

S7 E05 - The Spectre of Tintagel

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Additional minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING MUSIC LINK.

SELLERS:

The Spectre of Tintagel.

MILLIGAN:

(RISING SCREAM) oooooohhhaarrrrggghhhhhh.

GRAMS:

SPLASH, SEAGULLS.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORALE MUSIC ("TINTAGEL") FADES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(ECHOEY) Tintagel... Tintagel.... Tintagelllll....

DYALL:

(OVER MUSIC)

Sometimes on a still-ed night,
from misty summer seas.
There comes a-riding clean and white,
two Knights on Palfreys.
Avoid you then that haunted dell
that skirts the rocks of... Tintagel.

ORCHESTRA:

TEN SECONDS OF CHORALE MUSIC TO FOREGROUND, THEN BACK BEHIND:

SEAGOON:

My name is... Ha ha. No, you'll laugh. But the fact is I was christened King Arthur Seagoon. You see, my parents were illiterate, but they had a round table. This led me to believe that I might be descended from Mallory's Mort d'Arthur.

GREENSLADE:

And what did you do about it, Mr King Arthur Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Do? Do, young Wallace? In the bleak autumn of 1946, I made my way to the country of the Arthurian legend.

ORCHESTRA:

10 SECONDS CHORAL MUSIC LINK THEN FADES TO A STOP UNDER NEXT GRAMS:

FX:

CLINKING OF JUG AND BEER MUGS.

YOKEL:

Two pints, please.

MINNIE:

Oh, thank you, a small gin. I can [UNCLEAR]...

OMNES:

Ooh, arr arr ooh, (ETC).

YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

Arr, there be ghosts in there, they say.

SEAGOON:

Tell me more, cherry-nosed Cornishman.

YOKEL:

Arr. They do say as how at midnight you hears 'em.

SEAGOON:

Does 'em?

YOKEL:

Arr. When I was a boy, I remember...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

YOKEL:

I can't remember. My mind's gone dry.

SEAGOON:

Two pints, please, Landlord.

GRAMS:

CLINKING OF JUG AND BEER MUGS, POURING.

YOKEL:

(GASP OF AIR AFTER TAKING LONG SWIG) Arr, 'tis coming back to me, now. That's right. There's a haunted manor near Tintagel. They do say King Arthur buried his treasure there.

SEAGOON:

(EAGER) Buried his treasure?

YOKEL:

Arr. And when the Moon is full, they do say as how the Spectre walks and plays strange music.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

YOKEL:

And if you hears that tune, three times... you dies. Good health, sir.

SEAGOON:

Mazel tov!

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN BREAK.

SEAGOON:

After said investigations, I discovered the Spectre haunted Tintagel Manor, allegedly built on the site of Sir Galahad's hunting lodge. Eventually I found the house agents, too, in a cave at the bottom of Dead Man's Cliff.

GRAMS:

WAVES CRASHING ON SHORE, CRYING OF SEAGULLS.

MORIARTY:

Owww eeyowwww. (SINGS)
I must go down to the sea again,
to wash my dirty socks.
And all I ask is a bar of soap
and a...

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, my reeking French lascar.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Did you sleep well?

MORIARTY:

No, no, at three o'clock this morning I had to get out of bed.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh?

MORIARTY:

I was shivering wet.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? And how was that, sonny?

MORIARTY:

The tide came in.

GRYTPYPE:

Uninvited? Damned impertinence! Take a letter to the editor of The Times.

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait till I've written it will you?

MORIARTY:

Oh, I...

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITER OVER:

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, let me see. Dear Sir, I must complain about the abnormally high tides in Cornwall. Is this a record? Er... sign it 'Liberace' then they'll print it.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, er, what's for breakfast this evening?

MORIARTY:

This steaming debris fracoule.

GRYTPYPE:

Oooh.

MORIARTY:

Here, taste it.

FX:

SMACKING OF LIPS.

MORIARTY:

A dish fit for a king, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Only if he's abdicated.

MORIARTY:

What?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MORIARTY:

I'll see who it is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF WAVES ON SHORE. LAPPING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry for bursting in like this.

GRYTPYPE:

Come in, sir, come in. Excuse the mess, we've got the sea in.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. What a splendid cure for Mal-de-Mer.

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't it, isn't it. Er... who is that who came in with you?

SEAGOON:

The Atlantic Ocean.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. It's the Equinox, you know.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Tell me, are you the agents for Tintagel Manor?

GRYTPYPE:

You want to rent it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Aahheeeeeeeoooo.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhh, Moriarty, you fool. Have you a car?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

We'll drive you there. Off we go.

GRAMS:

SLOW HORSE'S HOOVES.

MORIARTY:

Er, pardon mon ignorance, mon ami, but quelle type of car is this?

