the gold?

GRYTPYPE:

Leave that with Moriarty. And when you come out in eighty-nine years, we will be waiting for you. Won't we, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

(MAD CHUCKLING).

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I... I... I... I couldn't keep you waiting all that time, I mean...

GRYTPYPE:

Then you'll have to go abroad, won't he, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(MAD CHUCKLING)

SEAGOON:

Abroad?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

But my wife? I... I can't leave her with thirty-eight children.

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't that enough?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I suppose a rest would do her good, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, and it would do you good, too, you naughty boy.

ALL:

(LAUGHING TOGETHER).

MORIARTY:

As they say in Paris...

SEAGOON:

How will I, (CLEARS THROAT), how will I get the gold out of the country?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well you box clever, there. You leave the gold with us and when you return, we will be waiting.

SEAGOON:

I'll flee the country. We sail at dawn - tonight!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA THEME.

OMNES:

SEAMEN'S VOICES.

SEAGOON:

Within a week we were on board a private yacht, Sailing West Nor' East South. I stood on the pilchard with a spanker blowing through my hair and the salty bloater spinning before the goblets. Ha, ha. It's a man's life, I tell you, ha, ha. (GOING OFF) A man's life, I tell 'e.

FX:

WATERY SPLAT.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm so sorry, Ned. Never throw into the wind.

SEAGOON:

Ah, hello, Captain Thynne. What's our position?

GRYTPYPE:

Desperate. I mean I'll... I'll inquire. (CALLS) Navigator! Can you restitute our position in the Med?

ECCLES:

(NONSENSE GURGLED WORDS}

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLS) What's that object off the port beam?

ECCLES:

Yeah, what *is* that object off the port beam?

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's the Albert Hall!

ECCLES:

You've been to sea before.

GRYTPYPE:

But what is the Albert Hall doing off Beachy Head?

SEAGOON:

More to the point, what is this ship doing in Hyde Park?

ECCLES:

Well. The sea's calmer here.

GRYTPYPE:

You idiot.

ECCLES:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

We're four thousand miles off course.

ECCLES:

(GULUM NOISES) Well, nobody's perfect.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'm sorry, you can't park this yacht here.

MORIARTY:

Constable, how would you like to join the Kensington Round Pond police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

There ain't no such force.

MORIARTY:

Huppa!

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

(CALLS) You're the first!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

(CALLS) Thank you, sir.

MORIARTY:

(CALLS) Good on yer!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA MUSIC

OMNES:

SEAMEN'S VOICES.

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured part 3. In the Mediterranean... And this is where the story *really* starts. In the Med, the blow fell. One morning, Neddie was called to the captain's cabin.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. Neddie, when you came aboard I believe you deposited all the gold in the care of Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Why? Isn't it safe with him?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, it's perfectly safe. Wherever he and his rowing boat are.

SEAGOON:

The gold I stole, stolen? The thief! Which way did he go?

GRYTPYPE:

I pointed a finger.

SEAGOON:

Aaaargh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, PAUSE, SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

Has he gone?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Now let's go down and divide the gold, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

That's a good plan. That's a good plan to me.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK WITH PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND SHOUTING (GEORGE CHISHOLM) AND SPLASHING, ENDING IN FALSETTO.

GRAMS:

SEA SOUNDS, SEA GULLS

SEAGOON:

Meantime I floundered alone in the Indian Ocean, unable to speak a word of the language. I swam on my back, side, front and knees, but I... I just couldn't get off to sleep.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I must ask you to move along, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's you constable. I thought you were in the river police.

CONSTABLE:

Ehhh, that is right sir, yern.

SEAGOON:

Then, what are you doing in the ocean?

CONSTABLE:

I've been promoted, sir.

SEAGOON:

Congratulations. Could you direct me to India?

CONSTABLE:

Just follow the tram lines.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And so saying, I struck out for the shore.

GREENSLADE:

Ten miles he swam. The last three were agony.

SEAGOON:

They were over land. Finally I fell in a heap on the ground. I've no idea who left it there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohh!

SEAGOON:

Then I heard the approach of a high powered horseless carriage, with a long dongler attachment and a brown card with the word "F'tang" on it in Greek.

FX:

CLAXONS, SIMPLE MOTOR ENGINE SOUNDS, SMALL EXPLOSIONS OVER...

MINNIE:

Oooh! Ooh! Oh, dear! Ohhh! Ooooooh! Oh!

CRUN:

Aah.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

CRUN:

Hold tight, Min.

MINNIE:

Holding the tight, Min.

CRUN:

Hold tight, Min. We're doing three miles an hour, Min.

MINNIE:

Be murdered in our beds. Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Put the brake on, Min.

MINNIE:

Doesn't suit me, Henry.

CRUN:

Nah.

MINNIE:

Where is it, Hen? Were is the...

CRUN:

It's in a brown paper parcel under my seat, Min.

MINNIE:

Oooh, dear. Stand up, then, ooooh!

CRUN:

I can't stand up, motoring Min.

MINNIE:

Oow.

CRUN:

I'll lose my leather control.

MINNIE:

You mustn't [UNCLEAR].

FX:

KLAXON X 6, SLOWING DOWN ON THE LAST ONE AND ENDING IN A PLOP AND SMALL BITS FALLING TO THE GROUND.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Ooh, dear, Min.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

The wick in the engine's gone out.

SEAGOON:

(YAWNING).

MINNIE:

What...? What's that?

CRUN:

What? What? (SERIES OF WHISPERED "PHISH-TOOS" OVER:)

MINNIE:

What's that down there? Oh! What's that, then, eh? What? What's that? Oh, it's a young... What? You young man? What are you doing under that car, young man?

SEAGOON:

I'm not doing anything under your car.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven for that.

CRUN:

Sir.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh....

CRUN:

I am Henry "Motoring" Crun. We are anxious to know if you need succour.

SEAGOON:

Yes, just what I need, a glass of succour.

CRUN:

(PAUSE) Why don't you answer us, sir?

MINNIE:

Hit him with... on the conk, hit him!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Hit him with a pling and a...

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Phish-too, phish-too, phish-too.

SEAGOON:

Are you both deaf? I've told you I'm weak from exhaustion! Of course, that's why they can't hear me, I'm unconscious.

MINNIE:

Well, Henry, you hear what he said, he's unconk-ious.

CRUN:

Yes, he...

MINNIE:

Uncon... con-kious.

CRUN:

Con-scious. Help me lift him up, Min, I'll take his head.

MINNIE:

Okay.

CRUN:

And you... no, no, you...

MINNIE:

Oh?

CRUN:

...go to the other side of his head.

MINNIE:

What? What? Other... other side?

CRUN:

The other side.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

FX:

CLOMPING FOOTSTEPS OVER:

CRUN:

That's right, Min. Have you...

MINNIE:

(OFF) Okay!

CRUN:

...got to the certain side?

MINNIE:

(FAR OFF) Yes. Lift, Henry. I'm here, steady! [I'm out], now.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

Oh, the...

CRUN:

Ow.

GREENSLADE:

Now here is Dishonoured, part four. Tied to the back of Crun's car, Seagoon was towed back to Poona. But the rope broke and left him stranded in the Indian quarter of Bombay.

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

SEAGOON:

Yes, in the street of a thousand households... there is a place where a man can drink and forget his sorrows.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

INDIAN 1:

[SELLERS]

What does the dirt-encrusted Sahib desire? All the sensuous drinks of the Orient are yours. The Palm Bidi[?], the scented Vishnu wine. The toddy juice, the aromatic kreban[?]. Which do you desire, oh, wicked one?

SEAGOON:

(VERY BRITISH) Pot of tea, please.

INDIAN 1:

Oh!

INDIAN 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Ladies! And European-type gentlemen. Taking your modern European-type partners for the English style cabaret.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

INDIAN 2:

[UNCLEAR]. Everybody back to their own beds, please. And now for the second part of the cabaret, the mysterious Burra Bibby at an extra four rupees.

INDIAN 1:

Good, good.

INDIAN 2:

Alright, thank you. Oriental Queen will do the dance of the seven Army surplus blankets.

FX:

ORIENTAL MUSIC, TALKING OVER...

SEAGOON:

Into the middle of the floor sprang a creature who sent my pulses racing. One by one the blankets fell to the floor. The lights went down. As the last blanket fell from the passionate creature, I moved to her side in the dark. (PANTING) Oh, desirable creature, what prompts you to dance in this den of vice?

ECCLES:

I gotta make a living, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you're not a woman!

ECCLES:

I know that. Don't tell the manager.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

We're engaged! It's gonna be hell, folks!

SEAGOON:

However did you get here?

ECCLES:

Well, that fellow Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne, they threw me into the sea.

SEAGOON:

So there is some good in them after all.

ECCLES:

(MAD BABBLING).

MANAGER:

[SELLERS]

Where are you darling, where are you?

ECCLES:

Here he comes, look out. Wahum! Keep him away. The question is: what are we gonna do now?

SEAGOON:

I'm gonna clear my name and get back my self-respect. I'll... I'll join the navy!

ORCHESTRA:

SEVERAL NAVY-TYPE MARCHES AND HORNPIPES (CARRIES ON FOR FULL 60 SECONDS) ENDING WITH A BIG, LOUD FINALE.

SEAGOON:

No. I'll join the Army. It's too damn noisy in the Navy. Come, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Alright, oh!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, CHICKENS OVER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ooooh-hoo-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-ho! Oh! Oh, no more curried eggs for me. Ohhhh. Ohhh. So, you two naughty men want to join the Bombay Irish, do you?

SEAGOON:

Aye, jock, mon.

ECCLES:

Aye, aye, buddy.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's a tough life, I'll tell you. Do you know what it's like to be in the thick of a bloody battle with bullets flying and sabres clashing?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Pity, I was hoping you'd tell me what it was like. You see, I'm writing a book entitled "Bloodnok V.C." However, let us take the regimental oath. Are we ready?

ECCLES:

Ya.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Open your wallets and say after me: "Help yourself!"

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Help yourself.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Next, do you swear to be brave soldiers?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Never turn a back on the enemy?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Never.

BLOODNOK:

Always speak well of a lady?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Always.

BLOODNOK:

And respect the chastity of a woman?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Have we got *nothing* in common!? Still, we are in need of a couple of right steamers. You see, the Red Bladder is raising the Pathan tribes. He's got fresh consignments of automatic swords and a touch of the Rangoon crutt thrown in.

SEAGOON:

Where does he get the finance?

BLOODNOK:

Two international crooks smuggled him a shipload of gold saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype and Moriarty. So that's the game. Sir, I have score to settle. Let me go to the frontier.

BLOODNOK:

Right. Sign this.

FX:

WRITING.

SEAGOON:

Neddie... Seagoon. There. Am I a soldier now?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea, I only collect autographs, you know. Seagoon, arm the men to the teeth.

SEAGOON:

Impossible.

BLOODNOK:

No arms?

SEAGOON:

No teeth.

BLOODNOK:

Then we can't fight.

SEAGOON:

Sir, I want a chance to prove that I'm a man.

BLOODNOK:

Report to the M.O.

SEAGOON:

I'll fight the Mad Mullah, clear my name and recover the gold... and capture Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne into the bargain. Who will ride with me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ensign Bluebotten will! Rayyyy! Thank you, thank you. See, my sword is in my hand.

FX:

CLANG.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, de end's fallen off.

SEAGOON:

Little jug head bugler, blow the alarm!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That is what / say! Blow the alarm! Oh. Let's play another game, please.

SEAGOON:

This is no game, little drooping seat. Get mounted, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, my captain, I'm mounted-ed and ready for the ride. I say, wait a minute. What's dis in the saddle bag?

SEAGOON:

That's dynamite, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, you're not starting that lark again, are you?

SEAGOON:

We'll soon know the valid truth. To horse!

ECCLES:

Can I come, too?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's about time you came to, aha,ha! Ha,ha! I made a little jokule.

ECCLES:

'Ere! Guess what I gettin' for my birthday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, what *are* you gettin', Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'm gettin' a bow-wow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. I'm not getting a bow-wow. I'm gettin' a junior smokers kit. Complete with toffee ash tray and liquorice dog-ends.

ECCLES:

I... I like liquorice. My mother says that liquorice gives you a good run for your money.

SEAGOON:

To the Khyber Pass! Forward!

FX:

BUGLES, HORSES GALLOPING OVER...

SEAGOON:

All that night I rode and through the best part of the next day.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You left the worst part to us. He, he! The joke's on me.

FX:

SLAPSTICK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahow! My prules are funed.

SEAGOON:

Haaaaaalt!

FX:

HORSES STOP.

SEAGOON:

And this is where the story *really* starts.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, look, my captain, look! Points cardboard finger at thousands of savage naughty men with Indian type bare bumpy old chests.

SEAGOON:

The Red Bladder and his fifty thousand balloons.

ECCLES:

Wow.

SEAGOON:

Gad, we're outnumbered twenty to one.

ECCLES:

Twenty to one? Time for lunch!

SEAGOON:

We've only one chance. Bluebottle, ride to the crest of that crag and signal Major Bloodnok.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the mentsage?

SEAGOON:

Tell him to keep two late dinners.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will *do* it, I will! Ride, Vaquero, ride. Ehee! 'Ere, wait a minute. Captain? In between me and that crag is a dirty big wide chasm. With a forty thousand foot drop to the raging torrent below.

SEAGOON:

Fear not, little shivering nut. That Arab stallion will bound that chasm like... like a wing-ed arrow

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it will! Giddup, Dobbin !

FX:

HOOVES GALLOPING AWAY SPEEDING UP, SILENCE, SPLASHES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehee! You rotten swine, horse you! You did *not* jump that chasm thing. And I been hurled into the dreaded canyon. Splat, thud, zowee, blunn, thud. And several other rock-hitting nut sounds.

MORIARTY:

Welcome to the Indian River Police, little boy of mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My, you're the forces of evil, Morinarty man.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: I know how to get rid of the dynamite. Mister Morinarto? Would you like a nice big long red cigar with a wick on the end?

FX:

FUSE IS LIGHTED OVER...

MORIARTY:

Ah, thank you, little boy.

FX:

CLANG DOOR CLOSING.

MORIARTY:

(SMACKS LIPS) Aah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it nice?

MORIARTY:

It's gone out.

FX:

WHOOSH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll light it again for you...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaargh!

GRAMS:

THIRD MAN THEME.

MILLIGAN:

Thought you'd liked to hear it again.

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured, part the last. Neddie Seagoon gives his all in battle with the Red Bladder.

GRAMS:

INDIAN WAR WHOOPS.

BLOODNOK:

How that battle raged. I heard it all on the wireless, you know. Seagoon fought like a mad-man. How else? But alas...

FX:

BUGLE CALL OVER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh! Ohhhh.

GREENSLADE:

On that spot is now a little white stone.

CRUN:

Yes. Once a year Min lays flowers on it.

MINNIE:

(SOBBING) The stone bears a simple inscription in Hindustani.

BLOODNOK:

I haven't the heart to tell her that, roughly translated, it says: "Bombay, 49 miles". Goodnight.

MINNIE:

Aahoow!

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH OVER...

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade. The music was by Wally Stott and the script was by Spike Milligan. The programme was restored by Ted Kendall and produced by John Browell.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

"Take this tray"... a weak joke based on the act of "presenting something on a tray"

Pathans are a tribe of Afghanistan/Pakistan. The most famous modern-day Pathan is probably the cricketer, Imran Khan

S9 E14 - The Scarlet Capsule (Quatermass O.B.E.)

Transcription adjusted by Paul Webster, Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Hold it up to the light, not a brain in sight.

SECOMBE:

Ah, John Friar Sellers! Taste this script.

SELLERS:

(EATING NOISES) What is it?

SECOMBE:

A freshly-cooked version of:

ORCHESTRA:

SCIENCE-FICTION-TYPE FANFARE

GRAMS:

THE THING SOUND EFFECT – A MYSTERIOUS ECHOING ELECTRONIC EFFECT

SELLERS:

Quatermass, OBE.

ORCHESTRA:

CRESCENDO, THEN DIMUENDO UNDER FIRST PART OF NEXT LINE

TIMOTHY:

(RECORDED) This is the terror-stricken service of the BBC. Today at approximately this afternoon, a discovery was made on the site of the Notting Hill Gate site of the government's new dig-up-the-roads-plan-for-congesting-traffic scheme. Workmen in the absence of a strike settled for work as an alternative. It was during this brief lull in high-powered inertia that Morris Onions, a scaffolder's knee-wrencher, stumbled across something he'd found. Ding-dong-billy-bong! I would like it known that though I read this stuff, I don't write it. Ftang!

GRAMS:

SHOVELS

THROAT:

Cor, blimey.

WILLIUM:

'Ere! 'Ere, Julian!

JULIAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) What's [UNCLEAR]?

WILLIUM:

'Ere, over 'ere, mate, 'ere!

JULIAN:

Coming, Basil.

WILLIUM:

Get your trousers on. 'urry, Julian. Look at this!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD, HELD UNDER EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT, CONTINUING UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

JULIAN:

Oh, dear! Saints preserve us!

TAFFY:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Eh! What's all this about... hey!

JULIAN:

What's this, now?

TAFFY:

Here! That's a human skull.

WILLIUM:

Is it?

TAFFY:

Aye. Must be a woman, the mouth's open. Ha ha, ha, ha, ha!

JULIAN:

Here... We'd better call an Irish doctor.

IRISHMAN 2:

[SELLERS]

Yes, let's get one.

TAFFY:

Too late... Too late for that, it's a goner, man. She's a goner.

JULIAN:

Oh, dear!

WILLIUM:

Call the Chinese police. 'Ere, hold this whistle and play that note.

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

JULIAN:

(OVER) Listen! He's coming. He's almost here. (AS FOOTSTEPS SLOW DOWN) He's arrived.

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

(PANTING AND OUT OF BREATH) You were playing my song. I'm sorry I'm late but the flinn of the flonn suclunned the nib of the plooon.

TAFFY:

A likely story. Now have a look at this, boy, here.

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Gad, the head of a skull! I'd better take its fingerprints. Ladies and gentlemen, in my dual role of constable and announcer, I now assume the mantle of the latter but only for a brief announcement. Next morning, after my report as a constable, a man and a woman from the Ministry of Certain Things were flown in from Battersea by road, with a rug over their knees that travelled with them. Plung!

FX:

SHOVELS, UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... Knick ...

MINNIE BANNISTER:

Knick the knack.

CRUN:

Knick the knack...

MINNIE:

Knick.

CRUN:

Ohh!

MINNIE:

Knick knack, knick knack. (SINGS) Paddy-whack, give the dog a bone. (RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING)

CRUN:

(HUMS ACCOMPANIMENT TO MIN'S LINE)

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(HUM FOR A WHILE, THEN STOP)

CRUN:

What are you doing, Min? Dog's had four bones already, you know. Three of them are mine, I tell you. Now, look. Another one. Oh, look!

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Lord Crun?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

This skull! Is 5 million years old!

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(SINGS) Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you.

CRUN:

(SINGS) Happy birthday, dear Minnie, happy birthday to you.

MINNIE:

Thank you. Thank you, Hen, it's nice of you to remember my skull. Thank you.

FX:

SHOVELS, UNDER NEXT LINES

MINNIE:

Now, dig on! Dig on! The power...

CRUN:

Aha!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

FX:

SHOVELING STOPS

CRUN:

Stop wallpapering my trousers while I'm straining with the trowel.

MINNIE:

You must get a new pair, then, the paint's coming off the knees, you know.

CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Coming off the knees!

CRUN:

Oiled springs, I would [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

(SENILE MUTTERINGS)

CRUN:

I can't understand it, you know. These knees were hand-painted by Annagooney.

TAFFY:

Sir, will you be long in your excavations? Only the workmen are waiting to start work on the tea break, y'see?

CRUN:

Oh...

TAFFY:

Aye, aye.

CRUN:

No, not long, no.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

TAFFY:

Right, oh.

MINNIE:

I know that.

CRUN:

This is a vital brown archaeological site, sir. It could be that on this very spot the first men existed. Can you see that this we've dug up just now? Do you recognise it?

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

It appears to be a piece of mud.

MINNIE:

And there's morrrre where that came from!

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Now look, I may be ignorant...

MINNIE:

(INTERRUPTS) I'm sure you are. You big...

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Look, I will... I will turn a deaf eye to all that nonsense.

MINNIE:

You'll get a punch up the conk!

CRUN:

Too-phish!

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

I was saying I don't see the archaeological importance of mud.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Ah, no, no! Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning, morning.

CRUN:

Here comes Professor Ned Quatermass.

MINNIE:

Whoopee!

ORCHESTRA:

'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' MUSIC-HALL-TYPE INTRO

NED QUATERMASS:

Hello, folks, it's me, Ned Quatermass, son of the scientist and doctor of darkness! Two for the price of one! Hup! Hoy!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

NED QUATERMASS:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATE STOP

NED QUATERMASS:

Thank you. (LAUGHS) Now, what's all this about, eh? What? What? What?

CRUN:

Look... look at that!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

CRUN:

Something's under the ground.

FX:

PICK

NED QUATERMASS:

So it is.

FX:

TAPS WITH SMALL PICK

NED QUATERMASS:

It's hard. Here, hold my coconut tree while I have a look. This is a job for those sons of fun, the army!

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS FANFARE

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) Ladiiiiies... and gentlemeeeeeen. His excellencyyyyy.... Rifleman Dene of the Third Collapsing Fusiliers.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE.

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) His Grovelling Excellence, Sergeant Sir Tom Flar of the Second Royal Army Games.

OMNES:

HUBBUB AND RHUBARB

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) And now... (BRIEFLY YORKSHIRE) Give over. (AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) And now... Miss Stomach Trouble of 1958, Major Denis Bloodnok, OBE and bar.

ORCHESTRA:

MAJESTIC BRASS FANFARE, SEGUEING INTO END OF BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ooeugg! Ohhh! Will I never be free of them? Oh, dear! Now, then, what's the trouble?

NED QUATERMASS:

An unexploded German bomb.

BLOODNOK:

What?? Agggh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Don't be frightened, lads. They'd soon have it safe. Sergeant Spinewait? Dig it up with dig.

FX:

SHOVELS

SERGEANT SPINEWAIT:

[SECOMBE]

Oh, I don't know, I don't know what's going on.

THROAT:

Cor blimey, I don't know what's going on 'ere.

NED QUATERMASS:

Thus, with ten men holding one million shovels, they dug away at the direction of... The Thingggg!

MILLIGAN:

Thinggg!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC LINK, UNDER SOUND EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT, CONTINUES UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

NED QUATERMASS:

As they dug, the thing took shape. Twenty foot long, red, as large as an engine boiler. With an entrance on the side. And a sealed compartment in the front.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Dear, dear, dear.

CRUN:

I don't like the look of it.

GRAMS:

EFFECT STOPS

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, we can't change it now, it's the only one we got.

CRUN:

Yes, there is something in what you say.

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes, it can happen to the best of us.

CRUN:

Indeed it can.

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes. Well, ha ha. That seems to have explored that argument in full, doesn't it? Ha ha!

CRUN:

But *what* is this thing?

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Called loooove.....

CRUN:

(HUMS IN ACCOMPANIMENT)

MINNIE:

(SINGS) This funny thing.

CRUN:

(SINGS) This funny thing.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING)

CRUN:

Min! Cease that power-singing and stop flashing your insteps, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, we can't stand around here doing nothing, people will think we're workmen.

BLOODNOK:

(APPROACHES) Gladys, how's the work going on that silly, harmless old bomb, eh? Oh, you were all frightened of nothing, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

This line the Major spoke from inside a suit of armour, inside a Cromwell tank.

BLOODNOK:

You like it? I wear it all the time during explosions, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

It must be hell in there.

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(GENERAL CHINESE MUTTERING)

BLOODNOK:

Listen! There's a chink in my armour!

GREENSLADE:

In my capacity as announcer, I will say this: During the night, those concerned continued their digging. F'tung!

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(GENERAL CHINESE MUTTERING)

FX:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING ON HOLLOW WOODEN BLOCKS

MINNIE:

Ohh! Oh, listen, listen. Oh, ohh! Ah, oh!

FX:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING

MINNIE:

(RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING IN TIME WITH KNOCKING)

CRUN:

There's no doubt about these rhythm-skulls, Min. They are 50 million years old.

MINNIE:

Nonsense. According to my quillolocalnivviespoons, in my opinion these skulls are... were dropped by the Germans in 1943.

NED QUATERMASS:

Unexploded German skulls? I hadn't thought of that.

BLOODNOK:

Elephant soup with squodged spuds.

NED QUATERMASS:

I hadn't thought of that, either.

BLOODNOK:

Sabrina in the bath.

NED QUATERMASS:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do have *some* spare time.

FX:

SHOVELS

MINNIE:

I don't think she has. Gentlemen... Gentlemen, look! From the bones we discovered, I have reconstructed... an Irish stew.

NED QUATERMASS:

Then this is what prehistoric Irish stews look like?

MINNIE:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

I knew it, I knew it! We are all descended from Irish Jews. Oi, vey!

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT AND WILLIUM MUTTERING

NED QUATERMASS:

Listen! Someone's screaming in agony.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) News to me!

NED QUATERMASS:

Fortunately, I speak it fluently.

SERGEANT WILLIUM FTANG:

Oooh, sir. Ohhhh, me krills are plurned!

NED QUATERMASS:

Sergeant Ftang, what's up? Your boots have gone grey with worry.

WILLIUM:

I was... I was inside the thing picking up pre-istoric fag-ends, when I spots a creature crawling up the wall. It was a weasel. When suddenly it went...

FX:

POP

NED QUATERMASS:

What a strange and horrible death.

WILLIUM:

Then I 'eards an 'issing sound. And a voice say, 'minardor'.

NED QUATERMASS:

'Minardor?' We must keep our ears, nose and throats open for anything that goes 'minardor'.

MINNIE:

Yes.

CRUN:

Be forewarned, sir. The minardor is an ancient word that can be read in the West of Minster's library, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, it so happens that I have a Westminster Library on me. And gad, look! There I am inside, examining an occult dictionary.

MINNIE:

Oh, yes.

FX:

PAGES FLIPPING

NED QUATERMASS:

Minardor... Minardor... Hmm, hmm, hmm... Min, min, min, min, min.

MINNIE:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

NED QUATERMASS:

I feel an attack of conks coming on. Quick! The brandyyyy!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY

MAX:

Oh, boy! Now you know the real power of my conk!

MAX GELDRAV:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Professor Quatermass is endeavouring to open the front compartment.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now, workman. I want you to drill through this place here, do you see?

ECCLES:

Yah, yah, yah.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now, you're sure you know all about using micro radium-tipped drills for non-porous surfaces?

ECCLES:

Ya, ya, man. I've got all that.

NED QUATERMASS:

Right.

ECCLES:

OK, then. OK, men. Switch on!

GRAMS:

DENTIST'S DRILL; ELECTRIC DISCHARGE AND STATIC, CONTINUING DURING NEXT LINE

ECCLES:

(DRAWN-OUT CRIES OF PAIN AND AGONY)

NED QUATERMASS:

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

ECCLES:

Yeah. But I'm willing to take a second opinion.

NED QUATERMASS:

Look! There's a hole appearing.

ECCLES:

Oh. Let me look through, I specialise in appearing holes. Let me have a look. Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

What can you see?

ECCLES:

A glass eye.

NED QUATERMASS:

What's the matter, doesn't he trust you? A-ha, ha! I say! (GIGGLES) Can you smell something?

ECCLES:

(SNIFFS) Yeah, yeah.

NED QUATERMASS:

(YELLS) Major Bloodnok!

ECCLES:

No, no. This smells like Irish stew.

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad! My brain raced into various directions. The frontal lobes to Charing Cross...

ECCLES:

Ohh?

NED QUATERMASS:

...and Isle of Rhyl to the Antipodes. Listen. The smell ties up with Minnie's replica of the Irish stew. Break that door down – with this break!

ECCLES:

Leave it to me.

FX:

POUNDING ON DOOR, THEN SCRATCHING ON DOOR, THEN SAWING ETC., CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME

ECCLES:

(OVER, SOUNDS OF EFFORT; AT END OF EFFECT, EXHAUSTED) I know when I'm beaten.

NED QUATERMASS:

Hold this coconut tree. Let me try.

FX:

DOORKNOB TURNED; HINGE CREAKS

NED QUATERMASS:

It was open all the time.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Dear listeners, inside the sealed compartment were the complete skeletons of three serge suits along with the bones of a bowler hat.

CRUN:

Min, go and preserve these specimens in brown fume spirit and quilled-leather Ong.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) I say! I say! Hello, Fred? Are there people there? Grytpype, who#s that down there?

GRYTPYPE:

It's daylight, Count.

MORIARTY:

Oh, lovely, lovely. Have you any food? (APPROACHES) Have you some food down there? Any nice food? Any small chips and things?

NED QUATERMASS:

Who is that hovering on the stairs?

MORIARTY:

On the stairs.

GRYTPYPE:

That is the great international leaper and balloonist extraordinary, le Compte Viscompte de Compte Jim 'Winds'...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP DESCENDING STRING GLISSANDO

MORIARTY:

(CRINGING MUTTERING)

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty, known as the Mantovani of Piccadilly. There he goes.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Time for Ray Ellington and the old brandy, there!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF AWAY

ELLINGTON:

The introductions he gives me.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ELLINGTON:

I sing melodies deviiiiine,
Melodies from old Irelannnnnd.

NED QUATERMASS:

There he goes, the Webster Booth of Ghana!

GREENSLADE:

We are now approaching the climax of this thrilling serial in one part. Around the great scarlet capsule the entire cast are assembled. That's me in the wig.

NED QUATERMASS:

My friends, you've just one hour to find out the origin of this giant crimson-scrimson-scroo-yakabakaka-koo! After that, they're letting the press in.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, hurry up, man, I'm waiting for a headline.

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad, it's a trilby hat on legs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Steady on, my man. I am Ace Bluebottle. Known in Fleet Street as Scoop Bluebottle, wonder boy reporter.

NED QUATERMASS:

What paper do you represent?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Brown paper. What is the weekly organ of the Finchley Beat Generation. Editors Bluebottle and Bluebottle. Headline: 'Boy Reporter Bluebottle Scoops'.

FX:

TYPEWRITER

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Headline: 'From under the nose of Lord Beavingbrook. Flashee! Giant German bomb a hoax. "I did it in my spare time," says Sydenham night watchman. Quotee. Sittin' in his watchman's hut, gray-headed, sixty-seven-year-old Tom Onions, of Puker's Lodge, Mon., said, "It all come so easy in the dark hours."'

ECCLES:

You're making it up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, man!

ECCLES:

(INCOHERENT EXCLAMATION)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bend down.

FX:

TEARING CLOTH

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's Professor Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ho, ho!

BLUEBOTTLE:

The brains behind...

ECCLES:

What? What's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The brains behind the Windscale Disaster.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Scoop! 'Prof Eccles give the Brown Paper Daily exclusive statement'.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I quote you on that, please?

ECCLES:

No. My what-what-what's are private.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, give us an exclusive statement, then, prof.

ECCLES:

OK, then. I like chips in brown gravy.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED; PHONE BEING DIALED

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, this'll be good. Flasho! Hello? Give me the Cinton Desk.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE OVER PHONE SAYS 'HELLO? CITY DESK HERE'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Listen, it's Scoop Bottle, here. Clear the front page.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE SAYS 'WHAT FOR, MY LAD?'

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Professor Eccles denies paternity case. I like chips in brown gravy', he telled a judge.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE SAYS 'GREAT WORK, KID. KEEP IT UP'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thanks, Ace. Now for the exclusive picture. Scene. Professor Quartermass pretends to sing and all the others, put your fingers in your ears. Ready? Points super junior candle flash-gun with cardboard built-in trigger release. Say 'cheese'.

GRAMS:

THING EFFECT; EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Oiee! Oh, my spones! Who's been meddling with my thin equipment?

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, the Count and I have the solution to the red capsule thing.

NED QUATERMASS:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

We have just watched the last installment on the television.

ECCLES:

That... that reminds me, I must pay *my* last instalment on *my* television. (LAUGHS)

NED QUATERMASS:

Fell rather flat, didn't it? Try singing it.

ECCLES:

Anything to save it. Ahem. (SINGS) That reminds me. I must pay the last *installment* on my television set. Aha ha ha ha, ha ha ha... (SPOKEN) No.

NED QUATERMASS:

No. Well, try it with full orchestral accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA:

MELODRAMATIC BALLAD ACCOMPANIES NEXT LINE

ECCLES:

(SINGS) That reminds me. I must pay the last installment on my *television seeeeeeeeeeeet*.

GRAMS:

SPLAT

BLOODNOK:

Who threw that stuff at the Count?

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad! Look what it is!

BLOODNOK:

The phantom strikes again! Oh. It must be hell in there. And there's obviously more where that came from.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now it's coming clearer!

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes. Poltergeists throw stuff about!

ECCLES:

They must be in a bad way.

NED QUATERMASS:

This proves my theory. This scarlet capsule is the seat of spirit beings!

WILLIUM:

Sir, the gentlemen of the press is here. I tried to hold 'em back but they burst through by putting money in me hands.

NED QUATERMASS:

Spoken like a true commissioner!

GRAMS:

SPLAT

NED QUATERMASS:

Gads!

ECCLES:

What?

NED QUATERMASS:

He's been struck by a neolithic Irish strew. It's the spirits at work again! There's only one answer. Eccles, prepare a series of TNT charges to destroy the Thing!

ECCLES:

Leave it to me. I've got a...

GRAMS:

SPLAT

ECCLES:

(STRANGLED EXCLAMATIONS)

NED QUATERMASS:

Another one!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS, LAST HELD UNDER EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMING

FX:

BELL STRUCK

GREENSLADE:

All night, preparations to explode the Thing continued. For miles around, people had to be evacuated.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR; DOOR OPENS

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

(SEDUCTIVE) Yes? What is it?

NED QUATERMASS:

Oh, I... I'm terribly sorry to have knocked you up so late.

CYNTHIA:

They all say that.

NED QUATERMASS:

I'm afraid you have to be evacuated.

CYNTHIA:

(EMBARRASSED SURPRISE) Oh! Come in. I'll just pack a few things.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, I... I... I...

GREENSLADE:

At this point the script was heavily censored. But we leave the ensuing silence for the listeners to imagine what followed. (PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) You filthy swines! Back to your own beds, now!

ECCLES:

Major, the dynamite's all ready in the Thing.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, tell everybody to take cover.

ECCLES:

(YELLS) Take cover, Major!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you for telling me, lad. Get hold of this plunger, lad.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Stop! There's a man called Moriarty tied up inside the Thing.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, I know, it's all right, Ned.

NED QUATERMASS:

All right? He'll be blown to bits!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, I have the Count heavily insured against such things.

NED QUATERMASS:

No, I... I... I... I... I'm afraid I can't allow you to do such a thing.

GRYTPYPE:

Fifty pounds be enough?

NED QUATERMASS:

Right. Ahem. (YELLS) Stand by plunger! 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4! 3! Erm...

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Two.

NED QUATERMASS:

2! 1! Fire!

ECCLES:

(ONE SECOND PAUSE) Ha, ha, ha. I forgot to connect it up.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, get over and fix it, then.

