

S5 E02 - The Lost Gold Mine (Of Charlotte)

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GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

BELL TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Hello? Hello?

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Is that Mayfair 36547890027111 extension 53291?

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Sorry, wrong number.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed. It's the highly esteemed Goon Show.

GRAMS:

FUNERAL LIKE MARCH, WITH WAILING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Everyone back to their own beds. Maestro? Mood music.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlepong, the Goons, in direct conflict with the British Arts council, present number 23 in their series of six: Crimes my mother taught me. This week, for one month only, we give you...

ORCHESTRA:

LINK CHORD

THROAT:

Death in the Desert.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER CHORD

GREENSLADE:

The lost gold mine was alleged to have been found by a hybrid lunatic French French miner andre Charlotte, who died without telling where it was. Rain on the coast, fog patches, Harry Seagoon follows in a few moments.

SEAGOON:

(SINISTER LAUGH) Ah-ha ha ha ha hu hu hu... I knew where the lost gold mine was. You see, Charlotte left behind a map. A map I happened to find in an ordinary tin of meat loaf salad. Obtainable from all good grocers with the aid of money.

MILLIGAN:

(CHANTING MONK TYPE VOICE) That was the voice of young Neddie Seagoon, who even now is bound for the Americas, with the treasure map in his ankle pocket.

GRAMS:

WAVES LAPPING, SEAGULLS CALLING

GRYTPYPE:

I met Neddie Seagoon onboard my ship, the SS Filthmuck. Registered at Lloyds as a dustbin.

SEAGOON:

Yes, as it was a cattle boat I disguised myself as a steer and travelled steerage. Hahahaha. Travelled steerage, huha, ahem (CLEARs THROAT).

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, there, ship-mate.

SEAGOON:

I turned to meet the owner of the voice.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, Captain of this noble ship.

SEAGOON:

I wondered why you wore three lifeboats. By the way, I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

A terrible disease.

SEAGOON:

I'm on my way to America.

GRYTPYPE:

What a coincidence, so is the ship.

SEAGOON:

Really? I'm glad I came. Shall we dance?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. I tell you what, though.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please – don't do that.

SEAGOON:

Sorry.

GRYTPYPE:

What are you doing during the voyage?

SEAGOON:

I'm stopping on board the ship.

GRYTPYPE:

Cleaver lad. Ah, listen, tonight I'm having a small card party in my cabin.

SEAGOON:

I love playing with small cards.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm. Ahoy, there, matey. See you at 17 and a half quarter bells.

SEAGOON:

Oh, first class. I do hope you like cribbage... (CONVERSATION FADES INTO NOISE OF GULLS)

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

ORCHESTRA:

HARP UP AND DOWN SCALE

FX:

GROANING AND STRETCHING OF SHIP OVER:

MORIARTY:

Haha. So I said “Who are you?” and he said, “Mother Brown”, so I said “Knees up!”.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, really.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie, little Neddie. Come in, matey.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, matey.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, this is Count Moriarty, the famous French Morris dancer.

SEAGOON:

Oh, how do you do?

MORIARTY:

C'est si bon.

SEAGOON:

Pas de of Calais.

MORIARTY:

Eiffel tower.

SEAGOON:

Un deux trois quatre cinq six allez oops olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid Neddie, splendid. Who said Latin was a dead language?

SEAGOON:

Fred.

GRYTPYPE:

Who's Fred?

SEAGOON:

He's the man who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

MORIARTY:

Please. Now messieurs, what shall we play?

FX:

FLICK OF PACK OF CARDS AS SHUFFLED OVER...

SEAGOON:

Pontoon? Ha'Penny a time, what do you say?

GRYTPYPE:

I say Gin-Rummy, ten pounds a point.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) I'm sorry I haven't much money on me.

MORIARTY:

Oh, don't worry, we'll take an IOU.

SEAGOON:

I haven't any IOUs either, huh hu. (NERVOUS LAUGH)

GRYTPYPE:

Well, don't bother, we'll lend you one.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Let's play.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Pomme de terre.

SEAGOON:

Chateau d'If.

GRYTPYPE:

Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you remember? He's the man who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

MORIARTY:

Please, gentlemen, place your bets, pick up your cards.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Lets see what kind of a hand I've got. Mm-hmm. Four fingers and one thumb.

MORIARTY:

The fool. Little does he know that I can see all his cards in the mirror behind him.

SEAGOON:

Little does he know I heard him say that. So I'm turning my cards round so he can only see the backs in the mirror.

MORIARTY:

Curse, he's ruined my jape.

SEAGOON:

Right gents, I'll go thruppence on this. There's my hand - four aces.