SEAGOON:

It's one of le new carriage-less horses.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, the wonders of the steam age.

SEAGOON:

Owwhoyeee.

MORIARTY:

I know.

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES SPEEDING UP TO FAST CANTER.

GRYTPYPE:

Whoa!

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, dismount and put a brick under the horse.

MORIARTY:

Isn't that dangerous?

SEAGOON:

So this is Tintagel Manor?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

How much is the rent for, say, a month?

GRYTPYPE:

Open your wallet.

GRAMS:

CREAKING & CLUNKS OF OPENING A VAULT.

GRYTPYPE:

Mr Seagoon, how remarkable. You've brought the exact amount. Moriarty, count this lot and see how much there is, would you?

GRAMS:

RAPID COUNTING OF A PILE OF BANKNOTES.

MORIARTY:

(COUNTS SLOWLY, NOT IN TIME WITH THE ABOVE) One... two... three... four... five. Two pounds and worth every penny of it.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. Now how do I get in?

MORIARTY:

Here's a ladder.

SEAGOON:

Ladder? I want the keys.

MORIARTY:

There's no keys to this ladder, it's already open.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, the wonders of the steam age!

GRYTPYPE:

And here's another wonder of the stream age... Max Geldray.

SEAGOON:

Don't leave me!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Spectre of Tintagel part two. Placing a ladder up against the door of Tintagel Manor, Mister King Arthur Seagoon climbed up and rang the bell.

GRAMS:

CHURCH BELL RINGS ONCE.

FX:

BOLT BEING SLID BACK, DRAGGING OPEN OFF DOOR.

BUTLER:

[DYALL]

Did you toll, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes. My mama done toll me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! My mamma done told me!

BUTLER:

I have no wish to know that, sir.

SEAGOON:

I am King Arthur Seagoon, the new tenant.

BUTLER:

Curses! So they let the old manor at last. I'll see his stay is short and brief.

SEAGOON:

Finished?

BUTLER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right. Please carry in my brown paper luggage.

BUTLER:

(SCARED) I'm sorry, sir. I won't go back into that house - the sun's gone in.

SEAGOON:

But surely there's room for you both?

BUTLER:

(SCARED) No, no, no, sir. After dark I'd rather go home to mother. You see, sir, in Tintagel Manor there's... there's something... nasty in the woodshed.

SEAGOON:

Who did it?

BUTLER:

(SCARED) I... I think, sir, I think the Phantom's struck again. If you're wise, sir, you'll leave this place at once, otherwise you'll hear the ghastly music. Goodnight! Mind the doors.

GRAMS:

LONDON UNDERGROUND TRAIN PULLS OUT OF STATION. SPEEDS UP.

SEAGOON:

Gad, they run late! "Beware the music". Of course, the music! What did that old Cornishman say?

YOKEL:

I said, if you hear the music three time you die. Good health.

SEAGOON:

Thank you for coming.

YOKEL:

Goodbye, arr.

SEAGOON:

And thank you for going. Well I'd... I'd better get inside.

FX:

CREAKING DOOR.

BUTLER:

(MENACING VOICE) Let the fool go in, he won't be there in the morning. (FIENDISH) A-ha ha ha...

ORCHESTRA:

SPOOKY MUSIC LINK.

GRAMS:

SINGLE CHURCH BELL, SPED UP AT END.

SEAGOON:

One o'clock. The witching hour. I must prepare my equipment with which I hope to record the voices of long dead knights, which will give me a clue as to my direct descent from King Mort d'Arthur. Now let me check the equipment in stores. One quon of thynne, a spin of blatz, a plun of quords, a thin of monders, a therg of nurglars... (FADES).

GREENSLADE:

And so, he settled down for the night.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

SEAGOON:

(SNORING)

GRAMS:

COCKEREL CROWS.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SNORING.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello, 'ello. Who's this kipping on the floor? What's this label round his neck say? (READS) "I am the new tenant 'ere". Oh, are you, mate? What's this second label say? (READS) "Yes, I am".

SEAGOON:

(SNORING).

WILLIUM:

Well, I'll just tie this label saying "Wake up, mate" round his neck.

SEAGOON:

(SNORES, SMACKING OF LIPS, YAWNING, SMAKING LIPS, SHAKES HEAD CLEARING THROAT) Good Heavens! Look at the label on my watch. It says half past eight. What does your label say?.

WILLIUM:

Ten to nine.

SEAGOON:

Your label's slow.

WILLIUM:

I'm Willium the gardener, mate.

SEAGOON:

Well... go and grow me a breakfast.

WILLIUM:

Oh, right, right, mate.

FX:

DOOR.

BUTLER:

(SINGING) I bring along a smile and a song for everyone... (STARTLED) You! Still here? Didn't you hear anything during the night?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I fell into a heavy trance, six foot deep.

