

S7 E08 - Personal Narrative

Transcribed by Tony Wills. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. We present!

SELLERS:

The Personal Narrative of Captain Neddie Seagoon RN. A jolly jack tar in the employ of His Majesty's Navy.

FX:

WOODEN SHIP NOISES IN BACKGROUND (SEA, RIGGING)

SEADOG 1:

[SELLERS]

Moby Dick on the Bernard Miles. Arrrrggg.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

FX:

WOODEN SHIP NOISES IN BACKGROUND (SEA, RIGGING)

SEADOG 1:

(SEADOG SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEADOG 2:

[SECOMBE]

(SEADOG SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Log of HMS Resolute, 18th of May 1662. Squalls all day. Child must be teething. Position Nor' Nor' East of Dover. Heard a knock at the door.

FX:

6 KNOCKS ON LIGHT WOODEN DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Said come in.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, captain, mate, RN. I've... er... I've just spotted someone in the crow's nest.

SEAGOON:

Really?

WILLIUM:

Yer, yer. And 'e spotted something on the horizon.

SEAGOON:

Describe it.

WILLIUM:

Er, well, er, it was a big long thing made of wood. Sharp at one end, blunt at the other. With sailors on it.

SEAGOON:

A ship!

WILLIUM:

I thought it were and... only I... well, I didn't like talkin' out of turn.

SEAGOON:

Whose turn was it?

WILLIUM:

Your'n. That's why I let you say it, mate, RN.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, mate, RN. You say they're made of wood, eh?

WILLIUM:

Yer, yer, yer.

SEAGOON:

Hand me my telescope.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

SEAGOON:

Mmmn, mnm. Yes. That's wood alright.

WILLIUM:

You're looking at the inside of our cabin, mate.

SEAGOON:

So I am. What a silly RN. Open the porthole, Willium.

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Open the porthole, Willium, from the inside.

WILLIUM:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I just like to make these points clear, you understand.

FX:

TWANG.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Gad, you're right Willium, it is a ship. It's Dutch.

WILLIUM:

You sure?

SEAGOON:

Certainly, it's wearing clogs. Captain Lawnmower?

LAWNMOWER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah... aye, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you, sir.

LAWNMOWER:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

These Dutch ships, find out where they come from.

LAWNMOWER:

I'll just look it up, sir.

FX:

RIFLING THROUGH LARGE NUMBER OF PAGES.

LAWNMOWER:

Ah... um... 'D'... Ah, Dutch come from Holland, sir.

SEAGOON:

Foreigners! Gentlemen, keep my dinner warm. I'm going to inform the Admiralty. Goodbye.

FX:

FOOT STEPS TROTTING OFF. SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

Psssst. Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

How long must we hide in this reeking powder barrel.

GRYTPYPE:

Not long now, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon's heading for London. We've got to stop him.

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Perquoise.

GRYTPYPE:

Perquoise? This Dutch spy, Max von Geldray, crouching behind you, says that the Hollanders will pay ten thousand gelders if we can sabotage the British fleet. That's what you said didn't you?

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Ik loop terug voor kerstmis over de Ierse Zee, hey! Hi! (TRANSLATION: "I'M WALKING BACK FOR CHRISTMAS ACROSS THE IRISH SEA")

MORIARTY:

What did he say? What did he say?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, but there you are. He's offering five thousand gelders if we can stop Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Let's go! Money, money, money! Owwww!

FX:

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY. SPLASH.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

CRICKETS 5 SECS BY THEMSELVES THEN UNDER REST OF SCENE, SLOWLY FADING OUT

GRYTPYPE:

My moon dial says it's nearly midnight. Any sign of him, yet?

MORIARTY:

No, but he has got to go past here. This is the only road that runs direct between his ship and London.

GRYTPYPE:

Is he coming by road?

MORIARTY:

No, by horse. I tell you he's got to pass this point! I've spent all day sharpening it.

