

THE GOON SHOW:
THE WHISTLING SPY ENIGMA

First broadcast on September 28, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by anon, additions by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service.

Grams:

[Boos, whistles]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[stops immediately]* My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, back from the dead, we present half an hour of continuous radio fighting, in both corners - The Goons!

Orchestra:

[Circus ring music]

Grams:

[Boos, whistles]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[stops immediately]* Mr. Greenslade?

FX:

[Chains being dragged along the floor]

Greenslade:

[Weak voice] Yes, Master?

Seagoon:

Tell the masses, Mr. Greenslade, what we have in store.

Greenslade:

Yes, master. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Goons and myself after successful season of unemployment, return to the air for a long series of one.

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Greenslade:

They commence with a mystery play, packed from end to end with mediocrity, under the title of...

Throat:

The Whistling Spy Enigma.

Orchestra:

[Dramatic chord]

Hern (american accent):

The crimes you are about to hear have all been specially committed for this programme. Here to tell you a story with the aid of smoke-glass ear-trumpet and reconditioned head is Captain Hairy Seagoon.

Grams:

[Frantic audience applause and cheers]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[stops immediately]* I remember when it all started. At the time I was asleep in my electrified elephant hammock, when through the pigeon hole flew a carrier pigeon. There was something strapped to it's leg - it was a postman.

Postman:

A letter for youuuuuuuuu.

Seagoon:

Thank you.

Postman:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Hurriedly I tore open the letter. Inside was an envelope, with a message that said...

Letter:

[High voice] Report at once to MI5.

Seagoon:

The letter was written in a disguised voice. Hurriedly strapping on a fresh pigeon I flew out of the window...

Grams:

[Bird wings flapping]

Orchestra:

[Harp plays mystic effect]

FX:

[Four rapid knocks on the door]

Grytpype:

Come in.

FX:

[Door handle turned]

Seagoon:

Captain Hairy Seagoon reporting for duty as instructed, sir. I'm ready to die for the flag, bleed for my country, suffer great sufferings, *[dramatically]* and all for England.

Grytpype:

You silly twisted boy, you. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you. *[Aside]* So this was the fabulous Lance-Brigadier Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. I drew up a chair and placed it at the table next to him. Gad, how cunningly he was disguised! Stark naked, save for a souwester, string lawnettes and a pair of identical plimsolls.

Grytpype:

Now, Captain Seagoon...

Seagoon:

Yes yes?

Grytpype:

Please don't do that. Captain, you have been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission.

Seagoon:

Does this mean I've been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission?

Grytpype:

So you guessed, eh? Seagoon, you are to make your way to Hungary via Budapest.

Seagoon:

Will I have to go abroad?

Grytpype:

If all else fails, yes. It's dangerous work.

Seagoon:

I suppose I'll have to take risks?

Grytpype:

Oh yes, and a small pot of tea.

Seagoon:

What does this mean?

Grytpype:

It means you've been chosen to go abroad with a packet of Risks and a small pot of tea

Seagoon:

For what reason?

Grytpype:

Reason? Does there have to be a reason?

Seagoon:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

Grytpype:

Very well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you.

Grytpype:

During the last 18 months you may have noticed that throughout the civilised world, in America, British prestige has fallen very low. Yes?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Grytpype:

And do you know why?

Seagoon:

Yes. I don't know why.

Grytpype:

I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you.

Grytpype:

One thing killed Britain, and that was our defeat by the Hungarian football team.

Seagoon:

Yes.

Grytpype:

I fear those Magyars did for us, lad. Before they play us again we must make absolutely sure they don't win.

Seagoon:

Does this mean sabotage?

Grytpype:

You may well ask that.

Seagoon:

I did ask it, Will.

Grytpype:

I suppose you did. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you.

Grytpype:

This is Operation Explodable Boot. You will make your way to Budapest. Once there you will contact our British agent X.

Seagoon:

X? How do you spell it?

Grytpype:

Eeeeeeeex.

Seagoon:

Thank you. How do I contact him?

Grytpype:

By whistling a highly skilled mysterious secret tune. The moment he hears it he'll hand you a sealed envelope, heavily sealed.

Seagoon:

But the secret tune?

Grytpype:

It goes like this: *[whistles the Hungarian Rhapsody]*

Seagoon:

Wait! That's the Hungarian Rhapsody. What's secret about that?

Grytpype:

Fool! Didn't you notice? I was whistling it in English!

Seagoon:

I know, but there are thousands of Hungarians who can whistle in English fluently.