ECCLES:

OK. (INCOHERENT BABBLING AS HE MOVES OFF)

NED QUATERMASS:

And nobody touch that plunger.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER LIFTED; PHONE BEING DIALED

GRYTPYPE:

Hello? Imprudential Insurance? Can I take out another one of those, er, policy things? Eccles, yes. Mad Dan Eccles, that's right. Another fifty be enough, Ned?

NED QUATERMASS:

Uh-huh.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION AND SPEEDED-UP ECCLES CRIES OF ANGUISH

TIMOTHY:

(RECORDED) This is the flibby-dabby-dee service of the BBC. The giant capsule was today exploded and went BANG! London transport experts have, however, discovered what the Thing was. Apparently the remains of the three blue serge suits found inside inside were in fact those of three sit-down tube strikers and the capsule was a tube train that had been shunted into a siding and forgotten. The mystic word 'minardor' was in fact the word 'mind the doors'. Not a very good ending, but tidy, don't you think? Goodnight. (SPLAT) Ohh!

BLOODNOK:

And there's more where that came from, Tim!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade, the music was by Wally Stott and the script by Spike Milligan. The programme was restored by Ted Kendall and produced by John Browell.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME: 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY'

NOTES:

"Annigoonie" is a reference to the famous portrait painter Pietro Annigoni (1910-1988).

The Windscale Disaster is a reference to a fire at a nuclear reactor in Windscale in 1957 that spread some radiation over the local countryside.

"Rifleman Green of the Third Collapsing Fusiliers" may be a reference to a Guardsman who fainted during the changing of the guards pageant shown on TV. This is yet to be confirmed.

S9 E15 - The Tay Bridge Disaster

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Tiddey pong!

SEAGOON:

And now the same thing in Aramaic. Tiddey pong!

GRAMS:

PETER AND SPIKE PING TAR NAT PLUNG TAR FERN TULE, KNIN, QUERDGE, HARAT, HUME. DURING THE RECORDING PETER & SPIKE HIT A COW BELL, TEMPLE BLOCK, BLOW A WHISTLE DUCK CALL (PLAY FAST).

GREENSLADE:

It sounds naughty.

SEAGOON:

It is.

MORIARTY:

Ahaa. And there's *more* where that came from, I tell you!

FX:

COLOSSAL SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

SHRIEK

GRYTPYPE:

Back, you fumed frog of a man.

SEAGOON:

Mr Greenslade, clutch the shins and announce this announcement on the wireless set.

GREENSLADE:

(MEGAPHONE) Hello England.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Hello.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I don't know, I give up. Really, this is just *too* much!

SELLERS:

(MEGAPHONE) Snatching up his dying announcement, Ned continues, aye!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Leather speaking trumpet announcement in the modern wireless talking manner, folks. To celebrate the 200th anniversary of Burns, Cuts and Bruises, we go over to the krutty, crab-ridden seashore of the Scotland, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

DRONE CHORDS.

CHISHOLM PLAYS TATTY TROMBONE BAGPIPE MELODY.

CHISHOLM DECIDES TO SING A SCOTS MELODY DEVINE.

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH.

CHISHOLM CONTINUES TO PLAY TROMBONE, ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

CHISHOLM:

Oh! (SWEARS IN FAUX SCOTTISH).

FX:

CLANG OF TROMBONE HITTING THE GROUND.

ORCHESTRA:

REVERT TO VERY FAST TATTY 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' PLAYOFF. GREAT CYMBAL SMASH AT THE END, CYMBAL FALLS TO THE GROUND.

FX:

DROP A LOAD OF CYMBALS TO BOOST IT.

HAIRY SCOT:

[SELLERS]

Hernia, the big nertt the noon loch nern ahoyeen.

McTHROAT:

(GUTTURAL SCOTTISH THROATINGS)

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello! Ned calling on his Mac Megaphone made from red Scottish hairs, folks. These sounds were the dreaded sound of the Phantom Trombonist of the Glen.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, they do say it's the ghost of George Chisholm's grandfather. Killed one stormy night when the Tay Bridge died.

CHISHOLM:

Aye. That's troo! Real troo! I was killed outright. The noo!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, George Chisholm and his phoney Scots accent!

CHISHOLM:

Ach! (SCOTTISH-ISH RANTINGS)

SEAGOON:

There he goes, folks, he and speaking part fee of two guineas.

WOLFIT:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh! Ohhhh.... Yeee, haaa, hoooo... And now, folks! The tale. 'Twas a dark and windy night...

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Ohhhhhhhhh!

WOLFIT:

Ohh. And as far as the eye could see, and the teeth could chew. It was 1878 and the kringe were in the klonge... (SELF FADE)

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLS. EXPLOSION (DISTANT).

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! So soon in the programme, too. Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

In the year 1878 I had a bridge building company in Sauchiehall Street. I didn't have an office but I did have a Sauchiehall Street. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ho, ha!

GRAMS:

MIX IN TERRIBLE MASS CROWDS BRAWL. SMASHING GLASS, SCREAMS, DISTANT BAGPIPE AT SPEED.

SEAGOON:

You hear that? Celtic versus the Rangers.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye. While half Scotland crammed the football stadium, Ned dillingently went about building his business.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) 'I belong to Glasgow' (TALKS) Ice Creams, football badges, bandages, guns, clubs. (SINGS) 'Dear old Glasgow town'.

FX:

PENNY IN A TIN CUP

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir. A dud Burmese sixpence? Scotland for ever, sir!

ELLINGTON:

Och Aye and Oi Vay, Mon. It's a warum bracht moonlacht nacht for the Schidduch, the noo, mon.

SEAGOON:

And bless old Ghana, too!

ELLINGTON:

Folks, I don't know how I get these parts, I just don't know.

MAX:

What about me, boy? They got me down as a Chinese.

ELLINGTON:

Man, you won t get away with it.

MAX:

I know, boy, it's... it's the old conk that gives me away.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Max, it keeps the rain of yer tie, mate.

MAX:

Yes! Yes, that conk is working for me, boy. Ploogie!

WILLIUM:

'Ere, 'old it, 'old on, 'ere. What's all this? An Englishman, Irishman and a Jew? Wot you a-doin' of, then?

SEAGOON:

We're just posing for a joke.

WILLIUM:

Can't you read that 'airy sign, mate? "No posin' for English, Irish or Jewish jokes on even dates". Lift up yer 'at!

FX:

RESOUNDING WHACK ON HEAD

SEAGOON:

(SCREAM).

WILLIUM:

Now, sign this receipt for that lump I just give yer.

GRAMS:

SHORT HOT XYLOPHONE BREAK

SEAGOON:

There.

WILLIUM:

What's this? "Maureen Shag"? Is that your name?

SEAGOON:

No, that's the name of my signature.

WILLIUM:

Oh.

GRAMS:

SMASH AND GRAB RAID IN MIDDLE DISTANCE. SHOP WINDOW SMASHES. POLICE WHISTLE TOOTING.

WILLIUM:

'Ark on it! It's the sound of a pea vibrating inside a metal cylinder, agitated by 'uman wind. Known to the ahtside world as the Rozzers Flute or the Narks Lullaby. 'Ere, them criminals don't 'arf lead us a dance, matey.

SEAGOON:

Take your partners for the smash and grab one step!

GRAMS:

OLD PRE-ELECTRIC RECORDING OF A BAND PLAYING A ONE STEP. MIX IN COPPERS CROOKS POLICE WHISTLES. OCCASIONAL WHACK ON HEAD. FADE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a night that was!

GRYTPYPE:

You dance divinely, little hybrid fellow.

SEAGOON:

You must be Lou Praeger.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha. You devil. Is that your barrel organ outside?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Drive me to the millionaire's entrance of the Unemployment Exchange.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! And it's his turn in the barrel organ.

GRAMS:

TAXI FLAG DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Step on it!

SEAGOON:

So saying, he threw down a dog-end.

GRAMS:

MIX A BARREL ORGAN AND A CAR DRIVING AWAY TOGETHER. SPEED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Sauchiehall Labour Exchange.

ORCHESTRA:

SNORING...

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Ohhhhh, what a glorious sight to see.
Ten Thousand unemployed Scotsmen,
All happy and free.
They lay there kipping,
Row after row.
And...

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK ON DOOR

McGOONIGAL:

Ohhh? And oh...

(ALL SNORING STOPS AS THOUGH IN PANIC)

MORIARTY:

Everybody quiet! Who is there? Who is that there? Is it work?

GRYTPYPE:

No, it's me.

MORIARTY:

Ah.

GRYTPYPE:

Thynne! Friend of the weary.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

The door was opened by a heavily strained wreck wearing the string remains of an ankle-length vest, a secondhand trilby and both feet in one sock.

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that came from! I'm a true son of People's Republic of France.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Ned. This is the great French revolutionary shop-steward and rifle-range target, Count Jim Le 'Steamnuts'...

GRAMS:

BURST OF STEAM

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN STEAMED PAIN)

FX:

BURST OF STEAM AND CASTANETS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Men of the Royal Labour Exchange, I have good news. I recently had talks with the Prime Minister and he has granted us a further extension of unemployment.

ORCHESTRA:

CHEERS & GRAMS

McGOONIGAL:

And as the Highlanders shout hooray,
Max 'Conks' Geldray was seen for to play.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! Time for the brandy!

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSHING AWAY OF BOOTS

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

WAVES ON ROCKY COAST. SEA BIRDS CIRCLING & SQUEALING.

GREENSLADE:

From a rocky ledge on Skilla Brae I announce part two. Why I'm on a rocky ledge on Skilla Brae, I just don't know. I am but a humble announcer and these sea-birds are no respectors of persons.

GRAMS:

SNORING AND DISTANT BAGPIPES

SEAGOON:

(MOUTH NOISES) Ah. Three blissful months I spent in the Labour Exchange. And then... one day!

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MORIARTY:

(STARTLED YELPS) The phone. The phooooone. The phone's ringing. The phone.

GRYTPYPE:

You fumed frog! I thought you told me that that phone was unemployed. Ned, you take it, it might be the fiend work.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK

SEAGOON:

Don't you worry, chaps, they'll never know. (JEWISH ACCENT) Hello, Israeli Embassy, Golders Green, 'ere.

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Helloooo? Hello. Is that the Scottish Labour Exchange?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ohhhhh! I've given it away, ohhhh!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh. Listen, Jim. Listen, Ji-iiiiimmm!

SEAGOON:

I'm listening, Ji-iiiiimmmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Rrrrrriiiight, Jiiimmmmm. (MILLIGAN ALMOST CORPSES) Is that Seagoon, the famous bridge-builder?

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed. My fame has spread from the little basement I work in, to the old lady next door and back again.

SPRIGGS:

Okay, Jim. Come to this address at once, Jim. It means money. Moneeeeyyyyy.

SEAGOON:

(MAD) Money!

GRYTPYPE:

Money!

SPRIGGS:

Money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

From a straight Jacket at the bottom of the Thames, I announce a meeting of the Glasgow L.C.C.

GRAMS:

FADE IN SCOTTISH REEL DANCERS WHOOPS YELLS, MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENT BY A TYPIC'AL SCOTTISH BAND. OCCASIONAL SMASHED GLASS, OCCASIONAL DRUNKEN YELL.

HAIRY SCOT:

Oh, ha-harr, ah-harr-r-r-r-oh. Well, that's enough, now, lads. What's the date?

MILLIGAN:

The First of Joone.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, well, we must now declare Hogmanay officially over.

GREENSLADE:

(VERY NOT SCOTTISH) Hoots, Mon, sir. The applicants for the new bridge is waiting, the noo, Och, Aye, Mon.

HAIRY SCOT:

Who's first?

ECCLES:

Um... Och, Aye, mon. Hoots, mon, aye. Mac Eccles.

HAIRY SCOT:

You ever built bridges before?

ECCLES:

Yep, yah, yah, yep. I built the (GIBBERISH) Bridge. I built that bridge in (GIBBERISH). And I... I, um... just finished the Forth Bridge.

HAIRY SCOT:

When did you build that?

ECCLES:

After the first three fell down. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hoi! (LAUGHS IN RHYTHM)

HAIRY SCOT:

Well, if it's as old as that gag, I'm not surprised. Now, let's hear the plans for the *new* bridge.

ECCLES:

Okay. I'll sing it.

GRAMS:

TWO PIANOS, BASS & DRUMS VERSION OF MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK

ECCLES:

(SINGS) My idea
Of a bridge of the river tay
Would be made of nice string and wood and string,
Wid all dem nice glue
And it would have all dem nails in it.

ORCHESTRA:

SOUND OF SCOTTISH SIMMERING RAGE: 'RRRRRRRS'.

HAIRY SCOT:

It's alright, lads. Put the claymores away. Mr Mac Eccles, that Bridge doon't sound very good to me.

ECCLES:

Well, Perhaps if I got a better singer to sing it.

HAIRY SCOT:

No, it's not your voice or your bridge, it's, er... well, it's hard to explain without a mirror, you know.

ECCLES:

What? What? You better watch out, Scottish man. Or I'll tell what happened at the ball of Killymuir.

HAIRY SCOT:

(PANIC) Don't! Stop him, lads!

ECCLES:

I saw 'em in the haystacks, yeah. I saw 'em in a ricks... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I couldn't hear the music.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH AND JELLY SPLOSH (THE MACREEKIE RISING JELLY SPLOSH)

HAIRY SCOT:

Got him, right in the credentials. Next?

SEAGOON:

(MEGAPHONE) Hello, hello, Scottish folks devine. I will now sing and play my own bridge devine.

(SINGS) I will build a bridge of power,

Across the River Tay

Where the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bayyyyyy.

ORCHESTRA:

MUTTERS OF SCOTTISH APPROVAL. 'ARRRRRRR'.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) On the road to old Bombay

Where the cross-eyed Haggis played

Down with the English

Long Live Bruce

Hip, hip, hip, hip, hoo-hooooooooorayyyyyyyyyy.

ORCHESTRA:

WILD SCOTTISH APPROVAL. 'ARRRRRR HOOTS AR THE NOO'.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF APPROVAL

HAIRY SCOT:

Seagoon, the job is yours.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop! Ferme yackabaka le Pune!

GRYTPYPE:

I second that. Let us have fair play. There is still one more brldge to be sung. My client, the great French financial disaster... has this to say.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Sur la pong
d'Avignon,
On y danse
On y danse

Sur la pong
d'Avignonnnnnnn.
Avignonnnnnnnnnnn.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, I must admit his bridge sounds longer.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'll... I'll sing an extra bit on mine.
(SINGS)
Another 20 feet or moooooore
Is all I aaaaaaaaaaask

SEAGOON AND MORIARTY:

(BOTH START A SONG BATTLE, SINGING DIFFERENT SONGS OVER EACH OTHER).

GRAMS:

MIX TO GRAMS OF SEAGOON & MORIARTY SINGING A DUET. SOUND OF CRICKETS AND A DISTANT OWL TO INDICATE NIGHT TIME.

GRYTPYPE:

All through the steaming porridge-ridden night, the two bridge builders extolled their plans in song.
My client with his powerful French bridge against the mighty of Seagoons, alas, dawn, dawn I die...
(FADE)

GRAMS:

TREE STARTS TO FALL. WITH ITS FALL MORIARTY'S VOICE RUNS DOWN AND STOPS AS THE TREE CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Curse my weak ankles.

SEAGOON:

Hard luck, Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

Congratulations and hatred, Ned. All's fair in love and war. Let us supply you with the steel for the bridge.

SEAGOON:

Have you any samples?

GRAMS:

LOAD OF OLD SCRAP POURED OUT

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that came from, Ned.

SEAGOON:

This looks remarkably like Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll get no rubbish from us, Ned. Here. Sign the exclusive contract on this bomb.

FX:

HURRIED WRITING

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

There! Nothing can revoke it. Moriarty, unchain a fresh Ray Ellington.

FX:

CHAINS

ELLINGTON:

Man, this is the worst contract I ever had.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington and his appliances. The applause was recorded by professional mourners. Now, strapped to the railway lines at Paddington, I announce part two. The Bridge over the River Tay, the blasting operation.

GRAMS:

BLASTING IN ROCK FACE. EXPLOSIONS ROAR OF LOOSE SHALE ETC. AVALANCHING DOWN CUFF. CRASHING INTO THE RIVER. SOUND OF HOT IRONS DIPPED INTO COLD WATER.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, thank heaven, that's cleared it. Now. (CALLS) Alright, lads, it's clear, you can come out.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Ohh!

BLOODNOK:

What's this black dress hanging in a tree? What...

MINNIE:

What? What?

BLOODNOK:

What is it, madam?

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhh. I was collecting seagull's eggs off the cliff. There was an explosion. Henry went up in the air. And I went owwwwwww.

FX:

VERY VERY HEAVY BODY FALLS TO THE GROUND

BLOODNOK:

Oh! She's fainted. Thank heavens the ground broke her fall. Let me open her handbag and let some of that heavy naughty money out.

FX:

COINS BEING COUNTED

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, dee-dee. I am counting it now. See how I count. Eight, nine, ten pence. Nine, ten and ten pence. Ten and ten pence. Ten and eleven pence.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Where am I!!!?

BLOODNOK:

In debt, my dear.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, why aren't you on the job?

BLOODNOK:

This poor female egg-collector fainted from faint and had been struck down in the prime of her 89th year.

THROAT:

Ohhhh, [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Wheeeeere? Where's Henry?

SEAGOON:

He's been buried alive under a thousand tons of earth.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven he's safe.

BLOODNOK:

She doesn't look very well. We must get her to a graveyard as soon as possible.

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, sir, it's part four.

BLOODNOK:

Good [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Is it? Oh, we must hurry. Over to part four and meee!

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) Hello, folks, it's me! Now back to him.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, me.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) Thank me, you, too.

McGONIGAL:

(APPROACHING) Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

SEAGOON:

What's this approaching wearing a transparent kilt?

McGONIGAL:

This, sir, is a special kilt designed for patriotic Scottish nudists. Now, tell me. Is that the new bridge over the Tay?

SEAGOON:

Yes, made of solid leather and due to be opened by Captain Webb who will swim it.

McGONIGAL:

With red drawers of the smallest grist, no doubt.

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye, (SCOTTISH GIBBERISH).

McGONIGAL:

May I introduce myself, sir, I am William J. Macgonigal. Er, poet and tradegian and twit. Allow me to pen a verse of appreciation. Let me get the feel of my tone. Ohhhhhh...

ORCHESTRA:

Oooooooooooooooooowww.

McGONIGAL:

Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh, ohhh, ohhhhh.

ORCHESTRA:

Oooohhhh.

McGONIGAL:

Aye, they're with me tonight.

FX:

WRITING STARTS

McGONIGAL:

Oh, beautiful new bridge over the silvery Tay,
Which has caused the Maharajah of Pogistan to leave his home far away,
Incognito in his dress,
As he will pass this way on his journey to Inverness.

SEAGOON:

Oh, jolly good. Now, I'll... I'll just put the bandage round your eyes (CALLS) Take aim!

McGONIGAL:

Just one moment, sir. Underneath the bridge there will travel ships... I say, what is that cooking?
(SNIFF, SNIFF) Oh! Chips.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

TUBULAR BELLS HITS THE GROUND

McGONIGAL:

Arrhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

He's dropped his Sporrان.

SELLERS & MILLIGAN:

INDIAN SINGING.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, hello. What's this approaching? Three ghee-covered Hindus with revolving knees and a touch of the Poona Krutt.

BANERJEE:

Hello, Hello, man. I am Pandit Banerjee. And this is Doctor Fred Tookrum. And this here, wearing a pole, is Waziri Tribal Chief, [UNCLEAR].

DR TOOKRUM:

Let me do the talking, Banerjee.

BANERJEE:

This I'll do, innit[?]. I never – did you do ever talking?

Alright, then. Alright, then.

BANERJEE:

You understand?

DR TOOKRUM:

I am doing it.

BANERJEE:

You [UNCLEAR] me as a boy. [UNCLEAR]...

DR TOOKRUM:

I am... I am doing the talking.

BANERJEE:

...at the Bishop High School in Poona.

DR TOOKRUM:

That is right.

BANERJEE:

Across the [UNCLEAR].

DR TOOKRUM:

Very fine European condonement school. Understand. Hello Mister. My friend, fellow. We are here shopping for Hindu Railways Incorporated. Pandit Nehru said 'Get out there, Banerjee boy, and get the European-style bridge built'. That is what he said to me. That is right. That is what he said.

SEAGOON:

I see. Well, would you...?

DR TOOKRUM:

(SINGS A LITTLE TUNE)

SEAGOON:

Would you care to stay to dinner?

DR TOOKRUM:

Oh, my goodness, we would, yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast. Well, unfortunately our dinner's at the menders.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. A terrible blow, you know. Terrible blow. Never mind. I have here a red-hot ball curry and chicken vindalu!

BLOODNOK:

Curry! Never! No! No! That terrible burning the morning after. No, I... I won't have any more, I tell you.

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS) Arrrrhhhhh-oooo-arrrr-ooooowww.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]

Arrrr, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh-hoooo!

RED BLADDER:

You! So we meet again, mate!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh! It's the Red Bladder! My Mortal enemy from Ferozapore. Put that sword down, sir, I can explain everything.

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS IN RAGE)

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS IN RAGE) You steal three wives from my harem. In 1923. Me feel the pinch.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Mullah. They're all still in working order, I assure you.

RED BLADDER:

Oh, [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

I'll go and get them from my country home. Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI ROARS OFF

GREENSLADE:

On the morrow, the first train was to pass over the bridge. But that night, plotters were at work.

Tittley ti toe, f'tunngg!

GRAMS:

DISTANT OWL. OCCASIONAL CRICKET CHIRP. DISTANT CHURCH BELL CHIMES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pssss. Psssst.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Psssst.

ECCLES:

What that? What? What? What What's that? Who's that...? Who's that behind dat bush?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Blackhawk, demon bridge-destroyer.

ECCLES:

You got the dynamite?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have. Dis will cost you a pretty penny.

ECCLES:

I ain't got a pretty penny.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, two ugly ones will do, then.

SEAGOON:

Oi! You two spotty 'erberts!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahai!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! It's Ned. And 'e's got 'is hat on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Ned-man. Dat does not fright us.

SEAGOON:

Blast! Give me that silly bit of twig.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fool, man. This twig contains a torch battery that releases a paralysing electric shock. Screngeee!
It will go. Touch the end and see.

SEAGOON:

There! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

GREAT SHORT CIRCUIT ELECTRICITY FLASHING FROM POINT-TO-POINT.

SEAGOON:

(OVER THIS, YELLS LIKE MAD) Ahhhhh! Ohhh-ahhhh! Ohhh-ahhhh! Ohhh! Turn it off! Owwww! Turn it off! Ohhh-ohhh-ohhh! Ooooh-hooo-hoo! Ahhhh! Ohhhh-ahhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it's a good job it wasn't switched on.

ECCLES:

He's passed out. And it suits him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, Mad Dan, while it's dark we must saw down that bridge.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

FX:

SAWING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Phew! Phew! Dis girder is tough.

ELLINGTON:

Man, thats my leg.

ECCLES:

Owow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

Who are you, den?

ELLINGTON:

I don't know but it's too dark to see.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere. You ever been married to Rita Hayworth?

ELLINGTON:

Nope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's alright, Eccles, he's one of us.

ECCLES:

Okay.

ELLINGTON:

Me got 800 wives.

ECCLES:

You better sit down, den.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, I set the dynamite to go off at dawn. He-he! I do feel mean, Eccies.

ECCLES:

Keep the engine running.

ORCHESTRA:

LINKS

GREENSLADE:

Strapped down in a trough filled with sulphuric acid, I announce part six. The denouement at dawn.

GRAMS:

VERY TATTY DISTANT BRASS BAND PLAYING APPROPRIATE BRIDGE OPENING MUSIC. TRAIN GOES PUFFING OFF. CHEERS OF CROWD. EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE. GREAT CRASH AS BRIDGE FALLS INTO THE RIVER. HISSING OF STEAM, RUBBLE, ETC. GRADUALLY STOPS.

ECCLES:

Well. Thats dat!

ORCHESTRA:

LONG SERIES OF TA RA CHORD - WITH CYMBAL SNAP INTO: 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' PLAYOUT.

S9 E16 - The Gold Plate Robbery

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it sounds as young as ever, even more so.

SELLERS:

Jove, you're right, Nules. Say it again, wireless man.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it makes you glad to be alive. Strengthens the shins and diminishes the Spon.

SELLERS:

By Jupiter, you're right, I'll warrant 'ee. Tell us. little establishment unit. Who invented the BBC Light Prog?

GREENSLADE:

Well, a Midlothian hedonist, one Mr Arthur Cack OBE, one of England's unsung heroes.

SELLERS:

Did he? Well, he won't get away with it, I'll warrant you.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

I shall sing him. (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF SUR LE PONT)

Arthur Cack,

OBE,

On y danse

Bengal Lancer

GRAMS:

OVATION

SEAGOON:

Stop, folks!

GRAMS:

OVATION STOPS

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks, this is Neddie, folks. Tinga-ling! Ah, the telephone, folks.

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Hello.

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Hello.

ECCLES:

Snap!

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ring again tomorrow, we'll have another game.

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Okay. Right.

GREENSLADE:

That vacuous little cameo was in the nature of an entree to the main steaming ning-nong, plitt platt too-tangg. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Kleens of Blenchinghall, the story of an ordinary English comedy half-hour.

ORCHESTRA:

STATELY HOME THEME - HELD UNDER

SELLERS:

(AS COCKY PIPE-SMOKING ENGLISHMAN) Hello. My name is (MUMBLES). I want to tell you about the illustrious Seagoon. He was a very ordinary Welsh crofter's son who became a very ordinary Prime Minister. He joined the Coldstreams at the outbreak of the Armistice. And rose to the rank of Private. Let us go back to that ecstatic spring of June, 1887 (FADING) when all krill was nurbing in the krool.

ORCHESTRA:

FLUTE & BIRDS SONG IN SPRINGTIME THEME

GRAMS:

TWITTERING BIRDS IN A SURREY WOOD, HORSE CANTERS UP THE GRAVEL DRIVE

SEAGOON:

Tally Ho! Ho-hoi! Yoiks! Gone away, address not known! A-ha, ha, ha! Some fox, eh? Ha, ha. Now, where's that lazy old Irish groom, O'Blast?

ELLINGTON:

(POSH ENGLISH ACCENT) Here I is, your Lordship.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ellington, how many times must I tell you not to stand in the shade, you ruin the colour-scheme.

ELLINGTON: Mm?

SEAGOON:

Now, where's me Lady Lavinia Seagoon?

ELLINGTON:

Well, she's in the great granite Baronial dining-hall, sir.

SEAGOON:

What's she doing?

ELLINGTON:

Eatin' chips.

SEAGOON:

Chips? Aha! She must be practising for dinner time. Drive me there.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS UP - STOPS IMMEDIATELY

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Ellington. Mother? Mother? Oh, Mummy?

LADY SEAGOON:

[SELLERS]

What is it, Roger darling?

SEAGOON:

Oh, Daddy, what are you doing at home?

LADY SEAGOON:

I live here and I'm Mummy, not Daddy. Just got to know the difference some time.

SEAGOON:

Gad, this revelation makes me a man of the world! No more short trousers for *me!*

LADY SEAGOON:

Excused shorts? Oh, how proud your father would have been. Now, tell me all about the fox-hunt.

SEAGOON:

It was wonderful, Mummy. A beautiful spring morning, flowers blooming and blood everywhere. Oh, it... it's grand to be in England.

BASIL SEAGOON:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello, mother. Hello, Rodney. By Jove, I'm dashed hungry.

LADY SEAGOON:

Basil, darling, where's your chin gone?

BASIL SEAGOON:

I... I've never had one, Mummy.

LADY SEAGOON:

Poor thing. Oh, what a morning Basil, oh. The first spring oaktrees pushing their branches up through the lawn.

BASIL SEAGOON:

Grand.

SEAGOON:

Oh, not again, they did the same thing last year.

LADY SEAGOON:

I know, it's such a bore, isn't it.

SEAGOON: It is.

LADY SEAGOON:

Let us all have... tea!

BASIL SEAGOON:

Bravo!

GRAMS:

GREAT CLANGING OF CHURCH BELLS OF VARIOUS SIZES ALL CONCENTRATED

FX:

DOOR OPENS, BOOTS CLUD

THROAT:

Who rang them bells?

SEAGOON:

I did. Serve tea, Jeeves.

THROAT:

(GROWLS) I'll give you tea.

FX:

SMASHING OF A LARGE TEA SET, SPOONS AND ALL ACCOUTREMENT

LADY SEAGOON:

Ohhh, dear! Oh! Rodney, speak to him!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Jeeves, I see Barnsley took another bashing on Saturday.

FX:

GREAT SMASH ON NED'S HEAD WITH GIANT PLATE

SEAGOON:

Ow! Oooh! That does it. Jeeves, I'm giving you a week's notice.

LADY SEAGOON:

Are you mad? Servants are so hard to get.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Jeeves, I'm giving you twenty-years notice.

THROAT:

I quit, I just won the pools.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

No tea. Very well. We'll have...

ORCHESTRA:

BRANDYYYYY!

GRAMS:

RUNNING CROWD OF BOOTS AND WHOOPS OF DELIGHT

GELDRAY:

This can only mean that Geldray is left holding the conk, boy.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

RETURN OF GREAT RUNNING BOOTS

GREENSLADE:

(GASPING) Just made it. Part two, a vacancy filled.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And I have a licence to prove it.

GRYTPYPE:

My friend and I were in Edgware taking the waters of the horsetrough, when we observed this advert in the London Gazette. And I quote, 'Wanted, Butler with complete Tea-Service'.

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Why is it in the obituary column?

SEAGOON:

It's thruppence... It's thruppence a line cheaper in there. Are you applying for the vacancy?

MORIARTY:

Ah, certain-ment, certain-ment, yes, we are.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes. We want to work in the food department. Where there's food. Nice food.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

That's what we want.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me. You want food.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

That... that old hat-stand appears to be animate.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

You do him a disservice, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

That hat-stand is the bona fide remains of what was once the great Count Jim 'Strains-Supreme'...

FX:

VICIOUS OIL DRUM WITH THE WAX STRING. VICIOUS TONE TEMPLE BLOCKS. RATTLE, BRIEF,

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Last of the great butlers. He has...

MORIARTY:

I'll have my revenge.

GRYTPYPE:

(SELLERS GENUINELY SURPRISED BY THE AD-LIB) What?

MORIARTY:

I'll have my revenge.

GRYTPYPE:

He'll have his revenge. He has waited at table bus-stops and YWCA windows. Hit him with this beater.

SEAGOON:

Right.

ORCHESTRA:

GREAT CHINESE GONG IS WALLOPPED

MORIARTY:

(OVER ABOVE) Dinnerrrr! Is serrrrrrrrved! Ah.

SEAGOON:

He *sounds* like a butler. Have you any recommendations?

GRYTPYPE:

Recommendations! Come! Ha, ha, ha, ha! You are a fool. Of course we have. Count, unroll the scrolls and documents.

GRAMS:

LOAD OF METALLIC RUBBISH. A DOZEN PINGPONG BALLS BOUNCE ON THE FLOOR, HANDFULS OF MARBLES. OLD BUCKETS.

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that come from!

SEAGOON:

Very well, you start work at once.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh.

SEAGOON:

Lay the table for the hunt banquet. Here's the key to the gold-plate.

MORIARTY:

(HEART ATTACK) Gooooold? Ah-ah.

FX:

FALL OF BODY

SEAGOON:

Is he unconscious?

GRYTPYPE:

No, he's in a food trance. There's only one cure, Neddie, a fifteen-course dinner then a drive round the grounds in the car with the gold-plate in a sack.

SEAGOON:

What?! Give you my gold-plate? I... I... I don't know you from Adam.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we're better dressed. However, sir, do not hesitate, you are dicing with death and our future prosperity.

GRAMS:

HEAVY FEASTING OF TWO MEN. OCCASIONAL GRUNTING OF A PIG EATING AND SNUFFLING.
MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE CAN BE OVERHEARD TUCKING IN.

GRYTPYPE:

How's that, Moriarty, eh?

MORIARTY:

I'm feeling a little better, now, Grytpype. I'm feeling a little better, now.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. Another quellth of plitts?

MORIARTY:

Ahaaaaa! Lovely [UNCLEAR]...

LADY SEAGOON:

(OVER ABOVE) They've been eating for 17 hours now.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, but they've nearly finished.

GRAMS:

PLATES BEING DROPPED INTO A SACK

LADY SEAGOON:

They're taking my gold-plate.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING AWAY

SEAGOON:

It's all right, it's only part of that poor man's cure, Mother. They're only going to drive round the grounds, don't worry, they'll be back in five minutes. Ha, ha, it's nothing to worry about at all...

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT CLIPPED CHORD

POLICE CONSTABLE:

[SELLERS]

And you say it's fifteen years since they stole the gold-plate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Fifteen years and three minutes to the day.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Well, how is it you didn't report this sooner?

SEAGOON:

I overslept.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see, yes. Any nut-cases in your family, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, mostly leather.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see, yes. Now these gold plates, are they valuable, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, they had food on them.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see. So that's sixty large gold plates and sixty small. Anything else?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, one coal sack.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Is it valuable, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's got the plates inside.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Bow Street Police Station, criminals done while you wait, hello? Oh, it's for you, m'lord.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Hello?

ECCLES:

Sna! That's two games to me.

SEAGOON:

Right! You been practisin'?

ECCLES:

Yer, dat's why I'm winnin'. Well, I better get back to my own bed.

FX:

PHONE DOWN

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Er... Excuse me, sir. While you were talking, this sludge was dredged up in the English Channel.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwwwwww!

SEAGOON:

What! Search his pockets for salt water.

MORIARTY:

It's all a mistake. I'm a female channel swimmer, I tell you. Here is a record to prove it.

GRAMS:

SPLASH. SEAL BARK. BAGPIPES.

SEAGOON:

You imposter, that's a seal. But why the bagpipes?

MORIARTY:

It's the Great Seal of Scotland!

SELLERS:

Ta-daaaaa!

OMNES:

HEY! HUP! ETC.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, hello. They wish to know that. Now, I recognise you by the air you're breathing.

MORIARTY:

Right!

SEAGOON:

You're Count Jim Moriarty from the body of the same name. Officer, search that suit. Inside you'll find a man. Arrest him.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Now, come on, where's them gold plates?

MORIARTY:

You can't make me talk.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Oh! Ah! You made me talk. A-ha, ha, haa. I'll tell you. Grytpype took all the gold-plate to Algiers.

SEAGOON:

Spain!

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GELDRAIY:

Where you going, darling?

SEAGOON:

Follow that continent, darling.

GELDRAIY:

Okay, darling.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF WITH CHICKENS CLUCKING

GREENSLADE:

The combined sound of an automobile and a hen was especially recorded for motoring enthusiasts who keep chickens. Now, part two. A chase across continents. The trail of the gold plates led Lord Seagoon to Marrakesh.

GRAMS:

ARAB MUSIC

FX:

CLATTER OF AN EASEL OR SIMILAR

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm... *terribly* sorry, sir.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

I should think so, too.

