

S6 E26 - Scradge

Transcribed by Peter Harris, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. We present the golden tones of yours and my favourite singer. (SINGS)
Oh, my beloved daddy. I love him, yes (FALSETTO) I do-oo-oo.

SEAGOON:

Shut that great, steaming, porridge-muncher! And give the listeners the new low in Goon Show plots.

GREENSLADE:

We present the awesome, fearful and, on the admission of the authors, incomprehensible story of...

MILLIGAN:

Scradje!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ta. Next bit.

GRAMS:

WEIRD ARABIAN MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hear that next bit, dear listeners? It's the lovely date-encrusted voice of that great Arab singer, Lee Lawrence of Arabia.

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SEAGOON:

Yes, listeners, those mysterious explosions were the first of many. It is that story we tell tonight.
(GIBBERISH)?

SELLERS:

Kinninidge.

SEAGOON:

Twidge gul.

SELLERS:

Arg thug 'uun.

SEAGOON:

Well, hurry up, then.

SELLERS:

Plinge. It was in the autumn of nineteen quinty-quodge, the year Major Bloodnok was discharged from the army.

SECOMBE:

Yes, it was the usual. Cowardice in the face of ENSA. Found dressed as a woman in the ATS barracks.

BLOODNOK:

Lies! All lies, do you hear! It was carnival night, I tell you!

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Shh! Please, Major Bloodnok. My name is Jympton, Captain Hugh Jympton. I remember the time both Bloodnok and Lord Seagoon became members of the Athenaeum Club, Glasshouse Street.

GRAMS:

JAZZ PIECE ENDING

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Hm. Gad, you waltz divinely, my darling. What's your name?

MAJOR BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok. Dennis Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I hardly recognised you in that tartan beard.

BLOODNOK:

I wear it for sentimental reasons. (SAD) You see, it belonged to my mother. By the way, Neddie, I hear you've been de-mobbed.

SEAGOON:

Afraid so, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Well, don't take it to heart, lad...

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

BLOODNOK:

Great naked kippers! Me boots have exploded!

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. Major! How could you?

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Look! Your old Etonian socks have got holes in them!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... I know, but... er... I have to wear them. You see, (SAD) they belonged to my mother. But look at me boots! They've had it, lad.

SEAGOON:

There, there, there, Bloodnok. How are you going to break the news to mother?

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, the usual way. Small two-page column in The Times.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. I wonder what could have caused them to go so quickly?

MINNIE:

I'll tell you what's happened to them, buddy. Your boots exploded because you've been doing all that sinful Charlestoneing and modern rhythm-type dancing, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Madam Bannister! What are you doing off the bandstand?

MINNIE:

I...

SEAGOON:

Get back to your saxophone at once! You can't leave Mr Crun up there alone with that loaded, E-flat carpet-loom!

MINNIE:

He can't play it. I put the safety-catch on. Now, next dance, please, boys.

SEAGOON AND MINNIE:

(SILLY HUMMING, "YIM-BOM-BIDDLE-I DO-OO-O" ETC. CONTINUES OVER FOLLOWING. BLOODNOK TAKES OVER DURING SEAGOON'S LINES)

BLOODNOK:

Stop that pulsating melody-singing, Madam!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Stop it! Stop it! You've got my feet tapping in a frenzy of primitive rhythms!

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaaaagh!

BLOODNOK:

Great knobbly plates of toes! Your... your boots have exploded! Ohhhh....!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC, SINISTER CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

With the exploding of his boots, Seagoon realised that something sinister was afoot. With the aid of a 129A bus and several lengths of road, he took his shattered boots to the strolling, Home Office pathologist, who carefully patholed them.

PATHOLOGIST:

[MILLIGAN]

(POSH) Uh-uh. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Are they... are they... dead, doctor?

PATHOLOGIST:

I'm afraid so. We did all we could but... I'm afraid the welt was too far gone.

GRAMS:

SOBBING VIOLIN, OVER FOLLOWING

SEAGOON:

(CRIES) My poor, beloved boots. Gone. Gone and... and never called me mother.

PATHOLOGIST:

Never mind, Madam. I tell you what, I'll keep these boots...

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION

PATHOLOGIST:

Ow! Good heavens! The buttons on my boots have exploded! I say, what's going to happen?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. With the exploding of those boot-buttons I decided it was time for action. Brooking no delay, I caught the next hockey-stick factory up to London, where I called a meeting of England's leading scientists.

GRAMS:

LOUD SILLINESS. SHOUTING, WHISTLING, INSTRUMENTAL BREAKS, CLAPPING ETC. FADES OUT

JIM SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please. Cease these impressions of stars of stage, screen and labour-exchange. And now, pray silence for his excellent shortness, Lord Neddie Seagoon, sixth in succession for the Muswell Hill tube station.

