

S6 E11 - The Sale of Manhattan (The Lost Colony)

Transcribed by Footo, corrections by others. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

What a beautiful melody.

SEAGOON:

Glad you like it, Mr. Greensleeves. It's the start of my great new Symphony Number Eight.

GREENSLADE:

Beautiful!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Play it again, lads!

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lads. You'll be pleased to note that I also wrote "The Blue Danube Waltz."

GREENSLADE:

And what about Johann Strauss?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I wrote that as well! But enough of me -- and believe me, there is enough of me. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) Listen now to the tale of... "The Lost Colony."

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SELLERS:

It was the spring of nineteen crid naught hundred and thews. The place, the Karl Marx room at the Athenaeum Club in Commercial Road. Inside were gathered important men. Men of letters. Letters like, "Dear Sir, my daughter tells me..." In one corner of a room, surrounded by a friend, was Sir Neddie Seagoon. Master at Arms, Doctor of Legs and Stoke-Newington twit. They are listening to the wireless set.

MILLIGAN:

(MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

FX:

GUNSHOT

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) You have just heard the right-honourable R.A. Butler on the financial prospects for the coming year.

SEAGOON:

Well, well well. Well, as I was saying, I said to St Bernard, 'Why not tie a gold-plated Rolls Royce round your neck and throw it off Beachy Head?'

LORD KNEES:

[SELLERS]

Why did you say that?

SEAGOON:

I haven't the slightest idea.

MEMBER:

[SELLERS]

I see, do you always make rash statements?

SEAGOON:

Only to people with rashes, mhmhm. The woods are full of them, you know.

MEMBER:

Full of what?

SEAGOON:

Trees. Ha hah ha! (LAUGHING) Woods are full of trees... (CLEARS THROAT). Well I... ah... I think I'll nip down to the stock exchange and buy a few thousand shares in plastic and twill dustbins.

LORD KNEES:

It's all right you buying these magnificent simulation shares, Seagoon, but what about the Empire, it's falling to pieces, old man.

SEAGOON:

Gad yes, Lord Knees, you're right.

LORD KNEES:

(GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

The Empire is in a state. Oh, cruel fate of a fallen giant.

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon me, sir, I couldn't help overhearing what you said.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

GRYTPYPE:

You're so blasted noisy.

SEAGOON:

Steady, flunky. Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

SEAGOON:

McCard, a Scotsman, eh? Hmm... Oh! (SHORT LAUGH) your card, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. 'Mister... Mister Hercules Grytpype-Thynne, professional patriot. Reasonable fees. Will travel anywhere. Own Union Jack. Vacant for pantomime'. Mm.

GRYTPYPE:

I can help you gentlemen reclaim portions of the Empire.

SEAGOON:

Whitechapel?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, even that.

SEAGOON:

Gad.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen of the Athenaeum Club, we shall need funds. Money!

FX:

RUNNING FEET, DOOR SLAM.

SEAGOON:

The cowards! They've all run away. (PAUSE) I stayed. Good job you grabbed me.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Good man. Now, Lord Seagoon, I've been told that you have certain monies.

SEAGOON:

Money? Me? (LAUGHS) Rubbish.

GRYTPYPE:

Empty your pockets.

FX:

SOUND OF RANDOM DROPPED OBJECTS

GRYTPYPE:

You're right, it is rubbish. One piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, Mickey Mouse watch, remains of small boiled chicken, life-size statue of Sabrina and a key.

SEAGOON:

That's the key to my uncle's safe.

GRYTPYPE:

A safe? Moriarty?

FX:

HOOFBEATS (COCONUT SHELLS)

MORIARTY:

Yes? Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Wax impression.

SEAGOON:

Wait, who is this steaming French wreck?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nyukos! (BABBLE IN MOCK FRENCH) Have you never heard of the Champs Elysses?

SEAGOON:

Yes, why?

MORIARTY:

My mother. Better known to you as Montmartes. You insult me. We must fight a duel. Take this pistol.

SEAGOON:

I warn you, I never miss.

MORIARTY:

Nor I. "One Shot Moriarty" they call me. Now back to back, three paces and then we fire, monsieur.

FX:

THREE FOOTSTEPS, GUNSHOT, PAUSE, GUNSHOT, PAUSE, 2 RAPID GUNSHOTS

SEAGOON:

Shall we reload?

MORIARTY:

Thank you, they wish to know that. No, but I accept your apology.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you still interested in the Empire, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. I'd give anything to see the Union Jack flying over Grosvenor Square. Piloted by an Englishman, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, let me tell you a tale. In 1626, a Dutchman bought the land on which New York now stands from a Red Indian for a few paltry trinkets.

