

THE GOON SHOW:
THE CRAZY PEOPLE

First broadcast on January 22, 1952. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Produced by Dennis Main Wilson. Announced by Andrew Timothy. Orchestra conducted by Stanley Black. Transcribed by anon, adjusted by Peter Olausson.

[Introduction missing]

Secombe:

There!

Scottish Inspector (Sellers):

You fool, you've wiped all the dust and fingerprints off. Why?

Secombe:

I'm just house-proud, that's all. Ooh, *[unintelligible]* hmmm... Inspector, this is obviously the work of that sinister criminal, Lo-Hing Ding.

Secombe:

Let's try this door here.

FX:

[Door opening]

Secombe:

Ah, hello sir... Excuse me.

Lo-Hing Ding (Bentine):

[Unintelligible Chinese rantings]

Secombe:

Inspector?

Inspector:

Yes?

Secombe:

This man is Chinese.

Inspector:

How do you know?

Secombe:

You can tell by his eyes.

Inspector:

His eyes?

Secombe:

Yes. Didn't you hear the way he pronounced them? But don't worry, Inspector, I speak the language. *[Babbles in Chinese]*

Lo-Hing:

[Babbles back]

Secombe:

Alright, then, Friday. And don't forget to starch the collars.

Inspector:

Wait a minute, Mr. Secombe, this man is a murderer, Lo-Hing, eh, Ding.

Secombe:

What!? You'll hing, for this, Lo-Hang. Now, you can't get away with this! I'll get you as sure as... aah! ooh!... as sure as... aah! ooh! ... as sure as aah! ooh! ooh!... as sure as I'm tied to this barrel of gunpowder. Oh, well, that's show business for you.

Inspector:

Secombe, look out. He's lighting a fuse. He's going to blow us up.

Secombe:

What? Lo-Hing, how long does this fuse take to burn? Tell me, man, quickly, how long?

Lo-Hing:

Slixty sleconds.

Secombe:

Sixty seconds? Thank heavens for that. Then I've just got time.

Inspector:

What for?

Secombe:

For one chorus of... [*sings "Longing for you"*]

FX:

[*Explosion*]

Andrew Timothy:

That was Harry Secombe.

Orchestra:

[*Fanfare*]

Timothy:

Yes, it's the Stargazers.

Stargazers:

[*Musical interlude: "I Never Was Loved by Anyone Else Until I Was Loved by You"*]

Timothy:

Triumphs of Engineering. Our next item concerns itself with the building of the Suez Canal. So let's clear the stage for Michael Bentine, the creator of Britain's leading scientist and engineer, the inventor of the bald toupee, the stringless violin for non-playing violinists, Captain Osric Pureheart.

Orchestra:

[*Fanfare*]

Osric Pureheart:

Ah, good evening!

Milligan:

A good evening, captain, glad to have you with us again.

Pureheart:

Glad to have me with you, yes.

Milligan:

Now tell me, captain, is it true that you built the Suez Canal?

Pureheart:

Oh, yes, Mr. Milligan, yes, oh yes. I built it. It took me a long, long, time, though. First I had to get some permissions from Cleopatra.

Milligan:

But Cleopatra's been dead for 2000 years.

Pureheart:

I told you, it took me a long, long time.

Milligan:

Yes, I, I'm not doubting you, captain, but for the benefit of the listeners, let's hear how you built the Suez Canal.

Pureheart:

Ahhh..! How you built the Suez Canal.

Milligan:

No, no, no. You.

Pureheart:

Oh, ME. Oh, well, now, oh, it all started many, many years ago in the Houses of aaah Parliament where I was making my maiden speech to the masses... *[fades]*

Pureheart:

Ahem. And so, gentlemen, you see that all our ships have to sail right 'round Africa to get to India.

MP (Sellers, Scottish voice):

But, canna they travel over land?

Pureheart:

We tried that, but it ruins the bottoms of the ships.

MP:

You mean, you mean you've been dragging ships overland?

Pureheart:

Oh, yes, yes. I was on one recently, and as we were dragging it across the Sahara Desert, it fell to bits.

MP:

But wasn't that dangerous?

Pureheart:

Of course it was. But we managed to escape.

MP:

How?

Pureheart:

In a lifeboat.

MP:

Lifeboats!

Pureheart:

Well, I mean, we couldn't swim.

MP:

Swim! But, but, you were in the Sahara.

