

THE GOON SHOW:
LURGI STRIKES BRITAIN

First broadcast on November 9, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service.

Grams:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Sellers:

And it used to be so popular. Well, here it is...

Seagoon:

The Goon Show.

Grams:

[Enthusiastic applause, cheering and whistling]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[stops immediately]* Ah-ha-ha. Mr. Greenslade? Do your duty, laddy.

Greenslade:

Yes, sir. The story that follows is rather complicated. So to avoid complications we open with Act III Scene I Part II, the same afternoon, enter a human being.

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

Grams:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Seagoon:

Curse. As I was saying, I am a doctor. I used to have a practice in Harley Street, but the police moved me on. Huh-hmm, One morning in May, I was going through an old dustbin, when my valet announced a visitor.

Milligan:

Pardon me, sir. There is a visitor to see you...

Seagoon:

Right, heads down. Put my lunch back in the dustbin and send him in.

Milligan:

This way, sir.

Moriarty:

Ahhh, my dear Dr. Seagoon. Allow me, my card.

Seagoon:

My card.

Sellers:

My card.

Moriarty:

Snap! And now, my friend, to business. My name is Count Moriarty. Have you ever heard of Lurgi?

Seagoon:

There's no one of that name here.

Moriarty:

Sacristi Bombet! Listen to me while I tell you a tale. In 1296 on the Isle of Ewe...

Seagoon:

Where?

Moriarty:

Isle of Ewe.

Seagoon:

I love you, too. Shall we dance?

Moriarty:

I don't wish to know that. On the Isle of Ewe the dreaded Lurgi struck. In six weeks, in six weeks mark you, Lurgi had destroyed {Silence Please} Lurgi had destroyed the entire population...

Seagoon:

What a splendid story.

Moriarty:

Oui.

Seagoon:

Have you heard the story about the man who didn't marry Rita Hayworth?

Moriarty:

Impossible.

Seagoon:

[Snigger]

Moriarty:

As I was saying, Lurgi, Lurgi could easily destroy the entire human race!

Eccles:

Then I'm okay, fellers.

Seagoon:

Count Moriarty, why are you telling me all this?

Moriarty:

Why? Yesterday, Lurgi claimed its first victim in Britain...

Seagoon:

Ha-Ha. You jest.

Moriarty:

I jest what?

Seagoon:

You just said that Lurgi just claimed its first victim in Britain.

Moriarty:

Sacre-bleu, sacre-bleu! How can you joke when Lurgi threatens? Sit down while I tell you a tale. Last night, last night, my dear Seagoon, I was a passenger on a bus in Oldham.

Seagoon:

You reckless continental, you!

Moriarty:

Touche. The bus was passing the Werneth Fire Station, all as normal (fading out).

Orchestra:

[scene-change music]

Conductor:

Any more fares, please, Boundary Park next stop. Any more? Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

Northerner 1:

What to do with him?

Conductor:

Hold tight, please, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo, Yakka Boo.

Northerner 2:

Here, loosen his collar.

Seagoon:

What's the matter with you lot? Take your hands off me! Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

Northerner 1:

Stop the bus! Stop it...

Seagoon:

Don't you stop this - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo.

Northerner 2:

Give him air!

Northerner 1:

Stand back now!

Seagoon:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

Moriarty:

Not a pretty sight!

Seagoon:

Good Heavens! What happened then?

Moriarty:

The unfortunate bus conductor was taken to the Olham Royal Infirmary.

Seagoon:

And then?

Moriarty:

And then...well, listen.

Orchestra:

[Harp music followed by dramatic chord]

Conductor:

Doctor, I tell you, I'm all right, I - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo - I can't see what you're bothered about at all ya see - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Yakka-Boo.

Doctor:

Yes, yes, yes. Now breathe in (Harry inhales) and breathe out -.

Seagoon:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

Doctor:

Must you? Now breathe in again.

Seagoon:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

Doctor:

Please, I must ask you to reeeea - Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo.

Seagoon:

Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Yakka-Boo...