SEAGOON:

My information led me to a coffee-house just off the main caravan route. Where outside, the sun purged the streets of shade. Inside, all was cool and jasmined.

GRAMS:

SWEETER ARAB MUSIC. SOUND OF A FOUNTAIN PLAYING.

SEAGOON:

In an Alhambrhan tessellated forecourt, a fountain played on the purple water-lilies. Couched in lattice recesses, purdered Tuareg beauties attended local sheiks. I was conducted to a low Morrocan coffee-table. My attendant wore the bleached robes of a Nomad arab. His burnoose was contained with a rope of black camel hair. At his waist, a curved Hedjaz dagger protruded from his cummerbund. He bowed low. Touched his forehead in time-honoured Islamic salute. And spoke.

WILLIUM:

The boiled fish and the rice pudding's off, mate.

SEAGOON:

I... I see. Ahem. Your... your... your accent is familiar, oh, Arab prince.

WILLIUM:

Yernnnn, I went to college in Cambridge, oh, English mate.

SEAGOON:

What were you studying?

WILLIUM:

Cockney. I got it orf pat.

SEAGOON:

Did you? Ha, ha.

WILLIUM:

'E didn't mind.

SEAGOON:

Bully for Pat. Then tell me, oh, Arab prince. Have you ever heard of a Hercules Grytpype-Thynne?

WILLIUM:

Woss it used for?

SEAGOON:

A name. A name called Hercules Grytpype-Thynne.

WILLIUM:

Bit of a mouthful, innit.

SEAGOON:

I agree, but do you know a man who is called by it?

WILLIUM:

I knows a bald-headed old woman called Rattler Blotts.

SEAGOON:

No, that... that... that doesn't sound like him. (SECOMBE GIGGLES)

MILLIGAN:

He's lost it!

LALKAKA:

Please... Please, ladies and gentlemen. The son of Rattler Blotts and his Quartet, Ray Ellington. All the way from London. You do it, boy.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

During the marde funilie of that music, Lord Seagoon greased his boots and slipped away to see the last British Ambassador in Marrakesh.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME WITH ARAB FLUTE LEAD

GRAMS:

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, RAIN ON TIN ROOF DRIPPING INTO A WATER BUTT. SKITTLES ALL BEING KNOCKED OVER BY A BALL IN AN ECHOEY BOWLING ALLEY.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! It's a wonder what the human body can stand up to. Ohh! Thank you, thank you. Oh, well. Now for a kip on full ambassador's pay. Ohhhh, the krutt, the krutt. I wonder what old Gladwyn Jebb's doing.

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]

(RAGE) Bloodnoooooook!

BLOODNOK:

(STARTLED) Ohhhhh!

FX:

BITS AND PIECES FALL ON FLOOR

BLOODNOK:

The Red Bladder! Ohhhhh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

TIN CAN HITS FLOOR

BLOODNOK:

(MILES OFF) Go away or I'll take my wig off.

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok! Don't be fright, mate. I come to do business. Me got money.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh, oh! You said the secret British password.

RED BLADDER:

Look. Me want guns, bullets and drip-dry shirts.

FX:

UNROLLING MAP

BLOODNOK:

Ohh. Yes, well, er... Go to this spot on the map, dig upwards for ten feet and you'll find 'em buried up a tree.

RED BLADDER:

Good. Now here's the payment, mate.

BLOODNOK:

A gold plate? Just what I've always wanted for me din-dins. Oh!

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Which one of you two men is the British Ambassador?

BLOODNOK:

What? Does my Union Jack nightshirt mean nothing to you, sir?

SEAGOON:

What's it doing round your ankles?

BLOODNOK:

It's been lowered for the night, I tell you. It's *hell* when it's at half-mast.

SEAGOON:

Major, I'm on the trail of some stolen gold plates.

BLOODNOK:

Stolen??? What the...? Are you...

FX:

A PLATE DROPS TO THE FLOOR, ROLLS ALONG AND ROUND AND ROUND UNTIL IT STOPS

SEAGOON:

(OVER ABOVE) A gold... plate!

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, sir, nonsense! That's my Golden Record Award for me millionth record of...

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING BY PETER

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS, SLIGHTLY SPED UP)

I don't know who you are, sir,

Or where you come frommmmm,

But you've done me a powwwwwer of good

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Oh! Another power!

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS, SLIGHTLY SPED UP)

I don't know who you are, sir,

Or where you come frommmmm,

But you've done me a power of goooooood.

I was standing there, sir,

Doing up me boot.

Suddenly from a back street,

I saw this hairy bruuuute.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

Lew Grade in rags? Nonsense.

SEAGOON:

He zays he knew your muzzer.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh! Grytpype, my son. It's your old French daddy.

GRYTPYPE:

You steamer! I told you not to hang round me during your lifetime.

MORIARTY:

What? You promised me one of the gold-plates! I demand...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant? Throw this revolutionary in the Shatt-el-Arab prison.

BOTH:

GO OFF PROTESTING... TAKES A VERY LONG TIME TO GET TO THE DOOR. FINALLY IN THE EXTREME DISTANCE...

GRAMS:

DISTANT SHOTS AND SHOUTS AS ARABS ATTACK

SEAGOON:

Sacre Bleu, Mon Capitain! Ze Arabs, zey attacking us. Bang! Bang!

GRYTPYPE:

Bang, bang? So they're shooting at us in English, are they? Man the ramparts and any other parts you can get hold of.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC WAR MUSIC

GRAMS:

DISTANT SOUND OF THE BATTLE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang-ee, Bang-ee. Bang-ee. Encore an Arab crashes down on the rifle-butt of Beau Bluebottle

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHING) What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Garcon de Leg-ion.

ECCLES:

Bang! Bang! Bang! Click. Oh, a dud.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you like wars, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, I... Vanilla-flavour wars are good.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Which side are you on, the Arabs or the Foreign Legion?

ECCLES:

I don't know, dere both shooting at me. Pourquoi... Pourquoi did you join la Legion?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it's the same old story, mon amri.

ECCLES: Oh, qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que c'est?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I joined to forget a woman. Miriam Reese of 33 Croft Street, East Finchley. She turned me down for Dave Freeman.

ECCLES:

Oh, was he better looking?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He, he, he, no. She said to us at playtime, she said...

ECCLES:

(HUMS A LITTLE TUNE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

She... (SELLERS IS DISTRACTED BY MILLIGAN) Eccles, don't do dat, you'll get into trouble.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You'll die.

ECCLES:

Well, I don't care.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, at playtime she said to me and Dave. She dais 'Who'll show gets me'.

ECCLES:

You won!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I only got a bit of string. And 'e... And 'e got a fourpence and a saucer of water.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Some people are born rich.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Ho hum.

ECCLES:

What's the matter, what's the...? What's the matter, Bottle? What's the...? What's...?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I'll tell you, I'll tell you.

ECCLES:

What...? What...? What...? What the...? (GIBBERISH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't had any sleep all night.

ECCLES:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You know that film 'Room at the Top'?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I'm in the room underneath 'em.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

ECCLES:

Ahem! (GIBBERISH) Hello? Ahem! Ahem! Comment allez vous?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE AS ECCLES) Hello?

ECCLES:

Heeeeello?

SEAGOON:

Snap!

ECCLES:

Oh, tres bon, tres bon.

SEAGOON:

Well. That's three games to one, right?

ECCLES:

Yup!

SEAGOON:

Come down and let me in the back door.

Righty-oh!

GRAMS:

MAD RUSH OF BOOTS DOWN WOODEN STEPS. TAKES A LONG TIME.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

(OUT OF BREATH) They played that record too fast! Ha-ho-hum!

SEAGOON:

That's it, go on, give all our secrets away.

ECCLES:

Okay. Bluebottle's shirts are made from his mum's old drawers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up les vous.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Or je will blat vous on le conk.

ECCLES:

Your comments, all dem tres...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nooooooooooooo.....

ECCLES:

I got... I got a fear and I got...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Attention, attention.

ECCLES:

Fermez up le bouche

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeeeeeee... La plume de ma troll.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh! That's nice!

SEAGOON:

Little... Little string and teeth soldiers, listen. The Captain of this fort is a criminal.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

So what we're going to do is this... Shhh!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Who's that? Is that you, darling?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS) Blast! It's Grytpype-Thynne.

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS) Leave this to me. I'm a brilliant impressionist. (CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) You fool, you.

SEAGOON:

(CHICKEN CLUCKING).

GRYTPYPE:

A horse? There's no horses in this fort.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Try somethin' else.

SEAGOON:

(DOG HOWLING).

GRYTPYPE:

There's no chickens, either.

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) This one's a smart one. Listen, let me try, I'm good at dis.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS AS ECCLES) Okay.

ECCLES:

(SERIES OF MAD NOISES. PAUSE). (WHISPERS) Dat fooled him.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Yeah. (CALLS TO GRYTPYPE) Dat fooled you, didn't it?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

So it's Lord Seagoon and Company.

SEAGOON:

Where's that gold-plate? Mother's wating to serve dinner to some guests. They've been waiting for fifteen years for dinner and the rumbling noises are dreadful.

GRYTPYPE:

I've had them all melted down into gold bullets and they're in this gun!

FX:

SHOTS

SEAGOON:

Oooh!

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Yes, gottim!

SEAGOON:

Hooray!

MORIARTY:

Ha, he, hoh!

SEAGOON:

I'm going to die rich... A-ho, ho, ho!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAAA CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Well, that's it, folks. As you all go to the cloaks you'll be handed back your glass-eyes, false-teeth and wooden-legs and wouldn't you! In two, lads. Off you go!

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH' PLAYOUT

S9 E17 - The 50 Pound Cure

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

(Harry Secombe was indisposed for this broadcast so Kenneth Connor filled in)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Away with dull care. Let the joy bells ring. Huzzah!

GRAMS:

DEAD MARCH FROM 'HAMLET': SOLEMN TREAD OF FUNERAL CORTEGE WAILS OF PROFESSIONAL JEWISH MOURNERS IN THE BACKGROUND -ECCLES SINGING

CONNOR:

By Jove. It's a merry singing funeral. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, don't take it so hard, folks. It's only a trial one for Eccles. And now, for an encore, I'll sing a little song entitled 'Looking through the knot-hole in Grandma's wooden leg'. Maestro, please, thank you. (SINGS) 'Long, long ago in the wilds of Australia...'

SELLERS:

I say, I say, you look a sporting gentleman to me, you look like a sporting man.

CONNOR:

Just a moment, there. How dare you interrupt my act with these 'I say, I says', while I'm trying to entertain these nice nutty ladies and gentlemen, 'ere.

SELLERS:

Tell me, I say. Tell me, I say, if it takes a chicken ten days to eat forty pounds of sawdust, how long would it take to lay a ten-ton wooden egg? Do you give up?

CONNOR:

Yes.

SELLERS:

You do?

CONNOR:

I do.

SELLERS:

So did the chicken! Now...

CONNOR:

I say, now, look here, look here, look here. What...

SELLERS:

Tell me, tell me, tell me, Mister Man. Tell me, Mister Man. Can a woman with a wooden leg change a pound note?

CONNOR:

Can a woman with a wooden leg change a pound note?

SELLERS: That is what I said.

CONNOR:

Weeeeeeeell, of course she can!

SELLERS:

No, she cannot. You see, she's only got 'Half a Nicker'. Ha, ha, ha!

CONNOR:

Would you kindly leave the green-gate.

SELLERS:

It doesn't matter, really. Because we're still good friends. You seeeeeeee..... becaaaaause...

ORCHESTRA:

THREE NOTE INTRO INTO 'ARM IN ARM TOGETHER' - LAST EIGHT BARS

SELLERS & CONNOR:

(SINGS) Arm in arm together,
Just like we used to be.
Arm in arm,
Just youuuu and meeeee.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' PLAY OFF. SEGUE INTO 'MOONUGHT MADONNA' VIOLIN, CLARINET, TROMBONE LEAD ON FLOOR. ALL PLAYING MELODY.

HOUSE MANAGER:

[SELLERS]

And now, if you'll pardon the expression, number two on your programme. Is the world famous Continental act, Le Trois Toms des Acton.

GREENSLADE:

And onto the stage come three tatty men wearing wigs, leotards and partially assembled boots. The anchor man has a hearing aid in his shin.

CONNOR:

Hoyyyyyy, hoy-hup!

ORCHESTRA:

ROLL ON DRUMS.

CONNOR:

Thank you very much, thank you. And now we take pleasure in performing (SOMEONE SHOUTS) – thank you very much - the death-defying Great Pyramid. Hayyyyyyy-hup!

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW BUILDING ROLL ON DRUMS

TRIO:

DREADFUL STRAINS. F.X. ODD CLICKS AND CLACKS. OLD BONES CREAKING.

HOUSE MANAGER:

And the Trois Toms des Acton strain to make a sub-human pyramid of knees.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF PLANK ON THE STAGE STARTING TO BREAK - FINALLY THE WHOLE TRIO CRASH THROUGH THE WOODEN STAGE - TRIO SCREAM

HOUSE MANAGER:

Dear. They've all gone through the stage, they'll be killed!

ORCHESTRA:

'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' - LAST 8 BARS

CONNOR:

Ha, ha. Ha, ha, oh, my leg. It's gone below the waist.

LEW:

What's happened? Why aren't you on the stage, then?

CONNOR:

I've broken my right leg.

LEW:

Only one? Get back on that stage, do you hear!

CONNOR:

I refuse!

GELDRAY:

You'd better do as he says, boy. Or we'll never work again. Ploogie!

CONNOR:

Right. Come here. Come here.

GELDRAY:

Yeah?

CONNOR:

Help me up with your conk.

GELDRAY:

Alright.

FX:

CRACK OR SNAP OF LEG-BONE BREAKING

CONNOR:

Oh! There goes the other one, now!

LEW:

Two broken legs! Give me the mike. Hello, ladies and gentlemen. Presenting Neddie Seagoon in his impression of... Toulouse Lautrec!

FX:

BICYCLE BELL

MORIARTY:

Stop that! Stop! Ferme Hoi La.

GRYTPYPE:

I second Ferme Hoi La.

CONNOR:

And in our midst, if not sooner...

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Yes?

CONNOR:

...rode two men wearing nude clothes. On a unicycle, they were! Their bodies driven by legs and their legs driven by feet.

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing but the best for us, Kennie.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You're due an apologie.

GRYTPYPE:

My card de Jour.

CONNOR:

Ah. (READS) 'Doctors Moriarty and Thynne'. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. 'Surgeons, tree fellers and old women hit while you wait'.

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

CONNOR:

Mm?

MORIARTY:

We must examine this wreck. Say 'Ah!'

CONNOR:

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

MORIARTY:

Come, little hairy Kennie. Let us give you a free diagnosis. Now, put your head on that anvil.

FX:

SLAM OF SHOVEL ON ANVIL

MORIARTY:

Just as I thought! A fractured skull!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Ken. Now, let us examine your wallet.

MORIARTY:

Careful with it, now.

FX:

BOLTS, CHAINS, LOCKS, KEYS

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

There!

GRAMS:

TAPPING ON HUGE EMPTY WATER TANK WITH A SMALL Mallet. (TO GIVE THAT HOLLOW SOUND)

GRYTPYPE:

Empty, by Jupiter! Kennie, you're suffering from advanced poverty.

CONNOR:

What? I say, is that dangerous?

GRYTPYPE:

If not checked it can lead to bankruptcy and the Pauper's Krutt. The dreaded disease that took poor Max Geldray's conk away in its prime.

GELDRAy:

Yes. I got it bad and that ain't good, boy.

CONNOR:

Eh? You gonna play, mate?

GELDRAy:

Yes. That means that you're going back for...

CONNOR:

The Brandy!

GRAMS:

THUNDERING OF DEPARTING BOOTS

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GELDRAY:

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

GREENSLADE:

During Mr Geldray's conk, the great surgeons worked on Connor's poverty.

FX:

WRITING

MORIARTY:

Now, little hairy Kennie. Here is a National Health prescription on hair.

CONNOR:

Ah. I see. Ye – ah. (READS) 'Pounds fifty, to be taken once a week until better'.

MORIARTY:

Aha!

CONNOR:

Money!

MORIARTY:

Yes!

CONNOR:

Ha, ha, ha. So *that's* the cure for poverty.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It took a lot of lab work but we found it.

CONNOR:

Well, I'll get round to the bank and have this made up.

MORIARTY:

Not with those naughty broken legs, Kennie. We'll keep them until they're mended. Now, let us rest your body on this pair of skates. And away you go!

GRYTPYPE:

Away!

MORIARTY AND CONNOR:

Goodbye!

GRAMS:

THE SOUND OF A PAIR OF SKATES DEPARTING DOWN A PAVED-PAVEMENT

CONNOR:

(SPEEDING UP SINGING)

Hooray for money, I'm off to the bank.

On the [UNCLEAR], I'm off to the bank.

Hoorayyyy for money, I'm off to the bank.

Hoorayyyy for money, I'm off to the bank.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty. Our masterplan.

MORIARTY:

Yes, with a master.

GRYTPYPE:

Put on this mask. Strap it to your knee.

MORIARTY:

Yeah.

GRYTPYPE:

Then... glue this bearded wig to your teeth.

MORIARTY:

There. There! How do I look?

GRYTPYPE:

It's too early to say.

MORIARTY:

Look out, here comes an announcement.

GREENSLADE:

And now by arrangement with America - the sound of the Bank of England.

SPRIGGS:

A tip? A piece of cork?

CONNOR:

Yes. It's a cork tip!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RA CHORD GRAMS OVATION, SCREAMS AND CHEERS

CONNOR:

Stop! Stop!

SPRIGGS:

Thank you from all the folks.

CONNOR:

I'd had to stop... It wasn't that funny, folks. It wasn't that... Huhhhhh!

FX:

THUD.

CONNOR:

Oh! Nutted by men with masked knees. Oh!

MORIARTY:

Got him! He's lapsing into unconsciousness with a capital uuurh. Now, get this bottle of money... and off we gooooo!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

WILLIUM:

(BLOWS HOT BREAK ON POLICE WHISTLE) 'Ello, sir 'ello. I was reading the Police Gazette and I saw your advert that read, "'Elp. I've been attacked, apply to the supine body on the pavement".

CONNOR:

Yes, my man. I've just had my medicine stolen.

WILLIUM:

Stolen on it, yern?

CONNOR:

Yern.

WILLIUM:

Arnn! Now, where's... Where's me mate's notebook, nah? Ah, 'ere it is, on top o' the Eiffel Tower. Now then, what was this medicine called?

CONNOR:

It's called £50.

ECCLES:

Hello, Ken!.

CONNOR:

Hello, Eccies.

ECCLES:

Well, I better be gettin' along.

WILLIUM:

'Ere. 'Ere, wait a minute. 'Ere, ain't you the Minister who built that 'ighway that fell to bits?

ECCLES:

No.

WILLIUM:

Oh, well, was somebody like you, I know.

ECCLES:

I arrest you for the murder of Bluebottle.

WILLIUM:

'Ee ain't dead!

ECCLES:

Oh, well. You watch it, that's all. (OFF) I got friends in the Bank of England.

MORIARTY:

Look, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

It's poor Kennie and his wallet is still empty. Now, then...

FX:

FURIOUS WRITING

GRYTPYPE:

There Ken, a fresh prescription for £50.

MORIARTY:

There!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, let's get him to a hospital.

MORIARTY:

Right, off you go there, you [UNCLEAR]!

GRAMS:

PAIR OF SKATES ON PAVEMENT

CONNOR:

(SPEEDS UP) Oh! Thank heaven you came doctor. Some swine's robbed my piggy bank of medicine. And you see, I was walking down the street...

MORIARTY:

(UNDER CONNOR'S LINE) Goodbye, lad! Goodbye, have a good time on the skates and the kippers.

GREENSLADE:

Now, a National Health Hospital.

GRAMS:

PALM COURT TRIO: TEA CUPS IN DISTANCE

NURSE:

[SELLERS]

(SEDUCTIVELY) Time for your naughty medicine, Mr Gonnor.

CONNOR:

Oh, Nurse. Ha, ha, ha. (CLEARS THROAT) I didn't see you...

NURSE:

You are naughty, ha, ha! Say... ahhhhhhhh...

CONNOR:

Ahhhhhh...

FX:

MONEY BEING SCOOPED DOWN HIS THROAT

CONNOR:

Ah! £50! My poverty feels better, already. Gad, I... I... (GULPS) I feel fit.

ECCLES:

Hello, dear. Hello, my little dear, how's the patient?

NURSE:

Hello, handsome.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, oh, ho-howww! You're a good looking fella, too! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CONNOR:

I say, you silly Eccles, there. This nurse is a woman.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, he's a good-lookin' woman, isn't he, eh? Ho, ho, ho!

NURSE:

Are you married?

ECCLES:

Yer.

NURSE:

Your poor wife.

ECCLES:

Yer, but the girl next door, folks. Ohhh, ho, he, ho!

CONNOR:

He's growing up, you know. He's growing up, it had to come, it had to come! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ECCLES:

Yeah, folks. Hello, folks! And now, folks. Hello, folks. And now, folks. Here is my latest record, folks.

GRAMS:

VERY OLD HILTON RECORD: RECORD ECCLES SINGING OVER THE TOP OF IT

FX:

TWO PISTOL SHOTS

ECCLES:

Owwwwww! Owwwwww!

CONNOR:

Ha, ha. Oh, bad news, folks devine. While that record was in the oven, I was dragged from my sick bed and thrown in Holloway Women's Prison. Oh, tragedy! Incarcerated in a women's prison! [UNCLEAR]. I have a request for liberty, give me twenty-four hours.

GOVERNOR WOLFIT:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) Right, hold out your steaming hat.

FX:

PILE OF RUBBISH

GOVERNOR WOLFIT:

There! And it's all in minutes.

CONNOR:

Ta, sir. And in the time given I will try to trace the villains and regain possession of my legs.

GOVERNOR WOLFIT:

Right. Warden? Let him go. But - keep him on a chain.

ELLINGTON:

Right. I'll pay it out. Off you go, mate.

GRAMS:

PAIR OF SKATES FREE WHEELING START SLOW AND GET FAST. CHAIN PAYING OUT.

CONNOR:

(SINGS, SPEEDING UP) 'China, my island home, land of the free. I've got the...'

GOVERNOR WOLFIT:

(UNDER CONNOR'S SINGING) Goodbye, lad. Goodbye!

GREENSLADE:

And as the body of Connor skates into the night, we find a lone vinegar-sipper called Ray Ellington who sings devine.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Could I have some music with this announcement, please.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, den Wal, I been waitin' for dis bit. (SINGS) 'Does the Christmas Puddin' lose its flavour up the chimney overnight?' (CONTINUES SINGING BEHIND GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Right, thangyew, ta. Poor Connor... (SNAPS AT BLUEBOTTLE) I said 'ta!'

BLUEBOTTLE:

(STOPS SINGING) Alright, den. (HE CONTINUES TO MUMBLE UNDER GREENSLADE'S ANNOUNCEMENT)

GREENSLADE:

Poor Connor is travelling on a roller skate, his legs being filched by the two fiend doctors. We find him on a lonely Sussex moor, a chain round his neck, the other end attached to Holloway Prison.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...overnight! (CONTINUES QUIETLY SINGING UNDER CONNOR)

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND AND RAIN. ROLLER SKATES APPROACH CHAIN PAYING OUT.

CONNOR:

Ohhh! Oh, what a night, folks. Ten miles I've travelled. And no signs of the two doctors. I must complain to the AA, the BB and the CC, (ACCENT) or in English, 'yes, yes'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I stop singing now, Captain? My nose has started to bleed.

CONNOR:

I... Go away, lad, will you, I'm acting, there. I'm acting. Now, I'm...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(IN AWE) Ohhh! Could I act wid you, den?

CONNOR:

(FAST AND HUSHED) Yes, but keep quiet, will you? Keep quiet, please.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But could I be your stand-in, then?

CONNOR:

(FAST AND HUSHED) Alright, yes, you can be my stand-in. Stand-in. Stand in that 'ole over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, standin' in a hole! I wish my mum could see me now. Hello, Mum, Dad, Rene, Eileen and Dave. I am quite well and acting on radio. Keep the dinner in the oven cos I won't be...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aheiiii! You swine, you've hurt my shirt.

CONNOR:

Oh, shut up, child! (ACTING AGAIN) I'll lay me down on this tatty piece of ground called England.
(STARTS SNORING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Goin' home, I don't want to stay and play. (GOES OFF) You hear me, I'm going! You... Right, I'm goin'!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF GREAT THUNDERING SOLO OF 'OLD COMRADES' OVER: SUDDENLY. HAVE AN EXPLOSION. RAIN ON TIN ROOF. SKITTLES IN BOWLING ALLEY. EXPLOSION. SERIES OF FIREWORKS. (THE CRACKERS THAT GO OFF RAPIDLY ONE AFTER OTHER): ONE OR TWO THUNDER FLASHES. SUPERIMPOSED OVER SOLO OF 'OLD COMRADES'

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Ohhh! Oh, dear, that wasn't in the music. Ohhh....

CONNOR:

You! You, sir! How dare you break into my private sleep.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I saw your mouth open so I came in.

CONNOR:

Well, get out of my mouth. And mind the jaws! (ALA "MIND THE DOORS")

GRAMS:

TUBE TRAIN DOORS CLOSE

BLOODNOK:

Just in time. But wait a moment, sir. Lift up your trouser leg.

FX:

WOODEN VENETIAN BLIND GOES UP

BLOODNOK:

Ahh! Ohh! Just as I thought. The ragged underpants of gunner Connor, ex-regimental strangler.

CONNOR:

Now exposed! How...? Tell me, how did you know my terrible secret?

BLOODNOK:

The war, lad. France and the Low Countries. Remember?

CONNOR:

Err...

BLOODNOK:

The invasion, Salerno? Remember we spent that night in a field together?

CONNOR:

What? Sheila Francis, 601 ATS Company. Darling, what hit you?

BLOODNOK:

Put me down, you military fool! I'm not her, do you hear me? I'm military, not her. And... And I quote from this dishonourable discharge paper: I'm... No, better still, I shall unveil myself.

FX:

RIPPING OF CANVAS

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

CONNOR:

Ohhh! Great Heavens!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Ohhh!

CONNOR:

It's Major Denis Bloodnok, coward and bar. I... What are you doing, sir, on a lonely Sussex moor?

BLOODNOK:

The old trouble, lad, the old trouble, you know. You never know where you'll find 'em. You see, I'm on a world tuba playing tour of England.

CONNOR:

It must be hell in there!

BLOODNOK:

It is! Look, we can't stand here in this rain on a lonely moor. People will think we're avoiding them. Wait a minute! Give me a rock, there's something behind that tree. Hurr!

GRAMS:

DISTANT SOUND OF STONE HITTING BLUEBOTTLES HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oeaaaaa! You swine, Bloodnok man, you krinned my (SPED UP) small pitt!

ORCHESTRA:

MAD LINK. SUDDEN RUSH OF COMPUCATED 5/4 MUSIC. PAUSE. ANOTHER MAD RUSH TO PLAY THE PHRASE... ALL THE ORCHESTRA GIVE A LOUD YELL... GEORGE CHISHOLM SINGS '0000000000' ORCHESTRA PLAY THE PHRASE AFTER HIM (BUSK IT)... TROMBONE SOLO.

GRAMS:

GREAT EXPLOSION

ORCHESTRA:

BURSTS INTO MAD RUSH OF GRAND FINALE GETS FASTER AND FASTER

GRAMS:

SCREECH OF BRAKES, CAR CRASHES INTO PLATEGLASS SHOP-WINDOW. THREE OR FOUR CUCKOOS FROM A CUCKOO CLOCK.

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that came from!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GREENSLADE:

And for no reason other than the paucity of creative continuity, we go to an outlandish old Victorian manor. If you roll up your trousers, you will hear it quite clearly.

GRAMS:

BOILING CAULDRON

MINNIE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, heeee! Boil, cauldron, boil. Phooooooo! Ooooh! Ohhh! Eye of newt, leg of toad, eagles knee, shell of snail. Ee, he, he, he, heeee! Ha, haaaa, ha, aha, hooooo!

CRUN:

Mistress Bannister, what is that hellish fiend brew?

MINNIE:

It's your laundry, Henry. Phish-too! I'm making a laundry soup from it.

CRUN:

Ohhh...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Make way for him... Make way... Make... Make way for him, Henry. Stand back.

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

[CONNOR]

Mor... Mornin'... um... er... Min. (CONTINUES ZOMBIFIED MYMBLINGS)

MINNIE:

He's saying 'Good morning', Henry.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Good morning...!

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

(STARTLED) Ohhh!

MINNIE:

He's a bit mutton, you know.

CRUN:

Morning, Uncle Oscar.

MINNIE:

Morning, Uncle Oscar.

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

(MUMBLES)

CRUN:

Morning.

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

(MUMBLES)

MINNIE:

What did you do with his ear trumpet?

CRUN:

I don't know.

MINNIE:

Eh?

CRUN:

Uncle, what are you doing out of your grave so early?

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

(MUMBLES, TRYING TO SPEAK) Feeling... I'm feeling better.

MINNIE:

What?

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

Hot... Porridge...

CRUN:

He wants hot porridge, Min.

MINNIE:

Sip this nice steaming laundry soup.

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

(MUMBLES)

MINNIE:

Drink it all down.

GRAMS:

THUD AND STARTLED CHICKEN CLUCKS -CONTINUES INTERMITTENTLY

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Oh! Phish-too, phish-too. Phish-too, phish-too.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Oh, Min. It's turned him into a male chicken!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Phish-too, phish-too.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. We'll give him an aspirin and put him to bed.

CRUN:

Yes, perhaps it will...

MINNIE:

Chick-chick! Come on, chick!

CRUN:

Perhaps it will wear off in the morning. If not... (GLEE) chicken for Sunday dinner, Min! Aha, ha, ha!

MINNIE:

Ha, ha, hoooooooo!

FX:

STONE THROUGH GLASS WINDOW LANDS ON FLOOR. BOTH SCREAM.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] and knees have come off my drawers. Ohhh, dear! Now, a stone through the window!

CRUN:

There's something attached to it.

CONNOR:

It's me, folks, Kennie. And this is my way of saying to you... Have you got lodgings?

CRUN:

I've got 'em very bad, sir.

MINNIE:

Look. You c... Youuu could... You could share the... the steam attic with the two gentlemen doctors upstairs.

CONNOR:

Two gentlemen doctors!

MINNIE:

Yes.

CONNOR:

Send for the police! These men are criminules!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! We'll be m...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF WAILING POLICE SIRENS

MORIARTY:

Ah! What? What's that? What's that? Ohhhhhh. Sapristi nabolos, the police! They've surrounded the house with surround.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Somebody's tipped them off. Get the Gatling gun loaded and put this string in your shoulder holster.

MORIARTY:

Alright.

WILLIUM:

(OFF) You in there! Gi'e yerself up on it, you're surrounded. Come out with your 'ands up or we'll say rude words on yer.

CONNOR:

I say! Throw my legs out, you naughty man!

GRYTPYPE:

One step nearer, Kennie, and your legs will go in the mincer.

CONNOR:

What? You wouldn't dare mince the legs of a goner.

GRYTPYPE:

No? I tell you, we're desperate men.

CONNOR:

You must be to be on a show like this. (LAUGHS)

MORIARTY:

What?

CONNOR:

[UNCLEAR] Bluebottle now!

MORIARTY:

He's ad-libbing!

CONNOR:

You're my stand-in, there!

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, he's ad-libbing!

CONNOR:

I'm not ad-libbing at all! No. Take... (CORPSES) Salt cellars! Bluebottle! Please. Take this conker and get my legs back.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, Captain, I've got my Finchley gang with me. You ready, men?

GRAMS:

A DOZEN BLUEBOTTLES ALL YELL 'YESSSSSSSS'

BLUEBOTTLE:

Charrrrrrrrge.

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS

CONNOR:

There they go, little... heroes, all. Ah! All that night, folks, the battle for my legs, it raged.

GRAMS:

BLUEBOTTLES ALL SHOUTING 'BANG BANG BANG, YOU'RE DEAD'

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Ah! Stop! Stop, [UNCLEAR]. Stop, please, stop, stop! We give up. Those pimples and elastic string, they've overpower us.

GRYTPYPE:

They were too much for us.

MORIARTY:

They certainly were. Come in, little boys. Come in and have some of this nice laundry soup.

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH OF BOOTS AS THEY RUSH IN

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, come in. Let's all sip some of this special 'Minnie Bannister' soup.

CONNOR:

I can see what's coming now. Well, 'ere goes. 'Ere it goes, then. 'Ere it goes.

MORIARTY:

Good luck.

GRAMS:

SIPPING SOUNDS. GRADUALLY CHICKENS START TO CLUCK. CLUCKING. EVERYWHERE CHICKENS CLUCKING

CRUN:

Min. What *did* you put in that laundry soup?

MINNIE:

I don't know. I... I've no idea.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, with the entire cast unfortunately turned into brood chickens, we are forced to close this series of the Goon Show. The entire audience will now join hands, teeth and knees with the orchestra and sing.

PIANO:

CHORD INTO:

ENTIRE CAST:

SINGS 'WE'LL GATHER LILACS'

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' PLAY OUT INTO SOLO VIOLIN PLAYING 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was the last of the 9th series of Goon Shows. With the Ray Ellington Quartet , Max Geldray, Wally Stott and his Orchestra, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, who writes the script. Also, Kenneth Connor in place of Harry Secombe who was indisposed. Sound control and effects were by Brian Willy, Ian Cook and Jimmy Pope. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade and the recorded series was produced by John Browell!

S10 E01 - A Christmas Carol

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GRAMS:

HOWLING OF COYOTES/WOLVES.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) This is the BBC. And it's going bald.

FX:

POPGUN POP.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, blast! It's come out again.

SPRIGGS:

(GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Rubbish! Absolute rubbish!

SPRIGGS:

And it suits you Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the BBC have decided to draw back their veil of secrecy and announce to the listeners a merry Christmas and custard. (SINGS) Jingle bells, jingle bells, Ji...

FX:

WHOOSH, JELLY SPLOSH.

GREENSLADE:

Oooow! Who threw that second-hand Christmas pudding at me eye?

SELLERS:

Quick, Jock [UNCLEAR] his teeth behind his back before he can eat it.

FX:

STRUGGLES, SOUNDS OF HANDCUFFS BEEN JANGLED.

GREENSLADE:

I... I... I'll *get* you for this.

SECOMBE:

Stop this! Spelt S.T.O.P. with a capital gain. How dare you chain up Wallace's dinner manglers during the greedy guts season, what? What? What? What? What? What? What?

SELLERS:

(OFF) What, what...

SECOMBE:

Aha, ha, hor!

SELLERS:

(OFF) (DEGENERATES INTO HEN CLUCKING NOISES).

SECOMBE:

Just for that Mr Sellers... He's going broody. Just for that Mr Sellers, I'll let the world hear this recording of your bedroom at dawn.

GRAMS:

REVVING OF LARGE MOTOR CAR ENGINE FADES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(BLOODNOK-LIKE VOICE) What! It's all lies, it's all lies, I tell you! It's lies!

SECOMBE:

Well, make up your mind. (GIGGLES).

