

THE GOON SHOW:  
NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN

First broadcast on January 5, 1959. Script by ?. Produced by ?. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by ?. Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Light Programme. To add seasonal cheer to the broadcast, I've had written permission to wear a small holly leaf in my button hole.

Seagoon:

Whup! There's white top courage for you!

Greenslade:

What what what what what!?

Seagoon:

Don't you realise Wal boy, that the Druids used the holly leaf for certain unsavoury ritualistic rites.

Greenslade:

Oh dear...

Seagoon:

Indeed.

Greenslade:

...Well I'd better hurry and get that word cleared by the BBC censorship department. Gid up there!

Grams:

*[Horse gallop off very fast]*

Seagoon:

There he goes... And in his space we see Peter Sellers..!

Sellers:

Schizig! If listeners will stand up and place both hands on their partners shoulders, they will actually pick up the sound of the all-powerful BBC censorship department. *[gurgle]*

Grams:

*[Fanfare]*

FX:

*[Knock on door]*

Secombe (older than God):

Ahhh... mara... ahh comeeee... ahhhh... ahhh ... ahhhhhhh.

Minnie Bannister:

He's trying to say 'come in'.

Henry Crun:

Male hormones forever! Ahhh... hha *[collapses]* Ahhhhh... mr...

FX:

*[Thud of body & bits of body scattering. Ball bearings marbles roll along floor. Hand full of forks. Metallic resonant nuts and bolts falling.]*

Henry Crun:

Oh clear he's disinteregated Min... I'll have to take over his trousers.

FX:

*[Door opens. Galloping hooves at great speed (coconut shells).]*

Greenslade:

Ahoy...

Minnie Bannister:

Ahoy youuuuu!

Greenslade:

...I've come to get clearance on a word.

Henry Crun:

What is the word, sir?

Greenslade:

Well its er um... um... Yes yes yes, 'Holly'!

Henry Crun:

What's wrong with it sir?

Greenslade:

Well it is believed to have an undertone of eroticism.

Henry Crun:

Oh Dear...

Minnie Bannister:

Ohhh!

Henry Crun:

Could you write this, mnk, word down?

Minnie Bannister:

Blindfold yourself Henry, don't look!

Greenslade:

Yees I could.

FX:

*[Writing]*

Grams:

*[Loud startled cluck of chicken]*

Henry Crun (aside):

Blast! He can write on chickens. You want us to see if this word is fit to be said?

Greenslade:

I fear so.

Henry Crun:

Ohh dear, well that puts us in a rather nasty spot doesn't it. We don't like committing ourselves.

Greenslade:

Well it's alright, but you're the Censors.

Henry Crun:

Ah but we don't like that sort of thing you see. We don't do it.

Secombe (Yorkshire):

We don'y like it at all. Mr Lord Scradds, you're the oldest, what do you think of this word?

Lord Scradds:

Ahhhhh... . ahhhhh, ahh I'll I won't commit myself at this ahhhhhhhhh at this stage... I... I'll... go along, Yes...I...I'll go along...

Henry Crun:

Who will you go along with?

Lords Scradds:

Ahhhhh, anybody a...

Sellers (Aussie):

I think I'm with you there, I'm with you all the way, I'll go along with that.

Milligan (Hooray):

I ratar mark the omplication the most of the mam arve bwin time waste and non the far the plo Car there at Dawn.

Secombe:

Does anybody agree with that?

Sellers (Aussie):

I agree with that.

Greenslade:

Look, look, look, look what are you all agreeing about?

Henry Crun:

Ha ha ha, you devil-you devil, you devil.. So then it's agreed that we all agree? Now what was the question again?

Greenslade:

The word 'holly', is it -?

Minnie Bannister:

Canteen's open!

Henry Crun:

Canteen!

Cast:

Screams of 'teaaaaaaa'...

Grams:

*[Great rush of boots departing, distant slamming doors very fast]*

Seagoon:

Well, well, well they've escaped under cover of stupidity.

