

S8 E12 - The Great British Revolution

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMING AND ORIENTAL WOODWIND. SECOMBE SINGING OVER. PLAYED BACKWARDS AND VARY THE SPEED. CONTINUE UNDER.

SECOMBE:

What [UNCLEAR] this lot, then, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

That's a record of the Siamese Mixed Male Ballet, Tom.

SECOMBE:

The lads sound as if they're in pain, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ooh, they are, indeed they are. In fact they're in excruciating pain, Tom. See those Siamese lads execute great one legged leaps in very tight trousers filled with thistles.

SECOMBE:

Ah. That's very dangerous with all that frost about, you know, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

CRESCENDO

SECOMBE:

Halt!

GRAMS:

RECORDING STOPS.

SECOMBE:

I've had enough of this. I think the audience have, too. Hello, folks! Calling all folks. Have you had enough, folks?

GRAMS:

WAILING. MIX IN PENGUIN NOISES.

SECOMBE:

Great jumping donglers, we've got the wrong audience. This is Edana Romney's lot. I say! Wal... Wal, turn round and show 'em how the other half lives.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Tom. But first of all the all-leather Goon Show. And here's good news. The Goon Show is now available in half-pint bottles.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, folks, don't *listen* to the Goon Show, *drink* it in the new family sized bottle. Drink Goon Show.

GRAMS:

(JINGLE) Get yourself the [UNCLEAR] today,
cos Goon Show makes you happy!
Happy!
Happy!
Happy!
Goon Show makes you happy!
Get some today!
Only one and six a bottle [UNCLEAR].
Whoopee!

SECOMBE:

Now, Mr Greenslade, swallow this powerful stomach powder and stand well clear.

GREENSLADE:

But first, let me announce this week's story, 'The Great British Revolution'.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE TYPE DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION.

MCGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]
Ooooooooooh....

OMNES:

Ooooooooooh.

MCGOONIGAL:

Ooooo Oooooooooh.

OMNES:

Ooooo Ooooooh.

MCGOONIGAL:

The crowd are with me tonight.

'Twas christmas night in the workhouse...

OMNES:

Crowd noise.

MCGOONIGAL:

And all of a terrible sudden

There was a dreadful accident...

GRAMS:

TERRIBLE SCREAM.

MCGOONIGAL:

With an ordinary christmas puddin'.

And ooooooh...

OMNES:

'Give us bread, caviar!' Further crowd noise.

WILLIUM:

What about the old escargot? More escargot!

SEAGOON:

Inmates! Inmates! Outmates! I know you have a grudge against the rich because they sleep later.

The time is right for revolution.

JYMPTON:

And so saying, he wrote the word 'dinner' on a slip of paper... and swallowed it.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Delicious.

WILLIUM:

Oh, mate, it makes me mouth water. I wish I had a bit of paper with 'dinner' written on it.

SEAGOON:

I'll do better.

FX:

QUICK SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

There. Swallow that.

WILLIUM:

Cor! *Christmas* dinner! Ooh, yum-yum, mate, oooh...

SEAGOON:

Yes. Remember citizens, when I'm president all those bits of paper with the word 'dinner' written on will be honoured.

GRAMS:

NURENBURG RALLY.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. Thank you. Settle down! Now let's march on 10 Downing Street before they turn it into blocks of St James' theatres.

GRAMS:

CAST SINGING 'SONG OF THE VAGABONDS'. GRADUALLY SPEED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in the Mall, two men of dubious means shiver in a deserted crows nest.

MORIARTY:

There's a crowd of men, steaming men, marching down Whitehall.

GRYTPYPE:

Hand me my 'Times Only' reading glasses.

MORIARTY:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

Mm, according to the Court Circular in the Daily Worker, the leading steamer is citizen Seagoon leading this year's revolution. Moriarty, store the teeth away, we're leaving. We're leaving by first class legs.

MORIARTY:

But we're safe, safe in this tree!

