

THE GOON SHOW:  
YE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST

First broadcast on December 28, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Starring Charlotte Mitchell. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC.

Throat:

Cor blimey!

Orchestra:

*[Jingle Bells]*

Sellers (Thespian):

'Tis Christmas, and in every home are sounds of revelry and good cheer. But alas outside...

Grams:

*[Snow blizzard over speech]*

Thespian:

Outside in the driving snow a lone tragic ragged figure stumbles through the icy streets, his thin frost-bitten fingers clutching at the thread-bare overcoat. He stumbles into a decrepit hovel ignoring the poor wretches who lay groaning on the straw-covered floor. He staggers in, lets fall his ragged coat, lurches forward and says...

Seagoon:

Welcome to the Goon Show!

Grams:

*[Various moans and wailings...]*

Seagoon:

Thank you listeners! And a Merry Christmas to all our readers. For the Christmas festival, we present on the new curved speaker radio set: A Bandit Of Sherwood Forest!

Omnes:

Olé!

Orchestra:

*[Grand opening fanfare]*

Greenslade:

Doncaster late in the 12th century, 'tis December and the snow covered coaching yard of the Bowman's Inn is thronged with travellers each awaiting to go his journey.

The Sheriff:

Oh coach master, a word I pray.

Seagoon (country accent):

Coming sir! Ah, 'tis the Sheriff of Nottingham. A pleasure to talk to the only real gentleman here.

The Sheriff:

Oh really?

Seagoon:

Yes, that's him over there by the wall. Wallace the Greenslade.

The Sheriff:

Hm, forsooth this day I would travel to Nottingham, I wish to buy a ticket for the coach.

Seagoon:

Coach don't need a ticket, it travels free ha ha ha...

The Sheriff:

Now then, I wish a seat with my back to the horses.

Seagoon:

Dun't matter, if you're downwind you'll still cop it! Hur hur hur...

The Sheriff:

Ye good joke. *[Lapses into cockney]* Now belt up will ya!

The Sheriff:

Baggage boy! Baggage boy!

Eccles:

Hello. Didst thou call, sire?

The Sheriff:

Long thin lad, put my three bags top of the coach for Nottingham.

Eccles:

Forsooth I will do that, I say sooth, sooth, sooth, sooth and sooth!

The Sheriff:

What manner of an idiot is this that keeps saying sooth?

Eccles:

Little does he know that I'm a soothsayer! *[laughs]* Now don't hit me now! Ooh, what was that?

The Sheriff:

Just my little foot. Now get those bags and...

Eccles:

Okay, I got the bags, I'll get all the bags, I've done this before you know!?

Grams:

*[Cases being moved and thumped about]*

Eccles:

Steady on, I'll get them up, I've done this before you know? I'll just get them up there! *[Faintly]*  
There you are all safe and sound on top. Oooh! I forgot the bags! I'll come down and...

The Sheriff:

No no no, stay there and I'll throw them up to you. Here's one - two - three. Got them?

Seagoon:

Excuse me sir, could you give I a hand around the other side of the coach?

The Sheriff:

Why?

Seagoon:

There's a lad lying down with three cases on top of him.

The Sheriff:

Idiot! Idiot!

Eccles:

OK, it's okay Sire, I didn't hurt myself.

The Sheriff:

Well jump again.

Eccles:

I fell on this old woman.

Greenslade:

I'm not an old woman.

Eccles:

I'm sorry, I meant this old man.

Greenslade:

I'm not an old woman or an old man.

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Greenslade:

I'm a young man.

Coachman and Eccles:

Laugh, ye good joke!

Flowerdew:

Hark ye all! Hark ye all! The coach for Nottingham leaves but quick, do you hear me? So quickly!  
*I could spit!*

Seagoon:

All on aboard then!

Omnes:

Good-bye!

Seagoon:

Next stop Sherwood Forest!

Orchestra:

*[Cheerful link]*

Grams:

*[Carriage rolling along over speech]*

Minnie Bannister:

*[Snoring]* Oh dear, dear, dear dear! I must have dozed off. Where are we, pray, gentlemen?

