

THE GOON SHOW:  
THE LAST TRAM (FROM CLAPHAM)

First broadcast on November 23, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Steve Dale, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service.

Omnes:

*[Hysterical laughter]*

Seacombe (still laughing):

Did you hear that!? The BBC Home Service!?

Omnes:

*[Hysterical laughter]*

Greenslade:

Oh well, we present the happy-go-lucky, crazy, zany, wacky - Goon Show!

Omnes:

*[Dead silence]*

Sellers:

In all it's gracious silent dignity, we present The Koon Show.

Orchestra:

*[Introduction piece]*

Seagoon:

Ladies and gentlepong, that great and moving music leads us automatically to tram cars. On April the 5th 1952, London's last tram rolled in to the depot. Here to celebrate that occasion is a special radio documentary entitled - The Last Tram!

Orchestra:

*[Grand link tune]*

Grams:

*[Tram moving, bell ringing, cheers]*

Peter (BBC announcer over Grams):

And as I stand here on the great pavement there goes the last tram.

Orchestra:

*[Strained chord]*

Seagoon:

That was the last tram. Those taking part were the Mayor of Westminster and the counsellors, and Alan Eagle led the Chelsea pensioners. Also taking part were the last tram driver Norris Lurker and the conductress Madje Thumd Leader for Beer. Produced by Melly Strained Bullshine, script by William Shakespeare, edited by Jimmy Grafton, additional dialogue by Geraldo, the hotel bill was by Gilbert Harding.

Omnes:

*[Applauds and cheers]*

Orchestra:

*[Tram theme]*

Omnes:

*[Applauds and cheers]*

Orchestra:

*[Tram theme (exactly the same)]*

Omnes:

*[Applauds and cheers]*

Orchestra:

*[Tram theme (same, fades out to cheers)]*

Grams:

*[Music played when BBC is off the air, wobbly]*

Greenslade:

We appear to have a little time in hand before the next programme, so here once again is the name of the last tram driver. It is Norris Lurker. In case any of you want to write it down it's spelt N O R R I S L U R K E R. *[coughs]* The - oh yes, the last tram was a 53 A - 53 A - F I F T Y T H R E E A Y E.

Peter (almost Grytpype, announcer):

Listeners, this man is a fool. The last tram was not a 53A, the last tram was yet to come. The drama of its revelation started with an ordinary 49 and six-penny phone call.

Grams:

*[In sequence: pressure cooker cork bursting, rising whistle, splash, Honolulu music, train steaming in, wooden box falling to bits, Germans saluting their Führer, explosion, pig noises, cork pops]*

Seagoon:

Answer that phone.

Throat:

Right.

FX:

*[Phone piece lifted]*

Throat:

Hello? It's for you, sir.

Seagoon:

Thank you Miss Throat. Hello? London Pleasure Transport board, Transport House, Redundant Tram Department, Inspector Ned Seagoon speaking. *[laughs to himself]* What!? Nonsense! Good-bye!

FX:

*[Phone piece slammed down]*

Neddy (calling):

Mr. Clench!

FX:

*[Foot steps running from afar towards microphone]*

Sellers (sucking up voice):

Did you so much as call me, sir?

Seagoon:

Yes, take your tongue off my boot. Now, some fool just phoned up and said there is still a tram at large on the Highgate-Kingsway route.

Sellers:

Oh, but that is impossible, sir. All trams have been melted down and made into melted down trams.

Seagoon:

Every one?

Sellers:

All except the one you're living in, sir.

Seagoon:

Wait! Wait, look! That tram map on the wall! There's still one flag-pin stuck in it.

Sellers:

Good heavens! I had never noticed it before, sir.

Seagoon:

What does it mean?

Sellers:

It means sir, that, that there is a tram still running! According to the flag it's a number 33.

Seagoon:

When did he leave the depot?

Sellers:

1952.

Seagoon:

He's running late! He's running terribly late.

Sellers:

Yes.

Seagoon:

I'd better check on this. Is my official car ready?

Sellers:

Yes, he's finished your shopping, sir. He'll be with you in just one moment now.

Seagoon:

Splendid. Ere the night is out I'll have this number 33 in the sheds and quietly melted down. We don't want scandal, you know.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Ellington:

Er, your car is ready, sir

Seagoon:

Thank you Gladys. Now come along, drive along the old 33 route and hurry, man.

Ellington:

Right, hold tight!

FX:

*[Coconut shells, very slow pace]*

Ellington (over):

Er, giddup there.