WILLIUM:

'Urry up, mate, 'urry up. We scientists is busy men, mate, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

I know, mate. I'm fully aware. But I've called you here to find the reasons for these mysterious boot-explosions. Now, has anyone any suggestions?

GRAMS:

SILLY SHOUTING, NOISES, FARMYARD IMPERSONATIONS, SILLY INSTRUMENTAL BREAKS ETC

SEAGOON:

No. I don't think it's that.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I tell you, Lord Seagoon, it's the work of a practical joker.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen and fellows of the Royal College of Charlies.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a cadaverous stranger who peered down at us from the top of an isosceles triangle.

GRYTPYPE:

(SAD) Yes. It belonged to my mother. (NORMAL) Gentlemen, Lord Seagoon is not alone. There are other victims of these mysterious boot-explosions.

SEAGOON:

May we ask why your friend is wearing bare feet and a black, cardboard trilby?

GRYTPYPE:

He is Monsieur le Compte Fredrique "Jim" Moriarty of the house of Frutt. Tell them the story, Compte.

MORIARTY:

Certainment. (VERY LONG SILLY SPEECH IN SPOOF FRENCH, INCLUDING SOUND-EFFECTS, MUSIC ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, need he say more? Each one of him can tell a similar story of tragedy. The Count will now pass amongst you, his fellow scientists, with a collecting-box and a professional strangler.

THROAT:

Oh, blimey, I'm off.

GRYTPYPE:

To cover the screams of dying Scotsmen, here is Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. Gentlemen, that voluntary collection for the victim Moriarty amounted to four and ninepence in pennies. Many from this country.

SEAGOON:

Mr... erm...

GRYTPYPE:

Thynne, Thynne. Professor Thynne. The strolling anchor-man for the Penge and district tug-o'-war team and fruit-bottler extraordinary to the house of Chatterley.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) And Gamekeeper.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much indeed. You didn't say what this collection was for.

GRYTPYPE:

Money. My dear, short sir! These accumulated monies, this... this... this four and ninepence, will be used for vital scientific purposes such as... er... food, rent, laundry and...

SEAGOON:

But we want a solution to these mysterious boot-explosions.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well that will be extra.

SEAGOON:

My dear professor Thynne, the expense is no object at all.

GRYTPYPE:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I'll just sign this blank wall. There. Fill in the bricks yourself.

GRYTPYPE:

That's very, very kind of you, I'll cash it at the Building Society. Count, will you explain the phenomena, please?

MORIARTY:

Certainment. Certainment. Gentlemen, these boot-explosions are caused by a weakening in Britain's deposits of Scradje.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES, OVER

SCOTSMAN:

[SELLERS]

Scradje? Did you say Scradje, the noo?

MORIARTY:

Certainment-ment. Scradje is a substance found beneath the Earth's surface. This Scradje radiates upwards, keeping level with the Gulf-stream and keeps the pressure on the Earth's surface at an even level. Thus preventing boots from exploding. Unfortunately, Britain's Scradje deposits are rapidly losing their potency. With the results that have now become apparent.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES, OVER

SCOTSMAN:

(LAUGHS) I've heard nay such a lot o' rubbish since I left the House o' Commons. Scradje indeed! If you think I'd believe one word of that...

FX:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

SCOTSMAN:

Aaargh!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SLOW DOWN TO A STOP

SEAGOON:

Great green squirts of gringe! He's exploded completely.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING SINISTER CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Indeed, the Scottish gentlemen had disintegrated. From then on, the boot-explosions became fiercer. That night, on the Light Programme:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF ALMA COGAN SINGING "TWENTY TINY FINGERS", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

Yes, yes, Alma Cogan exploded. Then on March the third in the Home Service:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF DAVID WHITFIELD SINGING "CARA MIA MINE", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

SELLERS:

(POSH) Poor David, how he must have suffered. Please! The worst was to come. The following night, on the Third Programme:

GRAMS:

RECORD OF THE MILLIGAN SINGING "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS", A FEW BARS INTO

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Up to now I had not believed Moriarty's story of Scradje. But now it was obviously true.

SELLERS:

(POSH) Yes, Britain had to find fresh Scradje deposits or explode, one by one.

GREENSLADE:

The Home Secretary sent a warning on the wireless.

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Good evening. I'm speaking to you about these boot-explosions. We, the government are doing all in our power to rectify this grave Scradje deficiency which apparently exists. Until then, the British public must take the following precautions. To prevent yourselves exploding, remove your boots, reverse the buttons on your socks and walk backwards holding a gas stove above your head. I do hope this is only a temporary measure. Good night.

