

S8 E21 - The Man Who Never Was

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas, Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SELLERS:

Here in all it's stark reality is the true story of... The Man Who Never Was.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

April the 1st, 1944. For the Allies, the first hope of victory was almost in sight. North Africa has been won with the aid of Lance Bombardier Milligan, Gunner Secombe and Burma was holding out with Leading Aircraftsman Peter Sellers.

MILLIGAN:

Yes. The next move was the invasion of Europe. La-um-a-um-a-um. Would they attack through the soft underbelly? Would it be Yugoslavia? Greece? Sicily? We would see. Yes.

SEAGOON:

An invasion force was made ready. For weeks we waited for the right weather. Nerves were tense.

SELLERS:

Captain, the men are getting jumpy, hanging around, you know. Any idea what the weather's going to be like tomorrow?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, it's gonna be perfect at last. No wind, warm and a full moon.

SELLERS:

Well, that settles it. Tomorrow, we'll go and see Robert Atkins at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Oh.

OMNES:

(MURMURS)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Yes... Yes indeed. There was confidence for you.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Yes, by jove.

GREENSLADE:

But the main problem.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Ah-ha?

GREENSLADE:

How to distract the Germans from knowing our intention to land in Sicily. Let's go back to that fateful night on June the 3rd of October, 1953.

SECOMBE:

(OFF) You go back.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Let's go back there.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Right, yes, yes.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Let's go back, yes.

SECOMBE:

'Ave you done? 'Ave you done?

SELLERS:

(OFF) No, let's go back there.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Yes.

SEAGOON:

It was that very night... It was that very night that I, Captain Seagoon, was sitting in the lounge at the House of Lords Yacht Club at Southend.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Don't forget Davy, folks. Good film.

SEAGOON:

Suddenly, the footman came along and tapped me on the shoulder with his foot.

FOOTMAN:

Pardon me, sir. Colonel Gore would be pleased to see you out on the balcony, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, so he's out there, is he?

FOOTMAN:

Er, no. He's in here, that's why he'd be pleased to see you out there.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I think I'll go out for a breath of fresh air.

FOOTMAN:

Thank you, sir, that'll save us opening the window. Oh, and um, pardon me, sir, your... your taxi's outside.

SEAGOON:

I know.

FOOTMAN:

Please, sir, would you move it on a bit further, please.

GREENSLADE:

Grabbing his flying jacket as it flew by him, Captain Seagoon strode swiftly up the wall, across the crowded ceiling, hurling members to the floor below with cries of...

SEAGOON:

Fools! You shouldn't be up here! And you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, don't throw me down! I'm always up here! (APPLAUSE) Ayyyyy! Hello everybody!

SEAGOON:

Are you a member?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm a Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

What's that you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A flypaper.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon flung the interloper aside with a muttered oath.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee!

SEAGOON:

(OVER AND SLIGHTLY GARBLED) I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

GREENSLADE:

Donning his explodable shirt, he ran casually down to the sea.

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah. (APPLAUSE) Ta!

SEAGOON:

On the beach, barely visible in the moonlight, I saw... a body!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim! Hello, Jim! It's my body, Jim. I always bring it with me, Jim. Always bring it with meeeeeeee!

SEAGOON:

But but, but, but but, but, but buk-a-buk-a-buk-a-buk-a-bwark,

SPRIGGS:

Buk buk buk...

SEAGOON:

What's that on the beach?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, that's sand, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

SPRIGGS:

Saaaaand, Jiiiiim! Ooooh. Yes. Sand, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Who does it belong to?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, it's never been claimed, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Then I, Neddie Seagoon, on behalf of the free nations of the world, claim it for England!

GRAMS:

BAD RECORDING OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY'

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN) You know, you ought to give him the OBE for this one, I think it's really a good idea to help him do it. There's no doubt...

SEAGOON:

Even as they mailed...

SELLERS:

(OFF)...my saxophone out.

SEAGOON:

Even as they mailed my OBE to me - and this is where the story really starts.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Owwww!

SEAGOON:

There, in the sand, was a pair of uncooked German army boots.