SELLERS:

(BUILDING TO HIGH LEVELS OF MANIA) It's lies, it's lies! I've given up motor cars, I tell you. I haven't been near a car since dawn this morning, last night! I'm cured of cars! I tell you, I don't need cars any more! I'm learning to walk with sticks. I'm cured, I tell you! I haven't seen a car for days. I... Cars! I...!

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF BURBLING CAR ENGINES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(SINGS) I've got to have cars, lots and lots and lots of cars. You've got to have... Oohhhw, ooooh, owlll... (ETC UNDER:)

MILLIGAN:

(INDIAN VOICE) Hold him... hold down, Ned. While I give him this injection of car polish.

SECOMBE:

Peter. This is going to hurt a little.

SELLERS:

So saying he hit me.

FX:

SHARP EXPLOSION, CUT OFF SHORT.

SELLERS:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

That word 'oh' was said by Peter Sellers in the absence of a man called Fred F'Tang. But hark! What light through yonder window breaks?

FX:

SMASHING GLASS WINDOW PANE.

SELLERS:

('OFFICAL' ACCENT) Message for you.

FX:

POP, WALLOP ON SOMETHING HOLLOW.

SECOMBE:

Ah, merry Christmas bells. And what's this?

FX:

BONGTH BONGTH THHAT THH THAP (HITTING MUTED DRUMS), EXPELATION OF BREATH.

MILLIGAN:

(OLD BREATHLESS VOICE) The bells.

FX:

BONGTH BONGTH THHAT.

SECOMBE:

He didn't have much of a part.

MILLIGAN:

Did you...

SELLERS:

(MUSIC HALL-TYPE VOICE) I say, I say, I say, you look like a sporting man. I'll place my half a crown here. Now, then. Can a lady with a wooden leg change a pound note?

SECOMBE:

(MUSIC HALL VOICE) Can a lady with a wooden leg change a pound note? Of course she can.

SELLERS:

No, she can not.

SECOMBE:

Why not?

SELLERS:

She's only got half a nicker!

FX:

CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And for the poorer people, ta. Part one. Will the cast take up their positions? On your Alfred's, get set...

FX:

STARTERS PISTOL. CLATTER OF SHOES RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

If the audience get on *their* marks, they too will be able to follow the show. Get set ..

FX:

STARTERS PISTOL. CLATTER OF SHOES RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE. COWS LOWING. FADES...

GREENSLADE:

We give you now the radio adaptation from the dinner of the same name: 'A Christmas Carol by kind permission'.

ORCHESTRA:

FIRST FEW BARS OF A VERY CORNY TRUMPET VERSION OF JINGLE BELLS. ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, you hav ta di da. (SMACKING OF LIPS FOLLOWED BY RANDOM MUTTERINGS UNDER☺)

BBC OUTSIDE BROADCAST-TYPE ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And here, at Christmas, we see the great venerable offices of Scrooge and Marley. Importers and exporters for the great year of 1887.

MARLEY:

[MILLIGAN]

Aba, over to you ..

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SCROOGE:

(CRUN) Aba da you. Marley is dead. Marley is deeeead.

MARLEY:

No, I'm not.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

MARLEY:

Ohhh!

SCROOGE:

Yes, you are!. Ahh. Now, to enter certain thinggggs in the all-weather leather ledgers.

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SCROOGE:

One barrel of Blunger's violent stone and ginger purge. One jill of rare leopard oil! In newts. One box of feathered shirt lifters.

FX:

RISING WHISTLE.

SCROOGE:

Owwwwool!

SCRATCHIT:

[SECOMBE]

Knock, knock.

SCROOGE:

Who is it?

SCRATCHIT:

Short man, can't reach the knocker.

SCROOGE:

Ohhh! Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Where's it itching?

SCROOGE:

On my coo. On my coo!

SCRATCHIT:

So you've got an itchy-coo!

SCROOGE:

Ta-dahhh!

SCRATCHIT:

Well, they're the kind of jokes they told in 1887!

SCROOGE:

Pour me my tea and only two sugars.

FX:

THREE LOUD DEEP SPLASHES.

SCRATCHIT:

Blast, one too many. I'll recover it. Stand back!

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS... STEP... SPLASH, PADDLE.

ECCLES:

'Ello. Care to join me in a cuppa tea?

SCRATCHIT:

What? what? Have you seen three lumps of sugar come this way?

ECCLES:

No and I've been here since the milk came.

SCROOGE:

Come on, now. Get out and get back to your desks, both of you. Except Eccles and Ned.

FX:

PADDLING IN WATER UNDER:

ECCLES:

Owww!

SCRATCHIT:

For no reason at all, folks: What's the date today?

ECCLES:

Twenty fourth o' December. Christmas Eve.

SCRATCHIT:

So they both fall on the same day. Must be slippery.

SCROOGE:

Yes, well, I don't think we can wait any longer for any more laughs on that one. (INCREASINGLY ANGRY) Now, back to work or I'll belt your nut in!

SCRATCHIT:

But... Mr Scrooge, it's Christmas Eve, the time of goodwill and custard.

SCROOGE:

So it is.

FX:

DISTANT BELLS UNDER NEXT TWO LINES:

SCROOGE:

Merry Christmas, Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE:

(INCREASINGLY ANGRY) Now, get back to your desk or I'll belt your nut in!

SCRATCHIT:

Please, Mister Scrooge. Can't I go home two seconds early tonight?

SCROOGE:

(SHOCKED THEN ANGRY) (GASP, GASP) Two seconds! You must be mad!

SCRATCHIT:

I'm as sane as the next bloke.

ECCLES:

I'm the next bloke, folks.

SCRATCHIT:

Please, Mr Scrooge. It's Christmas Eve and custard. My wife is getting the children together for a census and... and custard.

SCROOGE:

No! N.O., pronounced:

GRAMS:

'NO' SPED UP TO HIGH PITCH

GRAMS:

VIOLIN SOLO OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' UNDER:

SCRATCHIT:

(SOBBING) Oh, what a cruel man. Here I am as poor as a church mouse. But much bigger, of course.
(VIOLIN STOPS) All I'm paid is one wooden leg a week. And it's only worth half a nicker.

ECCLES:

Remember, Neddie, the wages of sin is death.

SCRATCHIT:

You've just been paid, haven't yer! (GIGGLE)

ECCLES:

What? What? You mind what you say. My father's influential. Did I write that? Influential! He's got a finger in every pie.

SCRATCHIT:

What's his name?

ECCLES:

Sweeny Todd. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For the next joke, folks, will you put this school cap on and bend down? 'Cause I'm going to chastise you. Now, lad. This is gonna to hurt me more than it hurts you.

SCRATCHIT:

So saying, he hit himself.

FX:

SNAP OF RULER HITTING SOMETHING.

ECCLES:

Owwwww.

FX:

THWACK, THACK.

ECCLES:

Owww, owww.

FX:

TWACK.

ECCLES:

ow.

FX:

THWACK THWACK.

ECCLES:

Oww.

(FADES INTO BACKGROUND HITTING AND OWWING).

GELDRAI:

Boys, this is the ideal time for me. Hello, folks. And this is the spirit of Christmas nose. Merry nose and custard, folks. Wally boy? Play that nose and custard music. Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAI:

'JINGLE BELLS'

GREENSLADE:

And so we leave happy 'Conks' Max Geldray with a white Christmas and a red bank statement. Christmas Carol and custard part two. On you marks, bloom!

GRAMS:

STARTERS PISTOL: RUNNING SHOES, THEN SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

The office of Scrooge at knocking-off time.

ECCLES:

Who's knocked off my sandwiches?

SCRATCHIT:

I was hungry and custard, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh.

SCRATCHIT:

Look at my poor emaciated thin body.

ECCLES:

Thin? *You're* thin? Stand on these talking scales.

GRAMS:

MECHANICAL NOISES, CLATTER OF A SPRING AS IT GOES OFF SCALE.

WILLIUM:

Owwwh! Get 'im orf! Ohh!

SCRATCHIT:

It's a lie and custard, I tell you.

FX:

WHISTLE GOING DOWN.

SCRATCHIT:

Look! I'm so thin my slacks have come down. I'll pull 'em up.

SCROOGE:

Caught you slacking. You're fired. F.I.R.E.D., pronounced...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

SCROOGE:

Here is a week's notice... in lieu of money.

SCRATCHIT:

What about my wooden leg?

SCROOGE:

Put treacle on your head and go as a toffee apple. Now then, Eccles. I trust you.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh, so do I.

SCROOGE:

Good, well, take this Christmas pudding and lodge it in my bank on your way home. You'll remember that?

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH).

SCROOGE:

Well, it's near enough for jazz.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SCROOGE:

Little does he know the pudding's full of gold threepenny bits worth nearly fifty thousand pounds!

ECCLES:

Too rich for me, folks. Come on, Ned. I'll walk home with you.

SCRATCHIT:

Right. Come on.

GRAMS:

THREE FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLES.

SCRATCHIT:

Wasn't far, was it!

ECCLES:

You remembered the way, too.

SCRATCHIT:

I'll knock on the door of my old-fashioned HP home. Number nine Downing Street.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE AND DOOR OPENED.

MACMILLAN:

[SELLERS]

You've never had it so good. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR SLAMMED.

SCRATCHIT:

Wrong home.

ECCLES:

Well, I'll try this, then. What?

FX:

THUMP ON DOOR.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

[SELLERS]

(CAMPY FEMALE VOICE) What is it, sailor?

SCRATCHIT:

Hello, my darling. Merry Christmas and custard.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ooooooh. Who are you, then?

SCRATCHIT:

I'm Ned, your husband.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ah, hoo! *You* can come in, *your* dinner's in the oven. Oh! Oh, dear. Oh, stop it, Ned.

SCRATCHIT:

Well, it's Christmas.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ah, ha, ho, hoo.

SCRATCHIT:

This is Eccles, my workmate.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Mrs Scratchit.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ooooooh, hoo-hoo-hooooo!

ECCLES:

It's Christmas, innit? Hoo-howw!

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Hullo, there, daddy darlin'.

SCRATCHIT:

Ahh, Gladys, my golden-haired daughter. My, how you've changed.

ELLINGTON:

Daughter? I'm you son.

SCRATCHIT:

You *have* changed. No more mixed bathing for you!

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) What?

SCRATCHIT:

Oh, darling wife, I just remembered - I forgot the Christmas pudding.

GRAMS:

FUNEREAL CRYING, WAILING, SOBBING

MORIARTY:

Hello, Daddy. When do we have that nice Christmas pudding, Daddy? Hellooooo, Daddy. Hello, Daddy.

SCRATCHIT:

And who is this darling, wretched, crutty little unshaven creature in the pram?

GRYTPYPE:

This is your first set of twins, Neddie.

SCRATCHIT:

Twins? There's only one of him?

GRYTPYPE:

They had a merger, more economical.

SCRATCHIT:

The last voice came from a man seven foot tall wearing a nappy.

GRYTPYPE:

I am your first-born, Ned. That's why I'm older than you. Hah, hah, hah, hah.

SCRATCHIT:

Now I *know* you're lying, I never had a first child. We started with the second.

GRYTPYPE:

That's right. I'm your first second-child. You musn't doubt your ability, Daddy. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Merry Christmas, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

You said that last year!

FX:

SLAP.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now to certain things. Let me help you with that naughty heavy Christmas Pudding, little Daddy. Hm, hm. (DESPERATE VOICE) Got it?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty! Head for part three, I've got friends there.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

SCRATCHIT:

Stop them! Quick! My silent movie piano. Gid up, there!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO: TINKLING UP AND DOWN KEYS. FADES.

GREENSLADE:

If the audience will all get *their* pianos ready, they too can join in the chase. Ready? Go!

ORCHESTRA:

GALLOPING UP AND DOWN KEYS (OTHER INSTRUMENTS IN BACKGROUND).

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRY) You hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

We're being pursued by pianos.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh.

GRYTPYPE:

We've got to throw them off the scent.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

GRYTPYPE:

In the bath.

MORIARTY:

Owee!

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

FX:

SCRUBBING UNDER:

GRYTPYPE:

Now, scrub those crutty knees.

MORIARTY:

Be careful.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

FX:

SCRUBBING CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS WITH NO ONE SPEAKING.

NUGENT DIRT:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, sir. Sorry to interrupt your honeymoon. Ha-har! But have you got any windows you'd like cleaning, an' 'at?

GRYTPYPE:

No, what? No, what... what's it? Er, no I... I'm sorry, I haven't got one on me. But wait! Is that your ladder?

SECOMBE:

Yes, licensed to carry two people and custard.

GRYTPYPE:

Could we hire it?

SECOMBE:

It doesn't go any higher, it's fully grown.

MORIARTY:

Is it for sale? Is it for sale?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

SECOMBE:

Well, make me an offer.

FX:

GREAT CLATTERING OF SHEET METAL, OCCASIONAL CHINKS OF HAMMER DROPPING ONTO CONCRETE?

MORIARTY:

And... and there's *more* where that came from!

SECOMBE:

Oh, lovely. A ton of reeking contemporary rubbish. Just what I want. You see, I bought the wife a dustbin for Christmas and I don't want to give it to her empty.

GRYTPYPE:

Sentimental fool! Moriarty, start the ladder and balance that bath on top.

MORIARTY:

Yah, yah, yah.

GRAMS:

SINGING OVER MOTOR AND BUBBLING/POPPING NOISES FADE OFF INTO DISTANCE. THEN FADE IN OF DRUNKEN PIANO NOTES, WINDING DOWN TO POPS, DUCK CALL, CLANKS.

SCRATCHIT:

(GASPING) Ah! Ah, blast! Run out of music. Just when I was over-taking them.

WILLIUM:

'Oo's that standing on my nut?

SCRATCHIT:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Where... where are you, then?

WILLIUM:

I'm down this 'ole, man.

SCRATCHIT:

What? Oh, I'm sorry! To think I was travelling on a-head? Ha, ha, ha. Hello.

WILLIUM:

Sewer-man Sam, they calls me, mate.

SCRATCHIT:

Good luck, chum.

WILLIUM:

Ta. 'Ere. You haven't got a cloths peg 'andy, have yer?

SCRATCHIT:

No, have you?

WILLIUM:

No, no. What other game can we play now?

SCRATCHIT:

Have you seen two men on thin steaming legs pass this way?

WILLIUM:

Ooh, yern, yern. They leaved 'ere on a ladder. One twit was balancing a bath on top on it. And the other twit was clutching a Christmas pudding 'twixt his knee.

SCRATCHIT:

That's them, all right.

WILLIUM:

Oh. I was only guessing. Ah, well, I'll come up for a smoke. 'Ere, mate, would you care for a toe rag?

SCRATCHIT:

Thank you, just what I need. Wait! This isn't a toe rag, it's a cigarette!

WILLIUM:

Oh, well, I... I don't know, I don't know, I...

SCRATCHIT:

Now, look. Whose is... whose is that two-seater pile of rubbish and custard?

WILLIUM:

It's mine, mate, a present from an enemy.

SCRATCHIT:

Want to rent it?

WILLIUM:

Cost you one wooden leg.

SCRATCHIT:

Here's half a knicker.

FX:

TEARING.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Mind what you're doing, sailor.

SCRATCHIT:

Min of Balham! What are you doing in that pram?

MINNIE:

It makes me look younger.

SCRATCHIT:

Makes the pram look older (GIGGLES).

MINNIE:

Never you mind, Ned. If it can happen to Lolita, it can happen to me.

SCRATCHIT:

I must be off.

MINNIE:

Be off, then!

GRAMS:

BRRMMMM OF CAR, WITH TAMBOURINES AND MALE VOICE SINGING SPEEDING UP AND FADING INTO DISTANCE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Eere. I was underneath that car, cleanin' it! What a twinnick I look lyin on my back in the middle of the road. One arm held up clutching a piece of oily rag. Supposing a policeman had asked me what I was doing? I would say, "Conderble, I cannot tell a lie. I'm breaking the world's record for oily rag clutching". Ah. Hello, everybuddy. I didn't see you all dere. Merry Christmas and custard to you all. Are you all getting nice things in your stockings? I'm getting legs in mine. (SINGS) Good King Wenceslas looked...

FX:

WHOOSH, JELLY SPLOSH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mnk. Ah-huur! Who... Who threw that junior spaceman Christmas pudding at me?

ECCLES:

Merry Christmas, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, you twit.

ECCLES:

Hup! Splashhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What you doing swimming up the pavement?

ECCLES:

Nuthin like a dip in the morning. Hup! Splash.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You dive under the pavement?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You must be mad.

ECCLES:

Can't argue with facts, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ignorance is no excuse, Eccles.

ECCLES:

How about stupidity?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, come on, then, show us how you can dive under the pavement, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Well, ummm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, show us.

ECCLES:

Dat's one of my secrets.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go on.

ECCLES:

Ok, then. Alright then, watch.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, HUP, WHISTLE UP, DINK, BONK.

ECCLES:

Owww, owww!. Oooh! Ooooh. My secret's out. I nearly went unconscious, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you worry, Eccles, I can cure that unconsciousness.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop ad-libbing, man. Hand me that tax-free hammer. Now then, close your little eyes.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now close your big ones.

FX:

THUMP!

ECCLES:

Owww! Owowow! Owww...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ladies and gentlemen. My subject's head is now unconscious. By using the Blunebottle special waiting method, I will restore him to health. While we are waiting, um... we will wait. (SINGS A LITTLE TUNE). I wonder what the folks back home are doing?

SCRATCHIT:

(OFF) We're not doing anything.

ECCLES:

Owowow! That laid an egg. What happened?

BLUEBOTTLE:

See! He is conscious!

ECCLES:

Ow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have cured... (SELLERS GIGGLES) I have cured him of the unconsciousness.

GRAMS:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

ECCLES:

How much do I owe you, doc?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

That's cheap.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. I don't know how I keep goin'. If you're struck down in the future, here's my card in case.

ECCLES:

Ooh, a card in a little case.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Keeps the rain off. Ehee-he! Bye, bye Eccles.

ECCLES:

Bye, bye Bottle. There goes a clever man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where?

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF) Dat man dere wid a hairy heeeead....

ELLINGTON:

Man these introductions get worse allll the time.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'BRING OUT THE BEAST IN ME'

GRAMS:

BABY CRYING UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was Beethoven's fifth and Ray Ellington's third. Remember, ladies, Ray Ellington is now on sale in the new four ounce tins.

SELLERS:

Yes. Ray Ellington lasts the whole drink through. Mmmm... Ellington Fong.

GREENSLADE:

It doesn't get any clearer.

SELLERS:

No.

SECOMBE:

You can say that again. (LAUGHS)

SELLERS:

(OFF) What about the old brandy, there?

GREENSLADE:

However, from the privacy of my own Christmas trousers, I announce the last part of Christmas tails, you lose. The scene. Two criminals are approaching the home of a Mr Watt, a Welsh expert on Dickens.

SECOMBE:

(WELSH ACCENT) 'What the Dickens', they call me! (LAUGHS). I was sitting in my farmhouse in Brecon when...

MORIARTY:

Look, Grytpype, there's a man sitting in his farmhouse in Brecon when...

GRYTPYPE:

What? Must be fifty mile away! I'll knock.

MORIARTY:

(LOUDLY) Knock! Knock!

FX:

DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENING.

SECOMBE:

(HIGH PITCHED) Ooooh! A couple of English scrags and a ladder.

MORIARTY:

Ladder.

GRYTPYPE:

Sir. We are two impoverished professional Christmas Pudding eaters.

MORIARTY:

Please, sir. All we ask is a nice table and two chairs facing inwards.

SECOMBE:

Well, seeing as 'ow it's Christmas and custard come in. (CALLING) Vanweeee?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SECOMBE:

This is my wife.

GRYTPYPE:

She sounds like a door.

VANWEE:

[GELDRAY]

Hello, darling boys. Welcome to a real Welsh home, bach. It's a warm bruc moonlich nach tunach, the noo. I can't help loving that man of mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Must be *hell* in Wales.

SECOMBE:

How dare you talk about my old Dutch like that!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you move, hairy Welshman! You and that Dutch thing in drag get into the cupboard. Hurry man, you're due at the door any second in your role of Scratchit.

FX:

THREE BANGS ON DOOR.

SCRATCHIT:

You're right, there I am now.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty! Swallow that pudding downwind.

MORIARTY:

Pzaahhh!

SCRATCHIT:

Noooo, you don't! Don't move, Moriarty. This match, recognise it?

MORIARTY:

That match! That match is the one that belongs to Thynne and me.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, match:

SCRATCHIT:

And that, folks, is how Moriarty and Grytpype met their match!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

SPRIGGS:

Nearly finished, folks.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Nearly forgot, folks! Penny for that voice. Part three: All's well that ends well.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) By Jove, yes.

SCRATCHIT:

Folks! I return home with my Christmas Pudding intact, doing my own continuity.

OMNES:

GENERAL HUBBUB OF VOICES AND BLOWING THOSE PARTY THINGS - PARTY NOISE UNDER:

SCROOGE:

Ah, Merry Christmas. Welcome home, Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Mr Scrooge and custard, what are you doing here, wearing a funny paper hat, a ginger wig and a three legged cardboard suit?

SCROOGE:

I've changed drastically, I'm no longer a miser. Here, Ned, a present for you.

SCRATCHIT:

What I've always wanted - a white spotted bowler.

SCROOGE:

Yes. The Trafalgar Square special.

SCRATCHIT:

Let's give 'em the second version of that gag, shall we?

SCROOGE:

Why not? Here, Ned, is a present for you.

SCRATCHIT:

A white spotted bowler.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah. Next year, I'm playin' for the West Indies.

SELLERS:

(WOMAN) First time was better, wasn't it?

ORCHESTRA:

NEW BLOODNOK THEME UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

Left, left, left, right, left. And on the other legs available... Halt! (MUSIC STOPS). Oh! Now to certain things. Are you ready, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Sure.

BLOODNOK:

Now tell me, have you ever been hit with a sockful of grit?

ECCLES:

No!

FX:

THUMP, WALLOP

ECCLES:

Owww!

BLOODNOK:

In future the answer will be "Yes!" Are you ready? One, two!

FX:

SLOW BRASS BAND DRUM BEAT

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Good King Wenceslas last looked out... Look out, Wencelas! On the feast of Stephen...

ECCLES:

When the snow...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

When the snow lay all about, round and crisp and...

SCRATCHIT:

Ah, listen! A military carol singer! A merry Christmas to you, sir! A merry Christmas to you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

To *hell* with all that rubbish, sir. What about the money?

SCRATCHIT:

Great gazookas!

BLOODNOK:

Aahurgh! Where!

ECCLES:

Where?

SCRATCHIT:

Major Dennis Bloodnok in the flesh.

BLOODNOK:

It's only a temporary arrangement, I assure you. I happened to be passing and I heard the sound of a merry X certificate Christmas party. Feeling no pain and having no fear.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Dennis. Dennis of Doo-Lally.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

My old steaming sweetheart.

BLOODNOK:

What! Min of Mongolia!

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, me bukes!

MINNIE:

Dennis, look! (SINGS) I'm underneath the mistletoe...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, hoooo!

MINNIE:

It's all free, all free.

BLOODNOK:

Now, then.

MINNIE:

Ready.

BLOODNOK:

Close your eyes, Min.

MINNIE:

Readyyyy.

FX:

RIFLE SHOT AND RICOCHETS.

BLOODNOK:

Right in the old seasonals. Now then, Ned of Wales. What is this that I hear about you and a four-eyed woman?

SCRATCHIT:

Four-eyed woman? What are...?

BLOODNOK:

I heard you sing it on some record: (SINGS) 'I love you for eye...' you were saying.

SCRATCHIT:

A song!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SCRATCHIT:

A Christmas song, just...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, I wondered...

SCRATCHIT:

...what we need to avoid a funny play-off.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, what a good idea.

SCRATCHIT:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, yeah, they're grand, he, he, he. Come, let us all pull together, this is the time of agreement among men.

ECCLES:

Agreement!

SCRATCHIT:

Let us sing a white Christmas.

ECCLES:

And faster, too!

SCRATCHIT:

One, two.

(ALL SINGING DIFFERENTLY TOTALLY OUT OF HARMONY AND DIFFERENT WORDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Just about [UNCLEAR]...

SCRATCHIT:

(SINGS "I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS")

BLOODNOK:

Sing. Hark the herald angels...

MINNIE:

No, no, no. What about you [UNCLEAR]...

ECCLES:

I don't like that song.

(THEY CONTINUE UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

And as the Goons bluff through the playoff, we wish a merry Christmas and custard to human beings everywhere. And it appears to me they are just about everywhere. What a pity. Goodnight.

FX:

WALLOP (JELLY SPLOSH).

GREENSLADE:

Owwwwww!

ORCHESTRA:

TRYING TO GET GOING, NOISES OF HORSES AND THUNDERING HOOVES, THEN COME UP WITH VERY BAD CHRISTMAS CAROL MUSIC, WITH NOISE OF DROPPING METAL, BONKS AND OWWS, SLIDING INTO PLAYOUT TUNE.

Notes:

HP = Hire Purchase (credit)

On 22 July 1957 UK Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was quoted in the Times saying "Let's be frank about it: most of our people have never had it so good". That became a slogan of his Conservative government.

Vanwee is a short form of the name Myfanwy

(Welsh) bach = mate

S10 E02 - Tales of Men's Shirts

Transcribed by Josh Hayes, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. After the news there'll be a talk on early Christian plastic knees. And the first broadcast of a piece of knotted string. If you would like a piece of knotted string, send three rust-proof shillings to "Honest" Wal Greenslade of Weybridge. Ta.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks of world! Hello, folks of world! And in that order!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. That voice comes from inside a short fat round blob, namely Neddie of Wales.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Jim Krint. My first impression will be of Peter Sellers.

SELLERS:

Hello, folks.

GRAMS:

(SUDDEN BURST OF CHEERING)

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS) My next impression will be of Spike Milligan saying "Thynne".

MILLIGAN:

Thynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

Thynne!

MILLIGAN:

Thyyyyynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

Thyyyyynne!

MILLIGAN:

ThyyyyYYYYyyyyynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

ThyyyyYYYYyyynne!

SEAGOON:

That's Thynne enough!

MILLIGAN:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. Remember, folks. Saying "Thynne" cures you of monkeys on the knee.

SELLERS:

Yes. If you've got monkeys on the knees, just say:

MILLIGAN:

Thynne!

SELLERS:

And they're only three and six a box.

MILLIGAN:

Yes, folks, I swear by Thynne. One morning I woke up and there they were monkeys on my knees!

GRAMS:

PENGUINS IN THE WILD

MILLIGAN:

Then I said the cure word, 'Thynne'!

GRAMS:

SPEED UP AND FADE RECORD OF THE MONKEYS AT HIGH SPEED

MILLIGAN:

And away they went!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. The monkeys were played by professional apes.

SEAGOON:

That was Wallace Greenslade saying words.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, stand by to take part in an adventure story entitled...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL SOFT, HELD UNDER SPEECH

SELLERS:

Tales of Men's Shirts, a story of down under.

ORCHESTRA:

CONCLUDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

MORSE CODE COMES OUT OF THE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

1938. But from the continent come ominous rumblings.

GRAMS:

RUMBLING AND BUBBLING CAULDRON

BLOODNOK:

Oho! Oh, this Spanish food! Oh! Waiter! One brandy and pronto!

SPRIGGS:

One brandy and pronto coming up!

GREENSLADE:

Those were the last words said at peace. At that moment, Germany declared war in all directions.

GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Bang? War! I must write me memoirs.

FX:

TYPEWRITER

BLOODNOK:

The day war broke, I said to Allenbrooke, "You fool, don't you realise that..."

SEAGOON:

England was mobilised!

BLOODNOK:

Recruits were rushing to the recruiting depots at the rate of one a year.

GREENSLADE:

We join the story... We join the story in 1942. A critical year for Britain, with British Generals slaving away at their autobiographies.

GRAMS:

DOZENS OF TYPEWRITERS

HERN:

[SELLERS]

While across the Channel, the German High Command were welding a master plan, fylum.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITERS

GERMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Achtung, gentlemen! Be seated. We must have a halt on our war memoirs and go to war! Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm. Our scientists have just invented a liquid that will win the war. Zis chemical, when applied to the tail of a military soldier shirt, is tasteless, colourless and odourless.

SECOND GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh. What good is that on the tail of a shirt, hey?

GERMAN:

Ze moment ze vearer sits down,...

SECOND GERMAN:

Ya?

GERMAN:

...ze heat from his body causes the chemical to explode. This way, the soldier will be neutralised.

SECOND GERMAN:

He'll be worse than that.

THIRD GERMAN:

[SELLERS]

Is einer wonderschon, Gerhimmeler!

GERMAN:

Speak English, you fool. There are no sub-titles in this scene. Now, zen. Zis is my plan of attack.

SECOND GERMAN:

It looks like a nail.

GERMAN:

No, it's a tack. Huh, huh, huh, huh. Thank you. Who said we Germans haven't a sense of humour?

SECOND GERMAN:

Just about everybody, I think.

GERMAN:

OberLieutenant Schatz!

SECOND GERMAN:

Where?

GERMAN:

You will take ten men. Each one carrying a spray-gun full of the exploding shirt-tail fluid. You will be dropped near Leicester, and zere you will gain entrance to the Great British Military Shirt Factory. The rest is up to you. We shall call the plan "Operation Burnbaum".

ORCHESTRA:

GERMAN CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The effect of this deadly plan was soon felt.

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohooooohooooo!

GREENSLADE:

The first discovery was made at Whitehall where they were working on their memoirs.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITERS

BLOODNOK:

Halt! Now gentlemen, be seated.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF SHIRT-TAIL EXPLOSIONS AND SHOUTS OF RAGE

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh! Oh, quick, nurse, the screens, nurse!

GREENSLADE:

Portions of the charred shirt-tails were soon at a Military forensic laboratory, where they were forensicked.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. There's been severe combustion, alright. Hard to say what type. What do you think, sir?

WILLIUM:

Well, I dunno, mate, I'm, uh, I'm only the cleaner round 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I... I thought you were one of us.

WILLIUM:

No, no, I'm... I'm one of them, mate, I am.

SEAGOON:

You don't look like one of them. I mean, why are you dressed like an admiral?

WILLIUM:

Well, I... er... er... I... I don't like people to think I'm just a cleaner, y'see. I'm... I mean, I went to a good school, mate, I went t'Eton.

SEAGOON:

How long were you there?

WILLIUM:

'Bout five minutes. I was deliverin' the groceries.

SEAGOON:

You were a greengrocer?

WILLIUM:

Not quite green, more of a dirty yellow colour, really. Ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Very good.

WILLIUM:

I couldn't get it published, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ha, ha! Good luck. Well, now. Very good. Just step out of this thirteenth-storey window.

WILLIUM:

No, thanks, I'm trying to give 'em up, mate.

SEAGOON:

I wish I could. Hup!

WILLIUM:

(DRAMATIC) So sayin', he stepped aht, matie.

GRAMS:

(LONG FADING SCREAM (VERY LONG INDEED))

SEAGOON:

Yes, I always travel by window, folks. It's the quickest way down. (ECHO) Ahhhh! 'Ello, folks!

(NORMAL) I was on my way to the Quarter-Master-General, Knick, knock, knocky knick.

CRUN:

Come in, k-nick, k-nock, k-nocky, k-nick, k-nowel.

SEAGOON:

It's me, Captain Seagoon, from the body of the same name.

CRUN:

Ah, Ned, let me take your window. Did you hear they're sending up a rocket to photograph the other side of you?

SEAGOON:

All lies. All lies, I tell you! I'm losing weight. I've dropped three stone.

FX:

LUMP OF IRON GOES CLANG ON THE GROUND

SEAGOON:

There's one now.

MINNIE:

Hello, sailor.

SEAGOON:

What's this, then?

MINNIE:

What? My name is Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Didn't I see you on the stairs?

MINNIE:

What? Don't you bother me.

SEAGOON:

Now, Mr. Crun. I want to borrow a stock military shirt for an experiment. But first, Geldray and his famed Dutch Conk!

GELDRAY:

These are my wartime Conk memoirs. Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Tales of Men's Shirts, Part Two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC DESCENDING CHORDS WITH DISTANT BUGLE AND DRUM

GRAMS:

CROWD OF MEN CHATTING AND TYPEWRITERS

SELLERS:

(LIKE A SERGEANT MAJOR) Eyes front, ears to the side! Stand by your memoirs! Orderly Officer!

GRAMS:

SLUR RECORD OF CHATTING DOWN

SELLERS:

All correct and present, sir. Thynne!

SEAGOON:

Thank you and Thynne. Right. At ease, men.

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATE SNORING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, all of you officers have been selected because of your high standard of intelligence.

ECCLES:

You sure of dat?

SEAGOON:

Someone has blundered. Private Eccles, I've got bad news.

ECCLES:

Private? I'm a Captain.

SEAGOON:

That's the bad news.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Now, just stand in this shallow grave and wait for the next death.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, there has been an outbreak of exploding shirt-tails in the British Army. We suspect sabotage.

MILLIGAN:

Oh! (GABBLES AN INCOHERANT QUESTION)?

SEAGOON:

Not when the train is standing in the station.

MILLIGAN:

Blast!

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen. This is a matter of life and death. I want a volunteer to wear this shirt and make notes on the way it behaves.

ECCLES:

(OFF) There's a bloke on this train.

SEAGOON:

In fact... In fact, try everything to make that shirt-tail explode. Who will volunteer?

OMNES:

PAUSE, LIGHT, NERVOUS SINGING AND WHISTLING STARTS, GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER

ORCHESTRA:

ALL GRADUALLY JOIN IN THE SINGING

SEAGOON:

Stop this! I appreciate your love of singing and cowardice. If you won't volunteer, we must draw lots. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Write your name on a piece of paper and put it in this hat.

ECCLES:

(SCRIBBLES) Dere.

SEAGOON:

Now draw it out and read it.

ECCLES:

Mrs. Phyllis Quott.

SEAGOON:

You imposter. You're not Mrs Quott!

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Blast! (ALOUD) Wait a minute, I'll tell ya, I... (GIGGLES) (TO AUDIENCE) It's all free, folks... (TO NEDDIE) Wait, I... I know the ideal volunteer for you. He's had more experience with shirt-tails than anybody. His name is...

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

(TYPEWRITER)

BLOODNOK:

So I said to Winston, "Allenbrooke and Montgomery are ideal lads..."

GRAMS:

THE SHIRT-TAIL EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh! Oh! Abdul! Quick, a new shirt, it's happened again. Oh! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Knickity, knock, knock, oh, knock!

BLOODNOK:

Knickity, knock, knock in nocks? That's my private number! (CALLING) Come in, within!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

I have been called worse, yes. Now what can I do for you? Better still, get out!

SEAGOON:

Major, I'm here to offer you money.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho! Ohhhh, come in, Ned, and warm yourself by this woman. She's just coming to the boil.

GRAMS:

KETTLE WITH STEAM WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

There she goes, now! Yes.

SEAGOON:

But I've been told that you have more experience with exploding shirt-tails than any man alive.

BLOODNOK:

True, true. I feel no pain, you know. But what of the rewards, lad?

