

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! Helllp. (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