Greenslade:

Oh dear oh dear, very well. In place of the word 'Holly', here's an excerpt from my latest long-player called 'Suddenly, it's the news'.

Seagoon:

Get off that gramophone. In place of that...

Cast:

*[Chaotic utterances]*

Seagoon:

Here is a conundrum. What is this sound? *[Makes some strange noises]*

Sellers:

It is I, Tom.

Secombe:

Yes, it's old 'it is I Tom', Peter Sellers - playboy of Old Finchley tube station and friend of West End managements.

Sellers:

I see a vision, Tom.

Seagoon:

Well, hold this song and accompany this next announcement.

Sellers:

*[Sings idiot tunes behind Greenslade]*

Greenslade:

Ladies and Gentlemen, what kind of christmas has it been. Let us recount one, two, three...

Grams:

*[Eccles choir singing 'Good King Wenceslas']*

Terry France:

Hello Listeners. Terry France here. We're going over now to the services station in the Christmas Islands. So over to them...

Grams:

*[Atom bomb]*

Secombe (kid):

Look Mum, another Atom Bomb!

Sellers (mum):

You lucky boy, that means Dad will be home early from work.

Seagoon:

And here in London we interview passers by... Excuse me, sir, do you believe in a white christmas?

Ray Ellington:

Are you kiddin'?

Seagoon:

Ha ha ha yes, and... *[clears throat awkwardly]* And you, madam, do you believe in an old, fashioned christmas by the fire?

Sellers (whoops dear):

Oh, not harf dear.

Seagoon:

Conks? Play that arrangement for nose and harmonica! Me? I'm for the old brandy there.

Grams:

*[Great rush of receding boots]*

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude: "It's Got To Be You"]*

Greenslade:

Tar Tar... Thank you. Now over christmas a great story broke, there being no newspapers it missed the headlines, but here it is in all it's monkey para toot toot pin pon pee pee peee, tiddley. I doe too is the Story of the Tun tack tock!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Milligan:

It is christmas and somewhere in a goatskin flat in naughty Wales, a young hairy titch is working on a painting of a painting!

Seagoon (fades in, sining):

I painted her, IIIII painted her haha ha, now a dab of red here and a touch of puce, here.

Cynthia Fruit:

Ohhhh!

Seagoon:

Steady Miss Fruit, keep still.

Cynthia Fruit:

It's awfully cold posing like this.

Seagoon:

I've got the candle on! Now, there! There we are, you can relax. It's a masterpiece.

Cynthia Fruit:

What is it.

Seagoon:

The plans of a new British dustbin.

Cynthia Fruit:

And you've had me posing nude for that?

Seagoon:

It's something to do with my unhappy childhood, ha ha. Now off you go and change behind that glass screen... ahahaha There she goes, ha ha ha... TV was never like this. .. Knock, knick knock knock knockitty knoek knock knock... It's an impression of a door knocker. Come in!

Henry Crun:

Impression of Innn.

Seagoon:

Steaming Pud, it's me old wrinkled retainer Uncle Crun in his new Kingsize nightshirt.

Henry Crun:

Here master Ned. A night's quince jelly for you.

Seagoon:

Ohh, it's not set.

Henry Crun:

No, Min warmed it up. It's no good eating cold jelly on a windy night you know.

Grams:

*[Whoosh of wind]*

Henry Crun:

Ohhhhhhhhh.

Secombe:

I wonder where that draught's coming from.

Henry Crun:

I don't know where it's coming from but I know where it's going to. Ah ah ah ah ah christmas cracker joker!

Grams:

*[Whoosh of wind again]*

Henry Crun:

Ohhhhhhhhh... This nightshirt is too big for me, the wind is...

Seagoon:

Wait, there's another pair of legs sticking out of the bottom!

Henry Crun:

Ohhhh, who's that in there, come out or I'll...

Eccles:

No I'll come out, 'ello Neddie, 'ello Uncle Crun *[Ecclesian noises]* 'ello, I been slummin'.