SEAGOON:

What were they?

GRYTPYPE:

A piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, a Mickey Mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken -- and a life-size statue of Sabrina.

SEAGOON:

The very things I had in my pocket!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes it means, Neddie, that you are a direct descendant of the Red Indian who sold the land.

SEAGOON:

What? You mean, my ancestors owned New York?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes, indeed, yes!

GRYTPYPE:

And you know what New York is worth today?

SEAGOON:

Forty thousand million billion dollars.

GRYTPYPE:

Correct. How did you know?

SEAGOON:

Just a shot in the dark.

MORIARTY:

Forty thousand million billion dollars? That money must be worth a fortune!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Well, to think they sold all that for a piece of brown string, eleven pence in notes, a Mickey Mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken...

GRYTPYPE:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, yes, yes, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

...a life-size...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. But what you don't know is that the man who bought New York in 1626 has since died.

SEAGOON:

No!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes and furthermore, Neddie, he died without any heirs.

SEAGOON:

He died bald?

MORIARTY:

Yes, but only from the waist up.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

GRYTPYPE:

Well said.

SEAGOON:

Yes it was, wasn't it?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, and this is most significant, it has been discovered that the sale of New York was illegal.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There, I said it well again.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It all means, of course, that New York really belongs to you.

SEAGOON:

Me? Then I must be a Red Indian!

GRYTPYPE:

That's it, Neddie. I'll prove it to you! Put your finger in your cake hole and wobble it about.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES INDIAN WAR WHOOP SOUND)

GRYTPYPE:

There, you speak the language fluently.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I do. (LOUDER WAR WHOOP)

GRYTPYPE:

Ha ha ha! No swearing yet.

SEAGOON:

Now, what next?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you must dress like an Indian. Take off those Welsh goatskins and wash the woad off.

FX:

THINGS FALLING ONTO FLOOR UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Yes, all right! Ha ha! Oh, watch the old tenor's... Oh, there it is, the old tenor's friend. Gad, I say, this is fun! Ha ha! Whoop! There, down to his birthday suit.

MORIARTY:

No man can look like that and live!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, now stick this feather behind your ear and put on this Indian loin cloth.

SEAGOON:

Aaahaah! Ooo! Come on, who's the joker who put a thistle in it?

MORIARTY:

Tell me, little Neddie, can you paddle a zinc bathtub?

SEAGOON:

Like a native.

MORIARTY:

Good! You're going to make the cheapest Atlantic crossing to America ever.

SEAGOON:

Not before I've heard Max Geldray play his leather earache and graphite dogbeard!

MORIARTY:

Well said.

MAX GELDRAY:

'BAIA'

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Max Geldray. Mr Geldray is always well supplied with work by his agents. In fact, his bank balance now stands at four hundred and eighty pounds in bright red letters. Now, we return you to the story 'The Lost Colony'.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

GRAMS:

OCEAN SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Yes, I paddled my zinc bath towards my rightful heritage. After a mere thirteen months, I entered the harbour of New York and pulled into the quay. I was given an ovation. I still have it on my mantelpiece to this day.

GRYTPYPE:

What Neddie didn't know was an American company, the makers of Filth Muck, the detergent with the lead bubbles, had offered a prize of twenty dollars to the first idiot to cross the Atlantic in a zinc bath dressed as a Red Indian.

SEAGOON:

As I lay in hospital recovering from my trip, the phone rang.

GRAMS:

FOGHORN

SEAGOON:

In American.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But how did you know it was me before I spoke?

SEAGOON:

Well, you're so tall.

GRYTPYPE:

So I am. But you too can be tall, Neddie. Buy my book, "How to be Three Inches Taller."

SEAGOON:

Then what?

GRYTPYPE:

Stand on it.

SEAGOON:

Never mind those subtle jokes. What about New York, eh? When do I get it? When do I? Hey? Hey? Hey? My heritage, when do I get it? Ha ha ha, hmm hmm.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well you see there's been a bit of a broohaha, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

Well, America, it appears, won't give up New York to anybody without a legal tussle.

SEAGOON:

But I haven't got a legal tussle, my, folks were poor!

GRYTPYPE:

Never mind, Neddie, the woods are full of them. But first, I must get you an astute lawyer. Anyway, meantime you must disguise yourself as a beaver, swim cautiously up the Hudson, at all times keeping in touch by telephone.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRAMS:

LARGE SPLASH

SEAGOON:

I struck out with my powerful trudgen stroke. By dawn of the needle nardle noo, I had reached the Indian reservation of Standingroomonly!

BLOODNOK:

Aieargh ai-oh-ergh. Minnie haha. Little bull, big bull. Hiawatha and other Indian layabouts.
(WOBBLES FINGER IN MOUTH WITH SEAGOON)

SEAGOON:

Are you really a Red Indian?