BUTLER:

Didn't you hear the dying screams of a Zulu caught in the clutches of a man-eating Matabele Iguana plant?

SEAGOON:

No.

BUTLER:

But... didn't you see me whitened up with flour sacks and a false head screaming?

SEAGOON:

Come to think of it... no.

BUTLER:

Curses! At least you must have heard the agonised moans of Sabrina being passed through an electric sausage machine?

SEAGOON:

I'd have heard that.

BUTLER:

A pox on it! To think I paid Peter Kavanagh a fortune in ha'pennies and all he could drink from the tap for those impressions.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Tonight I shall stay awake and track down the Spectre of Tintagel.

BUTLER:

I'm afraid that is impossible, sir. The ghost only plays when it's daytime in Australia and Wednesday over here.

SEAGOON:

This ghost has a map and a calendar? I must contact him.

BUTLER:

I admire your vacuity, sir. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll go and prepare your demise.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, please leave it in the oven.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Tonight for sure I'll lay this ghost. Even now my gallant squire hastens hencewards to assist me. But! Eeeyarrgggh! What are these blackened twigs approaching?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They are my legs, my Captain.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is I, Blunebottle, all ready for the game. Moves right, transfers quarter of Jelly Babies from pocket to gob.

SEAGOON:

Good lad. Now listen, we must lie in wait behind the arras.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, be careful my Captain, 'cause I readded in Hamlet that Palonius was stabbed through the arras.

SEAGOON:

Shhh, here's an orange.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! Ta, Captain. I like oranges, Captain.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Shhh, keep quiet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(3SEC PAUSE) Why are you keeping me quiet, my Captain?

SEAGOON:

Shhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) Captain? Why have you turned the light off?

SEAGOON:

Shhhhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) Don't shush me, my Captain. I don't like eating oranges in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Well, don't eat it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And I don't not like oranges eating in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Well, what *do* you like doing in the dark?.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeheeheehee!

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Yes, but there's no time for that, now. It'll be here any moment.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(2SEC PAUSE) (SCARED) What'll be here any moment, Captain?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) The Spectre of Tintagel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Inspector of Tintangel? Is he on nights, then?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) No, the Spectre is a ghost.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCARED) Ghost, Captain?

SEAGOON:

(STRAINED WHISPER) Yes, he's due here at one o'clock.

GRAMS:

CHURCH CLOCK STRIKES ONE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home, now, Captain? I left the cat running in the sink.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

Listen, it's ghostly music.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like it, captain. It's not on the hit parade.

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Hist! A melody not heard for a thousand, nay, nay, two thousand years.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC, TURNS INTO A HOT FIDDLE BREAK, THEN SCRAPING OF BOW.

SEAGOON:

At last I've heard it, the Spectre of Tintagel. If I can meet him perhaps I can learn the secret of my lineage. But hold, what did the old Cornishman say?

YOKEL:

If you hears that ghostly music three times you dies. Good health.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN PULLS OUT FROM STATION. SPEEDS UP.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The wonders of the steam age.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the wonder of the steam age, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Steam.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. How does it work?

SEAGOON:

On the same principle as the boiling kettle. Let me demonstrate. Fill your mouth with water.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sip.

SEAGOON:

Now, put this whistle between your lips. Good. Now, sit over this candle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahu ha hu.

SEAGOON:

And wait. But hist, here is more ghostly music.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WELL ALL RIGHT OK YOU WIN..."

SEAGOON:

Curses! It was Ray Ellington, I recognised the applause.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

The spectral music again and for the second time! It appears to be coming from outside.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's dark out here. It must be nighttime. What did that long streak say?

BUTLER:

(MENACING) I said the ghost only plays when it's daytime in Australia and Wednesday over here.

SEAGOON:

You! What are you doing here? And I say, why are you taking my hat off?

BUTLER:

(SINGING) Only a rose I bring you (ETC).

SEAGOON:

(OVER VALENTINE DYALL'S SINGING) Why are you parting my hair in the middle? I say, why are you chalking a cross on my head? Why are you raising that iron girder and sighting it towards my nut? Why are you...?

FX:

CLANG.

SEAGOON:

Arrrrraarrgggh.

GRAMS:

THUD OF BODY HITTING THE GROUND.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh, you nudded him, mate.

BUTLER:

(OVER BUGLE, TAPS) Yes, there he lies in the corner of some foreign suit that is forever England.

WILLIUM:

Come on. Let's go in, Mr Valentine, it's nearly two o'clock and the mist's coming up on the moors.

BUTLER:

Yes, I'll put a light in the window and a pound in the till to guide the master safely back home.

GRAMS:

DISTANT THUD. DISTANT CHURCH CLOCK STRIKES TWO. SIRENS. (GETTING LOUDER...) BAYING OF HOUNDS, BARKING, RUNNING FEET, SHOUTING...