Seagoon:

She's running well tonight.

Ray:

Yeah, considering we have a load of ashes on board.

Seagoon:

Yes.

Ray:

Giddup there.

Neddy (panicking):

Take it easy you mad fool! Do you want to kill us both?

Ray:

No, only you.

Seagoon:

Good, stop here Gladys. I want to go down the Kingsway subway *[FX stops]*, now you meet me at the other side, I'll go on foot - in fact, I'll go on both feet.

Sellers (announcer):

The old Kingsway tram tunnel - inside it was pitch black and dark as well. To make it worse, there were no lights on. Luckily the tunnel was only 20 yards wide so Ned Seagoon was able to stretch out his arms and feel his way along both sides.

Grams:

*[Dripping water, echoed as in a tunnel]*

Neddy (over Grams):

Yes, it was very dark. Luckily I had remembered a 200 foot candle I had in my trouser pocket. Putting in a fresh battery I lit it, and there in the candlelight gleaming in the darkness was the hulk of a long forgotten tram. On the side I could see the number - 33. Carefully I climbed aboard the rusty platform.

Crun:

You can't get on here, it's not a request stop.

Seagoon:

Good Heavens! Good Heavens, it's driver Henry Crun!

Crun:

Yes, yes.

Seagoon:

It was you who phoned. Now look here, Crun, this tram should have been on the scrap heap two and a half years ago.

Crun:

My 33 on the scrap heap!? Never, never! Tiddle-poo! Never, not until you afford us our just dues, and this is the last tram ceremony I'm talking about and the marble clock presentation that I never had...

Seagoon:

It's impossible, driver Crun. Now look here, the last tram ceremony's over and done with and, and Norris Lurker has been presented with a marble clock. Now, come on let's sneak old 33 quietly back to the sheds, eh?

Crun:

No, no...

Bannister:

Henrrrrrry! Who's that down there?

Crun:

A civil servant, Minnie.

Bannister:

Hit him! Hit him!

Seagoon:

Minnie Bannister! Come down off the top-deck!

Bannister:

I can't!

Seagoon:

Why not?

Bannister:

I'm smoking. Any way, buddy, who are you?

Seagoon:

I'm from the tram depot!

Bannister:

It's thruppence from the tram depot, buddy.

Seagoon:

Well, I must ask you both to get off this tram!

Bannister:

Ba!

Seagoon:

I command you!

Minnie and Crun:

Piddle-Pooh! *[etc]*

Crun:

Abandon my lovely tram in mid-route? Never! I must think of my passenger.

Seagoon:

Mr. Crun, you've been down here two and a half years, who would be idiot enough to be passenger all that time?

Eccles:

Ah! Dum-de-dum-de-dum... Let me know when we get to my stop and Kingsway, won't you?

Seagoon:

Come along, get off, you.

Eccles:

What what what? Me off? Do you know who you're talking to?

Seagoon:

Who?

Eccles:

You've heard of the Duke of Norfolk?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Eccles:

Well I'm - Eccles!

Seagoon:

Eccles?

Eccles:

Yup.

Seagoon:

Are you related to the Duke of Norfolk?

Eccles:

Nope, but I had you worried for a moment *[laughs]*

Seagoon:

I'm sure you had the Duke worried for a moment, too. Now come along, off you get

Eccles:

But I booked to Kingsway, here's my ticket!

Seagoon:

He's booked to Kingsway, yes. Curse! He's within his rights. Driver Crun, you will have to drive this man to his destination.

Crun:

Not unless you promise us the last tram ceremony.

Bannister:

Hit him! Hit him!

Crun:

And the marble clock.

Seagoon:

This is mutiny! This is going to lose me my job, you know. It's going to mean a Royal commission and - I'll have to speak to the governors, that's all. Meantime here is driver Max Geldray to play a 34 trolley bus.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic link]*

Greenslade:

The Last Tram, Part Two. A meeting of the country and town planning society.

Omnes:

*[Meeting mumbling]*

Grytpype:

Next item, blocks of flats to be built on the sight of the old Kingsway tram subway.

Milligan:

Bravvvo!

Grytpype:

Yes. Of the 10,000 tenders I have given the contract to F. Bogg and company.

Milligan:

Isn't that, er, isn't that your wife's brother?

Grytpype:

*[Clears throat uncomfortably]*

FX:

*[Pistol shot]*

Milligan:

Ahh!

Grytpype:

Any more questions? Good! Now then, what I want to see -

FX:

*[Door opened quickly and violently]*

Seagoon:

Gentlemen! *[catches breath]* Stop the meeting!

Milligan:

What's going on here? You can't do this!

Grytpype:

Do you have to burst in here? If you must burst please do it in a convenient place.

Seagoon:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

Omnes:

Good!

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

Grytpype:

Oh yes, the horror comic.

Seagoon:

I'm chief of the redundant tram department. I have grave news for you all - you can't build the flats on the old Kingsway subway!

Grytpype:

Can't build - but I've already had the dropsy from the - *[clears throat uncomfortably]* - um, why not?

Seagoon:

There's a 33 Tram down there.

Grytpype:

Well, get it out.

Seagoon:

I want to, I've got to, but this crew refuse to drive it until they are afforded another last tram ceremony.

Grytpype:

Another ceremony? Dear, dear.

Milligan (cockney?):

If all of these flats, I said, I said, them flats have got to go up because I can't sleep in Hyde Park any longer. They've got to go up. Yeah, yeah.

Grytpype:

Of course, of course. Seagoon, we'll do this tram but secretly and on the cheap, we don't want any questions asked.

Seagoon:

Right.

Grytpype:

This man does all functions at half price, here's his card.

Seagoon:

Let me see. Oh! Major Bloodnok!

Orchestra:

*[Bloodnok theme tune]*

Bloodnok:

Ooooh! Aaaaah! There, Moriarty! I'll pay pontoons only.

Moriarty:

I don't believe! We're playing chess!

Bloodnok:

Oh, I thought the cards were a funny shape

FX:

*[Knocking on door]*

Bloodnok:

The police!

Moriarty:

Bloodnok, there are other people.

Bloodnok:

Not in my life.

FX:

*[Door opens]*



Seagoon:

Good evening, I'm looking for Major Dennis Bloodnok

Bloodnok (gulps):

He's upstairs, dangerously ill.

Seagoon:

Who are you?

Bloodnok:

I am his identical twin brother Fred.

Seagoon:

Pity, I had a paid job for him.

Bloodnok:

I'll go upstairs and see if he's better.

Grams:

*[Whoosh!]*

FX:

*[Door opens and shuts]*

Bloodnok:

Ooh! Aah! My identical twin brother Fred has just told me you wish to see me. Now to business.

Seagoon:

We want you to do a cut-price Lord Mayor's last tram ceremony. It must be hush-hush or there'll be questions asked and I'll get the sack...

Bloodnok:

Sealed lips Bloodnok! Now what's the, er -

Seagoon:

10 pounds.

Major:

10 - Moriarty, phone the mansion house. Aw...

Seagoon:

Remember, it's all very hush-hush, so be there at 8.45 tomorrow night at Kingsway tram subway.

Bloodnok:

Right! Yes, yes, yes, yes... Good-bye!

Seagoon:

Good-bye!

FX:

*[Door shuts]*

Bloodnok (sings to himself):

Moriarty, are you through yet?

Moriarty:

Just a minute. Hello? Hello? Hello? Mansion House?

Lou (other end of phone):

Yes, yes, yes

Moriarty:

Lord Mayor?

Lou:

Who else?

Moriarty:

Listen, Gus. We want to borrow the Lord Mayor's robes for tomorrow

Lou:

Oooh well, let me have them right back after, only Sir Winston wants them for a fancy dress ball, you see. Well I've got to go now, someone wants an 'aircut.

Orchestra:

*[Harp link]*

Milligan:

During that phone conversation how many of you noticed that Neddy Seagoon had gone down to the subway again? Hmm? You must watch these points.

Seagoon:

Hello, Mr. Crun? We've arranged the last tram ceremony. Tonight at 8.45, in 15 minutes time.

Crun:

Oh, Minnie? Take the beds down.

Bannister:

I can't.

Crun:

Why not?

Bannister:

I've just got in.

Crun:

Well stay in bed now you're there, just bring my bed down.

Bannister:

Which one is yours, Henry?

Crun:

The one I'm not in, Min.

Bannister:

Which one is that?

Crun:

The one I'm not in, Min!

Bannister:

But you're not in either bed, Henry!

Crun:

Aaaah!

Seagoon:

Thank you Michael Dennison and Earlsy Grey. Now come along, drive this tram out of here.

Crun:

I can't, there's no electricity, they turned off it at the mains...

Seagoon:

Good heavens! I have to account for that tram. I'll have to go and get the electricity laid on. Meantime, here's old steam-driven Ray Ellington and his lurgi-ridden four.

Ellington:

Ladies and gentlemen, take your partners for a waltz.

His Quartet:

*[Starts playing a tango]*

Ellington:

Hey, wait a minute. Now just a minute, fellas. What are you playing? What's going on? - That's a waltz? - Yeah. All right, erm, ladies and gentlemen, take your partners for a tango!

His Quartet:

*[Starts playing a waltz]*

Ellington:

Yeah, this is a crazy tango, isn't it. These boys think I'm a fool, you know. They think I don't know the difference between a waltz and a tango.

His Quartet:

Well - do you?

Ellington:

I've got news for you - no!

Ray Ellington and His Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: "I Can't Tell a Waltz from a Tango"]*

Milligan:

Thank you, thank you. While Mr. Ellington was singing that number, how many of you noticed that Seagoon had gone to the country and town planners, eh? You must watch it you know.

Seagoon:

So the tram is rusted to the rails and can not be moved until the electricity is through.

Gryttype:

Well, we shall have to build over it, that's all

Seagoon:

No, no. You can't do that, I'd lose my job. I've got to account for all the trams, you know? I mean, its...

Gryttype:

I'm sorry, laddy, I'm sorry, my job is to build those flats on Kingsway subway and we must start building or the bricks will start to perish!

Seagoon:

But you can't!

Gryttype:

Yes. Look, it's up to you to get your tram out of there before the tunnel is sealed up...

Seagoon:

What? What? Before the tunnel is sealed up? I must hurry!

Grams:

*[Whoosh]*

Milligan:

Meantime, at the London Basheer Transport Board, redundant tram depot section 3.

Bloodnok:

Where's that double-crossing Seagoon? I'll give him last tram ceremony! I'll -

Milligan (Indian):

Pardon me, I am his secretary, sir.

Bloodnok:

Where's his dufter?

Milligan:

His dufter is in there but -

Bloodnok:

Out of me way!

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Bloodnok:

Now, Seagoon! I've been at the subway entrance see me robes all night waiting for that blasted tram to come out! You're a no-good, low-down, jumped-up, never-come-down naughty man! And I'd call you worse if it wasn't for the fact that you're not here! Aaaah! What's this on his desk? A nice little petty-cash box.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Milligan (upper-class voice):

Oh, I'm sorry sir.

Bloodnok:

How dare you accuse me of stealing from the petty-cash box!

Milligan:

I'm the new boy sir, I've just brought the departmental wages.

Bloodnok (shouting):

I'm not interested in the dep-wag-nyegn - *[friendly]* Leave them here, lad.

Milligan:

Would you care to just sign here, sir?

Bloodnok:

The greatest of pleasure -

FX:

*[Scratch of pen on paper over name]*

Bloodnok:

- Ned Seagoon. There. How much did you say was here?

Milligan:

£20,000.

Bloodnok:

Ooooh! I wonder where Neddy is.

Seagoon:

Ned, dear listeners, was struggling to get the electricity to the tram. But I needed assistance!

Bluebottle:

I heard you call me, my cap-i-tain. Enter Bluebottle, gives ting on tram conductor's set, pauses for audience's sausages, not a clapper in the house. Thinks - this is a good start.

Seagoon:

Dear little skin and bones Hercules, you came in the nick of time.

Bluebottle:

No I did not, I came in the council dust cart. Points to portion of old fish bones still stuck to seat of trousers. Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-ey! Sharp bones!

Seagoon:

Little dirty pipe-cleaner legs, take these electricity cables down the subway.

Bluebottle:

I will do it, my cap-i-tain, I will. Carefully puts horror comic in secret pocket. Picks up electrics cables. Farewell my - Tee-hee! Hee-hee-hee! Cap-i-tain?

Seagoon:

What, lad?

Bluebottle:

Cap-i-tain? You would not turn the dreaded electri-csi-csi on while little Bluen-bottle is still holding the wires? You would not do that to your little Bluen-bottle, would you, cap-i-tain?

Seagoon:

I give you my word as a Chinese gentleman.

Bluebottle:

I know my little Chinese captain would not lie to me. Enters tunnel. Does dignified slow walk as done by Alan Ladd in "The Black Knight", but effect is ruined by fish bones still hanging on trousers.

Seagoon (Welsh worker):

Where's that lad going?