The Sheriff:

We're in Sherwood Forest, madam. Pity you're not younger.

Minnie Bannister:

Oh! Oh dear! What's become of the long, thin lad?

The Sheriff:

I threw him out of the coach a mile back.

Minnie Bannister:

What in heaven made you do that, sir?

The Sheriff:

I don't know, just high spirits I suppose.

Minnie Bannister:

The poor, poor lad, lost in the forest the wolves will get him.

Hungarian (heavily accented):

Please don't mention the wolves!

Minnie Bannister:

Why not?

Hungarian (heavily accented):

I'm an Hungarian!

Grams:

*[Carriage screeches to a halt]*

Friar Balsam:

Stand and deliver! Hands up or I'll split your grotkin in each quarter!

Minnie Bannister:

Oh mercy! It's an outlaw!

Friar Balsam:

I warn you madam, one step nearer and I'll scream.

Greenslade:

Art thou one of Robin Hood's men?

Friar Balsam:

I art, me name is Friar Balsam.

Greenslade:

What luck! Oh indeed, what luck! I wish to join your band, I play the saxophone.

Friar Balsam:

Oh, just what we need, right we shall keep you. Now churchman, you may drive on unharmed?

Seagoon:

Giddup!

FX:

*[Horse gallops off (getting faster) into distance]*

Friar Balsam:

Now then my lad, from now on you will be known as Little John and...

Robin Hood:

Ahoy there my merry men, it is I Robin Hood nee Neddy Seagoon known as handsome Harry plus Harry Secombe now playing in pantomime *[singing]* Be my love! Falling in love with love is like falling for make-believe! Maria! *[stops singing]* More! More? Thank you, more!

The Sheriff:

Come along Robin, there's no need to be so shy. Robin, this is our new recruit.

Robin Hood:

Welcome to the band, I'll have you fitted for a suit of Lincoln Green. Call Nobby the tailor!

Nobby (Lew/Jewish):

Yes er, what is it doublin?

Robin Hood:

Measure this man.

Nobby:

Why, is he dead?

Robin Hood:

For a suit!

Nobby:

Oh a suit, alright then. Elkan, you got the tape?

Throat:

Yes!

Nobby:

Good. Right now then um - and the chalk Elci, that's right boy - er chest 17 including shoulders, waist 56 - 'ere you're a bit of a nosher ain't you? Never mind it's nice to see it on you - Right arm 18, left arm 28 - now then inside leg...

Greenslade:

Ooooooh!

Nobby:

Sorry! That's all now, half a nicker to you.

Greenslade:

I refuse to be seen wearing half a nicker!

Eccles:

Here here here! Ooh help! Robin Hood, help!

Robin Hood:

It's Will Eccles, what's happened?

Eccles:

The Sheriff of Nottingham, he threw me out of the coach, clung! But I learnt something else: his men have captured Maid Marion!

Robin Hood:

Oh no! Maid Marion, she's the most beautiful girl in the world!

Friar Balsam:

You must rescue her.

Robin Hood:

Yes. I must rescue her, she's so beautiful!

Friar Balsam:

It will mean certain death for you.

Robin Hood:

I don't know, she wasn't that pretty. I wonder where they're keeping her.

Eccles:

Where they're keeping her? In the forest of course, because there's plenty of good hiding places there, my dad used to take me there.

Robin Hood:

What for?

Eccles:

A good hiding - Ha ha!

Friar Balsam:

You're all cowards, do you hear me? The fair Maid Marion must be rescued at all costs. Will Eccles, saddle me horse.

Robin Hood:

Max Geldray strap on a perforated mackerel sheet - zounds!

Max Geldray:

*[Musical interlude: 'Oh, Lady Be Good']*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic link]*

Maid Marion:

Oh no, no! No!

The Sheriff:

Get in there you naughty Maid Marion.

Maid Marion:

Sheriff of Nottingham, take your hands off me! If they are not off in the next three hours I'll write to the police.

The Sheriff:

Little Spitfire!

