

## S2 E25 - Untitled

Transcribed by Helen

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**SECOMBE:**

Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And here's another of those even better than that last one. This starts, 'When when did I [UNCLEAR] set out for the Rio Grande?'

**TIMOTHY:**

That's enough of that, Secombe. Last show in the series, you can't get away with that. Music, quickly, Stanley.

**ORCHESTRA:**

GOON SHOW THEME

**TIMOTHY:**

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Spike Milligan in...

**SECOMBE:**

The Goon Show! (MUSIC ENDS, AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Well, Timothy, we've come to the last programme of another series.

**TIMOTHY:**

Yes, 24 weeks of failure for Secombe.

**SECOMBE:**

What do you mean? I... I think I've done... rather... rather well.

**TIMOTHY:**

You've proved a failure in everything you've tried, Secombe. Every week you've made an idiot of yourself. Look at that private detective business. Don't you remember when you went out in Chinatown in search of a criminal with Inspector Thud looking for that house?

**THUD:**

[SELLERS]

This is the house, Secombe. Li-Ing Tea Shop.

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, I... I'll see if there's anyone in.

**FX:**

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

**CHINAMAN:**

[BENTINE]

Yes?

**SECOMBE:**

Are you Li-Ing?

**CHINAMAN:**

No, I'm telling the truth. (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH).

**SECOMBE:**

Inspector?

**THUD:**

Yes?

**SECOMBE:**

This man is Chinese.

**THUD:**

How do you know?

**SECOMBE:**

I can tell by his eyes.

**THUD:**

His eyes?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, didn't you hear how he pronounced them?

**THUD:**

Oh.

**TIMOTHY:**

You see, Secombe? And then there was that other time when you were in your office and a man entered.

**SECOMBE:**

Oh, yes. He was a giant of a man. He burst in holding a revolver in each hand. I quickly opened one of the drawers of my desk and tried to shut it again. But it was too difficult.

**TIMOTHY:**

But Secombe, shutting an ordinary desk drawer isn't difficult.

**SECOMBE:**

From the inside? But back to the story. My visitor spoke.

**MAN:**

[BENTINE]

You are... um... Harry Secombe?

**SECOMBE:**

How do you know?

**MAN:**

I can tell by your legs.

**SECOMBE:**

My legs?

**MAN:**

Yes. I was told to look for a man who could sit down and walk about at the same time.

**TIMOTHY:**

Another display of stupid incompetence, Secombe. But one of the biggest pieces of nonsense in this series I can remember is that case of yours when you were in Europe.

**SECOMBE:**

Ah, yes. When I was on holiday in Italy. In a place called... er... (CLICKS FINGERS) Can't remember the name of the town. Anyway, one morning I stepped out to the street and...

**FX:**

DOOR OPENING, SPLASH

**SECOMBE:**

Ah, yes, of course, it was Venice. Luckily, I was picked out of the water by Signore Pietro Sellerzo, the greater the Italian conductor, who took me to his house.

**SELLERZO:**

(COMIC ITALIAN ACCENT) Here we are.

**SECOMBE:**

Thank you, Señor, you... you saved my life.

**SELLERZO:**

Well, we all make mistakes.

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, I've seen your wife.

**SELLERZO:**

Yes. (SHUDDERS) Anyway, Mr Secombe, I need your help. You see, I have a big orchestra and my drummer, he's-a disappeared. I want you to find him.

**SECOMBE:**

Your drummer? Hmm. What's his name?

**SELLERZO:**

His name is...

**FX:**

BOOM-BOOM PLAYED ON TIMPANI

**SECOMBE:**

Hmmm. Unusual.

**SELLERZO:**

Not really. In actual fact, his name is...

**FX:**

BOOM-BOOM AS BEFORE ON TIMPANI FOLLOWED BY KNOCK OF SINGLE HIT TO COWBELL

**SELLERZO:**

But the...

**FX:**

KNOCK ON COWBELL

**SELLERZO:**

...is silent.

**SECOMBE:**

Well, how do you spell it?

**SELLERZO:**

Well, it... let me see, now. Oh, yes. You spell it...

**FX:**

COMPLICATED SERIES OF DRUM SOUNDS

**SELLERZO:**

...but you pronounce it...

**FX:**

BOOM-BOOM, AS BEFORE

**SECOMBE:**

Ah, well. Don't worry, senor, I'll... I'll find him for you.

**SELLERZO:**

Thank you, Mr. Secombe. Good bye.