GRYTPYPE:

Sorry, Secombe, I've got five. There... thruppence, please.

SEAGOON:

Well, hahaha, that's cleared me out. Well, here's my IOU for...

FX:

SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

...three pence. Thank you for everything. Goodnight!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Sacre bleu. You said he had money.

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, dear Moriarty. Look what he's written his IOU on.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bompetto. A treasure map!

GRYTPYPE:

Yeessss. This is the map of Andre Charlotte's mine. So...

FX:

GREAT TEARING SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

There... half for you, half for me. Now we can't twist each other, eh? Partner?

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha. But wait, as soon as we reach America, we must make for the lost gold mine...

GRYTPYPE:

Mmmm.

MORIARTY:

...and then, heh heh heh heh heh, Gold!

GRYTPYPE:

Gold!

MORIARTY:

Gold!

GRAMS:

BOTH LAUGHING TOGETHER, SPEEDING UP TO WOODY WOODPECKER SPEED

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD ALL OVER THE PLACE THEN NAUTICAL THEME, ENDING WITH HORN/TRUMPET

SEAGOON:

When we docked in New Orleans, I'd not discovered the loss of the map which I so foolishly had written the IOU on. Finally I decided to discover the loss of the map. This I did by suddenly discovering that I had lost the map. Not only had I lost it, but it was gone! Absolutely gone! Uh, the card game, of course! Moriarty and the Captain. I must follow them. Setting fire to my boot, I set off, hot foot. Accompanied by that great Fred-Indian mouth organist, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

SOMBER LINK

MILLIGAN:

(CHANTING MONK TYPE VOICE) Ohhh... Following Count Moriarty and Captain Hercules Grytpype-Thynne led Neddie Seagoon to the deserted mining village of San Ferry Anne, deep in the heart of Arizona desert. There he sought shelter for the night and himself...

FX:

BANGING ON DESK BELL CONTINUOUSLY UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Anybody in? Service! Service for a weary traveller? A weary traveller who has come many miles across the ocean, tired and worn. Is there no one who will answer the bell to this tired and weary traveller?

FX:

RINGING STOPS

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'm coming buddy! I'm coming buddy!

FX:

CLOMPING SLOWLY DOWN STAIRS CONTINUES UNDER NEXT THREE LINES:

SEAGOON:

Right glad am I to hear the sound of a human voice.

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'm coming buddy, don't get excited. Oh, dear, dear, dear. (ON MIC) Oh, why do they make these stairs so long, I don't know. Ahhh... mmm... I'm coming buddy. (OUT OF BREATH) Ohh, dear, dear. (BREATHING HEAVILY) Mnk... oh, dear... mnk... are you Hairy Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Round here, buddy.

SEAGOON:

About time, too, buddy.

MINNIE:

You must have patience, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Patience? I've been ringing for three days!

MINNIE:

I know, it's been keeping me awake at night. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. Now, what do you want, buddy?

SEAGOON:

A bed for the night.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Are you full up?

MINNIE:

Yes, I've just had my dinner. I'll see if I can get a bed for you. Just wait here, buddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED. PISTOL SHOT, SCREAM OF AGONY. DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

Room for one, buddy. Oh... Oh, dear. I'll get the boy to carry your bags. (CALLS) Boyyyyyyyy! Boyyyyyyyyyy! Come on, yukuyoy yukaboy. Boy! Henry! Henry boy!

CRUN:

(OFF) I'm coming, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Come on.

FX:

CLOMPING DOWN STAIRS CONTINUES UNDER:

MINNIE:

Come on, boy. He's coming.

CRUN:

(OFF) I'm coming.

MINNIE:

Come on, buddy, the man wants his... wants his bags... things taken. Come on now.

CRUN:

Now sir, where are your bags?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got any.

MINNIE:

Off you go, buddy!

CRUN:

I...

FX:

CLOMPING ON STAIRS

MINNIE:

Goodbye, buddy. Goodbye, I'll see you again...

ORCHESTRA:

'LATER' CHORD

GREENSLADE:

That night, in the dusty bedroom, Neddie Seagoon sat brooding.

SEAGOON:

(BROODY CHICKEN, CLUCKING, ETC. NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

I say... I say, you midget. Can't you stop that naughty chicken noise?

SEAGOON:

How dare you interfere with a Ronnie Ranal gold medallist! Who are you, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok's the name, Major Dennis Bloodnok. I'm prospecting for gold.

SEAGOON:

Oh, are you a miner?

BLOODNOK:

No, I'm 62. Oh, I see. Miner, yes. Yes, why?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm a bit of a miner.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Which bit are you?

