

THE GOON SHOW:  
THE GREATEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD

First broadcast on March 1, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Orchestra:

*['Only A Rose']*

Sellers (sings accompanied by Orchestra):

I bring along, a smile and a song, for anyooooonnnnnnnne...

Seagoon (American accent):

Yes, it's song time with Webster Snogpule.

Sellers (sings accompanied by Orchestra):

Only a rose, for youuuu...

Greenslade:

Once again welcome to 'Your Song Parade', half an hour of glorious musical boredom with songs that your mother loved and everyone else hated.

Sellers (Irish accent):

Thank you, Dennis Main, tonight I have included in my repertoire Schubert's violin sonata, guest soloist Billy 'uke' Scott. And now request spot; my first request comes from Jack Blonger, a two-headed Mongolian criminal tram driver who is under treatment for the dreaded emulsion of the legs and the green lurgi. Cheer up Jack, I'm alright. And here is your song, and it's called...

Sellers (singing, accompanied on piano):

One loan, to be my own, alone my love, to find your caressing, songs divine, and you are mine, I wonder how my love...

Grams:

*[Explosion followed by metal hitting ground]*

Greenslade:

We regret to announce the sudden death of the well-known BBC tenor Webster Snogpule, the programme and the death were recorded, the next programme follows in one second.

Seagoon:

Here is the next programme.

Sellers:

With Patrick Sellers, Isaac Secombe and Tom Milligan we present:

Seagoon:

The Greatest Mountain in the World, or....

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Seagoon:

I knew Fred Crute, or....

Sellers (high-pitched voice):

The Greatest Mountain in the World!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic introduction]*

Greenslade:

This story opens in the basement of a disused fish-squirting factory. There, during a meeting, being held by the Royal Geographical and Archaeological Society a member is concluding his speech...

Milligan (fade in):

He's got one digging, one covering up, and one looking for fresh places, and that's how King Tutankamun's Tomb was discovered, I thank you.

Sellers:

Thank you, Sir Marty Mahweeler.

Milligan:

I don't wish to know that.

Sellers:

And now pray silence for the right and left honourable Sir Hairy Seagoon, President of the Yong-Tid-Tiddle-I-Po, Honorary Parole Prisoner and twice winner of the Dartmoor Escape Medal.

Seagoon:

Thank you, gentlemen. Members, in view of Sir Edmund Hilary and Tiger Tenzing's great achievement last year, I have decided to go one better. I intend to climb the highest mountain in the world...

Sellers (politician voice):

But it's already been climbed.

Seagoon:

Ah ha ha, your thinking of the one Hilary and Tenzing climbed. Well now, I have news for you, I have discovered a higher one.

Sellers:

What is its name?

Seagoon:

Well, I can't keep this mountain a secret for ever, it's bound to leak out eventually. I'll tell, and you're the first men to hear it. It's called (dramatic voice) Mount Everest..

Singhiz Thingz:

Silence, silence there. But the mountain has already been climbed, hooray.

Seagoon:

Climbed? Climbed? By whom?

Singhiz Thingz:

Hilary and Tenzing.

Lakagee:

My goodness, man.

Seagoon:

So, they climbed Mount Everest as well. What a dirty trick! Never mind, I will not be defeated by this dishonest strategem. I will find a higher mountain.

Milligan (politician):

*[Laughs wildly pronouncing each laugh individually]* And where are we going to find this higher mountain?

Seagoon:

Where? Well, I, er...I'll, er.....

Ellington:

Boss, boss.

Seagoon:

What Ellington?

Ellington:

Why don't we build a higher mountain?

Seagoon:

Build our own mountain?

Ellington:

Yeah.

Seagoon:

What rubbish, get out!

Grams:

*[Door shuts]*

Seagoon:

Has he gone?

Milligan:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Good. Gentlemen, I have a brilliant idea. Why don't we build our own mountain?

Minnie Bannister:

Bravo buddy, yeah buddy!

Seagoon:

Thank you, buddy.

Minnie Bannister:

Okay, buddy.

Seagoon:

Yes. Now where will we build this mountain?

Crun:

*[Incoherent ummmms]*

Seagoon:

Yes, Mr. Crun?

Crun:

I think we should build it in Hyde Park.

Seagoon:

Why Hyde Park?

Crun:

Well, it's handy for the buses and shops.

Seagoon:

Hyde, er...yes...Hyde Park...er...ummm....Any objections?

Milligan:

Ohhh yes! If we build this mountain on England, England would sink under the weight.

