# THE GOON SHOW:
# WINGS OVER DAGENHAM

Greenslade:

> This is the BBC.

Seagoon:

> So! You admit it, then? Six months hard labour, to be done in twelve monthly installments.

FX:

> *[Gavel]*

Greenslade:

> I shall appeal.

Seagoon:

> Very well. Released on bail of five long twisted things with holes in the end. Next case.

Sellers:

> A mental picture of the Goon Show, sir.

Seagoon:

> What? Sentenced to half an hour a week on the electric wireless, to commence this week with 'Wings over Dagenham'.

FX:

> *[Dramatic horns]*

Spriggs:

> Hear that sirring music, folks? It was specially composed to give you a mental picture of an aeroplane carrying supplies for the beseiged garrison at Fort Spon in 1902, one year before the invention of the aeroplane! Oohhhh...

FX:

> *[Gunshots]*

Sellers:

> Yes, we of the beseiged garrison were grateful for that mental picture of an aeroplane bringing us supplies. It must *[bad edit]* prayed for the day when someone would invent one and save us all at Fort Spon.

FX:

> *[Gunshots]*

Milligan:

> Little did he know, poor fellow, that in a shed off Lyle Street, a genius in grease stained evening dress, assisted by a dour Scots gentleman in a...

FX:

> *[Hammering noises]*

Milligan (over):

> ...Grease stained body, were at work on a strange and wonderous, grease stained machine...

Seagoon & McChisholm (in time with hammering):

Yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton-a-yiddle-i-pohhhh. Yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton-a-yiddle-i-pohhhh. Yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton, yin ton-a-yiddle-i-pohhhh. Yin ton yi...

Seagoon:

McChisholm! It's finished!

McChisholm:

Ohhh! Thank heavens for that, I couldn't remember any more of the words!

Seagoon:

Oh, you Scottish actor here... Fred Chislehurst... No, my masterpiece! This... apparatus!

McChisholm:

Ohhh! If it's no a rude question, sir, what's it supposed to be?

Seagoon:

I wish I knew... I'd feel much happier.

McChisholm:

You said it was to be a mangle.

Seagoon:

Yes, I know. But I added a bit here and a bit there, it got completely out of hand.

McChisholm:

I-I'll tell you what, man. You get in the seat, and I'll swing the propeller.

Seagoon (camp):

Mad, impulsive boy. Ohhohoh! But, as you wish...

McChisholm (shouts):

CONTACT!

Seagoon:

Gad, you've invented the method for starting an aeroplane! CONTACT!

FX:

*[Plane engine starting, a few misfires, backfires. It stalls, followed by lots of bits falling off.]*

Seagoon:

There, what shall we build now?

McChisholm:

Ah, mister Seagoon! D-did you no notice? A moment before it fell to bits, it rose seven feet off the ground!

Seagoon:

Correction, five feet. Two of those feet were mine!

McChisholm:

If, if you ask me, sir, we've invented the hairyplane.

FX:

*[Phone rings, reciever picked up]*

Seagoon:

Hello?

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Grytpype (speaking over telephone):

I hear you've invented the aeroplane.

Seagoon:

Who's this speaking?

Grytpype:

The Air Ministry.

Seagoon:

Air Ministry? How are you off for air? Ahahahaha! *[chuckling]* Air Ministry! How are you off for air?! Ahahahaha! Ahahaha! Aha. Ahem.

Grytpype:

Listen, little square pudding: The question is, how are you off for air?

Seagoon:

I'm just full of it.

Grytpype:

So I've heard!

Seagoon:

What-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what-what? *[degenerates into a clucking chicken]*

Grytpype:

It's all very well saying that Neddy, but if you've in... If you've invented the aeroplane, you'll need air to fly it in -- and we are the sole agents.

Seagoon:

You low down, theiving, twisting, stinking spiv!

Grytpype:

I see you're a wit as well! Well, flattery will get you nowhere. You get your machine finished and we'll come round and see you.

Seagoon:

Right!

FX:

*[Reciever replaced; hammering noises, hammer being dropped]*

Seagoon:

Finished!

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Grytpype:

And only just in time! Moriety, there it is!

Moriarty:

Ohhh! It looks like an aeroplane.

Grytpype:

It smells like one.

Moriarty:

And further more... *[tasting noises]* ...It tastes like an aeroplane! *[garbled]*

Grytpype:

Let me try a slice. *[speaking with mouth full]* Hummm, Neddy! This aeroplane is beautifully cooked.