GREENSLADE:

Like any quick thinking Englishman, Seagoon rapidly tried them on.

SEAGOON:

Curses! They're too tight. Then, dear listeners, I saw why. In ooch... (CHUCKLES AT HIS SPOONERISM)
"In ooch beet!" (LAUGHS) In each boot was a pair of human feet!

LALKAKA:

Pardon me, pardon me, sir, pardon me. Pardon... er... er... Pardo... Do you understand, they are my feet. My own little Hindu pows. Is that not right, Mr. Banerjee?

BANERJEE:

That is right, Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

That's right.

BANERJEE:

I can vouchsafe for the authenticity of the man's statement.

SEAGOON:

Well, I didn't know.

LALKAKA:

Big, fat, bing gally baboo.

BANERJEE:

(HINDI)

LALKAKA:

(HINDI)

BANERJEE:

But on Sunday he got none.

LALKAKA:

What will he do, for he will die?

BANERJEE:

Then his wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They'll make a bonfire of him.

BANERJEE:

They will throw him in the sea.

LALKAKA:

Oh, that will be the end of him.

BANERJEE:

Ooohh. That...

LALKAKA:

That the end of that? Will that do?

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN) Don't like what they're sayin'. [UNCLEAR] ...

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. As they spoke, I inserted a skeleton saxophone under the welt. And there, glistening in the light of my satellite moon, lay a roll of microfilm! There was only one thing to do: take it to the Chief of Millitary Intelligence!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S FANFARE, LEADING INTO A SWARM OF FLIES

BLOODNOK:

(OVER FLIES) Ooooh! Gah! Oooof! Gettaway, getta... Oohhh! Get out, those flies! Get those horse flies out of here!

FX:

HORSE CLIP-CLOPPING AWAY FOLLOWED BY A CHICKEN NOISE

BLOODNOK:

One of those is an imposter! Ohhh, they're not mine! Now, Sergeant Splinge?

SPLINGE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

March in that suspected German spy, will you darling?

SPLINGE:

Righty-o, darling. (OFF) Brigadier! (MILITARY SHOUTING)

FX:

MARCHING FOOTSTEPS

SPLINGE:

(OVER) Leah, leah, lea-rye-lea. Leah, leah, leah-rye-leah. Hie, hie, hie-hie-hie. Hie hie. Come on ahww! Left, leah, left-rye-leah. 'Pany, Shun!

FX:

MARCHING RECORD COMICALLY SLOWS TO A STOP

BLOODNOK:

Gad! What discipline! And dosipline!

SPLINGE:

One hundred-legged spy, all present, sir.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR]. Now, who is this suspected German spy?

SPLINGE:

He's a suspected German spy, sir. He caught loitering of the coast of Britian, there.

BLOODNOK:

What's your excuse?

SPY:

[SECOMBE]

I was waiting for a number 134 submarine.

BLOODNOK:

At this time of night? A likely story. They stop running at eleven and start walking, you know. Sergeant, what's this German's name?

SPLINGE:

Er, Herr Comezebride.

BLOODNOK:

Well, tell her to wait a moment, will you?

SPLINGE:

Right, sir.

SPY:

Permission to speak, Hairy Major.

BLOODNOK:

Permission granted, hairy prisoner.

SPY:

I would like...

BLOODNOK:

Silong! Volkeshere berebackter. Gabloongun kaput Chiswick Empire grung dang!

SPY:

Does your vife know zis?

BLOODNOK:

Shut up! Achtung! Gabluten gablootz! Admit it, you're a spy!

SPY:

I'm not a shpy, I'm a shepard!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhhh, Shepard Spy! (PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE) Ahhh, you can't fool us, you naughty German. We British are never caught napping.

SPY:

No, you're always caught vide avake!

BLOODNOK:

What!? That's a damned insult! (ASIDE) But he's perfectly correct, you know. (TO SPY) Now, are you married?

SPY:

Ya, two years.

BLOODNOK:

Any children?

SPY:

Nein.

BLOODNOK:

Nine in two years? You blaggard, you! Hand me that shotgun.

SPY:

Nicht, nicht! Ve are just good friends.

BLOODNOK:

What!? Sergeant, march this scoundrel backwards for Christmas, with a gas stove over his head.

SPLINGE:

Right-oh. Naughty prisoner... shun! Naughty prisoner... quick march! (GOING OFF) Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left... Keep up, there! Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left, left-right-left-right. Keep it up, there! Left, left...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What a brilliant fellow that Sergeant is.

SPY:

Then why has he left me behind?

BLOODNOK:

What a stupid idiot that Sergeant is! Leaving a spy at liberty.

SPY:

Please believe me, I'm not a shpy. I come here seeking political asylum.

BLOODNOK:

Well, take a bus to the House of Commons, that's the finest political asylum in the world! Ooohh! They're all there you know, aaaoowalalalalaaaaaaaaayeeaaahhhhaaa! It's.. Oh-ho-ho! Lovely to be back in England. Including Max Geldray, the well-known long playing record!! (SELLERS CRACKS UP) Max!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

I don't know how he gets away with it. And now we have great pleasure in returning you to the Goon Show. This is where the story really starts. Now showing at your local radio disguised as The Was Who Never Man, part the ping. Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

FX:

DOOR OPENING

GLADYS:

[SECOMBE]

Arrhhh, errrr. Major Bloodnok, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Gladys?

GLADYS:

Someone's coming up the stairs, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? Quick! Burn this on the fire!

GLADYS:

Right! What is it?

BLOODNOK:

A piece of coal!

GLADYS:

Right!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

You can't be, you look too rich! Good heavens! What's that you've got in your hand?

SEAGOON:

Microfilm, sir!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Found in some German boots washed ashore at Southend-on-Sea at Brighton.

BLOODNOK:

Boots? So that explains why that German spy was barefooted. This is an important find! Pull up a chair and sit down.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather stand.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, stand on a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

I shall just put this microfilm under this powerful magnifying glass. It'll keep it flat while I put my glasses on, you see. Now, there. Oooh! Some kind of secret plan! I know! We shall have it photographed. Keep one copy and send the other back to Germany. Might be a reward, you never know.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Send them back to the enemy?

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, but with a difference! I'm going to post them without any stamps on!

SEAGOON:

Gad, Major, you strike a cruel blow at German philately.

BLOODNOK:

Haha, yes.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Supposing these are the invasion of England plans.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, lad. If the Germans every invade England, we war office chiefs have Plan X ready.

SEAGOON:

Plan X? Who's that?

BLOODNOK:

Fast plane to Dublin then submarine to South America.

SEAGOON:

Major, you're not going to run away from the enemy?

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's no point in running away from anyone else, is there? Hoho! Haaahooo!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Alright. Be it on your own head, as you wish, Major, but... we all know what happened to Colonel Bentine.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Yes, ha ha. He sat right where you're sitting, now. In that very spot. Hahahahaha! He was frightened of the enemy. Hah! He put a thousand pounds of gold in his kit bag. Booked a fast plane to Dublin. Ha-ha. And he had a submarine laid on to take him to South America. Hahaha! Poor fool. He thought he'd got away with it. Heh, heh, heh! You know what happened to him.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) He got away with it! Ahhahahahhhhahahahah!

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, dear!

SEAGOON:

(CRIES SOME MORE)

FX:

GONG

GREENSLADE:

All through the night - and this is where the story *really* starts - Seagoon and Bloodnok pored over the plans. Sometimes they'd pored on the floor. Sometimes they poured in the glass but mostly they pored over the plans.

SELLERS:

Yes. Gentlemen. Ahem. I have... er... every reason to believe that these gin-soaked plans of a secret German weapon are really the *brandy*-soaked plans of a secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Is there no end to their fiendish ingenuity?

SELLERS:

I... fear not.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. Bloodnok, realising the significance of the discovery, lept to his feet and shouted for a messenger with a voice like thunder.

BLOODNOK:

Send in a messenger with a voice like thunder!

