

S5 E23 - The Six Ingots Of Leadenhall Street

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Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear.

GREENSLADE:

This *is* Wallace Greenslade speaking with a few handy hints for new radio listeners. If at any time during the following half hour you should hear this sound...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

GREENSLADE:

It means that someone has opened a door. And should you hear this...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

SECOMBE:

(WHINY VOICE) Hello.

GREENSLADE:

It means the picture we're trying to convey is that someone has entered the room and...

SECOMBE:

Good-bye!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GREENSLADE:

This not only means that he has left, but is also the signal for applause. And now for a rather tricky one:

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SECOMBE:

Oh, I'm dead!

GREENSLADE:

You get the idea? The man was obviously shot but not, as he proclaimed, dead. We are, unfortunately, not allowed to do this and whenever possible we aim for the legs.

SEAGOON:

So out with your short cans and take the aim, there. It's time for the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Stoop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Thank you. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Unscrew those astrakhan corsets and give them the old posh chat, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Lindies and joggelpicks, tonight the Goons present 'The Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street'.

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK – DRAGNET THEME

SELLERS:

Last night, during the hours of March the 10th and Friday, one of the cleverest robberies in the history of crime was carried out in the Bank of England. Among the missing articles were six gold bars, the manager and his assistant.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK; DREAMY HARP MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) April in Pariis, chestnuts in blossom. (NORMAL) Ah! That was wonderful, Grytpype. Beautiful grapefruit. Seven lovely golden eggs. Delicious crisp bacon. The type we had before the war.

MORIARTY:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

Then there was that toast, wonderful! And that exquuuisite cask of coffee.

GRYTPYPE:

Why can't you wait? We shall be having breakfast in a moment.

MORIARTY:

I never eat breakfast.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, try some food. By the way, Moriarty, have you seen the newspaper?

MORIARTY:

Yes. I saw it last week, I think.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, with my usual contempt for money, I bought a new one this morning.

MORIARTY:

But why? We still have two pages of the old one left!

GRYTPYPE:

As an ex-bank manager I must keep abreast of the times, you understand.

MORIARTY:

What new trickery is this?

GRYTPYPE:

And according to this paper, it credits us with having taken six bars of gold. *You* told me you'd only managed to get five.

MORIARTY:

(COUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY) I must have miscounted, yes. (PLACES THE BARS ON THE TABLE AS HE COUNTS THEM) 1, 2, 3, 4 and une is fünf. You see... you see, I was right. Five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

This little revolver of mine says six!

MORIARTY:

What? Supristi-yacka-backakas! Are you going to take the word of a little revolver against mine?

GRYTPYPE:

Six bars of gold!

MORIARTY:

Five!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MORIARTY:

Ah! Supristi-perpendicular! I... You realise, man, I would have been killed if that bullet hadn't struck that gold bar in my vest pocket?

GRYTPYPE:

I must practice. I aimed for your foot.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes. And talking of feet, we must smuggle this gold out of the country before the police get on to our tracks. The question is... how?

GRYTPYPE:

Perfectly simple. The gold will be made into musical instruments and then a very new two-piece brass band will leave on a world tour.

MORIARTY:

Oh, c'est brilliant!

FX:

RAPID KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

MORIARTY:

Quick, hide these five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

Six!

MORIARTY:

Yes, six. Voila, entréz!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, gentlemen. My name is Detective Inspector Ned Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Nom de nom, yacka-backaka. Someone has blundered. Inspector, last night at the time of the Bank of England robbery, I was at a reunion dinner in Manchester.

GRYTPYPE:

While I... was in South America.

MORIARTY:

I can prove that, I was with him. I tell you we know nothing at all about the five bars of gold.

GRYTPYPE:

Six!

MORIARTY:

That's right, three each.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

MORIARTY:

Then what do you wish to know?

SEAGOON:

(WHINY VOICE) I'm collecting for the police ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Good heavens! Oh, well, why didn't you say so at first? Moriarty, my dear chap, cut him down.

FX:

ROPE BEING CUT, THUD

SEAGOON:

Oh! Thank you. Now, if you wouldn't mind, er... donating a small... er...

GRYTPYPE:

Here's a shilling, Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much. It'll be a Grand Ball you know? Grand Ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I'm the MC.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I'll have a big Rosette with MC on it, you know?

GRYTPYPE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

I'll get them going. (GETTING EXCITED AND LAUGHING) "The next dance will be the St. Bernard waltz!" (HUMS A WALTZ) "Keep moving, there". I can just see me. "No jiving in the middle! Clear the floor! Take your partners for the Loving Waltz". (SINGS THE WALTZ) When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year...