Nurse:

Now what is it, I – Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

Omnes:

Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

Moriarty:

[Fades in] ...And that is my tale Seagoon. In six weeks Britain could be destroyed by Lurgi and that includes you!

Grams:

[Whoosh, followed by closing dustbin lid]

Moriarty:

Come out of that dustbin, Seagoon!

Seagoon:

(from within the bin) I'm watching television!

Moriarty:

Come out!

FX:

[Dustbin lid being lifted noisily]

Seagoon:

Oh please, please, I... I don't know anything about Lurgi.

Moriarty:

Supristi! I will tell you all about Lurgi.

Seagoon:

Then you cure it.

Moriarty:

I am not a doctor. No. You must be the one. You, you and you alone, will go down in history. Think: Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Sir Robert Fleming and now you!

Seagoon:

I agree. But what's Lurgi got to do with me and Pasteur and the other painters?

Moriarty:

Sacre-Fred. Here, read this article...

FX:

[Paper being rustled]

Seagoon:

"Will any doctor with knowledge of Lurgi please communicate with Dr. Hercules Grytpype-Thynne"!

Moriarty:

Well? What are you waiting for? With his help you will be the man to save the nation from the dreaded Lurgi...

Seagoon:

Yes, but I...

Moriarty:

A Knighthood, position, riches - Money!

Grams:

[Whoosh, door closes]

FX:

[Picks up phone, dials]

Moriarty:

(singing) Niem solibadee en Paris! (speaking) Hello? Ah, Dr, Grytpype-Thynne? Ah, listen, Grytpype. Moriarty here. Yes. He's just left, he's on his way to you now. Yes. (laughs) Yes. Until he arrives here's Max Geldray.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

[Musical interlude: "Pink Champagne"]

Orchestra:

[Harp music creating mystic effect]

FX:

[Knocking on door]

Grytpype:

Come in!

FX:

[Door opened]

Seagoon:

Dr. Grytpype-Thynne?

Gryttype:

The same.

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

Grams:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Gryttype:

Upsa-daisy! Now, what can I do for you?

Seagoon:

I've come to help fight Lurgi. First Louis Pasteur, Madame Curie, Phillip Harbin and now me!

Gryttype:

You silly twisted boy, you. What are your qualifications?

Seagoon:

I was struck off the Rolls twice.

Gryttype:

You can only be struck off the Rolls once.

Seagoon:

That'll give you some idea of my importance...

Gryttype:

Then you're our man. The situation is extremely grave. In the last 12 hours 2,000 more victims have been smitten by Lurgi...

Seagoon:

(gulps) We must move fast.

Gryttype:

What do you suggest?

Seagoon:

South America?

Gryttype:

No, no, no. You are the one man who can save Britain.

Seagoon:

Yes. First Lewis Carroll, Madame Tussaud, Sir Robert Boothby and now me!

Gryttype:

Now, Seagoon, let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to meet the Medical Council. Once there -

Seagoon:

Yes yes yes yes yes yes?

Gryttype:

Please don't do that.

Seagoon:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

Gryttype:

Good. I'll tell you a tale. At the moment Lurgi is confined to Oldham. Now here's what you must tell the Medical Council: All the Lurgi victims must be sent to Blackpool.

Seagoon:

One moment, Dr. Gryttype. If you know the cure for Lurgi why don't you have the Knighthood and the riches?

Gryttype:

I can't. You see, I'm married.

Seagoon:

Oh, I'm, I'm terribly sorry.

Gryttype:

Well Seagoon Lad. It must be you...

Seagoon:

Yes I suppose it must...

Gryttype:

Mmm.

Seagoon:

First Joe Louis then Call Me Madam, Mooney and King and now me.

Gryttype:

Hmmmm, I wonder what's gone wrong?

Moriarty:

Come Seagoon, off to the Councile Medicale.

Orchestra:

[scene-change music]

Omnes:

[Talking among themselves]

Lew Cash:

Ladies and Gentlemen! Ladies and Gentlemen of the British Medical Council! Now then, I've got you out of bed because I want you to hear about this Lurgi lark, what their all doing their nut about in Lancashire. Here's the speaker, Dr, err...