Seagoon:

Yes, we've made it in the oven all night!

Grytpype:

Splendid! Now, Neddy, what does this aeroplane do?

Seagoon:

It flies.

Grytpype:

It flies?

Moriarty:

You realise, that this means the end, of the horse-drawn Zepplin!

Grytpype:

Tempus fugit, Moriarty.

Moriarty:

What? To that I can only say, kee dubbie... *[aside]* Whasit say adlib? *[aloud]* In fairy dun shetty galare!

Seagoon:

No fighting please, you intellectual gentlemen.

Moriarty:

What?

Grytpype:

Just sign this document, Neddy.

FX:

*[Paper noise]*

Seagoon:

...For use of the air over Lyle Street...

Moriarty (separate conversation, over Seagoon, and barely audible):

Contacts away.

Grytpype (as above):

Yes, we've got them now Moriarty.

Seagoon:

...Ten pound seventeen shillings a quarter, payable in monthly installments of fifty pound a year, per week. Hmmm. That seems remarkably cheap.

FX:

*[Till opens]*

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Grytpype:

Thank you, Neddy. Now, don't forget, when you want to fly, just phone us up and we'll have the air fixed in place over Lyle Street immeadiatly.

Moriarty:

Owww!

Seagoon:

Well, I'd like some air right now...

Grytpype:

Max Geldray, start blowing! Ploogie!

Moriarty:

Let's get some brandy in boys, hahaha!!

Seagoon (over Max):

Ploogie ploogie! Ploogieeeeee!

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Milligan (off):

That's so much more than we got...

Greenslade:

That music was designed to give listeners in the Lake District a mental picture of Max Geldray playing a nude mouth organ.

Little Jim:

He's fell in the wa-tah!

Greenslade:

And now... And now, here is a piece of music to give you a mental picture of the Air Ministry.

FX:

*[Fanfare]*

Moriarty:

Ohhh, folks! That music -- supposed to give you a mental picture which means the end of the horse-drawn Zepplin. Ohhhhh, why did I em-na-a-me-a yin ton iddle I pohh... Another word that I can't think of a yampayamayabam.

Grytpype:

Quiet Moriarty! I'm just getting a mental picture of Seagoon opening that door.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

Grytpype:

He's going to say.

FX:

*[Door closes, door opens]*

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

Moriarty:

You were right! You were right!

Seagoon:

My aeroplane won't take off in Lyle Street. Just as the plane starts to gain speed, the lights turn red!

Moriarty:

Ohhhh! Neddy, what you need is a new modern-type taking off aerodrome.

Grytpype:

Yes, tell the orchestra to give us a mental picture of a meeting of aerodrome inventors.

Moriarty:

Here it comes...

FX:

*[Comic fanfare]*

Milligan (over fanare, and off):

Ahh, ohh, eee!

Omnes (over):

Flying rhubarb, flying rhubarb, rhubarb... Flying rhubarb, aerodrome, rhubarb... Flying aerodrome, rhubarb, flying custard and rhubarb... Flying rhustard coobar hopba... We get paid for this, too... *[various mutterings]*

Spriggs:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen, Mister Grytpype-Thine has called this mental picture of a meeting at the request of the beleagured garrison at:

Secombe (barely audible):

Fort Rhubarb.

Spriggs (sings):

Fort Spon!

Bloodnok:

Yes, gentlemen. I have just returned from the very thin of the fray. Fort Spon will fall any day now.

Spriggs:

But we've just had it wallpapered!

Bloodnok:

That's no use, I tell you.

Spriggs:

Double strength!

Bloodnok:

The defenders are weaponless. Some swine sold the men's rifles to the enemy for ten thousand pounds.

Seagoon:

How much?

Bloodnok:

Just a minute, I'll count it again... Er...

Spriggs:

You mean...

Bloodnok:

Yes, ten thousand pounds.

Spriggs:

You mean that those men have only got bullets to defend themselves?

Bloodnok:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, build me a taking-off type aerodrome and I will fly out rifles in my newly invented aeroplane.

Crun:

Mr. Seagoon, nnn-I have got here the plans of my proposed portable aerodrome.

Seagoon:

Ahh! Let's have a look.

FX:

*[Paper noises]*

Seagoon:

Mmmm. What do you call it Mister Crun?

Crun:

Erm... "Croydon Airport".

Seagoon:

Oh. And where are you going to build it?

