

S6 Special 2 - China Story

Transcribed by Simon Rushbroo, Kurt Adkins, corrections Paul Webster and Tony Wills. Additional adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

RASPBERRY.

GREENSLADE:

And jo... And Jolly good programmes they put on, too.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh, isn't he a lovely talker, he is.

SECOMBE:

(LEW) Here, could you say some more, mister, of that lovely talking?

GREENSLADE:

Why, certainly. This is Wallace Greenslade saying "Winds light to variable".

SECOMBE:

(LEW) Oh, beautiful.

GREENSLADE:

(VERY THEATRICAL) Oh, Greenslade, how can they afford you?

SECOMBE:

Because twelve shilling a week is nothing to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

GRAMS:

ETHNIC PERCUSSION AND VOCALS, AFRICAN STYLE.

SECOMBE:

Thank you, Harry Davidson and his old timers. Mister Greenslade, unleash that lead head corset and announce the nine o'clock needle-nardle-noo.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners and losteners.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

GREENSLADE:

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 in to it. Exits left with king mackerel case, ooowl.

FX:

GONG STRIKES.

SELLERS:

(CHINESE GIBBERISH SOUNDING NOISES) Hello, there you, empire people. Get this, we give you a hot story of old home town. (MORE GIBBERISH) Okay, Wally Stott, 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's 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, though my char-lady calls me "Ducks". Due to a certain disease I have! I'm well-known in China and voted best... (FLUFFS LINE AND MAKES SILLY NOISE) I'm well-known in China and voted best dressed man of 1904 - in 1956. Hmm.

GRAMS:

CHINESE TYPE MUSIC, WITH 'CHINESE' CHATTER, FOLLOWED BY A SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

It was Christmas night in Shanghai. As I walked backwards through 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:

Yoiks, Tally-Ho! 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 seal bladder. With a wave of his muscular foot he beckoned me over.

GRYTPYPE:

He ignored my invitation and my muscular foot, but then I said something that had him at my side. Money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Money? Money? Money? Money? Money? Money? Where? Where? Where? Money? Money? Money? (WHISTLES) Money? Money? Money? Money?

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, laddie. Steady, laddie

SEAGOON:

Money? Money? Money? (DEGENERATES INTO CLUCKING NOISES, THEN BROODY CHICKEN NOISES).

GRYTPYPE:

Have a noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. What does your muscular foot want?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you have a kind face.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Ooh, you are lumbered, aren't you.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

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

SEAGOON:

I'll have you know I'm at the Palladium, seats in all parts.

GRYTPYPE:

Is it true that you're miming to records of Zhebee?

SEAGOON:

Lies. I have my dark secrets.

ELLINGTON:

Man, so have I!

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, this gentleman here with the power is Count Fred Moriarty, French overland saxophone champion.

SEAGOON:

(SPEAKING FRENCH FLUENTLY).

MORIARTY:

So, the pen of your aunt is in the garden, eh? Are you a stranger in China?

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, really.

SEAGOON:

I'll have you know I'm English!

MORIARTY:

English? But you're in rags.

SEAGOON:

I happen to be in my working clothes.

MORIARTY:

What are you?

SEAGOON:

The British Ambassador.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you attached to the Embassy?

SEAGOON:

Attached? I love every brick of it.

GRYTPYPE:

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

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter, two iced-rickshaws and picture of Colonel Nassa, please

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Don't mention that name here. (SINGS) There'll always be an England. And England shall be free. If England means as much to you as England meeeees tooooo meeeeee.

GRYTPYPE:

Now we'll never get it back.

SEAGOON:

We don't need Suez, we can get to India another way - the Manchester ship canal!

GRYTPYPE:

Have another noodle.

FX:

PLOP.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now, Seagoon, come here. Come here, little lad. You've heard of the fiendish Chinese nationalist leader?

SEAGOON:

Not General Kash-Mai-Chek?

MORIARTY:

Yes! He's willing to pay ten thousand yen in Lire to anybody who can smuggle him a certain English Rosewood upright piano with brass candle-holders.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, gentlemen.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Neddie, pull up a power.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Pardon me gentlemen. (CLEARS THROAT) Will you be sitting here for the next few moments?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, Yes?