Maid Marion:

Oh fie, oh fie! You see, my fiance, Mr. R. Hood will come and fisticuff you. He'll hit thee! Splat thun blat zowee zocko blam thud biff! He learnt all his boxing from comic strips. Have you ever seen a comic strip?

The Sheriff:

Only in a Turkish Bath.

Maid Marion:

I don't wish to knowest that.

The Sheriff:

In that case goodbye-est!

FX:

*[Heavy door shutting]*

Maid Marion:

Oh! Sobs of despair! Sobs! Locked in this dark dungeon with nothing but an old straw television set! This is the chamber of torture. Oh woe! Oh misery! Fie! Oh what shall I do...

Smoothy Announcer:

The part of Maid Marion is being played by Miss Charlotte Mitchell and a ripe little ham she's proving. Pray, continue.

Maid Marion:

But I know my fiance Robin Hood will rescue me alon.

Robin Hood:

Psssst!

Maid Marion:

What is that pssst I hear?

Robin Hood:

Pssst!

Maid Marion:

How do you spell it?

Robin Hood:

Pe ss tte!

Maid Marion:

That's how my Robin spells his pssst! Is that you, Robin, come to rescue me?

Robin Hood:

Yesssst.

Maid Marion:

Where are you my clever one?

Robin Hood:

Chained to the wall behind you. The truth is I'm a prisoner. My arms are chained.

Maid Marion:

Are your legs chained?

Robin Hood:

No.

Maid Marion:

Then let's dance, Robin!

Orchestra:

*[Lounge dance music over speech]*

Maid Marion:

Oh you waltz divinely!

Robin Hood:

Do you come here often? Stop! *[Orchestra stops]* Stop this mad soiree!

Maid Marion:

But you're so handsome.

Robin Hood:

I know, isn't it a bore? But we must escape! Wait, this stone I'm chained to, it's loose, I can feel the draught. Hnnn! Hnnnnn! Hnnnnnnnn! Ah! I've done it!

Maid Marion:

What?

Robin Hood:

Taken an aspirin, I don't want to catch cold.

Maid Marion:

Robin, try and pull the stone out, beloved!

Robin Hood:

My arms are chained, but my teeth aren't! Place the chain twixt my teeth.

Maid Marion:

There it is, twixt. Now pull, Robin!

Robin Hood:

Right, *[muffled]* coming along right now, dear. Hnnnn, it's coming I think, hnnn.

Maid Marion:

That's it, Robin, beloved, pull! Let those strong white teeth pull us to freedom!

FX:

*[Set of teeth falling on the floor]*

Robin Hood:

Well don't just stand there! Pick them up!

Maid Marion:

Robin, you've pulled the stone out! Let's go through to freedom! Follow me. Oh! 'Tis dark in here. Oooh! Robin, please!

Robin Hood:

It wasn't me.

Maid Marion:

Then who else?

Eccles:

There's more than one prisoner in here.

Robin Hood:

'Tis the noble Eccles! What are you doing here?

Eccles:

Six months!

Robin Hood:

You captured too?

FX:

*[Heavy door opened]*

Maid Marion:

It is the sheriff!

The Sheriff:

Yes, I've come to take you, Maid Marion.

Robin Hood:

Splat Thun Zowee Blun Thud Biff Club Wallop Splam Blat Sokko! *[Gasps]* There, let that be a lesson to you! Blat! Blat!

The Sheriff:

You silly twisted boy, you! Come Maid.

Friar Balsam:

*[Blows out candle]*



The Sheriff:

Who blew my candle out?

Eccles:

Ho ho!

Friar Balsam:

Don't move, sheriff, or this club will mash your nugglers!

Robin Hood:

It's Friar Balsam! Let the sheriff have it.

Omnes:

*[Thuds and screams of fighting]*

Maid Marion:

My fiance Robin is in there!

Friar Balsam:

Club'n'yukka. Now, you swine, had enough?

Eccles:

Yup, I've had enough'.

Friar Balsam:

Eccles! Where's the sheriff?

Robin Hood:

I've got him by the throat, help me!

Friar Balsam:

No!

Robin Hood:

Why not?

Friar Balsam:

My throat!