**SECOMBE:**

Good bye.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENING, FOLLOWED BY SPLASH

**SECOMBE:**

Swimming briskly across the street I chanced upon a hairy [UNCLEAR]. I didn't stop to shake hands, I'd have been there all day. A-ha, ha, ha.

**TIMOTHY:**

I have never heard such rubbish in my life.

**SECOMBE:**

You haven't heard the rest of the show yet. But, er, any more happy memories?

**TIMOTHY:**

Yes, I do remember your first meeting with your agent, the intelligent Mr Black. You remember when he said...

**BLACK:**

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH ACCENT) 'Ullo, 'Arry boy. 'Ere. That's a good show o' yours but my life, that there Coon Show. I like that. That fella Max Geldray and, er, that Eskimo with his quartet. You know, Duke Ellington. 'Ere, 'ow many blokes 'e got in that quartet?

**SECOMBE:**

Four.

**BLACK:**

Only four? Thought he could afford a bigger quartet an' that, wouldn't yer.

**TIMOTHY:**

Yes, the brilliant Mr Black. An even bigger nincompoop than you. By the way, did he ever get you a job as a singer?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, didn't you know? I've made a record. Listen to this, Timothy. I'll prove to you that I can sing.

**ORCHESTRA AND SECOMBE:**

IF I HAD THE HEART OF A CLOWN

**SECOMBE:**

Well?

**TIMOTHY:**

Allow me to present you with this brick.

**SECOMBE:**

Thank you.

**TIMOTHY:**

Not at all. Let me open the door for you.

**SECOMBE:**

That's jolly decent of you, Timothy.

**TIMOTHY:**

Not at all. Goodbye, Secombe.

**SECOMBE:**

Goodbye.

**FX:**

SPLASH

**ORCHESTRA:**

LINK MUSIC

**TIMOTHY:**

The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God. There was a poem that thrilled our Victorian forebears. What a gallant yet tragic figure was the hero, Captain Mad Jack Carew. It was therefore with a touch of nostalgia that the Goons present 'The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God'. But first, let me introduce Mr Yogot Newboot.

**NEWBOOT:**

[BENTINE]

How do you do? I am Yogot Newboot. I am the man who left a cigarette burning by my bed, as a result of which the whole of my father's ancestral home, the YMCA, was burnt to ashes. Thank. You.

**TIMOTHY:**

Mr Newboot has nothing whatsoever to do with our story, we just thought that listeners would like to hear what a real idiot sounded like. And now... And now for the story of The Green Eyed Little Yellow God. It was Poona in nineteen hundred and three. Major Bloodnok sat in the company office of the Third Filthmuck Horsedrawn Whitechapel [UNCLEAR].

**ORCHESTRA:**

BLOODNOK THEME

**BLOODNOK:**

Ahhh! Ahh! Abdul! Abdul!

**ABDUL:**

[MILLIGAN]

Coming, sir, coming! Long live Frank Sedgman, Poor old Rodney of Egypt, hooray.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohh! Ahhh, yes, yes, yes. Now... now listen, I'm selling my wife's house in Bombay.

**ABDUL:**

Yes?

**SECOMBE:**

The Aga Goon's made me an offer for it.

**ABDUL:**

But... But what about your wife, Sir?

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, he made me an offer for her, as well, but... I don't think I shall sell, just yet.

**ABDUL:**

Ohhh! Good for Major Sahib. Sahib is a white man.

**BLOODNOK:**

What! Me a white man? How do you call me a... Ah! Ho, ho, ho, yes, of course, I... I... I am a white man, aren't I, yes. It's no good, I must have a bath soon. Ellington!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**ELLINGTON:**

Yes, sir?

**BLOODNOK:**

Run my bath and don't forget, put a live snake in my bed tonight.

**ELLINGTON:**

Whatever for?

**BLOODNOK:**

Well, it... it... it's lucky.

**ELLINGTON:**

A snake in your bed, lucky?

**BLOODNOK:**

Course it's lucky. What other snake has a bed to sleep in? Well, if I'm going to have a bath I may as well reform altogether. Abdul, you know that whiskey under my bed?

**ABDUL:**

Yes, Sahib, hooray.

**BLOODNOK:**

Well, I'm going to get rid of the whole damn lot, every filthy bottle.

**ABDUL:**

How, sir?

**BLOODNOK:**

How? Drink it, of course! Think I'm mad? Come in.

**FX:**

KNOCK ON DOOR

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, I came in a bit too soon, there. Come in!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS



**CAREW:**

Major Bloodnok?

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes?

