

S6 E03 - The Lost Emperor

Transcribed by unknown. Minor corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Please accept our apologies.

ECCLES:

Good, good. Fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) We present the extraordinary, talking-type wireless Goon show.

GRAMS:

OLD RECORD.

SECOMBE:

What a divine melody. Greenslade, take up the story, lad.

GREENSLADE:

Certainement. The story so far. An old fashioned gramophone record was played. After which a short fat man remarked "What a divine melody". Now, read on.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Mr Greenslade. Go and rehearse the nine o'clock news and learn that wall by heart. Ha ha, hhrmm.

MILLIGAN:

Ho, ho, ho, lads, ho, ho, ho. Listen while we tell you a tale. Music, lads. Ho, ho, ho. (SINGS) See them march by...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SLIGHTLY ORIENTAL MUSIC. THEN QUIET MUSIC UNDERNEATH:

KHAN:

[SELLERS]

(VENERABLE OLD MAN) When I die, take all the treasures of my kingdom, place them at my feet, then bury me in some high forgotten mountain.

FX:

GONG.

SECOMBE:

Those words were spoken by the Tartar Emperor Genghis Khan as he lay on his death-bed.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Yes. To this day, the tomb of Genghis Kharn, with its untold treasures, remains undiscovered. He lies buried in some Mongol hillside where no human eye has ever set foot.

FX:

GONG.

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

It was 1927, which lasted exactly one year. Late one night, within the oriental exhibits room, young Neddie Seagoon... Young? Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh. Pardon me, listeners.

SEAGOON:

I'll see you in the yard at playtime, Wal. I'll clout that big fat nut of yours.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Neddie Seagoon, a young archaeologist, was at work inside the Victoria and Albert Museum.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Um dee arrh de. (NORMAL) Yes I always work late at the Victoria and Albert. You see, for years I've been searching for the lost tomb of Genghis Khan. I was unwrapping some ancient Mongolian inscribed tablets, that I had reason to believe would give me the exact location of the tomb of Genghis Khan, when suddenly... at about midnight...

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK (DOOR KNOCKER)

SEAGOON:

Who's there?

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

Anybody else?

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

FX:

KNOCK x 16

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of either of you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening.

MORIARTY:

Bonsoir.

SEAGOON:

Make up your minds.

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon the intrusion little nit. Um, I'm afraid we got lost in the fog.

MORIARTY:

Yes, is this place St Leonards?

SEAGOON:

No, it belonged to the LCC.

GRYTPYPE:

What is this place?

SEAGOON:

Victoria and Albert.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, really? And which one are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm neither.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm pleased to meet you. This is my partner, Count Fred Moriarty. The world's Louse Ladder Champion of 1927.

SEAGOON:

What do you both want at this time of night?

MORIARTY:

Shut your big pudding muncher. Silence, this pistol is almost ready to explode.

SEAGOON:

You crazy continental Louse Ladder Champion of 1927, what do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Draw the curtain, Moriarty. Now then, is there anyone else in the building apart from you?

SEAGOON:

Yes, two others.

GRYTPYPE:

What are they doing?

SEAGOON:

Holding me up with a pistol.

MORIARTY:

A likely story. Silence.

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we want to examine a parcel of rare Mongolian clay tablets that arrived by air today.

SEAGOON:

You're wasting your time, I won't tell you where that parcel is.

MORIARTY:

Oh-ho-ho! I'll give you something to make you talk. Take that!

SEAGOON:

A pound note! I'm English, money won't make me talk. I'll just point. There.

MORIARTY:

Merci. Right, turn round.

SEAGOON:

I'm not strong enough.

MORIARTY:

Very well, we'll walk around you.

SEAGOON:

Dear listener, even though I had my back turned to them, I could still see them in the sixteen foot mirror which I rushed out and bought. I observed them open the rare parcel, take out the clay tablet, then placing it in separate pockets, make to leave.

GRYTPYPE:

Close your eyes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

THUD.

SEAGOON:

Oooooowwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwoooooohh.