FX:

*[Heavy door closed shut]*

Friar Balsam:

Flatter me nurtures with crods, he's got away with Maid Marion!

Eccles:

Oooh!

FX:

*[Phone rings]*

Friar Balsam (smooth hern):

I'll get it, baby. Hello? *[normal Bloodnok]* It's for you.

Robin Hood:

Hello? Hello? Robin Hood here.

Ernie Cash (Jewish, on other end):

Hello. Listen listen, Ernie Cash here. Now listen, listen Robin. The sheriff's been on the blower to me from the Windsor 'ere and he says um, he says unless you pay him 2000 pounds ransom he's going to kill ya!

Robin Hood:

2000 pounds? What shall I do?

Ernie Cash:

Offer him 1750 and take a chance on it.

Robin Hood:

I haven't got a penny on me!

Ernie Cash:

Don't worry, don't worry schmooliker I sent the geezer on his way with the geldt to get you out of schtuck.

Robin Hood:

Thank you, thank you, you've saved my life.

Ernie Cash:

Well we all make mistakes. Good-bye.

Robin Hood:

All's well. Ellington, tell us why you're in prison as well.

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: 'Framed']*

Greenslade (singing, kind of):

Oh what a night, ah what a night it was! It really was! I believe for every drop of rain that falls someone gets wet *[stops singing]* Yes Greensladers, it's your own Wallace Greenslade singing to you again and don't forget - you too can have a signed photograph of Wallace Greenslade for only 3 guineas. So, fan clubs, keep those cheques rolling in, old Wallace will find a use for them! So 'til next time this is Mr. Rhythm Greenslade saying chigidi-boo-boo rock-holy-coo-coo obi-doobi-doo chiggidy-snitch 2 4 6 8 who do we appreciate? Greenslade!

Grams:

*[Cheers and whistles]*

Greenslade:

Stop! Hrm. Thank you. And now to the rest of the B-feature - Ye Bandit of Sherwood Forest. Maid Marion played by Miss Charlotte Mitchell part 3, the sheriff's bank.

Grams:

*[Sounds of busy business activities]*

Maid Marion:

Oh woe! Fie! Prithee! Oh zounds! Hither thither! Help! I am undone! Oh forsooth! Agony! Whither art thou Robin? Oh Robin where art thou?

Sellers:

The part of Maid Marion is still being played by Miss Mitchell.

The Sheriff:

Fair damsel, pray do not sulk. Eat?

Maid Marion:

No I'm not hungry.

The Sheriff:

Not surprising after that dirty great kipper you wolfed. Now then, my dear, what I...

Maid Marion:

Oh Hot Rodkin, sir! Leave me alone! I love Robin!

The Sheriff:

You hot little bundle, you! Let me hold you.

FX:

*[Violin string snaps]*

The Sheriff:

My, you are highly strung! But attractive.

Maid Marion:

Oh zooms!

The Sheriff:

You mean zounds.

Maid Marion:

No it only zounds like zooms.

The Sheriff:

Oh, ye good joke, yes. What do you say, Baron Fred?

Baron Fred:

*[Hums a tune drunkenly]*

The Sheriff:

He doesn't seem to care.

Maid Marion:

Ooh! There's someone crawling under the table. What are you doing under there Sir?

Winston Churchill:

I'm looking for a telegram...

Seagoon:

Pardon me, zire, but there is a prisoner outzide.

The Sheriff:

Is he bound?

Seagoon:

Of his health I know not, sir.

The Sheriff:

Well send him in.

Ellington:

Well come on, come on this way you! In you get! Now, get on your knees there, son!

Bluebottle:

Stop it you! You hurted little me. Enter Bluebottle in doublet made from Mum's old drawers. These sausages, tee-hee!

Moriarty:

Silence! Listen you all! I speak for the Sheriff of Nottingham. Who are you?

Bluebottle:

I'm a member of Robin Hood's gang.

Moriarty:

Sapristi!

Bluebottle:

I ran away to join him because I was a serf.

Moriarty:

Tell me, little serf, why have you got a saddle strapped to your back?