Crun:

At Croydon.

Seagoon:

I say! How splendid. That'll save changing the name!

Crun:

Yes. Now then, is there any question?

Bannister:

Um, ah, how are you going to build this aerodrome?

Crun:

Er, I was going to build it... Flat.

Seagoon:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

Crun:

Well, now that you've asked me a straightforward question, I have no option, mmm, but to give you a direct answer... What was the question again?

Seagoon:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

Crun:

Land on what?

Seagoon:

The aerodrome!

Crun:

Ohh! Am I building one of those?

Seagoon:

Yes, and you... You're calling it "Croydon Airport".

Crun:

Splendid! Then I can build it near Croydon.

Seagoon:

The very place for it!

Crun:

Yes. Now, to finance. Apart from the aerodrome, we shall need five thousand pounds for the hangars.

Seagoon:

I'd rather hand my coat on a nail.

Grytpype:

Mister Crun was referring to aeroplane hangars.

Seagoon:

Erm, will my aeroplane need a hangar?

Crun:

It would lose it's shape hanging on a nail, you know. But they have a great built-in... In the great...

Bannister:

Speak up, Buddy!

Crun:

What?

Bannister:

Ohhhhh! Yapartaneetcapnepatagarpotogol...

Seagoon:

Well, Mister Crun sounds like our idiot. What salary would you like?

Crun:

Ten thousand pounds a year?

Seagoon:

Who'll second that?

Crun:

I will.

Seagoon:

Right, those in favour, raise their hands. Aha. Come, Mister Crun, you can't vote for youself.

Crun:

I'm not!

Seagoon:

Then why are you holding your hand up when you...

FX:

*[Door opens and closes]*

Seagoon:

I see.

Grytpype:

He's gone, of course, to give the workmen a mental picture of what he has in mind.

Greenslade:

And if listeners in Croyden in 1902 will open their windows, they'll be able to hear a mental picture of the portable aerodrome under construction.

FX:

*[Construction site type noises]*

Welshman (Seacombe):

Pardon me, boy, er, where do you want this load of five hundered ton iron girders?

Bloodnok:

Well, I think you'd better put them in the safe. You see, there's been a lot of pilfering lately.

Welshman:

Right-o. Dai, see me back will you?

Welsh Eccles (off):

OK, Dai! Come on, now. Lock you, Dai! *[garbled]* Abbergavenny. *[garbled]* Leek. Cardiff Docks. Swansea Docks. *[comes on]* It's no good, folks. I can't keep up this accent any longer. I'm not a Welshman at all, I'm the famous Eccles, you see.

Dai:

You'll get my fist round the back of your famous filthy neck if you don't hurry up.

Eccles:

OK. Get this lorry back. Come on, back now.

FX:

*[Lorry pulling away]*

Eccles (over):

Come on. Back. Come on. Steady! Left hand down. Ooh! As you are. Straight on! Straighten up. Come on. Come on! Right hand. Left hand. Middle. Come on. Come on, now! Plenty of room. Come on. Come on.

FX:

*[Crash]*

Eccles:

OK, that's enough.

Seagoon (slowly being sped up):

> You dull, stupid, half witted, useless, jumped up, never come down, idle, *[garbled]*! If I get my hands on you, I'll beat all the sawdust... *[garbled]* You'll be sponned and hurled to within an inch of your life! *[garbled rantings]*

Eccles (over):

> What? Who? Wait a..? What? You, stop. What? Ohh, ahh! No. What? No, look... listen... You... Stop. Don't you... *[Seagoon stops, silence]* SHUT UP! Ahhh. Let that be a lesson to him. Let that be a lesson to him.

Seagoon:

> Never mind talking that record of me, Eccles. Great news!

Eccles:

> Oooh!

Seagoon:

> Oooh ooaawoo! The lights turned green in Lyle Street, and my test pilot finally got the plane off the ground.

Eccles:

> What a strain!

Crun:

> Oh, you got to stop him from landing, the aerodrome's not quite ready yet. We haven't started.

Seagoon:

> Right. McChisholm! Contact the plane.

McChisholm:

> He's on the phone now, sir.

Seagoon:

> Right.

Sellers (off):

> Well said!

Seagoon:

> Calling! Calling B-4. Calling B-4. Hello? Control calling B-4.

Bluebottle (over phone):

> Hello, capting!

Seagoon:

> Is that you, B-4?

