

THE GOON SHOW:
THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

First broadcast on January 27, 1958. Guest starring George Chisholm. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Charles Chilton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Debby Stark, additions by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC. Ladies and gentlemen, we present 'The Curse of Frankenstein'.

Sellers:

Blast!

Fx:

[Fanfare]

Sellers:

We present the play of the week, entitled: 'My Heart's in the Highlands, but My Feet Are in Bombay,' or 'I Was the Victim of a Terrible Explosion'.

Fx:

[Scottish music; bagpipes, gunshot, bagpipes die]

Greenslade:

Yes, it was 18-8-twa and the laird Red Hairy Burke lay deeing on his bed, shot in the chatters.

Burke:

Aye, aaarr nach the nelly noo *[etc]* Andy? Andrew?

Andy:

Aye, my laird, aye. Take it easy the noo.

Burke:

Oh, dear, I've noo got long to goo the noo.

Andy:

Here, here, now wait. Have a wee drop of Red Agony whisky.

Burke:

Ay, aye, ay! Pour it doon my throat, lad.

Fx:

[Pouring sounds, bagpipes explode and die]

Burke:

Oh, that's better. Andy? We'll get the will out and let ma family in.

Fx:

[Door opens; many, many footsteps]

Burke:

Well, I've had a good life. Now, are ya all here lads?

Voices:

[Assenting; Secombe giggles]

Burke:

Now, my lads, as you all noo, I'm leaving the castle and one million pounds!

Fx:

Door opens, running sound

Moriarty:

[Has approached, gurgling] Ah, my little Scottish daddy, I love you, I love you *[kissing]*. A million pounds, ach, eye, man, it's a braw bricht moonlit nicht tonight *[supposedly scottish gibberish]* Man, ow!

Burke:

What's this chattering reeky wearing the hand-painted brown paper kilt?

Moriarty:

Ach, my namy, I'm your old son, Jack McMoriarty. Ow, Scottish-type man, ow, needle-noddle-needle-new, needle-new, needle nodle new. Ow McOw. A million pounds, McOw.

Burke:

It must have been that terrible weekend in Brussels, you know... Andy, read the will.

Fx:

[Paper rustling]

Voices:

[Anticipation type sounds]

Chisholm:

Let me clear my throat first, wait a minute. Right. I, Laird Red Harry MacBurke *[spits]*, being of partial sound mind, leave ma fortune to the first Scotsman to reach the South Pole and play the bagpipes there. The noo.

Fx:

[Running footsteps, bagpipes]

Orchestra:

[Scene change music]

Fx:

[Rushing feet approaching, car brakes]

Moriarty:

[Out of breath] Gryttype? Gryttype? *[Knocks, searching]* Gryttype? Where are you?

Fx:

[Dustbins being searched]

Moriarty:

Gryttype, ow, Gryttype, Gryttype? Which dustbin are you in?

Gryttype:

The one with the TV aerial on top.

Moriarty:

Listen: The million pounds go to the first man to play the bagpipes at the South Pole!

Gryttype:

Curses! Neither of us can play the confounded instrument.

Moriarty:

Ah! But we could learn!

Grytpype:

No man has ever learned to play the instrument.

Moriarty:

I don't wish to know that, but think of what we could do with all the money!

Grytpype:

Yes, for a start I could have you painlessly destroyed.

Moriarty:

Ah! Ow!

Grytpype:

And again.

Moriarty:

Ow!

Grytpype:

That's your pair of ows complete for the day.

Moriarty:

There's nothing like a pair of ows for fun!

Grytpype:

To continue. Ah... Greenslade? Would you read my part, dear boy, I'm rather tired to say it now.

Greenslade:

Right. *[Reads]* There's only one man living who has that much fat on him.

Grytpype:

I said that?

Greenslade:

Yep. You said, 'I know the man, it's Neddy Seagoon.'

Grytpype:

Neddy Seagoon? I wonder what he's doing now?

Seagoon:

I've been wondering when I'd get a line in the show, that's what I've been wondering! It's me, folks, Neddy! *[laughs]*

Fx:

[Cheering]

Seagoon:

Well done, well done, well done, settle down, settle down...