SEAGOON:

Several plastic OBEs and a drip-dry statue of Jane Mansfield. And... a ticket to Hampstead Fairground.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! None but the brave deserve the fair. I accept, et cetera!

SEAGOON:

Come, Bloodnok. On with this military test shirt.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, let us drink to the success of the venture. Here's mud in yer eye.

SEAGOON:

(PUZZLED) So saying, he threw a plate of mud at me.

FX:

SPLAT

SEAGOON:

Aheoahaiohai!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Neddie's next move was to actually get into Germany and try to find out the enemy's secret.

SEAGOON:

At dawn, a ship hove to at Portsmouth Ho.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS, BOSUN'S WHISTLE, SHIP MAKING UP STEAM

FX:

TYPEWRITER

MORIARTY:

"How I Saved de Gaulle and Told Mark Clarke Where to Get Off." (SINGS) A life on the ocean waaave, is the key to a watery grave... (KEEPS SINGING NONSENSE)

GRYTPYPE:

Are you happy, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Aye aye, Captain! I thought you'd never get here.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, there!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, Ned!

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Ahoy, Neddie!

GRYTPYPE:

Come aboard.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

You must wait for the gangplank. Ups-a-daisy.

GRAMS:

MAN PULLED OUT OF WATER

SEAGOON:

Oh! By... by Jove, that water was taller than me!

GRYTPYPE:

It's older, that's why, Neddie. Ha, ha, ha, haaaa! Welcome to the good ship Lollipop.

SEAGOON:

My name is, er, Lieutenant Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Better name for a twit I've yet to hear. Ned, this... (SECOMBE STARTS CORPSING) this man in the red football jersey and one white sock is an old steaming French sailor.

MORIARTY:

I've got the sea in my blood.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES) I think you see where it gets in.

MORIARTY:

What? I must have it plugged! Mind how you speak to me, Ned. Do you know who I am?

SEAGOON:

Can't you remember?

MORIARTY:

I am, remember, Comte della Robbia de Sploon di Blippen! The Duke of Orange, an old naval family.

SEAGOON:

So, folks, he comes from a long line of naval oranges! Ha, ha, ha, ha. Laugh and the world laughs with you, they say.

GRYTPYPE:

You've proved them wrong, haven't you, Neddie? (OFF) Right, it's all here.

SPRIGGS:

We're ready to sail, Jimmmmmm. Ready to sailllllllll.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Jimmmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Thank yooooou.

GRYTPYPE:

Cast off fore, aft and ift!

OMNES:

SEA SHOUTS

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SEASCAPE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

A heavy sea mist descended, demanding constant vigilance by seamen in the chart-room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ift by aft by fore and aft and ift. Six bells and all's well on the dog. (SINGS) Fiteen men on deadman chest. Ho, ho, ho, and bottled rum. Drink and the devil (SINGS THE REST GARBLED), yo, ho.

SEAGOON:

Everything alright, Seaman Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Everything is Bristol fashion and ship-sinky! 'Ere, I got an electric twit for Christmas. Aye, aye, matie!

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And 'aye, aye' to *you*, sir. (SINGS) Fiteen men on deadman chest, yo, ho, ho and cardboard rum.
Drink the Devil and done for the rest...

SEAGOON:

What's that rough sailor song you sing, Seaman?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm singing this map. (AD LIBS TUNE)
All dese brown parts are the land
and the blue bits with the little white lines
are the seeeeeas!
All the green is where the forest is.
Sherwood Forest is a-nine mile long,
doo dah, doo dah.

SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Sherwood Forest is nine miles long,
Doo-dah, doo-dah, day!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, lad, they don't write maps like that any more. I say! This fog is getting thick.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And I say, so it is!

GRAMS:

DISTANT FOG HORN;

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

What's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sounds like Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

It can't be, he's never had it *that* bad. Is Eccles in the crow's nest?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

SEAGOON:

Can you see ahead?

ECCLES:

Yer, a dirty big bald one.

SEAGOON:

Is it one of ours?

ECCLES:

It's... Oh! (SINGS IN A SINGLE NOTE) It's Ray Ellington on the cardboard bow! Rum-tum-tum-tum Ellington. Baaa-rum-bump... (ETC)

ELLINGTON:

Man! I don't know how they get away with this stuff.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Ray Ellington who now uses the new blue whitener.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) I heard that!

GREENSLADE:

Part Four of Tales of Men's Shirts. Thynne!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC RETURN-TO-STORY CHORDS

SEAGOON:

At dawn we came to off the coast of Germany. We prepared to swim ashore by electric plunging drawers.

FX:

ELECTRIC PLUNGING DRAWERS SOUND, THEN A THUD

SEAGOON:

Aaah! A shot in my shorts!

GRYTPYPE:

No, you don't! Hands up, little Ned of Wales.

SEAGOON:

What's the meaning of this?

GRYTPYPE:

This means you're a prisoner of the German Navy.

SEAGOON:

So that's what "this" means. I've often wondered. You traitor, Thynne!

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Horne.

SEAGOON:

Traitor Horne! (TRANSCRIBERS NOTE: "[TRADER HORNE](#)" WAS AN IVORY TRADER IN CENTRAL AFRICA)

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAA CYMBAL

SEAGOON:

They don't come any older, folks! (OFF) Calling, folks of world!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, clap this lot in irons.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

FX:

TYPEWRITER

GRYTPYPE:

Chapter Two: "How I Captured a British Idiot in Drawers".

MORIARTY:

Come on, you. Spotty Herbert.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Take your hands off me! Do you think you can take Bluebottle alive?

MORIARTY:

(GABBLES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fixes Moriarty with hypnotic gaze. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED SILENT MOVIE PIANO, TENSION MUSIC; KEEPS ON IN BACKGROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

My man, I was trained in judo by the Great Bert. Using the body as a counter-pivot to displace the opponent, I use the Great Bert's method of throwing the opponent to his death! Be warned, Moriarty, one false move and you die by Bert's method!

MORIARTY:

Take that!

FX:

THWACK ON BLUEBOTTLE'S HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohoooh! (CRIES) Wait till I see that twit, Bert!

ECCLES:

You... you hit my friend Bottle again and see what happens!

FX:

TERRIFIC SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohoooh!

ECCLES:

See? That's what happens.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

TYPEWRITER

GREENSLADE:

"The Greenslade War Memoirs", Chapter One. I said to Alanbrooke, "How dare you." Then I realised that...

ORCHESTRA:

BEHIND DIALOGUE: SILENT FILM PIANO, SAD

GREENSLADE:

...the whole plot has misfired. Lieutenant Seagoon has somehow been betrayed. The destroyer had transferred them to a U-boat that took them to the POW camp at Rhinegold Castle, Fnutt.

MILLIGAN:

The prison was full of British Officers who had sworn to die rather than be captured. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Thank you, fellow [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

It was winter when we arrived and the snow lay heavy on the slopes of Brigitte Bardot.

VON ARLONE:

[SELLERS]

Now, then, Englishers, my name is von Arlone.

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO THE TUNE OF 'ONE ALONE') Von Alooone...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owww! Ow! You'll pay fer dat!

FX:

HALF A CROWN THROWN DOWN ONTO THE PAVEMENT

ECCLES:

Ta. Want another go?

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles! Now then, von Arlone.

ECCLES:

(SINGS, OFF) Von Arlooone...

SEAGOON:

What do you intend to do with us?

VON ARLONE:

You will be incarcerated.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. I hope I heard right.

VON ARLONE:

But, er, perhaps if you were to tell us what your mission is, we could...

SEAGOON:

Never, I won't tell you!

VON ARLONE:

You know what happens to British spies?

SEAGOON:

No.

VON ARLONE:

So, you won't even tell us that? Throw them in Stalag Ten, Eleven and Twelve!

Gerschmittenhemenzwitz!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SLAMS. HEAVY KEY IN LOCK. PAIR OF GAOLERS FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY

ECCLES:

(SINGS "MY LOVELY DAY")

BLUEBOTTLE:

What you singing for?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR] sing about.

ECCLES:

I wasn't singing about anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I don't like all these hairy Germans. They hitted me. Hit, hit, hittee, they went.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, men. I have a plin of a plon of a plan. When the German guard comes in with our dinner, let him have it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then what are we going to eat?

SEAGOON:

I mean, let him have this iron bar on his nut. Then we'll change uniforms and pretend to be Huns. Now the trouble is I can't speak the language. Eccles, how's your German?

ECCLES:

He's fine, how's yours?

WILLIUM:

(APPROACHING, SINGING) ...land, Deutschland uber Allies, mate, Deutschland uber Allies... (Under)

SEAGOON:

Listen, a German speaking fluent Cockney.

FX:

IRON GATE OPENING

WILLIUM:

'Ere's yer breakfast, mateys.

FX:

GREAT HEAVY ROCK THUDS ON THE FLOOR

WILLIUM:

Boiled egg, I'll be bound, ha ha.

FX:

IRON BAR ACROSS HIS NUT

WILLIUM:

Oh! Cor! I been sponned from the film o' the same name. Ohhhh.

FX:

FEEBLE TYPEWRITER

WILLIUM:

Cor! (VERY FEEBLE) Chapter One: "'Ow I was Sponned in Action". I says to Alanbrooke, "You... you ol' twit", I says.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! This isn't a German, this is Sewerman Sam! What are you doing dressed as a German General?

WILLIUM:

I told yer, I don't like people to know I does the sewers, mate.

SEAGOON:

You come with us, you may come in useful. You can say odd lines.

WILLIUM:

"Oddd Liiines." "Odd Lines." Yer, I can, yer!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Ned and his party made their way to the great German chemical works at Schatz. By using the short-wave cardboard secret horse-hair and mattress telephone they were able to contact London by speech.

FX:

TYPEWRITER ON DISTORT

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Hello, hello, er... Lieutenant Seagoon? About artillery.

SEAGOON:

What about it?

BLOODNOK:

One 'L' or two?

SEAGOON:

Two 'L'.

BLOODNOK:

To 'ell with you, as well.

SEAGOON:

We've escaped from the German nick.

BLOODNOK:

German Nick? That swine! He and Belgian Tom! Oh! How well I remember. Ohooooh! Now, listen. We've discovered the name of the chemical that explodes our shirt-tails. It's called Gerschattzer.

SEAGOON:

Gerschattzer? How do you spell it?

BLOODNOK:

I.T.

FX:

PEN WRITING

SEAGOON:

I.T., prounouced Gerschattzer. Thanks. Now... Now, will you do us a favour?

BLOODNOK:

What's her name?

SEAGOON:

Women... Women, women, women. Is that all you think of?

BLOODNOK:

By Jove, I do believe it is. Oh, you naughty old Dennis.

SEAGOON:

Listen. I remember in the First World War that an English Officer hid in a cupboard from the Germans. So could you have three cupboards dropped to us?

BLOODNOK:

At once.

GRAMS:

CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now men, the moment you see any Germans approaching, swallow your uniforms, get inside the cupboards and do an impression of a suit. The shabbier the better.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I be a pin-stripe, Captain?

SEAGOON:

No, I want the pin-stripe, I'm senior.

ECCLES:

I'll be a morning suit, then I can have the afternoon off. Can I get out this grave?

BLOODNOK:

I should be a dinner jacket, I'm hungry.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

ECCLES:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Come out of that cupboard!

BLOODNOK:

Has her husband gone? Has he?

SEAGOON:

This is not the time to think of women.

BLOODNOK:

Isn't it? Oh, well, er, let me know when it is, will you, and I'll... I'll be off a... Oooh-ohhhh! Ohhh!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING

SEAGOON:

Look!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

A patrol of Germans disguised as chickens.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Nonsense, they're disguised as pigeons.

SEAGOON:

So that's why we've all been spotted!

BLOODNOK:

Shhh! Shh! Look! Look! They're digging in behind that tree. I... I hope they're digging in behind that tree.

SEAGOON:

Shhhh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Shh! Keep quiet. They know we're here. I wonder why they're holding their fire.

ECCLES:

Perhaps they haven't got a fireplace.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owww!

GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Listen, Englishers, we know you are dere!

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's Spike Milligan with a bad German accent. And a bad joke!

GERMAN:

[UNCLEAR], I need the money! Listen, I make a bargain. We let you all go free if you hand over Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Never, do you hear, never! We'd rather die than hand him over.

SEAGOON:

You speak for yourself.

BLOODNOK:

I am, I am! I'll make a bargain with you, look here.

GERMAN:

Speak up, speak up!

BLOODNOK:

I'll make a bargain. Take all these lads and I'll let Major Bloodnok go free. What do you say?

GERMAN:

Dis is our answer.

FX:

GREAT OUTBURST OF FIRING

BLOODNOK:

Speak English, you swine!

GERMAN:

Bang!

GRAMS:

AMERICAN BUGLE CALL AND APPROACH OF CAVALRY; SHOOTING

SEAGOON:

Look! Saved by the American Fifth Cavalry! It saved us! (DRY) Let's face it, it saved television, folks.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN 'C'

GREENSLADE:

That was happy ending Number One. And now - are you all sitting comfortably? Here is happy ending Number Two.

ORCHESTRA:

ALTO AND RHYTHM PLAY "LAURA"

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Cynthia? Cynthia, darling, it... it's me, Tom.

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Tom, darling! You're back!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I... I brought it with me. I've been a fool about you.

CYNTHIA:

Don't say that, darling.

SEAGOON:

This parcel, it... It's for you.

CYNTHIA:

Is it? What is it, Tom?

FX:

UNWRAPPING

SEAGOON:

Darling, this thing is bigger than both of us.

CYNTHIA:

Oh, Tom. It's... It's an elephant!

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm not waiting any longer, we're getting married tonight.

GREENSLADE:

And so, that night, Neddie Seagoon married an elephant. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH

S10 E03 - The Chinese Legs

Transcribed by Steve Dale. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Big time music hall!

GREENSLADE:

Now a moment of Musical Twittery.

GRAMS:

'IN A MONESTARY GARDEN' AT VARIOUS SPEEDS., MAIN THEME WHISTLED; MIX IN CHICKENS,

MILLIGAN:

(VERY 'STIFF-UPPER'LIP') Ladies and Gentlemen. Presenting the Reverend John Sellers.

SELLERS:

(VERY LOUD AMERICAN PREACHER) My friends. Frinds and fronds. Now will you allllll... open your bankbooks and sing with me, 'Bank Statement No. 349'!

GRAMS:

CROWD OF MOURNERS.

SELLERS:

Yes. It is written in red, friends! 'Thou shalt not overdrawwww'! But! Friend, my friend, here. There is new word! A new word of hope! And the word is...!

MILLIGAN:

(QUAINTLY) "Fon."

SELLERS:

Yes, 'Fon!' This word Fon was invented by Mr Tom Dangers of Quox!

TOM DANGLERS:

[SECOMBE]

(WHIMPY VOICE) Yes. For many years now I have felt the need of a new word in our language. For days and nights I lay awake thinking. Then, suddenly, in a blinding flash of inspiration, I seen this word... 'Fon'! So up I got and wrote it down. It did look good, even in the dark. In the light of morning it was still there, and I knew the word 'Fon' was here to stay. I am very well pleased with it. Thank you and ta!

SELLERS:

Thank you, sister! And now, my dear friends, Mr Nueler of the quarn hump will now... lead you all in saying 'Fon!'

MILLIGAN:

(SAME AS BEFORE) After me, now, friends. (CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS) 'Fon'.

OMNES:

(SINGS) Fon.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) Fo-ho-hon.

OMNES:

(SINGS) Fo-ho-hon.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) Fo-ho-ho-ho-hon.

OMNES:

(SINGS) Fo-ho-ho-ho-hon.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) Fohhhhn!

OMNES:

(SINGS) Fohhhhn!!

MILLIGAN:

Oh, we're having fon tonight, folks! And now, bretheren, over to Tom 'Motorcar' Sellers!

SELLERS:

(MAD LAUGH) I'm finished with cars you know, they're silly things!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) He's finished, folks! He's finished with cars, folks!

SELLERS:

I'm down to one motorcar a week, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) He's finished, folks!

SELLERS:

And those are in tablet form, I've given them up!

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF

SELLERS:

What was that?! I must have that car! I must have that car!

SPRIGGS:

It's true, folks! But wait! What is this approaching?

SELLERS:

It's the unexpired portion of a human body on an African safari called Martin Clodd!

GRAMS:

AFRICAN WELCOME SONG, JUNGLE DRUMS ACCOMPANIMENT...

SEAGOON:

Stop!!

GRAMS:

OUT

AFRICAN CHIEF:

[GO ON, GUESS]

(SHOUTING) Bah Tula! Meda Aluh! Ba da dula nyipps. Gahtua. Baybar yum bumburm nagaduigah!

SEAGOON:

(QUIETLY) I see. Carstairs. Tell him I don't understand what he's saying.

CARSTAIRS:

[MILLIGAN]

Right, sir. Er... G'ahtu. Vahtu malu.

AFRICAN CHIEF:

Mm.

CARSTAIRS:

Mutakiah.

AFRICAN CHIEF:

Yahde?! Meyooooou! Mega ta lalla! Magutab ghali!

CARSTAIRS:

He says... he says he doesn't understand what he's saying either!

SEAGOON:

It's near enough for jazz!

GRYTPYPE:

Wait a moment! Wait one moment. Lift up your shirt!

FX:

RIPPPPP!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS) Whoop!!

GRYTPYPE:

Just as I thought! You're three men called... (HUGE ANNOUNCEMENT) Harry Secombe!!!

ORCHESTRA:

'I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY' IN 2/4, HUGE RENDITION.

GRAMS:

GIGANTIC CROWD CHEERING...

MILLIGAN:

(AS CHEERS DIE) Oh, he's not as popular as he used to be, folks!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? That [UNCLEAR], I tell you! I tell you, according to my 'Tim' rating, I'm still top of the tree!!

GRAMS:

TREE FALLING

MILLIGAN:

(OVER ABOVE) TIMBERRRRRR!!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS)

MILLIGAN:

Meantime...

GRYTPYPE:

You're Doctor Livingstone, I presume?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's it! I'm Doctor Livingstone, I presume! Spelt...

GRAMS:

(AT VARIOUS SPEEDS) L.I.V.I.N.G.S.T.O.N.E. (SHORT RASPERRY!)

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Ladies and Gentlemen. We present the Labour Exchange of the air. If you look in your Radio Times you will see, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, the name 'Goon Show'. Let it be so!

GRAMS:

CROWD CHEERING. STOPS SUDDENLY.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiyyy!

GRAMS:

CROWD CHEERING AGAIN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray!

GRAMS:

CROWD CHEERING AGAIN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray!

FX:

BLUEBOTTLE BEING HIT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhhgh!

SEAGOON:

Right in the old credentials! Ha, ha, ha! Part one: a [UNCLEAR] coal sack in the Hebridies. Fnoof!

GRYTPYPE:

Happy New McYear Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

You said that last year!

GRYTPYPE:

This is an encore, do you hear me!

MORIARTY: (GIBBERISH).

GRYTPYPE:

To think we're two hundredweight of anthracite. What a perfect disguise for us, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Two Hundredweight, yes, but you only let me be four ounces!

GRYTPYPE:

I thought of the idea, I deserve the lion's share!

MORIARTY:

I didn't know lions shared anthracite, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

How do you think they keep warm all the winter?

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SLUR UP TO PROPER PLAYING SPEED. PETER DOES A VERY GOOD IMPRESSION OF A HAIRY SCOTSMAN TALKING OVER...

GRYTPYPE:

Hark, Moriarty! A merry Hogmanay singer! Open la Fenetre!

FX:

WINDOW SLID OPEN...

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLING) Here, lad!

FX:

PIANO LANDS ON PIPER..HUGE CRASH. PIPER SCREAMS, PIPES RUN DOWN.

GRYTPYPE:

Right in the haggis! Moriarty? I can hear a twit in part two who is two parts twit.

GRAMS:

FADE IN WELSH COALMINERS' CHOIR, SINGING 'A WELCOME IN THE HILLSIDE'.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS WITH THE RECORDING; RECORDING SPEEDS UP AND HARRY DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO SING UP WITH IT. FINALLY ADMITS DEFEAT AND BLOWS A RASPBERRY!) Ah, Wales! Land of my forefathers and Moby Dick! Three mothers... Three mothers, two man ankles, (SINGS) and a partridge in a pear tree! Fatang!!

OMNES:

FATANG FATING...FATONG...ETC...

SEAGOON:

Ah, Wales, land of song, land of the certain things! A good job we got out of England before they swallowed it! (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

I recognise those reeking lethal brandy fumes! It's Ned of Wales! Ring-ring-tring!

SEAGOON:

Aha, haaaa! It's the flesh-coloured telephone. Alor! Ring-ring-tring!

MORIARTY:

Hello... hello, Neddie of Wales! Hello, Neddie of Wales. There's somebody here would like to talk to you!

SEAGOON:

Who?

MORIARTY:

Me! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Right in the old credentials, again.

MORIARTY:

You swine!

GRYTPYPE:

He-lo neelio whirls. He meant me, Ned. Not him-him but me-me.

SEAGOON:

Mimi, darling, you sound as young as ever! So the operation *was* a success!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, ho, ho, ho! Ohhhh. You naughty Neddie of Wales.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, as your personal adviser, I must advise you to see me at once, whichever you prefer!

SEAGOON:

What? But... but... but... I... I... I... I... I... I... I don't quite understand!

GRYTPYPE:

Happy New Hogmanay, Ned, we've no time to waste! Meet me outside Buckingham Palace!

SEAGOON:

Where's that?

GRYTPYPE:

Follow that sickening trail of OBEs, it'll lead you straight there. But first! A certain nose.

GELDRAI:

It's me, folks!

SEAGOON:

Yes!

GELDRAI:

Happy New Nose, folks. Play that Conks of Highgate arrangement, Wally of Kensington! Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Max Gelgray. I didn't *think* he looked well when he started! Now, Wal of Weybridge announces Part Two. Thynne decides to visit Ned of Wales. (SINGS ON ONE NOTE) Waaaaales...

GRYTPYPE:

Taxi!!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SINGHIZ THING:

Where to, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Are you the Prime Minister of England?

SINGHIZ THING:

No, sir. My turn next week!

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Now, driver, run me to Wales.

SINGHIZ THING:

Hold my hand, sir!

GRAMS:

TWO SETS OF BOOTS RUN AWAY...CAR SPEEDS AWAY...TRUCK SPEEDS OFF...HORSE GALLOPS AWAY...SHRIEK OF TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN SWIFTLY PULLS AWAY...MOTORBIKE ROARS AWAY...HORSE AGAIN...BIKE AGAIN...JET PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD...FOOTSTEPS HURRY UP AND SLUR TO A STOP...

GRYTPYPE:

(PANTING) There *must* be a shorter way!

SINGHIZ THING:

There is, but it doesn't take so long!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, Grytpype! Welcome to Wales!

MORIARTY:

You're welcome to it, too!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? Take that!

FX:

THUDDD!

GRAMS:

STARTLED CHICKEN

GRYTPYPE:

What... What a *fowl* blow, Ned!!!

MORIARTY:

How *dare* you hit me with that old joke! You caught me unawares.

SEAGOON:

I'll catch 'em if I see 'em, an' all!

MORIARTY:

Neddie, according to the records, we have discovered that you were *not* born in Wales!

SEAGOON:

(HUGE HOWL OF ANGUISH!)

GRYTPYPE:

Don't take it so bad, Ned!

SEAGOON:

But I *am* Welsh, I tell you! (SINGS) Sospan Bach! (SHOUTING) I *am* Welsh! I was born at The Mumbles, I tell you. I've got corn in my socks! I can pronounce the name of that Welsh railway station. Erm... erm... Cardiff! There!!!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

SEAGOON:

That's a catchy tune. Play it again.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CHORD

SEAGOON:

Gad, they'll all be whistling it tomorrow!

ORCHESTRA:

WHISTLES ONE NOTE, CLOSE TO THE GOON CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Listen! It's tomorrow! (LAUGHS) I must find out the true truth of my birth. Now, if I'm not Welsh, then what *is* my nationality?

GRYTPYPE:

Your nationality, Ned. Well, you were born astride the Chinese-British-India border.

SEAGOON:

This is terrible!

GRYTPYPE:

I didn't write it!

SEAGOON:

Which half of me is... is... is... is... is... is... Chinese?!

GRYTPYPE:

It's your legs, Ned. They were hanging over the border when you were born.

SEAGOON:

My dear legs! Chinese!? I... I don't believe it!

GRYTPYPE:

I'll give you my advice, Ned, but first - sing this blank cheque.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Ten Pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

A little higher, Ned,

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Fifteen-Pounds-Ten!

GRYTPYPE:

A little higher to give it - tuuum!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Twenty Pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned, as high as you can sing!!

GRAMS:

HARRY SINGS AT DOUBLE SPEED: 'ONE - HUNDRED - POU-OUNDS!!!!'

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! Now, Ned. My advice to you is to get a passport for those Chinese legs. You'll find they re-interne! Until then, Neddie, you must walk on your hands or you will be guilty of legs.

SEAGOON:

Right! Uhhh... Hup!! (STANDS ON HIS HANDS; SOUND OF COWBELLS!)

MORIARTY:

Let's get these boots on your hands, Ned.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES VARIOUS STRAINING NOISES) There! How's that?

MORIARTY:

It suits you, Neddie! Now, wait here, Ned.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

ORCHESTRA:

GONG

GREENSLADE:

Part Two. In an attempt to solve the mystery of his legs' nationality, Neddie Seagoon goes to the registrar of military leg certificates on the British-India frontier.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

(DEAD SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

I'm cured!! I'm cured! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Ohhhh! Ohh. Yes! Not a sound!! Oh, I can go to parties again! Ohhh!

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Er... Pardon me, Major.

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Gladys?

GLADYS:

Er, time you dressed, sir. There's a dinner tonight, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

GLADYS:

And Lord and Lady Hamilton are comin'. Er... what shall I lay out?

BLOODNOK:

You lay out Lord Hamilton and leave her to me, will you! Ohhhh!! The full treatment!

FX:

HEAVY FAST KNOCK.

BLOODNOK:

(PANIC) Ahowww! Ohoooh! The police!

GLADYS:

Major, there are *other* people!

BLOODNOK:

Not in *my* life, no!

FX:

DOOR RATTLES

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Oh. Come in, sound effects man!

FX:

DOOR OPENS; POP!

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, you too?

ECCLES:

Me, too? There's only one of me.

BLOODNOK:

And the world is grateful! What is your name? What's your name?

ECCLES:

Um. Oh, um. Got it on a bit of... Oh! Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

What name?

ECCLES:

I forget now, I got a bad memory. I got a letter for you in my boot.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! A footnote!

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-hum!

BLOODNOK:

But wait!

ECCLES:

Wait?

BLOODNOK:

Wait! What have you got in that crate on your head?

ECCLES:

You noticed it, then. I got fifteen statues of Jane Mansfield inside.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Oh, I mean, oh! But... but... but whatever for?

ECCLES:

Well, you never know! One day some smart-Alec might say to me, "I suppose you've got fifty statues of Jane Mansfield in that crate." And I'll say, "Yes I have!" And 'e's going to look pretty stupid! Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

BLOODNOK:

Gladys! Out with your arrangement and quell him with a tune of mel.

GLADYS:

(CLOSE TO MIC) Oh, dear, dear, dear, I don't know what's coming next, I really...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'THAT'S THE TIME WHEN I'M WITH YOU'

GREENSLADE:

That was Mrs Gladys Ellington, the famous Irish Tenor.

MILLIGAN:

We now come to part three. Pa-tilly-pom! (HUMS) In which we find... Pom-pom-bidit-beeee! The orchestra missing. Ching!

(GAP, THE AUDIENCE FILL IT WITH APPLAUSE)

SEAGOON:

I walked around England on my hands for three years. And no signs of Grytpype Thynne and the promised passport. (CHUCKLES) So I decided to visit the registrar of births in India to find out my true position.

BLOODNOK:

Upside down!

SEAGOON:

Major! I've just arrived by first-class brown paper parcel.

BLOODNOK:

Save the string, lad. I have a grandma who's never seen a piece! (SINGS) That old stringless grandma of miiiiiiine!

SEAGOON:

Have you a record of my birth?

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

GRAMS:

RECORD HISS, BABY CRYING.

SEAGOON:

Beautiful! Let's dance!

BLOODNOK:

Not... not standing on your hands, Ned, the other way round, please.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Sorry. Ah! Ah, that's better! Now...

SPRIGGS:

Hands up, Jiim! Hands up, Jii-iiimmm. I arrest those Chinese legs for standing on British ground!

BLOODNOK:

It's the British Leg Police!

FX:

NED BEING CHAINED UP

SEAGOON:

I say, look here, what's this!? I... I can't walk around with this chain around my legs!

SPRIGGS:

Those Chinese legs are prisoners of England! Your top half can go free, Jim. (SINGS) Go free, Jiiimmm! Go free, Jiiimmm.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in fiendish China.

ORCHESTRA:

GONGGGGGG!

GRAMS & FX:

CROWD OF CHINAMEN TALKING, MIX IN POPS AND THUDS.

CHINESE ANNOUNCER:

[MILLIGAN]

Okay, man. Oh, boy. It all fun. Please, silence for your flend... and mine... Mao... Tse... *Tunggggg!!!*

OMNES:

CHATTERING OF MOCK CHINESE VOICES

MAO:

[SECOMBE]

(COMIC CHINESE ACCENT) Thank you, flends! I hlave blad news! We have discovered that there are one pair of Chinese legs in prison out thlere in British India! We must clapture them and bling them black to modern China. Land of Flee Legs!!

OMNES:

CHINESE AGREEMENT SOUNDS.

GRYTPYPE:

Just a minute, young Chinaman! My friend and I can get those legs back for a certain payment!

MAO:

Hip! Hip!

VERY SMALL GROUP:

Hoolay!!

ORCHESTRA:

GONGGGGG. PETER PLAYING PIANO VERY BADLY, WITH SPIKE ADDING LITTLE BASS BITS.

GREENSLADE:

That night, under a Chinese noon and an Indian sun and a Catford street lamp, a raiding party under Moriarty crept up on Ned's sleeping legs!

BLOODNOK:

(SNORING)

SEAGOON:

(STAGE WHISPER) Psst! Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

(AWAKES) No, I'm not. What? Oh! What...? What is it, darling?

SEAGOON:

There's... There's... There's a hand on the end of my leg!

BLOODNOK:

Strange, I've got feet on the end of mine.

MORIARTY:

Stand up, Neddie! Give up those Chinese Legs!

SEAGOON:

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

FX:

NED'S LEGS UNSCREWING.

SEAGOON:

I say, look here! Stop unscrewing my legs at once!

MORIARTY:

Don't move, Neddie! This finger is loaded with bones!

FX:

WHOOSH; CLANK!

SEAGOON:

(HORRIFIED) My legs! Gone! Gone and never called me Mother!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lad. Here. Get this pair of skates under you. Now, off you go!

FX:

NED'S SKATES.

GRAMS:

(OVER ABOVE) NED SHOUTING: "I DEMAND LEG JUSTICE!!", REPEAT WITH VARIATIONS, SPEED UP AND FADE OUT...

GREENSLADE:

The loss of his legs was brought to the notice of the United Nations, who've always been at a loss.

FX:

GAVEL

CRUN:

Gentlemen. Ah, that's got that nail in. Um... Members. The... um... er... the... subject is the question...

THROAT:

[UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

Of Seagoon's Legs...

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

(NEAR-DEAD MUMBLINGS) May I...? May I...? May I...?

CRUN:

What? What? What? What?

OLD UNCLE OSCAR:

May I...? Uhhhhhhh!!!

MINNIE:

Ohhh. He's... he's dead, Henry.

CRUN:

What, again? Who is he?

MINNIE:

I don't know. Oh, wait, there's a... there's a label on his foot.

CRUN:

What does it say, Min?

MINNIE:

'This is a foot'.

SEAGOON:

Never mind about his dingle, what about my legs?

AMERICAN:

[SELLERS]

As an American representative and major shareholder in UNO, I decide and suggest we send a marine task force, the American Sixth Fleet, John Brown's body, the Fifth Amendment, Marilyn Monroe, new wide-screen version of Fred Hur in spontillican colour to attack communist China and restore the status quo of this man's life for democracy. Let us scrub the atom bomb to say to the Chinese and show the tender shred of true love that lives on Wall Street and Time Magazine. And all those things in America that we all hold precious. And that precious American quality, called *money!!!*

GRAMS:

CROWD OF MOURNERS.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Part Four. The great World War Three for Neddie's Legs.

GRAMS:

TUMULT OF WAR. FADES UNDER JOHN SNAGGE

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) 'This is London calling in the Baa Bee See. Undersea service report from the front. Today American Marines occupied the heights of Neddie Seagoon's knees and are attacking down his shins towards the hairy ankle area. It is expected that by dawn his feet will be occupied by foot-soldiers. I myself will be in bed. Football. Greek Wanderers, 3; Bolton, 676. There was an accident at the corner of Burke St when a bicycle knocked over a red lantern. Anybody seeing the accident, keep quiet, as the driver was a policeman!'

WILLIUM:

Oh. Well, Ned, mate, it looks like your legs'll soon be your own again, mate! Them lovely little leggies.

FX:

EXPLOSION. CROWD OF CHINESE

SEAGOON:

Ahh! The Chinese are shelling my knees! Here comes a midget waving a dirty white flag! I wonder what he wants!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You got any soap powder, Mistah?

SEAGOON:

No I haven't, we had the last for Christmas.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am Lee Fong Blue. Mysterious junior laundryman to the Chinese army! Oh. Oh, hello everybody! Well, I didn't see you all dere. Didn't I see you was a-sittin' out dere. Oh, Happy New Year to you all. I made my New Year's resolution. I'm givin' up string and cardboard.

SEAGOON:

You? A Finchley Boy Scout doing laundry for the Chinese?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not be fooled, Ned of Wales. Terry 'Cardboard' Bluebottle is really in the pay of the Borough of Finchly, and is working to save your legs from the Chinese ratepayers!

CHINESE MAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Hands up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who's there?

CHINESE MAN:

Ah! A Finchley [UNCLEAR]!

SEAGOON:

Gad! A Sax Rohmer fiend Chinese in long Mandarin underwear!

CHINESE MAN:

Listen, Neddle of Wales! If you let us [UNCLEAR] your legs, we make your knees a corporal in the Chinese Army!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no! Don't let him dazzle you with promises of knee power, Ned! I'll make them English Sergeants!

CHINESE MAN:

We'll make 'em Chinese Captains!

BLOODNOK:

English Majors!

CHINESE MAN:

Chinese General!

SEAGOON:

Any Advance on Chinese General? Any advance?

BLOODNOK:

British Dustman with OBE attachment!

SEAGOON:

British Dustman going once.. Going twice.

WILLIUM:

I object, mate!

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

WILLIUM:

I'm the dustman who's been going twice! I don't wanna go any more, mate, I tell yer!

SEAGOON:

Blast! Foiled by British Dustman!

CHINESE MAN:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Now, you Chinese devil! Stand by for the funny payoff!

WILLIUM:

Woahhh!

FX:

SOUND OF FURNITURE BEING SHIFTED.

SEAGOON:

(VARIOUS STRAINING NOISES)

CHINESE MAN:

Ah! No! No! Not that! The table! The tables! Ah, the tables!