Seagoon:

Eccies, what you doing in that nightshirt?

Eccles:

Nuttin'. Everythings marked 'don't touch'.

Henry Crun:

Yes. Antiques, you know. But how did you get in? That's what I want to know.

Eccles:

I got a map of your legs.

Seagoon:

Come on out at once.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Seagoon:

A door in the nightshirt opened and out stepped a street with a man in it.

Grytpype:

I say, what is all this noise? There's people in that nightshirt trying to sleep you know.

Seagoon:

What what what... You'll get a biff on the knee. Explain that Knutty hand operated mattress.

Grytpype:

That mattress Sir, contains the princely string and nut-bound body of such stuff as steams are made of, none other than the Count Jim 'Wakey Wakey'...

FX:

*[Colossal slap on bare skin]*

Grytpype:

...Moriarty.

FX:

*[Scratching]*

Moriarty:

Owwwww... Greetings my loyal subjects and all...

FX:

*[Slapstick]*

Grytpype:

Stop that revolting scratching will you Count. The dear Count is plagued this year with a return of the Royal Strains you know.

Seagoon:

Does he really own that nightshirt?

Grytpype:

Yes. Yee now, see how he walks the battlements... Of course he only rents the top.

Seagoon:

What about the rents in the bottom?

Grytpype:

Ned, old jokes will get you nowhere. Look what it did to the Count.

Seagoon:

Oh, I apologise for my altitude.

Grytpype:

It is rather low, Ned, could we sell you an extra three feet?

Seagoon:

Just what I need.

Grytpype:

Moriarty, saw three feet off your wooden leg.

Moriarty:

No, I'm going to the ball as a toffee apple.

Grytpype:

It's for money!

FX:

*[Furious sawing; end drops off]*

Grytpype:

There Ned, three feet.

FX:

*[Till]*

Seagoon:

Thank you. I'll tie it to my head and put my hat on it.

Moriarty:

Ohh Sapristi nabowlas! He looks like...

Gryttype:

Sh! Don't tell him!

Seagoon:

Now I must get my plans of the dustbin up to London. Where's the nearest station?

Gryttype:

In this cupboard. Admission thruppence.

FX:

*[Till, cupboard door opens]*

Grams:

*[Train station]*

William:

'Ere. Shut that door will yes. . . You want me train to catch cold?

Seagoon:

When's the next one to London town divine?

William:

Arsk that hairy doggie over der.

Seagoon:

Ask the doggie? Does he speak?

William:

Does he what? Does he speak? - 'ere listen, listen to this. 'Ello dog, 'ello doggie, go on tell him dog... No, he don't speak.

Seagoon:

How does he know when the train goes?

William:

I told 'im. Ohh! I can feel a low stabbin' pain in the seats of me underpants. That means it's 9.20! Time to go in it... Hold tight.

FX:

*[Guards whistle]*

Grams:

*[Train whistle, horse clops slowly away]*

Seagoon:

Bit short of coal aren't you?

William:

Yer, you ain't got a bit on you 'ave you?

Seagoon:

No, I gave up carrying it.

William:

Cor, taking chances eh?



Grams:

*[Train whistle]*

Greenslade:

On arrival in London town divine, Neddie rushed to 10 Downing Street.

FX:

*[Knock on door. Door opens.]*

Ray Ellington (African chief):

What you want man?

Seagoon:

Here, who are you?

Ray Ellington:

I'm the Foreign Secretary, man.

Seagoon:

Yes, you do look a bit foreign.

Ray Ellington:

Oh steady man, that could mean war with the Ghana!

Prime Minister:

I say Basil, who is that blotting out the sun with his head?

Ray Ellington:

It's a man with a wooden leg tied to his nut with a hat on top.

Prime Minister:

Oh, that'll be Lord Hailsham, I expect.

Seagoon:

No indeed sir, I'm Ned Seagoon. I've got plans.

Prime Minister:

Eh? Let's have a look.

FX:

*[Unrolling plans]*

Prime Minister:

Nothing here.

Seagoon:

The drawings on the other side.

Prime Minister:

Oh, that's a clever idea, who'd have guessed? Ah, live and learn... Plans of a new anti-atomic dustbin... Ahhh.

Seagoon:

Yes, you see, in the event of radiation, this dustbin will keep your garbage atom free.

Prime Minister:

What rubbish!

Seagoon:

Indeed.

Prime Minister:

Well, here's a CBE on account. Now, would you like to try for the Knight-Star and Garter?

Seagoon:

If it's okay with you sir, it's alright with me.

Prime Minister:

Good. Come back tomorrow with Hughie Green. Until then a sailor's farewell.

Grams:

*[Splash]*

FX:

*[Door slams]*

Seagoon:

Whoop! Steady there!

Prime Minister:

I say, what an ideal intro for Rain Elungton.

Ray Ellington and Quartet:

*[Musical interlude: "I'm Getting Married In The Morning"]*

Greenslade:

Hardly had that music ceased and the wind gone up the chimney, when the PM presented a new atom proof dustbin to a meeting of high ranking idiots.

FX:

*[Toy bear's growler sound]*

Prime Minister:

Gentlemen. This dustbin has great potential, potonsil and potunshal.

Idiot 1:

Can it go to the moon?

Prime Minister:

No. But from small beginnings you know...

Cast:

Hear hear.

Idiot 2:

Is that the prototype?

Prime Minister:

No. That is the dustbin.

FX:

*[Dustbin lid]*

Idiot 2:

It sounds like a dustbin.

FX:

*[Dustbin lid]*

Idiot 3:

I say - may I try that?

FX:

*[Dustbin lid]*

Idiot 3:

Ha ha ha, it's not at all difficult, is it!

FX:

*[Dustbin lid]*

Secombe (ageing):

Let. . .I say fellas . . . let me try now.

FX:

*[Dustbin different tempo to denote that someone else has taken over]*

Secombe (ageing):

Oh ha ha ha oh dear, oh dear, why didn't we get one of these before, eh?

Prime Minister:

Now me again!

FX:

*[Dustbin lid repeatedly]*

Cast:

*[All laugh, excited noises about banging the bin]*

Prime Minister:

Yes, ahem, now Lord Stron, tell the House of your plan.

Lord Stron:

Yes, we intend to find if it's possible for a man to go over the Niagara Falls in a dustbin. *[cries of here here]* We've got to keep it pretty dark, otherwise the Russians will start putting dustbins into orbit on the Volga rapids. Gentlemen, if you'll all step into this train...

Lord Stron:

We'll attend the first attempts of the dustbin.... *[gobbeldy gook]*

FX:

*[Iron bar clanging]*

Greenslade:

Believe it or not, that was the sound of the Kremlin.

Seagoon:

You'll just have to believe us, but there it is.

Greenslade:

Now. Pardon me while I stand behind this freshly painted suit.

Spottovitch:

Comrade Spondovitch, *[supposedly russian]* there is a man outside to see you.

Spondovitch:

Quick. Swallow this desk then secretary. Prepare for a long siege.

Spottovitch:

*[Garbled]* The man claims to be the son of Mata Hari.

Toolsvitch:

*[Garbled]* Is he persistent?

Milligan:

You ask me...?

Cast:

*[Crack up]*

Spottovitch:

He persisted that he was Mata Hari herself until I called the doctor.

Spondovitch:

Comrade Toolsvitch, send him in.

Toolsvitch:

Come in, son of Mata hari.

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Grams:

*[Series of fast approaching footsteps]*

Bluebottle:

The Black Eagle is sitting on the Red Flower Pot.

Toolsvitch:

The password!

Bluebottle:

Oh? All is well. Comrades, Bluebottleski is here with cardboard to spare.

Spottovitch:

Tell us Comrade, what kind of undercover work have you been doing?

