

## Vintage E12 - The Dreaded Piano Clubber

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

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### **GREENSLADE:**

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954. In an endeavour to prove that radio is not blind we present, after a successful season at Rowton House, another programme in the series, which by careful planning, meticulous writing and superb presentation, has managed to avoid winning the Radio Award. Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

### **SECOMBE:**

The Goon Show!

### **ORCHESTRA:**

OUT-OF-TUNE PIANO, WITH ORCHESTRA.

### **PRIN:**

[SELLERS]

Good evening. My name is Dudley Prin. Contemporary armchair detective. Tonight from my case book I'd like to tell you the story... (PUFFS ON EMPTY PIPE) Gone out. ...of a crime that shook England. Here to tell you more is a man who remembers it all.

### **SECOMBE:**

(UPPER CLASS TWIT) Thank you, Dudley. I'm not the man who remembers it all, so... I'll step down.

### **GREENSLADE:**

Thank you. Thank you. Every now and again there occurs a crime that makes us sit up. For some time now the Goons have had access to Scotland Yard's secret files, thanks to an arrangement with the police known as Dropsy. Known in the Americas as Graft.

### **SELLERS:**

(AMERICAN ACCENT) From these confidential files comes a story of a crime that no Sunday newspaper would dare to print. The story of... The Dreaded Piano Clubber.

### **ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC MUSICAL LINK

### **GRAMS:**

BIG BEN CHIMES. FOG HORN. FOOTSTEPS OF BOBBY.

**SEAGOON:**

It was such a winter's night as this when I, Lance Constable Ned Seagoon of Long Division, London River Police, was patrolling the river.

**FX:**

SPLASH AS BODY JUMPS IN WATER. WADING THROUGH WATER.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll be glad when we get a launch, Sergeant.

**SERGEANT:**

[SELLERS]

Yes. It is a bit chilly, I admit, swimming, I... Still, we must guard our great river, the Thames.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. We'd better walk up the Embankment and get dry before we go in again.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Splendid idea, Jim, splendid ideee-aaaa.

**FX:**

FAST PIANO CHORDS.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Oooh. What was that type noise?

**SEAGOON:**

It sounded like a piano.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Make a note!

**SERGEANT:**

Too late, it's already made them.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Oh. No ad-libbing, please.

**FX:**

PIANO FALLING ON A MAN. SHATTERING NOISE AND GROANS.

**SEAGOON:**

Quick. It came from over there.

**GRAMS:**

FOOTSTEPS, FADING AWAY UNDER...

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Quick, after over there.

**GRAMS:**

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING AGAIN.

**SEAGOON:**

Look, a body in the gutter.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Ohhhhh, Jim.

**SEAGOON:**

Quick, Sergeant, take down these notes and description.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Right.

**SEAGOON:**

Description: five feet two.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Five foot two.

**SEAGOON:**

Short, tubby.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Short, tubby.

**SEAGOON:**

Wearing blue trousers and jacket, good looking.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Right.

**SEAGOON:**

That takes care of me. Now... The body. Wearing city suit.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

Bowler hat and bowler trousers.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

Carrying ear trumpet, side whiskers, bald. Sex (LAUGHS) - male.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Search his pockets, Jim.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

JINGLING COINS.

**SEAGOON:**

Five pounds in half crowns.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Oh. Oh, thank you, sir.

**SEAGOON:**

Not a word to the Inspector or he'll want some.

**SERGEANT:**

The crook! (SINGING) The croo-ook!

**SEAGOON:**

Here's a birth certificate in his hip pocket.

**FX:**

PAPER RUSTLING.

**SEAGOON:**

Gad! According to this, his hip pocket's a hundred and thirty years old. So this might not be murder after all, this man might have died from natural causes.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Ooh, I don't think he died from either, Jim.

**SEAGOON:**

Why not?

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

He's getting up, Jim.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Aah... Aaaah... Aaaaaah... (ETC)

**SEAGOON:**

Have you got all that down?

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Every word, Jim.

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid!

**HENRY CRUN:**

Ohhhh...

**SEAGOON:**

Easy, old man.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Where am I?

**SEAGOON:**

England, sir.

**HENRY CRUN:**

England?

**HENRY CRUN:**

(SINGS) "There'll always be an England, as long as England..."