Grytpype:

How dare they!

Seagoon:

In any case, I can't whistle.

Grytpype:

Curses. We shall have to think about this. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you.

Greenslade:

Ladies and Gentlemen, while Captain Seagoon and the Brigadier are thinking, we, the BBC, would like to entertain you with a smile and a song from that well-known tenor Webster Snogpule.

Snogpule:

Thank you, Ricky Fulton. *[Clears his throat]* I should like to commence my programme with a song that is rapidly climbing to the top of the House guard's parade. That lovely melody that I have just recorded from my latest film, which is now showing north of the river, and is called 'I shine for you alone' by Butoir. Cyril, can I have my music please?

Orchestra:

[Long drawn out grand opening]

Snogpule:

I shineeeeeeee...

Grytpype:

I've got it, Seagoon, I've got it!

FX:

[Telephone rings and door opens]

Odium:

[Speaks incoherently, ends in 'Sir?']

Grytpype:

Odium?

Odium:

Yuuuus?

Grytpype:

Send in our highly skilled mysterious whistling espionage agent

Odium:

[Speaks incoherently again]

Grytpype:

Oh, thank you.

FX:

[Door shuts]

Seagoon:

You mean you'll send a man with me that can do all my highly skilled mysterious secret whistling?

Grytpype:

Exactly.

FX:

[Door opens]

Grytpype:

Ah, Seagoon, this is him, the man who can remember a tune no matter how complicated.

Seagoon:

How do you do?

Eccles:

I'm fine, fine. Yup, I'm fine, fine. Yup, and you?

Seagoon:

I'm very well, thank you *[laughs uncomfortably]*

Eccles:

Uh hum. Uh hum. Yup, yup. Fine. Yup. How's your old dad?

Seagoon:

My old dad?

Eccles:

Yup. How's your old dad?

Seagoon:

My old dad's very well, to be sure *[laughs uncomfortably]*

Eccles:

Good. Good, good, good, good. My old dad's okay too, you know? Yup, yup. My old dad's fine, he's fine. Yup, he's okay. My old dad's okay

Seagoon:

Yes, yes. I'm sure he is *[clears his throat]*

Eccles:

Yup. Your old dad's okay, and my old dad's okay. They're both okay. Both our old dads are okay. They're both okay. Aren't they?

Seagoon:

Yes. Brigadier, this man doesn't look very intelligent.

Eccles:

I heard that, I heard that. Let me tell you, it ain't looks that count, it's what you got up here that matters?

Seagoon:

And what have you got up there?

Eccles:

Nothing. *[Laughs at his own joke]* How's your old dad?

Seagoon:

I don't see what my old dad's health has got to do with you *[Eccles and Neddy argue as they walk away]*

Grytpype:

Max Geldray? Pull up a chair.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

[Musical interlude: 'When you're smiling']

Neddy and Eccles:

[Still arguing]

Grytpype:

Gentlemen, please. Please. I've just been on the phonograph to HQ. You are to collect a new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune direct from our own highly skilled mysterious piano composer. Eccles knows him well.

Seagoon:

How far is it?

Eccles:

Oooh, 63 miles.

Seagoon:

Let's go.

Grams:

[Two wooshes]

Eccles:

[Panting] This is the house. I shall now give the secret knock, that only he and I know.

FX:

[Three knocks on wood, repeated on other side of door]

Eccles:

That's him,

FX:

[Two knocks, repeated on other side, three knocks, repeated on other side, one knock, repeated on other side, four knocks, repeated on other side, five knocks, repeated on other side, knocks da-da-dada-da, da-da reply on other side]

Crun:

Who is it, ey? Who is it?

Seagoon:

Open this door at once or we break it down, so Heaven help me as I live and breathe!

Crun:

How ever did you get a name like that?

Seagoon:

I have influence.

Eccles:

Open up, Mr. Crun, it's me, Eccles!

Crun:

Oh Eccles, it's me, Mr. Crun!

Eccles:

Oh Mr. Crun, it's me, Eccles!

Crun:

Oh, Mr. Eccles.

Eccles:

Yeah!

Crun:

Well well well!

Seagoon:

You idiots!

Eccles:

We're idiots, yeah.

Seagoon:

Mr. Crun, sir, open this door at once!

Crun:

I can't, it's locked, and the key's lost.

Seagoon:

Curse, the door's locked.

Crun:

Try the window that's open.

Seagoon:

Right.

FX:

[Tries to open a locked wooden window frame]

Seagoon:

Oh curse! The window's locked as well.

Crun:

It's open.