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to Scradje, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

On the suggestion of Professor Thynne and Moriarty, the government financed a Scradje expedition. Myself in charge. Armed with an elephant boot-protractor.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. I took charge of the money and directed operations from the treacherous camp three, just north of Monte Carlo.

MORIARTY:

Which way have you sent those Charlies on the Scradje expedition?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, right now they should be nearing the north pole and certain death.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(LAUGHTER, FADING OFF)

GRAMS:

WIND WHISTLING AND SLED-DOGS BARKING

BLOODNOK:

Mush! Mush! Get along you hairy little doggies, you!

SEAGOON:

Good work! Good work, Bloodnok! You're a born leader of dogs.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I used to be a boxer, you know.

ECCLES:

(FADES IN SINGING) Land of hope and glory, mother of the sea...

SEAGOON:

Ah, here comes the Doctor.

ECCLES:

He-llo!

SEAGOON:

How are the men?

ECCLES:

Oh, fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

Any cases of frozen feet?

ECCLES:

You didn't order any cases of frozen feet!

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll have to get along without them, that's all.

BLOODNOK:

But we've got to eat, Seagoon.

ECCLES:

OK, I'll put him in the oven.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up you idiot!

ECCLES:

Shut up you idiot!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up you idiot!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, both of you.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up, shut up.

SEAGOON:

Quiet, please, please, gentlemen, please. We're here to find Scradje, not to fight! Now, think of those poor people in England walking backwards with their boots off, carrying gas-stoves above their heads!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Now, lower those fudge replicas of the Eiffel Tower.

ECCLES:

(MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

Come along, Eccles. Drop that Eiffel Tower!

FX:

CLANG

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeh! My nut! Ooh, you swine, you. I was sittin on the top of the Eiffel Tower, eating my East Finchley boy-scout-type lunch, when... whongey! Blong! Blat! Splurgie! Spludgedoodoo! And then, clout on the nut! Jumps up, says "Oooh!" So there.

ECCLES:

Dong!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, it's silly old Eccles.

ECCLES:

Silly old.. Oh, he-he-he-re! Woooooah. I'm... I'm not silly any more, I'm the doc.. er... um... Shut up, Eccles! Shut up, Eccles! I'm... I'm the... I'm the doctor in this game.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, doctor?

ECCLES:

Yer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Feee-eee. Do you do operations?

ECCLES:

No, but we all got to start sometime. Now lay down.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, n-no, no.

ECCLES:

(DISTRACTED HUMMING, OVER FOLLOWING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, mind what you're doing with those sharp sausage-knives! Harm can come to a young lad like that!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Ooooh, he hasn't long to beeeee.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here! Stop cutting a hole in my shirt!

ECCLES:

Don't be frightened, I'm only lookin' round.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You'd better not, then.

ECCLES:

Oooh, let me say it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

I won't touch anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well don't, 'cos that's all new stuff in there.

ECCLES:

(HUMS, STOPS) Ooooooooooh. Ooooh, h-h-h-here! What's dis?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's Ray Ellington and his Quartet.

ECCLES:

Oh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, the Scradje, the part the plinge. On and on pressed the Scradje arctic expedition. Following the route charted by the famous Dr. Eccles to the North pole.

GRAMS:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's... it's hot at the pole for this time of the year.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, I... I've never known it so hot.

GRAMS:

DIVING AIRCRAFT, STRAFING MACHINE-GUN FIRE, ROARS AWAY

BLOODNOK:

Blast these arctic mosquitoes!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! How far are we from the pole now?

BLOODNOK:

Just three inches.

SEAGOON:

Aaah! Gad! We'll never make it before nightfall.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we shall have to stop here.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I know, let... let us try and erect some sort of rude shelter.

BLOODNOK:

You build the walls and I'll write on them. Ah-ha-ha! Bloodnok, you tonic you! Ooooooh!

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) I'm a happy-go-lucky la-a-d Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Wait!

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, there's a pyramid!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Let's see if they can put us up for the night. I'll do the talking.

BLOODNOK:

I'll do the silences.

SEAGOON:

I knew we could rely on you.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. Knock-knock!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Who's there?

SEAGOON:

Cohen!

MINNIE:

Cohen who?

SEAGOON:

Cohen you put us up for the night? Ha-ha-ha! I like working these little jokes.

MINNIE:

Well, you can work that one for a start.

SEAGOON:

Ahem.

CRUN:

Minnie! Shut that naughty, hairy pyramid door!

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's Crun and Bannister! What are you doing here?

