

THE GOON SHOW:
THE INTERNAL MOUNTAIN

First broadcast on March 29, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Charles Chiltern. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by John Koster, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC. Tonight's programme comes to you by arrangement with the makers of Kiddies Head Crushing Machines Ltd. Therefore we present Sita Follers, Natty Floorcloth and Mirke Soddington in The Goon Show! And the best of luck.

Orchestra:

[Fanfare]

FX:

[Applause, cheering]

Greenslade:

Right. Thank you, thank you!

Orchestra:

[Dramatic chords]

Greenslade:

This is a story of high adventure, one that will blaze it's way across the length and lought of Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England and certain parts of East Acton.

Seagoon:

This story will swell with pride the feet of every true Englishmen, woman, child, cat, dog, chicken, mongoose, red faced baboon, gorilla teeth, and to say nothing of Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder!

FX:

[Clicking and plopping sounds]

Milligan:

Listeners may well ask what Footo the Wonder Boot Exploder has to do with our story. Well..., we shall see!

Greenslade:

Now to the drama, enthoothed:

Seagoon:

A saga of the internal mountain or...

Grams:

[Chickens speeded up, bagpipes, scream, splash, chickens, Viennese waltz, chickens, explosion, high beeping noise, followed by a plop]

Milligan:

We shall see...

Orchestra:

[Dramatic chord]

Seagoon:

The Internal Mountain, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha... *[Echoed by Milligan]* How well I remember it. But first things first. My name is Lord Hairy Seagoon, doctor of Philosophy and spinster of this parish. I am six foot three, except on television. A man of action. Yes, I've rubbed shoulders with death. I've knocked on doors and run away. Oh, you may not believe this, I've run through Piccadilly unescorted.

Sellers:

Ah! You devil! Ha, ha, ha! You devil! Ha, ha! Read on, read on...

Greenslade:

One night, as Lord Hairy lay tossing and turning in his egg box under the stairs of Saxophone Players Anonymous, a mystic ethereal voice spoke to him in his dream.

Ghostly voice (William-like):

Hello Lord Seagoon, Seagoon, can you hear me, over.

Seagoon:

Yes, yes, I hear you strength three. Roger.

Ghostly voice:

This is not Roger, this is Fred Crin, the spirit of adventure. Now living abroad owing to tax...

Seagoon:

You sound like Milligan through a megaphone, there!

Ghostly voice:

No ad-libbing, please... Listen oh midget, I come to gratify your desire. If you seek new horizons, climb Mount Everest there.

Seagoon:

Oh spirit there, it has already been clumbed.

Ghostly voice:

I know, it's not been clumbed from the inside.

Seagoon:

From the inside, from the inside! Oh spirit, you are right!

Ghostly voice:

I must go now, I see my last tram coming. Farewell...

Seagoon:

Wait, wait!

Ghostly voice:

Nooo...

Seagoon:

Wait!

Ghostly voice:

Nooo...

Seagoon:

Wait.

Ghostly voice:

Noo...

Seagoon:

Wait. (Raspberry) Curses, the spirit has gone. It must have been only 70% proof. What an idea! Climb Mount Everest from the inside? It's never been done before. Cronk!

FX:

[Door opens]

Cronk:

Yes my lord?

Seagoon:

Lay out my purple serge suit, my yellow and black polka dot tie, green and mauve striped shirt, gold monogrammed boots, white bowler, and my pink hand-painted souzaphone.

Cronk:

Another funeral, sir?

Seagoon:

No, not today, no. I'm going to the Royal Alpine Club.

Cronk:

I'll phone your office and tell them you won't be in.

FX:

[Picks up phone]

Seagoon:

Yes, let them try and manage without me today somehow.

FX:

[Dialling phone number]

Cronk:

Hello? Sir Bernard? Lord Seagoon's compliments, sir, he will not be in today. -- All right, sir.

FX:

[Replaces phone]

Seagoon:

Well?

Cronk:

You are fired, sir.

Seagoon:

What? Ha ha! Fired? Oh dear. I shouldn't worry about a job with my qualifications, ha ha. Let him get another lift attendant, see if I care, hm.

Cronk:

Bravo, sir. Spoken like a true failure.