Seagoon:

Seagoon. Ned Seagoon...

Grams:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Lew Cash:

My life, he's always doing that! Carry on, nut.

Seagoon:

Ladies and Gentlemen, before I start are there any further questions?

Minnie Bannister:

What is Lurgi?

FX:

[Thumps of something solid being hit against wood (Minnie screams) followed by shutting door]

Seagoon:

Any more questions? Now my plan is to set up Yakka-Bool Centres in Blackpool...

Minnie Bannister:

I'm asking a civilian question. What is Lurgi?

Henry Crun:

That's another thing I want to know! What is Lurgi?

Minnie Bannister:

What is Lurgi?

Henry Crun:

Shut up.

Minnie Bannister:

Shut up.

Henry Crun:

Shut up.

Minnie Bannister:

You shut up!

Henry Crun:

What is lurji?

Minnie Bannister:

I've just asked that question, buddy...

Henry Crun:

Why didn't you say so?

Minnie Bannister:

I did say so.

Henry Crun:

If you've already asked there's no point in me asking.

Minnie Bannister:

Well anyway, what is Lurgi?

Henry Crun:

One question at a time...

Minnie Bannister:

It was only one question Henry.

Henry Crun:

But I've already asked that question.

Minnie Bannister:

Thank you. Thank you Dr Crun, thank you. Goodnight Dr Bannister...

Seagoon:

Dr Bannister? Gad, he looks different in his singlet...

Henry Crun:

Well, gentlemen, I beg of you, before it's too late I select the Lurgi victims at Yakka-Boo Centres in Blackpool.

Minnie Bannister:

Wait. Where are we going to get all the money from for this business, buddy?

FX:

[Telephone rings, picked up]

Seagoon:

Hello?

Grytpype (on other end):

You have arranged a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

Seagoon:

Yes, yes that's it. I have arranged for a charity concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund.

Minnie Bannister:

Bravo! Bravo!

Greenslade:

Part Two. A Charity Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lurgi Distress Fund. The Overture by the Ray Ellington Quartet.

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

[Musical interlude: 'My Very Good Friend The Milkman Says']

Seagoon:

Thank you Sir Malcolm Sargent, thank you...

Seagoon:

And next in this concert we have imported by permission of Count Moriarty and Dr Grytpype-Thynne a great continental tenor Jovani Sulphoney.

Grams:

[Enthusiastic applause, cheers, whistles]

Sulphoney:

Gracias, gracias. For my first number I would like to sing that lovely melody that we all love so well "I Travel The Road".

Orchestra:

[Grand and lengthy introduction]

Sulphoney:

I gypsy am I, go wandering by, I travel the road, all day.

Moriarty (over music):

I'll give him the signal now.

Sulphoney:

I travel the road... Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo!

Seagoon:

Moriarty, Moriarty, the singer! He's got the Lurgi! Help! Run for your lives! Lurgiiiiii!

Orchestra:

[Scene-change music, followed by harp again]

FX:

[Tapping on metallic dustbin]

Gryttype:

For the last time, come out of that dustbin.

Seagoon:

(inside bin) Leave me alone, I don't want to touch Lurgi.

Gryttype:

There is nothing to fear. Neddy, I'll tell you the cure.

FX:

[Dustbin lid being opened]

Seagoon:

The cure? Ah-ha. That's it, the cure! The cure, what's the cure?

Gryttype:

Now sit down Neddy and let me tell you a tale. I've arranged for you to force your way into the Houses of Parliament. Once there you must impress upon them the disastrous consequences of this dreaded Lurgi...

Seagoon:

But, but, what's the cure?

Gryttype:

The, err, cure, is rather unorthodox, but here it is, you will tell them...

Orchestra:

[Time passing-type harp link]

Greenslade:

Meanwhile and unsuspecting Parliament is debating important affairs of state...

Cast:

[Coughs]

Politician:

Err, who's responsible for the drains at Hackney? And, may I ask why they have not been taken up in the last century?