Bluebottle (naughty):

Ohh, I couldn't tell you that. Oh, I don't know though... Well I was look-out for the Finchley Wolf Cubs.

Toolsvitch:

(Keen) Ahhh, what did you spot?

Bluebottle:

I spotted Mrs Evans and the Milkman.

Toolsvitch:

What did you get for that?

Bluebottle:

A clout on my ear 'ole.

Spottovitch:

Is that a decoration?

Bluebottle:

No, that's why I wear one on each side of my nut.

Toolsvitch:

There is a tin rouble, get the plans of the British anti-atomic dustbin... Or you will lose your deposits!

Eccles:

What's goin' on here?

Toolsvitch:

Who are you?

Eccles:

Stalin.

FX:

*[Pistol shot]*

Eccles:

Owwwwwww!

Bluebottle:

You twitt, Ecclesavitch. Come wid me... farewell comrades. Nothing but death can stop Bottleski from the plans. Farewell!

FX:

*[Door slams, door opens]*

Bluebottle:

Here, dere's a big spider out dere, Oh!

Eccles:

I ain't frightened of big spiders! I'll fix him.

FX:

*[Door slams]*

Grams:

*[Great roaring of a lion aroused]*

Grams:

*[Terrible battle]*

Eccles:

*[Yelling for help]*

FX:

*[Thuds, bangs etc]*

FX:

*[Door slams]*

Bluebottle:

'Ere, where's all your clothes?

Eccles:

Bottle, say after me, I must learn the difference between a lion and a spider.

Bluebottle:

Ohh... Ah ha.

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic link]*

Seagoon:

Hello folks, Neddie here folks; meantime the plans went ahead to test my dustbin over the Niagara Falls. For this the Government brought the Niagara Falls to London and put it up at the Savoy. In charge was a master of nuclear explosions.

Orchestra:

*[Last part of Bloodnok Theme]*

Grams:

*[Bombs exploding etc]*

Bloodnok:

Ohhhhhh. It's a good job the room's sound proof, poor old Frank Sinatra upstairs, my goodness.

Grams:

*[Atom bomb]*

Bloodnok:

Oh, that was the biggest explosion of the series.

Seagoon:

Was it Christmas Island?

Bloodnok:

No sir, christmas pudding.

Seagoon:

Bloodnok, grand news! We have managed to send an elephant up the Falls in the atom-proof dustbin, and it lived!

Bloodnok:

What? No other dustbin has ever done it and lived.

Seagoon:

Now next, we want a human being to go in it.

Eccles:

I'm safe folks!

Bloodnok:

They've called you men, the flower of England and the flower of flunge, to volunteer. Come now, remember it's for England men.

Seagoon:

Hahaha. Can't you think of a better reason? Hahaha. Like mummy...

Bloodnok:

Cowards you are, cowards all! Anyway...

Bloodnok:

...We'll draw lots for it now. Eccles, write your name on fifty pieces of paper, and put them in a hat.

Eccles:

Right, dere.

Bloodnok:

Now, draw it out.

Eccles:

Right.

Bloodnok:

What's it say?

Eccles:

Mrs Gladys Smith, ha ha ha!

Bloodnok:

You imposter sir... you're not Mrs Gladys Smith, I am!

Eccles:

I don't want to die.

Bloodnok:

You don't want to die, you suspicious fool, you superstitious mule you... You won't die Eccles.  
Roll up your trousers!

Grams:

*[Wooden slat blind pulled up]*

Bloodnok:

Ohhhh... Just as I thought, legs that reach to the ground!

Bloodnok:

You know what that's a sign of?

Eccles:

Legs?

Bloodnok:

No, it's the sure sign of a long liver.

Eccles:

I got a long liver!

Bloodnok:

Yes. And I'll bet you five pounds that you'll live forever starting... now! [silence]

Bloodnok:

You've done it! You've lived forever.

FX:

*[Till]*

Bloodnok:

Now strap him in that dustbin for the test.