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind the needle nardle noo...

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

...have you prepared Captain Seagoon RN's fatal accident.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, I have. Yes, I've stretched fourteen trip wires across the road.

GRYTPYPE:

Supposing the horse jumps them?

MORIARTY:

Then the rider's head will come in contact with a hundred tonne iron girder suspended from a twig.

GRYTPYPE:

I see, I see. But what if he misses both?

MORIARTY:

Arrr. Then there's a hundred and fifty foot deep pit, full of deep water.

GRYTPYPE:

Trip wires, iron girder, deep pit with deep water. It's fool proof, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Of course it is, of course it is!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Ssh, ssh. Huc huc heeck. Here he comes now.

FX:

RAPIDLY GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS APPROACHING AND PASSING.

FX:

SILENCE.

GRYTPYPE:

It didn't work.

MORIARTY:

Of course not, that wasn't Captain Seagoon RN.

GRYTPYPE:

Then where the devil is he?

SEAGOON:

I'm in London.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick after him.

FX:

GALLOPING COCONUT SHELLS... TWANG. CLANG CLATTER, SPLASH, TREADING WATER NOISES.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

Oh, ho hi ho.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, what fool put trip wires and iron girder and deep water in our way?

GRYTPYPE:

Help me dismount, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

My horse can only swim on his back.

MORIARTY:

Let me get his bathing costume on. Oh!

FX:

SLASHING THROUGH WATER, GRUMBLING.

GREENSLADE:

In London, meantime an important meeting at the Admiralty is in session.

OMNES:

BACKGROUND MUMBLING - NAVAL RHUBARB ETC.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

[MILLIGAN]

My Lords, RN. This courier brings a message from Sir Richard Grenville, RN, who needs help, dessssssperately.

BLOODNOK:

Oh? And what is the message, my man?

ECCLES:

I have run fifty miles. I... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you, thank you. Thank you. Thank you, members of the Admiralty. Now then, I said I have run fifty miles til I'm out of breath. I have run all the way in the face of death. I have run through the rain and snow and hail, to deliver this message without fail. I have run since early December...

BLOODNOK:

But what's the message?

ECCLES:

I can't remember.

BLOODNOK:

Look here, do an impression of a hole and we'll fill you in later. Next.

SEAGOON:

Sir, RN, that ship on the van trump and van driver is in the Channel.

ADMIRAL 1:

Ohhoho, I don't know what we can do about that.

ADMIRAL 2:

[SELLERS]

England is in danger.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

What! This is serious, my Lords, RN. We'll have to build a battleship, RN.

ADMIRAL FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

My lords, RN. As for sea lords, RN, it's nothing to do with me but I know we've already got a battleship somewhere but I can't think... Um... I... I know, I had a picture of it in my bedroom.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

Splendid! But where is it?

ADMIRAL FLOWERDEW:

Hanging over the wash stand.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, RN, my Lord, RN, is right. We *have* got a battleship, I know, I drive it.

ADMIRAL 2:

Then have you got a license, sir?

SEAGOON:

Only a provisional one.

ADMIRAL 1:

Oheeeohh.

SEAGOON:

So we must attack the Dutch before it expires.

ADMIRAL SPRIGGS:

Very well. The signal for you to open fire will be a bonfire lit on Nags Head. Now report back to your ship and water. Meantime, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

ORCHESTRA:

NAVAL THEME.

FX:

SEAMEN CALLING. THUMP, WHISTLE AND EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Oh, ee, oww, owww.

FX:

WHISTLE, EXPLOSION. TYPING ON TYPEWRITER.

SEAGOON:

19th of May 1652. Under fire from Dutch ship. Am waiting for beacon on mainland to signal for me to retaliate.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Captain Seagoon, I've... I've just spliced the main brace. Fortunately, I didn't tell the crew.

SEAGOON:

Splendid news. I've got bad news.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The Dutch have been joined by another ship.