MORIARTY:

Dear listeners, the thud you heard was me striking Seagoon on the head with the heavy side of a mummified Egyptian piano.

SEAGOON:

Oooooowwwwoooooohh. Struck, struck down. Oooooowwwwoooooohh! Struck down in my prime. Oooooowwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwoooooohh, Oooooowwwwoooooohh. Struck down, Oooooowwwwoooooohh.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear listeners, the groans you hear are those of Ned Seagoon falling unconscious to the ground.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Oooowwwwoooooohh.

GRYTPYPE:

And hamming it for all he's worth, I might say.

SEAGOON:

Lies, lies, lies. All lies, dear listener. I'm not hamming, it's just that I like to give Seagoon fans good value for money. Hehaha Ohooooowwwwoooooohh. Apart from that, it's good publicity. Ohooooowwwwoooooohh.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

They've gone. I must phone the police.

FX:

SOUND OF DIALING IN TIME WITH NEDDIES FOLLOWING LINE.

SEAGOON:

P. O. L. I. S. Ohhh, oh, my head.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) Hallo?

SEAGOON:

Hello, Police? I want to report a lump.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean (IMITATING ECCLES) 'Fine, fine, fine'? Constubule, there's been a robbery.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) A robbery? Anything stolen?

SEAGOON:

You see that parcel on the table?

FX:

DOOR HANDLE BEING RATTLED, DOOR BEING OPENED.

ECCLES:

(PANTING) Yeah, I see it.

SEAGOON:

Well, they rifled that.

ECCLES:

(PHONE) We're on our way round.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Ahh ho, I'm sorry we're late but I was asleep in Bedfordshire. I always sleep in beds. Ahhh ohh.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOING BLOODNOK) Ooohooohoooh.

BLOODNOK:

I'm in condition tonight. Sergeant Eccles, sharpen your note book. Now... er... now, sir, tell me all.

SEAGOON:

Two men committed a robbery.

BLOODNOK:

Two men, eh? Male or female?

SEAGOON:

I don't know, they were dressed.

BLOODNOK:

What a cunning disguise. Continue.

SEAGOON:

I shall.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Any money stolen?

SEAGOON:

Yes, a pound note.

BLOODNOK:

Why did you steal it?

SEAGOON:

I didn't, they took it off me.

BLOODNOK:

Orrghch. This pound note. Just a moment, may I lay on the couch? Thank you, I... ahh... Now, um, describe that pound note.

SEAGOON:

Well, it was valued at a pound.

BLOODNOK:

Tell me more, wonderful money! Tell me more! This pound note, what colour was it?

SEAGOON:

Green.

BLOODNOK:

It's mine! Mine was green!

SEAGOON:

Inspector! It's not the pound that was important.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, any American will give you six shillings for one. In fact, the Bank of England will give you seven.

SEAGOON:

I'm concerned with the very rare, missing Mongolian tablet.

BLOODNOK:

Uh.

SEAGOON:

You see, that's what they stole.

BLOODNOK:

Describe these feelons.

SEAGOON:

You'll easily find them. They're carrying a Mongolian clay tablet in their pockets.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, with that description they won't get far.

ECCLES:

Neither will we.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Don't you worry, Seagoon, we shall get them. Remember, we police are always on our toes. And everyone else's for that matter. But wait, who is this approaching in a five piece cardboard bikini and wearing male falsies? Yes! It's Max English gentleman Geldrun.

MAX GELDRAV:

"PEANUTS"

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Tomb of Genghis Khan, part two. In which Neddie Seagoon awaits news of an arrest.

SEAGOON:

Yes, five days passed. Six, seven, eight, nine, a week! But no news. By now the criminals had almost given up hope of being caught. Then one night, unable to sleep, I walked through the fog bound streets of Hyde Park.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you standing in that tree.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, you looking for them two crooks, ain't you, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Why, mate?

WILLIUM:

Oowh, I know where they is, mate. Needle nardle noo. They're in Singapore mate.

SEAGOON:

How do you know, mate?

WILLIUM:

They left their address for me to send on this parcel o' laundry to 'em, mate.

