

S7 E06 - The Sleeping Prince

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This the BBC Home Service. Here is the result of last night's big fight. Patrick O'Donovan, labourer of no fixed address, 6 months. Michael O'Bolligan, fined £5. And now, at eight stone seven pounds, in transparent shorts, the Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE PACIFIC REPUBLIC OF YUKKABUKKOO. (MILLIGAN'S SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G). NANNY GOAT TRUMPET, BASS TROMBONE, PIANO, FLUTE, TRIANGLE, BARITONE SAXOPHONE AND BASS DRUM.

SEAGOON:

But that's another story. Mr Greenslade, divulge to the listeners this weeks secret title.

PRINCE:

[MILLIGAN]
SNORING.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, as you can hear we present 'The Sleeping Prince'.

GRAMS:

DISTANT CARILLON OF BELLS.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was Christmas night in the labour exchange and the inmates were scraping the afters off the walls.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BAD JAZZ PIANO, CROWD NOISES.

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas, everybody!

GRYTPYPE:

I say, you with the four helpings on your face!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? The voice came from a tall hand-painted man with holly attached.

GRYTPYPE:

Step over here, little mass unemployment.

SEAGOON:

A merry Christmas, gentlemen! Merry Christmas.

GRYTPYPE:

We've been watching your progress and we feel it's time you went out into the world.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Err, anywhere. What kind of unemployment do you want?

SEAGOON:

I'd like a job with no work attached.

GRYTPYPE:

No, that went this morning.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What? Went this morning! To whom?

GRYTPYPE:

The manager of the labour exchange.

SEAGOON:

Does he want an assistant?

MORIARTY:

No!

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven. Then I'm still one of the lads! Ah, ha ha! A merry Christmas to ye!

GRYTPYPE:

And a merry Christmas, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to introduce this steaming wreck.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. I am Count Fred 'Legs' Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Woo-eee-oooh!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Unimportant minister extraordinary to the republic of Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

MORIARTY:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you must stop those witty sallies and report to me at once.

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. Now, Neddie, if you'll pardon the expression, there's an unemployed job going with monies. Now would you... would you kindly report to desk B?

SEAGOON:

Hurrah! At last, some money with unemployment attached. Ha ha ha ha ha ha! (GOING OFF)

MORIARTY:

That was beautifully done, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. We must now report to the revolutionary committee of Yukka-ba-cool and tell them that all is well.

MORIARTY:

I'll say that for you. Yukkabukkoo!

GRYTPYPE:

Pronunciation was perfect.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Meantime, over to Seagoon and Clerk Spriggs.

MORIARTY:

(VERY FAINTLY) I will do my voice.

GRAMS:

OFFICE NOISES. QUIET CHATTER.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL RINGS.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Anybody at home?

SPRIGGS:

Ah, yes. Yes, Jim. Now then, come over here. Now, name, please?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Tom Dick Harry Seagoon.

SPRIGGS:

We can't give jobs to any Tom Dick or Harry Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Too late. I've been chosen by the minister of Yukkabukkoo...

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Of course, of course.

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo.

SPRIGGS:

Er... now tell me, have you ever been president of a pacific republic before?

SEAGOON:

No, but I've got a good suit.

SPRIGGS:

Splendid, Jim. The job is yours.

SEAGOON:

What job?

SPRIGGS:

The president of the republic of Yukkabukkoo.

SEAGOON:

How much does it pay?

SPRIGGS:

It pays £40,000 in Yukkabukkoo money.

SEAGOON:

What! What! What are the hours?

SPRIGGS:

Nine till five with a tea break at eleven.

SEAGOON:

I accept. I accept! Where is it?

SPRIGGS:

In the south pacific.

SEAGOON:

The south pacific. The land of seas! Yoiheheheheho. Then, southward ho!

SPRIGGS:

Yukkabukkoo.

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS BAND ARRANGEMENT OF 'OVER THERE!'.

PRINCE:

FURTHER SNORING.

GREENSLADE:

As you can hear, this is 'The Sleeping Prince' part two. And now a reading from Morse.

GRAMS:

MORSE SENDER. FADE UNDER.

ED HERN:

This is station Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern network. Ed Hern reporting. Today on board the liner SS. Hern-Hern arriving at the port of Pont Quinottas in the republic of Yukka-ba-cool is the newly elected president Mr Neddie Tom Dick Harry Seagoon of London England, Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern. High hopes are entertained that the installation this twenty-three stone president will have a stabilising effect on the country. (MORSE KEY FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

DISTANT SHIPS SIREN. BRASS BAND ON WHARF. DISTANT CROWDS CHEERING. INCREASE IN VOLUME. ADD TUGBOAT HOOTERS FOR EFFECT.

