

THE GOON SHOW:  
**THE CRAZY PEOPLE**

First broadcast on February 5, 1952. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens, edited by Jimmy Grafton. Produced by Dennis Main Wilson. Announced by Andrew Timothy. The orchestra was conducted by Stanley Black. Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson.

*[The first part of the show missing]*

Hern (Sellers):

...Yessirree, land of plenty and fun, the good ole USA, Uncle Sam's country, have a cigar, complements of Miles J. Fringe [???], straight from the dollar country.

Captain Pureheart (Bentine):

*[Laughs]* You can't fool me. You're an American!

Hern:

Er... Now, captain, what the Americans would like to know is, will the Crystal Palace make money?

Pureheart:

Money? What's that?

Hern:

Oh, just an old American word.

Pureheart:

Well, I hope the Crystal Palace will help do away with our poverty.

Hern:

Poverty? What's that?

Pureheart:

Just an old English word. Now, gentlemen of the press, you've come here for a story.

Reporters:

Yes, yes, yes.

Pureheart:

Right. Now, once upon a time, there were three bears. A big bear, a little bear, and a teeny-weeny...

Orchestra:

*[Music link]*

Timothy:

And so the Crystal Palace project was started. Pureheart spent the first few weeks playing around with a model.

Pureheart:

Yes. The frontage is very good, but these sides should curve a little more, and this bit here needs attention. There...

Model (Sellers):

Oooh! You artists are all the same.

Pureheart:

Yes...

Timothy:

Yes... Construction on the Crystal Palace soon commenced. Hyde Park was chosen as the site. A large grassy space was cleared, despite the protests of several guardsmen and nurses. The huge steel foundation was laid and for three days Pureheart never left the spot.

Welsh Workman (Secombe):

Well, captain, that's that. You'd better get home and get some sleep.

Pureheart:

Yes, but first we'll have to move the whole Palace about four inches to the right.

Workman:

Whatever for?

Pureheart:

It's on my blasted foot!

Workman:

*[Gulps]* Good. I say, captain, look! There's a man and woman wandering about the Palace!

Pureheart:

What! I say, you two! Come over here. How dare you come gawking around? It's all out of bounds! Who do you think you are? Your conduct is most un-British! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! What have you to say, eh?

Queen Victoria (Sellers):

Young man, we are not amused. Come, Albert!

Pureheart:

There goes my chance of a knighthood! Well, gentlemen, I must say this huge steel framework looks magnificent. Eccles?

Eccles (Milligan):

Duuuh, yuh?

Pureheart:

Run inside and ask them when they're going to start to put in the glass.

Eccles:

OK. Yumpa dum de dum de dum...

FX:

*[Breaking glass]*

Eccles:

Uuuh, captain?

Pureheart:

Yes, Eccles?

Eccles:

It's in!

Insurance Agent (Sellers):

Excuse me, captain?

Pureheart:

Yes?

Agent:

I'm from the LPC. We want to know if you've insured the Crystal Palace.

Pureheart:

Insured the Crystal Palace? Against what?

Agent:

Against fire.

Pureheart:

Against fire? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Did you hear that? Who ever heard of a palace made of glass and steel catching fire? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I never heard of such a thing! Ho, ho, ho, ho! The Crystal Palace burning! Ha, ha, ha...

Orchestra:

*[Pureheart theme]*

Timothy:

Yes, it's the Stargazers.

Stargazer:

*[Musical interlude: 'My Liberty Belle']*

Orchestra:

*[Fanfare]*

Sellers:

And of course, that fanfare heralds another installment in the adventures of...

Milligan:

...That great lover of the silent screen...

Sellers:

...He also loves the talkies...

Secombe:

...Handsome Harry Secombe. Thank you, thank you. My story starts last week. I was holiday in Italy in a place called... *[snaps fingers]* called... heh, heh, funny, I can't remember what the name of the town was. Anyway, one morning I stepped out into the street and...

FX:

*[Huge splash]*

Secombe:

Yes, of course, it was Venice. Luckily, I was fished out of the water by Signore Pietro Sellerzo, who took me to his home.