Seagoon:

Sink? In that case, this mountain would be invaluable, people could climb up the side and save themselves from drowning.

Milligan:

Mercy, you're right. Hurry and build it, before we all drown!

Seagoon:

Splendid. Who will second Mr. Crun's idea?

Crun:

I will.

Seagoon:

Anyone else?

Crun:

Yes, me.

Seagoon:

Excellent. Mr. Crun, your idea has won support.

Crun:

I thank them, *[sings]* I walk in the shadow.

Seagoon:

Yes, I can see that. On Monday then we start cleaning Hyde Park. Failing that we start on Monday. If not, in Hyde Park on Monday. Meeting adjourned.

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic link]*

Grams:

*[Bulldozer sounds]*

Greenslade:

Work began, and a great area in the park was cleared. The method was very simple, one digging, one filling in and one looking for fresh places.

Seagoon:

Foreman Scrumply!

Scrumply:

*[Jovial laughter, country farm fashion]*

Seagoon:

Glad to hear it. Now, did you drain the water from the Serpentine?

Scrumply:

Arrrr, an' we filled it in with solid concrete.

Seagoon:

Concrete, good. That's very good!

Eccles (singing as he enters):

Oh what a beautiful morning, oh de dum de dum de dum, be my love, when would your princess be burning, oh what a beautiful morning...

Seagoon:

Eccles, what are you doing?

Eccles:

Having a good time.

Seagoon:

Having a good time? How did you get that lump on your head?

Eccles:

I just dived in the Serpentine.

Seagoon:

Dived in? Did you know it was solid concrete?

Eccles:

No, but I know now. In any case, I wouldn't dare dive in a pool with water in it.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Eccles:

Can't swim.

Crun:

Oh, hello Lord Seagoon.

Eccles:

Hello.

Crun:

Look, look what I've got in this little box.

Seagoon:

Oh, it's a little lump.

Crun:

Yes, a lump. I'll put it on the ground, there. Now, I'm going to make a mountain out of that.

Seagoon:

What is it?

Crun (laughing to himself):

A mole-hill [*Eccles joins in laughter*]

Grams:

[*Lorry noises*]

Ellington:

Anyone about here?

Crun:

Yes, us.

Ellington:

What are you three laying down for?

Crun:

A very good reason.

Ellington:

What's that?

Crun:

You've just run over us.

Ellington:

Um, are you Mr. Crun?

Crun:

Only just.

Ellington:

Well, this parcel on my lorry is for you.

Crun:

Oh. That will be the mole for my mole-hill. Come on, help me lift it down.

FX:

*[Box being moved, Crun and Eccles struggle with it]*

Crun:

Good grief, it weighs a ton. Now, let's get the string cut. Eccles, the scissors.

Eccles:

Okay, here we go.

FX:

*[String being cut behind Eccles speaking]*

Eccles:

Oh de dum de dum de dum, a snip there, a snip there, and a bit there. How's that?

Crun:

Very good, but I didn't want a haircut.

FX:

*[Box being opened]*

Seagoon:

Ah, here he is, the mole.

Eccles:

Oh yeah, look at him, he must be hungry.

Crun:

Yes, here boy, here's a nice worm for you.

Eccles:

*[Gulps]* Thanks, any more?

Seagoon:

You idiot Eccles. That was for the mole ya soft....

Grams:

*[Lion roars]*

Seagoon:

I say, are you... Are you sure he is a mole?

Crun:

Of course he's a mole, look here's the letter: "With Love to our dear British friends from your pals the Egyptians", there!

Seagoon:

Hmmm.

Grams:

*[Lion roars]*

Crun:

If you don't believe me read the label around his neck as proof.

Seagoon:

Alright, yes, it says: "L I O N", hmmm, "L I O N"? Mole? "L I O..."

Crun:

Well, what does it say?

Seagoon (shouts in fear from a far distance):

Lion! It's a lion!

Crun:

Oh, you silly man you. Ellington, do you think it's a lion?

Ellington (shouts in fear from a far distance):

Yes!

Grams:

*[Lion roars during following speeches]*

Crun:

Ahhhhhhh!

Eccles:

Ooooooooooooooh.

Crun:

Nice pussy! Puss, puss! Pussy, wussy, puss, puss! Here pussy, eat this, it's all for you.

Eccles:

Put me down! Help!

Grams:

*[Feet running away into the distance]*

Greenslade:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, end of Part One. Ices, chocolates and Max Geldray.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude: 'Carnivalite']*

Sellers:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, part Two. Now read on.