Seagoon:

Mark my words, Cronk, he'll never get another man like me.

Cronk:

That's what he said, sir. I never want another man like you.

Seagoon:

That's enough Cronk. Is my horseless carriage ready?

Cronk:

The chauffeur is pulling it here now.

FX:

[Beeping noises, small explosions]

Cronk (laughing):

He approaches...

FX:

[Door opens]

Eccles:

Ah... Milord, the car's ready.

Seagoon:

Aaaah, good lad, Eccles! That's what I like. Car right outside my door.

Eccles:

You never told me you lived on the twentieth floor, though.

Seagoon:

All right, Eccles. To the Alpine Club!

Eccles:

OK, of course.

FX:

[Footsteps running away]

Seagoon:

I'd better follow him in the car. Giddup!

FX:

[Horse galloping away]

Seagoon:

Hm. I'd better take my boots off and follow on foot

FX:

[Feet running away]

Seagoon:

I'd better follow my feet as well. Hup!

FX:

[Springing sounds]

Grams:

[Organ music]

Greenslade:

With that music, Seagoon arrived at the Royal Alpine Club.

Crun:

Now then, Kamchenjunga, 22,000 feet...

FX:

[Hammering on the door]

Bannister:

Ohh, ohh, Henry.

FX:

[Knocking on the door]

Bannister:

Ohh!

FX:

[Knocking on the door]

Crun:

What, what, what Min, whaat, what, what?

Bannister:

There is someone knocking at the door.

Crun:

Which side, Min?

Bannister:

Inside, Hen, inside Hen.

Crun:

Are you knocking to get out then?

FX:

[Knocking at the door]

Bannister:

No, they're at it again, Henry.

FX:

[Door opening]

Seagoon:

I'm sorry.

Bannister:

Ooohh, fishtu, fishtu, fishtu!

Seagoon:

I happened to be knocking and I thought I'd call in.

Bannister:

[Babbling] fishtu's on fire

Crun:

Wait a moment, what is it Dutch Min? *[Seacombe giggling]* Morning, morning...

Bannister:

There was someone knocking on the door with Max Geldray.

Crun:

What? Oh, all right then, come in.

Seagoon:

Save your breath.

Bannister:

I've been saving it for years, that's why I've got...

Crun:

Please, please come in whoever knocked.

Seagoon:

Look I was gonna tell you, it was...

Crun:

Please, don't interrupt the private affairs of the house! Come in!! Is there someone knocking at the door?!

Seagoon:

YES!!

Crun:

WHO?!

Seagoon:

ME!

Crun:

THEN COME IN!

Seagoon:

I AM IN!

Crun:

THEN WHAT ARE YOU KNOCKING FOR?!

Seagoon:

I AM NOT KNOCKING!

Crun:

THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO KNOW YOU'RE THERE?!

Bannister:

OUWEEeee!

Crun:

Who are you, Sir!?

Bannister:

Oh, it's the devil I tell you! *[Screaming]*

Seagoon:

I'm Lord Seagoon!

Bannister:

[Unintelligible] Ying bong ballaboo...

Seagoon:

I'M LORD SEAGOON WILL YOU!

Crun:

Than can I have your name, please?

Seagoon:

Harry Pronk.

Crun:

It's Lord Seagoon, Min!

Bannister:

Oh hello, lmanmin...

Crun:

What can we do for you?

Seagoon:

I went to the Alpine Club to cooperate in climbing Mount Everest from the inside.

Crun:

Oh, oh... And who would finance such a thing?

Seagoon:

Ha, ha, ha. ME! Would you mind turning your back while I unfasten my money belt? Thank you. Now I'll just undo the buckle.

Seagoon:

[Humming over...]

FX:

[Sounds of metal objects being moved, sawing... Things falling to the ground, explosion]

Seagoon:

What a bit of luck! It was open all the time!

Crun and Bannister:

Can we turn round now, can we?

Seagoon:

Turn round, yes. All gone!

Crun:

And the money, money?

Seagoon:

There it is! Feast your eyes, ha ha ha ha!

Crun:

...Two shilling?

Seagoon:

What's wrong? Isn't that enough? I have another thruppence in my boot, which I can explode with Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder!