BLOODNOK:

Two?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

We're surrounded. What flag are they flying?

SEAGOON:

A white one with an onion on it.

BLOODNOK:

Spaniards! Oh! Well... let them all come and then we'll all go.

SEAGOON:

Go? Retreat? Admiral Bloodnok, you're a miserable coward.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, I'm a perfectly happy one, do you hear?

FX:

THUMP/EXPLOSION OF CANNON BALL.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Blast!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Why don't they light that beacon? If these Dutch close with us we'll be caught with our pants down.

BLOODNOK:

I know. What's holding them up?

SEAGOON:

My braces. What's holding yours up?

BLOODNOK:

Me!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL SNAP.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And now for further news of the beacon lighting, over to the mainland.

FX:

9 RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR, THE MUCH FUMBLING WITH DOOR KNOB, CREAK OF DOOR OPENING, PAUSE.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, sir, yes.

RIDER:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Could you tell us where the beacon lighter lives, please?

CRUN:

Number 18A, Gallows Lane.

RIDER:

Is... er...is that on this side of the street?

CRUN:

(QUIETLY) Yes, it is.

RIDER:

Thank you, thank you. Gidup there, gidup.

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING AWAY (FADE OUT), PAUSE, FADE IN HORSE RETURNING AND STOPPING.

RIDER:

Whooooaa!

FX:

7 KNOCKS, DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Yes?

RIDER:

Is this 18A, Gallows Lane?

CRUN:

Yes. I told you it was on this side of the street.

RIDER:

I'd like to have words with the official beacon lighter. Very urgent.

CRUN:

Urgent, yes. Just... just a minute. Minnie?

MINNIE:

Just... just a minute, I've got to get... get my teeth in. (LIP SMACKING NOISES) What is it, Crun? What is it?

CRUN:

Call the... call the beacon lighter, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear. Sebastiaaaaaan?

SEBASTIAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Yeah?

MINNIE:

Oh! Call the beacon lighter, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN:

Gladys?

GLADYS:

[GREENSLADE]

(FEMALE) Yes, darling?

SEBASTIAN:

Call the beacon lighter.

GLADYS:

Beacon lighter, there's someone at the door for you.

CRUN:

I know, I opened it for him. Now, sir, do you wish the beacon litten?

RIDER:

Aye and... ahhh... hurry!

CRUN:

Right. I'll prepare the... the vital ignitions. Minnie?

MINNIE:

What... what... what is it, I... I put my teeth in the water, again.

CRUN:

Put them back in, I can't get...

MINNIE:

(LIP SMACKING, THEN CUUC CUUC CUUC) Oh, what do you want now?

CRUN:

Where are the... the... the... the matches, Min?

MINNIE:

Albert's got them.

CRUN:

Albert?

MINNIE:

Yeh.

CRUN:

(CALLS) Albert!

MINNIE:

(ECHOS) Alberrrrrrrrrt.

CRUN:

Alberrrrrttttt.

MINNIE:

Alberrrrrt.

GREENSLADE:

Albert!

SEBASTIAN:

Albert.

(ALL CARRY ON CALLING ALBERT)

(PAUSE)

RIDER:

Why doesn't he answer?

CRUN:

He's in Africa.

RIDER:

Has nobody got a match, then?

MORIARTY:

(GUTTURAL NOISES) Gentlemen, I happened to overhear your conversation as I was passing in that tree. Allow... allow *me*, Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty...

SEAGOON:

Ahfewafew!

MORIARTY:

...to loan you this genuine box of wooden matches. Fifty in number, packed in a little box, with a merry joke on the back. Huho.

FX:

SCRAPE OF BOX BEING PASSED OVER

CRUN:

Oh, thank you. I'll... I'll... I'll get ready, then.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERS) Got 'im.

MINNIE:

You mustn't go out without a cooked meal, Henry.