Grytpype:

Where are you at the moment, Neddy?

Seagoon:

At Brighton house.

Grytpype:

Which one are you?

Seagoon:

Me.

Grytpype:

Come, Moriarty...

Fx:

[Whoosh]

Grytpype:

...Follow that whoosh.

Orchestra:

[Scottish music link]

Sir Bealburn:

Oh, ooh. I've been in Lawton House for 89 years. How long have you been in residency in Lawton House?

Seagoon:

I was born here, Sir Bealburn. I've never done a day's work in my life. Here's my OBE to prove it!
[laughs]

Sir Bealburn:

Oh, oh... How proud your mother must be of your ohb.

Seagoon:

Yes... Of course, I have a private income.

Sir Bealburn:

[Gasps] A private income? Where from, lad?

Seagoon:

The Labor Exchange.

Fx:

[Rapid knocking on door]

Seagoon:

Quick! Into the bathchairs, it might be work!

Fx:

[Chains rattling]

Seagoon:

[Laughs] *[old voice]* Come in, sir.

Fx:

[Door opens]

Grytpype:

Are you Neddy Seagoon?

Seagoon:

[Old] yes, but I, I'm too old for work... I've always been delicate... Since I fell off the top of Mt. Everest...

Grytpype:

What were you doing up there?

Seagoon:

Fishing.

Grytpype:

Fishing? 29,000 feet above sea level?

Seagoon:

Well, I, ah, I had a long line. *[laughs]* Do you get it? A long line? *[laughs, subdued]* Ahem.

Grytpype:

Inmates, I'm here to offer one of you work.

Voices:

[Generally unwilling, ill] Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

Grytpype:

Let me explain. We are offering a thousand pounds for a man to play the bagpipes.

Fx:

[Silence, then massed scottish bagpipe bands]

Grytpype:

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Now, who can we interview first?

Milligan:

Um. Ah, wrong voice. Ow! *[laughs]* You may interview Jock McGeldray.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

[Musical interlude]

Fx:

[Explosion]

Seagoon:

All lies! That wasn't bagpipes, that was a nose. I'm your man, I'm fit. Feel the muscles on these teeth! I can play the pipes! Needle-noddle-needle-noddle, needle-noodle-noodle-nuuuu!

Grytpype:

All right, Neddy, all right, all right. Listen carefully. These five envelopes numbered one to ten contain your instructions. Open one at a time.

Fx:

[Envelope opening]

Seagoon:

I see. 'You will go to 29 New James Street.' Right. Taxi!

Fx:

[Whoosh]

Cabbie:

Yes, mate, where to?

Seagoon:

That's my affair. You just drive.

Cabbie:

All right.

Fx:

[Car starting with trouble, eventually fails]

Cabbie:

That'll be four and three, mate.

Seagoon:

What for?

Cabbie:

A new starter.

Seagoon:

So you want a starter, eh? Right - on your mark - get set - go!

Fx:

[Pistol shot]

Grams:

[Running, mouth-made car sounds, slow to fast]

Cabbie:

Oooeerr Mate... mate....

Seagoon:

[Laughs] Oh, fiend, Seagoon! And, so saying, I entered 29 New James Street.

Fx:

[Door opens, shop bell rings]

Seagoon:

Anybody in?

Henry Crun:

You are. Min, min? It's a man chained to a bed.

Seagoon:

Good morning.

Henry Crun:

Morning.

Minnie Bannister:

Good morning.

Henry Crun and Minnie Bannister:

[A chorus of 'morning's]

Seagoon:

Good morning, thank you! *[After various good mornings in there, too]* How very, very pleasant. Just a moment, while I open envelop No. 2.

Fx:

[Opens envelope]

Seagoon:

[Mad laughter] Yes! It says I must buy a South Pole expedition.

Grytpype:

What size, sir?

Seagoon:

Well, I take a six and 7/8ths stomach.

Gryttype:

Double X, Min.

Minnie Bannister:

Double X coming up, buddy. *[Wraps it up]* There, there you are, buddy, modern buddy.

Gryttype:

Try this blizzard on for size.