GRYTPYPE:

Here comes Mr Seagoon now. Down both gangplanks, too.

MORIARTY:

What a fine presidential figure he makes in that morning suit and flat cap.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Here, Moriarty, put these teeth in and smile.

MORIARTY:

(SUCTION NOISES) Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

That's enough.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Err, over here, Neddle!

SEAGOON:

I say, aren't you from the Battersea labour exchange?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but we have a small branch out here licensed to sell strawberry teas and morris dancing.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha! Sending British culture abroad, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Best place for it, what?

MORIARTY:

Now then, Mr Seagoon. We, the people of glorious republic of Yukkabukkoo!

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

MORIARTY:

Give a glorious welcome to you, our new glorious president.

SEAGOON:

Don't mention it. Where do I clock in?

GRYTPYPE:

Here.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now then, mon president, the triumphant procession. If you'll drive to the streets in this open necked shirt, we'll follow behind in this bulletproof car. But first - our glorious national anthem!

ORCHESTRA:

MILLIGAN'S SYMPHONY NO.1 IN G

SEAGOON:

What a beautiful tune. Has anyone set it to music?

GRYTPYPE:

No one has had the courage.

MORIARTY:

Now then, come, president, to the palazzo des veritas.

SEAGOON:

The palace of varieties, of course. Drive on!

MORIARTY:

But first, our glorious Max Geldray!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

With that rousing ovation ringing in his ears, Seagoon arrived at the palace and was shown to the president's private chambers.

WILLIUM:

Welcome, mate.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

WILLIUM:

Private Chambers, mate. I'm your valet.

SEAGOON:

Wait. You're a south pacific cockney?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate. I got the job at the Battersea labour exchange. You see, they're a bit short of south pacific cockneys out here.

SEAGOON:

Right. Unpack my matching brown paper parcels and lay out my mess tins.

WILLIUM:

You going to have some mess, then?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm... I'm dining with the British ambassador.

WILLIUM:

Oh, same thing, innit, yeah. Well you'd better take some grub along, mate, they haven't had any connor since the revolution started.

SEAGOON:

Revolution? Where?

WILLIUM:

Here, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'll soon put a stop to that. Get them on the phone.

FX:

HAND CRANKED PHONE.

WILLIUM:

Hello?

GRAMS:

WHISTLING BULLETS. DISTANT RIFLE FIRE.

WILLIUM:

It's on now, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. Hello, revolution?

GRAMS:

WHISTLING BULLETS. DISTANT RIFLE FIRE.

SEAGOON:

How dare you talk to me like that! Drop that telephone at once.

FX:

TELEPHONE INTO CRADLE.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. That taught them a lesson.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GONZALES METZ:

[SELLERS]

Senor President. I am General Gonzales Metz. Leader of both sides in the glorious revolution. Now you will kindly step onto this balcony for your reception.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

HIGH POWERED MACHINE GUN NEST IN FULL ACTION.

SEAGOON:

Hey! Somebody shot at me!

GONZALES METZ:

It's your imagination.

SEAGOON:

Then what are these bullet holes in my bed sheets?

GONZALES METZ:

They are for looking through, senor.

SEAGOON:

Looking through at what?

GONZALES METZ:

Anybody who is on the other side!

SEAGOON:

Gad! You brilliant passionate southerners!

GONZALES METZ:

I do not come from the south, senior. I am from the north.

SEAGOON:

Where?

GONZALES METZ:

Oldham labour exchange.

SEAGOON:

Of course. I should have recognised that north country accent. Now, I'd better go and inspect the drains and...

GRAMS:

FACTORY HOOTER.

SEAGOON:

Too late. Lunch, lads. Must keep to the union hours.

FX:

CLOCK-PUNCH.

GONZALES METZ:

Just a minute, before we all clock off, our glorious anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN G.

GRAMS:

MORSE KEY IN ACTION.

ED HERN:

This is station Hern-Hern of the Hern. Ed Hern reporting. Latest Hern reports from the republic of Yukka Ba Koo state that this evening a high powered bath drew up outside of the British Embassy. The president stepped out and presented his credentials.

FX:

CLOCK-PUNCH.

SEAGOON:

Evening, lads. Sorry I'm late. I had to buy a new shoe. Now, where's the British ambassador?

MORIARTY:

In this reeking thirty bob-a-week bed-sitter, here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoohohohoh! Who's that? Oh! Oh. Oh. Oh. Ooo. Ohhh, come in, come in.

MORIARTY:

I'll open a window.

BLOODNOK:

You'll excuse the mess, I'm just doing the laundry. The... um... bullet holes in my white flag were dirty, you know.

SEAGOON:

Mr Ambassador, I am the new president.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid! I'll open a tin of prunes. Oh, yes. I'll... er...