SEAGOON:

Ahh!. I have an idea, mate.

WILLIUM:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

(GOING OFF) Come with me, I think I can...

GREENSLADE:

While Seagoon is executing his idea, mates, we go over to Mr Grytpype and Count Moriarty in Singapore, mate.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES OVER:

GRYTPYPE:

Shut that window, mate.

FX:

WINDOW BEING SHUT. BAGPIPES STOP

MORIARTY:

There, mate.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. As I was saying, Moriarty, this clay tablet gives the exact location of the Emperor's tomb. But as a precaution, I have had the entire inscription tattooed on the back of my false teeth. Just in case the tablet gets lost. By the way, the man who did the tattooing was Doctor Fred Fu Manchu, Chinese tattooing artist.

MORIARTY:

Thank you for telling the listeners the entire plot. Talking of Doctor Fred Manchu, the oriental tattooist, reminds me: As I was coming to the theatre tonight, this parcel of the laundry just arrived from England.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid Moriarty. Well, I'm going to take a bath.

MORIARTY:

You English! You're so brave!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, take this gun.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

And if the phone rings...

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't hesitate to answer it.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi brains! You think of everything.

GRYTPYPE:

Not everything. Sometimes I don't think of aardvarks.

MORIARTY:

You mustn't be so careless. After all, aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

I don't wish to know that. (PAUSE) Neither do the audience. Now... open that parcel.

MORIARTY:

Certainement.

FX:

UNWRAPPING PAPER. UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Or if you're French, certainement.

GRYTPYPE:

Merci.

MORIARTY:

April in Paris. We found a Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Save the brown paper for dinner.

FX:

PAPER NOISES STOP.

MORIARTY:

Certainement. Sapristi! What's this inside?

SEAGOON:

Hands up, Count Moriarty, world's Louse Ladder Champion 1927.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yukakakauuu.

SEAGOON:

Count, this is my friend, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hallooo.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, this is Count Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Your humble servant.

SEAGOON:

Right! Now, hands up, again. Where's that rare tablet?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, lower that finger.

SEAGOON:

In the forty foot mirror I rushed out and bought, I could see behind me Grytpype-Thynne standing up in the bath. Don't move, Grytpype, drop that towel.

GRYTPYPE:

Right! There!

ECCLES:

Ooohh.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, now you know why this show can never go on television. We will continue with this delicate scene if the ladies in the studio audience will kindly put their hands over their ears. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Right, Eccles, keep these two covered with this flint pistol. I'm going to look for that tablet.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

I shan't be long.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. DOOR CLOSING. PAUSE...

ECCLES:

(HUMMING QUIETLY) De dum... de da... de dum... yard a lo... yardaloo. Da dum ooo...

GRYTPYPE:

So, you're the famous Eccles?

ECCLES:

Don't move, or I'll blow my brains out.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry.

(PAUSE)

ECCLES:

Da di, de da la da dum, ma ha doo ee, de da dum.

GRYTPYPE:

My, my, my. What a lovely voice you have.

ECCLES:

Oh, dum... Eh?

GRYTPYPE:

I say, what a lovely voice you have.

ECCLES:

You think so?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I do. Quite beautiful.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. (AHEM)(SINGS LOUDLY) YIE, DIE... DIIIE DUM LA DA DIIIIIIE, OH DIE ALALALAM... A crowded room. And somehow you know...

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know any more like that?

ECCLES:

Yeah, here's one. Ohh oooooarrrrum... A crowded room...

GRYTPYPE:

Eccles, ah um, not quite right. You see, to get the right feeling you must close your eyes.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa. I'm no fool. If I close my eyes, I won't be able to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

(SEDUCTIVELY) Will you miss me?

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Here! Here! Here! Here! Here! Well, listen, if I close my eyes, I won't be able to see to point the gun at you. Ah, but wait, you're keeping your eyes open.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

ECCLES:

Ohh, that's easy, then. Then you take the gun. Mind you keep it pointed at you.

GRYTPYPE:

Scout's honour.