FX:

POUNDING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

(PANTS) Quick! Hide me.

BUTLER:

Master, welcome home. Willum, lay out the final demand notices.

WILLIUM:

Right.

FX:

DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohh, it's good to be home.

BUTLER:

Yes, sir. How did you find your way in this mist?

BLOODNOK:

I followed the arrows on my suit. Quick, quick, burn it, I wouldn't like the dogs to get my scent.

BUTLER:

I wouldn't like anyone to get your scent, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You're not my best friend. Don't you realise I... I've been passed nadger free. By the way, what was that lump lying in the garden?

BUTLER:

That, sir, was a Mister King Arthur Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

BUTLER:

He took a lease on the house and we couldn't get rid of him. He will be unconscious for hours.

BLOODNOK:

Lucky devil! Now, lets dig up the loot and then scarper.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, at great expense, we are placing a microphone by an inert lump in the garden.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

SEAGOON:

Ohh! Oof! What hit me? Ahhahh! Struck down on the old Welsh nut from behind in my prime! Oooh, oooh.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

Listen! The Spectre of Tintagel again. But hist! See? The Spectre draweth nigh from out yon bushes! Hold, oh, long departed minstrel! Speak!

ECCLES:

Ha-llo.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, Spectre, aid me.

ECCLES:

Ahh.

SEAGOON:

Sire, I seek to prove I'm descended from King Arthur.

ECCLES:

Good Luck.

SEAGOON:

Wait!

ECCLES:

Wait?

SEAGOON:

I'll recognise your voice!

ECCLES:

Heeeee recognises my voice.

SEAGOON:

You're the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

I'm the Famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Wait. Was it...?

ECCLES:

Eh? What? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Who put you up to this false-type haunting?

ECCLES:

That false-type Mr Valentine Dyall.

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Valentine Dyall, eh?

ECCLES:

Ah, oul ah ol.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK.

GRAMS:

CLANKING OF THIN METAL PLATES.

BLOODNOK:

Three hundred golden cups and a hundred silver goblets. Yes, it's all here. The entire regimental plate of the Second Poona Horse.

BUTLER:

Splendid.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhaha.

GRAMS:

SPOOKY VIOLIN MUSIC.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

BUTLER:

Ooh, somebody run out and tell Eccles to stop playing that fake ghost music.

ECCLES:

But I'm in here.

BLOODNOK:

Then, that must be the *real* Spectre of Tintagel.

BUTLER:

Run for it!

GRAMS:

CRY OF AHH, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS-SPEED UP.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Hahaha. That taught the devils a lesson, he ha. I'm glad now I learned the violin, even if it did take me all afternoon. Great sputting thuns, what's this? Golden platters! This must be the lost treasure of Tintagel revealed to me as a sign that I am a direct descendant of King Arthur.

GRYTPYPE:

Three months at the Palladium and he thinks he's the King of England.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

INSPECTOR:

[SELLERS]

Oh, er, good evening, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Inspector.

INSPECTOR:

Are you the owner of this manor?

SEAGOON:

That is correct.

INSPECTOR:

I see. Then perhaps you could explain this gold plate here?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. It's mine.

INSPECTOR:

The stolen regimental plate of the Second Poona Horse is yours?

SEAGOON:

Yes! By Royal Prerogative.

INSPECTOR:

Royal Prerogative? I see. What did you say your name was, sir?

SEAGOON:

King Arthur.

INSPECTOR:

King Arthur?

SEAGOON:

That's right, yes.

INSPECTOR:

Well, you'd better come with me, Your Majesty, there's a... plain van outside that all our King Arthurs and three Napoleons have ridden in.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha. That's good enough for me.

INSPECTOR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Of course, this means the end of the House of Windsor, of course.

INSPECTOR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Prince Philip will have to go, you know.

INSPECTOR:

You come with me, Your Majesty, it'll all be all right in a moment, you just come outside.

SEAGOON:

I think I'll make you Prime Minister, you've got the right build, you know.

INSPECTOR:

That's very kind of you, Your Majesty, just follow me outside.

SEAGOON:

Would you fancy Ireland? Wales is doing nothing at the moment.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

GRAMS:

POLICE VAN DRIVES RAPIDLY AWAY, BELL RINGING, FADES OUT.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO MUSIC STARTS.

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe Spike Milligan Valentine Dyal, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

CRAZY RHYTHM PLAYOUT.

Notes:

1) From Martin Purdy '...the Spectre of Tintagel contains some orchestral link music that sounds quite ghostly and fits (in my view) very well with the theme of the show. The whole piece was played on the talking-type wireless this morning and sure enough, it's called "Tintagel", by Arnold Bax. No wonder it sounded right...

{Sir Arnold Trevor Bax, 1883 - 1953}