Greenslade:

Having escaped from the lion, work went ahead on building the mountain. Then, when it had reached a height of ten thousand feet, disaster. At midnight, Crun was awakened.

Seagoon (strained voice):

Pardon me, is this your mountain, sir?

Crun:

Yes, I am part owner of it.

Seagoon:

It will have to come down, you know...

Crun:

What?

Seagoon:

It will have to come down. It will have to be dismantled.

Crun:

But... What? Who are you?

Seagoon:

Facts: Male, name Bogg F, secretenant ministry of works and housing, section 9: "No mountain weighing more than 8 pounds 10 ounces and measuring more than 20 feet may be built within a radius of Nelson's Column."

Crun:

What are you going to do?

Seagoon:

Well, I'll just put these little sticks at the base of the mountain and light the fuses, ay...

FX:

*[Match being lit]*

Crun:

Is that all?

Seagoon:

Yes, that's all, thank you. Well, I'd better be going now.

Crun:

Well goodnight, and a Merry Christmas.

Seagoon:

Thank you, and a Happy New Year to you.

Crun:

What a nice fellow. Now what are these two red sticks he's stuck in here? Oh, there's writing on them. Er, Aaaaaaaaah! Dynamite! Heeeeeelp! Heeeeeelp! *[Fades away into distance]*

Grams:

*[Dynamite fuse sizzling]*

Eccles:

Hello? Hello ho ho ho? Did I hear someone calling? *[Sniffs]* Hmmm, something burning around here. Oooh, what a bit of luck! Two big cigars and they're both lit. Hmmm, let's see, what brand are they now? TNT brand. Hmmm, must be a new make. I'll take a puff on one. *[Sucks]*  
Hmmm!

Grams:

*[Explosion]*

Eccles:

Ummmm, strong! I'd better nip the other one out and save it for later.

Crun:

Ahhh! The mountain's all gone! Oooooh Ellington!

Eccles:

I ain't Ellington.

Crun:

Hmmm? Oh no, you're not. Yours wipes off. Oh, it's Eccles! You're Eccles.

Eccles:

Yeahh, oh, pleased to meet you Eccles.

Crun:

But the mountain, blown to pieces!

Seagoon:

Oh, what's happened? Where's my mountain?

Crun:

Gone! Destroyed! Smashed to pieces by the Ministry of Works.

Seagoon:

We'll call an immediate meeting of the Royal Alpine Society.

Orchestra:

*[Musical link and alpine society theme tune]*

Milligan:

*[Incoherent speech (such phrases as "I have never...")]*

Cast:

Here here, bravo.

Seagoon:

Well gentlemen, Lord Elpus has made it quite clear. We have no option. We have to start building another mountain in another country. I therefore call upon Major Bloodnok for advice.

Bloodnok:

Ah Ha Ha! Ha Ha Ha! *[grunts]* Ha Ha Ha! And other disgusting noises! Gentlemen, I have the answer to this problem...

Minnie Bannister:

Bravo buddy!

Bloodnok:

Silence, Miss Bannister, or I'll mugle your crampons with me griff club.

Minnie Bannister:

Oooooooooooh!

Bloodnok:

Now to biz. Mount Everest, it's 5 miles high isn't it? Yes?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

But it measures 12 miles across the bottom.

Seagoon:

Well?

Bloodnok:

Well? All we need to do is tip Mount Everest on its side and we'll have a mountain 12 miles high.

Seagoon:

How do you intend tipping Mount Everest on its side?

Bloodnok:

Well, isn't it obvious?

Seagoon:

No.

Bloodnok:

Then I have another idea. Why don't we saw the top off Everest, insert a portion of some other mountain underneath, thus raising Everest another hundred feet.

Seagoon:

Uuuuum, no, that would be cheating and against the International Alpine law.

Bloodnok:

Gentlemen.

Sellers:

Ooooooh! Might I interpose? *[Harry does a raspberry]* Thank you. I know of a mountain that is higher than Mount Everest.

Eccles:

Oooooooh!

Seagoon:

Well said Eccles.

Eccles:

Thank you.

Sellers:

This mountain is 33,000 feet high.

Seagoon:

And it's name?

Sellers:

Fred. Mount Fred. There is, however, one snag. It is under the sea, 300 kilguri fathoms down.

Seagoon:

Well, it's worth a try, hands up those in favour. Well now gentlemen it is decided we sail on an expedition ship to locate the sunken mountain, Ellington?

Ellington (exaggerated upper class English accent):

Er, yes, dear boy?