Sellerzo (Sellers):

It was nothing.

Secombe:

Anyway, thank you signore. You saved my life.

Sellerzo:

We all make mistakes.

Secombe:

Yes, I know. I saw your wife. Ha, ha, ha! Bully for Secombe!

Sellerzo:

Now, signore, you can do something for me.

Secombe:

I can?

Sellerzo:

Yes. You see, I am the conductor of the Orchestra di Sinfone di Milano. Today we are recording symphony. We completed the beginning, but we cannot finish.

Secombe:

Why?

Sellerzo:

Our drummer's disappeared. And I want you to find him for me.

Secombe:

A drummer? What's his name?

Sellerzo:

His name is

FX:

*[Boom-boom played on tympani]*

Secombe:

Hmmm. Unusual.

Sellerzo:

Not really. No, no, no, not really. In actual fact, it's

FX:

*[Boom-boom-knock; boom-boom as before on tympani, followed by knock of single hit to cowbell]*

Sellerzo:

But the

FX:

*[Knock on cowbell]*

Sellers:

is silent.

Secombe:

How do you spell it?

Sellerzo:

Well, it's, let me see, oh, yes. You spell it

FX:

*[Complicated series of drum sounds]*

Sellerzo:

but you pronounce it

FX:

*[Boom-boom, as before]*

Secombe:

Of course, of course. Don't worry, signore Sellerzo. I'll find him for you.

Sellerzo:

Thank you, Mr. Secombe. Good bye.

Secombe:

Good bye.

FX:

*[Door opening, followed by splash]*

Secombe:

Swimming briskly across the street to the steps of the concert hall, I chanced upon a citizen loudly arguing with a captain of police.

Boom-Boom (Milligan) and Police Captain (Bentine):

*[Loud argument in Italian]*

Secombe:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen! Please, please, please, please, please! What's the trouble, capitano?

Captain:

I ask this man for his identity, and he say his name is

FX:

*[Boom-boom]*

Captain:

which is ridiculous and impossible. No-one can have a name like this, eh?

Secombe:

But it's true, capitano. And if you give me your name, I'll see that you're rewarded for finding him.

Capitan:

Thats-a very kind of you signore. My name is

FX:

*[Thump-a-croak; two drum hits followed by a croak]*

Secombe:

Ah, yes. I know your sister,

FX:

*[Squeek-chrip-croak; squeeze toy squeak, bird chirp, croak]*

Secombe:

My quest thus over, I took Signore

FX:

*[Boom-boom]*

Secombe:

back to Signore Sellerzo, who was delighted, for he was then able to finish the last movement of his symphony.

Sellerzo:

You are all ready? Right. A-one, a-two...

Orchestra:

*[Final coda of a symphonic piece, ending in "Shave and a haircut, two bits", the last two notes being the same tympani boom-boom as before]*

Secombe:

Bravo! Bravo!

Sellerzo:

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Secombe. And now, in payment for your work, we accompany you in a song, no?

Secombe:

But my fee for a day's work is fifty guineas.

Sellerzo:

So, because we listen to you sing, that leaves you owing us 450 pounds.

Secombe:

Touché! Play the introduction.

Sellerzo:

A-one, a-two...

Orchestra:

*[Ta-da, da-da-da-dum music hall intro, followed by Secombe and Orchestra in aria, 'Ridi Pagliaccio']*

Sellerzo:

That was very, very fine, Signore Secombe. Very, very fine. But for now, goodbye.

Secombe:

Goodbye.

FX:

*[Door opening followed by splosh]*

Secombe:

Oh, well! That's show business for ya.

Timothy:

What a pity he can swim.

Orchestra:

*[Musical link]*

Timothy:

Introducing Max Geldray.

Max Geldray:

*[Musical interlude]*

Timothy:

That was Max Geldray. Mr. and Mrs. Geldray have been married just over a year, and next week, yes, you guessed it, they're expecting a little visitor. Wee Georgie Wood is coming to see him. And now it's time for Peter Sellers's Goon military historian, Major Bloodnok.