Fx:

[Blizzard sounds]

Seagoon:

Just a minute! This blizzard's got a hole in the trousers! The wind's getting in!

Gryttype:

You haven't done the zip-up, sir.

Fx:

[Zip]

Seagoon:

Ah ha! Woo! *[laughs]* that's better. Next, I want a pair of arctic bagpipes.

Gryttype:

Ah, yes, sir, we have that the very thing.

Minnie Bannister:

[Mumbling] We have the pistol

Gryttype:

Ah, the pistol, they are filled with anti-freeze.

Seagoon:

I knew her well. Envelope no. 3 says:

Greenslade:

[Muffled voice] You will form your expedition up on the Falkland Islands, 3,000 miles south of the Antarctic.

Seagoon:

Right! Goodbye! Hup!

Fx:

[Splash]

Little Jim:

He's fallen in the water!

Greenslade:

[Muffled] Meantime, in the Antarctic, a certain person, claiming to be of Scottish blood, has joined in the chase.

Orchestra:

[Bloodnok theme]

Bloodnok:

[Screams] Me bagpipes are on fire!

Milligan:

Fire!

Fx:

[Fire engines arrive]

Bluebottle:

I heard the call, stand aside! Hooray! Unrolls hose. Squirt, squirt, squirty, squirty! What's the matter back there? Are you pumping?

Eccles:

[Distant] Yeah! I'm pumping, my friend! But there's no water! Oh, somebody clamped the knob. I didn't really need it, folks! Now then, I've been pumping but there's no water! There never is any water in the Sahara Desert!

Bloodnok:

Oh, did you say the Sahara Desert?

Eccles:

I said 'the Sahara Desert.'

Bloodnok:

I thought it was too hot for the Antarctic. Captain Idiot!

Capt. Idiot:

Yes, sir?

Bloodnok:

You fool, you! We're 32,000 miles off course already!

Capt. Idiot:

Well, nobody's perfect.

Bloodnok:

You naughty-nitty-naughty-nit gentlemen you. Your compass must have been faulty.

Capt. Idiot:

Faulty? I can't understand it! It was a perfectly good Christmas cracker I got it out of!

Bloodnok:

Was there a guarantee with it?

Capt. Idiot:

Oh, yes, it said, em, Question: When is a door not a door? Answer: When it's ajar!

Bloodnok:

Well, you know, a guarantee like that cannot easily be dismissed. True, true, true. However, I shall try. Guarantee, Dis-missed!

Fx:

[A few march steps, into cold bagpipe, storm sounds]

Greenslade:

Meantime, Seagoon reached the Falklands on board an ice flow. Ice Flo? Gad, how I love that woman!

Seagoon:

Ah, dear. I can't see a foot in this blizzard. Mr. Spriggs, hold yours up.

Jim Spriggs:

Hello, Jim, hello, Jeem! Oh, *[applause]* you don't have to do this, folks.

Seagoon:

What's our position?

Jim Spriggs:

Standing up, Jim.

Seagoon:

Where's the compass?

Jim Spriggs:

Oh! Jim, oh, Jim, I haven't got one, Jim, oh, Jiiiiiiim.

Seagoon:

I'll Jeem you with a club in a minute. Here, pull this cracker.

Fx:

[Pop]

Jim Spriggs:

Oh, look, A compass and a paper hat.

Seagoon:

Give it to me, I'm leader of the expedition. There *[laughs]* how do I look?

Jim Spriggs:

Ahhhhhh, Jim!

Seagoon:

[Laughs] Cheeky!

Jim Spriggs:

He knows, you know. *[Sings]* When you go dancing you seem so entrancing they call you the belle of the ball! When you go dancing...

Fx:

[Bash]

Jim Spriggs:

Don't like clubbing, Jim.

Seagoon:

[Laughs] Now, let's get on to the South Pole. Check the compass. 91 degrees north. 87 degrees west.

Jim Spriggs:

Where are we?

Seagoon:

Lost, But! I have the exact position of it!

Fx:

[Fog horn]

Capt. Tom:

Ahoy, there, mariners! *[and other salty talk]*

Seagoon:

Look! *[laughs]* We're saved! A ship where the captain's name is Tom! *[shouts]* Ahoy, who are you?