Seagoon:

Clear the decks.

Ellington:

At your leisure.

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: 'I Got A Girl In Kalamazoo']*

Sellers:

The Mighty Mountain, part Three. Read on.

Seagoon:

We fitted out a magnificent expedition vessel. To make the ship safe we sent it by boat. And soon we hope to above the mighty Mount Fred.

Grams:

*[Oars in water]*

Crun:

Lower the anchor.

Eccles:

Okay.

Grams:

*[Splash]*

Crun:

Shouldn't it have had a chain attached to it?

Eccles:

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. But it couldn't have been a very good anchor.

Crun:

Why not?

Eccles:

It sank, didn't it?

Greenslade:

Ah, Major, sir. Your secret deep sea observation bathosphere, the X9, is ready to be lowered over the side.

Bloodnok:

Well I'm afraid we can't use it, you see there's a slight technical fault.

Greenslade:

What's that?

Bloodnok:

The whole thing's useless. However I found another method of making false meat balls.

Seagoon:

False meat balls?

Bloodnok:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Major Bloodnok, we have not come 6,000 miles out here with all this ultra-modern submarine equipment and diving apparatus equipped for deep sea mountain climbing to make false meat balls.

Bloodnok:

And why not?

Seagoon:

Because we've come to climb the highest undersea mountain in the world.

Bloodnok:

Strice me dongler and hell me iron thudders, what blasted idiot thought of that?

Seagoon:

You did, sir.

Bloodnok:

What a brilliant idea!

Ellington:

Er, may I interrupt you for a second?

Bloodnok:

Yes, what do you want?

Ellington:

Nothing, I just want to interrupt.

Bloodnok:

Get out of here you naughty little boy, you!

Seagoon:

Major!

Bloodnok:

Oh, you naughty little thing!

Seagoon:

Mage.

Bloodnok:

What?

Seagoon:

According to our calculations we are almost above Mount Fred.

Bloodnok:

Then action!

Cast:

Mumbles and talks amongst themselves.

Bloodnok:

Men, to climb this under water giant we shall need the following: Alpine stocks, skis, rope, crampons, crevices, grappling irons and tents.

Seagoon:

Tents? But this climb is under water!

Bloodnok:

Thud me you're right! Include umbrellas, raincoats and Miss Myrtle Penelope Dimple.

Seagoon:

What's she for?

Bloodnok:

I like the woman.

Seagoon:

How are we going to carry all the heavy equipment?

Bloodnok:

Camels.

Seagoon:

Camels? Camels live under water? That's mad!

Bloodnok:

Of course it is, only mad camels could live under water. We're in condition tonight. Do you think I am crazy?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

What a splendid judge of character this fellow is. Now what's this? Ah! Yes, provisions. Most important, paraffin cookers for cooking paraffin...

Seagoon:

You can't cook under water.

Bloodnok:

Of course not, we shall surface for all meals, you understand. And now, how far is it to the base of the mountain? Er, get ready all you climbers!

Milligan:

*[Gurgles]*

Seagoon:

Er -- how do you intend getting down to the mountain.

Bloodnok:

Quite simple, one digging, one filling in and one - no, no, no, I mean, er, I mean my famous fireman system, we lower a greasy pole over the ship's side and we all slide down to the mountain top and plant the British flag.

Milligan:

Hooray.

Seagoon:

No, no, no. That would never do.

Bloodnok:

What?

Seagoon:

That would be a foul. You can't climb down to get to the top of a mountain. The International Alpine Club state categorically that all mountains must be climbed up to get to the top.

Bloodnok:

Flud me cystem with galloping crabs, you mean we've got to climb to the bottom and then climb up again?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

*[Gasps]* Thud. How far is it to the very bottom?

Seagoon:

Approximately 3 miles, to be exact -- 3 miles.

Bloodnok:

Much too far to walk, everyone in the car, we'll drive down. Ellington, away we go.

Ellington:

Right...

Grams:

*[Car starts and zooms away followed by splash and bubbling]*

Greenslade:

To enable the story of the underwater epic to be continued the BBC have installed microphones at the base camp of Mount Fred on the North Col and at the summit. Now read on...

Grams:

*[Car running smoothly as Bloodnok speaks]*

Bloodnok:

Stop the car!

Grams:

*[Car brakes as car screeches to a halt]*

Bloodnok:

We're lost, lost! Lord Seagoon, ask a native where we are.

Seagoon:

Right, sir. I'll knock on this oyster.