Pureheart:

I know. Who ever heard of anyone trying to swim in the Sahara?

MP:

Touche. That's all very well, but have any honourable members got any ideas for our new route?

Pureheart:

Don't worry about that. I have. You know that Africa and Asia are joined by a narrow strip of land?

PM (Milligan, Eccles voice):

Duuuh... Are they?

Pureheart:

Yes, Mr. Prime Minister.

PM:

Oh.

Pureheart:

Now, it is my intention to cut a canal right across that strip of land.

MP 2 (Milligan, Welsh voice):

Oh. Cut Africa off from Asia? Oh, but if you do that, Africa will float away.

Pureheart:

[Laughs] Africa floats away? *[laughs]* Oh, you silly man, of course... *[pauses]* I never thought of that.

MP 2:

Oh, well, what are you going to do?

Pureheart:

I'll nail it down with carpet tacks.

MP 2:

Oooh. You're cleverer than I am. Come to think of it, anybody is.

Pureheart:

Well, gentlemen, I shall call this canal the Suez. And, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Disraeli (Sellers, Lew voice):

Yes?

Pureheart:

You are going to pay for the Suez.

Disraeli:

Who is?

Pureheart:

You is.

Disraeli:

Alright. Frank?

Frank Boggs (Secombe):

Yes, Mr. Desraili? Get the logging.

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

Timothy:

A few months later, Pureheart arrived in Egypt, set up camp, and work began on the Canal. Of course, there were certain obstacles to be overcome.

FX:

[Door knocking, knob turning, door opening]

Faroukh (Sellers, Jewish voice):

What do you want, *[unintelligible]*?

Pureheart:

Sholom alaichim, Mr. Faroukh. I am building a canal, and I'm afraid it's going to run right through your house.

Faroukh:

What? Do me a favour, yokky boy. You think I'm going to run downstairs and open the front door every time a ship wants to go through?

Pureheart:

Well, of course. You silly old thing, you don't have to do that, now, you can leave the key under the mat. Hmm... no *[unintelligible]*

Secombe:

[Unintelligible] captain just turned a deaf ear.

Pureheart:

Well, it so happens I do have a deaf ear.

Secombe:

Really?

Pureheart:

I found it on the floor of a barber shop in Acton.

DeBishops (Sellers):

Excuse me, captain.

Pureheart:

Yes Mr. DeBishops?

DeBishops:

One of the workmen has just dug this out of the ground.

Pureheart:

Ah. Let me see. Oh! Great Scott! Most valuable. It's an ancient Egyptian urn. Ooh, and look, there's an old manuscript tucked into the neck.

Secombe:

What does it say, captain?

Pureheart:

Well, in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, it says, "plars liv du acta peent."

Secombe:

And what's that mean?

Pureheart:

"Please leave two extra pints." Now let's proceed to the work. We've very nearly finished. Where is my super-speed Bentine excavator? Flowerdew?

Flowerdew (Sellers):

Yes, oh genius.

Pureheart:

Bring me... I say, Flowerdew, you're looking very, very young today. You never seem to get any older.

Flowerdew:

Well, captain, you know what they say. A thing of beauty is a boy forever.

Pureheart:

Yes. Well, get my super-speed excavator ready, will you?

Flowerdew:

Yes.

Pureheart:

Now, gentlemen, this new excavator of mine will move thirty tons of earth in exactly one minute.

Secombe:

That's impossible!

Pureheart:

That's impossible... No, no, look I'll prove it. I'll time it for you to the very very exact second with my wristwatch. Ready... *[inhales]* Go!

FX:

[Oil can, gradually speeding up to rattling, followed by alarm clock ringing, then pluck of guitar string]

Milligan:

You know, captain, that's possibly the strangest sounding excavator I've ever heard.

Pureheart:

Excavator? That was my wristwatch.

Sellers:

Er, captain, this telegram's just arrived from Mr. Detroit.

Pureheart:

Well, let me see. *[gasps]* What!?! Oh, no! Oh, me scotches! Ruination! All my work, ruined! I resign!

Sellers:

Why, captain?

Pureheart:

After all that digging, do you know what they want to do with my beautiful canal?

Sellers:

What?

Pureheart:

Fill it with water!