Eccles:

No no, let me go! Take your filthy hand off my filthy arm I...

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

John Snagge:

This is London calling in the uncut bicycle service of the Ba Be See. This afternoon, the Prime Minister, told an eager half-empty House that today, England would launch an atomic dustbin into the Niagara Falls, with a highly qualified pilot at the controls. There were demonstrations at the dustbin launching base, when a million barber electricians carrying soup tureens laid down in the road, with socks full of grit. The driver of the steam roller said 'It was so tempting, I'm sorry, I won't do it again' . . . Arsenal 8 - Tottenham 87... *[fades]*

Grytpype:

Hear that Neddie? They're debasing the original use of your dustbin.

Seagoon:

I'll get my revenge.

Moriarty:

No, I'll get mine.

Seagoon:

No no no, thank you, but my revenge is stronger and it lasts the whole drink through. Don't forget folks. When you want your own back - Get revenge. Today!

Seagoon and Moriarty:

*[Sings advert style]* "Get your own back, Get... Revenge... Today..."

Grytpype:

Ned, for no reason at all, I will become your solicitor. Take a letter on uncut limo. "Dear Bloodnok..."

FX:

*[Nailing down lino, continues under dictation]*

Grytpype:

Unless you return the plans of Ned's dustbin, I will be forced to charge my client a higher rate.' Signed Thynne. Now let me hear that back.

Grams:

*[Grytpype: 'Signed Thynne' played faster]*

Grytpype:

Splendid. Now, go and lay that under his military kippers.

Seagoon:

Ha ha ha, he who laffs liffs loofs las, ahem; he who har hees, laffs loose lifs. Farewell.

Grams:

*[Speeded up footsteps running away]*

Grytpype:

Gad! I never knew his legs would move so fast.

Seagoon:

Neither did I. I better get after 'em!

FX:

*[Whooooosshhh]*

Seagoon:

Bloodnok!



Bloodnok:

Ohhhhhhh

Seagoon:

Ha ha ha this lino means curtains for you.

Bloodnok:

Lino curtains? What a quaint seasonal custom.. But wait, this is solicitors lino. You'll hear from my linoleum layer in the morning sir. Meantime, take that!

Grams:

*[Jelly splosh]*

Seagoon:

*[Makes been-hit-by-a-jelly-splosh-sounds]* What is it?

Bloodnok:

I don't know sir. It was dark [when I trod in it]...

Seagoon:

Gad, it's a banner with a strange device, and clutched by a lad in snow and ice.

Bluebottle:

Get your hands up.

Seagoon:

Bluebottle, take that silly rice-paper off.

Bluebottle:

You touch one hair of dat and splashoul! The disintergrater ray gun will speak in my hand, ha ah ha!

FX:

*[Clang]*

Bluebottle:

Oh, the 'lastic's come off the trigger.

Seagoon:

Don't cry Bottle, here, have the suspender off my sock.

Bluebottle:

Oh thanks... No... No! That suspender is just a glittering Western prize to make me forget my mission. Now Seagoon, look into my eyes, toot toot toot... Little daggers come out and point all the way along my eyes to his, too-tooty toot toot... The secrets of Bottles mesmerism is bending Ned to my will... Strainnnnn strainnnnn powers of eyes, powers of eyes... Ohhh squint, squint, squinteeeee... Squin... Ohh, my nose has started to bleed.

Seagoon:

You've crossed your eyes, you nit...

Bluebottle:

Oh no! Den I'm finished with Russia, I am.. I can't go out wid birds when my eyes are crossed!

Seagoon:

We've no time to lose.

Bluebottle:

We must save Eccles from a death worse than fate.

Seagoon:

Yes, we must save Eccles!

Bloodnok:

Ah, but they never did... Oh dear dear dear... To think you poor people came all this way just for that! Diddle diddle dum... Where are the payoffs of yesteryear?

Orchestra:

*[Old Comrades March]*

Orchestra:

*[Crazy Rhythm' outro]*