Bluebottle:

> Yes.

Seagoon:

> Why didn't you answer me, B-4?

Bluebottle:

> 'Cause I didn't hear you before.

Seagoon:

> Listen! Warning! Do not land at Croydon Airport because it's not there yet.

Bluebottle:

    Right-o, then!

Seagoon:

    Now, what is your exact position?

Bluebottle:

    I'm lying on my side, with my knees drawn up under my chin.

Seagoon:

    Why?

Bluebottle:

    I'm at home in bed.

Seagoon:

    You fool, McChisholm. You've got the wrong number!

Sellers (over radio):

    Hello, hello. Calling the proposed Croydon Airport.

Seagoon:

    That's my pilot now, that's my boy. Hello there! Don't land!

Sellers:

    I can't land.

Seagoon:

    Why not?

Sellers:

    I haven't got enough petrol.

Seagoon:

    Curse!

Sellers:

    I tell you, you must get liquid petrol up to me or I'll never play the violin again!

Seagoon:

    Why not?

Sellers:

    It's a petrol driven violin, you hear.

Seagoon:

    Horrors, hirrors, hurruhs! Horrors, hurrens! The world's first horseless aeroplane, trapped in the air!

FX:

    *[Comic fanfare]*

Seagoon:

    Ahem. That music was intended to give you a mental picture of the change in plan.

Milligan:

    Yes.

Seagoon:

Thank you. With the shortage... With the shortage of petrol, the invention of the aeroplane had to be delayed.

Milligan:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Thank you. But still the burning question was to get guns to the garrison at Fort Spon.

Milligan:

Yes.

Crun:

As luck would have it, gentlemen, I've got here the plans of a steam-driven rocket.

Milligan:

Yes.

Seagoon:

That would overcome the petrol shortage. We'll build one right away!

Moriarty:

Ah, I suppose this means the end of the horse-drawn Zepplin.

Grytpype:

Oh well, Moriarty. Et sequitor ad nausiam, spon.

Moriarty:

Ow! You got to go...

Moriarty and Grytpype:

Oooww!

Ellington:

Oh, Moriarty. Now stop plugging your record and remain silent while I plug one of mine, do you mind?

Bannister (over Ray):

Play it buddy!

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

*[Musical interlude]*

FX:

*[Gunshots]*

Greenslade:

Ladies and gentlemen, that sound was specially recorded to give you a mental picture of the records they're playing at the beseiged garrison of Fort Spon.

Seagoon:

Never mind, folks. If you were in this BBC studio you'd see, apart from the tatty curtains, bare floorboards, and outdated guilt scrollwork (specially commissioned by the corporation), a large steam driven rocket.

Milligan (off):

Oohho!

Seagoon:

Ahoi-hoi-hoi-ohho! Now gather round, early British aviators!

Omnes:

*[Moans]*

Seagoon (over):

Early British rhubarb. Early British rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb rhubarb! R-r-rhubarb! And, custard.

Lew:

Pardon me, I'm from the er, Geographical Society.

Secombe (off, barely audible):

I'm from the rhubarb!

Lew:

May I come along to your flight, so that I can photograph the Earth from a great height?

Seagoon:

Whatever for?

Lew:

Because, sir!... There are some stupid fools who are still arguing whether the Earth is round or flat.

Seagoon:

And so?

Lew:

I'm going to prove to them that it is flat.

Seagoon:

Prove the Earth is flat? Hahaha! What a waste of time!

Lew:

Why why, why?

Seagoon:

Everybody knows it's flat!

Lew:

Aha ha ha ha har.

Seagoon:

Aha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha haa!

Lew:

Aha ha ha har!

Seagoon:

Aha ha ha!

Lew:

But there are idiots in this world, you know.

Seagoon:

Have you met them?

Lew:

Met them? I listen to you every week!

FX:

*[Fanfare]*

Milligan:

Folks! That chord was to give you a mental picture of a steam driven rocket about to take off for the *[garbled]*.

FX:

*[Hammering noises]*

Eccles (over, singing):

*[Garbled]* some brocolli, land on my dream! I travel the road in broccoli. I travel...

Seagoon:

Here, Eccles!

Eccles:

What what?

Seagoon:

Let me help you with that flange.

FX:

*[Fast hammering]*

Seagoon:

There! That's got it off!

Eccles:

I was trying to get it on! I tried to get it on!