Cast:

Here, here.

Politician:

They are, they were, taken up last December.

Politician:

Oh!

Politician:

Ah!

Seagoon:

Here, here...

Politician:

Isn't it time, they were taken up, again?

Seagoon:

Well done!

Politician:

Impossible! They've not been put back again yet.

Greenslade:

(above arguments) The fierce debate was at its height when past the speakers chair crept a dustbin, and with dramatic suddenness the lid was flung off!

FX:

[Dustbin lid being thrown off dramatically]

Seagoon:

Honourable members! I have some important news concerning Lurgi. Lurgi threatens us all!

Politician:

What is...

Politician:

Rubbish, get out, he's a Liberal.

Politician:

...All...

Politician:

He's a Liberal!

Politician:

Speak up.

Seagoon:

First of all, I must ask you all to lie on the floor.

Clement Attlee:

Rubbish. I've never heard of such twaddle. Who are you sir?

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

FX:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Clement Attlee:

Is it all right to get up now?

Seagoon:

You may rise sir.

Clement Attlee:

Aaaargh.

Seagoon:

Now, Lurgi threatens us all.

Minnie Bannister:

What is Lurgi?

Seagoon:

Lurgi is the most dreadful malady known to mankind.

Minnie Bannister:

Ooooooh!

Seagoon:

In six weeks it could swamp the whole of the British Isles.

Cast:

Rubbish!

Seagoon:

Now Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Oldham is already affected...

Politician:

What?

Seagoon:

At this very moment more and more people are contracting Lurgi.

Cast:

[Shouts of shock]

Politician:

A terrible state of affairs!

Politician:

Is there any known cure for Lurgi?

Seagoon:

That there is! Let me tell you a tale. By continuous research I discovered that all victims have one thing in common...

Cast:

What is it?

Politician:

Out with it man?

Seagoon:

None of them play in a brass band.

Cast:

Good Heavens Incredible. Amazing.

Clement Attlee:

One moment, sir. Are you inferring that by playing a musical instrument one is immune for Lurgi?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Clement Attlee:

Hmmm. Anthony, give me an "A", would you?

Orchestra:

[Each instrument playing different notes, followed by dramatic link ended with harps]

Greenslade:

Following the massive disclosure in Parliament, Dr. Ned Seagoon had been put in full charge of the Anti-Lurgi Campaign.

Moriarty:

...You will need to order 4 million E Flat trombones.

Seagoon:

That's going to cost something isn't it?

Moriarty:

Cost! Cost! Lives are at stake, man!

Seagoon:

Yes.

Gryttype:

If you can save Britain from Lurgi the government won't mind the expenditure.

Seagoon:

Your right. First Louis Posture, Madame Pompadour, Sinzeer and Gladys...

Gryttype:

Yes, yes. We've heard all that. And now you.

Seagoon:

Yes, ha-ha...

Gryttype:

3 million Euphoniums, 4 million Sousaphones. Well, here's the list, sign here, lad.

Moriarty:

And send it to Messrs Goosey and Bawkes, the well known instrument makers...

Greenslade:

Dear listeners, sit down while I tell you a tale. Within three weeks Messrs Goosey and Bawkes had received 50 million pounds in brass band orders. They delivered them in some 30 million musical instruments to Airwick Gatport, the great airport at Gatwick...

Grams:

[Huge plane motor running]

Seagoon (over noise):

What a sight! A thousand planes packed to the bilges with the life saving instruments. Well done, Goosey and Bawkes. Now, where is that Major Bloodnok? It's almost zero hour! Any of you pilots seen Major Bloodnok?

Bluebottle:

I heard you call me, my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. Enter Bluebottle, pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. Wey! Better Second House...

Seagoon:

Stand away little stringy pants, this is man's work.

Bluebottle:

But I have done all my homework, and I washed my knees - Look! Points to white spot on leg, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot.

Seagoon:

Stop that dooting, man!

Bluebottle:

Hee-hee...

Seagoon:

Where's Major Bloodnok?