Seagoon:

It's locked. Come out and see for yourself!

Crun:

I will.

FX:

[Door opened and shut]

Crun:

Now, let me try it.

FX:

[Tries to open a locked wooden window frame]

Crun:

[Struggles] You're right, you know, the window is locked. What a state of affairs, the window and the door.

Eccles:

Oh, I'll go inside and open it.

Seagoon:

Bravo!

Eccles:

Okay.

FX:

[Door opened and shut]

Eccles:

[From inside] Hello, Mr. Crun? It's no good, the window's locked from the inside as well.

Seagoon:

There's a fine how do you do!

Crun:

Where?

Seagoon:

Are you sure you can't find the key to the door?

Crun:

My dear military gentleman, come inside and look for yourself.

Seagoon:

Right. Lead on!

FX:

[Door opened and shut]

Crun:

Now, it used to hang on the nail behind this door.

Seagoon:

Well, it's certainly not there. Looks as if we're locked out.

FX:

[Three knocks on door]

Crun:

Who's there?

Eccles:

It's me, Eccles. I got the window open! If you come out you can crawl in through it

Crun:

We can't come out, the door's locked and we've lost the key.

Eccles:

Oooh, can I come in and help look for it?

FX:

[Door opens]

Crun:

Of course, come in.

FX:

[Door shuts]

Eccles:

Thank you.

Crun:

Now let me see. Aughhh! Eureka! Symphavidalis! I found it! It was in my pocket all the time!

Seagoon:

Good show.

FX:

[Key being turned in lock]

Crun:

Now, I'll just unlock the door and let them in.

FX:

[Door opened]

Crun:

Good heavens! All that trouble for nothing!

Seagoon:

Why?

Crun:

There's nobody out here!

Seagoon:

The fools must have got impatient and run away.

Crun:

Well, never mind about them, what about you? You've come for the new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune, haven't you?

Seagoon:

Exactly. You must teach it to Eccles.

Crun:

Good, good. Now Eccles, have you ever heard this tune before?

Eccles:

No.

Crun:

What do you men 'no', I haven't sung it yet?!

Eccles:

Oooh, so that's why I haven't heard it *[laughs]*

Crun:

Now listen.

Eccles:

Yup.

Crun:

[Whistles the secret tune] Got that Eccles?

Eccles:

How did that go again?

Crun:

[Repeats same secret tune]

FX:

[Pop]

Crun:

Did you see where they went?

Eccles:

What?

Crun:

My teeth!

Grams:

[Siren, then bagpipes, then explosion, then clucking chicken]

Crun:

Answer that phone!

Seagoon:

Hello? Yes, right. Crun, we've got to find Hungary at once

Crun:

But I haven't taught Eccles the tune!

Seagoon:

You'll have to come with us.

Crun:

Ummm, *[shouting]* Minnie!

Minnie Bannister:

[Unintelligible mnk's at a distance]

Crun:

Minnie!

Minnie Bannister:

What is it Henry?

Crun:

I'm going to Hungary, Minnie.

Minnie Bannister:

I'll leave your dinner in the oven.

Crun:

Minnie!

Seagoon:

Come, men, to horse, giddup!

FX:

[Horse hooves running, Crun crying, Neddy shouting as they go]

Gryttype:

Captain, Captain Seagoon!

Seagoon:

What? What, what what?

Gryttype:

Tell me, is it very far to Hungary?

Seagoon:

Yes!

Grytpype:

Then why do we keep galloping round and round this blasted room?

Seagoon:

I'm waiting for someone to open the door!

Seagoon:

Ellington!

Ellington:

Yes!

Neddy and Crun:

Open the door!

Ray Ellington and Quartet:

[Musical interlude: 'ABC's with rhythm and ease']

Orchestra:

[Dick Barton suspense theme tune]

BBC Announcer:

[Dramatically] The Whistling Spy Enigma, part Two. Seagoon and party are on their way to Hungary to contact the British agent there by whistling the highly mysterious secret tune *[whistles rapidly]*. Once there they are to sabotage the Hungarian football team. Seagoon's first contact was to be the British Ambassador.

Orchestra:

[Bloodnok theme tune]

Bloodnok:

Ha-ha! Arrr, ooh, thud me fneficks and fetch my fungs, and other time filling in phrases.

Seagoon:

Major Dennis Bloodnok?

Bloodnok:

The same. Who are you sir? *[Secret whistle whistled]* Very interesting, but who the blazes are you?

Seagoon:

My card!

Bloodnok:

It's blank.

