

THE GOON SHOW:  
SCRADJE

First broadcast on March 13, 1956. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Produced by Pat Dixon. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Guest appearance by John Snagge. Transcribed by Peter Harris, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service. We present the golden tones of yours, and my, favourite singer.  
*[sings]* Oh my beloved daddy, I love him, yes *[falsetto]* I do-oo-oo.

Seagoon:

Shut that great, steaming porridge-muncher! And give the listeners the new low in Goon Show plots.

Greenslade:

We present the awesome, fearful and, on the admission of the authors, incomprehensible story of...

Spike:

Scradje!

Orchestra:

*[Tatty chord]*

Seagoon:

Ta. Next bit.

Grams:

*[Weird arabian music]*

Seagoon:

Hear that next bit, dear listeners? It's that lovely date-encrusted voice of that great Arab singer, Lee Lawrence of Arabia.

Grams:

*[Two small explosions]*

Seagoon:

Yes, listeners, those mysterious explosions were the first of many, it is that story we tell tonight.

Secombe and Sellers:

*[Gibberish conversation]*

Seagoon:

Well hurry up then!

Sellers:

Plinge. It was in the autumn of nineteen quinty-quodge, the year Major Bloodnok was discharged from the army.

Secombe:

Yes, it was the usual. Cowardice in the face of ENSA, found dressed as a woman in the ATS barracks.

Bloodnok:

Lies! All lies do you hear! It was carnival night I tell you!

Spike:

Please, Major Bloodnok, my name is Jampton, Captain Hugh Jampton. I remember the time both Bloodnok and Lord Seagoon became members of the Athenaeum Club, Glasshouse Street.

Grams:

*[Jazz piece ending]*

Seagoon:

Thank you. Hm. Gad, you waltz divinely my darling. What's your name?

Major Bloodnok:

Bloodnok. Denis Bloodnok.

Seagoon:

Gad! I hardly recognized you in that tartan beard.

Bloodnok:

I wear it for sentimental reasons *[sad]*, you see, it belonged to my mother. By the way, Neddy, I hear you've been de-mobbed.

Seagoon:

Afraid so, Major.

Bloodnok:

Well, don't take it to heart lad...

Grams:

*[Two small explosions]*

Bloodnok:

Great naked kippers! Me boots have exploded!

Seagoon:

Gad, yes. Major! How could you? Look, your old-Etonian socks have got holes in them!

Bloodnok:

Yes, I, I know, but I have to wear them, you see *[sad]* they belonged to my Mother. But look at me boots! They've had it, lad.

Seagoon:

There, there, there, Bloodnok. How are you going to break the news to Mother?

Bloodnok:

Oooh the usual way. Small two-page column in The Times.

Seagoon:

Yes, yes. I wonder what could have caused them to go so quickly?

Bannister:

I'll tell you what's happened to them, buddy. Your boots exploded because you've been doing all that sinful Charlestoning and modern rhythm-type dancing, buddy.

Seagoon:

Madam Bannister! What are you doing off the bandstand? Get back to your saxophone at once! You can't leave Mr Crun up there alone with that loaded, E-flat carpet-loom!

Bannister:

He can't play it. I put the safety-catch on. Now next dance please, boys.

Seagoon and Bannister:

*[Silly humming, "yim-bom-biddle-I do-oo-o" etc. Continues over following. Bloodnok takes over during Seagoon's lines.]*

Bloodnok:

Stop that pulsating melody-singing, Madam!

Seagoon:

Yes! Stop it! Stop it! You've got my feet tapping in a frenzy of primitive rhythms!

Grams:

*[Two small explosions]*

Seagoon:

Aaaaaaaaagh!

Bloodnok:

Great knobbly plates of toes! Your boots have exploded!

Omnes:

*[Screams, panic]*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic, sinister chords]*

Greenslade:

With the exploding of his boots, Seagoon realised that something sinister was afoot. With the aid of a 129A bus and several lengths of road, he took his shattered boots to the strolling, home-office pathologist, who carefully patholed them.

Spike:

*[Posh]* Uh-uh, yes.

Seagoon:

Are they, are they, dead, doctor?

Spike:

I'm afraid so, we did all we could but I'm afraid the welt was too far gone.

Grams:

*[Sobbing violin, over following]*

Seagoon:

*[Cries]* My poor, beloved boots, gone. Gone and never called me mother.

Spike:

Never mind, Madam. I tell you what, I'll keep these boots...

FX:

*[Small explosion]*

Spike:

Ow! Good heavens! The buttons on my boots have exploded! I say, what's going to happen...  
*[fades off]*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Seagoon:

Dear listeners. With the exploding of those boot-buttons, I decided it was time for action. Brooking no delay, I caught the next hockey-stick factory up to London, where I called a meeting of England's leading scientists.

Grams:

*[Loud silliness. Shouting, whistling, instrumental breaks, clapping etc. Fades out]*

Jim Spriggs:

Gentlemen, gentlemen please. Cease these impressions of stars of stage, screen and labour-exchange. And now pray silence for his excellent shortness, Lord Neddy Seagoon, sixth in succession for the Muswell Hill tube station.

Willum Cobblers:

Hurry up mate! Hurry up, we scientists is busy men mate, I tell you.

Seagoon:

I know mate, I'm fully aware, but I've called you here to find the reasons for these mysterious boot-explosions. Now has anyone any suggestions.

Grams:

*[Silly shouting, noises, farmyard impersonations, silly instrumental breaks etc]*

Seagoon:

No. I don't think it's that.

Jim Spriggs:

I tell you, Lord Seagoon, it's the work of a practical joker.

Gryttype-Thynne:

Gentlemen and fellows of the Royal College of Charlies.

Seagoon:

The voice came from a cadaverous stranger who peered down at us from the top of an isosceles triangle.

Thynne:

*[Sad]* Yes. It belonged to my mother. Gentlemen, Lord Seagoon is not alone. There are other victims of these mysterious boot-explosions.

Seagoon:

May we ask why your friend is wearing bare feet and a black, cardboard trilby?

Thynne:

He is Monsieur le Compte Fredrique "Jim" Moriarty of the house of Frutt. Tell them the story, Compte.

Moriarty:

Certainment. *[Very long silly speech in spoof French, including sound-effects, music etc.]*

Thynne:

Gentlemen, need he say more? Each one of him can tell a similar story. Tragedy. The Count will now pass amongst you, his fellow- scientists with a collecting-box and a professional strangler.

Throat:

Oh blimey, I'm off.

Thynne:

To cover the screams of dying Scotsmen, here is Max Geldray.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Thynne:

Thank you, thank you. Gentlemen, that voluntary collection for the victim Moriarty amounted to four and ninepence in pennies. Many from this country.

Seagoon:

Mr er, er...

Thynne:

Thynne, Thynne, Professor Thynne. The strolling anchor-man for the Penge and district tug-of-war team, and fruit-bottler extraordinary to the house of Chatterley. *[Aside]* And Gamekeeper.

Seagoon:

Thank you, thank you very much indeed. You didn't say what this collection was for.

Thynne:

Money. My dear short Sir! These accumulated monies, this, this, this four and ninepence, will be used for vital scientific purposes such as er, food, rent, laundry and er, er...

Seagoon:

But we want a solution to these mysterious boot-explosions.

Thynne:

Ah, well that will be extra.

Seagoon:

My dear professor Thynne, the expense is no object at all.

Thynne:

What? What?

Seagoon:

I'll just sign this blank wall. There. Fill in the bricks yourself.

Thynne:

That's very, very kind of you. I'll cash it at the Building Society. Count, will you explain the phenomena please.

Moriarty:

Certainment. Certainment. Gentlemen, these boot-explosions are caused by a weakening in Britain's deposits of Scradje.

Grams:

*[Bagpipes, over]*

Scotsman (Sellers):

Scradje? Did you say Scradje the noo?

Moriarty:

Certainment-ment. Scradje is a substance found beneath the Earth's surface. This Scradje radiates upwards, keeping level with the Gulf-stream and keeps the pressure on the Earth's surface at an even level. Thus preventing boots from exploding. Unfortunately, Britain's Scradje deposits are rapidly losing their potency. With the results that have now become apparent.

Grams:

*[Bagpipes, over]*

Scotsman:

*[Laughs]* I've heard nay such a lot o' rubbish since I left the House of Commons. Scradje indeed! If you think I'd believe one word of that...

FX:

*[Two small explosions]*

Scotsman:

Aaargh!

Grams:

*[Bagpipes slow down to a stop]*

Seagoon:

Great green squirts of gringe! He's exploded completely.

Orchestra:

*[Descending sinister chords]*

Greenslade:

Indeed, the Scottish gentlemen had disintegrated. From then on, the boot-explosions became fiercer. That night, on the Light Programme:

Grams:

*[Record of Alma Cogan singing "Twenty Tiny Fingers", a few bars into]*

FX:

*[Explosion]*

Greenslade:

Yes, yes, Alma Cogan exploded. Then on March the third in the Home Service:

Grams:

*[Record of David Whitfield singing "Cara Mia Mine", a few bars into]*

FX:

*[Colossal explosion]*

Sellers:

*[Posh]* Poor David, how he must have suffered. The worst was to come. The following night, on the Third Programme:

Grams:

*[Record of the Goons singing "I'm Walking Backwards for Christmas", a few bars into]*

FX:

*[Colossal explosion]*

Seagoon:

Up till now I had not believed Moriarty's story of Scradje. But now it was obviously true.

Sellers:

*[Posh]* Yes, Britain had to find fresh Scradje deposits or explode, one by one.

Greenslade:

The Home Secretary sent a warning on the wireless.

John Snagge:

*[Prerecorded]* Good evening. I'm speaking to you about these boot-explosions. We, the government are doing all in our power to rectify this grave Scradje-deficiency which apparently exists. Until then, the British public must take the following precautions. To prevent yourselves exploding, remove your boots, reverse the buttons on your socks and walk backwards, holding a gas-stove above your head. I do hope this is only a temporary measure. Good night.

Greenslade:

We return you now, to Scradje, part three.

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic link]*

Seagoon:

On the suggestion of Professor Thynne and Moriarty, the government financed a Scradje expedition. Myself in charge. Armed with an elephant boot-protractor.

Thynne:

Yes. I took charge of the money and directed operations from the treacherous camp three, just north of Monte Carlo.

Moriarty:

Which way have you sent those charlies on the Scradje expedition?

Thynne:

Well, right now they should be nearing the north pole and certain death.

Thynne and Moriarty:

*[Laughter, fading off]*

Grams:

*[Wind whistling and sled-dogs barking]*

Bloodnok:

Mush! Mush! Get along you hairy little doggies you!

Seagoon:

Good work! Good work, Bloodnok! You're a born leader of dogs.

Bloodnok:

Yes, I used to be a boxer you know.

Eccles:

*[Fades in singing]* Land of hope and glory, mother of the sea...

Seagoon:

Ah here comes the Doctor.

Eccles:

He-elo!

Seagoon:

How are the men?

Eccles:

Oh fine, fine, fine.

Seagoon:

Any cases of frozen feet?

Eccles:

You didn't order any cases of frozen feet!

Seagoon:

Well, we'll have to get along without them that's all.

Bloodnok:

But we've got to eat, Seagoon.

Eccles:

OK, I'll put him in the oven.

Bloodnok:

Shut up you idiot!

All three:

*[Shouts of "shut up you idiot!"]*

Seagoon:

Quiet please, please, gentlemen, please. We're here to find Scradje, not to fight! Now, think of those poor people in England walking backwards with their boots off, carrying gas-stoves above their heads! Now, lower those fudge replicas of the Eiffel Tower.

Eccles:

*[Mumbles]*

Seagoon:

Come along, Eccles. Drop that Eiffel Tower!

FX:

*[Clang]*

Bluebottle:

Eeeeh! My nut! Ooh you swine you, I was sittin on the top of the Eiffel Tower, eating my East Finchley boy-scout-type lunch when, whongy! Blong! Blat! Splurgie! Spludgeledoo! And then, clout on the nut! Jumps up, says "Oooh!" says that.

Eccles:

Dong!

Bluebottle:

Ooh, it's silly old Eccles.

Eccles:

Silly old.. Oh, he-he-he-re! Woooooah, I'm, I'm not silly any more, I'm the doc..er, um, shut up Eccles! Shut up Eccles! I'm, I'm the, I'm the doctor in this game.

Bluebottle:

Oooh doctor?

Eccles:

Yer.

Bluebottle:

Feee-eee. Do you do operations?

Eccles:

No, but we all got to start sometime. Now lay down.

Bluebottle:

Here, n-no, no.

Eccles:

*[Distracted humming, over following]*

Bluebottle:

Here, mind what you're doing with those sharp sausage-knives! Harm can come to a young lad like that!

Eccles:

*[Sings]* Ooooh, he hasn't long to beeeee.

Bluebottle:

Here! Stop cutting a hole in my shirt!

Eccles:

Don't be frightened! I'm only lookin' round.

Bluebottle:

You'd better not then.

Eccles:

Oooh, let me say it.

Bluebottle:

What?

Eccles:

I won't touch anythin'.

Bluebottle:

Well don't 'cos that's all new stuff in there.

Eccles:

*[Hums, stops]* Ooooooooooh. Ooooh, h-h-h-here! What's dis?

Bluebottle:

That's Ray Ellington and his Quartet.

Eccles:

Oh!

Ray Ellington Quartet:

*[Musical interlude]*

Greenslade:

And now, the Scradje, the part the plinge. On and on pressed the Scradje arctic expedition. Following the route charted by the famous doctor Eccles to the North pole.

Grams:

*[Egyptian music]*

Seagoon:

Gad! It's hot at the pole for this time of the year.

Bloodnok:

Yes, I've never known it so hot.

Grams:

*[Diving aircraft, strafing machine-gun fire, roars away]*

Bloodnok:

Blast these arctic mosquitos!

Seagoon:

Bloodnok! How far are we from the pole now?

Bloodnok:

Just three inches.

Seagoon:

Aaah! Gad! We'll never make it before nightfall.

Bloodnok:

Well, we shall have to stop here.

Seagoon:

Yes. I know, let us try an erect some sort of rude shelter.

Bloodnok:

You build the walls and I'll write on them. Ah-ha-ha! Bloodnok, you comic you! Ooooooh!

Seagoon:

I don't wish to know that.

Bloodnok:

*[Sings]* I'm a happy-go-lucky la-a-d Ohhh!

Seagoon:

Wait!

Bloodnok:

What? What?

Seagoon:

Bloodnok, there's a pyramid!

Bloodnok:

What?

Seagoon:

Let's see if they can put us up for the night. I'll do the talking.

Bloodnok:

I'll do the silences.

Seagoon:

I knew we were going to rely on you.

Bloodnok:

Thank you.

Seagoon:

Ahem. Knock-knock!

Bannister:

*[Off]* Who's there?

Seagoon:

Cohen!

Bannister:

Cohen who?

Seagoon:

Cohen you put us up for the night? Ha-ha-ha! I like working these little jokes.

Bannister:

Well you can work that one for a start.

Seagoon:

Ahem.

Crun:

Minnie! Shut that naughty, hairy pyramid door!

Seagoon:

Good heavens! It's Crun and Bannister! What are you doing here?

Bannister:

Ooooh! A special job, buddy, buddy.

Crun:

Yes. Mister Thyne pays us a goodly sum to mix "Footo" the Wonder Boot-Exploder into boot-polish that is then exported to England.

Seagoon:

Good heavens! What a fiendish plot!

Bloodnok:

Yes, I wonder who wrote it?

Seagoon:

Of course! Of course! Those boot-explosions were deliberately caused by this mixture of "Footo" and boot-polish. There's, there's no such thing as Scradje!

Bloodnok:

The naughty men! They've got all the expedition money!

Seagoon:

They won't keep that money for long, lads!

Bluebottle:

You're not a long lad! You won't get any!

Seagoon:

Shut up!

Bluebottle:

Shut up!

Seagoon:

Hand me my saxophone!

Orchestra:

*[Single bass saxophone note]*

Seagoon:

Ah that's better! Ahem. Now - who can drive a pyramid?

Ray Ellington:

Me drive pyramid mate.

Seagoon:

Right! Drive us to Monte Carlo. Hup!

Orchestra:

*[Pursuit music link into]*

Grams:

*[Car noises]*

Greenslade:

In the huge pyramid with its powerful 2000 BC engine. The avengers of the Scradje hoax fraud were soon seeking out Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne. Who were sipping the most expensive cooking-type sherry.

Grams:

*[Italian café music]*

Moriarty:

*[Hums along]*

Thynne:

Don't rock the hammock so much, Moriarty. You'll have us both out.

Moriarty:

Think, Grytpype. It was all so easy. Now we're millionaires thanks to "Footo" the Wonder Boot Exploder.

Thynne:

*[Laughs]* And we'll never grow another leg.

Thynne and Moriarty:

*[Laughter]*

Greenslade:

Pardon me, sir.

Moriarty:

What is it Chilvers? Can't you see we're engaged?

Greenslade:

Oh, congratulations sir! I hope you'll both be very happy together.

Thynne:

Thanks you, Chilvers.

Greenslade:

Erm, there's a pyramid in the lounge, sir.

Thynne:

Really? What's his name?

Greenslade:

I don't know, he didn't say, sir. He was a tall, bearded pyramid with hieroglyphics.

Thynne:

Come in, do!

FX:

*[Crash, falling bricks]*

Thynne:

Now, what can I do for you?

Seagoon:

Hands up! I'm no pyramid. This plaster and string fez is a fake! I'm Neddy Seagoon!

Orchestra:

*[Tatty chord, cymbal smash]*

Seagoon:

Thank you!

Moriarty:

Sapristi! The game is up!

Thynne:

Neddy, can't we talk this over like normal...

Seagoon:

Don't come too near! This gun is ready to load! Now come on, you swine. Where's all that money gone?

Bloodnok:

Yes, that four and ninepence you collected from us.

Seagoon:

And that blank wall I signed.

Thynne:

That blank wall was a bouncer. Sent back "refer to builder"

Seagoon:

Nonsense! I've got ten thousand bricks in my account. Come on, empty your wallets!

FX:

*[Falling bricks, grunting]*

Bloodnok:

Great steaming lumps of therk! It's a British wall!

Seagoon:

Yes. But the bricks are in French.

Bloodnok:

Curses! Foiled by French bricks!

Seagoon:

Come on! I want the original wall! We're waiting, Moriarty! Talk! And talk fast!

Moriarty:

Certainly! *[high-speed, spoof gabbling]*

Seagoon:

Rubbish!

Thynne:

But beautifully spoken.

Seagoon:

Right! Bind these two Scradje-hoaxers to the bed-rails, and stack the tins of their own fiendish boot-polish around the base of Moriarty.

Thynne:

I'll help you.

Seagoon:

What's the idea? Thynne? Why are you turning on Moriarty?

Thynne:

I've just found his tap.

Seagoon:

You can't joke your way out of this, Grytpype. Tie him up men! Light the fuse.

Spike:

Right!

FX:

*[Sizzling of burning fuse]*

Seagoon:

*[Laughs]* Now gentlemen, you've got three minutes to tell us where that four and ninepence is.

Moriarty:

We'll talk! We'll talk!

Seagoon:

Bluebottle! Quick! Extinguish the fuse!

Thynne:

Here's your four-and-nine, and your wall, damn you!

Seagoon:

Right, you may go.

FX:

*[Whoosh]*

Seagoon:

*[Laughs]* Gloating laugh *[laughs]* So, dear listeners, you see? Honesty triumphs over...

Bluebottle:

Capting!

Seagoon:

Shh! Shh! Please! Honesty triumphs over naughtiness, and in the end...

Bluebottle:

Capting! Capting!

Seagoon:

What?

Bluebottle:

What was that that you told me to do?

Seagoon:

Told you to...The fuse!

FX:

*[Colossal explosion]*

John Snagge:

*[Prerecorded]* Good evening. Since I last spoke to you, the dreaded boot-explosions have ceased. Thanks to the courageous and untiring efforts of Professor Gryttype-Thynne and Mr. Moriarty both of whom are to be knighted. Therefore, as from now, you can all stop walking backwards, put on your boots, and lower your gas-stoves to the ground. *[Strains]*

FX:

*[Clank]*

John Snagge:

*[Prerecorded]* Oh, puff! Heavy, weren't they? Good night.

Orchestra:

*[Theme tune]*

Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC 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 Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon.

Orchestra:

*['Crazy Rhythm' outro]*