FX:

TABLE COMES TO A STOP WITH A BANG.

SEAGOON:

And that, folks, is how we turned the tables on the Chinese! And that's all, folks of world, from Ned of Wales!!

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH.

S10 E04 - Robin's Post

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. It feareth not and holdeth forth not, but it keepeth friends with alleth.

SEAGOON:

And a ripe twit thou soundest.

GREENSLADE:

In the absence of entertainment we present...

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY GONG

SELLERS:

The Great Brown all the way from mysterious Upper Dicker. No question is too difficult.

SPRIGGS:

First question, please.

CLUTT:

[SECOMBE]

(TWIT) My name is Gladys Clutt.

SPRIGGS:

There is no cure. Next, please!

CLUTT:

No, no! My name is Gladys Clutt spelt with a Masculine G as in Gee Whizz.

SELLERS:

(CAMP) I'm his friend.

SPRIGGS:

I thought you were! Now, just stand in that open crocodile and wait for the first spring swallow.
Next, please!

SEAGOON:

Who won the Battle of Waterloo?

SPRIGGS:

Tom F'ning.

SEAGOON:

Wrong! It was Lord Wellington.

SPRIGGS:

It's only your word against mine, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GUSHING BBC TWIT ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And this week's 'Workers Playtime' came from a cake-bottling factory in Burton Wood. Now then, here is the foreman's name...

SEAGOON:

Tom Hopkin.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF LAUGHTER. GOATS AND COWS

GREENSLADE:

That was the sound of the human race. Resignation forms are now available. Now, to certain things.

CORNISH IDIOT:

[SELLERS]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Arrr to that, sir, arrr!

GREENSLADE:

The part of the Cornish idiot was played at short notice by a very well-known Cornish idiot player.

CORNISH IDIOT:

Ho, ho, harrrr! Ho, ho, ho, harrrr! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. We present a tragedy, the story of Lord Seagoon. Playboy of the Western Approaches, great lover, man of action, athlete, slob, and great wit.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

OLD TIME ORCHESTRA PLAYING THE LANCERS IN THE DISTANCE. BACKGROUND MURMUR AND LAUGHTER OF THE DANCERS CONTINUES THROUGH...

MILLIGAN:

You look lovely tonight, Daphne.

DAPHNE:

[SELLERS]

Oh, you're just saying that.

MILLIGAN:

Come, let's go into the garden.

DAPHNE:

Alright, you tease.

MILLIGAN:

You naughty girl! Aha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

FADES OVER NEXT LINE

SEAGOON:

Hear that maddening sound of gaiety, music and acting? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

It took place in Robin's Post, my ancestral home at Hailsham, Sussex, SW3. Now, it's all gone. G.O.N.E., pronounced...

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

SAYING VERY FAST 'GOOOOOONE'

SEAGOON:

I was rich, as you will now hear.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) I ri-i-ich, ahoy!

SEAGOON:

See? That was me then. This is me now speaking. A ruined, broken, crumbling man, going to pieces.

FX:

LENGTH OF THE TUBULAR BELL FROM THE TUBULAR BELLS. LET DROP ON THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There goes another bit.

SELLERS:

After her, men.

SEAGOON:

Her? Er, yes. It... (GIGGLES) (CLEARS THROAT) Yes, it was a woman who brought me to this low. This and short legs.

GRAMS:

QUACK OF DUCK

SEAGOON:

Duck's disease! The curse of the Seagoons!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Don't say it here.

SEAGOON:

Anyhow, we met years ago. Her name was Penelope, mine was Ned. Why, I can hear her now.

PENELOPE:

[SELLERS]

(OLD DEAR) Hello, Ned dear.

SEAGOON:

There she is! But let us go back to when it alllllll started. It was Nineteen-Hundred-And-One and I was holding a masked ball.

GRAMS:

SURGE UP THE DANCERS AND THE MUSIC. THEN DOWN.

OMNES:

ODD LINES OF CHATTER. 'GAD, SHE'S GOT A TRIM ANKLE', ETC.

GRYTPYPE:

We shall be *leaping*, soon! Tell me, Lord Seagoon, why are you holding that masked ball?

SEAGOON:

This is no ordinary ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't frighten me, Ned.

SEAGOON:

This man was the powerful Lord Thynne, power behind the throne, owner of The Times, Peer of the Realm and relief pianist at the Hackney Empire.

MORIARTY:

Ah, bon soir, [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Heh, heh, heh.

MORIARTY:

Tell me, Neddie. What is that ball made from?

SEAGOON:

Oh, silly old gold.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

SERIES OF SCREAMS AND YELLS ABOUT GOLD. TAKE THREE OVERLAPPING TRACKS.

FX:

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty. It's only gold.

MORIARTY:

Gold!

FX:

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Come, now. Let us weigh it on this set of scales I happen to have handy. There.

GRAMS:

SQUEAK OF SCALES, SPRINGS BOINGING

GRYTPYPE:

Fourteen carrots, three turnips and a mango. Gad, it's worth its weight in greens.

SEAGOON:

But what does it mean to me, Lord Thynne, me, a man of means?

FX:

HEAVY BOOTS CLUMPING ACROSS A WOODEN FLOOR

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddle! I danced every dance since it started. Ooh-owww-ohh! Lancers and the reels. Um.. Tan-jo. The waltz.

SEAGOON:

Who's the lucky girl?

ECCLES:

Ooh, I didn't bother about them! Ha-hum! I did it all on my own. Ho-how! It's safer.

SEAGOON:

This is... this is my half-brother, Eccles. We... keep him for hitting.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm pleased to meet you.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owwww! Ta! How do you do?

So you're his half-brother.

Yeah, we haven't found out where the other half is, yet.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owwww! Thank you, thank you. Just a minute, I'm not the idiot you think I am.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? Which idiot are you, then?

ECCLES:

What I mean is, I'm a... I'm a great thinker.

GRYTPYPE:

For instance?

ECCLES:

Well, for instance, I think... er... erm... I think I'll go home.

GRYTPYPE:

You thought of that all by yourself?

ECCLES:

Well, if you put it like that, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Time for 'Conks' Geldray, the golden plum.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

GELDRAY:

Thank you! Thank you!

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GELDRAY:

That was the music of Conks Geldray, folks. Conks lets in air.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Geldray wishes it known that the Conks Anonymous Club is now open for membership. Part Two of our tragedy.

GRAMS:

OLD TIME MUSIC AS BEFORE. MUSIC STOPS - POLITE APPLAUSE. LAUGHTER OF DANCERS LEAVING THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Between dances we sat on the balcony smoking port and drinking sherry.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Moriarty, stand by the light switch. Neddie, let us have a look at the golden ball.

GRAMS:

CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY. DANCERS REACTION

SEAGOON:

Don't panic, folks. It's only the gas mantles fusing. Aha, ha, ha! Carry on dancing.

GERALDO:

[SELLERS]

What do you mean? My boys can't see to play in the dark. Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im

[UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

Can't you busk?

SELLERS:

...get wet. No, we don't... we don't playin' in the dark, we 'ave trouble in the dark.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, hand me an instrument, I'll play. Waltz, please.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS: PLAY WALTZ TEMPO

SEAGOON:

And so the magic of my waltz rhythm rang through the hall Ha, ha, ha! (SINGS) Fertang, fertang, fertang, tang, tang. But! In the rosy light of dawn, I discovered myself sitting in the middle of a field in full evening dress playing the drums. Ho, ho, ho, ho! I took immediate action. I... I stopped playing. "Next dance, please!"

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL.

SEAGOON:

I said.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello. We got a right twit 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, Constabule.

WILLIUM:

Hello, sonny. You lost a band, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

No, someone has stolen Robin's Post, my ancestral home.

WILLIUM:

Oh. 'Ere, you haven't escaped from anywhere, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

WILLIUM:

Well, you know, one of them. (PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowoo.

SEAGOON:

I say! I say! How do you do that?

WILLIUM:

Oh, er... (DOES IT AGAIN)

SEAGOON:

I say, how grand! Let me try, er...

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

(PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowoo. Aha, ha, ha, ha! I say, let's... let's do it together, shall we?

SEAGOON & WILLIUM:

(THEY DO).

SEAGOON:

I say, this *is* fun, isn't it.

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

(HE DOES IT AGAIN). Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WILLIUM:

Yeah, it's all tax-free an' all, mate, yeah!

SEAGOON:

(DOES IT AGAIN).

WILLIUM:

Now, come along, mate, off to the station, now.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

PROTESTING 'NO! NO!WO WO (SPEED UP SLOWLY) I'M NOT WO WO WOW - LET ME GO, I TELL YOU'

WILLIUM:

(OVER GRAMS) Come on, a few powders and you'll be all right on it, I tell yer.

ORCHESTRA:

SOFT SAD LONG DULL CHORD. TWO BAR HOT BREAK ON TROMBONE

GREENSLADE:

Very puzzling. Part Two

FX:

RATTLING IRON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Let me out of this place! Take this jacket off me, itell you! (CONTINUES PROTESTING BEHIND GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Lord Seagoon had been incarcerated in a gentlemen's rest home in Sussex on a charge of going 'Wo wo wo wo wo'. Illusions of grandeur and duck's disease. Wow wo wo wo wo! I say, it's not difficult, is it. Wo wo wo wo wo.

WILLIUM:

In you go, an' all, mate.

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SLAMS

GREENSLADE:

Hey, you can't lock me away, I'm from the BBC. Wo wo wo wo wo wo!

WILLIUM:

You're just the right type, mate. Ohhhh! Wo wo wo wo, mate-oh.

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Wal! Woo-woo-woo-woo! We've got to get out of here. I'll bake a cake, put a file in it and post it to myself.

SPRIGGS:

Parcel for you!

SEAGOON:

It's arrived!

FX:

RAPID RIPPING OPEN

SEAGOON:

And here's the file. Now, while I claw a hole in the wall with my bare hands, you cover up the sound by filing through your teeth.

FX:

FILING

BLOODNOK:

I say. Are you filing your teeth?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well put them under 'T', would you?

ORCHESTRA:

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Have tenor's friend, will travel.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! How did you get in here?

BLOODNOK:

I have the OBE and attachments, you know. Also, a parcel of steamed squid.

SEAGOON:

Well, shut up, man. Help me dig a tunnel.

GRAMS:

DIGGING UP ROCKS BY HAND

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ooooooh! In that order.

SEAGOON:

You've got to get rid of these rocks.

BLOODNOK:

I'm eating them as fast as I can, I tell you!

SEAGOON & BLOODNOK:

(GRUNTING)

GRAMS:

ROCKS BEING PILED

GREENSLADE:

What are you doing, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Ya nit, I'm trying to tunnel out.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Ned of Wales. Bloodnock of Anywhere will get you out of this hole provided you sign the contract on this boiled egg.

SEAGOON:

Is this contract binding?

BLOODNOK:

A real eye waterer. Now, let me have your deposit, this set of drums will do. Gad! Ohhh! They look in fine military condition. Just adjust me miller. Now. I'll do a parrididdle on 'em.

SEAGOON:

Don't you dare!

BLOODNOK:

What!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS PLAY A MILITARY BEAT. SIDE DRUM AND UNDAMPENED BASS DRUM

BLOODNOK:

(OVER ORCHESTRA SINGS HIS FAVOURITE MILITARY MELODY. ALL FADE INTO DISTANCE)

SEAGOON:

He escaped by military drums. Thank heavens he's gone.

BLOODNOK:

And thank heavens he's back again.

ORCHESTRA:

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. 'The Return of Bloodnok', Part Three. Hello, Ned of Wales. Look, we've all been imprisoned here for woowoowoo.

SEAGOON:

Why should we spend the rest of our time here?

BLOODNOK:

True.

SEAGOON:

Look, this is *my* plan.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. SERIES OF ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

It sounds infallible. When do we start?

SEAGOON:

Now. First we must contact a solicitor. Contact!

CRUN:

Contact.

GRAMS:

PROPELLER-ENGINED PLANE ROARS INTO LIFE THEN SLURS TO A STOP

CRUN:

Contact made. Welcome to Whacklow, Futtle and Crun, Bannister. Solicitors for Oaths, Thin Oil and Certain Thinggggggs.

MINNIE:

Thinggggg! Thinggggg!

ORCHESTRA:

ALL JOIN IN 'THING. THING, THING', ETC. AS RANDOM NOTES ARE BLOWN ON A TRUMPET

CRUN:

Thinggggs are catching on, Min. Thingggg. Now, sir. What, apart from your plasticine nose, is the trouble?

SEAGOON:

My wife left me.

CRUN:

Where did she leave you?

SEAGOON:

At home.

CRUN:

Describe him.

SEAGOON:

No, you see, my wife didn't understand dme.

CRUN:

Oh? Why not?

SEAGOON:

She only spoke Bulgarian.

CRUN:

What was her name?

SEAGOON:

Mrs Seagoon.

CRUN:

Ohhh. So, she's a *married* woman? There's a clue. Have you got a description of her?

FX:

RUSTLING OF PLANS

SEAGOON:

Here. Here's a complete set of plans of her.

CRUN:

But these are the plans of a house.

SEAGOON:

She's inside. All we've got to do is find that house and there she'll be!

CRUN:

Ahhh, yemnoooahh. Min of Mongolia?

MINNIE:

I won't be a second!

CRUN:

Good. There's no money in the boxing game, Min.

MINNIE:

Back, back, all of you.

CRUN:

Min of Mongolia...

MINNIE:

I never wrote it.

CRUN:

Leave the...

MINNIE:

It often gives me the...

CRUN:

Put your saxophone down and listen. This... this man in the mosquito net hat is a new client.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

MINNIE:

I didn't catch the name.

SEAGOON:

I haven't dropped it yet.

FX:

TUBULAR BELL DROPPED ON STAGE WITH A TELEGRAPH POLE CLANG

SEAGOON:

That's it!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Mr. Steel. He... He's coming. He's coming nearer. He's almost here. He's arriiiived!

SEAGOON:

Who?

MINNIE:

Ha, ha, haaa!

CRUN:

Now, Ned. That will be a pound. Come and see us in ten guineas' time.

SEAGOON:

Have you change of a yakamakakaaaa? Oh, you haven't, eh? Ha, ha! Then to hell with you!

GRAMS:

WOLF HOWL

RAY:

Man, that sounds like my cue. And I don't like it. I don't like it at all!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part Three of certain thingssss.

GRAMS:

TANK TRANSPORTER RUMBLING ALONG THE ROAD

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Riding along the King's highwayyyyy. Riding along the King's highwayyyyy.

GRYTPYPE:

Happy, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, devine.

GRYTPYPE:

I say. There's something in the road ahead.

MORIARTY:

It *is* a head. With a body attached.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's mine, Bottle of Finchley.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you give me a lift to London Town?

MORIARTY:

Go on, hop it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's too far to hop it.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Bottle (GIBBERISH WITH MILLIGAN MORPHING BETWEEN ECCLES AND MORIARTY AND BACK AGAIN TO ECCLES). 'Ello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, look at him in brown evening dress. It's Eccles of Lengths.

ECCLES:

He's okay, Moriarty, he's a friend of mine. Come on up, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ta, Eccles. Here's a cigarette card of a newt.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And here's one of a King Edward potato at two months old.

ECCLES:

(GULPS AND EATS THE POTATO) Delicious!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know what?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I been doing life-guard duties on the Splon beach at Ratsgate.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh. I didn't know you could swim in water, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't swim in a water bottle.

ECCLES:

What? No, what I meant was... I didn't know you could... er... um... I'm not gonna tell you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

There! I didn't...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I tell you?

ECCLES:

What? Da, what?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know that I had to learn to swim at two weeks old.

ECCLES:

Two weeks old, eh? Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The vicar dropped me in the font.

GRAMS:

SPLASH AND BUBBLES

BLUEBOTTLE:

I went. 'Ello everybody.

ECCLES:

I'm not stoppin' 'ere.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, I didn't see you was all out there. One, two, three, four five. (SINGS IN MONOTONE) Fifteen men on dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum. (NORMAL) Oh, not such a big crowd tonight, then. I wonder if little Bottle's losing the public that has kept him in liquorice and long shorts for all these years? I wonder if I'm a fallen idol? Another was-been? Nooooooo! Nooooooo! I shall go on from triumph to triumph!

FX:

SWANEE WHISTLE DOWN AND THUD VERY FAST

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, my trousers a-come down! Never again will I trust knotted string from Freda Milge.

ECCLES:

Never m... Ooooh! Ha-hum! You better have a brandy.

GRAMS:

LONG POURING FROM A THREE GALLON TIN INTO A GLASS. THEN A LONG SYPHON OF SODA

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

There we are. (SINGS A LITTLE TUNE WHILE HE POURS FOR A LONG TIME)

BLUEBOTTLE:

No thank you. Ring! Ring! Ring! The phone. Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello, Bottle! Help me! Where is Robin's Post?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's on a lorry going down the Great North Road.

SEAGOON:

You will be rewarded for this with a twill nightie and a spare sock. Gid up, there! Ha, ha, hooooo!

GRAMS:

LONE RANGER/WILLIAM TELL THEME PLAYED FAST UNDER...

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Yes. A fiery horse, a flash of light. Two pounds of potatoes, a small brown loaf. Hey, ho! And it's the Lone Rangerrrrr!

SEAGOON:

Gid up, proud beauty!

SELLERS:

(OLD WOMAN) All right, dear.

FX:

SLOW COCONUT SHELLS

GRYTPYPE:

Ring, ring, ring in the direction of Ned.

SEAGOON:

What's that? It sounds like a telephone. (TASTES) It *tastes* like a telephone!

BLOODNOK:

What number does it taste like?

SEAGOON:

Hastings 1066.

BLOODNOK:

That's us.

SEAGOON:

Hello, us!

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Listen, Neddie. I'm warning you not to follow us.

SEAGOON:

Arrest that phone! The man on the other end is a criminule!

FX:

HANDCUFFS AND CHAINS ON TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

There! Hello? Hello? Blast, he's escaped! This phone is empty! Tararaaaaa!

BLOODNOK:

It's near enough for jazz.

SEAGOON:

We'd never catch them on a horse. But, just as I said that, folks, an old Indian hooker drew up on a nearby canal.

LALKAKA:

Hello? Hello? Hello, hello, Mr... Mr Neddie Man.

BANERJEE:

Hello, hello. Hindu. Here is our card.

LALKAKA:

Our card, our card, our card.

SEAGOON:

(READING) "Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers"?

BANERJEE:

Well, they are the men we bought the cards from.

LALKAKA:

We're getting them the... second-hand, you know.

SEAGOON:

Cast offffffff.

LALKAKA:

Cast off [UNCLEAR]...

ORCHESTRA:

OPEN SEA MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Now, then. Who's our navigator?

ECCLES:

I am.

SEAGOON:

(PANICS) Man the boooooats!

ECCLES:

What!? What? Wait! Major.

SEAGOON:

Neddie and children first.

ECCLES:

No! No! Stop! Major! Major!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Wait a... Wait a minute!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Let... Let... Let... Neddie, allow me to explain.

ECCLES:

Tell 'im and explain.

BLOODNOK:

This man is *brilliant*, you know.

ECCLES:

Yeah. I'm..

BLOODNOK:

He's brilliant at...

ECCLES:

And that's him saying it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. He's not only brilliant at cartography and astral navigation, he's brilliant at – well, at *all* sorts of things!

ECCLES:

Yeah!

BLOODNOK:

Certain thingggs, he's brilliant at.

ECCLES:

I...

BLOODNOK:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

I do... yeah!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Now. Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Do you know that the mouth of the Amazon is one hundred miles wide?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

And the coast of Albania is ten thousand miles long?

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

You see? There! I mean, he knew the answer to *both* the questions.

ECCLES:

Yeahh!

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

My turn? (EDIT) ...here's a map of the... here's a map of the route.

SEAGOON:

What's the scale.

ECCLES:

Doh, ray, me, far, so, la, te, dooooooooooooo.

SEAGOON:

Perfect. (CALLS) Set course for Ferpudden.

ECCLES:

What's Ferpudden?

SEAGOON:

Prunes and custard!

ECCLES:

Owwwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wind's coming up.

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAAAA

BLOODNOK:

Caught with their instruments down. Oh! Not long to the pay-off now, folks. Ohhhh dear. Now, Neddie, pick a card. Don't show it to me. What is it?

SEAGOON:

Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers.

BLOODNOK:

Correct!

JIM:

Hello, Jim. Hello, , hello, Jimmmmmm.

SEAGOON:

Helloooooo, Ji-iiiiim.

JIM:

Well done! Look what I found floating in the canal - the pay-off!

SEAGOON:

It's the front door to Robin's Post!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED ORCHESTRA - AS BEGINNING OF STORY - SOUND OF DANCERS

SEAGOON:

Stop the music!

GRAMS:

SLOW MUSIC DOWN TO A BLUR

SEAGOON:

Ah, meg! (KISSING)

ELLINGTON:

Man, there *must* be some mistake.

MEG:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your... what? Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your front, you brought them both with you, I see, ohh, la, la!

SEAGOON:

I carry them for sentimental reasons. I...

GRAMS:

GREAT AVALANCHE OF ROCKS

SEAGOON:

She's fainted. Oh!

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Stand aside, I'm a doctor, I specialise in fainting. Huh-ohhhh! (FAINTS)

FX:

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

SEAGOON:

So he does!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. You disrespectful swine.

MORIARTY:

C'est la guerre!

GRYTPYPE:

Standing there with your two fainted people? Take your shoes off.

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

GRYTPYPE:

Do you have to wear such loud socks?

SEAGOON:

I've got deaf feet!

SPRIGGS:

Yes, folks, exploding socks. It's the new *noise* clothes! Get noise clothes. Why not get your grannie a pair of red flannel drawers that go...

GRAMS:

GREAT CACKLING OF STARTLED HENS

GREENSLADE:

And with Lord Seagoon's wife safely fainted, and a good laugh and a pair of cackling drawers, we say farewell from page thirteen of the Goon Show.

BLOODNOK:

Is there no end to it! Ohhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

It's near enough for jazz!

ECCLES:

Yeah, I...

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME INTO OLD COMRADES MARCH

S10 E05 - The Silver Dubloons

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

MILLIGAN:

Anybody want to jump, folks? Don't know? That's how we got here.

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. And the colour's cream!

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes, Wal, the modern cream BBC! I remember the old days when it was brown.

SELLERS:

Brown!

OMNES:

Brown! Brown!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, the old brown BBC! Happy days.

SELLERS:

Brown is better, it doesn't show the dirt.

SECOMBE:

Not in this show, it doesn't, mate! (LAUGHS) Back to your car, Sellers!

SELLERS:

(CAR NOISES)

FX:

OLD CAR HORN HONKING

SECOMBE:

And now, folks of the world, here is a special goatskin microphone announcement in an (GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen..

MILLIGAN:

You fyools.

GREENSLADE:

The brown BBC presents the Son of Fun, that old Welsh favourite: Ned, the Seagoon.

GRAMS:

CHEERING, WELSH MALE VOICE CHOIR SINGING 'WE'LL KEEP A WELCOME IN THE HILLSIDE', SHEEP

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop!

GRAMS:

STOPS IMMEDIATELY

SEAGOON:

Thank you, fellow Welshmen.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Hello, Ned of Wales!

SEAGOON:

It's Milligan of Poona!

SPRIGGS:

Ned of Wales, how's that old Welsh marriage?

SEAGOON:

Only... (LAUGHS) (WELSH ACCENT) Me and the little woman are very happy, indeed, aren't we, love?

LITTLE WOMAN:

[GREENSLADE]

(SPEEDED UP VOICE) I think you're lovely, my darling, with the little fat legs and lovely little cubby chops, you're beautiful with it, you see. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

SPRIGGS:

Then tell me, what's the little woman's name?

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, he! Eh, er, I call her simply...

FX:

WHISTLE AND POP

SPRIGGS:

What a tune that would make!

FX:

HORN PLAYS POP GOES THE WEASEL CONCLUDING WITH WHISTLE AND POP

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Went better at rehearsal. Next dance, please. And your name, now, then? It's you, Wal. Wal of Weybridge.

GREENSLADE:

[UNCLEAR] Desist, desist, desist from all this fribbage badinage! Stop, I say. Halt! Hold hard! Withhold! Decease!

SEAGOON:

Put your head on this anvil!

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL

GREENSLADE:

Owwwwww!

SEAGOON:

There we are! Let's see your old nut. Good heavens, yes! Lumps suit you!

SELLERS:

Yes, lumps. Ladies, do your husbands come home late? Then use...

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM

SELLERS:

Lumps. Next time you're at your ironmonger, just open your mouth and say... "Lumps."

CHARLIE:

[Secombe]

(WHINY VOICE) Yes, I'm grateful to lumps. I had a hat that came down over my eyes. Then, one night my wife went...

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM

CHARLIE:

Now, thanks to lumps, I have a clear view all the way round.

GREENSLADE:

Now, a word from our sponsor.

MILLIGAN:

Drawers!

GREENSLADE:

Next week, another word.

THESPIAN:

[SELLERS]

Tonight... Tonight...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, OLD) Ohhhh!

THESPIAN:

By the magic of hack writing and worn cliché, we drag you half across an hour of putrescent dullness and (), producing the new brown BBC shade. But let the author tell you in his own words.

MILLIGAN:

(GIBBERISH)

THESPIAN:

Those were his own words. Ned of Wales, read the inscription on this crippled mango called flan.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks of the world! Hello, folks of the world! This is Ned of Wales calling! (LAUGHS) Ned of Wales speaking in the new goatskin microphone, folks! The scene is Nineteen Hundred and Hun. A lonely Sussex fishing village in Cornwall!

GRAMS:

WAVES, SEAGULLS, PIANO MUSIC PLAYING UNDER...

ROUGH SEAMAN:

[SELLERS]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) (VARIOUS GRIZZLED ARRRRS) Garrrrn! The Brown Cave, we call it. Arrrr, 'tis somewhere in the cliff face. Overlooking the sea, my little beauty, a-ha, harr! It's an old smuggler's cave, right there. On a dark night they do say a ghostly voice... Ghostly voice, arrr! [UNCLEAR] on the side the smell of ghostly cooking, ha-harr-arr! (SUDDENLY CALM) Excuse me, I've got to get back to the Mermaid Theatre, now, ta. Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF FOLLOWED BY BUBBLING MUSIC ALA 'MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT' UNDER...

MORIARTY:

Ah. Oh! Quel delicious. Quel delicious!

GRAMS:

BUBBLING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

What is that excruciating brew you're sipping with that boot, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ohh! Taste! Taste!

GRAMS:

PROLONGED SLURP

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what is it?

MORIARTY:

Your laundry! It's Fata de la Socks Supreme!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad. We English have never had it so good. (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF 'AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE') Hey, what's for afters?

MORIARTY:

She hasn't arrived yet.

SEAGOON:

Hello!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh!

SEAGOON:

In the absence of a door – knock, knock!

GRYTPYPE:

In the absence of a footman, come in!

MORIARTY:

In the absence of a roof, hold this umbrella!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lad! Or, if you're French, Yakamakakakoo!

MORIARTY AND SEAGOON:

(SEVERAL VARIATIONS ON "YAKAMAKAKAKOO!")

GRYTPYPE:

Wait, wait, wait. You're Neddie Seagoon, the famous size.

SEAGOON:

All lies, all lies, I tell you, I'm slimming! My pot belly's nearly gone! I mean, it's... Look, look, I... I... I can still touch my toes!

FX:

CLOTH RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Let me tell you who I am. Ladies and gentlemen, I am... Ned Seagoon! Seagoon, the Elephant Man.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, you... you train elephants.

SEAGOON:

No, they just call me "Seagoon, the Elephant Man." Watch this!

MORIARTY:

Stand back.

FX:

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBOLES UNDER, CYMBALS REPEATED AFTER EVERY "HUP! HEY!"

SEAGOON:

(AS AN ANIMAL TRAINER IN THE CIRCUS) Hup! hey! Hup! A-heyyyy! Hoop-a-ha! Hup! Hup! Hey! Hup! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, Neddie. I didn't know you played the drums. You see...

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRYTPYPE:

This mess of rags stooping over that fuming pot? None other than the great Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Ahhhh.....

GRYTPYPE:

Trapeeze artist extraordinaire.

SEAGOON:

Him? A trapeeze artist?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Moriarty, sketch a trapeeze.

MORIARTY:

No, no, I... I... I haven't got the time.

GRYTPYPE:

Ten past three.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Look! I only came here to borrow a shovel. Ahem. I heard that during the Armada, a Spanish galleon went down off Brown Cove and at low tide you can dig for silver Spanish dubloons.

MORIARTY:

Silver? Ahhhhhh!

GRAMS MORIARTY:

(OVERLAPPING RECORDINGS OF MORIARTY YELLING "SILVER? AHHH!". RUNS DOWN AND STOPS)

GRYTPYPE:

That was the new stereophonic Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Is he ill?

GRYTPYPE:

No, but for a fee it could be arranged. For £100 he will contract lurgy. At present the poor Count is suffering from the Irish Krut. Here is a report on his health.

SEAGOON:

This is a bank overdaft statement.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, a terrible disease.

SEAGOON:

What's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

Alas, we've run short of the opiate that would restore the roses to his knees. All that can save him, I fear. (ASIDE) The... the groan, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(FEEBLE) Aoww...

GRYTPYPE:

His only hope is a tablespoonful of silver dubloons, three times a day, forced down his unwilling wallet. I fear he'll be dead by sun-up, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, I... I... I... I can try!

GRYTPYPE:

Here, then. Take this tax-free shovel inscribed Charlie and dig, Neddie. If you should find a few dubloons then this ailing son of the Comte of France will give untold riches to the salvator.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! (LAUGHS) I'll get a French OBE and a Parisian Lord Tavenor's tie. Don't worry, I'll get the dubloons!

FX:

WHOOSHES OFF

GREENSLADE:

That traditional BBC whoosh terminates part 1.

FX:

PAPER PARCEL BEING UNWRAPPED

GREENSLADE:

We will now unpack Mr. Max Geldray's nose and let him feel the full benefit of it.

FX:

HONK

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy! Look, I got that old Dutch conk back! Am I going to have fun!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Part Ongy. The Spanish Dubloons. Ole! By the way, that "ole" was my own idea. I'm not *entirely* without wit.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF DIGGING

SEAGOON:

Cor! Phew! Wh-phuh! Oh, folks! Corrr, phew, phew! I've been digging up dubloons for three weeks to save the French prince. The weather was bitter cold and the snow lay three feet on my feet.

GREENSLADE:

Now a phone call in blue.

FX:

RING

SEAGOON:

Ah, the old-fashioned hand-cranked sea-shell phone. Hello! Hello!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Ned of Wales. Thynne of Paris speaking. You've heard of Paris.

SEAGOON:

What does it sound like?

FX:

MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(SINGS GIBBERISH OVER MUSIC)

SEAGOON:

Sounds foreign to me.

GRYTPYPE:

It's a French phone, Neddie. Ned, we want you to send the next load of silver dubloons care of the Yumka Hotel, Paris.

SEAGOON:

Yumka? How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

Y.M.C.A.

SEAGOON:

Right. Well, I must say I'm... I'm worn down to an 18-stone shadow by digging, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

(SNARLS) You ungrateful 18-stone shadow! (CALM AGAIN) Ned, look, um... Where do you live?

SEAGOON:

The basement of Bloodnok's military flats.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. You go home and I'll arrange a holiday with tax-free legs *and* certain things.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME FOLLOWED BY RANDOM PIANO KEYS BEING PLAYED THROUGHOUT...

MINNIE:

Henryyyyy? Henry! Hen.

CRUN:

Dear, dear, dear. What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Is that you playing the... pianola?

CRUN:

No, Min, no.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

What! What!

MINNIE:

Oh. I'm on the piano, ahhh.

CRUN:

It isn't...

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

It... It's not me, min.

MINNIE:

Who's playing that?

CRUN:

It's the piano tuner

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh. Pew! What's that tune he's playyyyyying?

FX:

PIANO STOPS

CRUN:

Pardon me, Mr. Prute.

PIANO TUNER:

[Secombe]

(UNCLE OSCAR)(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

FX:

BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

PIANO TUNER:

(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

FX:

MORE BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

FX:

MORE BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

CRUN:

Pardon me... What?

MINNIE:

Give me the pieces, Henry.

CRUN:

Mr Prute.

PIANO TUNER:

(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

CRUN:

What is that tune you're playing?

PIANO TUNER:

Ahoooohah... note of E flat.

CRUN:

It's called the... What?

MINNIE:

What it... what the note called?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What's it called? What?

CRUN:

It's called "The Note in E Flat," Min.

MINNIE:

It'll never be a hit with that title.

FX:

PIANO RESUMES

GRAMS:

SHEEP

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhhh! That you, Henry?

CRUN:

No, no.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven.

CRUN:

What? What that? That is the piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Piano?

CRUN:

It's got wool on to keep the tune warm.

MINNIE:

I thought our piano was stolen.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Stoooooolen! Thought it was stoooooolen!

CRUN:

It was, Min!

MINNIE:

No, oh, yoooo!

CRUN:

(TO PIANO TUNER) Pardon me, sir. I don't want to worry you but we haven't got a piano. You're probably supposed to be tuning the one next door.

TUNER:

I.... *am*.... next door.

CRUN:

(LOUD) Min!

MINNIE:

Yaooh! Don't you... What?

CRUN:

We're in the wrong house again! (TO PIANO TUNER) Sir, we had a piano like that stolen. What colour's the keyboard?

TUNER:

Black and white.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

It's ours!

MINNIE:

Ours!

CRUN:

It's ours!

MINNIE:

It's our piano.

CRUN:

[unclear].

MINNIE:

Our piano! B'daaaaah, ting! Ching.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Now, over to Bloodnock's room where the windows are never closed.

FX:

BED SPRINGS BOINGING

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, this bed, it's terrible!

ELLINGA:

(POSH) Um, your breakfast, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Breakfast? What year?

ELLINGA:

Vintage '53.

BLOODNOK:

One of their finest years.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaahoooh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! I saw a light in your window and the brown in the doorway, so I came in, glasses first.

BLOODNOK:

Great news, Ned! Grytpype's paying for you to go on holiday. Have you any warm clothes?

SEAGOON:

No, but I can get some cold ones and put 'em in the oven.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Here's your ticket, lad.

SEAGOON:

First class lift? Where am I going?

BLOODNOK:

You're going to the seventh floor, Ned, away from it all! You know, on a clear day you can see the clothes line opposite. And Mrs Buge in the bath! Oh, ho, ho! Bye, Ned. Bye. Ellinga, go down and rifle his room with a rifle. Bye, lad.

GRAMS:

LIFT GOING UP

SEAGOON:

Gad, folks! Fancy a free trip to the 7th floor by first-class lift!

JOHN:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER-CLASS TWIT) Are you going far?

SEAGOON:

The 7th floor.

JOHN:

Oh. Penelope and I went there last year, didn't we, dear?

PENELOPE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, darling.

JOHN:

Trouble is, it was full of people from the basement. Wasn't it, dear?

PENELOPE:

Yes, John.

SEAGOON:

Is this the little woman?

JOHN:

Yes, she's 2 foot 6.

WILLIUM:

Take yer seats for first sittin' [unclear]...