THROAT:

(TRYING NOT TO GIGGLE) Right, mate.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, take the microfilm at once to the Wool-wich Arsenal and get the experts there to build this secret German weapon.

SEAGOON:

I'll do my best, gentlemen.

MILLIGAN:

But we can't afford failures!

SEAGOON:

Despite that insult...

MILLIGAN:

What?

SEAGOON:

...I left the building with my head held high and my feet held higher.

BLOODNOK:

In that position, we threw him out. Here is a recording of it.

GRAMS:

SEAGOON SHOUTING THINGS INAUDIBLY FAST, ENDING IN 'AHHHHH'

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! You see, it wasn't easy!

SEAGOON:

Soon, I was at the gates of Wool-wich Arsenal, when I was challenged by a sentry.

FX:

BANG BANG

WILLIUM:

'Aaaalt! Ooo goes there?

SEAGOON:

Friend!

WILLIUM:

Cor, thank gawd for that, mate. Advance and be shot at, mate.

SEAGOON:

I was, mate.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, I reconise you.

SEAGOON:

Do you?

WILLIUM:

You're the bloke I was shooting at just now.

SEAGOON:

What makes you so sure?

WILLIUM:

All them little holes in your nut.

SEAGOON:

Silly man! They're old bullet holes!

WILLIUM:

I know, I was using old bullets!

SEAGOON:

Fool of fools, you might've killed me!

WILLIUM:

Ohhh,...

SEAGOON:

No.

WILLIUM:

...matey!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now then, matey. Where's the oroffice-ire in charge?

WILLIUM:

Er, Ray Ellington an' 'is Quiltet, mate.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Four for the price of one!

WILLIUM:

Hooorraayyyy!

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Hahahahaha!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WILL YOU STILL BE MINE?"

GREENSLADE:

And so the Woolwich Arsenal set about building a full scale model of the secret German weapon.
And soon the yard rang to the sound of British workmen at top pressure.

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) Ummm da deee

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) Daa daa daa teee doh

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS SLOWLY) There ain't a lady living in the land that I [UNCLEAR]. (IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(SINGS) la laaa-aa doh (WHISTLING)

FX:

THUMP

WORKMAN:

(IDLE WHISTLING)

FX:

LUNCH WISTLE, TOOL DROPPED, MANY PEOPLE RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

They were away a bit smartish, weren't they? Don't these workmen know there's a war on?

BLOODNOK:

I haven't had the heart to tell them, you know. Be madness. If they knew, they'd rush off and join the army. Anything rather than work, you know. They're... naughty.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Ahem. I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll tell you why I called this meeting, you know.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

It is essential that we fool the Germans into thinking that we haven't got the plans of their secret weapon. Isn't that so, Captain Frankfurter? He's a good old sausage.

FRANKFURTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahh-eerrrrr, yes. Ah, ahhhhhahhhahh... Perfectly correct, sir, yes. I... ahhhhh, I suppose it is, yes. Ahhhhh... It... ahhhhh... perfectly right, yes. I... I... I... I... jus... Yeh, I suppose... er... I... I... I...

SEAGOON:

If you're not sure, say so!

FRANKFURTER:

AHHHH! Ahhh-ahh-ah-ah-a, I'm terribly sorry. I-er-er-er, I jus-errrr, I-I-I-I-I mean that I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-ahhh-ahh-ahh-aahhhaaaahhhh-ahhh ahhhhh...

FX:

GUNSHOT

FRANKFURTER:

Aahhhh!

SEAGOON:

Well done, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

I hated to see him suffer.

OLD OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, I think we're wasting time! I have here a man who claims that he has the perfect plan to hoodwink the Germans with regard... to... the... secret weapon. Ahhhh.

SEAGOON:

Oh. How do you do, sir?

CRUN:

Ahhhh...

MINNIE:

(OFF) How do you do what?

CRUN:

Errrr... Ohhhhhh. Errrr.

MINNIE:

He's going to say "how do you do".

SEAGOON:

Well, tell him not to bother.

MINNIE:

He... he said not... not to bother.

CRUN:

(OVER) Oohhhh...