SEAGOON:

The head and the body.

BLOODNOK:

How badly they fit.

SEAGOON:

Touche or, to coin a phrase, putch.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Do you know, for a moment I thought you were Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

BLOODNOK:

He's the fella who said 'Latin was a dead language'.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I'm not him, I'm Ned Seagoon.

FX:

PENNY IN PLATE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm here to look for the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ho, ho, you... you poor blind fool. There's no such place, it's all a fable. Only an idiot would believe in it.

SEAGOON:

I have a map of its location.

BLOODNOK:

I've always believed in the lost gold mine, always. Now, where's the map?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got it.

BLOODNOK:

There's no such place, I tell you, it's a fable, only an idiot would believe in it.

SEAGOON:

I know where the map is, buddy.

BLOODNOK:

I've always believed in it, buddy, always. Who's got the map?

SEAGOON:

Two crooks, Count Moriarty and Captain Grytpype-Thynne.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, rea- ohh, ohh de ohh...

SEAGOON:

You know them?

BLOODNOK:

Know them? Was one called Count Moriarty?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

And the other Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Great crongolers of steaming thund! They went through this town just three hours ago.

SEAGOON:

What? If we hurry we can catch them up. Come on!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

ORCHESTRA:

CHASE MUSIC, FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC BEATS - BONG, BONG, BONG ON LARGE DRUM

FX:

TRUDGE OF FEET ON GRAVEL UNDER:

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Hellpp! Au secours... duet... hellpp...!

BLOODNOK:

Either that man's a snob or he's a foreigner.

SEAGOON:

No, Bloodnok, it's Count Moriarty buried up to his neck in the sand.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! For a moment I thought it was petite George Wood.

MORIARTY:

Help me, pleeeeeeease hellllppp.

SEAGOON:

So! We meet again. Face to foot.

MORIARTY:

That... that swine Grytpype-Thynne, he tied me up, slapped me in chains, buried me up to my neck in the sand when I wasn't looking.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to leave you to die.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no, Seagoon, the man might be attacked by soaking wet elephants.

SEAGOON:

What!? The nearest elephants are across the Atlantic!

BLOODNOK:

How do you think they get soaking wet?

SEAGOON:

Very well, pull him out.

SEAGOON & BLOODNOK:

(STRAINING NOISES FROM BOTH)

FX:

POP

MORIARTY:

Oh, oh, merci, merci. Now, I will make a deal with you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

MORIARTY:

You see, I still have half the treasure map.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

FX:

UNFOLDING PARCHMENT

SEAGOON:

He's telling the truth. Half the map and the half that matters. It's the last mile that leads the gold mine. That means Grytpype-Thynne can only get half way!

BLOODNOK:

Give me that map.

FX:

TEARING SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

There - half each. Now we're partners.

SEAGOON:

Right! Now, which way did Grytpype-Thynne go?

MORIARTY:

Aha, ha, haaaa. I will tell you *if*... If you each give me a portion of the map.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Very well, there.

FX:

TEARING

BLOODNOK:

And there's my bit.

FX:

TEARING

(ALL THREE TALKING AT THE SAME TIME, FADING)

MORIARTY:

Merci, Now I'll tell you what we'll do...

SEAGOON:

Take care of that because it's a very important thing to have...

BLOODNOK:

Yeh, I must ma...

GREENSLADE:

So that listeners are not confused by the number of map portions now in existence, here's an exact tally of the present distribution. Captain Hercules Grytpype-Thynne: one half. Major Bloodnok: one quarter less one eighth given to Count Moriarty. Neddie Seagoon: one quarter less one eighth given to Moriarty. Moriarty: one quarter. Henry Crun: nil.

MILLIGAN:

(SING SONG) Meantime, ten miles ahead in the blistering desert, Grytpype-Thynne plods the weary desert and makes a discovery....

FX:

TRUDGING IN SAND NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what a fool I am. This half of the map only leads me up to this point. Dash it. Lost in this desert and five hundred miles from the nearest human being.

ECCLES:

Pardon me! Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Letter for you.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, let me see.

FX:

TEARING OPEN OF ENVELOPE

GRYTPYPE:

"Dear sir, please give the bearer of this letter a glass of water." Who wrote this?

ECCLES:

I did. I'm thirsty, hah ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh, where do you come from?

ECCLES:

Me? I'm mad Dan Eccles and I live in the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Wait, if you... if you live there...

ECCLES:

Hu ho.

GRYTPYPE:

...how is it that you've never taken the gold back to town and cashed in on it?