CRUN:

Why not, Min?

MINNIE:

You must have a lining to your stomach.

CRUN:

I've got a...

RIDER:

There's no time for linings, I clean my teeth twice a day.

BANNISTER & CRUN:

(TALKING TOGETHER)

RIDER:

Come on, get on the horse. I've got room on the crossbar for both of you. Gid up, there! Come on, there!

FX:

SPED UP HORSE GALLOPING AWAY FASTER & FASTER, CRIES FROM MIN & CRUN.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you dampen those matches?

MORIARTY:

Of course! I put them in my pocket and stood in a lake all night.

GRYTPYPE:

Right.

MORIARTY:

I'm no fool, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

But there was no need to go *that* far. Right, lets collect the 15,000 gelders.

MORIARTY:

Owww! Come on, now, let's get it.

ORCHESTRA:

URGENT LINK THEN NAUTICAL.

FX:

SEAMEN CALLS. THUMP, WHISTLE, BOOOOMMM

BLOODNOK:

Arghhhooooh! Scuttle me galley clogs. Half me rigging shot away. Oh! And me britches at half mast.

SEAGOON:

You can't walk the decks in that exposed position. Get in this barrel.

BLOODNOK:

It's *your* turn in the barrel, I say.

IRISH:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, sir! Pardon me, sir. Sir, there's a fire in number three hold.

BLOODNOK:

I'll come right away, it's freezing up here.

SEAGOON:

Right, everything under control. I've put two special lookouts in the crow's nest to watch for the beacon. (FADE)

FX:

HOWL OF WIND, CREAKING OF RIGGING, CLANK OF CHAINS. LAPPING OF SEA, OCCASIONAL CLINK OF CHAINS UNDER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you see anything, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, I can see anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh? What can you see now, then?

ECCLES:

I'll just get my telescope now. Ah, I can see you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, RN. I can't.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, you stand over here and look through this telescope and an' you'll see.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ok.

ECCLES:

There!

FX:

TWO FOOT FALLS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. I still can't see him.

ECCLES:

What? Give me that telescope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

There.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. He's gone. He's gone, you know, he's... he's gone.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

He's gone!

ECCLES:

(SINGS) A life on the ocean wave. A life on the ocean wave. I didle i dum diddle i. I got my legs to keep me warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

RN. Do you like being up here in the crow's nest?

ECCLES:

Yeh! It's fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Being in the crow's nest...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

...is fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why did you join the Navy?

ECCLES:

I needed the money.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What for?

ECCLES:

To buy myself out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho!

ECCLES:

I've been forty two years in the Navy now and I've been saving all the time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! (SNIFF) You must have travelled.

ECCLES:

I've travelled.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a man of the world!

ECCLES:

I've had visions.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh?

ECCLES:

No, RN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have you ever been out with women in grass skirts?

ECCLES:

No, I'm not allowed to wear 'em. Ha ha.

ELLINGTON:

Hey! Okay, fellas, seven bells.

ECCLES:

Oh. What? What? What?

ELLINGTON:

And it's my turn in the crow's nest.

ECCLES:

Oh, your turn in the...

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTS) Kipper on the cardboard cow, (NORMAL) cor blimey.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why! It's Ray Ellington, RN.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Give us a nautical songe, Mr sailor-type man.

ECCLES:

Play that melody!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"ONE AND ONE AND TWO PLUS TWO, THAT'S RIGHT"

FX:

HOWLING WINDS UNDER:

MINNIE:

Oh.

FX:

REMOVAL OF MATCHES FROM BOX, STRIKING OF MATCHES WHICH DON'T LIGHT. KEEPS TRYING THROUGH:

CRUN:

Dear, dear.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, I... don't know where that draft's coming from but I know where it's going to. Never... We'll never get this beacon lit, Henry.

CRUN:

No, we... we...

MINNIE:

Never.

CRUN:

Never come out without a cooked meal, you know.