MINNIE:

Man says doo-oo-oon't bother.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Don't bother to say "how do you do", Henry.

CRUN:

How do you do, Min.

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Sir, please.

CRUN:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

(OVER) Morning.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

Please, would you care to give us a brief resume of your plan?

CRUN:

Ehhh...

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ooohhhh.

CRUN:

Welllll...

MINNIE:

Ahhh! Well.

CRUN:

Well.

MINNIE:

Mr. Crunge got the whole idea from a Sunday newspaper.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Certainly get some ideas from them, can't you?

MINNIE:

Ohhh! You naughty Seajune!

CRUN:

Naughty, naughty.

MINNIE:

Naughty, naughty, naughty-naughty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nutty-nikky-nakky-noo!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Gooooood morning!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Tea! Teeeeea in the morning.

MINNIE:

Teeeeea! Teea-he-heh-heh-heh-he!

CRUN:

Teeea... morning.

MILLIGAN:

(UNCONTROLABLE LAUGHTER)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I'll have you know, Mr. Sealoon, that we don't spend *our* Sunday mornings reading those sinful Sunday newspapers.

CRUN:

No, we just sleep on 'til teatime.

MINNIE:

Then we read the Sunday newspapers. Oooooohhh! I hate those naughty-type revivals of Moroccan roll. What's he doing? What's he doing?

CRUN:

What? Careful, careful.

MINNIE:

Yeahhhebeneturull... Ah-ah-ah-ah.

CRUN:

Careful.

MINNIE:

What I... Line fourteen.

CRUN:

What? I wondered where we were.

MINNIE:

Ahhhh.

CRUN:

(OVER) Stop that naughty whatever you're...

MINNIE:

Arhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Please, explain this plan! My life!

LESLIE:

[SELLERS]

Now, look, er, listen, erm, er, I'm his agent, let me talk for him. I'll talk for him. He's a bit shtum, this feller. Can't talk a bit. Now look, I'll tell you what we do. We put a copy of German microfilm in the pocket of a man dressed up as a German Naval officer, float him ashore from a submarine onto the enemy coast and then, for an encore..!

SEAGOON:

We don't need an encore! I have my own piano. Colonel Grisbig, you'll get the OBE for this.

LESLIE:

What have I done wrong? I'm living the good life, 'ain't I, now?

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes...

LESLIE:

What are you talking about?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but...

LESLIE:

Waaahhhhh!

SEAGOON:

(TRYING TO SPEAK OVER LESLIE'S WAILS) Who would be idiot enough to be dressed up... Who would be idiot enough... Who would be idiot enough! (LESLIE STOPS) To be dressed up as a German Admiral and thrown overboard from a submarine?

LESLIE:

Don't worry! Look, I've got an idiot in this box who's been specially drowned for the job. Lew, be a good boy and take the lid off.

GRAMS:

WOODEN BOX BEING PRIZED APART TYPE NOISE AND SOMETHING LUMPY FALLING OUT

LESLIE:

There you are gentlemen. Meet the man who never was!

ECCLES:

'Ello, folks!

LESLIE:

Gentlemen, direct from his aqua-tank drowning act at the Rotunda, Fabersham... Field Marshal Montgoonery!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Wait a minute! Wait a minute, this man is damp.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

LESLIE:

'Course he's damp, we damped him down for the night! He's the only Field Marshal with a private's baton in his knapsack.

SEAGOON:

But can we spare a Field Marshall?

LESLIE:

This Field Marshall don't count!

SEAGOON:

Really?

LESLIE:

No! He don't read or write, neither! That's why he's working the Romford Empire this week, all your life [UNCLEAR] there.

SEAGOON:

But we can't float him ashore, he's not dead!

ECCLES:

Wanna bet?

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

What? Shut up! Shut up, Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles! Shut up! Shut up when you say shut up to me!

SEAGOON:

Look here.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Leslie, Leslie, come here.

LESLIE:

What was that? No, listen, look...

ECCLES:

(GARBLED)

SEAGOON:

This man is a boy.

