

THE GOON SHOW:
THE HOUSE OF TEETH

First broadcast on January 31, 1956. Script by Spike Milligan. 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.

Eccles:

Fine fine.

Greenslade:

Ahem. Mr. Stott! Mood music, please.

Orchestra:

[Brooding chords, not loud but sinister]

Gravely Headstone:

The jolly Goons present a play entitled...

FX:

[Loud female scream]

Gravely Headstone:

...In three parts. Part one is entitled...

Grams:

[Wallop on back of head, pop of large pop gun, set of false teeth hitting inside of bucket, scream, argghhhhh]

Seagoon:

I'll never forget that terrible sound, listeners. Perhaps you better hear it again

Grams:

[Fast: Wallop on back of head, pop of large pop gun, set of false teeth hitting inside of bucket, scream, argghhhhh]

Seagoon:

It started back in 1889...

Grams:

[Crackle of lightning, roll of thunder, driving rain, wind squalls, horse and cart trundling along rough mountain road]

Seagoon:

It was the worst storm they had ever known in the Dolomites. I, Lord Seagoon, daredevil fretwork champion, was lost with my servants on the side of a precipitous mountain in a horse-drawn motor car.

Grams:

[Horse rears & neighs. Carriage stops.]

Seagoon:

Why have we stopped, O'Brien?

O'Brien (Ellington):

I think the horse must be tired, sir.

Seagoon:

Why?

O'Brien:

He's got his pyjamas on, begorrah.

William:

I think we're lost, mate.

Seagoon:

Tut, tut, what a nuisance! Well, there's naught for it mate, we'll spend the night here. I'll sleep in the ditch and you sleep standing up holding an umbrella over me.

William:

I'm goin' ter vote Labour next time, mate.

Seagoon:

Silence, you political hot-head.

O'Brien:

Lord Seagoon, me no like to spend the night on this pitch black road.

Seagoon:

Don't worry, you won't be noticed. Now, as we're staying the night here,

Seagoon:

Unroll my brass bedstead and erect my marble wash stand. Abdul?

Abdul (approaching):

What you want, sahib?

Seagoon:

Before I retire, prepare a light sixteen-course banquet.

Abdul:

I go and connect the gas stove up to the horse.

Seagoon:

Mind you get the right end this time. William? Lay out my evening dress.

William:

Cor strufe, you wearing evening dress in this rain and mud, mate?

Seagoon:

Yes - remember, all of you - we're British. Together - hip hip!

Cast (miserable):

Hooray.

Seagoon:

Good. Next hoist a small Union Jack and unveil a bust of Queen Victoria. Now I'll just make a rough 'Englishman lost on the mountainside Menu'. Brown Windsor soup, meat, two veg., cabinet pudding - boiled and jam. Heheh. Fair makes your mouth water.

Grams:

[Lone bell rings high up on mountain]

William:

Listen mate.

Grams:

[Bell]

William:

There it is again mate.

Grams:

[Bell]

William:

And again mate - 'less I'm mistaken it's going to go -

Grams:

[Bell]

William:

Again mate.

Seagoon:

I wonder what it is mate.

William:

It's a bell ringing mate.

Seagoon:

There you go -jumping to conclusions. We'll soon find out. O'Brien, strike one of my monogrammed matches.

FX:

[Match striking, flares]

Seagoon:

Look! A castle, a mere twenty miles away. After it, before it gets away!

Grams:

[Running like mad of ten pairs of boots, men shouting - voices get distant and higher as record is speeded up]

Orchestra:

[One sombre chord, weird flute melody superimposed]

Grams:

[Feet running to a stop]

Seagoon (approaching):

Well, here we are men - this is the place.

O'Brien:

Thank heaven - my feet have been killing me.

Seagoon (dry):

You're not the only one they've been killing. Right Abdul, hoist a French Union Jack. Now - let's see how we get into this castle. Ah, a door! O'Brien, lay out my knocking-on-door suit. Now lift me up and I'll knock. Lift!

O'Brien:

Me vote labour next time. Begorra.

Seagoon:

Silence, O'Brien. Lift.

Grams:

[Knocking on heavy oak door, echoes away behind along the corridor, slow ghostly footsteps approach]

Seagoon:

Somebody's coming.

O'Brien:

Man, I don't like this place. I'm frightened, begorrah.

Seagoon:

Silly fellow, there's nothing to be frightened of.

Milligan (echo):

[Screams]

O'Brien:

What you say?

Seagoon (miles off):

I said there's nothing to be frightened of.

O'Brien:

Then what you doing up that tree?

Seagoon:

It makes me look taller. Apart from that I'm just unfurling a fresh Union Jack.

Grams:

[Great door starts to open with chains, etc.]

Henry Crun:

Mnk - ahahaha - grmnpppp - ah. Who left this door unlocked?

Seagoon:

There, standing in the doorway, was a bag of dust in a night shirt.

Seagoon (aside):

Speak to him, O'Brien.

O'Brien:

Good evening, suh.

Henry Crun:

No coal tonight, coalman.

O'Brien:

What????

Grams:

[Sound of Crun being whirled around a man's head.]

Seagoon:

O'Brien, stop swinging him round your head.

Henry Crun:

(shaky) Ahmmmm - what's the idea?

Seagoon:

Allow me to explain.

Henry Crun:

Explain? Eleven o'clock at night - you drag me out of bed -

Seagoon:

We couldn't have - we've been down here all the time.

Henry Crun:

Ohhh - mnkmnnarrgg - begone or I'll strike you with this weighted piano.

Seagoon:

Not so fast, old doubled-up dada.

Henry Crun (rage):

I'm not a dada.

Seagoon (dry):

Well, if you're not, it's too late now.

Henry Crun (vapours):

Ahhmnk, stop those sinful Sunday paper jokes.

Seagoon:

Old wrinkled retainer! My retinue and I require kippo for the night - I'm willing to pay.

Seagoon:

Look, here's an advance, three shillings in unused buttons.

Henry Crun:

Oh, I'll sew them on my cheque book at once.

Milligan (echo):

[Screams]

Henry Crun (unruffled):

Min, I think he wants to go out.

Seagoon:

[Gulps] Who wants to go out?

Henry Crun:

We don't know what it is, but when it wants to go, it screams.

Minnie Bannister (appearing):

Ohh, who are these men, Crun?

Henry Crun:

They're men, Min - they're staying the night.

Minnie Bannister:

Oh, what room we gonna put them in, Crun?

Henry Crun:

What about the power, the power room Min?

Henry Crun & Minnie Bannister:

[Talk very quietly about which room, going on and on]

Henry Crun:

Oh they've gone - where are you, sirs?

Seagoon (off):

Upstairs in bed!

Henry Crun:

Goodnight.

Dr Longdogle:

Good evening, Crun. We have fresh visitors, then.

Henry Crun (a little afraid):

Ohh, Dr. Londongle.

Orchestra:

[Soft horror chord, trombones]

Henry Crun:

You're home early tonight, sir.

Dr Longdogle:

Yes, Crun. It watched her dance again tonight. Oh, how she danced! She danced like spots before the eyes...

Henry Crun:

He's talking about Señorita la Tigernutta. Every night he goes to the Café Filthmuck to watch her dance.

Dr Longdogle:

Yes, Crun. Three years ago she said, 'Dr. Londongle, the day you can give me fifty pairs of castanets, I'll marry you.' Well, I've got forty-eight pairs!

Minnie Bannister:

Whooooaaaa, you naughty man. Well Doctor Longdongler, you only want two more pairs, eh buddy?

Dr Longdogle:

Yes, buddy, just two. I nearly got them tonight - but just failed. Crun? Take my skull-clouting mallet and teeth-catching bucket.

Milligan:

[Scream]

Dr Longdogle:

How sweet, the children are awake. It's little green wretch. He needs changing. See, now what did I change him for last time? Ha ha ha. Bannister - a moment of quiet meditation, play me a gramophone record.

Henry Crun:

Right.

Grams:

[Surface hiss. Then woman screaming being chased by a sex-crazed maniac. Gibberish. Laughter. Then wallop. Pop. Clang of teeth in bucket. Last sob then silence.]

Dr Longdogle:

Ahh, Crun, they don't write tunes like that any more.

Henry Crun:

Well, Max Geldray gets pretty near it you know.

Dr Longdogle:

Needle nardle noo!

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

[Musical Interlude: "S:t Louis Blues"]

Orchestra:

[Three sombre chords.]

Gravely Headstone:

We present Part three - Midnight in the Castle.

Grams:

[Last few strokes of midnight]

O'Brien (loud):

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz...

Seagoon (loud):

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz...

William:

You asleep mate?

Seagoon:

Of course we are. You don't think we make this noise when we're awake, do you? O'Brien, lay out my waking-up suit.

William:

Ooooh! There's somethin' under the bed mate!

Seagoon:

Thank heaven for that!

William:

It's been moving about mate!

Seagoon:

I don't believe it mate.

William:

Shhhhh. Listen.

Eccles (under bed) (sings):

How would you like to be - Under the bed wid me.

Seagoon:

Come out, you singer of music.

Eccles:

Hellooooo!

Seagoon:

Before me stood a ragged idiot dressed in a grass skirt, water wings and a perforated bronze trilby.

Eccles:

I'm on my honeymoon.

Seagoon:

Well, where's your wife?

Eccles:

Didn't bring her.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Eccles:

Well, why should I share all the fun wid her?

Seagoon:

Get out of my room.

Eccles:

Get out of my room.

Seagoon:

Get out.

Eccles:

Get out.

FX:

[Door opens]

Dr Longdogle:

Ahh, there you are, naughty little Eccles!

Eccles:

Hallo Doctor Lingedongler.

Dr Longdogle:

Naughty lad, getting out of bed after I'd tucked you in and battered you unconscious for the night.

Eccles:

Hallo.

Dr Longdogle:

Gentlemen, I am the caretaker, my apologies. You won't be disturbed further. Ahhhhh, what lovely teeth you have. False?

Seagoon:

No, perfectly true. They are lovely teeth. Why?

Dr Longdogle:

Nothing. Goodnight.

FX:

[Door closes]

Seagoon:

Jolly fellow. What's the time - Gad! - one o'clock. Goodnight all.

Cast (fast):

Goodnight - ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ...

[Pause]

Cast (still):

Zzzzzzzzzzz...

Dr Longdogle:

They're fast asleep - hand me the skull mallet.

Minnie Bannister:

There.

Dr Longdogle:

Hold the teeth bucket in front of his cake-hole. Now - ugghhh.

Grams:

[Wallop, pop of pop gun, false teeth shoot out and land in bucket]

William (no teeth):

Ohhhwhy - mate.

Seagoon:

That was the sound I told you of earlier, dear listeners. Hurriedly I struck a match and lit a light bulb. There, there on the floor was William.

William:

Ohh, me choppers have gone mate. Someone hit me on the back of me nut and out flew my false teef mate ohh...

Seagoon:

What are you staring at me for?

Seagoon:

O'Brien? Lay out my looking-for-teeth suit.

Seagoon:

William, say 'Aaaaaahhhh'.

William:

Aaaaaahhhh.

Seagoon:

They've gone.

O'Brien:

Wait, there's a brick on his tongue with a message tied to it.

Seagoon:

Read it.

O'Brien:

Made by the Birmingham Brick Corporation.

Seagoon:

Not the brick, the message.

O'Brien:

Nothing on it, begorrah.

Seagoon:

So, they won't talk, eh?

Seagoon:

Wait - I've suddenly realised something. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in this castle has teeth. I'm going to have a word with him. O'Brien, lay out my having-a-word-with-him suit.

FX:

[Door opens]

Seagoon:

Wait here.

FX:

[Door shuts, footsteps along long lonely corridor]

Seagoon:

Dr. Londongle? Dr. Loctor Donglonge - Ingledongle - Dr.. . . I want to speak to you! Dr. Longdongleeeeeee!

Bluebottle:

Will you stop all dat shouting! I'm trying to have a kip.

Seagoon:

Come here, little nurk.

Bluebottle:

Here, let go my ear'ole - let go or I'll call little Jim.

Seagoon:

Call him then.

Bluebottle:

Jimmm - little Jim? Little Jim. Little Jim. Where are you Little Jim? Little Jim?

Seagoon:

Why doesn't he answer?

Bluebottle:

He's in Africa.

Seagoon:

Where's Dr. Londongle?

Bluebottle:

I don't know Mister Dongler...

Seagoon:

Speak, rapsCALLION.

Bluebottle:

Ohhhh - stop pulling my ear'ole. Ohh, now look what you done, you pulled it off! Give it to me. I only borrowed it for the day.

Seagoon:

Come on, hairless little nurk. Who are you?

Bluebottle:

I am a purehearted-type English scout on the camping-type holiday.

Seagoon:

Camping? Why are you camping indoors?

Bluebottle:

It's too parky outside. I am the new indoor scout.

Bluebottle (confidentially):

Here - got any pictures of Sabrina?

Seagoon:

You dirty little devil - I'll tell your Scout Master.

Bluebottle:

He's the one who told us to collect them.

Seagoon:

The naughty man - well, he won't get my collection.

Bluebottle:

Can I go now? My little brownie is waiting for me.

Seagoon:

No lad - You'd better come with me. I might need you for protection. I'll use you as a club.

Bluebottle:

No, no, I'm no good at protection! I'm a rotten coward I am! Look, here's my junior coward's badge.

Moriarty (off):

Oooooooooo...

Seagoon:

Give me that junior coward's badge. I've just qualified.

Moriarty (off):

Oooooohohoh ohohohoh ohh eheehehe hehehe oheheh...

Bluebottle:

It's David Whitfield.

Seagoon (off):

Gad, he's improved.

Moriarty:

Ohhahhh.

Seagoon:

Gid gad gude. That voice is coming from under this floor. I'll just put on my floor-lifting suit.
Now - lift - uggggghhhhh! Ugghhhh - uggghhhhhhhhh!

Bluebottle:

Don't stand there making a noise, give me a hand, you big fat steaming nit you.

Seagoon:

Ahem. Lift - uggghhhh.

FX:

[Stone flag being lifted from top of a dungeon]

Moriarty (gummy):

Ohh saved, saved - teeth - give us teeth.

Cast (gummy):

Teeth teeth ohhh teethhhhhh.

Seagoon:

Dear listeners, from out of an underground dungeon came a crowd of toothless ragged men in brown paper nightshirts.

Grytpype (gums):

Let me explain, short-type man. Forty-eight of us have-been kept prisoner down there after having our false teeth stolen.

Moriarty:

Yes. Ohhhhhh - no teeth - we haven't eaten meat for years.

Seagoon:

Vegetarians eh? I too only eat grass-eating animals.

Moriarty:

But we must have our teeth back - ohhh.

Seagoon:

Leave it to me. First, let's drop this flagstone back in place.

FX:

[Clang of flagstone falling back]

Bluebottle:

Aaaayyyyaayy, my foot. Look what you've done to it, it's shaped like a starting handle.

Seagoon:

Excellent. O'Brien? Lay out my leader-of-toothless-men suit. Right, gentlemen! Follow me. We march to find the missing teeth. One, two!

Cast (sing):

(the Mounties' Song from 'Rose Marie') On through the hail, like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail are after you dead or alive - we are out to get you, dead or alive. (Go off marching.)

FX:

[Marching box]

O'Brien:

Folks? While I still got my choppers - here's my song, begorra.

Minnie Bannister:

Swing it buddy.

Ray Ellington and Quartet:

[Musical interlude: "Who's Got The Money"]

Greenslade:

We return you now to - Part Three. The Castle of Missing Teeth.

Orchestra:

[Dramatic chords]

FX:

[Castanets (one pair) playing in 6/8 tempo]

Dr Longdogle:

Ha ha ha ha ha ha-type laughing! Look, aren't they beautiful, mother dear?

Throat:

Oh lovely, lovely.

Dr Longdogle:

Another pair of castanets for Señorita La Tigernutta - that's forty-nine pairs I've got. One more pair and she's promised to be mine. So much for the tatty plot!

FX:

[Knock on door]

Dr Longdogle:

Quick, mother, hide under the carpet.

Throat:

Right

Dr Longdogle:

Come in.

FX:

[Door opens]

Bloodnok:

Oh, good evening. Uuummm, any possibility of contacting the police from here?

Dr Longdogle:

I'm afraid not.

Bloodnok:

Thank heaven, safe at last. Oeiugh.

Dr Longdogle:

What brings you here at this late hour?

Bloodnok:

I'm lost dear fellow, lost, completely lost. Me and the Regiment were marching along ya know, when suddenly, quite by accident, me and the regimental funds took the wrong turning.

Dr Longdogle:

How rotten for the Regiment. Don't they want you back?

Bloodnok:

Oh yes indeed, everywhere you'll see my notices - 'Wanted - Major Bloodnok'. I shou. . . Look here, why are you staring at me like that?

Dr Longdogle:

Your teeth, are they false?

Bloodnok:

Hm? Oh yes, oh yes. What's more, they're of great sentimental value. You see *[tearful]* they belong to my great-grandmother.

Dr Longdogle:

It must be wonderful to have a family heirloom.

Bloodnok:

Yes. Mmmmm, do you mind if I take my kilt off, it's rather hot in here. Oooow!

Dr Longdogle:

What's up?

Bloodnok:

That lump in the carpet - it moved!

Dr Longdogle:

Yes - it's the only carpet in the world with a moving lump.

Bloodnok:

It must be valuable then.

Dr Longdogle:

It has great sentimental value - you see [*tearful*] that lump belongs to my mother.

Bloodnok:

What a lovely heirloom to leave behind. A large moving lump. People aren't as thoughtful these days, you know.

Dr Longdogle:

This bucket you see is also an heirloom - just bend over it and look at the bottom.

Bloodnok:

I can't see anything to...

FX:

[*Wallop, pop, clang*]

Bloodnok (gums):

Ohh, me choppers -

Dr Longdogle:

Got 'em. Ha ha ha ha ha.

FX:

[*Door bursts open*]

Seagoon:

Not so fast, Dr. Londongler.

Cast:

Teeth. We want teeth.

Seagoon:

Where are you hiding these men's teeth?

Cast:

Teeth. We want teeth.

Dr Longdogle:

Silence - don't move, any of you, or I'll shoot!

Seagoon:

Fool, put down that tin of potted shrimps.

Dr Longdogle:

And starve to death? Never!

Seagoon:

Londongler, I'm willing to bargain with you.

Dr Longdogle:

What's your offer?

Seagoon:

These outsize ladies' bloomers at three and eleven three.

Dr Longdogle:

Fool, the ones I'm wearing only cost two and nine three.

Seagoon:

Curse, I've failed. Very well, another of r. Give t these man back their choppers and we'll see you get a fair trial, shot dead and strangled free.

Dr Longdogle:

No.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Dr Longdogle:

You might be lying, and it sounds risky.

Seagoon:

Then ying tong iddle I po.

Dr Longdogle:

Never - never ying tong iddle i po. No, gentlemen, I'll not be forestalled now. Ha Ha. I'm too near my goal!

FX:

[Football whistle]

Bluebottle:

Off side, he's too near his own goal.

Seagoon:

Shut up.

Bluebottle:

Shut up.

Eccles:

Shut up, Eccles.

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles.

Bluebottle:

Shut upe, Enkles.

Cast:

Shut up, etc....

Moriarty:

Help! - who's turned out the light - who's turned the light out?

Dr Longdogle:

It's me, ha ha.

Seagoon:

Economical devil, trying to save electricity, eh? O'Brien?

O'Brien:

Yeah? Begorrah mate.

Seagoon:

Put on this invisible beard - creep up on the light switch and while it can't see you, switch it on!

O'Brien:

Okay - begorrah.. . *[Off]* Okay, it's on.