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you, yes, yes, thank you very much, yes.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Thank you.

**SEAGOON:**

Now..

**HENRY CRUN:**

I didn't know the rest of the words.

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) Does anybody?

**SEAGOON:**

Now, what happened, sir?

**HENRY CRUN:**

I fainted.

**SEAGOON:**

Fainted? When?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Just after a man stuck me down with a piano.

**SEAGOON:**

Struck - with a piano?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

What fiendish ingenuity! Did you get the number of the instrument?

**HENRY CRUN:**

No, he had his lights out. But I can describe the man.

**SEAGOON:**

Good, take this down.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Right, sir.

**HENRY CRUN:**

He was wearing trousers.

**SEAGOON:**

Got them down?

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

No, it's too chilly.

**HENRY CRUN:**

A shirt, a tie, a jacket, a hat, socks and one pair of shoes. One...

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid. With that description, if he ever enters a nudist colony he's a goner.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

You were a gonner in the last war, weren't you, Jim? Anything else about the piano clubber you noticed?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes, he was carrying a piano and this recording of Max Geldray.

**SEAGOON:**

I see.

**JIM SPRIGGS:**

Thank you.

**MAX GELDRAY:**

"I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE".

**ORCHESTRA:**

LOUD PIANO CHORDS WITH ORCHESTRA.

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the second time the dreaded piano clubber struck. In the months to come he struck twenty-eight times. Each time he struck his victim with a piano. Each time he crept up on his victim from behind and each time his victim was Henry Crun. Public opinion demanded a public enquiry.

(FADE)

**OMNES:**

CROWD - MUMBLES.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Order, please, order. Now the enquiry will now be conducted regarding the activities of an unknown assailant, the dreaded piano clubber. First witness.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

My name is Captain Bluebottle.

**GRAMS:**

APPLAUSE, CHEERING

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Eyyyyyyy! STOP!

**GRAMS:**

APPLAUSE STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Thank you, friends of Bluebottle. Now for an encore. (SINGS NONSENSE)

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Silence, silence. Stop that singing and I'll stop playing this guitar. Now...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I didn't hear you.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Do you mind? Now give your evidence.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Alright, then. On the night of the attack I was walking down Bongers Lane, when suddenly I stopped.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Why?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Hmm?

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Why, I said.



**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I don't know, I must have been tired. My little tootsies were steaming after certain rock and roll dances, you see.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Hm-hmm. And when you stopped you saw then the victim. The victim, Mr Crun, was laying in the gutter, yes?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes, he was.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Hm-Hmm.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

And escaping over a wall was a man carrying a wooden-type piano.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

But mister Bluebottle, didn't you request the man with the piano to stop?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, 'cause he wasn't playing it.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Right. Sit down. Next, please.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Sit down, next, please.

**FIRST CLERK JYMPTON:**

[MILLIGAN]

Next witness, William Slit. From USA.

**SECOND CLERK:**

[SELLERS]

Call William Slit.

**THIRD CLERK:**

[SECOMBE]

Call William Slick.

**FX:**

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Raise your right leg and say after me: I swear...

**WILLIUM:**

I swear.

**JUDGE:**

I also drink an...

**WILLIUM:**

You lousy, rotten, stin...

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

I also drink and smoke.

**WILLIUM:**

I also drink and smoke.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Take the stand.

**WILLIUM:**

Oow.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Now, you've come a long way to give evidence.

**WILLIUM:**

All the way from New Orleans. The fare cost me eyery penny I 'ad, mate.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

New Orleans is two hundred and thirty four thousand five hundred and sixty miles away and we appreciate you making this long journey. Now, on the night of the crime, where were you?

**WILLIUM:**

I was in New Orleans, two hundred and thirty four thousand five hundred sixty seven miles away.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Next witness.

**FIRST CLERK:**

(THROAT) Call Minnie Bannister.

**SECOND CLERK:**

[SELLERS]

(CRUN-ESQUE) Call Minnie Bannister.

**THIRD CLERK:**

[SECOMBE]

Call Minnie Bannister.

**FOURTH CLERK:**

[MILLIGAN]

(WHISPERING) Call Minnie Bannister.

**MINNIE:**

Poow. My... my name is Minnie Bannister. Spinriste... spinnister.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Madam, what is your...

**MINNIE:**

Long time.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

...association with Mr. Crun?