Orchestra:

*[Bloodnok theme]*

Bloodnok (Sellers):

Oooh, ooh. Thank you. So help me, major. My name is Bloodnok, Major Bloodnok. I'm of the Whitehall warriors. Of course, during the War, I was a brass-hat. Yes, made me a fireman, they did. Now, you crummy lot, if you stop shuffling your boots out to sea. My story tonight concerns the time many, many years ago when I was in India. I was called one day to HQ...

Corporal (Bentine):

Major Bloodnok to see you, suh!

General (Secombe):

Thank you, corporal. Come in, Bloodnok.

Bloodnok:

Ah, good morning, general, good morning, good morning...

General:

Good morning. Now, Bloodnok, you're a brave man.

Bloodnok:

Oh, yes, sir, yes.

General:

You're courageous...

Bloodnok:

Yes, sir?

General:

Daring...

Bloodnok:

Yes? Why?

General:

Well, we want you to go on a very dangerous mission.

Bloodnok:

Dangerous?

FX:

*[Door slams]*

General:

Corporal!

Corporal:

Sir?

General:

Find captiain [??] before he gets [??].

Corporal:

Right, sir.

Bloodnok:

I'm back, I'm back.

General:

Why, Bloodnok, for a moment I thought you were turning coward!

Bloodnok:

For a moment I was. Once outside that door, though, I realised that I had to come back.

General:

Why?

Bloodnok:

I'd forgotten my hat. Goodbye.

General:

Bloodnok!

Bloodnok:

Oh, yes, alright, very well.

General:

Now, about this mission. You know that once each year we send all our wives to the hills for a rest?

Bloodnok:

Yes, hmm.

General:

Well, this year they're having trouble at the Manicure Hill station.

Bloodnok:

Ooh.

General:

The Sennapache and his savage tribesmen are creeping up on the place at night and taking prisoners!

Bloodnok:

They are?

General:

Yes. Only the other night they took Captain Sandwich and my wife completely by surprise.

Corporal:

'Bout time those two were caught!

General:

Corporal!

Timothy:

One night some weeks later Major Bloodnok, accompanied by his faithful servant, arrived at the Manicure residency and addressed the officers of the garrison.

Omnes:

*[Mumbles of officers]*

Bloodnok:

Now, gentlemen, my name is Bloodnok. You've all heard of me, Major Bloodnok?

Officers (omnes):

No.

Bloodnok:

What's that? Nobody heard of me? Quite sure of that?

Officers:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Oh, well in that case I'll appoint myself mess treasurer.

General:

Now, Major Bloodnok, what are you going to do about Sennapache and his savage tribesmen?

Bloodnok:

What am I going to do!?! If they show their faces around here, I shall kill every man-jack of them and throw their bodies to the jackals. And as far as the Sennapache fellow, I'll pick him up by his throat and with my own bare hands I'll strangle him and...

Corporal:

The Sennapaches is coming, sir!

FX:

*[Door slams]*

General:

Milligan?

Milligan:

Suh?

General:

Try to catch him before he gets to the next rickshaw stop.

Milligan:

Right, suh.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Bloodnok:

Ooh. Now, don't worry about me. I'm a soldier, and I'm going to die with my boots on.

General:

Why?

Bloodnok:

I've got holes in my socks. Anyway, don't worry, men, as soon as the tribesmen attack, I shall be out there shouting the Ikka-Tikka war cry. Ikka-tikka! Ikka-tikka!

Corporal:

What does that mean, sir?

Bloodnok:

"Let's get the hell out of here."

Abdul (Milligan):

Major Bloodnock, sir, Major, long live Rule Brittania, American admiral Savage [?] shall be slaved, hooray.

Bloodnok:

Yes, Abdul?

Abdul:

A messenger just arrived with this letter, sir. Hooray.

Bloodnok:

Oh, now. Let me see... Great Scott! Oh, quick! Switch all the lights off!

Abdul:

Why, sir? What is it?

Bloodnok:

Electricity bill.

Abdul:

Right.

Ellington:

Major!

Bloodnok:

Yes, Ellington?

Ellington:

I'm tired of being just a butler. I wanna help in the fightin'.