FX:

[Plopping explosions]

Crun:

Oh heavens, no, you need at least in the neighbourhood of a pound.

Seagoon:

A pound, that sounds like a rich neighbourhood.

Crun:

It is. I know a moneylender there.

Seagoon:

A moneylender? What a cunning disguise. I suppose he works under a nom de plume?

Crun:

Yes. And the pong in the summer is terrible.

Seagoon:

No doubt. I'll go and see him. But first things first. Max Geldray plays his leather tuba!

Max Geldray and orchestra:

[Musical interlude]

Greenslade:

The internal mountain climbers, page three. Enter Seagoon in cloak and paper hat. He approaches door of the moneylender and knocks with a giraffe.

FX:

[Doorbell ringing]

Grytpype:

Come in Seagoon, heavily disguised in cloak, paper hat and holding a giraffe.

FX:

[Door opening]

Seagoon:

Good morning. I wish to borrow X pounds.

Grytpype:

X pounds? What for?

Seagoon:

My X-penses. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, X pounds! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha... Humpf... Just my little joke.

FX:

[Gunshot]

Grytpype:

Just my little bullet. Now dear ragged Ned, sit on this blank cheque and tell me all, please.

Seagoon:

I want to borrow 30,000 pounds.

FX:

[Coins falling]

Grytpype:

There. All in farthings. Moriarty?

Moriarty:

What do you want Grytpype, what do you want?

Grytpype:

Stop going aaahh, ahh... And parcel up the gentleman's money. Neddy, just sign this gentleman's agreement, please.

Seagoon:

Let me see it. *[Reads]* I promise to pay back 30,000 pounds plus 10,000. What's that for?

Grytpype:

That's the tip, Neddy. You leave it under your upper plate.

Seagoon:

I refuse to sign.

Grytpype:

Good.

Seagoon:

I demand a recount!

Ghostly voice:

Seagoon, Seagoon, I'm the spirit come to help you again, thanks. Sign it with a false name...

Seagoon:

Of course! Very well.

Ghostly voice:

Ta...

Seagoon:

There: Gladys Latoul Seagoon.

Grytpype:

So, you're a woman?

Seagoon:

Well... *[High voice]* Yes!

Moriarty:

My little darling! Marry me!

Seagoon and Moriarty:

[Screaming]

FX:

[Footsteps running away]

Greenslade:

It must have been hell for Seagoon, but finally at midnight he shook off Moriarty, and with the famous Eccles started work on the next part of the Goon Show.

Seagoon:

And the next part of the Goon Show is the part when I say, "tomorrow we sail for India!"

Jim Spriggs:

Yes Jim, and that is where we'll meet! You'll meet the great melody mountaineer Major Bloodnok. Major Bloodno-o-ok!

Orchestra:

[Blooknok theme]

FX:

[Number of rapid explosions]

Bloodnok:

Oah, ow, ooh, ooh, owls, owls, owls. Oh, me owls, oh!

Seagoon:

You there!

Bloodnok:

Gad, look!

Seagoon:

Major Bloodnok?

Bloodnok:

The same! Late of the Saskatchewan Red Indian Cavalry.

Seagoon:

This is the famous Eccles, late of the human race.

Bloodnok:

Eccles? Gad! It must be thirty years since we met.

Eccles:

I ain't never met you before.

Bloodnok:

It must be longer! Forty years!

Eccles:

Oh, that's more like it.

Bloodnok:

Yes. Of course, of course. Well, now you're here let me help you. Eh, Singhiz, take this gentleman's things and put them in the wicker basket, marked lot 23, 8 bar.

Singhiz Things:

8 bar.

Seagoon:

What splendid hospitality.

Bloodnok:

Ha, ha, ha. You're staying the night?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Where?

Seagoon:

Here.

Bloodnok:

Blast! Well, before you turn in, would you care for a nightcap?

Seagoon:

Yes

Bloodnok:

What size head?

Seagoon:

Six and seven lumps.

Bloodnok:

Ah, horrible. Seriously though. *[Giggles]* You've come a long way here, how about some whiskey?

Seagoon:

Eh, no.