**MINNIE:**

Oh. Man... man and woman.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Are you related?

**MINNIE:**

Yes. I'm... I'm his auntie, you know. And he's my nephew.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Oh, it sounds feasible.

**MINNIE:**

Oh, it is, it is.

**JUDGE:**

It is? Now, now, what are your occupations?

**MINNIE:**

Oh, well. Henry collects foreign stamps. And I knock my knees together.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Gad, what a den of vice! Miss...

**MINNIE:**

Nicky, nocky, nocky, nocky, noo, I go.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

That's quite enough, please. Miss Bannister, after Mr. Crun was first struck by this piano, did you notice any change in him when he arrived home?

**MINNIE:**

Yes, his hat was jammed over his eyes.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Well, I take it that this was caused by the force of the piano landing on his head?

**MINNIE:**

Ohhh, yes.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

And after...

**MINNIE:**

And an... an upsurge of head.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Lumps.

**MINNIE:**

Lumps. Lumps! LUMPS!

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Morning.

**MINNIE:**

Morning.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Morning.

**MINNIE:**

Morning, your honour.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

And after the morning...

**THROAT:**

Morning.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Oh, I'm sorry. And after that, did he put anything inside his hat to absorb the shock?

**MINNIE:**

Yes. Me!

**HENRY CRUN:**

(OFF) I object! I object!

**MINNIE:**

You...

**JUDGE:**

To what do you object, Mr. Crun?

**HENRY CRUN:**

I object...

**MINNIE:**

Lumps!

**HENRY CRUN:**

...to being struck on the head by a piano.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Objection sustained.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Lumps.

**MINNIE:**

Lumps and...

**BLOODNOK:**

(RASPBERRY).

**HENRY CRUN:**

Ohhh!

**MINNIE:**

Kindly leave the court.

**BLOODNOK:**

I'm sorry, madam.

**MINNIE:**

(OFF) I didn't know you were...

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

I have said 'Objection sustained', that's quite enough. Not that I find any reason to continue with this enquiry as the information obtained is of a sketchy nature. We will therefore wait until further attacks have taken place.

**HENRY CRUN:**

I object to further attacks, I object to them!

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Mr. Crun, you *want* us to find the assailant?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes, *and* the piano clubber.

**JUDGE GREENSLADE:**

Then you must let the attacks continue. If we don't find him, he might attack you again.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Very well, sir, but next time I shall vote Communist, I tell you.

**ORCHESTRA:**

LOAD PIANO MUSIC WITH ORCHESTRA AS ANOTHER PIANO FALLS ON HIM.

**SEAGOON:**

The attacks continued at the rate of one per week. And the weeks occurred at the rate of five per month. But the piano clubber always managed to escape us. Then he struck Crun in a new and terrible manner.

**HENRY CRUN:**

With the loud pedal down, oh!

**SEAGOON:**

Struck by a piano with the loud pedal down. England was horrified. The BBC gave out warnings.

**GREENSLADE:**

(ON RADIO) The police are appealing to the public to help track down the dreaded piano clubber. If you are hit by a piano, please don't hush it up. Tell a policeman. Make sure you are never on the streets alone. It is known that he never makes his attacks inside a building. So if, like myself, you work indoors, you are...

**GRAMS:**

PIANO FALLING DOWN AND BREAKING TO PIECES.

**SEAGOON:**

The dreaded piano clubber had struck inside the BBC. Struck down an innocent announcer. Causing John Snagge to do double duties. Special precautions were taken. To soothe the nation, records were played.

**GREENSLADE:**

Here is the Ray Ellington Quartet.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GRAMS:**

PIANO FALLING DOWN AND BREAKING TO PIECES.

**MILLIGAN:**

Oooohaaah! I've been spunned.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, the dreaded piano clubber had struck again. Under pressure, parliament would assemble to pass new laws.

**OMNES:**

CROWD NOISES..

**FIRST MP:**

[MILLIGAN]

Yes. Yes, yes, gentlemen, you... you... you... you may well... you may well debate this matter. The... the... the... the problem is under the... under the circumstances... What are you saying behind me, there?

**BLOODNOK:**

I... I... I...

**FIRST MP:**

But I haven't finished, please.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, I'm sorry.