GRYTPYPE:

No, it's to be chopped down. This Ministry of Works say it's dangerous.

MORIARTY:

Dangerous? Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Everytime they pass it, there it is, defying them.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh...

GRYTPYPE:

Now, with that acid topicality, we leave.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners. The sound you hear is the door knocker of number 10 Downing Street, first broadcast on the Light Programme on April 1953. Long live the miracle of sound wireless.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

JYMPTON:

Open up this door knocker.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

(HEAVY EXAGGERATED LAURENCE OLIVIER ACCENT) Coming. On my feet in the direction of you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

GALLOPING HORSE

JYMPTON:

Woah! Woah, there. Bad news, Prime Minister Sir Laurence.

PRIME MINISTER:

What's the idea of riding a horse in here?

JYMPTON:

It's all right, sir. He's a Conservative!!

GRAMS:

LOUD CHEERS

PRIME MINISTER:

Cut, cut. Now may I ask why you have dragged me out of bed in the middle of the day?

JYMPTON:

Even though they are slow to see it, Sir Laurence, England... England is in danger.

PRIME MINISTER:

I'd better write that down in case I forget it.

JYMPTON:

I tell you, sir, thirteen men claiming to be the English nation are approaching here on foot.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh? And whose foot are they approaching on?

JYMPTON:

I couldn't see, sir. It was covered with a sock and the blinds were drawn. But sir, there's no time to waste. We must re-assemble parliament.

PRIME MINISTER:

Right. You put back the walls and I'll replace the roof.

GRAMS:

RAPID HAMMERING. RAPID MURMURING.

GREENSLADE:

During this sound effect Max Geldray will play his overdraft.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

BRISK RENDITION OF 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY'. CORNY ENDING.

GREENSLADE:

That music signifies that the musicians union have agreed to join the Great British Revolution part two. The seige of number 10 Downing Street.

GRAMS:

ROUND OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Short pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Longer pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

(Even longer pause)

FX:

WHISTLE

GRAMS:

FURTHER BURST OF MACHINE GUN AND SMALL ARMS FIRE, STOPPED BY...

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

(CUTTING IN BEFORE IT ALL STARTS AGAIN) That's enough, lads! I'll see if he's in. Come on out Mr Prime Minister! We know you're in there. We've seen your washing on the line.

PRIME MINISTER:

What do you want? Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm the October rising of 1917.

PRIME MINISTER:

That belongs to the Russians.

SEAGOON:

They've lent it to us for the afternoon.

PRIME MINISTER:

Are you telling me that this revolution is a matinee?

SEAGOON:

Yes and it's sold out. That's why we're all standing at the back.

JYMPTON:

Wait a minute, you rebel devil!

SEAGOON:

It's old Milligan doing his histrionic nut, there.

MILLIGAN:

Don't give me away, then.

SEAGOON:

What part are you playing?

JYMPTON:

I, sir, am the home secretary.

SEAGOON:

Time you went home then, isn't it!

PRIME MINISTER:

So you're the leader of the naughty revolution.

SEAGOON:

Yes and the british people are behind me.

PRIME MINISTER:

I wondered why we couldn't see them.

SEAGOON:

Be careful what you say, hairy Prime Minister, or I'll...

JYMPTON:

You wait a minute, you devils. Are those rifles loaded?

WILLIUM:

No, they're not, but we're not telling you that, mate.

JYMPTON:

There's a commoner!

SEAGOON:

Well said, citizen Willium. Here...

FX:

FAST SCRIBBLING.

WILLIUM:

Cor!

SEAGOON:

There.

WILLIUM:

A bit of paper with O.B.E written on it!

JYMPTON:

Mr Prime Minister, these men are flooding London with paper O.B.E.s and the word 'dinner' written on paper.

PRIME MINISTER:

Is Stalin behind this revolution?

SEAGOON:

No.

PRIME MINISTER:

Is Lenin?

SEAGOON:

No, Len's out.

PRIME MINISTER:

I don't wish to know that!

SEAGOON:

I say, look here! You want to speak to his dad? I say, look here!

GRAMS:

CATTLE LOWING.

SEAGOON:

Alright, lads, alright! Settle down. Please. Prime Minister, the citizens are getting impatient. We're taking over England and here's the receipt for it. We give you one week to hand over officially. Come, men! Time for our revolutionary study.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello.

GRYTPYPE:

Look here, laddie, I've been playing your revolution on my phonograph. Congratulations! Now then, I have certain information that could benefit your cause.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Would you... would you... would you... would you like to have dinner with me?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Where?

GRYTPYPE:

At your place?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Seven o'clock?

GRYTPYPE:

Meet you seven o'clock on the dot.

SEAGOON:

Sure enough, at seven, I met him standing on a dot. And the dinner began!

GRAMS:

RING OF BOXING BELL. HERD OF PIGS AT FEEDING TIME. MIX IN DISTANT GLASS BREAKING; MASSED PUBLIC SCREAMING; FALLING BRICKS AND LUMBER.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah! Magnificent meal. Who said english cooking was lousy?

SEAGOON:

Just about everybody.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no. Now, a sign!

SEAGOON:

At a sign, Moriarty stepped back and revealed... a secret radio station!

GRYTPYPE:

Go in, Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah! It are citizen Seagoon. Come in, ah, citizen.

GRYTPYPE:

Yakamoto, tell him your oriental secret.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yes. (EXTENDED JAPANESE) I translate.

SEAGOON:

He's making it up, aren't you?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes. Your laughing is also ad lib, I presume. Now, listen. I have invented an anti-gravitation stick that when pointed at a person make person lose contact with gravity.

SEAGOON:

And they disappear into the sky?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes! Oh, boy! What fun it is! Am I not a fiendish oriental?

SEAGOON:

(GULPS).

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, with that weapon you could be master of the universe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed, yes! But where can I get them?

GRYTPYPE:

Here's the address of the sole wholesale agent.

SEAGOON:

(READING) Major Bloodnok, care of India. I'm off!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, take this letter down on the piano.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) SELLER'S AMATEURISH PIANO PLAYING. SINGLE CHORDS, FAULTY BASS, IMPROVISED.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear Dennis. Am sending you a right Charlie. He's fallen for the anti-gravity sticks plan. Charge him a fortune and include ten percent commission for me, made payable to any piggy bank. Signed, Grytpype-Thynne. Play that back .

GRAMS:

SELLER'S 'DANCE HALL SOLO' PLAYED BACK AT SLIGHTLY FASTER SPEED WITH BADLY PLAYED FINAL CADENCE.

GRYTPYPE:

Fool. You spelt my name wrong. It goes...

GRAMS:

SELLER'S 'DANCE HALL SOLO' PLAYED BACK EVEN FASTER SPEED WITH EXTENSIVE, BADLY PLAYED, FINAL CADENCE, ENDING WITH GLISSANDO.

GRYTPYPE:

There. Put that in a letter box and post it in the dustbins of Bombay.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Right. Right. Thank you. Well done, lads. Well done. Well done. Well done. Well done. Well done.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. I don't like...

SEAGOON:

Well done!

WILLIUM:

I... I don't like moaning, citizen, but we've been running full belt since we left London and I'm... I'm a bit shagged out, mate, I am, I...

SEAGOON:

OK. We'll send you onto Bombay by air, then. Step into the barrel of this cannon.

WILLIUM:

(WITH ECHO) Right, I'm ready.

SEAGOON:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHELL.

SEAGOON:

There he goes, ladies, airbourne!

WILLIUM:

(ECHO) That ain't me, mate, that's me trousers. They went away, they...

SEAGOON:

Did they? Well you'd better stay in the barrel, hadn't you?

WILLIUM:

It's not my turn, mate.