FX:

*[Knocking followed by footsteps approaching]*

Grams:

*[Oyster opens like a rusty door]*

Minnie Bannister:

Yes?

Seagoon:

Oh, is Pearl in?

Minnie Bannister:

No, no, no. Pearl isn't in, but I'm her mother.

Seagoon:

Of course, you must be Mother of Pearl! *[laughs at his own joke]*

Minnie Bannister:

Yes, yes. What do you want buddy?

Seagoon:

Could you direct me to Mount Fred?

Minnie Bannister:

I'm a stranger down here buddy.

Seagoon:

You'll regret this buddy, *[Minnie argues during this speech]* you can't trifle with the British Empire buddy... *[both go on arguing ending each sentence with 'buddy']*

Bloodnok:

Come on Seagoon, stop arguing, don't argue. Get in. Drive on Ray...

Ellington:

Okay.

Eccles:

Hey, look what I met, an octopus.

Bloodnok:

Well don't stop to shake hands or we'll be here all day. Drive on Ray!

Ellington:

Okay again.

Grams:

*[Car starts and zooms off into distance fading away]*

Bloodnok:

He should have waited for us!

Seagoon:

Yes, now we're hopelessly lost.

Bloodnok:

Lost! Rubbish! I know exactly here we are.

Seagoon:

Where?

Bloodnok:

Here.

Seagoon:

I do believe you're right, I do believe so. Nevertheless someone must surface and see where we are. Now let me see, who shall it be... *[calling]* Bluebottle!

Bluebottle:

I heard you calling me my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. England expects. Sticks hand up jumper in Lord Nelson pose. Moves left stage way...

Seagoon:

Bluebottle, I want you to get to the surface.

Bluebottle:

And surface it shall be, I shall sur-face. Quickly puts on Elsie Seamen's night only bathing drawers. I am ready captain! Pray tell me, how do I get to the surface?

Seagoon:

Just grab the horn of this submerged mine.

Bluebottle:

Oh jolly good. *[Struggles and gulps]* 'Ere, do not mines go off bang?

Seagoon:

Of course not, do your duty Bluebottle.

Bluebottle:

I knew it was safe for me to do my duty Bluebottle. Moves forward over to mine. Grabs hold of horns, very gently. Ahhh, it is safe. I did not believe you at first, but now I know that....

Grams:

*[Explosion followed by telephone ringing]*

Seagoon:

Hello?

Bluebottle (on other end of phone):

You rotten swine, you! Oh, you have deaded me again. Oh, I die in my prime. Farewell I say. Pushes button B. Gets money back, exits to NAAFI for tea.

Seagoon:

I've... I've deaded him.

Eccles:

Ooooooooooh!

Seagoon:

I'll have to tell his mother.

Eccles:

Yeah, that will cheer her up, yeah.

Crun:

Lord Seagoon.

Seagoon:

Oh, it's Marilyn Monroe!

Eccles:

Ooooooooooooooooooh! Here, here! Ooooooh!

Crun:

Get your hands away from me Eccles.

Seagoon:

Mr. Crun! How can I mistake you for Marilyn Monroe?

Crun:

I got air bubbles in the seat of my trousers.

Seagoon:

I see.

Crun:

Now I've come down to tell you that the explosion has blown Mount Fred to bits.

Seagoon:

What? Oh, curse! The only mountain taller than Everest and wee Georgie Wood! Oh, that's ruined our chances... *[sobbing]*

Eccles:

Oh, never mind. Never mind. Never mind. Here, here, here, steady, have a cigar.

Seagoon:

Thanks.

Eccles:

It's one I got from that Ministry of Works fellow.

Seagoon:

Hmmmm, strong aren't they?

Eccles:

Yeah.

Grams:

*[Explosion]*

Greenslade:

We regret to announce the death of Lord Seagoon, Mr. Crun and Eccles. The programme was recorded. Good night.

Eccles:

Yeah, good night folks, Have a good time.

Greenslade:

You're supposed to be deaded.

Eccles:

No, I'm not deaded.

Bluebottle:

Hurry up and be deaded and then you can go home for tea.

Seagoon:

Yeah, come on Eccles be deaded.

Eccles:

No, I'm not going to be deaded!

Bluebottle and Eccles:

*[Argue fiercely until the music overpowers them]*

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray, the Orchestra was conducted by Wally Scott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton. -- It is now proven that the cast were all deaded. The London Palladium is now appearing in Argyll Street, Argyll Street is also appearing there. Philip Harbon has not been properly deaded, neither has Kay Hammond. Now read on...

Orchestra:

*[Outro]*