Bluebottle:

Oh, hello Mr. Workman!

Seagoon:

What are you doing down here?

Bluebottle:

This is a good game, isn't it? Tee-hee!

Seagoon:

You can't hang about down here, we're working, you can't [*welshish gibberish*]

Bluebottle:

Oh, that is a rude naughty sign. Moves away from rough naughty workman.

Seagoon:

Go on, be off, or I'll bang you with this shovel! I don't know what's going on here, I don't. Jock!

Milligan (Irish):

What's it, me darling boy?

Seagoon:

Connect up the electricity.

Milligan:

Darling boy, it's not on, it's not through, darling.

Seagoon:

Ooh, these flats will need lighting, you know, there should be a couple of thousand volts through, throw the switch any-road.

FX:

*[Metal switch turned]*

Grams:

*[Strong electric current running through followed by explosion]*

Bluebottle:

Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! You rotten workmen swine you! You have deaded me with the dreaded electric voltages! Look, my beautiful nut is all singed! Points to badly blackened bonce doot-doot-doot-doot-doot! Thud! Sound of ear 'ole falling off.

Seagoon:

You shouldn't be don here while we're building, now clear out before I fetch you one with this shovel.

Bluebottle:

I shall tell my teacher, Miss Cringing-Draws about you! I will! You just wait 'til she gives me back my cardboard atomic ray-gun! You will writhe in agony as the radioactive particules enter through your -

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Bluebottle:

Aie!

Seagoon:

You asked for that!

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Seagoon:

Oooh!

Bluebottle:

So have you! Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee! I have re-veng-ed the honour of the Bluebottules! Exits left in blackened rags, flattened bonce, loose knees and spare shins in satchel. Victory! Hollay! Exits left on corporation sewage cart - pooh!

Seagoon:

I don't know what's going on down here, I'll tell you that for nothing...

Greenslade:

Pardon me, I'm from the BBC.

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Greenslade:

Oooh!

Seagoon:

That's for the TV programmes you give us!

Greenslade:

You rotten devil, you! You hit-ted poor little Wallace Greenslade with a shovel! Nearly deading me! Points to lump on crust toot-toot-toot.

Bluebottle:

Greenslade you swine you! You're pinching my lovely little act! I'll get you at playtime with Terry!

Greenslade:

Tell me dad!

Seagoon:

What's going on here?

Greenslade:

Oh, sir, the BBC has just heard about the new last tram ceremony and would like to broadcast it.

Seagoon:

No, no, you mustn't! It, it's supposed to be secret!

Greenslade:

Oh don't worry, no one will hear it, sir, it's on the home service.

Seagoon:

Thank heaven for that. Yes, well you'll find all the reception committee waiting at the far end of the tunnel. Now I'll go down and get Mr. Crun going.

Orchestra:

*[Tram theme tune]*

Milligan:

Just thought you'd like to hear it again.

Crun:

Mnk... Are you all packed, Minnie?

Bannister:

Yes, I'm in my box, Henry.

Crun:

I'll just put the lid on.

Seagoon:

Ah, Mr. Crun!

Bannister:

Hit him!

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Seagoon:

Oooh! Give me that shovel! Now look here, the electricity's on so start driving her out. We've only got 5 minutes to get the ceremony over before the builders seal the tunnel.

Eccles:

Oh good! Don't forget to put me over at Kingsway because when I get there -

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Eccles:

- I've got lot of things to do there. Ooow!

Seagoon:

Now shut up!

Crun:

Hold tight!

FX:

*[Conductor's bell]*

Greenslade:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Mr. Seagoon, Mr. Seagoon there's no-one at the end of the subway at all.

Seagoon:

No - no - no last tram reception committee?

Greenslade:

No, no.

Bannister:

Hit him!

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard]*

Seagoon:

Ooh! Look here, committee or no committee I'm driving this tram out. Jump on, Greenslade! On second thoughts, jump on the tram!

Grams:

*[Tram running]*

Neddy (over Grams):

I'll show them that Ned Seagoon's the master.

Greenslade:

You're Seagoon? I think I should mention that there's a black moray at the entrance waiting for you.

Seagoon:

Why?

Greenslade:

Absconding with the departmental wages.



Seagoon:

Stop the tram! Crun, how do you stop the tram?

Bannister:

Hit him!

FX:

*[Metal hammer hitting something hard twice over screaming at each other]*

Orchestra:

*[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.

Orchestra:

*[Finish theme tune and outro]*