SEAGOON:

Mr Spriggs!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Ji-immmmm!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Ji-immmmm! Now, what's our geographical location?

SPRIGGS:

I cannot say, Jim. Oh, Jim. I cannot say-yyyyyyyyy!

SEAGOON:

Nothing but sand as far as the eye can see.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Let me taste a spoonful of it. (LICKING. SWALLOWING) Ugh! Oh, gad. This is the sahara desert. It must have been in the oven, it's still warm.

SPRIGGS:

Oh. That means it's ready to serve, Jim. Come on, lads, fill your hour glasses. This is all a mouthful.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Hello, folks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Hello, folks!

GREENSLADE:

Here we go again, folks!

SEAGOON:

Spriggs! Do my eyes deceive me... or is that a lighthouse over there?

SPRIGGS:

Doesn't look very light to me, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Well, it is! It's the Eddystone lighthouse. It says so on the label.

SPRIGGS:

It must be off course, Jim. Oh, Jim. It's off co-ooooooooourse!

SEAGOON:

Listen! Hist, hark, hoock, hark, heck, listen. I can hear the folks inside, folks. Shhh!

GRAMS:

SLOW SEQUENCE; DROP ONTO HARD SURFACE A TEASPOON, A BLUNT OBJECT; SOUND OF LOW PITCHED SPRING; A CREAK; FRED THE OYSTER; DROP A COUPLE OF SPOONS; A HIGH PITCHED SPRING; FINALLY DROP A SERIES OF BLUNT OBJECTS.

CRUN:

It's no good, Min. My bed's falling to bits, you know. It's never been the same since that terrible night I drank the dandelion wine.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. This bed... this... this bed 's alright, Henry. It's still got four legs.

CRUN:

Yes, but two of them are mine.

MINNIE:

Oh, I wondered why they had boots on. Well, buddy, it's time to light the lighthouse lamp up top, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes, Min, modern Min.

MINNIE:

Okay, rhythm type, Henry.

CRUN:

Where are the modern matches, Min?

MINNIE:

I... I put them in the fridge so they wouldn't go off.

CRUN:

Good, Min. Good, modern Min. Now, before I start work I shall just sip this cup of brown man sulphur and harbiger cennapod tea. Come, Min. Come on, Min. Let's go up the top and trim the wicks. Come on, Min.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING UP STAIRS. (EXTENDED) (IT IS LIKELY THAT SELLERS AND MILLIGAN ACTUALLY DO THIS EFFECT THEMSELVES)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh. Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Come on, Min, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh, dear. Oh, dear, dear. Keep trying, buddy.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

It's a long way [UNCLEAR].

CRUN:

You know, Min, a script writer named Spike Milligan gave me two guineas to take a long time walking up these steps. He said it helped him in his work.

MINNIE:

Yes, I know.

CRUN:

Now... now, Min, light the wicks.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK.

CRUN:

Phish-toooooo.

MINNIE:

Hurray!

CRUN:

Ahhh!

MINNIE:

There, hairy Henry. Shine on brave light, a warning to those sailors who sail the stormy seas.

CRUN:

Never mind about them, Min. Pull the blinds, we don't want people looking in.

FX:

VENETIAN BLINDS BEING PULLED DOWN.

CRUN:

If they see this light on all night, Min, they'll think we've been having sinful midnight ludo parties.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahoy there!

CRUN & MINNIE:

Ahoy! (EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Can you give us a lift to Bombay?

CRUN:

Ask the driver. He's under the lighthouse mending the brakes.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes, I see his boot sticking out. Hey you! You wearing the odd legs. Hey! HEY! Are you deaf?

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohi aooi! You swine of a man, you. What's the matter with you, man? Look, you've dented my shins all out of shape, you have.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohi aooi!

SEAGOON:

There. I've dented them straight again. Free of charge.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fool man, you. I challenge you to a duel. Puts on sword-fight record.