JOHN:

Come on, Penelope, darling.

WILLIUM:

And all kinds of stewed fruits and mutton. You like... like a bit of stewed fruit and mutton?

SEAGOON:

No, thank you. I brought my lunch...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] in rehearsal.

SEAGOON:

...with me, yes. Yes.

WILLIUM:

Yes. Forgot abaht that. Now, got your ticket, mate? Ohhh, gawd. Now, 'ere, wai... 'ere. This ain't it, this ain't it. It says your weight is 19 stones, 3 pounds!

SEAGOON:

Give me that! It's all lies, I tell you! I'm slimming, I tell you! I've never been so light in my li...

GRAMS:

WHISTLE OF LIFT FALLING DOWN THE SHAFT THEN LANDING WITH A CRASH

WILLIUM:

Ground floor again.

SEAGOON:

It wasn't [UNCLEAR]... I... I... I tell you, I'm as light as a feather! I even...

GRAMS:

FLOOR CREAKS THEN BREAKS WITH CRASHING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaah!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! Welcome back to your old basement! Have a nice time? Did you have nice weather or haven't you washed? Now, then. For the second part of your holiday. Ellington? Harness up the coach and four and take Mr. Seagoon's parcel and two!

ELLINGTON:

Gid up, there! Hey-oh, Silver! Woahhhhhhh!

GRAMS:

HORSE CARRIAGE, DUCKS QUACKING

SEAGOON:

Along the King's Highway we rumbled, our ducks at the full gallop. It was mid-January and for the sake of the story, the coach was full of me and Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, and for my next impression...

FX:

SPLOSH ON FACE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! Ahooo!

GREENSLADE:

Now, The Spanish Dubloons, part the hair. The stage coach. Giddup!

GRAMS:

HORSE CARRIAGE

ELLINGTON:

Whooooooooaaaaahhhh, woah back, there! Woah back, I said.

SEAGOON:

What's the matter, driver? Why have we stopped?

ELLINGTON:

One of the horses got a puncture.

SEAGOON:

Which one?

ECCLES:

Me.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing as a horse?

ECCLES:

Gotta make a living, too.

SEAGOON:

But you look frozen!

ECCLES:

I'm an ice-Eccles. (LAUGHS). Okay. You win, folks. Erm... I... I like doing impressions of horses. That's my hobby.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah, he's a hobby horse. Hee-hee!

FX:

SPLOSH AGAIN

ECCLES:

I bet you [UNCLEAR].

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, then.

ECCLES:

Um.. pull out you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I never said nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Look! Over there in Part three, an old manor! I wonder who lives in it?

ECCLES:

I know.

GRAMS:

SCARY OLD MANOR-TYPE MUSIC & SCREAMS

Orchestra:

CREEPY LINK MUSIC

DYALL:

A-ha! There' a coach from part two stopped outside.

GRAMS:

OWL HOOTS ONCE

DYALL:

Hark! The hoot of an owl. She only gives one. Obviously she doesn't give two hoots! Ha ha ha!

GRAMS:

DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER

DYALL:

Ah, ha ha! They don't write tunes like that anymore!

GRAMS:

DONG OF A LARGE BELL

DYALL:

Open the door!

THROAT:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR IS SMASHED TO PIECES

DYALL:

You forgot the key, didn't you?

SEAGOON:

Ah, good evening!

DYALL:

You ought to know, you're outside.

SEAGOON:

You're inside, in the warm.

DYALL:

It seems a pretty healthy arrangement. Here's half a nicker.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a wooden leg!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this man.

SEAGOON:

I don't like him, either.

ECCLES:

I don't like him, too.

DYALL:

How do you think I feel!? I happen to *be* him!

SEAGOON:

Look here, our story has broken down and we're stuck for lodgings.

DYALL:

You certainly are. What do you want, bed and breakfast?

SEAGOON:

Yes, please.

DYALL:

(CREEPILY) I'll leave it outside. In the garden.

SEAGOON:

Can we have shelter?

DYALL:

Very well, come in. Wipe your feet. *And* your boots!

ECCLES:

Evening. Hello.

DYALL:

Gad, what a beautiful woman!

ECCLES:

Get away from me, you naughty man!

DYALL:

You're the living image of my first, second, third, fourth and fifth wives!

ECCLES:

Yer. I do impressions.

DYALL:

Ha-ha! You joking devil.

ECCLES:

Waaa-hoo-howw!

DYALL:

Come, let's all sit round the fire! My name is Count Valentine Dyall. I have one boy.

ECCLES:

That must be your son, Dyall! (LAUGHS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well done, Eccles! You're toppin' them all the way! Hooray for [UNCLEAR]!

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]?

DYALL:

Yes, my son Dyall's a strange boy. He spends all his life collecting the silver milk bottle tops. Sacks of them. He takes them away - heaven knows where - and buries them.

SEAGOON:

There goes the plot, folks!

DYALL:

For years he lived in South America on safari. For months he was trapped in the Amazon!

SEAGOON:

Couldn't he get the door open?

DYALL:

No! He was collecting rare South American pianos for the zoo. This one is stuffed! Let me... let me let you hear the exotic stuffed beauty of it.

GRAMS:

MUTED PIANO PLAYS MOONLIGHT SONATA AS DYALL SINGS DIABOLICALLY

DYALL:

There. That mellow, exotic, delicate, beautifully phrased Peruvian melody. I composed it especially for myself.

SEAGOON:

What do you call it?

DYALL:

I call it... "Fred"! (MANIC LAUGH, UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Suddenly, Count Dyall's face took on a maniacal aspect. He advanced on us, laughing insanely. Look out! He's got a knife!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And a fork!

ECCLES:

And a spoon!

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's going to eat you, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

What? I'm off!

DYALL:

And so, folks, because Neddie *was* off, I didn't eat him.

BLOODNOK:

Don't... don't you worry, folks, better pay offs are being arranged at this very moment.

GREENSLADE:

This story started with silver dubloons. Let us join Thynne as he dines at the Hotel Splendide.

GRAMS:

PIGS AT TROUGH, BALLROOM MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm, an excellent meal, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Why do you keep me chained under the table?

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter, the bill.

WAITER:

[GREENSLADE]

Oui, monsieur. It is 10,000 francs in French.

GRYTPYPE:

Will these silver Spanish dubloons suffice?

GRAMS:

POURS OUT HUNDREDS OF BITS OF METAL

WAITER:

These are milk bottle tops!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Foiled by filk mottle bops!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

There now, folks. That didn't hurt, did it? Incidentally, I played the part of the French waiter. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

S10 E06 - The Last Smoking Seagoon

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service *despite* what the Light Programme says.

SECOMBE:

And what does the Light Programme say?

GREENSLADE:

They say...

GRAMS:

SPED UP – GREENSLADE SAYING "THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME"

SECOMBE:

Gad, how can we tell you apart?

GREENSLADE:

Well, our programme has naturally wavy hair, for instance, and we make insular announcements like this:

SELLERS:

Here is a hendu warning. Hendus are raging in sea areas Cromarty, Firth, Forth, Fifth and Six. Gale force hendus are sweeping eastward from Iceland, Shetland and the ponies. Further hendus are sweeping in from the east. That is the hend of the endu warning. Tong.

SECOMBE:

Pardon me Wal, but what's a hendu?

GREENSLADE:

It lays eggs.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Hey! Hey! Hey! Hup!

SECOMBE:

And you say they're blowing from the east?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

Stand by for Easter eggs!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

Ta. And now we present Chapter One of a new dynamic novel written entirely on carbon paper paper, shaven Arab socks and copyright underwater during the hendu season, entitled 'The Last of the Smoking Seagoons'. Part one: the scene, an unfilled cavity in a dentist's waiting room.

WILLIUM:

(IN AGONY) Ohhhh, mate!

GREENSLADE:

Ta, part two: The annual sharehol... The annual shareholders' meeting of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company.

OMNES:

UNCONTROLLED COUGHING

THROAT:

Oh, blimey.

FX:

MULTIPLE HAMMERING OF GAVEL

HENRY CRUN:

(COUGHS TO A RHYTHM) Oh, dear, I... I've got a nasty cough, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, you *have* got a nasty cough, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

What happened to that *nice* cough you used to have? You know the one that used to go...

GRAMS:

ELEPHANT TRUNK CALL

MINNIE:

That's the one.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, that one, yes. Someone shot it, Min.

MINNIE:

In... in the quill. Did it...?

Yeees.

Did... did... did... did... did you have it stuffed?

HENRY CRUN:

Aaah, now you're asking me something.

MINNIE:

I know I'm asking you something.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS WITH A VIBRATO VOICE FOR ABOUT 4 SECONDS)

FX:

FFT, FFT

MILLIGAN:

(CONTINUES SINGING FOR ABOUT 2 SECONDS, ENDS WITH BURP)

THROAT:

Thank you very much.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know where we get these shareholders from.

MINNIE:

You ca... you can't get them... the... can't get the shareholders, you know, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Why?

MINNIE:

I can't get any holders for *my* shares.

HENRY CRUN:

Really?

MINNIE:

No. Oh, well.

HENRY CRUN:

Welcome, now, to the shareholders' meeting, ladies and gentlemen. I'm glad that this time the gentlemen are wearing trousers.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Whoop!

HENRY CRUN:

And now Min of Mongolia will read the trading report for the last year.

FX:

URNS PAPER, PAUSE,URNS PAPER, PAUSE,URNS PAPER

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, it was a very quiet year. (SINGS) Nothing was heard but the song of a bird (MIN JOINS IN AND CONTINUES SINGING HIGH NOTES UNTIL GRAMS)

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE, CHANTING – "HOORAY, HOORAY", (NEXT PART SOUNDS LIKE A PREVIOUS GOON SHOW WITH AUDIENCE) HARP GLISSANDO, AUDIENCE LAUGHS, MAN TALKING WITH WORRIED VOICE – "I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THE GOON SHOW LATELY", AUDIENCE APPLAUDS JOKE, MAN CONTINUES "I SAID TO JIM THE OTHER DAY...", ELEPHANT TRUNK CALL.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Poor Jim.

HENRY CRUN:

And now the consumer research bureau's statistical report on the custom(EDIT) tobacco company.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER

HENRY CRUN:

Gentlemen, good news. That means we've had a knocker fitted to the door.

SEAGOON:

It's me! (COUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

Who i... what?

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

It's coughing Ned of Wales, our only customer. Get the horses out of here, Min.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPS FADING

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Lord Mayor's Show has been this way.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no. No, Ned. The floor has been this way for years.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good. So the floor goes this way. It must be a short cut.

HENRY CRUN & SEAGOON:

(ACCENTING LAUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

Did you hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) I did, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh. Come now, Ned. Do a nice little cough for the shareholders.

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS)

OMNES:

(UNDER SEAGOON) SMALL CLAPS

HENRY CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Can't stop.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie! May I say on behalf of the shareholders, that was beautiful. Tell me, Ned. What brought you to our meeting?

SEAGOON:

An ambulance. (COUGHS) I've gotta give it up, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Give up ambulances, Neddie? Ambulances are good for you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, no, I'm trying to give up smoking.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

I'm up to two a day, you know. It's... it's ruining me health, hilt and hoolth and howlth and nyehoo!

GRYTPYPE:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Shareholders of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company. Even though I'm your only customer, I've... I've *got* to give it up!

GRAMS:

MOURNING CROWD

GRYTPYPE:

Just one moment, please, one moment, please.

GRAMS:

MOURNING CROWD TAPE SLOWS DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned. Don't be hasty. The whole output of this mighty Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company is geared to your nicotine addiction.

SEAGOON:

I don't care, I've got to think of my lungs.

GRYTPYPE:

Why should you, they never think of you, Ned? Moriarty, the sobbing violin, please.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

GRYTPYPE:

Dear Ned, have a cigarette to steady your nerves.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. (SUCKS) I say! This cigarette's all filtered with a tobacco tip.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course it's all filtered with a tobacco tip, Neddie! It is my latest invention.

SEAGOON:

You filter swine!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

End of part one. Three years on and six million nerve-wracking coughs later, a tiny nicotine-stained figure sits by a mountain of dog-ends. Behind each ear are strapped two revolving bundles of half-smoked cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA:

SOME KIND OF STRINGED INSTRUMENT PLAYED ABOVE THE FRET

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS, SPEAKS VERY FAST) Oh, boy. Hello, folks, hello, folks, hello, folks, (SPEAKS NORMAL PACE) Aaaallo, folks, (COUGHS MORE) Ooooh, Hello, folks, aiough! This is Ned of Wales calling in the outdoor Fag-end Service of the BBC. (COUGHS) Folks! (TRIES TO TALK, BUT CAN'T BECAUSE OF COUGH) I'm in a bad way, folks. I need help. Heeeeeeeelp!

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES UP AND BRAKES

SEAGOON:

Heavens! A 95-foot long motorcar covered in mink! It must be Peter Sellers!

GRYTPYPE:

No... No, Ned. No, he hasn't heard of this one yet, Neddie. This is the delivery truck of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company. I just heard your cri de coeur.

SEAGOON:

Did you? It must've been a loud one.

GRYTPYPE:

Fair shook the windows, Ned. Now, Ned. I know a great surgeon who can cure those dreaded cri de coeurs.

SEAGOON:

Does he practice in Harley Street?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but only on the saxophone. Police kept moving him on, you know.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Oh, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

And that is why he was forced to take this degrading post as Chief Surgeon to the King. Now just go behind this handy road-side screen and take your clothes off, would you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. (OFF, SINGING) I'm only a strolling... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ooh! Ooh! Ahh! Ooh! I haven't had that off for a long time. Oh, hoh, hoh, ha, hoh, hoh! Ha, hooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. We'll take these clothes and have them valued.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF

SEAGOON:

I say, hurry up! Hurry up, you lot! It... it... it... It's cold behind here! A lot of woodpeckers around.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, a Bow Street runner approaches.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING IN

WILLIUM:

Hello, 'ello. Who's left this screen [unclear] with its lights off in broad daylight? Anybody in?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Well, come on out, madam.

SEAGOON:

I can't, I haven't any clothes on. I'm waiting for a medical inspection.

GRAMS:

WHEEE!, POPS, BUBBLES, ELECTRONIC ZAPS, BURP, ELECTRONIC BUBBLES, POP, DOIING OF SPRING

WILLIUM:

I reckon you need one, mate.

SEAGOON:

Just a moment – they've gone! My clothes have gone! Grytpype-Thynne's gone, Moriarty's gone, the car's gone!

WILLIUM:

You've gone, mate and all, come on. Off to the old wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

Ololololo! None of that. No ololo, I was in there last week, you know.

WILLIUM:

Well, you're goin' in again this week, now. Old Milligan's a bit short of ideas, y'see, now, come on.

SEAGOON:

Wolololololo! I'm not... Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

Off to the... Come on, now. Wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

I'm not going in there, now get off! Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

You are!

FX:

POP

SEAGOON:

Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

Wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

Try it Wal, wololololop!

GREENSLADE:

Wololololo! Wololololo! Part four. The scene is lit by the brilliant conk of Max 'The Conks' Geldrayyyyy!

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE!

MAX GELDRAIY:

"WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

GELDRAIY:

Thank you, folks and ploogie! This is Max 'Conks' Geldray, the golden plum and friend to the snowmans. Listen again next week when you will hear... (BLOWS HARMONICA C# CHORD)

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE

GREENSLADE:

Stop!

GELDRAV:

(OFF) Thank you!

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Stop!

GRAMS:

STOPS

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Part four. The dreaded National Health hospital at Hampton Court.

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

Say "Aah!"

GRAMS:

RUBBING AND SCRATCHING, THINGS BEING KNOCKED ABOUT AND DROPPED, FEMALE SCREAMS, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ETC.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Yes, you'll love it here, Neddie. I've had your clothes x-rayed and we've discovered an anonymous swollen wallet inside your jacket. Nurse Mills?

ELLINGTON:

Er, yes, darlin'?

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Nurse, prepare for a money operation.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, the matron won't like it.

BLOODNOK:

She's not getting any *of* it! Aeough!

MILLIGAN:

What's the operation, doctor?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I have to remove his post office savings account, you see.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] not.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me the anaesthetic, would you? Erh!

FX:

THUMP

ECCLES:

Oo-oww! Major!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, Eccles, I...

SEAGOON:

Here, wait a moment, I...

FX:

THUMP

SEAGOON:

Aeough!

BLOODNOK:

Right, nurse. Knife?

GRAMS:

RIP

FX:

WRITING ON PAPER

BLOODNOK:

Pen, ink, specimen of patient's signature. Blotting paper, a forgery kit, there. Oh-ho-ho! Ohhhh! It's all over! Ohhohoho!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

SEAGOON:

Ohhh! Oh, nurse. Where am I?

MINNIE:

England, Ned.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven. If it hadn't been, I'd never have had the money to get back.

GRYTPYPE:

Cigarette, Ned?

SEAGOON:

Cigarette, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! (DESPERATELY SMOKES THE CIGARETTE WITH SEVERAL OOOHS AND AHHHS, ETC)

GRAMS:

CRACKLING FLAMES, FIRE BRIGADE BELL, STEAM

GRYTPYPE:

You enjoy that, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Well, have another one, the crowd expects it of you.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS WITH SEAGOON SAYING "NO, NO, NO, NO...", SPEEDS UP TO AN INCREDIBLY HIGH SPEED

GREENSLADE:

And now part two of an early Roman trouser plantation. To escape from the dreaded fiend, nicotine Ned stows away on a Hindu ship, disguised as a stowaway.

ORCHESTRA:

NAVAL-TYPE LINK

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

FX:

DING-DING, DING-DING, DING-DING

BANERJEE:

What? What? What? What is... what is that, then? What is that?

LALKAKA:

What is that? That's six bells. Six bells.

BANERJEE:

Six bells? But listen, man, we're... we... we are don't... don't need them.

LALKAKA:

What do you mean you don't need the six bells?

BANERJEE:

We don't need... What I'm saying... What I'm telling you. What...

LALKAKA:

I don't...

BANERJEE:

You silly old Pakistani, you listen to me. Listen to the... while you Linden...

LALKAKA:

What is that?

BANERJEE:

Listen!

LALKAKA:

My mother is Irish, I tell you.

BANERJEE:

I know that.

LALKAKA:

She's Irish, I tell you.

BANERJEE:

But you're... But you're not born in London [UNCLEAR], I know that.

LALKAKA:

I think... Alright.

BANERJEE:

We don't need six bells. What we need, we need one bell and we hit it five times, that is all.

LALKAKA:

But Banerjee, it was... it was only one bell hit five times.

BANERJEE:

Then why didn't you say so, man? Do it all again and say it properly.

LALKAKA:

Alright, alright.

FX:

DING-DING, DING-DING, DING-DING

LALKAKA:

One bell hit five times!

SEAGOON:

I say! I say, Hindu gentlemen.

LALKAKA & BANERJEE:

What the heck? What? What? What did he say?

LALKAKA:

I've never seen like this before on... What... what is it, sir?

SEAGOON:

Are you generally responsible for berths on this ship?

LALKAKA:

What is written here is now pointless, you understand.

BANERJEE:

Yes, yes.

LALKAKA:

Not all of them.

SEAGOON:

I'm on this trip for my health, you know, I'm a victim of fag-ends.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

I've lost all my teeth and I've got hydromynthalics-defatic-thrompyteritis with complications.

BANERJEE:

What are... What are the complications?

SEAGOON:

Trying to say that lot without my teeth.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

(WITHOUT TEETH) Now listen, listen, I tell you. (WITH TEETH) I've had no food since the trip started.

BANERJEE:

Oh, we know, sir.

LALKAKA:

We know, we know, we know!

BANERJEE:

We know.

LALKAKA:

We know. Tell 'im. Tell 'im.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, yes. It is the policy of this line to starve the passengers to death, you know.

SEAGOON:

Well, why wasn't I told?

BANERJEE:

It is also the policy of this line not to *alarm* the passengers, you know.

ECCLES:

Ahowowoy! (CALLS) Mouth of the Amazon in sight!

PIRATE:

[SELLERS]

Arr, look out for the wash, arr.

SEAGOON:

What wash?

PIRATE:

The dreaded Amazon mouthwash, my dear! Ha, ha, harr! Narnarhaharr! Arrrr! They do say as 'ow South America is 'haunted, my darlin'! Aha, ha, harr! This little fag-end is 'aunted. Gimme sixpence, I'll 'aunt everything ahaharr! Gnarl I'm, ha, ha, ha, harr!

GREENSLADE:

Bernard Miles is now appearing at the Mermaid Theatre. And now... and now, Ray Ellington, *son* of Mermaid.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'TOO MARVELLOUS FOR WORDS' @

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Well, Ned. So we meet again thanks to skilful writing. Look at this, Ned. Look at this here, a picture of me.

SEAGOON:

Was it taken by a flashlight?

BLOODNOK:

No, taken by rifle fire, a new process, you know. You get a pile of rifles and you set fire to them.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what will you think of next?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I think I'll say I'm not staying on this ship. I've been beaten, flogged, keel-hauled, mutinied, tarred, hung from the yard-arm, lashed to the mast. And also an unpleasant incident east of the wind.

SEAGOON:

But a sailor must *expect* these things.

BLOODNOK:

Sailor? I'm a first class passenger, sir!

SEAGOON:

You're a first class...

BLOODNOK:

(CUTS HIM OFF) Yes, I know. I know, yes. Well, now. Let's have a quick résumé.

GRAMS:

VERY SHORT SNIPPET OF AN EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's better! Now... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Stand aside for the equity announcement. Badaaaaaa!

GREENSLADE:

Neddie hid all the way on the boat to South America. And he hid all the way back again, thus breaking the world's hiding record.

BLOODNOK:

Ned of Wales. Née, Ned of Nicotine. Listen. Woof! Woof! Woof! The Hound of the Bonkerville.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Where can I hide?

BLOODNOK:

Come inside, you silly... Come inside this patriotic military museum. Disguise yourself as a visitor.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, it's 'Hello, Jim'. A night visitor. Welcome to the Bloodnok Patriotic Museum. Every exhibit a real eye-waterer.

?:

Oh, ho!

BLOODNOK:

Admission, a mere nine guineas.

SPRIGGS:

Why do you charge so much, Jim?

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's something to do with the holidays in the South of France, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Very well.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh, that tune, how it haunts me. It's my regimental march, the Third Mounted Cash Registers, you know. Come in and savour the exhibits, lad. This way, please. Now you see the actual slice of Gruyère cheese issued to the fifteenth panzer division at the Battle of Bouarada.

SPRIGGS:

Ooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Just here, you see?

SPRIGGS:

Just a minute, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What?

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute, Jim. This steaming cheese has got 'New Zealand' stamped on it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it was captured by them during the battle, you see. You can see the bullet holes in it, look. Oh, look out, it's moving!

FX:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Come out and fight!

SEAGOON:

Don't shoot! Don't shoot, Major, it's me.

BLOODNOK:

Nicotine-mad Ned! Have you been smoking that cheese? Come out with your hands up and lay your wrist-watch on this table. That's right. Good heavens, look at the time! Twenty to four! The perfect time for a wrist-watch robbery.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Ohoho! My last worldly possession stolen. My only goat-skin and duck-fur hand-operated wrist watch, gone!

ECCLES:

What's the duck-fur?

SEAGOON:

To lay eggs.

ECCLES:

Oowwww! Oho!

SEAGOON:

Gone in the direction of away! What... what can I doooo?

GRYTPYPE:

Have a cigarette, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I... I've given it up. I'm cured! I only smoke salmon. And that's cured, too, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, despite the age of that joke we have decided to recognise your services to the world of fumes.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Come ooooo. Hello, Ned. Hello, helloooo. We have made you a director of the Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company, Ned.

HENRY CRUN:

This means that in future... Tell him, Min.

MINNIE:

In future, Henry.

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

Every cigarette you smoke will bring you a dividend of point... (WITH RHYTHM) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, three of our [UNCLEAR]ing!

HENRY CRUN:

Which will be paid to you in cigarettes. Every 330 thousand cigarettes you smoke will come to you free.

MINNIE:

Freeeeeeeeeee!

HENRY CRUN:

Freeeee.

MINNIE:

Freeeeeeeee!

HENRY CRUN:

And will be lit for you by our board of directors.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens! My days of poverty are over! Aha, ha, ha! What I want to know is... how many cigarettes a day have I got to smoke?

GRYTPYPE:

Just one, Ned, and in that order.

SEAGOON:

Alright. Alright, I'll sicken[?].

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

GRYTPYPE:

What an unusual signature. Alright, lads, bring the cigarettes in.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

CARRIER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Right 'and dahn to you, Billy.

CARRIER 2:

[SELLERS]

Alright.

CARRIER 1:

Up a bit.

CARRIER 2:

I've got it, now. Down a bit your end. mind the filter.

CARRIER 1:

Lower it down now.

CARRIER 2:

Right. Lower it down.

GRAMS:

STRAIN, CRASH!

SEAGOON:

Curse! Trapped by a ninety-foot long cigarette!

GRYTPYPE:

Come along, Ned, you've only got eight hours left to fulfil the contract. Light the end, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ooowww.

GRAMS:

GIANT CIGARETTE ON FIRE

MORIARTY:

Smoke it, there. Puff! Puff! Puff away!

GRAMS:

STEAM TRAIN AT SPEED

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! That's right, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

As I puffed at the giant cigarette, the heat drove out half the inhabitants of London.

JOHN SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) This is the Overseas Service of the Baa Bee Cee. Here is the latest report on the giant cigarette situation. At midnight, a red large glow in the eastern sky over Clapham signified that the great cigarette is still alight. A heavy pall of smoke now hangs over east London. A Mrs Violet Nuke of 5 Sussex Road has complained that her tom cat Matthew has changed colour and taken to smoking a pipe.

MATTHEW:

Meow.

JOHN SNAGGE:

The last medical report on Nicotine Ned was that he had turned into a frail green creature. The Stock Exchange. Shares of The Ascot Tobacco Company rose sharply today. I did rather nicely, actually, and I think that Greenslade and I can go to the pictures tonight.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, thank you, John. We haven't been since we saw Hell's Angels. Meantime, coughing Ned of Wales plans to escape.

GRAMS:

RIDICULOUS COUGHING

SEAGOON:

Oh, dear, Bloodnok! (COUGHING) I need your help.

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, you can stand by me to rely on you. Feel this quillbert[?], there, now.

SEAGOON:

Now. Have you a lighter-than-air machine?

BLOODNOK:

Just by chance I have this handy Chinese rice paper fire balloon. And here is the driver, Ar Long.

AR LONG:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah. Ar Long, at your service. (SPEAKS GIBBERISH CHINESE). Nah.

SEAGOON:

Well, get along, Ar Long.

AR LONG:

Hold tight!

GRAMS:

CHINESE-LIKE SONG, EVENTUALLY SPEEDING UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear! Oh!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Look, it's Count Moriarty giving chase in the tobacco-powered ground zeppelin. Full speed in all directions!

SEAGOON:

It's only thirteen miles to safe harbour.

ECCLES:

Thirteen miles? That's an unlucky number.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Fourteen miles, then.

ECCLES:

You see, it *was* unlucky. We're a mile further away, now!

SEAGOON:

I say! We're up high.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Gad, the sun's hot.

ECCLES:

Well, you shouldn't touch it.

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I think Moriarty's within earshot.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I've just been shot in my ear.

SEAGOON:

Keep going, lads. We're up to page thirteen. (CLEARS THROAT) Ar Long, why are we losing height?

AR LONG:

Honourable fire has gone out. No fuel.

SEAGOON:

There's no fuel like an old fuel. Ballast!

AR LONG:

[UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

If only... if only we had some tinned sliced garlic.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I *love* tinned sliced garlic.

BLOODNOK:

Look, we shall have to burn our clothes. Draw the blinds, nurse, will you? Eccles? Off with those thorn-proof trousers.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PHONE OFF HOOK

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Ha, ha, ha! Now listen to me, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Who gave you the phone number of this balloon, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) A man called Tom.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Hand over smoking Ned of Wales and we'll see you get a fair trial and a fair hanging.

BLOODNOK:

Ned! Oh, Ned, you'll have to surrender.

SEAGOON:

Not one step nearer, Bloodnok - or I'll put a bullet between your eyes.

BLOODNOK:

I didn't know they made them that small.

SEAGOON:

You'll never take me, dead or alive.

BLOODNOK:

But isn't there any other way?

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

A direct hit from the tobacco-powered zeppelin on the rice-paper balloon. We join the crew in the hospital.

SEAGOON:

Hoh, hoh! Ho, ho, ho, ho. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) You're lucky to be alive, man.

SEAGOON:

Why?

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) I tried to kill ye three times.

SEAGOON:

You're just saying that to cheer me up.

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Aye, yes, three, a lot o' yer throttlin'.

SEAGOON:

Tell me what happened to Bloodnok and Eccles.

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Unfortunately nothin'. Now then... (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH). Put this wee thing in yerrr mouth.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS)

GRYTPYPE:

Match, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, no! It's a cigarette! Ahhhhhh! Ahahaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT BURST OF THE END MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Yes, that was it. The last of them. So, bye, now.

ORCHESTRA:

‘OLD COMRADES MARCH’, ‘DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD’

Notes:

In the UK, 'fag' is slang for 'cigarette'. Fag-end and dog-end are both slang for cigarette end / butt.

The Last Goon Show of All

Transcribed by John Koster, corrections by Sean Dwyer. Final corrections and colour-coded separation of versions by Helen.

Green text = Radio version only

Red text = TV version only (At least, the TV version that's on YouTube)

Black text = Both versions

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH

BROWELL:

Well, good evening and welcome to the Camden. And if you'll forgive me, this is a most illustrious occasion. We're are playing this Goon Show, the first since 1960, in front of a *very* distinguished audience. And I am very glad to see you and I hope you have a wonderful time. First of all the "Old Comrades", obviously played by the Wally Stott Orchestra. Wally Stott, I'm afraid is not able to be with us this evening, so the orchestra is conducted by Peter Knight.

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

Well, when Con Mahoney, who's head of my department, said "Can you get these bods together?", it was a bit of a job. But I got the principals. And I found Ray Ellington. But Max was a bit more difficult because he's in America. But the BBC dug deep into its pocket...

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

...which was most unusual. But here, from America, is Max Geldray.

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

Ha, ha. Well, we didn't have quite so far to go for our colour sergeant. Who else but Ray Ellington!

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

Now it's absolutely fascinating because I am so delighted than nearly every one of the old musicians... Old? ...have returned for tonight. I have an apology from George Chisholm, who's got his trombone stuck in his tartan down in Bournemouth. But otherwise, I am so pleased to welcome the original members of the Ray Ellington Quartet. First of all, Judd Procter. But not only him but Dick Katz.

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

When he's not playing the piano he manages Lulu, he tells me. Well, there we are. All the original ladies and gentlemen. What more can I say but please welcome... the Goons!

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE AS THE GOONS COME ON STAGE

TV ANNOUNCER:

Three men and entertainment history. Spike Milligan, scriptwriter and the voices of Eccles, Moriarty Little Jim and Minnie Bannister. Harry Secombe, the brains and brawn behind Neddie Seagoon. And Peter Sellers, alias Major Bloodnok, Henry Crun and Bluebottle. All together again, the original Goons! Outside broadcast cameras were there with a distinguished audience to welcome them when they met amidst the paraphernalia of a radio studio to record a special show for the BBC's 50th anniversary celebrations.

MILLIGAN:

Simmer down. Tonight I thought I'd start by singing one of, er... one of, um... (BLOWS IN MICROPHONE) And now the Irish national anthem! (BLOWS IN MICROPHONE AGAIN) Thought I'd... thought I'd start by singing one of, er... one of Irving Berlin's songs but I thought why should I? He never sings any of mine! So I'll sing "San Francisco" to get it all going, right?

(SINGS IN HIS OWN VOICE, WHICH ISN'T HALF BAD! ACCOMPANIED BY PIANO)

I left my heart
In San Francisco.
I left my knees
In old Peru.

I left my little wooden leg
Somewhere in Winnipeg.
I left my wig
In Dublin Zoo
With you.

I left my teeth
On Table Mountain.
High on a hill
They smile at me.
When I go back again to San Francisco
(SPOKEN) All together
There won't be much left of me...
(SPOKEN) Etcetera.

Thank you.

(AUDIENCE APPLAUSE, PIANO FINISHES WITH A FLOURISH)

And now... And now those two sons of fun, Sellers and Secombe from Finchley!

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

SECOMBE:

I will attempt to sing for you through the face! Ha, ha, ha, ha! And where else? Accompanied by my friend Mr Sellers here on the timpani!

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

He's only using *two* tonight! And... You'll notice at no time... at no time... through the proceedings do his hands leave his wrists! And so, that lovely melody, 'Falling In Love with Love' in E-flat!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO

SECOMBE:

(SINGS) Falling in love with love is falling for make-believe.

SELLERS:

TIMPANI CRASH

SECOMBE:

Falling in love with love is playing the fool.

MILLIGAN:

(BRINGS OUT JUG TO PUT IN SECOMBE'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND)

SECOMBE:

Caring too much is such a juvenile fancy.

SELLERS:

HEAVY TIMPANI BOOMS

SECOMBE:

Caring too much is just for children in school.

SELLERS:

ANOTHER STEADY TIMPANI ROLL

MILLIGAN:

(POURS BRANDY INTO THE JUG)

SECOMBE:

I fell in love with love one night when the moon was full.
I was unwise with eyes unable to seeeeeeee!
I fell in love with love with love everlasting,

GRAMS:

SWOOPING FIGHTERPLANES AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

MILLIGAN:

(FILLS UP JUG WITH MILK)

SECOMBE:

But love fell out with meeeee!

SELLERS AND ORCHESTRA:

BIG FINISH

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) More! More!

MILLIGAN:

A serious omission, here. Yes, Andrew Timothy said to me he hasn't been introduced yet.

SECOMBE:

Oh, Andrew Timothy!

TIMOTHY:

Ah! Yes.

OMNES:

GENERAL CRIES OF AWWWW, SHAME, ETC.

BROWELL:

Ladies and gentlemen, Andrew Timothy!

OMNES:

GENERAL CRIES OF HOORAY, ABOUT TIME, ETC.

BROWELL:

Who has a message for you.

TIMOTHY:

We have had a number of... a large number of telegrams wishing us...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Not from us!

TIMOTHY:

...believe it or not, good luck. And heaven only knows, we need it. There's only time to recall one of them. And may I read it to you? It is addressed, of course, to the Goons and the message is as follows. 'One of your most devoted fans is enraged at the knowledge he is missing your last performance. Last night my hair fell out and my knees dropped off having turned green with envy at the thought of my father and my sister attending the show. One day, perhaps, you will find time to give a performance to a shipful of Seagoons. My very best wishes, as always'. And it's signed, 'Charles'.

OMNES:

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

BROWELL:

There is only one old custom left for me to do which used to take place... The time-honoured method of starting a program is to say: 'Standby, Recording Room! Standby, Transcription Service! Standby, Television. We're going ahead in ten seconds from now.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well done!

BROWELL:

Hooray.

ORCHESTRA:

VARIETY OF TUNING UP SOUNDS. CONDUCTOR TAPS BATON ON MUSIC STAND. ORCHESTRA RESPONDS BY PRODUCING BATONS AND TAPPING ON MUSIC STANDS.

