

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 ONE 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 GELDRAI:

(SPEAKS DUTCH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eee-heeheeee! You're a foreigner, that's what you are!

MAX GELDRAI:

(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.