ECCLES:

Now, den. (AHEM) Listen to me sing with my eyes closed. I'll close 'em. There. Hey. It's dark in here. (SINGS) I'm singing in the dark. Melodies of love for my old dad. Play that crazy saxophone. Get that crazy rhythm. Lover come back, to me...

FX:

THUMP

ECCLES:

Ohooohhhllll!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, look! I found the clay tablet and...

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arrghh ah ooowl ooowl.

MORIARTY:

Well done, Grytpype! You've got both of them.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well, a bird in the Strand is worth two in Shepherds Bush. Quick, let's get going, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right. But the Mongolian clay tablet...

GRYTPYPE:

Leave it behind. Then they'll think we've forgotten it.

MORIARTY:

But if we leave it behind, we *will* have forgotten it.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, Moriarty, you think of everything.

MORIARTY:

Not everything. Sometimes I don't think of aardvarks.

GRYTPYPE:

You mustn't be so careless.

MORIARTY:

You're right, aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

(CORPSING) It's going to kill us if we use it anymore.

SEAGOON:

Oh, my head! Arghow!! What happened to me?

MORIARTY:

This.

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arghow!! Thank you for telling me, Ohh oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

I knew that in order to reach the tomb, they'd make for the Singapore-China frontier. To bar the way, I placed Eccles and comrade on guard.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? How do you like being on guard?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is fine. I feel fine on guard.

ECCLES:

Yeah, so do I. I... I feel fine on guard.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is nice to feel fine, in't it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Yes, it is fine.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Encles?

ECCLES:

Hahahahum?

BLUEBOTTLE:

How do you feel now?

ECCLES:

Fine. I feel... fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I feel fine, too.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is good that we both, what is us, feeling fine, in't it?

ECCLES:

Yah, we both feel fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes we are both...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Feeling fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere!

ECCLES:

What?!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I feel sick! But, never mind, all is well. Here comes my capitan on his horse, Silver. Hi-ho, silver.

FX:

BACK FIRING, PUTTER OF OLD MOTOR CAR, COMING TO A STOP.

SEAGOON:

Whoa silver, whoa there, whoa-a, whoa. How much'll that be, Gladys?

ELLINGTON:

Needle nardle noo.

FX:

COINS IN TRAY.

SEAGOON:

Keep the change. Away you go.

FX:

STEAM TRAIN STARTING UP, THEN SPEEDING UP FASTER AND FASTER INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

Astute listeners will no doubt be puzzled at a horse sounding like a taxi and a train. The truth is the animal was also a brilliant impressionist. And here now is his impression of Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS "LOVER COME BACK TO ME".

FX:

WHINING WIND, TRAMPING FEET.

GRYTPYPE:

You hear that sound, dear listeners? It's the eternal wind that howls over the Lishun-Bak mountains of Mongolia. It was over these we passed, searching for the tomb.

MORIARTY:

Ahh oh, ho. Sapristi monkeys, it's so cold. Look! Even the ice is frozen.

GRYTPYPE:

You should have bought some warm clothes.

MORIARTY:

I did, but they got cold up here.

GRYTPYPE:

I understand well. Where's that Mongolian porter?

SEAGOON:

(ORIENTAL ACCENT) Here I am master, willing to slerve (ASIDE, NEDDIE VOICE) Little does he know that I am Neddie Seagoon heavily disguised as a man who is heavily disguised.

FX:

THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Arroowl arrowwl.

GRYTPYPE:

Little does he know that that was a heavily disguised clout.

SEAGOON:

Little do they know that I am only feigning unconsciousness. I daren't attack now, they're too many. I'll wait till they've both gone and then I'll spring.

FX:

LOTS OF SLAPS AND YELLS WITH DRAMATIC MUSIC OVER TOP, ENDING WITH LOUD THUMP ON THE BASS DRUM.

SEAGOON:

Right. (CATCHING BREATH) Right, you swines. Had enough?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then untie me.

GRYTPYPE:

Come along now, Neddie, why are you following us?

SEAGOON:

You're so attractive.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh!