**FIRST MP:**

I... The problem is under... under the circumstances, has the piano become a lethal weapon? I... I say, I say... I say yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Definitely, Mr Curf, yes, yes. The piano should be catagorised as a lethal weapon. Anybody caught hiding a piano on their person should be taken into custody.

**THIRD MP:**

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) Is the honorable member suggesting that people arriving in this country should be searched for hidden pianos, now?

**BLOODNOK:**

I am, sir, I am.

**THIRD MP:**

You're a heathen!

**BLOODNOK:**

What?



**FOURTH MP:**

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Wait a minute! Eh! Eh! Wait a... I think it's all a lot o' rubbish, the whole thing. How in heaven's name can a man hide a piano on himself? I mean, 'ow can 'e? Look, anybody who was struck down by the dreadful piano clubber must be blind. I tell you, a full sized piano...

**OMNES:**

(LOTS OF VOICES)

**FOURTH MP:**

I ask you. Is it... is it... Ah, well, is it... is it not possible to see the man coming towards you and then... then...?

**FX:**

PIANO FALLING DOWN.

**FOURTH MP:**

Don't panic. I say. I say, old man, help me lift this piano off the Prime Minister.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC LINK

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, even in parliament the dreaded piano clubber had struck. Then suddenly in December without warning, the violent attacks violently ceased.

**SELLERS:**

He was obviously having the instrument retuned.

**MILLIGAN:**

The police immediately swooped on every piano tuner in London.

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, here's another piano tuner in London, Mr. Crun.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes, I wonder if we shall have any luck this time.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**FX:**

SHOP BELL, DOOR OPENS.

**SEAGOON:**

Aaah, nobody about in the shop. Is there anybody in!?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes. Me!

**SEAGOON:**

Who are you!?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Mr Crun, I came in with you!

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid! Mr Crun, there's only you and me.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Good, good, good. In any case, whoever works in this dreadful, filthy piano shop must be right off his head.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. I... I wonder who he is?

**ECCLES:**

(RANDOM SINGING) Hel-lo, good evening.

**SEAGOON:**

Good evening.

**ECCLES:**

I would like... You wanna buy a piano?

**SEAGOON:**

I'm... looking for a criminal.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, that's one make I haven't got.

**SEAGOON:**

Don't be silly, I... I wouldn't buy a piano in this hovel.

**ECCLES:**

What?

**SEAGOON:**

I've come...

**ECCLES:**

*Hovel?* My shop a *hovel*? Ohohohoho. Oh, no, no no, no, my man, this is a very elegant shop, this is. Famous... famous men come here, my man. Famous men. Do... 'Ere, do you know who comes here?

**SEAGOON:**

No?

**ECCLES:**

Monsieur Spol de Groyne.

**SEAGOON:**

Is... is... is he famous?

**ECCLES:**

No, but he comes here!

**HENRY CRUN:**

Seagoon, frighten him. Tell him... tell him who you are.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, good idea.

**ECCLES:**

I... I got the... I got the lot of [UNCLEAR]...

**SEAGOON:**

I'm Seagoon from Scotland Yard.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhh! I'm Eccles from Coney Hatch, here. Have a leather potato? I made it myself.

**SEAGOON:**

Please, please. You... you... you...

**ECCLES:**

I got all ov... I grow potatoes all over me.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**ECCLES:**

Look, pud, pud, pud, pud, pud, pud, potato.

**SEAGOON:**

Ohhh... Spud.

**ECCLES:**

Ow.

**SEAGOON:**

Look here. You don't understand. I'm looking for a person who has been committing crimes against the British public by using a piano with force.

**ECCLES:**

Oooo, [UNCLEAR] (DA-DUMS)

**SEAGOON:**

Listen, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

(DA-DUMS) Well, that's what it sounded like to me.

**SEAGOON:**

I must warn you that this is a case of ipso facto corincarborundum filius.

**ECCLES:**

Ohohoooo. What do all dem words mean, den?

**SEAGOON:**

I don't know but they make me sound intelligent. In any case, they fooled you.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, yeah, well. Well, you needn't have used such long words. Small words fool me just the same. (AD LIB - OFF) Still doesn't make me feel better.

**SEAGOON:**

Listen, Eccles. You... you... you... you say this is a piano shop?

**ECCLES:**

This is a piano shop. Dum dum dum dum... ooh.

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you. Now explain that notice in your window. The one that says: "For sale. African helefants, 'ouse trained".

**ECCLES:**

(AD LIB) You just got two there, didn't you?

**SEAGOON:**

(AD LIB) Yes!

**ECCLES:**

(AD LIB) I'll fetch another Haffrican helefant out for you. (ON SCRIPT) Oh, I don't stock anything like that, I never have.

**SEAGOON:**

But listen, supposing people saw that notice, come in 'ere and asked for a helefant. What happens then?

**ECCLES:**

Owow. I just say "I'm sorry, sir, I haven't got one".

**SEAGOON:**

But that's mad!

**ECCLES:**

I know but civility costs nothing, I say.

**SEAGOON:**

I give way to your superior ignorance.

**ECCLES:**

Good luck!

**SEAGOON:**

Do you mind if we inspect your pianos?

**ECCLES:**

Go ahead, it shouldn't take long.

**SEAGOON:**

Why not?

**ECCLES:**

I haven't got any. Ha, ha! Oh, wait! Wait! Oh, yes, sir, I've got this one here.

**HENRY CRUN:**

Aha, that's the piano! That's the one! That's the very one that struck me down.

**SEAGOON:**

Are you positive?

**HENRY CRUN:**

Yes, the dent in the back fits me perfectly.

**SEAGOON:**

Then we've got him! I have a constant watch kept at the shop. As soon as he calls to collect it, it's curtains!

**ECCLES:**

I don't sell any curtains.

**SEAGOON:**

Shut up, Eccles!

**ECCLES:**

Shut up!

**ORCHESTRA:**

LOUD PIANO CHORDS ACCOMPANIED BY ORCHESTRA.

**GREENSLADE:**

So they waited. One day, two, three, a week, two weeks, a fortnight, a month, two months, a year, two years, three, ten twenty, thirty, forty years, forty-five years!

**SELLERS:**

We began to get a nasty feeling that he might not be coming back.

**SEAGOON:**

Then one midnight as we watched, a night-shirted figure in curlers ran out of the piano shop shouting...

**ECCLES:**

Heeelp, auwauho (GARBLED SHOUTING CONTINUES UNDER)

**SEAGOON:**

Steady, steady. Oh, take it easy. Take it easy. Mad Dan, settle down, boy. Now what's happened?

**ECCLES:**

The piano clubber's piano - it's gone. It was stolen while I was asleep.

**SEAGOON:**

Are you sure?

**ECCLES:**

Of course I'm sure, I was sleeping on it.

**SEAGOON:**

What key were you sleeping in?

**ECCLES:**

I was sleeping in A flat.

**SEAGOON:**

Capitalist!

**ECCLES:**

I got the money.

**SEAGOON:**

However, the piano clubber can't be far away, the show only lasts another few minutes. Lalkala!

**LALKAKA:**

Yimbomballaboo, sir. We are here, we're waiting. What is...?

**SEAGOON:**

This is no time for witty [UNCLEAR], Lalkala. Where are you?

**LALKAKA:**

Here, sir, here.

**SEAGOON:**

Silence when you answer me.

**LALKAKA:**

Silence for you especially.

**SEAGOON:**

Mr. Lalkaka?

**LALKAKA:**

What is it you are wanting?

**SEAGOON:**

I want you to head the dreaded piano clubber off. You got your whistle?

**LALKAKA:**

Yimbomballaboo.

**SEAGOON:**

Right. If he hits you with his piano, give out a loud blast and blow your whistle.

**LALKAKA:**

Supposing I am getting killed, though?

**SEAGOON:**

Then give three blasts and lay in the direction of down. Is that clear?

**LALKAKA:**

Now he tells me. Alright, alright, I will...

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid! Do your duty. Wait! Listen!

**ORCHESTRA:**

FAST PIANO CHORD. (CLUBBER'S SIGNATURE TUNE)

**HENRY CRUN:**

Ahow.



**SEAGOON:**

D'you hear that? The piano clubber's signature tune. It came from down that street.

**FX:**

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, UNDER...

**SEAGOON:**

Well , done, Nelly.