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

Max Geldray:

[Musical interlude]

Timothy:

That was Max Geldray, Holland's gift to British radio. In return, we're sending Sandy McPherson. Revenge is sweet. The BBC has presented many radio scrapbooks of years gone by, and innumerable recordings of our old historic broadcasts. But what of the future? The Goons have decided to look forward some 40 years or so and present a glimpse of broadcasting in the year 1999.

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

Sellers:

This is the BBC Home Service, here is the news, and this is citizen 7638/J reading it. Conservative and Socialist MPs made farewell speeches at Southampton docks today when Mr. Jack Fields, the last British Liberal, was deported in chains.

Secombe:

Now for sports. An announcement from the Silverstone racetrack states that Mr. Charles Moss, great-great-grandson of Mr. Stirling Moss, is hopeful of a British victory this afternoon, if only the BRM will start.

Milligan:

The BBC Debating Society, which was founded in 1952, over 40 years ago, met last night for its usual weekly debate. The subject under discussion was, should Ted Ray retire?

Secombe:

Last night, radio's top quizmaster, Stuart McGaiman [?] was warned for the 38,000th time about being rude on television by the BBC's new Director General, Sir Gilbert Harding.

Timothy:

So much for the news in 1999. But what of other programmes? With trans-Atlantic influence even stronger than it is now, will our programmes in 40 years time sound something like this?

Orchestra:

[Hollywood-type fanfare]

Secombe:

This is the ACBBC, the American-Controlled British Broadcasting Corporation.

Orchestra:

[Musical link incorporating "There'll Always Be an England" and "Yankee Doodle"]

Secombe (Hollywood voice):

We present that dynamic drama...

Orchestra:

[Dramatic chord]

Secombe:

...breathtaking epic...

Orchestra:

[Higher chord]

Secombe:

...that vital, heart-rending story...

Orchestra:

[Yet higher chord]

Secombe:

...that soul-searing saga of human emotion...

FX:

[Moans and groans, followed by gunshot exchange and scream]

Sellers:

Mrs. Dale's Diary.

Orchestra:

[Harp chords, ala Mrs. Dale's Diary]

Mrs. Dale (Sellers):

I'm worried about my husband, Jim. This morning at breakfast I was covering my toast with a 16th layer of Sludge, that vitamin spread with the extra rich, golden flavour, when looking up, I noticed Jim. I wasn't sure it was Jim, he looked so different.

Secombe (American advertising accent):

And why does he look so different? Because Jim that morning had shaved with his new Bono-Hagenbecker hydrostatic electric razor. The razor with the power-lock, safety-precision angle...

Mrs. Dale:

Yes, I hardly recognised him, his face was so covered with blood. But worse still, I noticed something that chilled my veins with horror... He hadn't drunk his Super-Milk!

Milligan:

You may laugh, ladies and gentlemen. You may not think it important, but let us bring you the case of a man who had never heard of... Super-Milk!

Fred Bogg (Secombe):

Yes, my name is Fred Bogg. I was an office clerk, but I never got promotion because I was always all tired and listless during the day. Finally, I decided to see a doctor.

Dr. Cameron (Bentine):

...And you say that you're tired and listless during the day. Do you ever suffer from insomnia?

Bogg:

Oh, no, it's just that I cannot sleep.

Dr. Cameron:

What you need is Super-Milk.

Bogg:

So every night I prepared a steaming hot cup of Super-Milk. There was only one trouble.

Milligan:

And what was that?

Bogg:

I couldn't drink the filthy stuff.

Milligan:

And so Fred Bogg got the sack and took a job as a billiard-marker.

Bogg:

Yes. I always wanted to be a billiard-marker, so now I'm quite happy.

Milligan (sotto voce):

Thinks to himself...

Bogg:

Thanks to Super-Milk.

Mrs. Dale:

Well, you can see why I was worried. There was I, sitting down to breakfast every morning with Jim and fourteen advertising agents. For instance...

Orchestra:

[Harp chord musical link]

Jim Dale (Bentine):

Dear?

Mrs. Dale:

Yes, Jim?

Jim:

Could I have another slice of bread-and-butter?

Advertising Agent 1 (Milligan, American voice):

Bread-and-butter? Come now, Mr. D. You mean Lurgi Loaf, the new whole-meal vitamin loaf. Eat Lurgi Loaf and you will never grow another leg!

Advertising Agent 2 (Secombe, American voice):

Yes, and open it all with some Crunge, the luminous paint-resistant butter, the only butter that will take away the taste of that filthy Lurgi Loaf.