MINNIE:

You should have a lining to your stomach.

CRUN:

Yes. And these matches won't light.

MINNIE:

What! Oh, they appear to be damp.

RIDER:

Hurry up, the dawn's coming up like thunder, like a [UNCLEAR] out of the bay, [UNCLEAR]. You can't do this to me, look y'ere...

MINNIE:

Oh.

RIDER:

And... and when it does, them Dutch will open fire on Captain Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Oh.

RIDER:

They can't miss him at that range.

CRUN:

Nobody could miss him at any range.

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

CRUN:

Ohhh. Oh, dear what's the matter...

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

MINNIE:

Use the power of your arms...

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

MINNIE:

...in striking.

CRUN:

I can't...

RIDER:

Are you striking them right?

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

What!

FX:

STRIKING MATCH.

CRUN:

I studied match striking under mister Guy Fawkes.

RIDER:

Are there any instructions on the box?

CRUN:

Yes, it's on the back here. "Conundrum. To you. How do you make a Maltese Cross? A - Stick a lighted match in his ear."

MINNIE:

Look! Look... look, Henry, the beacon's taken fire.

CRUN:

Ohhwww.

MINNIE:

Ohww.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

CREAKING OF RIGGING, HOWLING WIND, CHAINS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! Captain! They've litted the beacon on Nag's Head.

SEAGOON:

Poor animal. Right, Bluebottle, fire the gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang, boom, blun, blun.

SEAGOON:

Stringy North Finchley Lad, why don't you fire the cannons?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The matches is damp.

SEAGOON:

Damp?! Where d'ya get 'em from?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That nice gentleman standing in the lake.

SEAGOON:

What! (CALLS) You there! Come out from behind that water!

MORIARTY:

Don't shoot, I'm not well.

SEAGOON:

You don't deserve to be.

MILLIGAN:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Then... you're not well? Then who are you?

MORIARTY:

Interpreter, tell him who I am in interpret.

MAX VON GELDRAI:

Hij is de bekende man van de Nederlandse radio omroep, Hilversum een! Hi! (TRANSLATION: "HE IS THE WELL-KNOWN MAN FROM DUTCH RADIO BROADCASTING, HILVERSUM")

SEAGOON:

A Dutchman! A Dutchman! Drop that tulip!

GRYTPYPE:

He'll... he'll do no such thing, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You've got two minutes to abandon ship.

SEAGOON:

You mean... you lit a powder trail in the hold?

GRYTPYPE:

So you've read the book as well?

SEAGOON:

Yes. We'll soon get a brave seaman to extinguish it. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've gone home, captain. I'm on passion leave, there was jam for tea.

SEAGOON:

That's next week. Here, take this cup of water and put the fuse out (FADES).

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Ohh, captain!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Come on, let's do it now, come on...

GREENSLADE:

Is Moriarty lying? Has Grytpype really lit a powder trail in the hold? Will Bluebottle extinguish it in time? Listen again next week when you'll hear...

FX:

MASSIVE EXPLOSION, CRASH AND THUNDER, FINISHING WITH FALLING ODD BLOCKS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Arrrrggghhh oh, ho ho! You rotten swine, you! Why've you started that lark again?

SEAGOON:

It's only a game, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like that game.

SEAGOON:

You've got your head on back to front.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho ho, ohhhh.

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, 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.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) Translation:

"I'm walking back for Christmas across the Irish Sea" - Based on the Milligan song "I'm walking backwards for Christmas, across the Irish Sea"

2) Translation:

"He is the well-known man from Dutch radio broadcasting, Hilversum 1"

In the early days of radio, little children were often told that there was a little man inside the radio (het mannetje van de radio, (the little man in the radio)). I think he is referring to that. Hilversum 1 was one of the two Dutch radio stations in the fifties. Hilversum is a city between Amsterdam and Utrecht, where most of the Dutch broadcasting organisations are based.