

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.