Agent 1:

Filthy Lurgi Loaf!? Why, why, I have a good mind to knock you down with this jar of Slow-Mo Marmalade, available in the two-ton economy size, at all grocers.

Agent 2:

What? I'll straight-arm you with this strand of chocolate spaghetti, three shillings a pound, just pop in boiling water and buy your lips a single! [?]

Agent 1:

You'll suffer through it.

Agent 2:

Why you filthy...

[Two agents start shouting and fighting. Fight ends with two gunshots. Agents gasp in agony and die.]

Jim:

Dear?

Mrs. Dale:

Yes, Jim?

Jim:

Could I have that slice of bread-and-butter now?

Mrs. Dale:

Of course, Jim.

Jim:

It was you who shot them, wasn't it, dear?

Mrs. Dale:

Yes, Jim. I shot them with my Jones and Schlessinger .32 handy pocket-sized automatic double-shot action pistol. Also available in large economy sizes at all...

Jim:

[Interrupts] Shut up.

Mrs. Dale:

...And what better to go with it than Zingo bullets, the only bullets that...

Jim:

[Interrupts] Shut up!

Mrs. Dale:

...Use Zingo bullets and you'll never...

Jim:

[Interrupts] SHUT UP!!

[Jim and Mrs. Dale argue simultaneously, followed by FX of four gunshots]

Milligan:

Thanks to Super-Milk!

Orchestra:

[Musical link based on "There'll Always Be an England" and "Yankee Doodle"]

Timothy:

And now we present Ray Ellington and His Quartet.

Ellington (singing):

...I'll be coming back to...

Ray Ellington and His Quartet:

[Musical interlude: Last phrase of "Why Did My Heart Go Boom?"]

Timothy:

We resume the first of our new series with an adventure of that extraordinary creation of Peter Sellers, Major Bloodnok, in the Quest for the Abonimable Snowman.

Orchestra:

[Bloodnok theme]

Major Bloodnok:

Yes. My name is Bloodnok, Major Bloodnok, late of the First Knitted Cumberbunds. We were at Balaclava, you know, yes. I have a fine military record, Colonel Bogey on one side, and Stars and Stripes on the other. At the time when the story starts, I had a nice little house on Clapham Common. One day my batman Abdul Milligan rushed into my study in a state of great excitement.

FX:

[Door opening]

Abdul (Milligan):

Major Bloodnok! Major, sir! Major Bloodnok!

FX:

[Door opening, footsteps]

Abdul:

Major Bloodnok! Major, sir!

FX:

[Door closing]

Abdul:

Major Bloodnok!

FX:

[Door closing]

Abdul:

Major, sir! Sir! Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok! *[fades into distance]*

Bloodnok:

Yes, I was out. However, Abdul knew that when I wasn't at home, he could always find me at one of my old haunts, and sure enough, he did.

Abdul:

Ah, Major Bloodnok, sir, long rule Britannia, send a gunboat, hooray!

Bloodnok:

Hello, Abdul. What is it?

Abdul:

Letter for you, sir.

Bloodnok:

Letter? Let's see.

Guard (Secombe):

Here, stop that! Visitors ain't allowed to pass objects to the prisoners!

Timothy:

Yes, Bloodnok was in jail. The news that he'd been sentenced to six months hard made me very sad. I had hoped he'd get life. On his release he was welcomed home by his faithful butler, Ellington.

FX:

[Door opening]

Ellington:

Oh, blimey! You again? Come in, major. Sit down.

Bloodnok:

Why, thank you. That's better. Now, take my boots off, will you?

Ellington:

Yes, major. Uhhh... That's one. Uhhh... And that's the other.

Bloodnok:

Thank you. Now don't let me catch you wearing my boots again. Good. Abdul, now where's the letter you had for me?

Abdul:

Here you are, sir.

Bloodnok:

Well. Now what does it say here? "Dear Major Bloodnok, we would like you to take charge of the new weather stations on Mount Everest. We realise that you have no meteorological experience, but in these troubled times, we believe you are the ideal type of Englishman to be sent abroad." Hmm... ooh... "Yours sincerely, the Metropolitan Police." Ooh. Mount Everest? Where's that?

Ellington:

Ah, that's India.

Bloodnok:

Is it, dear?

Ellington:

Yes, dear.