GRYTPYPE:

Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

May I?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

You silly twisted boy, you!

FX:

KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Well, if it isn't a police sergeant!

GRAMS:

WILD CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY)

THROAT:

A message.

SEAGOON:

For me?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good!

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Don't be late for choir practice!

GRYTPYPE:

What's the message?

SEAGOON:

Yes. This is going to be tricky. It's in writing. Good Lord! There's been a robbery at the Bank of England. (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) They won't get far (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) All the ports are watched, you know? All the ports are watched. No one will be able to leave the country without Inspector Ned's approval, you know? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'll take the case here. I'll start at the Bank and trace them from there. I'll catch 'em. Then... then when I'm MC'ing at the Ball, they'll point me out and say "That's him! A-ha, ha, ha! That's the man that caught the Bank of England robbers. That's him!" (FADES AWAY)

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty? Moriarty? *This* is the Charlie that's going to see us through the police cordon.

MORIARTY:

How?

GRYTPYPE:

I'll explain. Go in to that room and put on the things cos I want to tell you... (FADES OUT)

MORIARTY:

Right, right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, a grand job! Then they'll offer me the Chief Constabulary. And a medal. And when I get to the Palace, I'll go right up and I'll say...

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, I was... By Jove! You've got an interesting hand.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, it's nothing, it's... just a continuation of the arm, really.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know, Madame Freda would *love* to read your hand. And luckily she is in this room here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

(AS MADAM FREDA) Ahh! A client! Please sit down. Ah! I see by your hand that you are a policeman.

SEAGOON:

How can you tell?

MORIARTY:

You're holding a truncheon. And yes! Yes! You have a very strong head-line. And, oh! And what's this lump?

SEAGOON:

My elbow.

MORIARTY:

It is a lumpy one. Now, let me see. Ah, yes, yes, you are a great band leader!

SEAGOON:

No! Oh, really? (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I have great talent, you know. And I know all about music and I'm very, very musical, really I am. I'm MC at the police ball and... and... and... You know, you're absolutely marvellous, you really are. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF)

MORIARTY:

Now listen, Charlie. Listen, little Charlie. Now, if ever you are offered a job as a band leader with the opportunity to travel abroad... take it. You are a brilliant musician. Now close the door and good day.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

You know, she's very good, she's absolutely first class.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddle. Neddle? Do you know a band leader who could take a two-piece band abroad?

SEAGOON:

Band leader?

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know one?

SEAGOON:

Well I...

GRYTPYPE:

Sign here, please. We leave as soon as the instruments are ready.

SEAGOON:

Done. I'll just clean up the gold robbery then I'll be back.

GRYTPYPE:

Wonderful, wonderful. Before you go... maestro. Would you like to conduct Max Geldray?

SEAGOON:

Oh, heaven!

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

All together chaps!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 2, or the Two Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 6, whichever you like, I don't care. Mr. Grytpype-Thynne has sent Herr Moriarty with the six gold bars to a smelting shop. And now they're about to be melted down. Good-bye.

GRAMS:

CHEMICALS BUBBLING

HENRY:

Mnk... Steady does it, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Errrr, steady does it, Henry.

HENRY:

Ah, yes...

MINNIE:

Ah, yes...

HENRY:

Into the saxophone mould, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ooh, aaah! How's that, Henry?

HENRY:

No, no, not you, Minnie, the gold bars.

MINNIE:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry about that, Henry. I'll get out now. Oh, dear.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MINNIE:

There's the phone, Henry.

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

The talking telephone.

HENRY:

I'll get it, baby.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

FX:

PICKS UP THE PHONE

HENRY:

Hello? Oh, yes, Mr. Grytpype-Thynne, yes? Yes, Count Moriarty delivered the five bars of gold. What? Well, he only gave me five. Good-bye.

MINNIE:

Who was that on the phone, Henry?

HENRY:

It was me, Minnie.

MINNIE:

I thought I recognised the voice. What?

HENRY:

There's no honour among thieves.

MINNIE:

You can't get the wood, you know.

HENRY:

No. I told him that Moriarty only left four bars.

MINNIE:

Four? Oh. Henry, naughty! You said five, buddy!

HENRY:

Oh, no, no, no. No, it was four, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, no, no, no, Henry, it was five. Count Moriarty put five bars of gold on the counter, buddy!

HENRY:

No, no, you're being silly, Min. It was definitely four.

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry, you're...

HENRY:

I can count as well as the next man, Minnie.

MINNIE:

You're trying to double-cross me, buddy!

HENRY:

Diddle-piddle-poo, I... No, no, don't you say that I'm doublecrossing you!

HENRY AND MINNIE:

(ARGUE OVER ONE ANOTHER, MOULDS IN TO..)

GRAMS:

BATTLE SOUNDS, TRUMPETS, WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE, MORE BATTLE SOUNDS, QUIETENS DOWN TO ODD THINGS CRASHING ALL OVER.

MINNIE:

I love you, Henry!

HENRY:

I love you, Minnie!

MINNIE:

You mad...

HENRY:

You mad, naughty...

FX:

DOOR KNOCK

MINNIE:

Come in!

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me. Meanwhile at Scotland Yard, inspector Ned Seagoon was completely baffled.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Yes. After ceaseless questioning and reading several newspapers, I discovered that it was the Bank of England which had been robbed. Then I got a summons from my chief.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, Seagoon! Now listen very, very carefully. I have personally promised the Home Secretary I shall have an arrest within the week. Will you help me?

SEAGOON:

Scouts honour!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid. Yes! Now, just put on this prisoner's uniform.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good, good, good. Now, this three day's growth of beard. Splendid, splendid. Now, just sign this confession. Excellent, lad, excellent! Now, hold these six imitation gold bars. Got them?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Right, wonderful. Now, wait here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHUTS, PAUSE, THEN OPENS AGAIN

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant! Arrest that man!

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! Major Bloodnok, I... I dressed up to help you!

BLOODNOK:

A likely story. Take him away Sergeant, take him away!

SEAGOON:

I won't do it, I won't! I'll hide away. You'll never find me! Good-bye!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR SHUTS, HUGE CHEERS

MORIARTY:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY)

GREENSLADE:

Owing to the fact that Ned Seagoon is hurrying around to Mr. Grytpype-Thynne's, he's asked me to say "Thank You".

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Well, if it isn't inspector Ned Seagoon!

GRAMS:

HUGE CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Thank you. (CHEERING STOPS) Thank you. Mr. Thynne, you must help me. The police will be after me soon. They want me to take the blame for the gold robbery. You must hide me! Tell them on the night of the robbery I was with you in Aberdeen!

GRYTPYPE:

You trying to make me dishonest?

SEAGOON:

But I'm innocent, I tell you, I'm innocent!

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, this may be the messenger with the go...er... with the heavy brass instruments.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

'Ello!

GRYTPYPE:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles. I'm the famous Eccles. And here's the instruments.

GRYTPYPE:

Is this all there is?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Would you like me to play it?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes please.

ECCLES:

Okay. Listen.

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

(THEY LAUGH)

ECCLES:

Did you hear that?

SEAGOON:

Very good!

ECCLES:

Did you... did you hear me...?

SEAGOON:

Let me try, let me try, let me try.

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha! Isn't it good? Isn't it?

ECCLES:

Here, here, let me try. Now watch this.

FX:

SOME VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TINGS

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

It's my turn again, all right, listen, listen.

FX:

SOME VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TINGS

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha!

ECCLES:

Here, let me. Oh, it's good to be alive! Here, now, give me it, I'll do it again.

GRYTPYPE:

All right, all right, that's enough. Now, give that to me. There.

FX:

A SINGLE NOT-SO-SMALL TRIANGLE TING

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Ha ha! You're the best, Mr. Thynne! You're the best...

ECCLES:

He's good, he's good. You a conservative? Eh?

GRYTPYPE:

One moment, one moment. There's some discrepancy here. Six gold bars go to the melting works.
One gold triangle comes back.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Gold? Gold? Ooh, let's hear it again!

FX:

A SINGLE VERY SMALL TRIANGLE TING

ECCLES:

That's rich! Here, I'll tell you what. You go in the room and see how it sounds in there.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, yes. Come along, Mr. Thynne.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

This is going to be fun!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

We'll have to listen very carefully, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

(OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR) Are you ready?

SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Listen.

FX:

LIGHTLY DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

SEAGOON:

Hm. I don't think that was it.

GRYTPYPE:

No, sounded more like a door closing.

SEAGOON:

Door closing!?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, he can't get far, I've got the...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

GRYTPYPE:

Hello?

FRENCH OPERATOR:

[GREENSLADE]

Personal call from Paris. You're through caller.

ECCLES:

(OTHER END OF PHONE) Hallo?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

ECCLES:

Listen!

FX:

A SINGLE TRIANGLE TING

GRYTPYPE:

Curses. Well, we still have Ray Ellington.

SEAGOON:

That's no compensation.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'MR. SANDMAN'

GREENSLADE:

Why, if it isn't The Six Gold Ingots of Leadenhall Street part 4, or The Four Ingots of Leadenhall Street part 6, whichever you like, I don't care.

GRAMS:

POLICE BELLS AND DRIVING

RADIO OPERATOR:

Calling all cars. Car number 40?

SELLERS:

Roger.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 41.

SELLERS:

Roger.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 42.

SELLERS:

Fred.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 43? Car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OTHER END OF RADIO) Tee-hee-hee!

RADIO OPERATOR:

Car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not telling you! So enters Fabian Bluebottles of the Yard. I'm out to bring in Neddie Seagoon, dead or alive. Nee-hee.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Are you car 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Before I tell you, here are my special terms what you got to agree to. I must not be nussed. I must not be blown up. And I must be at the front if there's any sausages. Signed, Bluenbottlen.

RADIO OPERATOR:

Very well. Now, are you car number 43?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, nee-hee-hee! Do you know what I am?

RADIO OPERATOR:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm cardboard bicycle number 1. Tee-hee-hee! Peddles off towards Sydney Street where my cap-i-tain is hiding.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I peeped through the lace windows of my overcoat, I saw the police were looking for us. Ha ha ha, but they'll never find us here.

GRYTPYPE:

Silly boy, where else can they find us?

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

ELLINGTON:

(OTHER SIDE) Hey, open up! Open up in the name of the law!

SEAGOON:

How did they know I was here?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

You left a forwarding address at the Yard!

SEAGOON:

Curse, it's the little things that give you away.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they won't take me. Get to that window.

FX:

FIVE PISTOL SHOTS

SEAGOON:

And so started the siege of Sydney Street. Next day, the police called in the army.

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

WILLIUM:

'Scuse me, sir

SEAGOON:

Yes, constable?

WILLIUM:

Is that your car in the street?

SEAGOON:

Yes

WILLIUM:

You'll have to put some lights on it, mate. It's dusk, you know?

SEAGOON:

Right-oh.

WILLIUM:

I say. All right for bullets, are ya?

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you.

WILLIUM:

Right, keep the old head down, then. Cheerio, mate.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE CONTINUE

GRYTPYPE:

Ellington? Take off your police uniform, I want you to join us for the next gag.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

It's getting dark and I'd like you to keep guard, so go outside that door and don't come back here 'til dawn.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHUTS

GRAMS:

GUN BATTLE CONTINUES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Morning, everybody!

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Grytpype! We've got to get out of here tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

The rent's due tomorrow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop in the name of the law!

SEAGOON:

Well, look who it is. If it isn't: Bluebottle!

GRAMS:

HUGE CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stoooooop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Thank you, Dad. Second entrance, siege of Sydeney Street. Time: two hours later. Starts to act: If you don't come out by the time I count ten, I will throw a bomb up in to your window. (VERY FAST) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...

SEAGOON:

Give us a chance to get out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I want you to know what it feels like to be deaded every week. Tee-hee-hee! 7, 8, 9, 10. Hup! Ooh, I missed.

GREENSLADE:

It's fairly widely known that an object thrown high into the air is forced by circumstances beyond our control to return to earth, therefore...

GRAMS:

HUGE EXPLOSION, BITS AND PIECES HIT GROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you! You have - no, wait a minute. Feels both knee-caps. Sees feet in usual position. I'm *not* deaded this week! Tee-hee-hee! Thinks: I'm a happy-go-lucky lad.

GREENSLADE:

You little fool!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No!

GREENSLADE:

You've gone and deaded the cast and now we can't do the end.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. How does it end, Mr. Greenslends?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I... I... I don't care at all Actually, we had a beautiful dramatic ending where the long man of Wilmington came forward of his Arab coloured chart and Mr. Grytpype-Thynne redeemed himself in the eyes of the singing dervish.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Can't we act it?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, don't be absurd. What can two of us possibly do?

ORCHESTRA:

TEA-TIME MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you come here often?

GREENSLADE:

Only during the mating season.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yee-hee-hee!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

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 Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO

Notes:

The Siege of Sidney Street was a real siege that took place in London, 1911. Three jewel thieves killed a number of policemen during a robbery. Two weeks later a Mrs. Gershwine of 100 Sidney Street reported to the police that three men matching the description of those wanted had hired a room at her house. The men, sensing they had been betrayed, deprived the landlady of her skirt and boots on the assumption that no religious Jewess would attempt to escape not properly attired. She did. The next day the police surrounded the house. A gun battle ensued and the men refused to surrender. Troops from the Tower of London were called in and then the Home Secretary (Winston Churchill) summoned the Scots Guards in full battle regalia. After 6 hours the house was alight. The charred bodies of 2 men were recovered. The third man was never found.