Bluebottle:

That's for serf riding! Tee-hee-hee! I made a little jokules! Tee-hee!

Ellington:

Silence, you!

Bluebottle:

If I had my arms free I'd give you a black eye.

Ellington:

What's the matter son? You're colour blind?

Bluebottle:

Nic nic, stop hitting me, nic nic... I don't like this game. Where's my friend Eccules. Lets' play another game. Let's play Rita Hayworth and husbands.

Moriarty:

Sapristi bombit nyackos, now listen! Tell us, what is your position here?

Bluebottle:

Can't you see I'm kneeling down?

Moriarty:

Speak the truth!

Bluebottle:

I have brought the ransom money to free my master Robin Swinging.

Moriarty:

I understand perfectly, but where is the money little string-bonce-yeomans?

Bluebottle:

First you must free Robin.

Moriarty:

Tie him to a stake!

Bluebottle:

No! Do not tie me to a stake!

Moriarty:

Why not?

Bluebottle:

I'm a vegetarian. Hee, yehee...

Moriarty:

Alright...

Bluebottle:

Stop knocking me...

Moriarty:

...Stop it man, listen to me, drink this!

Bluebottle:

No, I must not drinkie alcoholic drinkies! I'm a minor!

Moriarty:

I don't care if you're a navvy, drink!

Bluebottle:

Well, as you asked me so nicely and also because you're holding a dirty big chopper over my little nut I'll have to drink it, won't I? Thinks: This must be the dreaded deading of Bluebottle part. Eeh-hee! Good luck to you. Picks up cardboard goblet and drinks. *[Gulps]*

Grams:

*[Whoosh, kettle whistle, whoosh, boing, whoosh, Big Ben strikes, cat shrieks, whoosh]*

Bluebottle:

Tee-hee! That was jolly nice that was! I thought that was going to dead me, but I was wrong...

Grams:

*[Big explosion]*

Bluebottle:

You rotten Norman swine you! There was dynamite in my drinkies, look my knees have dropped! Exits left with low knees, high groins and shattered boots.

Robin Hood:

Oh no, stop! Hark ye, I am here!

Maid Marion:

It's my fiancee Robin!

Robin Hood:

Belt-up, you! 'Tis I Robin! Freed by Wallace the Greenslade. Come men, attack the sheriff!

Omnes:

*[Blang bong biff thud blut zowee blunge...]*

Maid Marion:

My fiance's in there somewhere.

Robin Hood:

That's what you think.

Maid Marion:

Robin! What are you doing under that table?

Winston Churchill:

He's helping me look for that blasted telegram!

Friar Balsam:

...Oh Robin, we can't keep this up much longer, will they never arrive?

Robin Hood:

Who?

Friar Balsam:

Those blasted sound-effects men. Blunge Thoglog!

Robin Hood:

Let me help. Blat!

Maid Marion:

My fiance did that!

Robin Hood:

Thud!

Maid Marion:

My fiance did that!

Moriarty:

Blum and bonk!

Maid Marion:

My fiance copped that!

Robin Hood:

Blat. My fiance copped that!

The Sheriff:

Stop, Robin Hood. Robin, call your men off, you win, you win, you win. Your thuds blats and wallops were far louder than ours. Maid Marion is all yours.

Robin Hood:

Friar Crun?

Friar Crun:

Yes, coming, coming.

Robin Hood:

A wedding, let two be joined as one.

Friar Crun:

Stand there, both. Now do you take this - um - what is it?

Maid Marion:

Man.

Friar Crun:

Ah, man... Take this man to be your husband?

Maid Marion:

Yes.

Friar Crun:

Yes, and do you take this woman to be your wife?

Greenslade:

Yes I do.

Friar Crun:

Pronounced man and wife! 5 shillings please.

Robin Hood:

Stop! You married the wrong man!

Greenslade:

Oh yeah! 2 4 6 8est - who do girls appreciatest?

Maid Marion:

Greenslade!

Grams:

*[Cheers and whistles]*

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Charlotte Mitchell with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra as conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

Orchestra:

*[‘Crazy Rhythm’ outro]*