Bloodnok:

Oh. Talking about India, let's look at the map. By Jove, you're right.

Ellington:

What, sir?

Bloodnok:

There is a place called India. Forward!

Orchestra:

[Bloodnok theme]

Timothy:

A few months later found the major and his team of incompetants in a little weather station on the slopes of Mount Everest.

FX:

[Cold wind]

Bloodnok:

Ooh. Brrr. Let's check the instruments. How's the wind gauge working?

Secombe:

Perfectly, sir.

Bloodnok:

Is the barometer OK?

Secombe:

Yes, sir.

Bloodnok:

How's the weathercock?

Secombe:

Pretty cold, mate.

Bloodnok:

Splendid. Now, Captain Pureheart?

Pureheart (Bentine):

Ah, yes?

Bloodnok:

Climb down to the base camp at the bottom of the mountain and see if they've got any supplies in.

Pureheart:

Right, sir.

FX:

[Door opening and closing, wind in background]

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

Pureheart:

Any supplies down there?

Secombe:

Aye, that there are.

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

FX:

[Door opening and closing, wind in background]

Bloodnok:

Well, did they have any supplies?

Pureheart:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Oh, well, see if they've got any milk, would you?

Pureheart:

Right, sir.

FX:

[Door opening and closing, wind in background.]

Orchestra:

[Same musical link, a bit slower]

Pureheart:

Any milk?

Secombe:

Yes.

Pureheart:

Thank you.

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

FX:

[Door opening and closing, wind in background]

Bloodnok:

Well?

Pureheart:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Oh. Well, ask them if I can have any.

Pureheart:

[Gasps] Right, sir.

FX:

[Door opening and closing with wind in background]

Orchestra:

[Same musical link, even slower]

Pureheart:

Well, can we have any?

Secombe:

No!

Pureheart:

Thank you!

Orchestra:

[Musical link, much slower]

FX:

[Door opening and closing with wind]

Bloodnok:

Pureheart! What is all that noise?

Pureheart:

[Gasping for breath] It's not me, sir, it's that blasted orchestra that keeps following me.

Ellington:

Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok!

Bloodnok:

Oh, Ellington. What is it? You look beige with fright.

Ellington:

Well, there's a Beduin porter saying there's a huge hairy monster that roams the camp at night.

Bloodnok:

Gentlemen, I can't keep the truth from you any longer. That is the Abominable Snowman.

Pureheart:

The Abominable Snowman? But the Tibetans call him the Lah-poo-magna-charta-viaya-maria-poo-poo-la-coo-por-coo-bazong-goo- zong-toopa-tzo!

Bloodnok:

And what does that mean?

Pureheart:

The Abominable Snowman.

Abdul:

Sahib, sahib, the porters tell me they've seen him!

Bloodnok:

Seen who?

Abdul:

The Abdominal Snowman. He's twelve miles from here, on the other side of the mountain, hooray!

Bloodnok:

What? Splendid! Now, who'll go and capture him, eh? Well, Ellington, eh? Secombe? Milligan? Bentine? Come, all of you, he's only twelve miles away. Are you coming or aren't you? Alright, you lousy yellow-livered cowards, I'll go myself. Give me my gun! Twelve miles, eh! Ha, ha! Goodbye, you cowards.

FX:

[Door closing, followed immediately by door opening]

Bloodnok:

He got away, but I'll get him tomorrow.

Orchestra:

[Musical link]

Timothy:

And got him they did. They nailed the Abonimable Snowman in a specially-constructed box and flew it back to London. There, before a distinguished gathering of anthropologists, zoologists, and Mrs. Braddock, Bloodnok opened the box.

FX:

[Polite applause]

Bloodnok:

Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. And now, gentlemen, comes my proudest moment. I shall open the box and show you the result of three years of research and hardship in the frozen Himalayas. The first of its species ever to be brought back alive. The Abonimable Snowman.

FX:

[Box being opened]

Bloodnok:

There. And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the... Ooh... Ooh...

Secombe:

What is it, major?

Bloodnok:

[Crying] The Abominable Snowman...

Secombe:

What's happened?

Bloodnok:

He's melted!

Orchestra:

[Bloodnok theme, followed by closing theme]

Timothy:

You've 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. The script was written by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens and edited by Jimmy Grafton. The programme was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

Announcer:

Harry Secombe is now appearing in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield.