

## S5 E17 - China Story

Transcribed by Simon Rushbrook. Original HTML version by Kurt Adkins. Corrections by Paul Webster and Tony Wills. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

---

### **GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC Home Service. And jolly good programmes they put on, too.

### **FLOWERDEW:**

[SELLERS]

Oh, isn't he a lovely talker?

### **SECOMBE:**

(STRAINED) Thank you. Could you say some more, mister, please?

### **GREENSLADE:**

Why, certainly. This *is* Wallace Greenslade saying "Winds light to variable". (VERY THEATRICAL) Oh, Greenslade, how can they afford you?

### **SECOMBE:**

Because twelve shillings a week is nothing to the highly esteemed... Goon Show.

### **ORCHESTRA:**

ETHNIC PERCUSSION AND VOCALS, INDIAN STYLE.

### **SECOMBE:**

Thank you, listeners. Next dance, please. Mister Greenslade, loosen that plastic sporran and make the annincemints.

### **GREENSLADE:**

Listeners and losteners, we present an ancient Chinese play translated from an old Greek soup recipe found engraved on the seat of a dustman's trousers in East Acton. The trousers can now be inspected in the Science Museum, internal combustion section. This play was especially writted for the wireless.

### **SELLERS:**

(VERY THEATRICAL) Wireless! Curse! This means the end of the horned phonograph and the little doggie that looks into it. Exits left.

### **FX:**

GONG STRIKES

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE) Hello, you there. Oh, boy. Get this. We give you, and how, one hot story of old home town. Okay, Wally, take it away. Overture and beginners for China Story. Oh, boy.

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC LEAD IN - CHINESE FLAVOUR.

**OMNES:**

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES.

**OMNES:**

CHATTER OF MANY 'CHINESE' VOICES.

**SEAGOON:**

Strange people, the Chinese. There are over 500 million of them.

**FLOWERDEW:**

Well, they've only got themselves to blame!

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you, registrar of births. My name is Neddie Seagoon and my char-lady calls me "Ducks", due to a certain disease I have! I'm well-known in China and voted best dressed man of 1904... in 1955! Hmm hmm hmm hmm. Yes.

**GRAMS:**

HARRY SECOMBE WHINING IN HIGH PITCH VOICE, FOLLOWED BY A SPLASH.

**SEAGOON:**

It was Christmas night on the waterfront of Shanghai. Still, it had to come some time. (LAUGHS). Hm, hmm, yes. As I walked the crowded streets, people seemed to know I was British. Was it my bearing? The cut of my dentures? Or was it the eight foot flood-lit Union Jack tied round my head? I'll never know.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yikes, Tally-Ho, nutty! Have a noodle.

**SEAGOON:**

The words came from a two-legged, grey-headed man going bald at the knees. He was bent backwards eating a plate of un-chopped-suey from a leopard skin bladder. With a wave of his foot he beckoned me over.

**GRYTPYPE:**

He ignored my invitation, but then I said something that had him at my side – money!

**GRAMS:**

WHOOSH.

**SEAGOON:**

My name is Ned Seagoon.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Have a noodle.

**FX:**

CLUNK.

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you. You called me over?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

What do you want?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well you have a kind face.

**SEAGOON:**

You can't have it, it's a fixture.

**GRYTPYPE:**

A fixture, eh? My, you *are* lumbered.

**SEAGOON:**

Have a care, sir. I'm not a man to be laughed at.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I know, I've seen your act, The... er... singing shaver, isn't it?

**SEAGOON:**

I have my dark secrets.

**ELLINGTON:**

Man, so do I.

**SEAGOON:**

Silence, Ellington, or I'll have the white-wash brush to yuh.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well said, Neddie. Oh, Neddie, this gentleman here is Count Moriarty, French overland saxophone champion.

**SEAGOON:**

(SPEAKING FRENCH FLUENTLY).

**MORIARTY:**

So, the pen of your aunt is in the garden, eh? You're a stranger in China, eh, lad?

**SEAGOON:**

Stranger? I came here as a boy.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I didn't think you came here as a girl. Oh, I don't know, though. You Chinese are damn clever people.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll have you know I'm English.

**MORIARTY:**

English? But that ragged kilt and your toes sticking out the end of your feet.

**SEAGOON:**

In my position, that's no shame.

**MORIARTY:**

You're not...

**SEAGOON:**

Yes! The British Ambassador.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Poor fellow, you must be starving. Have a noodle.

**FX:**

PLOP.

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Waiter? Two ice-rickshaws and a firkin of rice. So, you're the British ambassador?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. (SINGS)

There'll always be an England

And England shall be free.

If England means as much to you

As England means to meeeee.

**GRYTPYPE:**

You silly twisted boy, you.

**MORIARTY:**

They wish to know that. Ah, do we take it, Mister Seagoon, that you are pressed for money?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**MORIARTY:**

Hmm, interesting, eh, Colonel Grytpype?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. Come, Neddie, have another noodle.

**FX:**

PLOP.

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Neddie, how would you like 50 million yen?

**SEAGOON:**

In cash.

**MORIARTY:**

Crazy boy Seagoon. You've heard of the fiendish Chinese nationalist leader?

**SEAGOON:**

Not... General Kash-Mai-Chek?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes. Listen, lad, he's willing to pay that sum to anybody who can smuggle him a certain English Rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders.

**SEAGOON:**

Tell me more, gentlemen.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well, Neddie, this is the plan.

**SPRIGGS:**

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, kind sirs. Will you three gentlemen be sitting here for the next few minutes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ahh, Yes.

**SPRIGGS:**

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS)

I'm only a strolling vagabond

So good night pretty maiden goodnight.

I'm bound for the hills

And the valleys beyond.

So good night pretty maiden goodnight night.

Oh, goodnight. Oh, goodnight.

Goodnight, pretty maiden, goodniiiiight.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. Now Seagoon this is the idea we have...

**SPRIGGS:**

Gentlemon. You heard my melody. And I think...

**FX:**

MONEY BOX SHAKING.

**SPRIGGS:**

...that this little wooden box, with the slit in the top, speaks for itself.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. Neddie, the first thing you have to do...

**SPRIGGS:**

(CLEARS THROAT) Gentlemen. I understand. You want an encore. Ohhhh, Joyyyy. (SINGS)

A gypsy am I

A-wandering by...

**FX:**

GUNSHOT.

**SPRIGGS:**

Urgghh!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well done, Moriarty. Just check the little wooden box, would you? Now, Seajoon. Think our offer over and er, I'll get in touch with you on the phone tomorrow.

**SEAGOON:**

Till tomorrow, then.

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES.

**OMNES:**

CHINESE CROWD CHATTERING.

**SEAGOON:**

Back at the embassy I pondered over Grytpype-Thynne's offer. Why on earth did General Kash-Mai-Chek want a certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders? Heh, heh, heh.

Cunning people, the fiendish Chinese. You never know which where they're going to go! I was just about to retire for the night when... when there was a tap at the window.

**FX:**

TAP ON WINDOW - OPEN WINDOW.

**SEAGOON:**

Hello? Hello? Anybody out there in the dark?

**FX:**

WOODEN BOX OF MONEY RATTLES.

**SPRIGGS:**

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vagabond, so...

**FX:**

GUNSHOT.

**SEAGOON:**

Got 'im.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**OPERATOR:**

[SELLERS]

(EFFEMINATE) Call for you, you're through.

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**SPRIGGS:**

(SINGING DOWN PHONE)...oh, goodnight pretty maiden...

**FX:**

HANGUP PHONE.

**SEAGOON:**

Blast that man.

**FX:**

RATTLING DOOR HANDLE, DOOR OPENS.

**DELIVERY MAN:**

[SELLERS]

Sir. This record has just arrived, marked urgent.

**SEAGOON:**

Quick put it on.

**FX:**

SCRATCHY GRAMOPHONE STARTS PLAYING.



**SPRIGGS:**

(SINGING FROM GRAMOPHONE)...oh, goodnight pretty maiden...

**FX:**

RECORD BREAKING/SNAPPING/DROPPED IN BIN.

**SEAGOON:**

A pox on the man.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT - OTHER END OF THE PHONE) Neddie? Grytpype-Thynne here. Have you made a decision about the certain English upright?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, I need the money, I'll do the job. But where do I get that certain English upright Rosewood piano with brass candle-holders?

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Go to the tea-house of the August Goon.

**SEAGOON:**

Just a minute, I'll take that down.

**FX:**

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

**SEAGOON:**

"Go to the tea-house of the August", there, right.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Got that down?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Burn it at once.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Now set fire to the ashes.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes - Yes, I've done that.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Good, now memorise the remains.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Splendid. Now say after me, "I am an idiot".

**SEAGOON:**

I am an idiot.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Right. Now, when you arrive there, knock six thousand times and ask for Ah-Pong.

**SEAGOON:**

But how do I get there?

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) How do you get there? Where are you now?

**SEAGOON:**

I'm standing by the phone.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(DISTORT) Good, start asking your way from there.

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you.

**FX:**

PHONE PUT BACK ON HOOK.

**SEAGOON:**

I should be there in three minutes. Just enough time for a fiendish Chinese gentleman, Mlax Geldray, to have a blowout.

**MAX GELDRAY AND THE ORCHESTRA.**

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTERING.

**SEAGOON:**

On arrival at the tea house, as instructed, I knocked six thousand times.

**GRAMS:**

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING (TAKES 36 SECS ALTOGETHER).

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS.

**THROAT:**

Yes?

**SEAGOON:**

(PANTING) Tea house of the August Gloom?

**THROAT:**

No.

**FX:**

DOOR SLAMS.

**SEAGOON:**

Curse, it's next door! It's always next door in China.

**GRAMS:**

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP UNTIL SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN FIRING (28 SECONDS).

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS.

**AH-PONG:**

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE) Someblody knock?

**SEAGOON:**

Yeah. Tea-house of August Goon?

**AH-PONG:**

Yes, sir.

**SEAGOON:**

Are you Ah-Pong?

**AH-PONG:**

Yes, we are ah-pong till eleven o'clock.

**SEAGOON:**

I've come about a certain English rosewood upright.

**AH-PONG:**

Ah, you are Neleddy Sleegoon, yeah?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, Blitish Amblassador.

**AH-PONG:**

Ah, glood, glood, glood! Follow me, please. (MORE SLURRED CHINESE SOUNDING WORDS).

**SEAGOON:**

I was lead through a bead curtain and across a floor so cunningly laid that no matter where you stood it was always under your feet. In the far corner of the tea-room I could see the sinister oriental saxophonist Fred Fu Manchu playing strict tempo Chinese ballroom music.

**GRAMS:**

'CHINESE' BALLROOM MUSIC WITH HIGH PITCHED SPED UP VOICE OVER.

**SEAGOON:**

Finally, I was lead before a military man reclining on a coolie.

**BLOODNOK:**

Aaaah! So you're the man who's going to do the job?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

So, about the certain English rosewood upright piano.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, where is it?

**BLOODNOK:**

Up river at the Kowloon Missionary.

**SEAGOON:**

Kowloon? That's six hundred miles from here.

**BLOODNOK:**

Is it?

**GRAMS:**

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE, SILENCE, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING BACK TOWARDS MICROPHONE.

**SEAGOON:**

(PANTING) Yes. It's exactly six hundred miles.

**BLOODNOK:**

That's too far to travel. Therefore, we shall take the fiendish Chinese river-steamer – tonight!

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES.

**ORCHESTRA:**

LINK MUSIC, ORIENTAL FLAVOUR.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

**SEAGOON:**

In the darkness we sat huddled on the fiendish Chinese river-steamer. The silence broken only by the sound of the silence being broken.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ah, Seagoon! I've just been speaking to the fiendish Chinese Captain. He says we'll be in Kowloon at twenty three hundred hours.

**SEAGOON:**

What time is that?

**BLOODNOK:**

I don't know, my watch only goes up to twelve.

**SEAGOON:**

Curse this fiendish Chinese triple-summertime.

**FX:**

SPLASH.

**CHINESE SAILOR:**

Ah! A man overboard.

**SEAGOON:**

I see him. Quick Bloodnok - hold my coat.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**FX:**

SPLASH.

**BLOODNOK:**

Brave man, Seagoon, brave man. Brave, brave man. Now let me see (SINGS TO HIMSELF) La dee, la dah, dah dee... blast not a penny in any of his pockets.

**SEAGOON:**

(OFF) I've got him. Haul me aboard.

**FX:**

STRUGGLING SOUNDS, 'CHINESE' MUTTERINGS.

**SEAGOON:**

Lay him down gently.

**BLOODNOK:**

Poor fellow, he's soaking wet.

**SEAGOON:**

Strange, it hasn't been raining.

**SPRIGGS:**

Unnnhhhh.

**BLOODNOK:**

He's coming one.

**SPRIGGS:**

Unnnhhhh.

**BLOODNOK:**

He's coming two.

**SEAGOON:**

Who are you, poor wayfarer?

**SPRIGGS:**

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS) I'm only a strolling vaga... Wohhuup!

**FX:**

SPLASH.

**BLOODNOK:**

Well hurled! Full spleed ahelead.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC NAUTICAL LINK.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CHATTER UNDER:

**FX:**

GONG STRIKES.

**SEAGOON:**

By mid-day the following month we arrived at the fiendish Chinese river port of Kowloon.

**BLOODNOK:**

But, to our heared horror, we discovered that missionary Crun had put the certain English rosewood piano up for auction.

**SEAGOON:**

We had no option but to bid against three hundred fiendish oriental John Chinamen.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTER UNDER:

**FX:**

GAVEL HIT THREE TIMES

**CRUN:**

Attention, fiendish Chinese bidders. The auction commences. First object to come under the hammer is this glass jar.

**FX:**

GLASS JAR SMASHED BY HAMMER

**CRUN:**

The next object is this certain English rosewood upright. Now then, mnk, let us start the bidding at one pound.

**SECOMBE:**

(CHINESE) One plound tlen.

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE) Two pounds.

**ELLINGTON:**

(CHINESE) Three plound.

**SECOMBE:**

Three plounds tlen.

**SELLERS:**

(CHINESE) Thlee plounds fifteen.

**SECOMBE:**

Thlee pounds flifteen and slixpence.

**MILLIGAN:**

Flour plounds.

**GREENSLADE:**

Flour plounds tlen.

**SELLERS:**

Flour pounds ten and seberence.

**SECOMBE:**

Five plounds.



**CRUN:**

Flive plounds.

**MILLIGAN:**

Flive plounds flive.

**CRUN:**

Any advlance on flive pounds flive?

**GREENSLADE:**

(CHINESE) Flive pounds flive flup-pence.

**MILLIGAN:**

Slix plounds.

**SELLERS:**

Slix plound tlen.

**SECOMBE:**

Seven plounds.

**ELLINGTON:**

Seven plounds tlen and fluppence.

**MILLIGAN:**

Ploo-plon-plee.

**SECOMBE:**

Plee-plon-ploo.

**SELLERS:**

Plee-plon-tong.

**MINNIE:**

Ying-Tong.

**SECOMBE:**

Ying-Tong-Iddle.

**MINNIE:**

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I.

**SECOMBE:**

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

**OMNES:**

Good!

**CRUN:**

Any advance on Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po? (FADES) Any advance on Ying tong iddle i po?

**OMNES:**

GENERAL HUBBUB OF 'CHINESE' VOICES IN BACKGROUND.

**GREENSLADE:**

(HIMSELF) Ladies and gentlemen, the BBC have asked me to tell you the sentence Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po has no meaning at all and is not a form of currency. Therefore, in bidding Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po for the piano, it has proved that the bidders are fiendish Chinese. We return you now to the fiendish auction.

**OMNES:**

CHINESE CHATTERING UNDER:

**CRUN:**

Any advance on fiendish Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po?

**SEAGOON:**

Ten pounds.

**CRUN:**

Mnnk! Sold for ten pounds.

**FX:**

GAVEL STRUCK ONCE.

**MORIARTY:**

Well done, Neddie boy, well done.

**SEAGOON:**

Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Yes?

**SEAGOON:**

Grytpype-Thynne! What are you doing here?

**MORIARTY:**

This is the reason: Before that piano can be dispatched to the secret Chinese NAAFI of Kash-Mai-Chek, the keyboard must be reversed.

**SEAGOON:**

Why?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well, you see, Neddie, fiendish Chinese pianists always play from right to left.

**SEAGOON:**

What fiendish Chinese cunning.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. Now, out you go and get me a packet of Coolies.

**SEAGOON:**

Cork-tipped, of course?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Of course.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I say, Moriarty?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Do you think he suspects?

**MORIARTY:**

About the time-bomb in the piano to kill Kash-Mai-Chek?

**GRYTPYPE:**

No.

**MORIARTY:**

No.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Hmm. Have you wired it up to explode?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes. It detonates when a certain note is played. Listen...

**ORCHESTRA:**

PIANO PLAYS A TUNE (PIZZICATO BY LEO DELIBES) MINUS LAST NOTE OF REFRAIN.

**MORIARTY:**

This is the note.

**ORCHESTRA:**

FINAL NOTE OF REFRAIN PLAYED.

**GRYTPYPE:**

You have a copy of that music?

**MORIARTY:**

But of course.

**GRYTPYPE:**

In Chinese?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes. Scored from right to left and upwards.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Brilliant! Brilliant! Then tomorrow we send Seagoon and the piano to the fiendish Chinese NAAFI. And that'll be the last of our dreaded rival, General Kash-Mai-Chek. Meantime, what am I bid for this record of fiendish Gladys Ellington?

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

"LOVER COME BACK TO ME".

**ORCHESTRA:**

A LINK OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

**FX:**

HORSES WALKING ON COBBLES.

**SEAGOON:**

August the third. Moving inland through the bandit province of Yangtsee towards the secret Chinese NAAFI, strapped to the back of a mule was the certain English etcetera, etcetera with brass candle-holders. I said 'etcetera, etcetera' because it saved me saying the full sentence which was a certain English rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders. (LAUGHS) That's why I said etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. (LAUGHS) Thought you might like to know.

**BLOODNOK:**

Seagoon... Seagoon, stop the caravan. There is someone behind those fiendish Chinese bushes ahead.

**SEAGOON:**

Hand me that loaded Chinaman.

**BLOODNOK:**

Don't point him at me.

**SEAGOON:**

It's alright, I've got a safety catch on.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh.

**SEAGOON:**

Who's that behind the bush? Come on, who are you?

**SPRIGGS:**

(SINGING) I'm only a strolling vagabond...

**FX:**

GUNSHOT.

**SEAGOON:**

Got him. Wait! There's someone else.

**SEAGOON:**

Ahoy there, come out from behind that bush.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Wait a minute, don't shoot at me.

**SEAGOON:**

Come on out.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Enter Bluebottle. Thinks: Is the Bluebottle popularity slipping? No.

**SEAGOON:**

Who are you, you little hybrid wreck?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I'm a member of General Kash-Mai-Chek's secret NAAFI. Strikes dramatic pose as done in film 'The Bridges of Toko-Ris', by Grace Kennings and William Holding in a Japanese bath scene. Thinks: I wouldn't mind a bath night like that. Tee-hee.

**SEAGOON:**

Have you proof of your identity?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes, I have, my cap-i-tain, yes. Look: points to Chinese dragon tattooed at great expense on tail of shirt.

**SEAGOON:**

What does that prove?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

It proves that I have Chinese dragon tattooed on the tail of my shirt at great expense. Thinks: I've got a Chinese dragon tattooed on the tail...

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, yes, yes. But why have you (INTERRUPTED BY BLUEBOTTLE MUMBLING)... why... Yakabakoo! But why have you got that boot full of Chinese porridge strapped to your head?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I always have a boot full of Chinese porridge strapped on my head on a Monday.

**SEAGOON:**

But today's Tuesday.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Is it? Oh, I feel a proper fool now! Tee-hee! (APPLAUSE) Thank you, Chinese sausages.