SPRIGGS:

Good (CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS)

I'm only a strolling vagabond.

So good night, pretty maiden of the night.

I'm bound for the hills

and the valleys below.

So good night, pretty maiden, good night.

Good night.

Good night.

Good night, pretty maiden, gooooood nighhhht.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Seagoon, this is the idea I...

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen. You heard my melody and I...

FX:

MONEY BOX SHAKING.

SPRIGGS:

...think that the wooden box with the hole in the top speaks for itself, gentlemen, I...

GRYTPYPE:

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

SPRIGGS:

Oh, ho hi. Of course, I understand gentlemen. You... you want an encore. Ohhhh (SINGS) I'm walking back...

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SPRIGGS:

Urgghh!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty. Check the little wooden box, would you? Now, Seagoon, think our offer over and I'll get in touch with you on the phone tomorrow.

SEAGOON:

Till tomorrow, then.

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

FX:

TAP ON WINDOW - OPEN WINDOW.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Anybody out there in the dark?

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) I'm only a strolling vaga...

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, good...

FX:

HANGS UP 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.

GRAMS:

(ANOTHER BETTER SINGER) Oh, goodnight, pretty maiden...

FX:

RECORD BREAKING/SNAPPING/DROPPED IN BIN.

SEAGOON:

A pox on the fellow.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Will you stop singing that infernal melody divine, you understand? I don't wish to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

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

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:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Got that down?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now burn it at once.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Now set fire to the ashes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Done that.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Splendid, now memorise the remains.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

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

SEAGOON:

I am an idiot.

GRYTPYPE:

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

SEAGOON:

But how do I get there?

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) 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 Glederudle, to have a blowout.

MAX GELDRAJ AND THE ORCHESTRA

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

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 Goon?

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:

[SELLERS]

(CHINESE) Ah! Somebody knock?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Tea-house of August Goon?

AH-PONG:

Ah, yah! Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Are you Ah-Pong?

AH-PONG:

Yes, we are ah-pong till eleven o'clock. Ah, more to come, yah.

SEAGOON:

I've come about a certain English rosewood upright.

AH-PONG:

Yah, yah-yah. Oh, ahhh, you are Neledy Sleegoon.

SEAGOON:

Y-les. Blitish Ambassador.

AH-PONG:

Oh, gllood, gllood, gllood, gllood! 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.

GRAMS:

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

FX:

PST-TOOK-BLLONG.

GRAMS:

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

In the far corner of the tea-room I could see the sinister oriental saxophonist Fred Fu Manchu playing strict tempo Chinese ballroom music. Finally I was lead before a military man reclining on a coolie.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! So you're the man who's going to do the job, are you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Speak Chinese?

SEAGOON:

A Smattering.

BLOODNOK:

Smattering? How about Chinese?

SEAGOON:

Not a word.

BLOODNOK:

Lower me gringers, you'll have to learn the lingo, you see. Our journey takes us through bandit territory.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I speak bandit fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Say a few words in bandit for me.

SEAGOON:

Hands up, your money or your life.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, without a trace of an accent. Splendid. Now, 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, PAUSE, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING BACK TOWARDS MICROPHONE.

SEAGOON:

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

BLOODNOK:

Much too far to travel. Therefore, we'll take the fiendish Chinese river-steamer tonight.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTER.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC, ORIENTAL FLAVOUR.

SEAGOON:

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

FX:

BURP.

BLOODNOK:

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's that?

BLOODNOK:

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

SEAGOON:

Curse this fiendish Chinese triple-summertime.

FX:

SPLASH.

CHINESE SAILOR:

[MILLIGAN]

Man overboard.

SEAGOON:

I see him. Quick, Bloodnok, hold my coat.

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

What a Brave man Seagoon is. What a brave, brave man. Now let's see. (SINGS TO HIMSELF) La dee-dee. Looo-dum. Blast! Not a penny in any pockets in his coat.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I've got him! [UNCLEAR] Haul me aboard.

FX:

STRUGGLING SOUNDS, 'CHINESE' MUTTERINGS.

SEAGOON:

Lay him down.