Bloodnok:

Rum then.

Seagoon:

No.

Bloodnok:

What about gin?

Seagoon:

No, no.

Bloodnok:

Good heavens man, haven't you brought me anything at all!?

Seagoon:

Course. I brought you this long thin green thing with a rusty bootlace tied round it.

Bloodnok:

But I've already got one of those.

Seagoon:

You've got one, how was I to know?

Bloodnok:

How? Isn't it obvious? You could have written, surely, I mean... Oh, oh, will you, oh...

Seagoon:

Steady Bloodnok, steady, steady. I'm here to offer you employment.

Bloodnok:

Work? Oooh!

FX:

[Body falling down]

Seagoon:

I got Bloodnok onto his bed and revived him with a glass of Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder!

FX:

[Explosion]

Bloodnok:

Oh, that's better! Now Seagoon, tell me all.

Seagoon:

It's about climbing Mount Everest from the inside....

FX:

[Workers singing, drilling]

Greenslade:

In three weeks work was begun on boring a hole up the middle Everest.

Bloodnok:

What a sight. 10,000, working like blazies. But I like Kippo, buzzz, buzzz...

Seagoon:

Bloodnok!

Bloodnok:

Oooh! Ooh.

Seagoon:

What's this huge brown paper parcel?

Bloodnok:

It's a surprise from Blighty.

Seagoon:

Oh.

Bloodnok:

It's a lift.

Seagoon:

A lift!

Bloodnok:

Yes. I'm gonna have it build into Mount Everest. Seagoon, you're going travel up in style and comfort, lad. Come, let's unwrap it.

Seagoon:

I'm the strongest. I'll tear off the paper!

Bloodnok:

You Herculean daredevil.

All:

[Singing, raspberry]

FX:

[Tearing of paper]

Bloodnok:

There we are. Now let's open the door and see what it's like inside.

FX:

[Door opening]

Bannister:

Oooh, thank heaven. Where am I?

Seagoon:

Miss Bannister!

Bloodnok:

Minnie Bannister? Not THE Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse and the Third Foot and Mouth?

Bannister:

Oooh, the same.

Bloodnok:

Oh, fair delicate creature. Don't you recognise me?

Bannister:

Oooh. Dennis Bloodnok!

Bloodnok:

Ooh, my treasure, you little beauty.

Bannister:

Ooooh.

Bloodnok:

Remember the night at the Governors ball in 1927 at Cornpa.

Bannister:

You drunk lie...

Bloodnok:

Oh, what was that waltz?

Bannister:

What was it?

Bannister and Bloodnok (singing, accompanied by piano):

I was born in Vienna. Where the girls and the men are. So exceedingly all bright and gay, and I blow away...

Seagoon:

Yes, yes.

Bannister (still singing):

I was, oooh...

Bloodnok:

Oh.

Bannister:

How silly, I was born in Finchley, I...

Seagoon:

But we have work to be done.

Bloodnok:

Of course! Greenslade, take madam Ban to the ladies luxury rest house.

Greenslade:

Yes, sir.

Bloodnok:

Move the pigs and the goats out first, off course.

Greenslade:

Right, sir. This way, baby.

Bannister:

Oh, naughty...

Bloodnok:

There she goes, sweet Min Ban. She looks exactly the same as when I first met her: Horrible!

FX:

[Whistle]

Bloodnok:

Outside, everyone back to their own beds!

FX:

[Running feet]

Seagoon:

You fool Bloodnok, that's a danger whistle! It means the men in the tunnel are gonna start blasting.

Bloodnok:

Rude words cannot hurt me, lad.

Seagoon:

I'd better check and see if everyone has taken cover. Bluebottle!

Bluebottle:

Heard you call. I heard you coming, my Captain. Yeah... Hello everybody. Oooh. Strikes ready and willing pose. *[giggles]*

Seagoon:

Bluebottle, run in that tunnel and see if all the men are out.

Bluebottle:

Your wish is my command! I will do that Captain. I'm not afraid. I will. I say - Captain - there's a - there's a dirty big stick of dynamite in there.

Seagoon:

Yeah, but it'll take ten minutes before it explodes. You're perfectly safe.