Bloodnok:

Oh, splendid, Ellington. You know that bloodthirsty, savage monster, Sennapache?

Ellington:

Yes?

Bloodnok:

Well, I want a volunteer to go and fight him single-handed.

Ellington:

You do?

Bloodnok:

Yes.

Ellington:

Well, I sure hope he finds somebody.

Bloodnok:

Very well, then, I shall go myself. Alone.

Corporal:

You're a brave man, Bloodnok.

Bloodnok:

I know, Bentine, I know. You see these medals?

Corporal:

Yes. What did you get them for?

Bloodnok:

Ten bob the lot. Now, give my my gun. Stand away from the door. Goodbye, men!

Men:

Goodbye, sir!

FX:

*[Door closes]*

Bloodnok:

Ellington!

FX:

*[Sound of metal pounding on door]*

Ellington:

Yes, Major?

FX:

*[More pounding]*

Bloodnok:

Ellington?

Ellington:

Yes, Major!

Bloodnok:

For goodness sake, open this door and turn the gas down!

Ellington:

Why?

Bloodnok:

I'm in the oven.

Ellington:

Oh. Wait a minute, Major, someone's coming.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Corporal:

Great curry, sir, it's the Sennapache himself, sir!

Sennapache (Milligan):

Now! Where is this Major Bloodnok? I, the Sennapache, will kill him!

Ellington:

Major Bloodnok? Er, he ain't here.

Sennapache:

No? Then what ar those feet sticking out of the oven?

Ellington:

Oh, that? That's, um, oh, that's a chicken.

Sennapache:

Oh, a chicken, eh? Oh, well, we must turn the gas up and cook it well, mustn't we? Like this!

FX:

*[Hiss of gas]*

Sennapache:

That's it. Ha ha! Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Now, let me have a look inside.

FX:

*[Oven door opening]*

Sennapache:

Aaah! So, Ellington, what have you to say now?

Ellington:

Erm... Dinner is served!!

Orchestra:

*[Bloodnok theme]*

Timothy:

And so we leave a rather browned-off Major Bloodnok to stew in his own juice. Members of the Andrew Timothy Fan Club will be pleased to know that old Tim is in form, as usual. And once again, Ray Ellington brings you favourite songs of your favourite singers. And this week, it's Al Jolson.

Ray Ellington and His Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: 'I'll Still Have You, Sonny Boy']*

Timothy:

Usually at this point in the Goon Show, a long explanatory announcement is required. This week, however, we need only tell you that there follows the story of the World's Greatest Film. It begins quite simply with a telephone call.

FX:

*[Telephone rings and is answered]*

Morris (Secombe):

Hello, this is the Bank of England here.

Harry Chalkham (Sellers, Jewish voice):

Hello, Morris?

Morris:

Yes?

Chalkham:

This is Harry Chalkham, the film producer. I've got a smashing new idea for a film. Now, it's all about the Ancient Roman, Nero, and how love leads him astray.

Morris:

But won't that upset vegetarians?

Chalkham:

Don't be funny. They'll get eaten the same as the rest of 'em. Now then, Morey, will you put up the money for it?

Morris:

Well, that all depends on the star of the film, Mr. Chalkham. You'll need a good dramatic actor, you know, none of your variety crew.

Chalkham:

Ah, don't worry about that. The geezer I've got in mind's strictly pure programme.

Morris:

Really? Who is it?

Chalkham:

Ted Wray. I'll tell you what, I'll send my agent round to see him right away.

Orchestra:

*[Musical link]*

FX:

*[Door knocks and is opened]*

Agent (Secombe):

Ah, Mr. Wray. I should... Well, before I say anything, can I have your autograph, please? I thought your performance was wonderful, Mr. Wray. What acting! And I've always wanted your autograph. Thank you, Mr Wray. Thank you very much. You're a good boy, Andrew. Now, where's your father, Ted?

Andrew (Bentine):

I'll call him. Dad!? Where are you, dad?

Ted Wray (Sellers):

What's that you say? Where am I? Hello, boys and girls. I'm here in the back garden, digging for gold and rayzollah [?].