Seagoon:

Huzah. Right men, open your eyes, the light's on.

Bloodnok:

Ohhh - look at Dr. Londongler - he's gone.

Seagoon:

Don't worry, he won't get far in those cheap woollen bloomers - there's frost about. In any case,

Seagoon:

The moment he steps outside this castle the wolves are bound to get him.

Bloodnok:

Why?

Seagoon (dry):

They're looking for a new goal-keeper.

Moriarty:

Stop those crazy carefully-rehearsed ad libs.

Seagoon:

Men, to catch this Dr. Londongler won't be easy - he's very clever.

Moriarty:

You mean..?

Seagoon:

We're going to need brains!

Eccles (pause):

Well, I'll go and make the tea.

Grams:

[Horse and carriage down in cobbled courtyard starts off at a gallop]

Bloodnok:

Ohh, great scorched thund bringe - down there! Londongler's escaping.

Seagoon:

Where?

Bloodnok:

There - stick your head out the window.

Grams:

[Head being stuffed through glass window, breaking glass]

Bloodnok:

Bandage?

Seagoon:

No thanks.

Bloodnok:

But you're bleeding awful.

Seagoon:

Give me the bandage. O'Brien? Lay out my leaving-the-castle-suit. Men - after him - one two -

Cast:

(fast) (sing) On through the hail, like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail, we are after you, dead or alive - we are out to get you, dead or alive.

FX:

[Marching box]

Orchestra:

[Chords to suggest beginning of a great adventure (macabre)]

Greenslade:

With a small stove, Lord Seagoon set off in hot pursuit in his horse-drawn motor car. The trail of missing teeth led them to the village of *[Tarzan yell]*. And there they stopped

Greenslade:

Next to a newsvendor's shop in which this week's copy of the Radio Times is now on sale - they stopped.

Seagoon:

All out now, men. wait - it looks like he's in this Café Filthmuck.

Grytpype:

Yes - I think there's something funny going on inside.

Seagoon:

Why?

Grytpype:

I can hear somebody laughing.

Seagoon:

Stop this crazy-type toothless humour and follow me in, men.

FX:

[Door opens, sound of a beer garden, distant zither]

Moriarty:

Whadda we do know?

Seagoon:

Now, we don't want to look suspicious so put your coats over your heads and crawl nonchalantly across the floor on your backs. And keep your Union Jacks down. Follow me. Ughh - this is fooling them. Ughhh.

Flowerdew:

Hey, you lot on the floor.. Hurry up, we're waiting to dance. Oh it makes you spit doesn't it!

Seagoon:

I'm sorry, madam - we are looking for escaped miniature convicts, but apparently they're out of season. Eccles?

Eccles:

Yer?

Seagoon:

Shut up.

Eccles:

Shut up.

Seagoon:

Eccles?

Eccles:

Yer?

FX:

[Pistol shot]

Eccles:

Thank you.

Orchestra:

[Roll on drum and cymbal crash]

Dr Longdogle (announcing a little off):

Mein lieber damunherren -

Seagoon:

Look - it's Londongler!

Dr Longdogle:

Presenting the cabaret - that queen of reeking Spanish dancers - Señorita Gladys la Tigernutta - my fiancée, with her fifty steaming castanet dancers.

Grams:

[Flamenco music and castanets]

Seagoon:

Keep calm, men. Let's see what happens.

Grytpype:

Look, the black's coming off the castanets.

Seagoon:

Yes - they're white underneath! Could they be what the listeners have known all along?

Moriarty:

It's our teeth - teeethhhhhh!

Cast:

[Shouts of "teeth", "teeth"]

FX:

[Snapping of teeth]

Orchestra:

[Music up and out]

Seagoon:

And that, folks, is how we found-Londongler's missing teeth horde - he disappeared from human 'ken, and I often wonder if he ever continued his teeth activities.

Greenslade (gums):

You've been listening to The Goon Show.

Orchestra:

[End theme]

Greenslade:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Peter Eton.

Orchestra:

['Crazy Rhythm' outro]