**CAREW:**

I'm Captain Mad Carew. I've been posted here, sir.

**BLOODNOK:**

Mad Carew? You're not the man who held off 30 natives and won the VC?

**CAREW:**

You're absolutely right. I'm not.

**BLOODNOK:**

Splendid, splendid. I'll fix you up with a batman. Eccles?

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**ECCLES:**

Yer?

**BLOODNOK:**

Eccles, now this is your... Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Yer?

**BLOODNOK:**

You're covered in mud and earth.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, yer. I've been watching two men fill in a slit trench.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh. Well, now... Wait a minute.

**ECCLES:**

Yer?

**BLOODNOK:**

If they were filling in a slit trench...

**ECCLES:**

Yer?

**BLOODNOK:**

How did all that earth get on top of you?

**ECCLES:**

I just crawled out in time!

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, well, this is Captain Carew.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**FELICITY:**

[SELLERS]

Hello, daddy.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, er, Felicity, my dear. Carew, this is my daughter.

**CAREW:**

I kiss your hand, Madam. Because candidly, it's better looking than you.

**BLOODNOK:**

Now, now, now, Carew. Now, now, Carew. Remember she's very young. She still carries the marks of the cradle, as you can see.

**CAREW:**

Yes. But why on her face?

**BLOODNOK:**

Because that's where I hit her with it.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS COMING IN

**BLOODNOK:**

Well? Who are you?

**NEWBOOT:**

My name's Yogot Newboot. I'm the man who let the cigarette burn on the side of my bed...

**BLOODNOK:**

Get out of here! You boulder, get out!

**ORCHESTRA:**

BUGLE BLAST

**BLOODNOK:**

Good heavens, that's the alarm. Abdul?

**ABDUL:**

Yes, sir? Yes? Coming.

**BLOODNOK:**

Here, listen. That's the alarm, what's it for?

**ABDUL:**

Oh, the... the... the Fort has been attacked at Parandar by the chief of the Chunder[?] Tribe, [UNCLEAR].

**BLOODNOK:**

What? Carew, we... we must march to the relief at once. Forward!

**ORCHESTRA**

BLOODNOK THEME, SEGUES INTO MARCHING MUSIC

**BLOODNOK:**

Left, left, left. Pick 'em up, there! Left, left, left...

**CAREW:**

Major.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes?

**CAREW:**

Why do you only say left?

**BLOODNOK:**

One-legged regiment.

**CAREW:**

I see.

**BLOODNOK:**

By the way, Carew. Is there anything between... is there anything between you and my daughter?

**CAREW:**

Only the clothes we wear.

**BLOODNOK:**

Hmmm. Just like me and my wife - always something between us.

**CAREW:**

What's that?

**BLOODNOK:**

About 5,000 miles, thank heavens. We're getting nearer. That's Kathmandu over there, the town of the yellow idol.

**CAREW:**

You mean, lazy Chinaman?

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, no, the yellow idol made of stone. It has a ruby for an eye which is worth a million pounds.

**CAREW:**

A million? Let... let's forget about the relief of the fort and get that ruby. We'll be millionaires!

**BLOODNOK:**

But we can't leave these troops to die in the fort.

**CAREW:**

But Bloodnok, you've got a whole battalion here. Can't we split the men in two?

**BLOODNOK:**

We could, but it would be very painful.

**CAREW:**

But this ruby, a million pounds! We *must* go to Kathmandu.

**BLOODNOK:**

Never, sir, never! You'd have to stick a gun in my back, first. (WHISPERS) Abdul, lend the captain your gun. (NORMAL) Now, then. Oh! What's that sticking in my back?

**CAREW:**

A gun.

**BLOODNOK:**

Who gave it to you?

**CAREW:**

Abdul.

**BLOODNOK:**

The traitor! Is the gun loaded?

**FX:**

GUNSHOT

**CAREW:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Forward to Kathmandu!

**ORCHESTRA:**

MARCHING MUSIC AS BEFORE

**BLOODNOK:**

For three days we travelled. We would have died of thirst if there hadn't been any water to drink. And then suddenly, in a clearing we saw it.

**CAREW:**

Look! The Temple of the yellow idol!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, let's go in. Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Er, yah?

**BLOODNOK:**

Stand by the cannon. If we're attacked, you know what to do?

**ECCLES:**

Yah. Hide inside it.

**BLOODNOK:**

[UNCLEAR]. Now, leave room for me. Now come on, Carew. Follow me in here.

**FX:**

FIRE BURNING

**BLOODNOK:**

Come on, Carew.