**SEAGOON:**

Stop those radio award jokes. Now, how far are we from the secret Chinese NAAFI of Kash-Mai-Chek?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I will not tell you. You're not talking nicely to little Blunebottle.

**SEAGOON:**

Fiendish Chinaman Gladys Ellington, take charge of this man.

**ELLINGTON:**

Right! Come on, come on you mushroom legs, you.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Eeeeeh! Take your hands off my little arms. You might rub off on me. Here, you're not Chinese.

**ELLINGTON:**

(POSH VOICE) How do you know?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I can tell by your eyes.

**ELLINGTON:**

Come on, come on, now. How far we go to the secret Chinese NAAFI?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I don't like this game. It's a rotten game. Let's play naughty Avis Scott being fired game. Let's play that.

**SEAGOON:**

Tell us or we play Bluebottle and taxidermists.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, no, no! I'll tell you! It is across this river. It is behind the Great Wall of China. Ying-Tong-Iddle-Idding-Ing-Ping.

**SEAGOON:**

Good! Forward.

**GRAMS:**

FOUR WHOOSHES IN A ROW.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Right, here we are at the secret fiendish Chinese NAAFI. I will knock-ed.

**FX:**

FEW KNOCKS ON DOOR AND OPENS.

**KASH-MAI-CHEK:**

[MILLIGAN]

(CHINESE) Oh, boy. Look, it a Bluebottle and honourable piano. Look, bloys, honourable NAAFI piano has arrived.

**OMNES:**

(CHINESE) Hullay! Hip-Hip-Hullay! Hip-Hip-Hullay.

**SEAGOON:**

Together... lift!

**FX:**

HEAVY OBJECT BEING DRAGGED, BUMPING OVER GENERAL 'CHINESE' CHATTER.

**GREENSLADE:**

Ladies and gentlemen, while our heroes are getting the certain English piano up on to the stage of the secret Chinese NAAFI, I would like to draw your attention to page fifty-two of this week's Radio Times. It shows a three-quarter rear view of a lady wearing a pair of corsets. We would like to point out that this is an advertisement and not a programme. Though I must say it might be the basis of a jolly good show. I see now that the certain English piano is in position and a fiendish Chinese pianist is about to play.

**OMNES:**

'CHINESE' CROWD CHATTER.

**SECOMBE:**

(CHINESE) Silence, please, silence! Honourable pianist will now play western style tune.

**ORCHESTRA:**

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Curse it, Moriarty. He hasn't played the note.

**MORIARTY:**

Curse.

**ORCHESTRA:**

PIANO PLAYS SAME TUNE AS BEFORE BUT STOPS BEFORE THE LAST NOTE.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Oh, he's missed it again.



**SPRIGGS:**

Chinese gentlemen, don't fret! Your dear fiendish pianist can't play the piano so I'll sing you another melody. Could I have an 'A' please?

**ORCHESTRA:**

PIANO PLAYS AN A, THE FINAL NOTE OF THE PREVIOUS TUNE.

**GRAMS:**

GIANT EXPLOSION, GLASS SMASHING AND OBJECTS FALLING ON FLOOR.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Damn clever these Chinese.

**ORCHESTRA:**

CLOSING THEME TUNE.

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the Goon Show, a Recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I didn't get deaded this week! Tee-hee.

**ORCHESTRA:**

FINISH THEME TUNE AND PLAY OUT.

Notes:

'I'm Only a Strolling Vagabond' from the musical play 'Cousin from Nowhere' by Kunneke.

Avis Scott was an ex-actress, born in 1927, In March 1954 she became a BBC TV in vision announcer and was immensley popular with viewers. However, in January 1955 she was sacked for being "too glamorous and sexy."

'The Teahouse of the August Moon' is an award winning Broadway play from 1953. The play was adapted from a 1951 novel by Vern J. Sneider and was later made into a film. A US captain goes to Americanise a Chinese village and build a school, but villagers want to build a teahouse and cannot afford both.

The word 'coolie' is used impolitely to refer to an unskilled labourer in the Far East.

'The Bridges at Toko-Ri' is a 1955 film set during the Korean War. It starred William Holden and Grace Kelly.