Capt. Tom:

We're the Woolwich Free ferry!

Seagoon:

You're 15,000 miles from Woolwich, your compass must be wrong!

Capt. Tom:

I got it out of a Christmas cracker!

Seagoon:

I must get a new compass. Could you take me back to England?

Capt. Tom:

Have you got a ticket?

Seagoon:

No, where do I get it from?

Capt. Tom:

Ticket office on Woolwich Pier.

Seagoon:

Right! I won't be long. Hup!

Fx:

[Splash]

Little Jim:

He's fallen in the water again!

Orchestra:

[Dramatic link]

Grams:

[Blizzard]

Greenslade:

Seven years later...

Capt. Tom:

Well, I tell you, if he ain't back in another 10 minutes I'm not waiting no longer. My dinner's getting cold.

Seagoon:

Ahoy!

Capt. Tom:

Ah, here he come now, give us a hand, my darling.

Fx:

[Water against bulkhead]

Seagoon:

Ah, ah, darling friend.

Capt. Tom:

Did you get your, your ticket, my darling?

Seagoon:

No, it was half-day early closing.

Capt. Tom:

[Heaving sound]

Fx:

[Splash]

Seagoon:

You swine, you'll pay for this!

Capt. Tom:

How much?

Seagoon:

Three pounds down and three shillings up!

Capt. Tom:

Argh!

Orchestra:

[Dramatic link]

Greenslade:

[Even more muffled] Hello, folks, a special announcement: Slowly, oh, so slowly, Neddy's ice flow floated nearer the South Pole

Seagoon:

As we neared the South Pole, we ran into Bloodnok and his party.

Fx:

[Big crash]

Bloodnok:

You silly explorer, you. Didn't you see my indicator sticking out?

Seagoon:

I'm sorry, sir, I was conducting Beethoven's 5th Symphony and I wasn't listening.

Bloodnok:

Good luck.

Seagoon:

I say, I say, those porters of yours; what, what race are they?

Bloodnok:

The 3:30, do you want to place any bets?

Seagoon:

I'm sorry, all my currency is frozen.

Bloodnok:

Oh.

Seagoon:

But what are the short ones without beards?

Bloodnok:

Those are Eskimos.

Seagoon:

And what are the ones who have beards?

Bloodnok:

Those are Eskimos who haven't shaved.

Seagoon:

I see. But why do only half of them shave?

Bloodnok:

So that they can tell the difference. *[Aside]* Can we have music for this bit, please?

Orchestra:

[Violin 'Hearts and Flowers']

Bloodnok:

Thank you.

Seagoon:

Tell the difference from what?

Bloodnok:

Between those with beards and those without.

Jim Spriggs:

I don't like this, Jim.

Omnes:

Shut up, shut up...

Seagoon:

Singing fool. To avoid all this confusion, why don't the ones without beards grow beards?

Bloodnok:

Well, that would be rather unfair.

Seagoon:

Unfair? Why?

Bloodnok:

The ones without beards are women, you see. That's how they tell the difference, you understand.

Seagoon:

This is ridiculous. I've never known a family's growing beards in the friendship between the sexes. Have you, Eccles?

Eccles:

Oh, yeah. It happened in my family. When I was young, I couldn't tell the difference between my mother or father, so my father made my mother grow a beard.

Seagoon:

Ahhh, and you were able to tell the difference?

Eccles:

Nope.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Eccles:

My father had a beard, too!

All:

Shut up, shut up... *[various, in agony, striking Eccles]*

Jim Spriggs:

I don't like clubbing, Jim.

Orchestra:

[Wailing bagpipe link]

Grams:

[Blizzard]

Seagoon:

[Agonized laughter] Now then, what does the third envelope say?

Envelope:

I say, you're two miles from the Pole.

Seagoon:

Did you hear that, Bloodnok?

Bloodnok:

Yes, I did, a man doing an impression of an envelope.

Eskimo:

Major, Major, look, a polar bear is approaching!

Bloodnok:

My goodness, yes, and he must be very old, it's gone white with age!

Eskimo:

No, he's wearing a wig.

Bloodnok:

Oh, that's what it is. It's coming this way.

Seagoon:

Don't worry, I've got a gun.

Bloodnok:

Shoot, Seagoon, shoot!

Fx:

[Gunshot]

Eccles:

Okay, I shot Seagoon, what now?

Seagoon:

You fool, Eccles!

Eccles:

Oh, I was only pretending to shoot, I wasn't really shooting, I was only... Bang! Buzarang, bang, bang, bang! Down goes the polar bear, down goes the polar bear! Bang, bang-bum, BANG! Click! Click? I must have run out of bullets! Nope, nope, nope, thank you...

Jim Spriggs:

I don't like this clubbing, Jim.

Seagoon:

You idiots! While you've been playing naughty games the bear's escaped in a taxi! We'll camp here for the night. Tomorrow, the South Pole!

Orchestra:

[Dramatic link music]

Grams:

[Blizzard sounds]

Eccles:

[Eating sounds]

Bluebottle:

You asleep, Eccles?

Eccles:

What?

Bluebottle:

You asleep, Eccles?

Eccles:

Yeah!

Bluebottle:

You're a man of the world, ain't you, Eccles?

Eccles:

Ah...

Bluebottle:

Eccles?

Eccles:

Yeah, Bottle?

Bluebottle:

You ever been to the South Pole?

Eccles:

No, but I once jumped off Beachy Head.

Bluebottle:

Oh, how nice for you, Eccles.

Eccles:

Well, I, I didn't want to do it, Bottle, but a man paid me to commit suicide for him.

Bluebottle:

Did he die then?

Eccles:

No, that was the trouble. When I got back on top he was still alive.

Bluebottle:

What did he do?

Eccles:

He asked for his money back!

Bluebottle:

And did you?

Eccles:

Well, I had to, I went to a doctor and the doctor said I wasn't dead.

Bluebottle:

Oh, well, don't you worry, Eccles, being dead isn't everything in life.

Eccles:

[Mumbles]

Orchestra:

[Ominous music]

Bluebottle:

What's that modern-type music?

Seagoon:

It is meant to indicate a disaster. During the night there was a crack in the ice and the sledge with the bagpipes fell in. All this way for nothing!

Bloodnok:

Look! The South Pole is only over there by that bus stop. Can't we make some bagpipes?

Seagoon:

No, we, we haven't any plans. We need hollow pipes, in any case, we need to drill holes in them.

Bloodnok:

I can drill holes. Holes! Left turn! Quick march!

Fx:

[Holes marching away]

Seagoon:

You fool! You've let the holes march away! All is lost!

Eccles:

Don't cry, Neddy, me and Bottle's got a set of bagpipes.

Bluebottle:

Yes, we put hot water in them and used them as hot-water bottles.

Seagoon:

You did? *[laughs maniacally]*

Eccles:

What's the matter with him?

Seagoon:

Give them to me. I must have that thousand pounds.

Bloodnok:

No, no, no, I must have it, me, Eccles, me, me.

Seagoon:

I saw you first, I knew you when you were... Eccles, please!

Eccles:

Wait a minute, wait a minute, what do you want my bagpipes for? What's the matter with you?

Seagoon:

My child...

Bluebottle:

Be careful with them, Eccles, I know their tricks.

Eccles:

What do they do?

Bluebottle:

One of them holds up a hoop and the other jumps through it.

Seagoon:

Bloodnok, Bloodnok, let's be sensible, let's be sensible, if we get these bagpipes... *[laughs maniacally]* We can share the pishtu money

Bloodnok:

Agreed!

Seagoon:

Share the money! *[laughs]*

Bloodnok:

Let's overpower them.

Seagoon:

Right! I'll take my socks off now!

Grams:

[Various military sounds; blizzard; bagpipes]

Grytpype:

Yes, Moriarty, one of them got to the Pole and played the bagpipes. Unfortunately, owing to the blizzard, I can't make out who it is.

Greenslade:

But, by next week, however, we hope to know. So, tune in for the results. Good night, all.

Orchestra:

[Closing tune]

Greenslade:

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