Seagoon:

I know, I'm keeping my identity a secret. But I'll tell you my name.

Bloodnok:

Glad to hear it Captain Seagoon, pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you. Yes, it's been quite a journey. It's no fun hiding under a third class railway seat.

Bloodnok:

You've been hiding under a - The disgrace! You know very well we British only hide under first class seats!

Seagoon:

Yes, but I was trying to save money.

Bloodnok:

I understand. Pull up a chair.

Seagoon:

Thank you. Major...

Bloodnok:

Ah.

Seagoon:

...I have been shadowed here by the Hungarian highly skilled mysterious secret anti-whistling police.

Bloodnok:

Horrors!

Seagoon:

Yes, I'd like to spend the week here if possible. What do you say?

Bloodnok:

Twelve and six a day, food extra.

Seagoon:

Your charging me, an Englishman, to stay at the British Embassy?

Bloodnok:

It's the holiday season. They charge twice as much at Blackpool.

Seagoon:

I'm not here on holiday, I'm here on a dangerous mission.

Bloodnok:

You mean you might get killed?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bloodnok:

Oh well, that's different. Well, under the circumstances, I must ask for the rent in advance.

Seagoon:

I've never been so insulted in all my life!

Bloodnok:

Come now, with a face like that? You must have been!

Seagoon:

By St. George, you drive me hard, sir, I'll knock you down, I'll... Shhhh!

FX:

[Footsteps coming up stairs]

Seagoon:

Can you hear those highly skilled mysterious footsteps coming up the highly skilled mysterious stairs?

Bloodnok:

No.

Seagoon:

Neither can I.

Bloodnok:

Well we'd better start hearing them soon or it'll be too late!

Seagoon:

Your absolutely right. It must be a highly skilled mysterious enemy!

Bloodnok:

Of course. The moment he enters the room strike him down with something.

Seagoon:

Right. Hand me that piano.

Bloodnok:

That's no good, it's out of tune.

Seagoon:

Curse, never mind. Hand me that 600 foot factory chimney in the corner!

Bloodnok:

No, no, not that, it's my last one! Don't touch! *[Hears secret whistling tune]*

Seagoon:

Shh, shh. The highly skilled whistling tune. It must be the noble Eccles.

Bloodnok:

Hoozah!

FX:

[Door opened suddenly]

Moriarty:

Ah, Captain Seagoon. Hands up!

Bloodnok:

Oooh!

Moriarty:

Who are you?

Bloodnok:

Mother Brown!

Moriarty:

Knees up!

Bloodnok:

Graze me crungles, it's Villion De La Prickon Moriarty nee Smith, head of that dreaded highly skilled mysterious anti-whistling Hungarian counter espionage agents!

Moriarty:

Well said!

Bloodnok:

Thank you!

Moriarty:

Now, what is the highly skilled mysterious whistling tune? I must know!

Seagoon:

I won't tell!

Moriarty:

Ahhh, I warn you! I will count up to a highly skilled 40,000 and then I'll shoot!

Seagoon:

40,000?

Moriarty:

Yes, I've to go home for my gun.

Seagoon:

[Aside] When I saw that he was a dwarf I was all for attacking him straight away, but Bloodnok stopped me.

Bloodnok:

No, wait 'til he gets older.

Seagoon:

Finally, on his ninety-third birthday, we sprang.

Grams:

[Struggle, cast shouts as well]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[Stops immediately, Neddy pants]* Right, let's go!

Grams:

[Struggle resumes]

Webster Snogpule:

[Over struggle] Ladies and gentlemen, while Major Bloodnok and Captain Seagoon are so valiantly fighting for their country, I would like to sing that beautiful song, 'I Shine For You Alone', can I have my music please?

Orchestra:

[Long drawn out grand opening]

Webster Snogpule:

I shineeee for you aloneeee, and my arms...

FX:

[Gunshot]

Webster Snogpule:

Ahhh!

Seagoon:

[Still over struggle] Finally we battled with Moriarty, but in the darkness we grappled for three hours, oooh!

FX:

[Telephone rings, and is picked up]

Seagoon:

Stop! *[struggle stops immediately]* Hello?

Moriarty:

[On other end] Seagoon?

Seagoon:

Yes?

Moriarty:

Moriarty. I just thought I'd tell you I've been home for the last two hours *[phone put down]*.

Seagoon:

What? Then who's this we've been battering on the bonce?

Eccles:

I've been wondering when you were going to ask that.

Seagoon:

Eccles, my poor, poor Eccles!

Eccles:

How do you recognise me?

Seagoon:

Who else wears a reconditioned head?

Eccles:

I've been looking everywhere for you. For the last ten days I've been up the main street whistling the secret tune.

Seagoon:

Any contacts?

Eccles:

Yeah, two ladies took me home *[laughs]*

Seagoon:

Time's running out, I wonder who the secret highly skilled mysterious British agent is. Try whistling it once more.

Eccles:

Okay. *[Whistle secret tune]*

Seagoon:

Shh. Shh. What luck! There's someone answering the call!

Lew:

[Heavy Jewish accent] You the one who's been doing all the whistling?

Eccles:

Yeah.

Lew:

For Lord's sake turn it up, we're trying to get some kip upstairs.

Seagoon:

Curse! Where the devil can the the highly skilled British agent be? *[Silence]* Where can the mysterious British agent be? *[Coughs, then shouts]* Where can the mysterious deaf British agent...

Bluebottle:

I heard you call me, my highly skilled mysterious cap-i-tain. Sorry I didn't hear you first time, but my Dan Dare super cut-out cardboard radio receiver failed at a crucial moment. Moves upstage, strikes heroic pose, but unstrikes it when trousers fall down. Hee-Hee. Your turn.

Seagoon:

Tell me, who are you, you dirty-nosed Goon?

Eccles:

Well I'm Eccles, I told you that...

Seagoon:

Not you! You!

Bluebottle:

I am secret agent Bluebottle. Strikes mystery pose in army surplus night-shirt covered in egg stains. See, I will now show my nordic features. Whips off false beard, false ear 'oles and dirty big cardboard nose. Olé!

Seagoon:

But you look exactly the same without them!

Bluebottle:

I know, I was disguised as myself! Hee-Hee! I have made a little jokules! Hee-Hee! Waits for audience applause, not a sausinge.

Seagoon:

Tell me, little stringy chinless agent, what are the secret orders?

Bluebottle:

You are to follow me to the football stadium. There we are to insert the dreaded dynamite into the football boots of every Hunjarian player. And, when they kick the ball, aieeee-hey-hey!

Seagoon:

Aieeee-hey-hey! So that's the plan. Right, lead on.

Omnes:

[Singing] Give me some men, some stout hearted men, who will fight

FX:

[Door opened violently]

Seagoon:

In here, lads. This is their changing room. Now, those must be their boots. Now, insert the dynamite in the toecaps.

Bluebottle:

Right, here Eccles. Hold these three red sticks of dynamite.

Eccles:

Wait a moment, one of them is a stick of Blackpool Rock.

Bluebottle:

Oooh! Are you sure, Eccles?

Eccles:

Of course I'm sure. Just a minute. *[Tastes it, swallows]*

Grams:

[Explosion]

Eccles:

Of course I could be wrong, ho ho!

Bluebottle:

Hee-Hee. look at Old Eccles. He has blown all his toothy pegs out of his mouth. Hee-Hee. What a funny! Hee-Hee -

Grams:

[Explosion]

Bluebottle:

You rotten swine, you, Eccles. You rotten swine, you! While I was laughing you dropped a stick of dynamite down my trousers! Oh, I'm expos-ed. Expos-ed to the elements. Aiiigh! Moves left, places scout hat over shattered area, continues with the play.

Seagoon:

Are you both all right?

Eccles:

Yup!

Seagoon:

Curse! Ah, never mind. I've fixed their boots. Now, back to the Embassy!

Grams:

[Two whooshes]

FX:

[Door being shut]

Seagoon:

Ah, Bloodnok. Switch on the radio, quick.

Bloodnok:

Right, the match has just started.

Eccles:

Goodie goodie goodie.

Grams:

[Football crowd atmosphere]

Sports Commentator:

And the teams are just coming on to the field now, Hungary versus England.

Seagoon:

Ha-Ha. This is the end of the Hungarians, lads!

Sports Commentator:

The match was nearly called off because the British team forgot their football boots, but the Hungarians sportingly gave them theirs.

Seagoon and Eccles:

No, No! Stop the match! Stop! No!

Orchestra:

[Theme tune starts]

Bluebottle:

Noooo! Stop it! Stop the tune! I say, is that the end of the game?

Seagoon:

Yes, you little shattered unit.

Bluebottle:

Ooh, that was a rotten game! I don't like playing that game!

Bluebottle, Neddy and Eccles:

[Argue]

Bluebottle:

I'll get you for that at playtime Eccles!

Orchestra:

[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. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

Orchestra:

[Closing tune]