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Um... special job, buddy, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes. Mister Thyne pays us a goodly sum to mix "Footo" the Wonder Boot-Exploder into boot-polish that is then exported to England.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! What a fiendish plot!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I wonder who wrote it?

SEAGOON:

Of course! Of course! Those boot-explosions were deliberately caused by this mixture of "Footo" and boot-polish. There's... there's no such thing as Scradje!

BLOODNOK:

The naughty men! They've got all the expedition money!

SEAGOON:

They won't keep that money for long, lads!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're not a long lad! You won't get any!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Hand me my saxophone!

ORCHESTRA:

SINGLE BASS SAXOPHONE NOTE

SEAGOON:

Ah, that's better! Ahem. Now - who can drive a pyramid?

ELLINGTON:

Me drive pyramid, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right! Drive us to Monte Carlo. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

PURSUIT MUSIC LINK INTO

GRAMS:

CAR NOISES

GREENSLADE:

In the huge pyramid with its powerful 2000 BC engine, the avengers of the Scradje hoax fraud were soon seeking out Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne. Who were sipping the most expensive cooking-type sherry.

GRAMS:

ITALIAN CAFÉ MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(HUMS ALONG)

GRYTPYPE:

Don't rock the hammock so much, Moriarty. You'll have us both out.

MORIARTY:

Think, Grytpype, it was all so easy. Now we're millionaires thanks to "Footo" the Wonder Boot Exploder.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) And we'll never grow another leg.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY:

(LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, sir.

MORIARTY:

What is it, Chilvers? Can't you see we're engaged?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, congratulations, sir! I hope you'll both be very happy together.

GRYTPYPE:

Thanks you, Chilvers.

GREENSLADE:

Erm... there's a pyramid in the lounge, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Really? What's his name?

GREENSLADE:

I don't know. He didn't say, sir. He was a tall, bearded pyramid with hieroglyphics.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, do!

FX:

CRASH, FALLING BRICKS

GRYTPYPE:

Now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

Hands up! I'm no pyramid. This plaster and string fez is a fake! I'm Neddie Seagoon!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD, CYMBAL SMASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! The game is up!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, can't we talk this over like normal...

SEAGOON:

Don't come too near! This gun is ready to load! Now, come on, you swine. Where's all that money gone?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, that four and ninepence you collected from us.

SEAGOON:

And that blank wall I signed.

GRYTPYPE:

That blank wall was a bouncer. Sent back "refer to builder"

SEAGOON:

Nonsense! I've got ten thousand bricks in my account. Come on, empty your wallet!

FX:

FALLING BRICKS, GRUNTING

BLOODNOK:

Great steaming lumps of therk! It's a British wall!

SEAGOON:

Yes. But the bricks are in French.

BLOODNOK:

Curses! Foiled by French bricks!

SEAGOON:

Come on! I want the original wall! We're waiting, Moriarty! Talk! And talk fast!

MORIARTY:

Certainly! (HIGH-SPEED, SPOOF GABBLING)

SEAGOON:

Rubbish!

GRYTPYPE:

But beautifully spoken.

SEAGOON:

Right! Bind these two Scradje-hoaxers to the bed-rails and stack the tins of their own fiendish boot-polish around the base of Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll help you.

SEAGOON:

What's the idea? Thynne? Why are you turning on Moriarty?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just found his tap.

SEAGOON:

You can't joke your way out of this, Grytpype. Tie him up men! Right, light the fuse.

MILLIGAN:

Right!

FX:

SIZZLING OF BURNING FUSE

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now, gentlemen, you've got three minutes to tell us where that four and ninepence is.

MORIARTY:

We'll talk! We'll talk!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! Quick! Extinguish the fuse!

GRYTPYPE:

Here's your four-and-nine and your wall, damn you!

SEAGOON:

Right, you may go.

FX:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Gloating laugh. (LAUGHS) So, dear listeners, you see? Honesty triumphs over n...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain?

SEAGOON:

Shh! Shh! Please!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Honesty triumphs over naughtiness. And in the end...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Captain?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What was that that you told me to do?

SEAGOON:

Told you to...The fuse!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiieeee!

FX:

LARGE EXPLOSION

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Good evening. Since I last spoke to you, the dreaded boot-explosions have ceased. Thanks to the courageous and untiring efforts of Professor Grytpype-Thynne and Mr. Moriarty, both of whom are to be knighted. Therefore, as from now, you can all stop walking backwards, put on your boots and lower your gas stoves to the ground. (STRAINS)

FX:

CLANK

JOHN SNAGGE:

(PRE-RECORDED) Oh, puff! Heavy, weren't they? Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO