

THE GOON SHOW:  
WORLD WAR ONE

First broadcast on February 24, 1958. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Charles Cilton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Christopher Gray, corrections by Paul Webster and Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service. *[Sings]* But they call it Ireland!

Sellers (Australian):

Mmmmermm. I don't like what he's doing, Pat, I don't like it. We oughta have a meeting about it.

Grams:

*[Many sheep]*

Secombe:

Whilst that record of sheep is being played, hear the remains of a Goon Show washed up on a Brighton beach near Croydon.

Sellers:

Yes, oh yes! And in faded writing, we see that the title is... mmmuurrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr. Part one.

Orchestra:

*[Martial theme]*

Sellers:

1917. England was at war.

Secombe (French accent):

France was at war.

Eccles:

I was at lunch! Ha ha! It's going to be tough...

Sellers:

1917 and here is an impression of it.

Grams:

*[Heavy shelling]*

Secombe:

Next an impression of the inside of Gilbert Harding.

Grams:

*[Chemistry lab - bubble and boil]*

Grams:

*[Bugle fanfare]*

Greenslade:

Mon Dieu! Ze Retreat!

Grams:

*[Panicked fleeing with screams]*

Sellers:

1917. British Chiefs of Staff call meeting.

Grams:

*[Barrel-roll piano]*

FX:

*[Tea cups clattering, whistling]*

Sellers:

Yes, alright, that's enough, that's enough. After all, enough is as good as a feast. Yes!

Secombe:

No, no! I haven't had enough. I haven't had enough.

Sellers:

Oh, haven't you?

Secombe:

No.

Sellers:

Well, swallow this obstacle.

Secombe:

Hup! *[Gulps]*

Grams:

[Pop, ahhhhh!]

Secombe:

Oh ho delicious! What was it, eh?

Sellers:

It was enough.

Secombe:

Ha ha, I don't... I don't feel as if I've had enough.

Sellers:

Well it was enough! It was marked on the tin "A N-U-double-F. Nett weight four ounces." So you've just eaten a four ounce nuff.

Secombe:

Well, if that was a four ounce nuff, I haven't had enough nuff.

Sellers:

Well I've had enough. Say "Ahhh".

Secombe:

Aaaa...

FX:

*[Gunshot]*

Secombe:

Aaaaaaaahhhhh! I'm dying! At last, I've had enough!

Orchestra:

*[Ta-da!]*

Milligan:

End of part one. And now... mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part two.

Minister:

I called you Heads of Services together to break the news. Gentlemen, apparently for the last three years, we've been at war. W-A-R pronounced...

Grams:

*[More heavy shelling, with bugle]*

Milligan:

I say, it sounds jolly dangerous!

Seagoon:

Who are we at war with?

Minister:

That's what I keep asking myself. If only we knew, we could tell a policeman. We must try and capture one of those naughty enemies and find the nationality of his body.

Seagoon:

Right. I'll go down to the labour exchange and get a body tester. End of Part 2 sir!

Orchestra:

*[Ta-da!]*

Milligan:

And now mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part three.

Greenslade:

The lounge of the East Acton labour exchange.

Grams:

*[Tea dance music followed by needle scratch across record followed by small applause/cheers]*

Grytype:

Thanks-you lads, thank-you lads. I'm so glad you like bad music

Secombe (as bar-room loud):

'Ere give us another tune on the old fiddle... what about the old rock and roll there...

Grytype:

Later Sir Malcolm, later, later. But first, here direct from his triumphant tour of the Paris labour exchanges... known as Eurovision... that great unemployed Frenchman... Count Jim Kneetrembler...

FX:

*[Knocking tin cups]*

Grytype:

...Moriarty

FX:

*[Riotous applause and cheers with raspberries]*

Moriarty:

Merci. For my first number I sing "Sous le toits de Paris".

FX:

*[While singing: poor French music, coins dropped into tin cup]*

Grytpype:

Thank-you, thank-you... oh... no no no no... no buttons please... no buttons

Manager (Northern accent):

Ooh, well I'll have you know that I'm the manager of this labour exchange.

Mate:

Pardon me, manager. Any fear of work today?

Manager:

No, you can take that broken limbs kit off.

Mate:

Only you gotta be careful these days - there's a lot of work about, matey!

Manager:

You know very well - as well as I do matey - that this labour exchange always hoists south cone[?] when there is any danger like that.

Mate:

I gotta be careful, only three more days and I celebrate me fifty years without work.

Manager:

Fifty years unemployed? Er her her her! Good heavens! Fill in this form for your OBE.

Grams:

*[Cathedral-sized bell ringing]*

Mate:

Ohhh listen!

Manager:

What?

Mate:

There goes the Danger of Work bell!

Milligan:

Quick! Barricade the door!

FX:

*[Mad hammering]*

Grytpype:

Give me the binoculars, Moriarty.

Moriarty:

What can you see?

Grytpype:

Nothing.

Moriarty:

But which direction is it going in?

FX:

*[Knock and open door]*

Grytpype:

What do you want, knocker?

Seagoon:

I'm from the War Office. Gentlemen, I think you should know that we're at war.

Grytpype:

Oh. Was it something we've said?

Seagoon:

Heavens, no. We want a decent chap to fly to Germany to try and capture one of the enemy. Intact.

Moriarty:

Ah. What's it worth?

Seagoon:

Well, the chap who is successful, there'll be a nice little nest-egg waiting for him.

Moriarty:

Oh? How much in money?

Seagoon:

No money. I told you, you'll get a nest with an egg in it.

Moriarty:

I should risk my life for an egg and a nest?

Seagoon:

Chickens do it all the time!

Moriarty:

Then s...

Seagoon:

*[Chicken clucks]*

Moriarty:

Then send a chicken!

Seagoon:

Gad! What a brilliant idea! Chicken 'shun! Quick March!

Grams:

*[Marching and clucking]*

Greenslade:

Meantime, here is a jolly Dutchman who'll obliterate himself with porridge, Manx Feldray.

Max Geldray and orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Grams:

*[Martial music]*

Milligan:

And now on the faded document I see mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part four.

Greenslade:

...In which Grytpype and Moriarty leave the exchange and seek out their fortune.

Grams:

*[Blizzard]*

Moriarty:

Ohhh! Ohhhhh! We must find somewhere to sleep tonight!

Grytpype:

Yes. Look, there's a cottage 800 miles away.

Moriarty:

I'll knock.

FX:

*[Knocking, door opening]*

Seagoon:

Ahhhh! Two men 800 miles away! Welcome to the manor dear friends. It's only a luxury 50 million pound villa, but it's home to me. What's mine is yours! Let's be jolly friends for ever!

Grytpype (Laughs with Seagoon):

Is your name Charlie?

Seagoon:

No, why?

Grytpype:

Well, you look like one.

Seagoon:

No, no. My name's Neddie Seagoon folks!

Grams:

*[Enormous applause and cheering]*

Seagoon:

Stop! *[Grams stops]* Aha ha ha! Ahhh, thank you folks!

Moriarty (deranged):

Ahh, what a nice little place you have here, eh? What a nice little place. What a nice little room, nice little floor. Nice, everybody's nice. Everybody's nice, Grytpype... Grytpype?

Grytpype:

Yes, Moriarty.

Seagoon:

It is a nice place, isn't it, yes. It belongs to Lord Delpus.

Moriarty:

Lord 'Elpus!

Seagoon:

Yes. I'm looking after it for him while he's away.

Grytpype:

Will he be gone long?

Seagoon:

Quite a while I should say - they buried him this morning.

Grytpype:

What was the trouble?

Seagoon:

Well, he'd been lying on his back for two days.

Grytpype:

Well that doesn't mean a man's dead.

Seagoon:

Ha ha ha. This time it did. He was at the bottom of the lake.

Grytpype:

Oh.

Moriarty (bubbling):

Owww. Poor man.

Grytpype:

Well, Neddie, I'm going to be frank.

Seagoon:

Right, I'll be Tom.

Moriarty:

I'll be Gladys.

FX:

*[Slap]*

Grytpype:

Neddie. How would you like to buy these duff shares in the German Army?

Seagoon:

Are they worth anything?

Grytpype:

Of course! Do you know, I have certain information that I've just thought of, that the Germans are bound to win any war they enter.

Seagoon:

What a chance!

Grytpype:

Yes!

Seagoon:

Wait here. I'll get my savings out of the P.O.

Grytpype:

This I must see.

Seagoon:

It's all in pennies.

Grytpype:

Well, we don't mind spending pennies! Moriarty count them.

Grams:

*[Moriarty counting from 1 to many, speeding up; then explosion and falling change]*

Moriarty:

Fifty pounds.