Crun:

Gentlemen, I've been driven here from Ryegate to say this line... Um-gad! Erm, erm er... The rocket is... Ready. Horayoo-oow!

Moriarty:

He's gone in the direction of down! Now out *[?]*, about this rocket gentlemen. Now, who knows how to drive it?

Seagoon:

Drive it? Good heavens! You're not going to let a little thing like that stop us?

Bloodnok:

Of course not! We can decide who's to drive when we're up there.

Seagoon:

Yes. We'll draw lots.

Eccles:

I can't draw lots! I don't even know what shape they are!

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles!

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Eccles:

Shut up, Eccles!

Seagoon:

Shut up...

Omnes:

Shut up, Eccles!

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles!

Moriarty:

Ahh, gentlemen, one thing. One thing, gentlemen. May I take an Arab stallion on board with us?

Bloodnok:

You filthy swine!

Moriarty:

What?

Bloodnok:

What ever for?

Moriarty:

What ever for? To prove that the horse still has it's place in air travel! Especially if it pulls a Zepplin!

Bloodnok:

Yes, and I'm taking an elephant!

Seagoon:

Are you mad?

Moriarty (over):

Are you mad?

Bloodnok:

Of course I am! You don't get normal people taking elephants on rockets, do you?

Seagoon:

Well, he'll have to travel third class.

Bloodnok:

If you wish.

Seagoon:

Who's going to be at the controls when we take off?

Eccles:

Um, well, which way are we going?

Seagoon:

Up!

Eccles:

Oh, I'll drive, I know that way.

Seagoon:

Stout fella!

Eccles:

Me, a stout fella? You'd make two of me!

Seagoon:

I'll make two of you! Give me that axe!

Eccles:

What? Get away!

FX:

*[Phone rings, receiver picked up]*

Seagoon:

Yes? Right.

FX:

*[Receiver replaced]*

Seagoon:

Gentlemen?

Eccles:

Yup?

Seagoon:

The garrison at Fort Spon are desperate!

Eccles:

Oh hohoho!

Seagoon:

Ah hahahahaha!

Eccles:

Hahehehe!

Seagoon:

Ahahahum!

Eccles:

Yup.

Seagoon:

We must take off at once! Rifles on board?

Bloodnok:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Right. Close plinge doors!

Eccles:

Plinge doors closed!

Bloodnok (over):

>Close plinge doors!

Seagoon:

>*[Garbled]*! Secure ports!

Eccles (over):

>Secure ports!

Seagoon:

>Close all berks!

Milligan:

>Close all berks!

Bloodnok:

>*[Garbled]*

Seagoon:

>Bluebottle, tighten your belt.

Throat:

>*[Burp]*

Bluebottle:

>Why captain?

Seagoon:

>Your trousers are falling down.

Seagoon:

>Full steam! Maximum power!

Milligan:

>Maxum power.

Seagoon:

>*[Garbled]*

Milligan:

>*[Garbled as above]*

Seagoon:

>Right!

Milligan:

>*[Garbled]*

Seagoon:

>Cut the string!

FX:

>*[Train whistle, followed by a train leaving a station, slowly being sped up]*

Seagoon:

>Men! Put on your pressurised shin pads and switch on oxygen. I'm going to accelerate to thirty miles an hour!

Bloodnok:

Don't be a fool, Seagoon. No man can live at that speed!

Seagoon:

Hang on!

FX:

*[Train leaves station, slowly being sped up, as before]*

Spriggs:

Oh steady! Steady you demon of the speed! Beware! Observe: the wallpaper's already coming away from Bluebottle's hat!

Lew:

Er, could you slow down just a bit here, I want to take that photograph of the Earth.

Eccles:

Oh here. I just saw the Earth through the clouds.

Lew:

Did it look round?

Eccles:

Yeah, but I don't think it saw me...

Seagoon:

You're right, Eccles! And look! There's the besiged Fort Spon, directly beneath us. Quick! Parachute the rifles down to them.

Bloodnok:

Rifles away!

Seagoon:

They've got them!

Moriarty:

They're loading them!

Bloodnok:

They've fired!

Seagoon:

The enemy are all dead! Success!

Moriarty:

Curse! This is the end of the horse-drawn Zepplin!

Greenslade:

And it's also the end of the horse-drawn Goon Show. Goodnight!

Moriarty:

Goodnight!

Grams:

*[Closing music]*

Milligan (over):

*[Garbled]*

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Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, and Spike Milligan. With George Chisholm, Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray, and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.