Agent:

What? You expect to find gold in your back garden?

Wray:

Yes. Why shouldn't I? Because...

Andrew:

Here it comes.

Wray:

...That's where I buried it!

Orchestra:

*[Musical link]*

Omnes:

*[Cries of "hooray"]*

Milligan:

In desperation, Mr. Chalkham rang up the brain, the pulse, the nerve centre of British films.

FX:

*[Phone lifting off hook]*

Chalkham:

Hello, Hollywood?

Milligan:

But they were no help. There was only one thing left to do. Having scraped the bottom of the barrel with no result, he was forced to go to the bottom of the barrel itself, the BBC Variety Department.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Chalkham:

Yes, cock, you with the big head. You the head of the BBC?

Timothy:

No, I'm Andrew Timothy.

Chalkham:

What? Ooh, the famous Home Service announcer? Oh, I'm terribly sorry, sir. Oh, I really, I, permission to speak, sir? Please?

Timothy:

Well, if you insist.

Chalkham:

Well, it's like this, sir. I'm making a film, you see, and I can't get any straight actors, so I'm going to use variety people, you know, comedians and all that lot, you know.

Timothy:

Oh. Why don't you get hold of people like Bob Hope or Jack Benny, or...

Chalkham:

What? Use Americans? Use Americans, when right here in the BBC there's perfectly good English comedians like Bernard Brayton, Ben Larn, Barbara Kelley, Baby Daniels... Baby Daniels, that's right...

Bentine:

Finally, however, Chalkham succeeded in casting the main role in the play as.... Ooh...

Chalkham:

...Name is to be the star part. He's a big handsome fellow, steely grey eyes, and bulging with muscles, all that lot, ya see. So, my son, I think you're just the man for the part, see?

Actor (Bentine):

Yes, thank you. And a jolly good morning to you.

Chalkham:

Yes, well, hang on a sec. You see, the female star's going to be Gladys Laverne.

Actor:

Gladys Laverne? But she's terrible.

Chalkham:

I know, I know, but my wife says Gladys Laverne's gotta be the star, and if my wife says Gladys Laverne's going to be the star, then Gladys Laverne's going to be the star.

Actor:

Yeah? And who's your wife?

Chalkham:

Gladys Laverne.

Timothy:

Well, the film was finally cast, and is now complete.

*[part missing]*

Secombe:

...Yes, come next week to see Hugh Barrett and the magnificance of Nero's palace. Here the lilting melodies of the Roman court musicians.

Orchestra:

*[Piano, accompanying cast in some music hall number]*

Secombe:

And listen to the brave war song of one gladiator, as he hurls the British rave across the arena to another gladiator.

Milligan and Sellers (singing):

Over to you... Over!

Secombe:

See the dramatic scene in which Nero chooses one of the slave girls to be his wife.

Nero (Sellers):

Yes, I think I want her, the one with the long wavy blonde hair.

Sellers (imitating some variety comedian or other):

Now, Jimmy, you know I only washed it last week and I can't do a thing with it, Jimmy.

Secombe:

Or the scene when Nero sees Rome in flames and cries...

Nero (Sellers, cockney accent):

Aargh. Flippin' kids!

Secombe:

Or the scene in which Nero reads the letter from Hannibal and says...

Nero:

What is this drivel? This rubbish? This utter nonsense?

Chalkham:

Well, whose is the next line? Here, c'mon, Timothy, you're supposed to say it. Go on.

Timothy:

I'm not an actor. I'm an announcer. The BBC only allows me to say one line.

Chalkham:

Well, say that, then. Start again.

Nero:

Alright, then. What is this drivel? This rubbish? This utter nonsense?

Timothy:

This is the BBC Home Service.

Omnes:

Hurray!

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

Timothy:

You have been listening to the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine, and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray, and the Stargazers. The BBC Dance Orchestra was conducted by Stanley Black. Incidental music by Wally Stott. The script was written by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens and edited by Jimmy Grafton. The programme was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

Secombe:

Next week, the Goons present 'The Merchant of Venice', featuring, "Good day to you, Mr. Shylock."