Bluebottle:

I can play that part better than he can, him can. I'm in the school play at Christmas. Puts on white beard, hole!

Seagoon:

Wait a moment, there is a part for you.

Bluebottle:

I knew you would not play this game without little Bluebottle. What do I say, Captain?

Seagoon:

Read this, but don't read it until I tell you.

Bluebottle:

My little Captain is going a long way off to see if I can shout to him. Turns away from windows so I will not shatter them...

Seagoon (in distance):

Right-O! Read it out now!

Bluebottle:

I heard you! *[clears throat]* Reads part: "My name is Ned Seagoon".

Grams:

[Falling bomb followed by explosion]

Bluebottle:

You rotten swine, you! You have deaded me before we even started the game. And you have singed my Edward Perdom Egyptian type-shirt. Oiiy! Moves off for new supply of crepe-air.

Bloodnok:

Oh thud me cronker stops and duffel me latches. A civilian on army property? Who are you, sir?

Seagoon:

I'd rather not say, sir, you see I...

Bloodnok:

Come on out with it! I'm broad-minded! Wait a minute your not Ned...

Seagoon:

Shhhhh, please.

Bloodnok:

Strange sounding name...

Seagoon:

Major Bloodnok...

Bloodnok:

That's more like a name! Pleased to meet you Major Bloodnok.

Seagoon:

I'm not Major Bloodnok, that's your name...

Bloodnok:

Of course it is, yes ahhhhhh.

Seagoon:

Major Bloodnok.

Bloodnok:

Err, Major Bloodnok.

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Yes.

Seagoon:

You will be parachuted into Blackpool with your men, the object being to instruct the Lurgi victims in the use of these new instruments.

Bloodnok:

Well, we're all ready to depart now. Band, by the left, into the plane, quick march, chocks away, good luck!

Grams:

[Doors shut and planes take off]

Seagoon:

What a sight! A thousand planes taking off for Blackpool, soon it will all be over, Lurgi conquered by me!

Orchestra:

[Scene-change music ended with harps]

Greenslade:

And now here's the news. Today in Parliament questions were asked regarding the dropping of some 50 million brass band instruments on Blackpool late last night. There appears to be no valid reason why this strange operation was carried out. It is known to have cost the treasury well over 25 million pounds. As a result income tax will now be three guineas in the pound. New Scotland Yard are trying to trace a short fat man who started a rumour about a non-existent disease called Lurgi. He is reported to have last been seen...

Grytpype:

Switch it off...

Moriarty:

Yes, we've heard enough of that now. Let me see now, that's £15,000 for you, 15 million for me, 6 million for me and then for the...

FX:

[Door opened abruptly]

Seagoon:

Ah! There you are!

Gryttype:

It's little Neddy...

Seagoon:

Have you heard the news? They say that there's no such disease as Lurgi.

Gryttype:

No such disease as Lurgi? And you went to the Houses of Parliament and told them there was!?
Oh dear!

Seagoon:

Eh? You told me to tell them! I mean...

Gryttype (Moriarty counting money behind):

Tooth brush, change of underwear, yes, got the plane tickets?

Seagoon:

Wait, wait! There is such a thing as Lurgi, isn't there? *[laughs nervously]* You told me there was!
I mean...

Taxi Driver:

Oh pardon me, the car's waiting for Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes to take them to the airport.

Seagoon:

Wait! You're the singer from the Albert Hall! You've got Lurgi! Run for your life! Lurgi! Wait a
minute, Mr. Goosey and Mr. Bawkes?

Gryttype:

Yes, that's our business name. We make brass band instruments, you know...

Seagoon:

You must have made a fortune!

Gryttype:

Let me tell you a tale. First Charley Peace, Dr. Crippin, and now Muggins. Good-bye...

FX:

[Door shuts]

Seagoon:

Muggins? Who's Muggins? *[sobs]* Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo, Eeeeeeeeh Yakka-Boo...

Orchestra:

[End theme tune]

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 Stott. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The
programme produced by Peter Eton. Oooooooooh Yakka-Boo!

Orchestra:

[Crazy Rhythm' outro]