MORIARTY:

Silence, nyuckoes. Now then, what's your little game?

SEAGOON:

Ping Pong. What's yours?

MORIARTY:

Please, Neddie, no ad-libbing.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo. You won't get away with this. The treasure in that tomb is mine, mine, mine, mine!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Fine, fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

If only I could get my hands free I could use the phone. Ahh! I'll dial with my feet. Get my toe in the di., ooh, oh... I've got a long nail...(STRAINING NOISES)

FX:

DIALING (UNDER PREVIOUS LINE)

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

(PHONE) Hello, you want me?

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

FLOWERDEW:

(PHONE) I'm a chiropodist.

FX:

HANG UP PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Heavens!

MORIARTY:

So!

SEAGOON:

I had the corn exchange.

MORIARTY:

So, Neddie, caught you using the telephone. Come on out with it!

SEAGOON:

What?

MORIARTY:

Thrupence!

FX:

CASH REGISTER. DROP COINS IN TRAY.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, start walking in front with your hands and feet raised above your head.

SEAGOON:

So we trudged the barren landscape. It was a long day. It lasted thirty six hours. We camped at nightfall. Next morning, the blow struck.

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) Neddie, Neddie, bad news, lad.

SEAGOON:

What's up?

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) While I was asleep the world's Louse Ladder Champion of 1927, stole my false teeth.
(ASIDE) Which, dear listeners, you will remember had been inscribed on the back with the map of the tomb by Doctor Fred FuManchu, oriental tattooist.

SEAGOON:

Then Moriarty is the only one who knows the way to the tomb.

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

RATTLE DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENED.

ECCLES:

Hello. Here, here, I found Moriarty to the tomb, (GOING OFF) I'll show you where it is, come on, now...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will no doubt think it ludicrous that Eccles should suddenly come through a door a thousand miles from the nearest building. The truth is several doors have been placed at intervals in the Mongolian mountains so as to obtain the sound of a door opening. Thus making it more interesting for listeners, especially those without doors of their own.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE, CYMBAL CRASH.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Meantime, Neddie has arrived at the mouth of the tomb.

ECCLES:

Yeah, here, you see this big rock blocking the cave? Well, the tomb's behind there.

SEAGOON:

How the devil could Moriarty have moved that by himself?

ECCLES:

He didn't, he said he would need four men to open it.

MORIARTY:

Yes, gentlemen, four men.

GRYTPYPE:

(WITH HIS TEETH BACK IN) Yes, Neddie, four men. Hands up.

SEAGOON:

Argggghh. You two swines! So that's why you got Eccles and me here – to help open the tomb door.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, lads, start working.

ECCLES:

Hey, who're you pushing?

GRYTPYPE:

You.

ECCLES:

So that's why I'm moving.

GRYTPYPE:

Together, heeeeeeave...

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES.

SEAGOON:

Watch out for the old tenor's friend.

GRYTPYPE:

Aardvarks never killed anybody.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES.

MORIARTY:

There (CATCHING BREATH)... it's open. (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Sapristi nuckos, the tombs empty!

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) Sapristi nucka!

MORIARTY:

It's been ransacked! Who could have taken the treasures? Who could have known about this place?

GRYTPYPE:

(TOOTHLESS) What's this card on the floor? Doctor Fred Fu Manchu oriental tatoost.

MORIARTY:

Huhuha hol. Foiled by Fred!

SEAGOON:

Anybody for tennis?

GRYTPYPE:

Too much like hard work.

SEAGOON:

Aardvarks never killed anybody.

GRYTPYPE:

Darling, together again, shall we dance?

SEAGOON:

Love to.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the goon show, a BBC recorded program, 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 program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE TO END.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT "LADY BE GOOD".

Notes:

LCC is London County Council. The LCC was demolishing 'The Old Palace', St Leonards, East London in 1895. It was grand building linked to King James I. Architect C.R. Ashbee tried to save it, but Unfortunately it was too late. He did manage to save part of the interior including the wooden panelling and staircase and fireplace which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.