ECCLES:

Well, I don't know my way back to the town. I... I only know my way... from the mine... to... here.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I have a map that leads from here... to the town.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh. Here, I'm no fool, here! If... if you give me a bit of the map, I'll show you the wayyy...
tooooo... the mine!

GRYTPYPE:

Righty ho, matey.

FX:

TEARING

GRYTPYPE:

There, half each, eh? Partner? Heh heh heh heh heh...

ECCLES:

Partner? Ahoho, partner he says. This is fun! Hohohum! My partner.

GRYTPYPE:

(QUIETLY) Now.. er...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

GRYTPYPE:

No one must know the location.

ECCLES:

No, no, no.

GRYTPYPE:

If they do...

ECCLES:

Yup?

GRYTPYPE:

...we must kill them.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Kill them?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Remember, dead men tell no tales.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? What about Vic Oliver? That's a joke. Ha ho ho! That was a joke!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Little does this poor goon know that the moment he shows me the gold mine, it's curtains for him.

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that I've already got some curtains.

GRYTPYPE:

Right...

ECCLES:

Yup.

GRYTPYPE:

You won that one.

ECCLES:

Yup.

GRYTPYPE:

Lead on, partner.

ECCLES:

Ohh, partner! Here, you tell me, this is fun, do you come here often?

GRYTPYPE:

Only during the eclipse of the sun.

ECCLES:

Oh, good, good. And how's your old dad?

GRYTPYPE:

He hasn't written since he died.

ECCLES:

Oh, I hope he's isn't ill.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime from the compost heap of a wealth Hittite dustman, we hear the sound of Ray Ellington and his Quartet of four.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

LINKING CHORDS

FX:

TRUDGING THROUGH SAND UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

(PANTING) I say Seagoon, any signs of Captain Grytpype-Thynne yet?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, then leave me, lads, I'm done for.

SEAGOON:

Oh, no.

BLOODNOK:

Just leave me here to die in peace with me home perm kit and one copy of the dreadful disclosures of Mariah Monk.

SEAGOON:

Very well, Bloodnok. If you die I'll leave you this shovel to bury yourself with.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Come on, Moriarty. This is a grim business. Exits left, wearily.

FX:

TRUDGING NOISES STOP

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, there they go.

GRAMS:

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" ON VIOLIN UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Leaving old Bloodnok to die in the desert. I don't want to die, I'm too old for that. Still, here I am alone in the desert, alone save for the sand, the cactus and that Red-Indian who insists on playing that blasted violin!

CHIEF:

[SECOMBE]

Me, Chief Worriguts. Me only play music to heighten effect. In all Hollywood western film, when John Wayne die in desert, music always play in background. Me like. Now me always carry violin in case.

BLOODNOK:

Wait. (ASIDE) This Indian goon might save the day. Tell me, Chief Worriguts, are you strong man?

CHIEF:

Me, heap strong. Me always eat wheat postie for breakfast. All men of distinction eat wheat postie.

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Of course!

CHIEF:

Ohum.

BLOODNOK:

Listen.

CHIEF:

Umh?

BLOODNOK:

If you carry me on back...

CHIEF:

Um?

BLOODNOK:

...and catch up with my friends, me give you bit of treasure map.

FX:

TEARING

CHIEF:

Oh, dum, oh, dum.

BLOODNOK:

There.

CHIEF:

Ah, aaah! Get-um up on back!

BLOODNOK:

Right. Ho, ooh, ho, ho! These feathers, oh, ho ho...

CHIEF:

Now, me got piece of treasure map. From now on, me in story. Me got um speaking part!

BLOODNOK:

Gid-up there.

CHIEF:

(NEIGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Present map holdings. Captain Grytpype-Thynne: one fourth. Mad Dan Eccles: one fourth. Count Moriarty: one fourth. Neddie Seagoon: one eighth. Major Bloodnok: one sixteenth. Chief Worriguts: one sixteenth. Henry Crun: nil.

SEAGOON:

Fifty miles further on, Moriarty and I made a discovery....

MORIARTY:

Saprisiti Bombets, look! At this juncture, Grytpype-Thynne's footsteps are joined by another set.

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's grown another pair of legs.

MORIARTY:

Or... he's met somebody else.

SEAGOON:

(DOUBTFULLY) That is a second possibility.

MORIARTY:

Yes. See, they move around the cactus bush six paces.

SEAGOON:

That's right.

MORIARTY:

Then forward ten paces over here.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

And in a straight line twenty paces. What can they have been doing?

SEAGOON:

The fox-trot!

MORIARTY:

Curses, they're too fast for us.

SEAGOON:

Yes, our only chance would be the quick step.

MORIARTY:

I'm sorry, I can only tango.

SEAGOON:

Curse. Is there no one who can help us?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my capi-tan. I heard you call me. Springs from behind cactus bush, pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. Moves left.

SEAGOON:

Speak, little stringy wreck! Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am junior desert ranger Bluebottle. Gives secret sign known only to East Acton boys club. Wipe nose on handkerchief made from tail of dad's shirt.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what simmering power lies behind those wide, muscular ears.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Great mysterious powers! I can live for days in the desert on nothing but food and water! Takes quick bite on liquorice stick for added strength.

SEAGOON:

Tell us little heavily pimpled ranger. Have you seen a naval man pass this way?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeeeeess, yee-ess... Notice long dramatic pause before giving answer.

SEAGOON:

Listen, do you know anything about the lost gold mine?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's lost! Hah ha, hu ha hey! I made a little jokules, he heh he. Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage, again. Does 'I don't care' pose.

SEAGOON:

Friendly little nut. Could you lead us to the sea-faring man?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, but at a price. I want to have portions of the map.

SEAGOON:

Very well here's a bit of mine.

FX:

TEARING

MORIARTY:

And here is a bit of mine.

FX:

TEARING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho hoy oy. I am drunk with the power of the map portions. These will guarantee me untold riches, even wealth. I shall have my own toothbrush, my own tooth, and a ball pointed pen with a real pointed ball, ah hi! Oh, regains decorum. OK, follow me. Spits like cowboy but dribbles down shirt. Forward laddies, farewell.

ORCHESTRA:

“YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, YOU'RE NOT BEHIND A PLOW” THEN DRAMATIC SOMBRE CHORDS.
BONG, BONG, BONG...

GRYTPYPE:

Listen Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yup? Yup? Yup?

GRYTPYPE:

We've been walking for days. How much further is it?

ECCLES:

Oh, a mile, two, three. All depends on the distance you know.

GRYTPYPE:

What've you stopped for?

ECCLES:

Well, I think I'll have a swim in my old marble swimming pool. Jeeves?

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fool, the heat's got him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

JEEVES:

[SECOMBE]

You called, sir?

ECCLES:

Yeh, just hold my clothes.

JEEVES:

Right.

ECCLES:

Hup!

FX:

MIGHTY SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, no, arghhhhh..!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Ooooh, he shot himself. Hey. Hey. You dead? You. You with the big hole in your nut, you dead? Ohh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Mad Dan Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up.

ECCLES:

Yep, yep yep yep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have caught up with you at last! Do not move, these guns are real cardboard. Now my capi-tan question him, I will keep you covered. Ha hi ha hee. Hides behind dirty big rock in case of trouble.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan, where's the lost gold mine of Charlotte?

ECCLES:

Behind that big pile of rocks.

SEAGOON:

Oh, heavens, we'll never be able to shift that lot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not fear my capi-tan, I have here three sticks of highly explosive dynamite.

SEAGOON:

Right, insert them under the rocks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall do it, I shall! This is a good game, I like this game.

ECCLES:

It is a good game isn't it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I play with you tomorrow?

ECCLES:

Yah, yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I only live across the street.

ECCLES:

Oh, so do I.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What school do you go to?

ECCLES:

You've got a sister?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've got a pet rabbit in my garden.

ECCLES:

Have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I like this game.

ECCLES:

I've got a dog, too.

SEAGOON:

Don't waste time you fools!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, den we...

SEAGOON:

Too work with the dynamite!

GREENSLADE:

Listeners may be wondering what has become of Count Moriarty. The truth is he *was* suddenly attacked by a soaking wet elephant.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, have you got the dynamite in place?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Yes, it is all in place, now.

SEAGOON:

Right. Eccles, press the plunger.

ECCLES:

OK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Oh! Wait a minute, I've got it...

FX:

EXPLOSION, LONG DRAWN OUT FALL OF DEBRIS

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you! Arrgh arggh ho! You have deaded me! Oh, you swines! Look what you have done to my new Alan Ladd-type sports shirt. I'm gonna tell my dad on you, my dad's a blacksmith. Ah, hi. Exits left with shattered bonce, crepe hair and loose feet.

SEAGOON:

In a flash I was inside the lost gold mine of Charlotte.

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Ohh! Well, well, well, well, well...

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Is... is this really the lost gold mine of Charlotte?

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Ah, ho.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) But... but there's no gold!

ECCLES:

(ECHOEY) Welllll, that's-yah-lotte! Ha ha ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no! No! You can't do this to me, no...

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon show, 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 programme produced by Peter Eton.