GRAMS:

HEAVY BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.

BLOODNOK:

Great twisted nurglers, they're early tonight.

SEAGOON:

Who are?

BLOODNOK:

The naughty revolution, part two.

SEAGOON:

You mean, they're doing matinees?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Disgraceful. Fighting after five o'clock? Eiougheiougheioughoooo! We can't afford to pay them overtime. Commander in chief, fall in my army.

ELLINGTON:

Si, senior. But first, our glorious national anthem!

SEAGOON:

No!

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G.

ELLINGTON:

Hoi!

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas.

ELLINGTON:

Thank you, signor. Now, imperial army of Yukkabukkoo...

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

ELLINGTON:

On parade!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING.

ELLINGTON:

Imperial army... 'shun!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT COMING TO ATTENTION.

ELLINGTON:

Preseeeeeent... h'arms!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT RIFLE DRILL.

ELLINGTON:

Imperial army... from the right... number!

ECCLES:

One.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Two.

ELLINGTON:

All correct, senor.

SEAGOON:

Right. Men, we're going to march to stop the revolution. Part two. Those men who have been fighting overtime and...

GRAMS:

FACTORY SIREN.

SEAGOON:

Six o'clock! That's all for tonight, lads. All tonight.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCHING.

SEAGOON:

Don't forget the morning. You coming, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

No. Me gonna sing overtime.

ECCLES:

I'm going.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

PRINCE:

SNORING. (EXTENDED. CONTINUE UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

As you can hear, this is 'The Sleeping Prince' part three. And now, a further reading from Morse.

GRAMS:

MORSE CODE. (CONTINUE UNDER)

ED HERN:

Station Hern-Hern the Hern, Ed Hern reporting of the Hern-Hern. This evening the new president of...

MILLIGAN:

Yukkabukkoo!

ED HERN:

...marched his army into the rebel held jungle. Following a well worn carpet of dead leaves (SELF FADE) they were soon on the...

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES. CRICKETS, FROGS AND GECKOS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where did you get the job of being half the president's army?

ECCLES:

Oh, I won it in a raffle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor. I got mine from a cracker at Myrtle Sprigg's birthday party.

ECCLES:

Oh, that's living.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Here... here, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Where did you get that nice uniform?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I cut it out of the back of a cornflake packet.

ECCLES:

Ooo. I wondered why it gave me such an appetite.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, did you know that a uniform attracts women like flies?

ECCLES:

Ooo. I wondered why all your women looked like flies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yehehehehehe! Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ha-haa!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That was funny.

ECCLES:

That was a... Made a joke, I made a joke, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

They were all laughing at *me*, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee hee hee! Eccles? Have you ever fired your gun yet?

ECCLES:

Oh, no! Oh, no!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Let us fire it, then.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. Yeah, dat's a good idea.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fire, then.

ECCLES:

Oh, no, no. Now you...you... you... no, you fire the gun.

ECCLES:

No, you're the one with the bullets, you do it.

ECCLES:

No, no. No, I haven't signed for it. You... I don't want to do that. I don't want... I don't want to have any trouble on my hands. I don't want...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, alright then.

ECCLES:

I been to the doctor and he said I've got... (MUMBLES INCOHERENTLY) I got an uncle in Australia. You be careful what you say to me, I've got an uncle in Australia!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You heard of the Balls Pond Road best shirt wash?

ECCLES:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well then, you watch what you're saying, then.

ECCLES:

You fire the gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright then, you rotten spoilsport, you. (SINGS) Da de dah dan deen dah dah...

ECCLES:

Is dat on the hit parade?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that dirty little piece of curved metal sticking out from under your rifle?

ECCLES:

Dat? Um... dat's... um... Oh, I don't know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Place your finger on it and then see what happens.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

LARGE EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Did someone fire that gun at me?

ECCLES:

Oh, no!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no.

ECCLES:

Oh, no.

SEAGOON:

Then what's this hole in the seat of my trousers?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's... that's for looking through.

ECCLES:

'Ere, let me have a look through. Oooooooooooooooooo! Oh, dear, dear! Oh...

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

ECCLES:

Dere's somebody inside.

SEAGOON:

A stowaway! Come on out and fight.

BLOODNOK:

(MUFFLED) Don't shoot Neddie, don't shoot. I'll come out.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The British ambassador. What were you doing in my trousers?

BLOODNOK:

Slumming. I've come to warn you... Look here, they've only made you president so as to assassinate you and take your wages.

SEAGOON:

What? The devils! I resign.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

SEAGOON:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Hold hard, Neddie. What's this? Clocking off early? I'm afraid we shall have to dock you some salary.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. If I stay as president they'll shoot me.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, nonsense dear boy. The people of...

MILLIGAN:

Yukkabukkoo!

SEAGOON:

Yukkabukkoo!

GRYTPYPE:

...they love you, they love you.

MORIARTY:

Of course. Come on, Neddie, clock on again as president. Come on, clock on!

SEAGOON:

(BASHFUL) Oh, very well.

FX:

CLOCK PUNCH.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Missed!

SEAGOON:

Alright, Grytpype. Who fired that smoking pistol you're pointing at me?

GRYTPYPE:

Err, two men called Jim.

SEAGOON:

Right. There's only one thing for it.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

We'll have to storm the rebel's stronghold or they'll usurp me.

BLOODNOK:

How painful.

SEAGOON:

Come, forward one man called Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohohohohhhhhoooo, yes, ippumm, um, yes! But first, our glorious Yukkabukkooian anthem.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

GRAMS:

MASSED RIFLE FIRE.

BLOODNOK:

Great salty skalibonkers, the rebels are attacking. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Form square and face outwards.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ohh, it hurts.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, come on. Let's duck out of here, things are getting too hot.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH.

GREENSLADE:

(DISTANT) Allo! Mes brave! Attention, s'il vous plaît.

SEAGOON:

Look! It's a great fat rebel carrying an unarmed white flag.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, comment allez vous? Ying tong idle I po!

SEAGOON:

Listen. He's speaking French in a foreign language. Is anyone here bi-lingual?

ECCLES:

Oh, I speak two languages, my good man.

SEAGOON:

Riiiiight, my good man. Say 'yes' in French.

ECCLES:

Ok. Si, si.

SEAGOON:

That's Italian.

ECCLES:

What do you know, I speak three languages!

SEAGOON:

Find out what he wants.

ECCLES:

Find out what you want.

GREENSLADE:

Listen, my friend. My leader, 'el grabou', demands unconditional surrender.

SEAGOON:

What are his terms?

GREENSLADE:

Five pounds down and three and nine a week.

SEAGOON:

Tell him we'll think it over.

GREENSLADE:

Very well.

BLOODNOK:

But wait, look here, we can't spend all night in this jungle, Seagoon. It hasn't been aired.

GREENSLADE:

Don't worry. Come with me. You can sleep in the rebel prison free of charge.

SEAGOON:

I say, that's damned decent of you. Come, chaps!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAGIC ' MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD' MUSIC.

GRAMS:

FADE IN MORSE SIGNAL.

ED HERN:

Hern-Hern of the Hern-Hern reporting again on the Hern-Hern on the Lester Hern-Hern. It is reported that president Ned off duty spent the night resting in the rebel condemned cell, dad. Latest news from rebel headquarters... (SELF FADE)

SEAGOON:

(MASSIVE SNORING)

MINNIE:

That's the fellow there, Henry.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

He's [UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

Yes. Wake up, sir, wake up. Wake up, it's time for your daily execution.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Thank you. Put it on the table and draw my bath.

CRUN:

They're not going to drown you, sir, they're going... arrrggghh... they're going to shoot you.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Shoot me? You can't shoot me. I'm not the president until nine o'clock.

MORIARTY:

That's ten minutes' time. Right, till then... our glorious nation anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

THE FIRST FOUR BARS OF THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

SEAGOON:

Stop! Please, stop. Please, you can't keep me here. I'm not president until nine.

MORIARTY:

Well said!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm leaving the country before then.

MORIARTY:

Eugh! Then allow us first to decorate you with the Grand Order of Charlies.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

GRYTPYPE:

This magnificent bandage to be worn over your eyes, so.

SEAGOON:

I say, how terribly restful. But, it's dark inside this bandage.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, we turned the light out.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Now then, little Neddie. Just stand against this wall for a free farewell photograph. (MOVING OFF)
Right now, photographers... LOAD!

GRAMS:

FIRING SQUAD LOADING GUNS.

MORIARTY:

Take... AIM!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, any last request before your... departure?

SEAGOON:

Yes. For Plunger Bailey, White, Chunky, Pinhead and all the lads in queue seven at Battersea Labour Exchange, I'd like you to play your glorious national anthem.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Alright. Everyone salute.

ORCHESTRA:

THE GREAT MILLIGAN SYMPHONY NO 1 IN G

MORIARTY:

He's... he's gone.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Foiled by our own national anthem and a quick thinking fat man called Ned.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

PRINCE:

SNORING (EXTENDED)

GREENSLADE:

You have just been listening to 'The Sleeping Prince'. Oh, Prince? Prince?

PRINCE:

(WAKING UP) What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Come on, Prince. Time to go home.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

GREENSLADE:

And so ends this weeks Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.