MILLIGAN:

(WHISPERS) One, two, three.

ALL:

Well, it's lovely to be back here tonight at the, er, Camden Theatre. And it's really...
VARIETY OF WELCOME, THANK YOU SPEECHES, ALL UNINTELLIGIBLE. THEY TRAIL OFF...

SELLERS:

Now look, ah, let me try this, Spike. I'm, ah, more professional at these sort of things, you know. I understand...

MILLIGAN:

You're also higher.

SELLERS:

Higher. And professional.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SELLERS:

High. All together, one, two, three!

ALL:

More enthusiastic, but sadly just as unintelligible as before. They trail off again...

SECOMBE:

No, no, I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm the heaviest.

SELLERS:

Yes, you are.

MILLIGAN:

Goes without sayinh.

SECOMBE:

I'll do it, you do it, you sir. One, two, three.

ALL AT THE SAME TIME:

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Well, it is really great to be here tonight and we were very happy to be here.

SECOMBE:

Well, here we are again [UNCLEAR]...

MILLIGAN:

No. Stop. The first one you said. Will you...? No, no, no, no.

SECOMBE:

Are we supposed to be Americans?

ALL:

[UNCLEAR].

SELLERS:

...didn't work, did it.

SECOMBE:

...no, it didn't work at all.

MILLIGAN:

It's not a car.

TIMOTHY:

They haven't quite got the hang of it yet but after another smoke they should be switched on. If you are switched on, I am empowered by the governors of BBC wireless to say 'Good Evening', and in that order. I also have it on good authority that my name is Clapham Junction... Junction. But I'll have that checked out later. When I announced the first Goon Show in a field off Tiverton, I was 30. I am now 93. Mr Sellers will now sell a gross of his cars and take up a dramatic voice.

SELLERS:

Oh, yes, yes, yes. (CLEARS THROAT)

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Don't lose confidence, please.

SELLERS:

I have been asked by the Beeb Beeb Ceeb... to get the audience warmed up. Well, to the best of my knowledge there is no better way than by the gentlemen using their right hand to squeeze the top of the lady's thigh next to them.

GRAMS:

FEMALE CRIES OF OH, AAH, OOOH, AH, OOOOH!

SELLERS:

Splendid! Splendid! I will now whistle the soliloquy from Hamlet. (WHISTLES 'TO BE OR NOT TO BE')

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, WHILE SELLERS IS WHISTLING) Keep going, there, [UNCLEAR]. They're grateful being back[?]. [UNCLEAR] idea, could be an idea.

TIMOTHY:

That was Mr Sellers practising his comeback. This morning BBC archives delivered three coffins. I will now in... I will now introduce the contents of coffin number one

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Waddya want?

TIMOTHY:

Bald. Toothless. And weighing 37 stone. Harry Secombe!

SECOMBE:

Thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

RAZZAMATTAZ INTRO.

SECOMBE:

(THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Thank you! Hello, folks! Hello, folks of world! I am speaking to you using the new aluminium voice cone projector! I will start my comeback with a new trick taught to me by a one-legged sailor who did toffee-apple impressions for Noel Coward. (PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH AND MAKES POPPING NOISE). Do you hear that? (REPEATS POPPING NOISE). That's it, folks! It's the new Grateful Dead Seagoon sound. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'll now reveal the secret to the world live via satellite from Neasden. Take the index finger. No, that's the index fing... That, the index finger. Stick it in the gob. Slide gently forward inside the cheek, giving it an added impetus as it shoots forward from the lips - so! (REPEATS POPPING). You see? We directors of Harlech Television are not as daft as you think! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

TIMOTHY:

During that demonstration of Mr Secombe's senility, a smile, a song, and a wheelchair, the remains of Mr Spike Milligna, the well-known typing error, has been reassembled. And he makes this sound.

GRAMS:

MILLIGAN HIGHSPEED SAYING "WHAT'S THE RECIPE TODAY, JIM?"

TIMOTHY:

In a statement to the press, he said--

GRAMS:

MILLIGAN LOWSPEED saying "What's the recipe today, Jim?"

TIMOTHY:

However later he denied this and reverted to--

GRAMS:

MILLIGAN HIGHSPEED SAYING "WHAT'S THE RECIPE TODAY, JIM?"

MILLIGAN:

It's a lie, folks! What I said was "Contraceptives should be used at every conceivable occasion!"

GRAMS:

(NAZI CHANT) SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!

MILLIGAN:

Policemen are numbered in case they get lost!

GRAMS:

SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!

SELLERS:

(STAN LAUREL VOICE) I say, Ollie? Anyone with a name like Hitler can't be all that bad.

MILLIGAN:

(HEAVY GERMAN ACCENT) Zere's anozzer fine mess you haff got us into.

GRAMS:

NAZI CHANT SPEEDS OFF INTO OBLIVION

TIMOTHY:

As everybody knows who reads the Isle of Arran Shoemakers' monthly, Her Majesty the Queen was to have opened this Goon Show but owing to a nasty rumour called Grocer Heath, she has declined. However, at short notice, and wearing a floral creton frock, Mr Secombe has agreed to stand in for his Sovereign.

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

SECOMBE:

Thank you. (AS A BOXING COMPERE) Ladies and gentlemen! My first impressions as Queen will be a hedgehog doing acupuncture on Yul Brynner's nut. Oh-ah-ooh-ah-ooh-ooh-! (FADES OFF).

HENRY CRUN:

Ned, Ned, Ned, Ned!

MINNIE:

Ned!

HENRY CRUN:

Ned!

MINNIE:

Save the whale.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, save the whale.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (BECOMES CHICKEN NOISE)

HENRY CRUN:

Ned. Ned. Ned. Ned. Start the sh... Start the show.

MINNIE:

Hurry.

HENRY CRUN:

And hurry, Ned.

MINNIE:

Hurry.

SEAGOON:

Hurry? Hurry, why?

CRUN:

We... we're... we're *dying*, Ned.

FX:

NUTS, BOLTS, HITTING THE FLOOR.

CRUN:

Oh...

SEAGOON:

What's that?

CRUN:

Min... Min's falling to bits. She's a loose woman, you know. (MIMES HEART ATTACK)

MILLIGAN:

Time... Time for your coronary, sir!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Throw a bucket of water over her before the season starts. Now... And now, ladies and gentlemen, my husband and I have great pleasure in starting this Goon Show number 161!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF SLUGGISH ENGINE TURNING OVER UNSUCCESSFULLY.

SEAGOON:

Oh. My husband and I have great pleasure in starting this Goon Show number 161!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF DODGY ENGINE FAILING AGAIN TO START.

SEAGOON:

My husband and I are having great difficulty in starting... Goon Show number 161.

GRAMS:

DODGY ENGINE CONTINUING TO SPLUTTER COUGH AND FAIL. VERY LOUD RUDE SOUND.

SEAGOON:

That's funny. It was all right at the Royal Rehearsal.

POLICEMAN:

[SELLERS]

'Ello,'ello,'ello,'ello,'ello.

SEAGOON:

Aha! A constabule of Old England played by an ageing Peter Sellers.

POLICEMAN:

I'm sorry, sir, you cannot park that huge bloated Welsh body there.

SEAGOON:

Watch it, Rozzer.

POLICEMAN:

I 'ave been watchin' it, sir. And it gives me no pleasure. Now then, there's not many people know that. What is your name, sir?

SEAGOON:

Harry Secombe.

POLICEMAN:

What a splendid memory you've got, sir. Now then, son, would you like to explain as to why you are wearin' a flowered creton frock?

SEAGOON:

Explain?

POLICEMAN:

Yus.

SEAGOON:

Haven't you read the court circular?

POLICEMAN:

No, I'm waitin' till they make the film. Of the book of the sketch of the street of the play.

SEAGOON:

Now listen, constabule.

POLICEMAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

If you finished...

POLICEMAN:

I'm the... What? Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. I am dressed like this because I have been asked to represent Her Majesty the Queen.

POLICEMAN:

Oh, I'm sorry, your Queen, my refund ferpologies, I'm sorry.

SEAGOON:

It's too late for that.

POLICEMAN:

It's only 'alf past five.

SEAGOON:

We're having difficulty starting this Goon Show.

POLICEMAN:

Well, let's have a look in the tonk, then. Tonk? Ah, see you've still got the same typist you 'ad in 1953.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I still have her, no one's found out yet. (LAUGHS – CLEARS THROAT)

POLICEMAN:

Yes. 'Ere's the trouble, your Queen. There's, ah... There's no jokes in this fuel tonk.

SEAGOON:

I'll just shout a few in. I say! I say! I say!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What d'you say? What d'you say?

SEAGOON:

How do you start a pudding race?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) I don't know, how *do* you start a pudding race?

SEAGOON:

Sago!

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

MILLIGAN:

Someone get me out of here!

SEAGOON:

I say! I say! Can a lady with a wooden leg change a pound note?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Can a lady with a wooden... change a ten pound note? Yes!

SEAGOON:

No, she can't.

MILLIGAN:

And why not?

SEAGOON:

All together, folks!

SEAGOON AND MILLIGAN:

She's only got half a knicker!

GRAMS:

DONKEY FART (FRED THE OYSTER)

SEAGOON:

Yes. There's plenty of combustion there! Well. (AS BOXING COMPERE) Ladies and Gentlemen! I now pronounce the Goon Show - Open!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

TIPSY AMERICAN WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Oh! Every night is New Year's Eve! Ha, ha! One more Time!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

TIMOTHY:

The plague hit London in 1546 and been here ever since. Mrs Dale's last husband, Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON:

SINGS "TENNESSEE WALTZ"

TIMOTHY:

That was Ray Ellington, one-time colour sergeant, now a Chelsea pensioner. With anti-pollution in mind, we move now to the Westminster City Council rubbish dump.

GRAMS:

FLIES BUZZING ROUND

TIMOTHY:

Skilfully sited in the middle of Hyde Park. Two ragged fiends incarnate are discussing a moot point.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't point that moot at me, Moriarty! Say this line:

MORIARTY:

Sacré Bleu! A gottle o' geer, a gottle o' geer. Good news! The council have just dumped...

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

MORIARTY:

800 feet of brand-new lagging.

GRYTPYPE:

Question: *Why* does the council discard brand-new lagging?

SEAGOON:

Answer: Because it was in feet and inches and we have gone metric!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid.

MILLIGAN:

Stay tuned.

GRYTPYPE:

So that's where you've gone. Old England isn't finished yet. It's finished...

FX:

GONG

GRYTPYPE:

Now. Moriarty, that lagging is going to be a lifesaver for ussss!

MORIARTY:

Yes! Let's eat it! Food!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

What's the matter with you? You stupid frenchie-poo! Here we are, starving to death, and all you can think of is food! Moriarty.

MILLIGAN:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Lay your lovely head on this anvil and close your eyes.

FX:

HAMMER

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, taste this margarine.

MORIARTY:

(LIP-SMACKING EATING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

There! Can you tell the difference?

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

You see!? You can't tell the difference between a lump on the head and... margarine! The leadership of the Conservative Party is yours for the asking!

GRAMS:

CLOCKWORK ENGINE NOISE.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) If I ruled the world...

MORIARTY:

Sapristi knockers!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) Every day would be the fir... (NORMAL) Eh?

MORIARTY:

Here comes Neddie driving an unlicensed Goon Show with CD plates on.

GRYTPYPE:

Smalls of loon! It does look a bit seedy, doesn't it? Yes, he's dressed as our gracious Queen. There must be trouble at t'Palace! Dannnn, arrrr!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy there, gentlemen of the frog and groad. Have you seen a knighthood go this way?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but Richard Attenborough was wearing it. Ned... And anyway, it was the wrong size for that huge, bloated Welsh body of yours.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Mind what you say or, er... we will have you incarcerated!

GRYTPYPE:

The unkindest cut of all. Ned... Now just relax against this cut-throat razor. Ned, according to your monthly obituary, you were discharged in 1945 from His Majesty's forces as a first-class twit. On that occasion, you were given a gratuity of a hundred pounds.

SEAGOON:

One hundred pounds. Current market value: *three* pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned. According to the Mean Swines Gazette & Admirer, you have never spent a penny on that gratuity.

SEAGOON:

No, I've been saving it for a rainy day.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I want to buy an umbrella!

GRAMS:

DONKEY FART (FROM FRED THE OYSTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Neddie, now listen to this.

GRAMS:

SPED-UP CHIPMUNK-LIKE VOICE SAYING "THIS... IS WHAT... YOU DO."

GRYTPYPE:

You see, that's what's happened to Milligan. You don't want to end up like that. Here is a preview of next winter in Jimmy Grafton's attic.

GRAMS:

BLOWING STORMY SLEETY WIND

McGOONAGAL:

[SELLERS]

Oooh, the wind, sleet, rain and trousers are falling. The monkeys are still doing it in the soup. And the snow lies heavy on the slopes of Raquel Welch.

GRAMS:

BLOWING STORMY SLEETY WIND

GRYTPYPE:

Yeah. Can your legs stand another recorded winter like that?

SEAGOON:

Well, I don't stand all winter. Sometimes I lie down. Depends on who she is.

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, making love with cold legs *up*... can cause knee-trembling. And ruin a man's chances in the old wedding stakes, there.

SEAGOON:

Oh. What do you suggest?

GRYTPYPE:

Leg-lag!

SEAGOON:

Leg-lag?

GRYTPYPE:

Leg-lag!

MORIARTY:

Eghhh-aaaagh!

GRYTPYPE:

Let me introduce that. A Frenchman of noble birth, the family arms a wreck rampant on a field of steaming argent tat. Voted actor of the year by Mrs Mable Fumes. Son of the eminent graphologist and swine, Count... "Dingleberries" Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhh.... I tell you, there is a curse on the house of Moriarty!

SEAGOON:

What is it?

MORIARTY:

The Hampstead Building Society!

SEAGOON:

He looks in a bad way. Has he had a medical check?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, thirty shillings for a new truss.

MORIARTY:

End truss torture... today!

GRAMS:

SPRINGY DOIIIIING!

MORIARTY:

Arghhh!

SEAGOON:

He must be due for the chop!

GRYTPYPE:

No, it's my turn for the chop, he gets the bangers. But nevertheless, thanks to him, there's a government health warning on the tail of every sailor's shirt. Not only that... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Not only that, but he personally lagged the legs of the Reverend Ian Paisley!

SEAGOON:

Well, if it's good enough for her, it's good enough for me. I command you, lag my legs!

MORIARTY:

Mon maddock[?].

ORCHESTRA:

ROYAL LEG-LAGGING FANFARE

GRYTPYPE:

That will be one hundred pounds in war gratuities and thirty new pence for the fanfare.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. I will now adjust my address before doing a moonlight. Moriarty, get out the Land Rover and measure his legs.

MORIARTY:

Now, lift up your trousers, Neddie.

FX:

SOUND OF ROLLER BLIND ROLLING UP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooooh-he-heee! Who pulled those trousers up?

(BIG AUDIENCE CHEER AND APPLAUSE. HIS ONE LAST SAUSINGE.)

MORIARTY:

Name of a dog - Rover! Le... Le garçon Bottle, there. Avec spots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, it's Morinarty! You've gone bald.

MORIARTY:

Look higher!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What... what is that lump on your nut?

MORIARTY:

That is the difference between margarine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know... I know what we can do. Let's play 'Mothers and Milkmen'. And Neddie can be the blue tit that pecks the top of the cream. Peck! Peck! Pecky! Ohhh, he-heh! I hurted my groin!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you little devil! What were you doing up my trousers?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A man has to do what he has to do! And I did it over there.

SEAGOON:

Come out of my trousers at once, you spotty Herbert.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My name is not Herbert. I am James Bottle, double-oh seven and three-quarters. Cap size. Ace reporter for the hard-hitting, brown-paper Junior Hours.

SEAGOON:

Get out or I'll fetch you one.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, I can fetch it myself, thank you. Don't shout at me, please. I have got two 'O' levels and a budgerigar.

SEAGOON:

I say. What are you doing with that camera?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got certain unsavoury snaps of your bloomers.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? But I... I have to wear them, you see, that's protocol.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, what you been eating, then?

SEAGOON:

Give me back those snaps or I'll... I'll never be on Stars on Sunday again, you know.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS FOLLOWED BY FRANTIC KNOCKING.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! Open this trouser door or I'll break every bone in my fist!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not coming out until you gimme a postal order for twenty new pence made out to Molly Quots.

SEAGOON:

Oh, folks! How can I raise that amount? I know! I could do a week's variety in merry Blackpool. I can still remember the shaving routine. How does it go, again? Er... "Well, hello there, folks! Everybody for a shave, except when there's [UNCLEAR]..." (GOES OFF)

TIMOTHY:

Mr Secombe's departure from the mike is a timely one. Any departure of his is timely. I have a grave announcement to make. Just before this show started, Mr Max Geldray died. His wife described his condition as 'satisfactory'. However, by waving some money under his nose, he's recovered enough to play his probate.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

68 year old Max Geldray, live from a bathchair. Mr Sellers, describe the next scene.

SELLERS:

Yes, well, it's, er, tall, trendy. With a good sexy head of teeth. Otherwise, no.

SEAGOON:

I heard the description, folks. But it sounds like *me* in *my* description.

FX:

HEAVY STEPS RUNNING

SECOMBE:

And that sounds like me in my description running up the M1 to merry Blackpool!

TIMOTHY:

And indeed it is Mr Secombe, hauling his huge Welsh body up the M1. All four lanes are blocked. And motorists are advised to take an alternative route, like France.

GRAMS:

CLUCKING OF CHICKENS AND TUNING OF PIANO CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND

HENRY CRUN:

(VAGUELY IN TUNE WITH PIANO TUNING) Mmnk... Ummm... Hnaaa...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Let 'em wait.

MINNIE:

Henry. Henryyyy! Man of mine, where are you? Man of mine.

CRUN:

What? What? Min, what?

MINNIE:

Where are you, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm inside the new Easy Rider piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Speak up, Henry!

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

Eric Sykes is in. (MILLIGAN LAUGHS)

CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Which... which piano are you in, Henry? Ohhhh....

CRUN:

I can't hear Eric Sykes, Min.

MINNIE:

It's Eric Sykes you're tuning.

CRUN:

Turn up his air conditioning, Min. It's the mahogany, lattice-fronted, iron-framed upright. Serial number 935427B.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh. They don't write numbers like that anymore.

CRUN:

Min, are you sure the correct way to tune an upright is with a Chinese chicken?

MINNIE:

My mother swore by it.

CRUN:

Well, it's not working this time.

MINNIE:

Well, try swearing, then.

CRUN:

Listen, you bloody chicken...

FX:

CHICKEN CLUCK

CRUN:

There's a label on its leg, Min.

Ohhh!

It says "Manufacturer's warning: This chicken is a Bombay duck."

MINNIE:

But I... I... But I heard it clucking in Chinese, then.

CRUN & MINNIE:

Cluck, buck buck-oh.

FX:

INDIGNANT QUACKING

CRUN:

It's too late for that, brother, you're a phoney!

GRAMS:

CLUCK, QUACK, MEOW. CLUCK, QUACK, MEOW.

CRUN:

Listen, Min. That was a chicken-duck-cat.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Does it lay eggs?

CRUN:

No, it lays kittens. Now, Min, try a little tune on the piano and see if all those hammers are working...

GRAMS:

COOL SWING JAZZ PIANO GROUP

CRUN & MINNIE:

Various jazzy exclamations.

CRUN:

Oh, stop it, Min, you... you're nearly beating me to death in here!

MINNIE:

I've always loved you, Henry!

CRUN:

Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO FINISHES

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING FAST

SEAGOON:

It's getting dark on the M1. Or is it Ray Ellington? I... I'll just look up my horoscope.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS, MACHINE GUNNING, CAVALRY TRUMPET

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!

GRAMS:

CAVALRY TRUMPET

BLOODNOK:

What's going on? What's going on? Get her out at the back. Get her out the back. Where's me spares? The laundry'll never keep up with this, you know.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF INCOMING ARTILLERY SHELL FOLLOWED BY MORE EXPLOSIONS

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop that!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, which way'd it go? Oh! Yes! It's a lady! Can it be? Yes, it is! (SINGS) It's my dear little Alice Bluegoon.

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What?!

RED BLADDER:

Come out and fight! Surrender the fort!

BLOODNOK:

I can't, it's leasehold and... and... and Lichfield and Grosvenor Estates and all that. Cheques and postal orders only, you know, I...

SEAGOON:

Who's that out there playing the part of Ray Ellington?

BLOODNOK:

It's my mortal enemy, the Red Bladder. Go away, Bladder. And find your *own* television series!

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok, you coward!

BLOODNOK:

What? He can't call *me* a coward and get away with it!

RED BLADDER:

You big coward!

BLOODNOK:

He got away with it!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Duck, Neddie!

FX:

QUACK. PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER IS LIFTED.

BLOODNOK:

Hello? What? Yes!

FX:

RECEIVER IS SLAMMED DOWN

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Yes, that was the Beeb Beeb Ceeb. They've switched Goon Shows. This is now number 162. *Now, now, where's me old arrangements? Let's see, now. Sweet Sue in C, Mockingbird Lane.*

SINGHIZ-THING:

Pard...

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) I'm walking down Mockingbird Laaane. What?

SINGHIZ-THING:

Pardon me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What is...?

SINGHIZ-THING:

I...

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Private Parts? What is it?

SINGHIZ-THING:

It... it is...

BLOODNOK:

It's Private Parts, isn't it?

SINGHIZ-THING:

No, s... No sir, I am Singhiz-Thing.

BLOODNOK:

Singhiz-Thing? I remember you very well, yes. **Yes.** Yes, what... what do you want? What do you want?

SINGHIZ-THING:

It's time...

BLOODNOK:

(SPEAKS HINDI)

SINGHIZ-THING:

It's time for (HINDI WORD) perversion, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Time for my perversion?

SINGHIZ-THING:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Good! Good, let's start now.

SINGHIZ-THING:

[UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

WAILING, GROANING, WHIPPING, STRAINING, OPERATICS, CRASHING, TINKLING, THUMPING, ECSTASY (CONTINUES OVER BLOODNOK)

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Oh! Ohhh, I love a bit of Wagner. Yes! Now the whips! Yes! Ah! Oh! Ohhhhh! Yes! Let me have the swastika now, I'd like that right now. Oh! Ah! Ah! Now the steering wheel club, closely followed by the touch of the Habna[?]. And... Ohh! Come on! Morrrrrre! Touch of... Now, that's it! Yes. Is it all over?

SINGHIZ-THING:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What about the starters? Now, then. That's better.

MILLIGAN:

Now, on another [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Now, this uniform goes back to Moss Brothers tomorrow.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Yes, sir, **there's a deposit...** there is a deposit on it.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that'll brush off, don't worry about that. Now, then. (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Now, Ned. Now, Ned. Why are you wearing that...? Why are you wearing that lovely floral creton frock? You're not the relief column, are you?

SEAGOON:

Take your hands off me and place them higher up.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's where it's all happening, is it? Oh.

SEAGOON:

I'm dressed like this for Goon Show 161.

GRAMS:

CHEERS

BLOODNOK:

Listen to that, me pension's got through. Oh! Look, Ned, you need rest. There's only one place. Go down into the coal cellar and do it down there... (TRAILS OFF)

SEAGOON:

Yes! I must find the snaps of my secret bloomers before Bryan Forbes turns them into a novelty!

GRAMS:

DRIPPING IN NOISE IN DAMP CELLAR. ALSO, STRANGE MUNCHING NOISE

SEAGOON:

By heavens! It's dark down here. What I need is a good Royal kip and a 20-course sandwich. Well, I'll... just rest my weary body down on this smokeless fuel. Must have here for years. There's no fuel like an old fuel Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. There's no fuel... like an old...

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH. MUNCHING CONTINUES

SEAGOON:

Oooh! That was nasty. I wasn't sure, but I swore I could hear what sounded like someone eating coke.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Dum-dum, da-da-dum.
There are tree men in my life.
To one I am a mudder.
To de udder I'm a wife.
But third one gets the best
With his natural [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Who's that, hey? Who's that? Who's that? Who's that?

ECCLES:

That's you.

SEAGOON:

Is it? I know that! I know that!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

I know it's me! I know it's me!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

I know, I know.

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Another one, oh! The creature was wearing a mini coal sack. Both feet in one army boot. And a coal scuttle on his head. He must be one of ours!

ECCLES:

Long as I'm not one of dem.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing down here?

ECCLES:

Everybody got to be somewhere.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but who are you?

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, da hard ones first, eh? Well, I don't want you to spread this around... but I'm the coalman.

SEAGOON:

The coalman? It's three in the morning.

ECCLES:

Yup. Never too late to be a coalman.

SEAGOON:

What I mean is, after you delivered coal you're supposed to go back to the cart.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh. You mean, I shoulda let go of the sack?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

But... But they said they were *giving* me the sack. I wondered why the job didn't last long. Must be the old Finchley Exchange tomorrow morning.

SEAGOON:

How long have you been down here?

ECCLES:

Oooh. I kept a record. I scratched every day on de wall.

GRAMS:

MATCH STRUCK

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The walls are covered in them! And so are you. Suits you.

ECCLES:

Thank you, sailor.

SEAGOON:

You've only scratched six days to a week.

ECCLES:

Yup. Don't believe in working on Sundays.

SEAGOON:

Where's that drip coming from?

ECCLES:

Dat's me. I'm leaking. Here, are you a coalman?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm standing in for Buckingham Palace. Help me and I'll make you a companion of Honor Blackman.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, ho-ho-ho-hoo-hoo! Ooooh, hoo-hoo-hoooo!

SEAGOON:

Stop that or you'll go blind, I tell you!

ECCLES:

Well. Can I keep dem... (MILLIGAN LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

While you're lying prone. Listen, I'm going to have a royal kip. Take this shovel. Now, if you see anybody come out of my trouser door – belt him.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, goodnight England and the Colonies. I'll just put on this record of royal snoring.

GRAMS:

SNORES

ECCLES:

Ohh, dat's what money can do for you, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Psssssssssssssst!

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Psssssssssst!

ECCLES:

I haven't touched a drop!

MILLIGAN:

Joke no. 29 in the book.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's me, Blunebuttons.

ECCLES:

Oh, my friend!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I'm your friend, you member me?

ECCLES:

I remember you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Why don't you... Why do you not open the door?

ECCLES:

Okay, I'll... how do you open a door?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You turn the knob on your side.

ECCLES:

I haven't got a knob on my side.

BLUEBOTTLE:

On the door!

ECCLES:

The door! Ohhh! I'll soon get the hang o' dat. We'll... Owwww!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhhh. Ta, Eccles. *Now then, if you help me...*

ECCLES:

Yeah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know what I will do for you? I will give you a free dixie of Bovril with added cardboard hash.

ECCLES:

Wow!

LITTLE JIM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE BABY TALK)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that sicking out the top of your boot wearing a cap?

ECCLES:

That is my nephew, Little Jim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Hello, Little Jim.

LITTLE JIM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE BABY TALK)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? I do not understand what he is saying.

ECCLES:

Say dat again, Little Jim.

LITTLE JIM:

Okay. (UNINTELLIGIBLE BABY TALK)

ECCLES:

He said 'e doesn't understand what 'e's saying, either.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's one of Mrs. Thatcher's incomprehensives.

SEAGOON:

SNORES

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, who is that snoring in dat frock?

ECCLES:

Dat's de... Dat's de new sound!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh.

ECCLES:

It's... It's...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it Fender?

ECCLES:

It's... It's Neddie. He thinks he's... He thinks he's the Queen of England!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yee-hee-hee! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let us play a game... and push him down the well.

ECCLES:

Yeah!

BOTH:

Hup!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaaaaarggh!!!

GRAMS:

HUGE SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

(BIG AUDIENCE CHEER AND APPLAUSE)

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Had to get it in, folks! Had to get it in!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh! Out of me way! The Red Bladder's after me.

SEAGOON:

Hold it!

BLOODNOK:

I can't hold it much longer, it's old age, you know. Oh!

SEAGOON:

You're in the wrong Goon Show!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I needed the money you know. It's not safe in *my* Goon Show.

ECCLES:

(OFF) What? What?

BLOODNOK:

There it is the Red Bladder doing 'The Last Turkey in the Shop', you know!

SEAGOON:

Is he? Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Thank you, friends!

BLOODNOK:

Yes! (LAUGHS ALL ROUND) Yes, I needed a nice quiet series. You know the ones, "What's the recipe todayyyy, Jim?" Something like that.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried Broadcasting House?

BLOODNOK:

Every window.

SEAGOON:

Look. This is getting ridiculous.

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, your Majesty, don't worry.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

SEAGOON:

Why are you dressed like Bloodnok?

GRYTPYPE:

Aren't we all? Your Majesty, good news. We have just found Goon Show number 163, in which you play the lead all the way through.... as an underfloor eating defective.

SEAGOON:

I've always wanted big parts.

GRYTPYPE:

Erm... If you'll pardon me, I'll say that once again. Your Maj... (BREAKS DOWN LAUGHING) We...

MILLIGAN:

The car's outside if you want to go, I mean...

SELLERS:

Very soon, I can't read me own writing, here. Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Your Majesty, good news! We... (GETS THE GIGGLES AGAIN) We have just found Goon Show number 163 in which you play the lead all the way through as an underfloor heating detective.

SEAGOON:

I've always wanted...

SELLERS:

(LAUGHING) Eating defective!

GRYTPYPE:

Heating detective!

SEAGOON:

I've always wanted big parts!

MILLIGAN:

Wait for it, wait for it!

GRYTPYPE:

You've always had them, Neddie, you and Bentine! The only man with no room for the old inside lag! Now...

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie, just listen, Neddiiie. A gottle o' geer! Just get under these nice floorboards.

GRAMS:

FLOORBOARDS HAMMERED DOWN.

GRYTPYPE:

There! Now how's that Ned?

SEAGOON:

Splendid. There's not another actor on the stage.

MORIARTY:

Say after me, "I am a twit!"

SEAGOON:

You are a twit!

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, now stand by for your opening song

MORIARTY:

Ned, the singing floorboard, take 1.

FX:

CLAPPER

GRYTPYPE:

Action!

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) If I ruled the world,
Every day would be the first day of Spring.
Every heart would have a new song to sing,
And we'd sing of the joyyyy every morning would bring

If I ruled the world,
[UNCLEAR]

TIMOTHY:

Three weeks pass away, but alas - not Mr. Secombe.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, the singing floorboard, take 173! Ya-ha-ha!

SEAGOON:

(FINISHING SONG)...and I ruled theeeee worrrrrrrld!!! (NORMAL) How was that Grytpype? Hello? How was the song? Grytpype! Hello?

FX:

BANGING ON FLOORBOARDS

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Anybody there? Let me out! I need food! Hellp. (POP)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

WILLIUM:

[MILLIGAN?]

This is your dressing-room. Welcome to the Palace Blackpool.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're welcome to it, mate.

WILLIUM:

We've 'ad 'em all, 'ere. Tom Loans. Cilla Jack. Englebert 'Umptyback. Val Doligools. Rolf 'Aggis. 'Arry Stenchcloth, the lot. 'Ere. What's your act, son?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am with Captain Goatcabin's Balancing Stallions. And I also accompany Miss Golden Finish. Late of Dr. Eats' Flying Toodles.

FX:

DOOR CLOSE

SEAGOON:

Help! And I mean that sincerely.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere. Where are you? I say, where are you? Do not frighten me! I've got clean underwear on.

SEAGOON:

Help! I'm in a play under the floorboards!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. You musta got a real bad agent.

SEAGOON:

Get me out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I can see your belly through the knothole. Oooh, poke, poke, pokey!

SEAGOON:

Stop that poking! I want those snaps back!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dat was a different show, you twit. Dis show is number 164. This is where I say "Roll up, roll up!" I say! "Sixpence for a quick stick to poke Neddie Seagoon. Poke-poke-pokey!"

SEAGOON:

Stop that poking, I tell you! Stop it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pokey-pokey!

A CONFUSING ARRAY OF SOUNDS AND VOICES BEGINS AS THE GOONIVERSE BEGINS TO COLLAPSE IN ON ITSELF. LAYERS OF SOUNDS AND VOICES BUIKLD UP TO A CONFUSING MESS OF NOISE. SOME LINES THAT CAN BE PICKED OUT INCLUDE...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh, pokey, **pokey, pokey...**

MILLIGAN:

There's a man outside.

GRAMS:

Chicken clucking begins

SEAGOON:

Start Goon Show number three.

MILLIGAN:

There's a man outside.

SEAGOON:

In which I play...

MILLIGAN:

Would the owner of car...

SEAGOON:

Falling in love with love is falling for make-believe... (CONTINUES SINGING UNDER THE REST OF THE CACOPHANY)

MILLIGAN:

There's a chap...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pokey, pokey.

MILLIGAN:

...driver of the car number 649.

BLOODNOK:

Out of my way!

GRAMS AND OMNES:

BIG BEN CHIMES, BAGPIPES, MILITARY BUGLE, CHURCH BELLS, SECOMBE SINGING AND MILLIGAN

BLOODNOK:

What's going on? I demand to know!

GRAMS AND OMNES:

VARIOUS DEMANDS, YELLS, CONFUSED ORDERS, SIEG HEILS, ETC. VARIOUS NOISES, TRAFFIC, A HUGE EXPLOSION. LAST BIT FALLING WITH A TINNY CLANK.

TIMOTHY:

The next Goon Show will be on July 7th 1982. And from Goon Show 167, farewell. P.S. Forever.

MERGES WITH:

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE THEME.

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon Show, a specially recorded programme for the 50th anniversary of the BBC. Starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. You also heard the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Peter Knight. Announcer Andrew Timothy. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by John Browell.

ORCHESTRA:

DING, DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD PLAYOUT

BROWELL:

Ladies and gentlemen...

MILLIGAN:

Now, get out!

SEAGOON:

We're a grand lot.

BROWELL:

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. Good night, safe journey home.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, God bless ya. It's been lovely.

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE

FADE

13 SECONDS OF SILENCE

SELLERS:

A vice that was new and unsavoury,
Held a vicar named Lavery in slavery.
Amidst lecherous howls,
He would bugger young owls

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

SELLERS:

That he kept in an underground aviary.
(NORMAL) It won't be...

FX:

SPLAT!

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

?:

Ow.

SECOMBE:

Johnny Vyvyan!

SELLERS:

Yes, we've done this.

SECOMBE:

We done that.

SELLERS:

Yes. (FADE)

Notes:

"What's the recipe today, Jim?" and "This... is what... you do!" are catchphrases from BBC Radio 2's The Jimmy Young Show. Radio 2 was, at the time, primarily aimed at the older generation and Jimmy Young had a spot on his show where he would take listeners through a recipe of the day. The two phrases featured in this Goon Show were speeded up voices spoken by a character on the JY show called "Raymondo".

'Half a knicker' was UK slang for 10 shillings. One shilling was 5 old pennies. So 'Half a knicker' was 50p, hence half an old pound (£, not weight). When the UK decimalised you would hear old folks, confused by decimal currency, ask shop assistants, "What's that in real money?"

RIP The Goons.
Thanks for all the laughs