

S5 E12 - Dishonoured, or The Fall Of Neddie Seagoon

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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 GELDRAV:

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 cubble.

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, zowee, 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.