GRAMS:

RAPIERS CLASHING. CONTINUE UNDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Have at you. Have at you. Stab, thrust, parry, nick, lunge, sever, slice, parry... I can't think of anymore sword words. Oh, yes. Pokie, pokie, pokie! Pokie, pokie, pokie!

GRAMS ECCLES:

Aohhwwwww! Who did that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles! What you doing on my sword-fight record?

GRAMS ECCLES:

I'm on the other side Bottle and your sword came through.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Stop this rapid sponning. Lad, lad, little gooney elly tough lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Drive this lighthouse to Bombay and you can have this life sized model of Jayne Mansfield made of red jelly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, oh, oh, ohi! Does she wobble?

SEAGOON:

In the right places, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where's my spoon!?

SEAGOON:

But first, lad, Bombay by lighthouse!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! As the lighthouse departs, we place our microphone in far-off India. Long live the miracle of sound wireless!

GRAMS:

LONG DRAWN OUT SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhhh! Oh! Oh!

FX:

HEAVY RAIN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Singhiz. Send this parcel back to Lord Blunley will you.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, sir. What's inside?

BLOODNOK:

Lady Blunley. She hasn't got the fare home, dear lad. Oh, what a creature, my Bombay baby. Bandmaster, can I have my melodies, please?

ORCHESTRA:

INTRODUCTION ALA INDIAN REGIMENTAL BAND.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) We met inside a cage
When Bombay was all the rage.
My passions grew stronger
So into a tonga
I took her
Despite my age.

We drove to the governor's ball
And there to amazement of all
Whilst doing the tango
Someone threw a mango
At that dear old Bombay baby
Of mine, of mine.
That old Bombay baby of mine.

GRAMS:

MASSED APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Every letter will be answered,
every letter will...

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES QUICKLY.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, I'm the October revolution of 1917.

BLOODNOK:

Gad! The man's a giant.

SEAGOON:

I'm standing on a lighthouse.

BLOODNOK:

And it suits you. I must get myself one for the hurricane season.

SEAGOON:

Where are the anti-gravitation sticks?

BLOODNOK:

In... in this crate marked 'not to be opened until the cheque is cleared'.

SEAGOON:

Ah, well done, well done, well done, well done! Now, which is the quickest way back to England?

SINGHIZ-THING:

Through this door here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN STRIKING THE HOUR. SPED UP.

GRYTPYPE:

Welcome back to London, Neddie. You're just in time, lad. According to Hansard, parliament are at an all-night sitting. The government are coming out.

SEAGOON:

Citizen, prepare anti-gravity sticks.

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Greenslade, stand by for the payoff, would you?

GREENSLADE:

Sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh. It's you again.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Mister Prime Minister. And here's where you and your government go up. Citizens, point sticks and make government go up in the sky!

(SILENCE)

PRIME MINISTER:

What are you idiots at?

SEAGOON:

You're supposed to be up in the air by now. These anti-gravity sticks don't work. Run for it, lads!

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, Mr Prime Minister. As we promised, they're all yours. Arrest them!

PRIME MINISTER:

Thank you, Grytpype. Here is your O.B.E and Lord Taverner's tie, the badge of success.

SEAGOON:

So! It... it was all a plot, you fiendish yukkabukkaka!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And there's no need to re-iterate it, the audience saw this coming a mile off, didn't you?

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF SHEEP.

YOKEL:

(NORTH COUNTRY) Of course you did, now wasn't that lovely? Well, yes. Yes, and this is the end of the all-leather organ recital, save for one final owwww.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

YOKEL:

Lovely. Now the collection, please.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG.

YOKEL:

Thanks very much, thank you. Isn't it lovely? Good night.

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

NOTES

When Willum is told to stay in the barrel, he replies "It's not my turn, mate". This is a reference to a dirty joke in which sailors relieve their "frustrations" using a barrel with a hole in it. The punchline of the joke is "It's your turn in the barrel".

Jayne Mansfield (1933-1967) was pneumatic blonde film star later killed in a car crash.