

THE GOON SHOW:
THE SIX INGOTS OF LEADENHALL STREET

First broadcast on March 1, 1955. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by anon, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Wallace:

This is the BBC.

Grytpype:

Oh dear.

Wallace:

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]

Wallace:

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

FX:

[Door handle turned]

Harry (whining voice):

Hello

Wallace:

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

Harry:

Good-bye!

FX:

[Door slams]

Wallace:

- 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]

Harry:

Oh, I'm dead!

Wallace:

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.

Harry:

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

Grams:

[Cheering]

Harry:

Stoop! *[stops immediately]* Thank you. Greenslade?

Wallace:

Sir?

Harry:

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

Wallace:

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

Orchestra:

[Sinister link]

Peter:

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:

April in Pariiis, chestnuts in blossom... Ah, that was wonderful Gryttype, beautiful grapefruit, seven lovely golden eggs, delicious crisp bacon - the type we had before the war - then there was that toast, wonderful! And that exquuuisite cask of coffee...

Gryttype:

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

Moriarty:

I never eat breakfast.

Gryttype:

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

Moriarty:

Yes, I saw it last week I think.

Gryttype:

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!

Gryttype:

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

Moriarty:

What new trickery is this?

Gryttype:

And according to this paper it credits us with having taken six bars of gold. You told me you 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 fumpf. 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! You realised, 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 in to musical instruments and then a very new two-piece brass band will leave on a world tour.

Moriarty:

Oh, that's 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:

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 donating a small, er -

Grytpype:

Here's a shilling, Inspector.

Seagoon:

Thank you very much. It will be a Grand Ball you know? Grand Ball. I'm the MC, at the big Rosette and MC-unit, you know? 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 driving 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?

Wallace:

May I?

Grytpype:

Yes.

Wallace:

You silly twisted boy, you!

FX:

[Knocks on the door]

Seagoon:

Come in.

FX:

[Door opens]

Seagoon:

Well if it isn't the 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. They won't get far *[laughing to himself]* All the ports are watched, you know? No one will be able to leave the country without Inspector Ned's approval, you know? I'll take the case here. I'll start at the Bank and trace them from there. I'll catch them. Then, when I'm singing at the Ball they'll point me out and say "That's him! That's the man who caught the Bank of England robbers. That's him!" *[fades away]*

Grytpype:

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 those things, I want *[fades out]*

FX:

[Door opens]

Seagoon:

Ah, grand job! And then they'll offer me the chief constabulary and a medal, and when I get to Paris I'll go right up and I'll -

Grytpype:

Neddy, I was - By Jove! You've got an interesting hand!

Seagoon:

Oh it's nothing, 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 (Madame 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, 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:

Oh, 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 - you know you're absolutely marvellous, you really are...

Moriarty:

Yes. 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 Neddy. Neddy, 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 Geldray:

[Musical interlude]

Wallace:

The Six Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 2, or the Two Ingots of Leadenhall Street Part 6, whatever 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 are about to be melted down. Good-bye.

Grams:

[Chemicals bubbling]

Henry:

Mnk... Steady does it, Minnie.

Minnie:

Yeah, 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:

Sorry, 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.

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... It was four Min.

Minnie:

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:

Piddle-poo, I - don't say 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, naughty - come in!

Wallace:

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

FX:

[Door closes]

Seagoon:

Yes. After ceaseless questions and reading several newspapers I discovered that it was the Bank of England that 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 a week. Will you help me?

Seagoon:

Scouts honour!

Bloodnok:

Splendid, splendid, yes. Now, just put on this prisoners uniform.

Seagoon:

Right.

Bloodnok:

Good, good. Good, good. Now this three days worth of growth of beard. Splendid, splendid. Now just sign this confession - excellent lad, excellent. Now hold these 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 dressed up to help you!

Bloodnok:

A likely story. Take him away!

Seagoon:

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

Grams:

[Whoosh, door shuts, huge cheers]

Spike:

Stop! *[stops immediately]*

Wallace:

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, 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 are 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 gold - 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]

Neddy and Eccles:

Ha ha! Did you hear that? Very good!

Seagoon:

Let me try it, listen

FX:

[A single very small triangle ting]

Neddy 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]

Neddy and Eccles:

Ha ha!

Seagoon:

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

FX:

[Some very small triangle tings]

Neddy 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 -

Grytype:

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

FX:

[A single not-so-small triangle ting]

Neddy and Eccles:

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

Eccles:

He's good, he's good. Are you a conservative?

Grytype:

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 other room and see how it sounds in there.

Seagoon:

Oh yes yes, come along Mr. Thynne. This is very 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?

Wallace (French operator):

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 and His Quartet:

[Musical interlude: 'Mr. Sandman']

Wallace:

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]

Spike:

Calling all cars, car number 40.

Peter:

Roger.

Spike:

Car 41.

Peter:

Roger.

Spike:

Car 42.

Peter:

Fred.

Spike:

Car 43? Car 43?

Bluebottle (other end of radio):

Tee-hee-hee!

Spike:

Car 43?

Bluebottle:

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

Spike:

Are you car 43?

Bluebottle:

Before I tell you, here are my special terms which you have to agree to. I must not be nitted, I must not be blowed up, and I must be at the front if there's any sausinges. Signed Bluenbottlen.

Spike:

Very well, now are you car number 43?

Bluebottle:

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

Ray (other side):

Hey, open up! Open up in the name of the law!

Seagoon:

How did they know I was here?

FX:

[Door opens]

Ray:

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:

[Six 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]

William:

'Scuse me, sir

Seagoon:

Yes, constable?

William:

Is that your car in the street?

Seagoon:

Yes

William:

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

Seagoon:

Right-o.

William:

I say, all right for bullets are ya?

Seagoon:

Yes thank you.

William:

Right, keep your 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.

Ray:

Right.

Grytpype:

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

Ray:

Right.

FX:

[Door opens, shuts]

Grams:

[Gun battle continues]

FX:

[Door opens]

Ray:

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:

Stoop! *[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.

Wallace:

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 swine 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.

Wallace:

You little fool, you've gone and deaded the cast and now we can't do the end.

Bluebottle:

Oh, how does it end, Mr. Greenslends?

Wallace:

Oh, I don't care at all! Actually we had a beautiful dramatic ending with the Modern Band of Wilmington coming forward with his arab-coloured chart and Mr. Grytpype-Thynne redeemed himself in the eyes of the Singing Durbish.

Bluebottle:

Oh, can't we act it?

Wallace:

Don't be absurd, what can two of us possibly do?

Orchestra:

[Tea-time music]

Bluebottle:

Do you come here often?

Wallace:

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]