

THE GOON SHOW:  
THE LOST GOLD MINE (OF CHARLOTTE)

First broadcast on October 5, 1954. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcription by Tony Wills, corrections and additions by John Koster, Paul Winalski, Roger Wilmut and Peter Olausson, among others.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC.

Seagoon:

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

Grams:

*[Funeral like march, with wailing]*

Seagoon:

Stop! 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, Andrea Charlotte, who died without telling where it was. Rain on the coast, fog patches. Harry Seagoon follows in a few moments.

Seagoon:

Harr Ha ha ha ha hu hu hu *[sinister laugh]* 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 (sing song voice):

That was the voice of young Neddie Seagoon, who even now is bound for the Americas, with a 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 co-incidence, so is the ship.

Seagoon:

Really? I'm glad I came.

Grytpype:

What are you doing during the voyage?

Seagoon:

I'm stopping on board the ship.

Grytpype:

Clever 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 seventeen and a half quarter bells.

Seagoon:

Oh, first class. I do hope you like cribbage... [*conversation fades into noise of gulls*] I actually love...

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?

Seagoon:

Pontoon? Halfpenny a time, what do you say?

Grytpype:

I say Gin-Rummy, ten pounds a point.

FX:

*[Flick of pack of cards as shuffled]*

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, lets 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:

Hmm hmm. Lets see what kind of a hand I've got, hmm hmm. Four fingers and one thumb. Right gents, I'll go thruppence on this. There's my hand four aces.

Grytpype:

Sorry Seacombe *[sic]*, 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 bleur. 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 Andrea Charlotte's mine. So...

FX:

*[Great tearing sound]*

Grytpype:

There, half for you, half for me. Now we can't twist each other, ayy, 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 had so foolishly 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 Geldray:

*[Musical interlude]*

Grams:

*[Somber link]*

Milligan (sing song, fast, like monk intoning stuff):

Ohhh, following Count Moriarty and Captain Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, led Neddie Seagoon to the deserted mining village of San-FerryAnne. Deep in the heart of Arizona desert, there he sort 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 for this tired and weary traveller?

Bannister (off):

I'm coming buddy!

FX:

*[Ringing stops]*

FX:

*[Clomping slowly down stairs continues under next three lines:]*

Bannister (off):

I'm coming buddy.

Seagoon:

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

Bannister (off):

I'm coming buddy. Don't get excited. I'm... I'm on my way, buddy. I'm... I'm... 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 Harry Seagoon?

Seagoon:

Yes.

Bannister:

Round *[?]* here buddy.

Seagoon:

About time too buddy.

Bannister:

You must have patience, buddy.

Seagoon:

Patience? I've been ringing for three days!

Bannister:

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.

Bannister:

Oh, dear.

Seagoon:

Are you full up?

Bannister:

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.]*

Bannister:

Room for one, buddy. Oh... Oh dear, I'll get the boy to carry your bags. *[Calls]* Boyeee, boyeeeeeeeeee, come on yukuyoy yukaboy. Boy! Henry! Henry boy!

Crun (off):

I'm coming Minnie.

Bannister:

Come on....

FX:

*[Clomping down stairs continues under:]*

Bannister:

Come on boy. He's coming.

Crun (off):

I'm coming.

Bannister:

C'mon! He's a proper Roger Bannister, you know. Come on buddy, the man wants his...

Crun:

I'm coming Min.

FX:

*[Clomping on stairs stops]*

Bannister:

...Wants his bags things taken. Come on now.

Crun:

Now sir, where are your bags?

Seagoon:

I haven't got any.

Bannister:

Off you go buddy!

Crun:

I...

FX:

*[Clomping on stairs]*

Bannister:

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:

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? 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 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, duay [?] 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.

Moriarty:

Help me, pleaseeee 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, mercy, mercy. Now, I will make a deal with you. 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:

Ha ha haa, 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:

Mercy, 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 through the 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:

Oooo.

Grytpype:

Well, I have a map that leads from here, *[draws breath]* to the town.

Eccles:

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

Grytpype:

Righty ho matey.

FX:

*[Tearing]*

Grytpype:

There, half each, ayy, partner? Heh heh heh heh...

Eccles:

Partner? Ahoho, partner he says, oh this is fun, huhuhum, my partner.

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 and His 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 lad, I'm done for.

Seagoon:

Ohh.

Bloodnok:

Just leave me here to die in peace. With me home perm kit and one copy of the dreadful disclosures of Maria 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:

*[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 (Seacombe):

Me Chief Worri Guts, me only play music to heighten effect. In all Hollywood western film, music always play in background, me like, now me always carry violin in case.

Bloodnok:

Wait. *[Aside]* This Indian goon might save the day.

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 em 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 forth; Mad Dan Eccles - one forth; Count Moriarty - one forth; Neddie Seagoon - one eighth; Major Bloodnok - one sixteenth; Chief Worri Guts - one sixteenth; Henry Crun - nil.

Seagoon:

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

Moriarty (come in to mic):

Christi 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 dads shirt.

Seagoon:

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

Bluebottle:

Yeeees, 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 tooth brush, my own tooth. And a ball pointed pen with a real pointed ball, ah hi! Oh, recains decorum. OK, follow me. Spits like cowboy but dribbles down shirt. Forward laddies, forward.

Orchestra:

*[Light hearted, then dramatic sombre chords. Bong, bong, bong...]*

Gryttype:

Listen Eccles.

Eccles:

Yup yup yup.

Gryttype:

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 did you stop for?

Eccles:

Oh, 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 (Seacombe):

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:

Ohhh, 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 captain question him, I will keep you covered. Ha hi ha hee. Hides behind dirty big rock just in case of trouble.

Seagoon:

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

Eccles:

Behind that big pile of rocks.

Seagoon:

Good 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 dinymite.

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?

*[Talking over each other]*

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 about 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:

Yes, it is all in place now.

Seagoon:

Right. Eccles, press the plunger.

Eccles:

OK.

Bluebottle:

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 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.

Orchestra:

*[End theme closes]*