FX:

*[Cash till]*

Gryttype:

Thank you Ned. And now a sailor's farewell.

Grams:

*[Foghorn, speeding up and popping]*

Seagoon:

And so saying, the two nice men threw me out of the house.

Grams:

*[Splash]*

Seagoon:

Who left that splash outside?

Policeman:

Ere, your name Neddie Seagoon?

Seagoon:

Haa. A river policeman standing in the river.

Policeman:

Yeah, I'm on duty. I'm delivering your call-up papers.

Seagoon:

Some mistake! I ordered the Times.

Policeman:

Don't mess about now, there's a war on. W-A-R pronounced...

Grams:

*["Warrrrrr" said speeded up]*

Policeman:

Your country needs you! Y-O-U pronounced...

Grams:

*["Yooouuuu" said speeded up]*

Policeman:

Now then. Try this 'ere cannon on for size.

Seagoon:

Right *[Straining noises, then echoey]* I say, this barrel is empty.

Policeman:

Ha. It must have been rifled. *[Laughs]*

Seagoon:

Hello!

Milligan (Off):

Hello!

Seagoon:

Ahh, an echo!



Milligan (off):

Ahh, an echo!

Seagoon:

Mi mi mi mi mi.

Milligan (Off):

Mi mi mi mi mi.

Seagoon:

Holla-loo!

Milligan (Off):

Holla-loo!

Seagoon:

I'm an idiot!

Milligan (Off):

You certainly are!

Seagoon:

What what what what what what what what what what what what?

Grams:

*[Above said again, echoed many times]*

Gryttype:

Private Seagoon. I'm sending you to Aldershot. Follow this shell.

Grams:

*[Explosion and shell whistling off]*

Seagoon:

Nooooo!

Orchestra:

*[Scene chords]*

FX:

Scratch of writing.

Henry:

Draws: cellular - one. Shirts: angora - two. Tins: mess - one. Socks: worsted grey - two pairs.  
Photographs: Mansfield Jayne - three. Guns: bang - one.

FX:

*[Window breaking, thumps on floor]*

Seagoon:

Ahhh haaaaaa..!

Henry:

Ah Min! A man's just come in through the roof!

Minnie:

Oh dear, the place is in such a mess too, I...

Henry:

Min!

Seagoon:

Arrrrrrr...

Henry:

Here he is.

Minnie:

Oh. Poor fellow. What's your name young man?

Seagoon:

Arrggeeoooweeow!

Minnie:

It's Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow.

Henry:

Good morning.

Minnie:

Good morning Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow

Onmes:

*["Morning"s all round for a while, joined by many others]*

Seagoon:

Please! I'm Private Seagoon. I've... I've been sent here for my uniform. You see, England's at war!

Minnie:

War? I'd better go and get the washing in!

Henry:

Sir, we haven't a uniform big enough for you here, but, er, go to this address.

Seagoon:

"The Elephant Equipment Unit? Poona, India". Right. Farewell!

Grams:

*[Runs off singing 'On the Road to Mandalay', getting faster and faster]*

Greenslade:

In anticipation of his arrival, the BBC have placed a microphone at his destination. So, over to that.

Orchestra:

*[Bloodnok theme]*

Grams:

*[Explosions, gurgling, mosquitos, Fred The Oyster, raspberries, ripping, speeded up prop plane, football rattle, explosions, falling debris]*

Bloodnok (Over grams):

Oooooohhhh!, Ooh dear! *[Etc.]* Sergeant! Take 'em out and shoot 'em!

Sergeant:

Oh no, sir! I'll not go near them socks! Last time over they damn near over-powered me sir!

Grams:

*[Dog whining]*

Bloodnok:

You see what you've done? You've offended them. Down boys, down. Do you realise, sir, that these socks were mentioned in dispatches?

Sergeant:

Alright. Socks 'shun! Quick march! Left, right... *[etc. off]*

FX:

*[Squeaky socks thump off]*

Bloodnok:

Gad! What a magnificent sight! A squadron of British Army socks on the march!

FX:

*[Knocking on door, under following line]*

Eccles:

*[Distressed duck quacking]*

Bloodnok:

Oh! Someone knocking on the door with a duck!

FX:

*[Door opening]*

Bloodnok:

Oooooohhh!

Eccles:

Hello, my darling!

Bloodnok:

Eccles, what do you want?

Eccles:

I love you, my darling! My love!

Bloodnok:

Steady, madam! Steady madam!

Eccles:

Let me serenade you my darling.

Bloodnok:

What!?

Eccles:

I wrote this tune for you darling.

FX:

*[Repeated single beats on large drum]*

Eccles:

Hoy!... Encore!

Bloodnok:

Thank you. It brought tears to my knees.

Eccles:

My little darling, I want you to have these. I picked these for you. I grew them myself.

Bloodnok:

A handful of hair! How sweet. Singhis!

Singhis:

What?

Bloodnok:

Put these in a jar of hair oil. Come inside, you silly fellow. You military fool, come inside.

Eccles:

Ah ta. It's the spring, you know. It's the spring folks. I want some old-fashioned lovin'.

Bloodnok:

Oh, right. Granny!

Eccles:

No!

Bloodnok:

Come down!

Eccles:

Not that!

FX:

*[Knock and door opening, followed by steam train braking]*

Bloodnok:

Ooohhh! A puff-puff train!

Seagoon:

Ahhh, how nice of you to meet me at the station, major.

Bloodnok:

Well, it was the least I could do - a quantity I specialise in!

Seagoon:

I see.

Bloodnok:

Well now, where were w...

Seagoon:

How's the war going?

Bloodnok:

Well, the Germans are losing.

Seagoon:

Oh horrors! Folks, folks, then these shares are losing their value, folks! *[Whines]* Folks!

Bloodnok:

Don't worry Neddie folks. Look, here's a special offer: 10,000 unused 1904 calendars.

Seagoon:

1904? But that's gone.

Bloodnok:

Ah, but if it ever comes back, you'll make a fortune!

Seagoon:

You loony military man! How can it come back?

Bloodnok:

Great larruping nurglers! Look here. Look, monday comes back once a week, december comes back once a year!

Seagoon:

Well?

Bloodnok:

Well, 1904 will come back, it just takes longer, that's all.

Seagoon:

It's a deal!

Bloodnok:

Arrhhgggg!

Seagoon:

Aha ha ha! Here is an advance one shilling, and the Ray Ellington Quartet!

Bloodnok:

Splin!

Seagoon:

Splon!

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: "Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep"]*

Grams:

*[Shelling]*

Greenslade:

On the Western front, Seagoon prayed for the Germans to win.

Bloodnok:

I say, Colonel, there's something dashed strange about that Private Seagoon.

Hugh:

Ahhh, ah yes?

Bloodnok:

Yes. During that last German attack, all he did was point his finger at them and shout "Bang, you're dead!"

Hugh:

Ahhha, ohh, well, ahhh... Perhaps he'd run out of ammunition.

Bloodnok:

No, he handn't. I inspected his finger, and it was fully loaded.

Hugh:

Is this true, Seagoon?

Seagoon:

I, ha ha, it was like this you see, I, I, I...

Hugh:

I'll give you ten seconds to answer the question.

Orchestra:

*[Countdown-type music]*

Seagoon:

I'm sorry, I... I can't answer.

Hern:

Well, hard luck. Anyway you've won yourself a wonderful dishonorable discharge from the Army, so let's give him a great big hand!

Grams:

*[Wild cheers and applause]*

Orchestra:

*[Big chord]*

Hern:

Ho ho!

Seagoon:

And so I volunteered to become a civilian.

Seagoon:

I got measured for a cowards suit.

FX:

*[Eastern chanting over old car]*

Lalakaka:

Mr Banajee, Mr Banajee.

Banajee:

That will be on the hit parade soon - on the top of the Hindu hit parade. What is it man, what is it.

Lalakaka:

Look Mr Banajee, are you positive that Seagoon gentleman sahib has got a 30 inch chest and a 92 inch waist?

Banajee:

That was the measurement that was sent to me in the post today. Therefore I can only presume that it is true.

Lalakaka:

But how can a man be that shape and live? Now listen to me man - the only way to move him must be to roll him along you see.

Banajee:

But I hope you're not refusing to make this gentleman a suit. Because if so - you are - you are ruining our substantial business that we created as dhurzis in the kontomotah [?]

Lalakaka:

I am not refusing you - but what I am telling you... It is I can not believe that any man can be this shape, you understand.

FX:

*[Door open and bell rings]*

Seagoon:

Good morning!

Lalakaka:

Good heavens - its true!

Lalakaka:

Come in Sir - we won't keep you one minute.

Banajee:

Just sit down here and take off your trousers.

Moriarty:

Hello, Neddie, ha ha haaa.

Seagoon:

You! Spelled Y-O-U, pronounced...

Grams:

*[Variable speed "you"]*

Seagoon:

What about those duff German Army shares? Germany's nearly lost the war!

Moriarty:

Aha ha ho ho hoooo!

Grytpype:

Neddie, if you lend us those 1904 calendars, all will be well. Now, what I want to do about this is... *[Fades]*

Seagoon:

His idea was to drop the 1904 calendars in England by zeppelin, making the English believe the war hadn't even started, giving Germany the advantage. Er ha ha haaa - giving Germany the advantage!

Grams:

*[Prop plane]*

Greenslade:

Meantime, midnight on a lonely anti-aircraft site in Epping Forest.

Grams:

*[Tropical frogs]*

Bluebottle:

Ohh! What is that noise out there?

Grams:

*[Fred the Oyster]*

Bluebottle:

Advance, Major Bloodnok, and be recognised!

Spriggs:

Hello Jim. *[Sings]* Hello Jiii-iiim. Hello Jiiim.

Bluebottle:

Hello, Jim.

Spriggs:

Jiiim, hello Jim.

Bluebottle:

Hallo Jii-iiim! Name the password.

Spriggs:

Oh, I don't know it, Jim. *[Sings]* I don't know the password Jiii-iiim!

Bluebottle:

Captain! Captain, hark!

Seagoon:

*[Mumbles in hysterical stupour]*

Bluebottle:

Captain, this man doesn't know the passer-word.

Seagoon:

Neither do I! Ha ha, oh dear, we'll... We'll have to take him in.

Spriggs:

What are you laughing at Jim? What are you laughing at Jiii-iiim? What are you laughing at Jim?

Seagoon:

What's he laughing at? Ha ha ha! Oh dear! He can't see the funny side! He can't see the funny side!

Bloodnok:

I told him not to wear them woolly underpants!

Seagoon:

Woolly underpants! Woolly underpants! I never thought of that!...

Grams:

*[Six splashes]*

Bluebottle:

Say it!

Little Jim:

He fallen in the water!

Bluebottle:

Little Jim, Little Jim!

Little Jim:

Gyaa, gyaa!

Bluebottle:

What's up?

Little Jim:

*[Jabbers cutely]*

Bluebottle:

Oh-hooeey! Suddenly sees studio audience. Hello everybody.



Grams:

*[Massive cheers]*

Bluebottle:

Ooo hoo hoo! Thank you, clappers, thank you. For my first song I will sing the rock-around.

Orchestra:

*[Rock groove under the following]*

Bluebottle (sing-speaks):

You gotta rock and rock, you've gotta rock all day, you've gotta rock around the clock all day...

FX:

*[Something falling and going thunk]*

Bluebottle:

Aoowwhoooo! You've nudded me! I been nudded! Oh, my nut nut nut! Lumps on my nutty nut!  
Oh ho hoooo...

Orchestra:

*[Stop playing]*

Grams:

*[Rapturous applause, cheers]*

Bluebottle:

Oh, you silly twits, I wasn't singing, I was in agony! I was hit on the head by this!

Spriggs:

Oh, Jim, it's a 1904 calendar!

Bluebottle:

Cor, is it 1904? I'd better... Get back home to mum.

Spriggs:

What for?

Bluebottle:

I haven't been born yet!

Spriggs:

Ohhh, Jiiim!

Bluebottle:

Cor, my dad won't half cop it for this!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Greenslade (over radio):

Here is a special news bulletin. British troops will come home from France at once.

Seagoon:

Hooray folks! They think it's 1904! The plan worked! My German Army shares will be worth a fortune!

Bloodnok:

Wrong!

Seagoon:

What?!

Bloodnok:

The British dropped 1918 calendars on Berlin, and the Germans surrender!

Seagoon:

Ohhhhhhhhh, dear! Sounds like the end, doesn't it Wal?

Greenslade:

Perfectly correct, Mr. Seagoon. Goodnight.

Seagoon:

'Night, Wal.

Grams:

*[Running with Seagoon shouting "I can see your socks, Moriarty, I know you're there!"]*

Orchestra:

*[Outro]*

Greenslade:

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