BLOODNOK:

Poor fellow, he's soaking wet.

SEAGOON:

Strange, it hasn't been raining.

SPRIGGS:

Uunnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming one.

SPRIGGS:

Uunnnhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

He's coming two.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, poor wayfarer?

SPRIGGS:

(CLEARS THROAT) (SINGS) I'm... I'm only a strolling vag... aaahhhhh!!

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Well hurled! Full spleed ahelad.

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 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... will commence.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Thank you, Min. 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.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

CRUN:

Let us start the bidding at one pound.

SECOMBE:

(CHINESE) One pound ten.

CRUN:

Two pounds.

GREENSLADE:

(CHINESE) Three pound.

SECOMBE:

Three pounds ten.

SELLERS:

(CHINESE) Three pound fifteen.

SECOMBE:

Thlee pounds flifteen and slixpence.

MILLIGAN:

Four pounds.

GREENSLADE:

Four pounds ten.

SELLERS:

Four pounds ten and seberence.

SECOMBE:

Five plounds.

CRUN:

Any advance on flive pounds?

GREENSLADE:

(CHINESE) Flive pounds flive flup-pence.

MILLIGAN:

Flip-flong.

SECOMBE:

Seven plouns.

ELLINGTON:

Seven pouns ten and fluppence.

SECOMBE:

Bing-bang-bloom.

SELLERS:

Bing-bang-blom.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I.

SECOMBE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

OMNES:

Yaoooh!

CRUN:

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

MINNIE:

Well said, Henry.

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.

MINNIE:

Well said, Wallace, well said.

OMNES:

'CHINESE' CHATTERING UNDER:

CRUN:

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

SEAGOON:

Ten pounds!

MINNIE:

Ahhh eee orrr nooooo!

CRUN:

Sold for ten pounds!

MORIARTY:

Well done, Neddie, well done, lad!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty! Grytpype Thynne! What are you doing here?

MORIARTY:

This is the reason: Before that piano can be dispatched, the keyboard must be reversed.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie, Chinese pianists always play from right to left.

SEAGOON:

Fiendish Chinese cunning!

GRYTPYPE:

Now out you go and get some Coolies.

SEAGOON:

Right.

MORIARTY:

Cork tipped.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, do you think he suspects?

MORIARTY:

About the bomb in the piano? No.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. 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:

Now this is the note.

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL NOTE OF REFRAIN PLAYED.

MORIARTY:

That will send it off.

GRYTPYPE:

You have a copy of that music?

MORIARTY:

Yes, backwards and forwards and sideways at the same time.

GRYTPYPE:

In Chinese?

MORIARTY:

Scored upwards and downwards and backwards and back to the front and the ying-tong-iddle-i-po.

GRYTPYPE:

And for Christmas?

MORIARTY:

Always.

GRYTPYPE:

Brilliant! Then tomorrow we send Seagoon and the piano to the secret Chinese NAAFI and that'll be the last of our dreaded rival, General Kash-Mai-Chek.

MINNIE:

Well said.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh, thank you, madam. Now, what am I bid for this record of the fiendish Ray Ellington?

MINNIE:

Ahh, orrrr.

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. Ha ha. (WHINY VOICE) Thought you might like to know.

MINNIE:

Well said, young man.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, stop the caravan! There's somebody behind those fiendish Chinese bushes ahead.

SEAGOON:

Hand me that loaded Chinaman.

SELLERS:

Alli llung.

SEAGOON:

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

SPRIGGS:

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

FX:

GUNSHOT.

SPRIGGS:

Owwowww!

SEAGOON:

Got him! Wait! There's someone else. Ahoy there, come out from behind that bush!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, don't shoot.

SEAGOON:

Come out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle. Thinks: Is the Bluebottle popularity slipping? Don't know about that.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, little hybrid wreck?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a member of General Kash-Mai-Chek's secret NAAFI. Strikes dramatic pose as done in Richard the Third and Hamlet. Trousers fall down to reveal I'm wearing mum's old bloomers.

SEAGOON:

Have you proof of your identity?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I have, my captain, yes. Here's my name written inside my LCC type putting shoe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. But...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't think of anything to thinks about.

SEAGOON:

Why have you got that boot full of Chinese porridge strapped to your head?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I always have a boot 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, I do! Tee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Stop those radio Oscar jokes. 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:

Chinaman Ellington, take charge of this man.

ELLINGTON:

Right! Come on, you mushroom legs!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eeeeeh! Take your hairy rotten hands off my little arms. You might rub off on me. You're not Chinese, I can tell by your eyes. They go that way.

ELLINGTON:

Come on, cor blimey. How far to the secret NAAFI?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I do not like this game. I don't like this game. Let's play naughty Diana Dors falling in the swimming pool for good...

SEAGOON:

Tell us or we play Bluebottle and taxidermists for posterity.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wish I had married Dennis Hamilton, he'd 'ave punched you on the nose for talking to me like that. I'll tell you! It is across this river. It is behind the Great Wall of China. Ying-Tong-Iddle-Idding-Ing-Ping.

SEAGOON:

Guards! Forward!

GRAMS:

FOUR WHOOSHES IN A ROW.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, here we are at the secret fiendish Chinese NAAFI.

ECCLES:

He-llo!

OMNES:

Shut up, Eccles! (BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS BETWEEN ECCLES AND OTHERS ABOUT 20 REPETITIONS).

ECCLES:

I'll knock on the door of the secret Chinese NAAFI.

FX:

TUBE TRAIN APPROACHING FROM FAR OFF, WARNING TOOT ON HORN, CRASH INTO DOOR, TINKLE. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

That's a Chinese door.

KASH-MAI-CHEK

[SELLERS]

(CHINESE) Ahh! Ohh! Hoolay, hoolay! It a Bluebottle and Teddie Seagoon with honourable piano.

(DISTANT NEIGHING OF HORSE INTERRUPTS PERFORMANCE) Keep that child quiet, please, madam.

(HUGE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Ah, it a Bluebottle and the honourable NAAFI piano! Look, boys, honourable NAAFI piano all alive.

OMNES:

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

SEAGOON:

Together... lift!

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, while our heroes are getting the certain English piano up onto the stage of the secret Chinese NAAFI, I would like to draw your attention to the back page of this week's Radio Times. (BLUEBOTTLE REPEATING HIS WORDS UNDER) It shows a three-quarter semi-profile view of a distinguee lady wearing a pair of corsets. Will you shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

OMNES:

SHUT UP. (REPEATED, YELLS, ETC).

GREENSLADE:

We would like to point out that this is an advertisement and not a programme. Though... um... I must say, it might be the basis of a jolly good show. I see (OMNES START REPEATING EVERY WORD AND GETTING LOUDER) now that the certain English piano is in position and a fiendish Chinese pianist is about to play.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

OMNES:

Shut up, shut up, shut up.

SECOMBE:

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

CHINAMAN:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Curse it, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

He hasn't played the note!

MORIARTY:

He might try again.

ORCHESTRA:

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

MORIARTY:

(OVER TOP OF PLAYING) Look out. Here he goes. Here it...

GRYTPYPE:

He's missed it again!

SPRIGGS:

Ohh-ah! Please, gentlemen, don't fret! Don't worry if your piano can't be played I shall sing you a melody and save the day. Could I have an 'A' please?

ORCHESTRA:

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

GRAMS:

GIANT EXPLOSION.

GRYTPYPE:

They're damn clever, these Chinese!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, recorded at the radio exhibition at Earls Court and 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 Dennis Main Wilson.

ORCHESTRA:

FINISH THEME TUNE AND PLAY OUT.

Notes:

From the 'Goon Show Companion' by Roger Wilmut:

On August 24, the Goons invaded the annual exhibition, the National Radio Show, which in those days was a major event in the world of broadcasting. They recorded a new production of 'China Story' in the special studio at Earl's Court, with Dennis Main Wilson in charge. The performance is in fact slightly better than the original version of twenty months earlier; the script is identical. However, the 5th series performance was the one chosen for issue in 1968 on a long-playing record.

1) "I'm Only a Strolling Vagabond" from the musical play "Cousin from Nowhere" by Kunneke: sung in 'China Story' (5/17) - 'Goon Show Companion' by Roger Wilmut.