**GREENSLADE:**

While our heroes are seeking out the piano clubber, I'd like to tell you current BBC news. The Deputy Light Controller of Overseas Home Service Programmes has become engaged to Ethel Kroll. This has caused quite a stir as Ethel Kroll is married to Fred Ponk, Outside Broadcast Engineer. It promises to be quite an interesting battle of wits. I think that these snippets of news show that the Corporation is not without its thrills. We return now to the mundane Goon Show, who have now sighted the piano clubber.

**ECCLES:**

Ohow, I'm glad he finished.

**SEAGOON:**

Look, there he is. In that alley.

**LALKAKA:**

I'll get him when he plays again.

**FX:**

FAST PIANO CHORD (CLUBBER'S SIGNATURE TUNE), FOLLOWED BY TWO GUNSHOTS, PIANO CHORDS SLOW TO A HALT, UNDER...

**LALKAKA:**

Got him! I got him in his Sinatra in g minor!

**SEAGOON:**

After him! Follow the trail!

**ECCLES:**

Wow.

**ORCHESTRA:**

MUSICAL LINK.

**GREENSLADE:**

The trail led them to a lonely Armenian lapis lazuli villa in Picadilly Circus.

**ALL:**

CRIES OF "WHAT A PERFORMANCE" AND "WELL DONE, PLAY ON".

**SEAGOON:**

He must be around here somewhere.

**BLOODNOK:**

I tell you, I don't like the look of it.

**SEAGOON:**

Well, stop looking at it, then.

**BLOODNOK:**

What?

**FX:**

WHISTLING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY A "PLOP".

**ECCLES:**

Ooauw! Somebody threw a stone on my head. And it hit me right on the head! Yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes!

**FX:**

PAPER RUSTLING.

**SEAGOON:**

And there's a piece of paper wrapped round it.

**ECCLES:**

My head?

**BLOODNOK:**

It's got writing on it.

**SEAGOON:**

What's it say?

**BLOODNOK:**

Sorry, Eccles, I meant to hit Seagoon.

**SEAGOON:**

Signed, the Dreaded Piano Clubber. And it came from that top window.

**BLOODNOK:**

Hand me my telescope. Gad, it's count "Pules" Moriarty. Come down, count, or we'll throw Eccles at you.

**MORIARTY:**

Ahh! No, not that! I'll come down with my hands up.

**SEAGOON:**

Eccles, keep him covered.

**ECCLES:**

Ah, I'll get a blanket.

**BLOODNOK:**

Come on, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Don't shoot me. Don't... don't shoot me, I've got a headache.

**SEAGOON:**

Explain to us and the listeners the reason you attacked Mr. Crun with a piano.

**MORIARTY:**

Well, I... I was on a, I...

**GRYTPYPE:**

Let me... Allow me to do the talking, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Oow.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I have the teeth.

**MORIARTY:**

Alright.

**SEAGOON:**

Exactly... exactly who are you?

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'm exactly Grytpype-Thynne, his lawyer.

**SEAGOON:**

How do you spell it?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Lawyer, lawyer.

**SEAGOON:**

I mean, how do you spell Grytpype-Thynne?

**GRYTPYPE:**

S-M-I-T-H.

**SEAGOON:**

Why do you spell it like that?

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'm in disguise, you see. Inspector, Moriarty attacked Crun for a piece of string.

**SEAGOON:**

You risked life imprisonment for a piece of string?

**MORIARTY:**

I had to have it, my trousers were coming down.

**SEAGOON:**

Lalkaka, take these men away and end the story.

**LALKAKA:**

Allright, alright. Taking away.

**FX:**

POLICE CAR WITH OLD-FASHIONED POLICE BELL DRIVING AWAY AT SPEED

**SEAGOON:**

At last, the piano clubber under lock and key, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

**GRAMS:**

PIANO FALLING DOWN.

**SEAGOON:**

Let me out, let me out!

**ORCHESTRA:**

END TUNE UNDER...

**GREENSLADE:**

Alright, thank you, Wally, thank you, Wally...

**ORCHESTRA:**

STOPS.

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes, let's leave it at there for the moment. I've been asked by the BBC governors to explain for the benefit of nervous listeners that the piano clubber is just a fictitious character so please don't go to bed thinking about him, as he is...

**GRAMS:**

PIANO FALLING DOWN ON HIM.

**ECCLES:**

A good night, everyone. Ya da dam da dee doi...

**ORCHESTRA:**

END TUNE OVER...

**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. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.