**CAREW:**

Wait! Wait, Bloodnok! Look! The whole inside of the Temple is on fire.

**BLOODNOK:**

What! The ruby! Oh, we've lost a fortune. Who did this? What idiot started a fire? Who?

**NEWBOOT:**

My name is Yogot Newboot. I'm the man that left a cigarette burning...

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

**ORCHESTRA:**

BLOODNOK THEME TO PLAY OUT. SCENE CHANGE MUSIC.

**TIMOTHY:**

Presenting Max Geldray.

**MAX GELDRAY:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**TIMOTHY:**

During the holiday season traffic on the roads to the coast is very heavy. And every possible precaution should be taken by motorists and pedestrians. Here is Chief Inspector Bowser of the Metropolitan police to give listeners a word of warning.

**BOWSER:**

Look out!

**TIMOTHY:**

Thank you, Inspector Bowser. And now we take listeners over to our commentator at the annual BBC Bridge contest.

**COMMENTATOR:**

[SELLERS]

Now, here we are at the BBC's bridge contest. The four participants at the table next to me are Mr Michael Standing, Head of Variety, and three of his junior producers. The bidding is just about to start. The first junior producer bids.

**PRODUCER 1:**

[SECOMBE]

Five hearts.

**COMMENTATOR:**

The second producer.

**PRODUCER 2:**

[MILLIGAN]

Six diamonds.

**COMMENTATOR:**

The third.

**PRODUCER 3:**

[BENTINE]

Seven spades.

**COMMENTATOR:**

And now, Mr Michael standing.

**STANDING:**

[?]

One club.

**PRODUCERS:**

Pass, pass, pass.

**TIMOTHY:**

Thank you, Raymond Glendening. And now we take you over to our ace up-to-the-minute commentator, Peter Sellers. So that he'd be there well on time he set out very early this morning in his fast car for the Groinswether dog show where he'll give his commentary. So over to Peter Sellers.

**SELLERS:**

Well, hello, listeners, Peter Sellers speaking. And the view from here is absolutely wonderful. Looking above me I can see the oil sump, the crank case and the back axle. If only I can find out what's wrong with the blasted thing we'll soon be there. Thank you, ah, Peter Sellers. By the way, listeners, later in the program we shall be taking you over to a hotel in Chelsea Bay to let you meet three of the, ah, typical couples who are staying there for the weekend. Mr and Mrs Smith. Mr and Mrs Smith. And Mr and Mrs Smith. Interesting.

**TIMOTHY:**

One sporting event now in progress is the rifle shooting competition for the Army cup at Bisley. So we now take you over for a short report from Bisley.

**FX:**

GUNSHOT

**SELLERS:**

Thank you. Our next call is Chelsea Bay fairground where Michael Bentine is waiting to interview the Human Cannonball.

**BENTINE:**

Well, hello, listeners, Michael Bentine here. Now, Mr Bass, you are the Human Cannonball, here.

**BASS:**

[SECOMBE]

Aye, that's right, I'll tell thee, boy.

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

**BENTINE:**

Ah, would you like to explain your stunt to the listeners?

**BASS:**

Aye, I would, that, and all...

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

...I'll tell thee. Ha, ha, ha.

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

[UNCLEAR], you know, I tell thee. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

You see, cannon faces out to the sea, you see.



**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

I [UNCLEAR] barrell. Light the fuse. Cannon goes off. I crash out the barrel and land in the water. It sort of goes... Bang! Smash! Crash!

**BENTINE:**

And then?

**BASS:**

Splash. Like that, it's very simple, you know.

**BENTINE:**

Thank you.

**BASS:**

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**BENTINE:**

Yes, ha, ha.

**BASS:**

One of the funniest things you've ever seen in your life.

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

Over the promenade, right out to sea.

**BENTINE:**

Yes. I can...

**BASS:**

Ha, ha!

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

Over the seagulls. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

I'm very friendly with the seagulls, now. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**BENTINE:**

Yes. Thank you.

**BASS:**

I'll tell thee, aye. 'Ere! 'Ere! I'll tell... 'Ere! 'Ere! Look, look, look, look, 'ere, 'ere.

**BENTINE:**

Yes.

**BASS:**

I'll... I'll... I'll show you how it works, you see?

**BENTINE:**

Yes, thank you.

**BASS:**

Aye.

**BENTINE:**

Thank you. Well, Mr Bass is just getting into the barrel of the cannon, now. And I'm lighting the fuse for him and...

END OF EPISODE MISSING