Bluebottle:

I knew it will be safe! I trust my Captain. He always tells me the truth! ...You are telling the truth, don't you?

Seagoon:

Of course.

Bluebottle:

Oh...ahey... To the tunnel then! Gives carefree toss of head. Toss, toss, tossy! Ahey.

Seagoon:

There he goes, brave tall youth, straight as a ramrod and twice as thin. Ahh, even as I speak he enters the dreaded tunnel.

Bluebottle:

Hello, hello everybody. Is there anybody in there? Hu, hu, hu! Is anyone still in the tunnel? [??]
Oh, if so, you must leave. But there is no hurry, do you know that? My Captain says there's still ten minutes before the dynamite...

FX:

[Explosions]

Bluebottle:

... You rotten swine you!... You deaded me! Look at the shattered cinema trousers. I can't look you at you in the face like that.

Seagoon:

Quick, close the mountain. Put him out of his misery!

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

[Musical interlude: "Bona sera"]

Bloodnok:

That night I was so excited I didn't feel tired so I slept with my eyes open. When I awoke my eyes were closed. So I must have dozed of when I was asleep with my eyes shut open.

Seagoon:

You talk as though you have an unsound mind.

Bloodnok:

My mind unsound? Hit it with this hammer!

FX:

[Hammer hitting bell]

Bloodnok:

There, a perfectly sound mind.

Seagoon:

My most profound insincere apologies.

Eccles:

Hellooo.

FX:

[Hammer hitting object, very dull sound]

Bloodnok:

That's an unsound mind!

Eccles:

Neddie don't do it with a hammer [??].

Seagoon:

It wasn't a hammer, it was a shovel.

Eccles:

Oh, ta.

Ellington:

Excuse me, camel's waiting to take us to the Mount Everest.

Seagoon:

Splendid.

Bloodnok:

Splendid.

Eccles:

Splendid.

All:

Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up!

Ellington:

Come on. Off you get.

Bloodnok:

I say, before we mount these noble animals, could you oblige me with say, er, five pounds?

Seagoon:

Well, I'm a little short.

Bloodnok:

We know, it must be hell down there.

Seagoon:

I'm Ed short of money. Have you, have you five pounds, Eccles?

Eccles:

No, I er, no. Have you got five pounds Major Bloodnok?

Bloodnok:

Well you look like a sporting man, there.

Eccles:

Ah, there, Neddy.

Seagoon:

Thanks. Here, Bloodnok.

Bloodnok:

Oh, thank you!

Orchestra:

[Tatty chord]

Bloodnok:

Well, that's the end of that corny routine. Mount the camels, ah!

FX:

[Camel sounds]

Bloodnok:

Oh..., careful.

FX:

[Chickens]

Seagoon:

We rode in silence, safe for the odd noises camels are wont to make.

Bloodnok:

Yes, it was hell back there, I tell you.

Greenslade:

Didn't you finally arrive at the mountain, and find the lift installed and then get in it?

Seagoon:

Yes, you can tell we're getting near the end, can't you?

Spriggs:

All get in the elevator, all get in the elevato-o-o-or... *[shot]* All get in.

FX:

[Lift whizzing for a long time under...]

Spriggs:

Up we're goi-i-ing...

Bloodnok:

Here we are: The first men to go up Everest from the inside.

Spriggs:

3000 feet Jim, 3000 feet.

All:

[Whistling, singing]

Spriggs:

4000 feet, Jim

All:

[More whistling, singing...]

Seagoon:

This must be terribly boring for the listeners.

Bloodnok:

I know, I know, but what can one do in a lift?

Seagoon:

Yes... Spriggs, sing 'em a song.

Spriggs:

Certainly, I'm just lucky I brought my upright piano, piano.

FX:

[Piano introduction]

Spriggs (starts singing):

Iiiee...

FX:

[Lift stops]

Bloodnok:

It's all right, we're here now.

Seagoon:

Hand me the Union Jack. - I claim this Union Jack for England!

Orchestra:

[Tatty chord]

Voice:

That ends the Goon Show. Please leave quietly.

FX:

[Feet running]

Orchestra:

[Payout under...]

Greenslade:

That was the Goon show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Charles Chiltern.