LESLIE:

You're a good boy. You're a good boy.

SEAGOON:

This man is completely S-T-U-P-I-D.

ECCLES:

Ooooooaaaaa! I heard that! Ooooo, you think that I'm S-T-U-P-I-D, eh?

SEAGOON:

Candidly? Yes I do.

ECCLES:

Well-oooo. Erm. It's a good job for you I can't spell. (SINGS) I got a sun in the morn...

FX:

SLAP SLAP SLAP

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ooow! Oooww! Oooowwww!

BLOODNOK:

Shut up. Shut up, you idiot. Go on, get out!

FX:

OVER: MORE SLAPS

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ooowoow! Ooowow! Ooo. Oooo. Ooooooooo! (PAUSE) Oh, I've broken my leg!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! How did you do that?

ECCLES:

I got a big a big hammer and I went BANG!

BLOODNOK:

Ooooww-ahhhh!

ECCLES:

Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid!

ECCLES:

What about yours? Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Oooooow-ah-ah! You naughty man!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners. With Bloodnok on his way to the Old Bailey, we had cheering news from the Woolwich Arsenal.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, they've gotted ready the secret German weapon what they have built from the microfilm plan.

SEAGOON:

Great news, little cardboard grenadier!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, everybody!

SEAGOON:

Here's an orange.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Well, I must be on my way. Chilvers?

CHILVERS:

[GREENSLADE]

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Lay out my road.

CHILVERS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And see that the pavements are clean.

CHILVERS:

Very good, sir.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I come with you to the testing this weapon, Captain?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, it's too dangerous, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

We can't afford to risk the life of a young idiot like you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is that why they're sending an old idiot like you?

SEAGOON:

Exactly. You stay here and guard the pavement.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, let me come with you, Captain. I want a chance to prove I'm a man!

SEAGOON:

Report to the MO. Taxi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

OMNES:

VARIOUS MUTTERINGS AND RHUBARBS

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

SEAGOON:

It was an exciting moment as I stood amongst the high ranking officers. In the centre of the testing area stood the sinister outline of the mysterious German secret weapon.

OLD OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes. Now, gentlemen, before we remove the cover from the V-3, I... I'd like to say that we're not quite sure what its potential is. What it's potential is. Ahem. It might-might-might well be... Might well be that the worst... this is the most devastating weapon we've ever tested in the Woolwich Arsenal.

POSH OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Yes, now, we've taken great care to, er, construct an exact, er, replica of the plan found in the uncooked Germany boot.

OLD OFFICER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Good show.

POSH OFFICER:

Oh, dear, Charlie's here. Now then, the, er, the rather ominous part: the only operating mechanism on this weapon is a small metal handle.

OLD OFFICER:

Gad!

POSH OFFICER:

And before we turn it, gentlemen, we must, er, take a precaution. Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

Yessir? Gent'lmen, will you all please take up positions behind the forty inch anti-gamma-ray lead-lined wall.

OMNES:

(MUTTERS)

SERGEANT:

Alright, sir!

POSH OFFICER:

Right, Sergeant. Gentlemen, I shall be turning the handle five seconds from now. Er, five, four, three, two, one. Turn.

GRAMS:

BARREL ORGAN PLAYS 'THE MERRY-GO-ROUND WALTZ'

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Gad! What fiendish ingenuity. A barrel organ!

BLOODNOK:

Don't waste it! Eccles! Up on the top and start scratching. Secombe, the tin mug and off we go!

FX:

COIN DROPPED IN A TIN MUG

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

(OVER, OFF) And they know it, chaps.

FX:

GUNSHOT

MILLIGAN:

Oooh!

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. First written and recorded in March 1956. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. Production by Charles Cilton.

MILLIGAN:

(OVER: VARIOUS GARBLED COMMENTS FOR NO APPARENT REASON)

Notes:

Davy was a 1957 film starring Harry Secombe in his first film role. There were several plugs for this made in Goon shows around this time, which seem to have been edited out of some recordings.

"There ain't a lady living in the land as I'd .." - This is part of the second verse of the song Dear Old Dutch.