BLOODNOK:

What? Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Are you really a Red Indian?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... yes, I am, yes.

SEAGOON:

Then why does the red keep coming off your skin?

BLOODNOK:

I'm anaemic, that's why. Aieargh Woai-oh-woergh. Woow! Now Grytpype tells me you want an Indian birth certificate.

SEAGOON:

I do, I do. Woowoowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Waargh! Now let's commence the mystical initiation ceremony. Chief Troubleitz.

CHIEF:

[ELLINGTON]

Me here. You call, needle nardle noo?

BLOODNOK:

Start playing the ancient tom-toms.

CHIEF:

Right!

ORCHESTRA:

FLUTE MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Eh! That's not a tom-tom, that's a piper!

CHIEF:

Yes, that's tom-tom the piper's son.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that! Now play that tom-tom or I'll cancel your booking with Geraldo tonight.

CHIEF:

I play, cor blimey.

GRAMS:

TOM-TOMS

BLOODNOK:

Ahh. Oh, brave Seagoon. Step forward for the mystical initiation ceremony.

SEAGOON:

Woowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Wooarghwarg! Now, place a hundred dollars in the palm of your hand.

SEAGOON:

Woowooh!

BLOODNOK:

Good. Now say after me, 'This is *your* hundred dollars'.

SEAGOON:

This is *your* hundred dollars.

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER SOUND

BLOODNOK:

Ah, the old Jewish piano! Now, give me your wallet, will you? Thank you.

CHIEF:

Look out, Bloodnok, man, the police!

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Weeiogh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS FLEEING

SEAGOON:

Oh, it was a sad sight to see the noble red chief running away from the horrors of the white man. But nevertheless, before he had gone, he had made me a full-blooded half-breed Welsh Red Indian. I was now ready to claim New York! Woowooowhooo!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

GAVEL POUNDING

LEW:

Silence in court! The 24th court of the Brooklyn district of Manhattan is now in session. The case of Chief Ned Goon versus the United States of America. And I'll lay ten to one this Schnorrer gets thrown out on his ear. And now, the court will rise. Judge Feryerself presiding!

JUDGE:

[ELLINGTON]
Gentlemen!

ORCHESTRA:

SHAKING TAMBOURINE, THUMP.

JUDGE:

Be seated. Now, Is the counsel for Chief Ned Seagoon ready?

HENRY AND MINNIE:

Yes, we're coming buddy, we're coming, oh, dear.

JUDGE:

C'mon, hurry up then. I've got a robbery to do at three.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

We had to get the documents, you know.

MINNIE:

Must have the documents, you know.

HENRY:

Oh, yes. The documents have got to be got.

MINNIE:

Yes, bravo, Henry.

HENRY:

Bravo, Min. You did bring them, Min, didn't you?

MINNIE:

Well -- what?

HENRY:

The documents. You've got to have the documents.

MINNIE:

You've got to get them.

HENRY:

You've got to get them, Min.

SEAGOON:

This, then, was the great legal team, Bannister and Crun, who were to defend my claim. They were said to be the finest lawyers in Rockall.

HENRY:

Chief Seagoon, now what is this case all about?

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) I'm a Red Indian from Wales from the prairie, you see. Woowooo! And New York belongs to me!

MINNIE:

Oh...

HENRY:

And we're supposed to be defending you?

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye. Woowoo!

HENRY:

Your honour, we plead guilty but insane!

SEAGOON:

I'm not insane!

HENRY:

I'm not talking about you, *I'm* pleading guilty, but insane. I repeat, we plead insanity.

ECCLES:

I object!

HENRY:

Why?

ECCLES:

That's my excuse.

HENRY:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles.

JUDGE:

Oh, stop all this high-falutin' talking, cor blimey. Chief Seagoon, state what you are claiming.

SEAGOON:

I claim that New York belongs to me!

JUDGE:

Yeah? New York belongs to you? Man, I sentence you to be deported, or America will leave the country, cor blimey. And to make it worse, I'm going to sing!

MINNIE, HENRY, SEAGOON:

(GENERAL HUB-HUB)

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

PERFORMS 'I LOVE TO RIDE'

SEAGOON:

That night, in my cell, I sat depressed. For three years I sat in darkness. I kept my eyes closed. But by tapping on the water pipes, I managed to converse with another prisoner.

FX:

TAPPING SOUNDS ON PIPES, WITH DISTANT REPLIES

SEAGOON:

In time we got quite friendly and had some quite chatty conversations.

FX:

VARIETY OF QUICK TAPPING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

For three years he and I communicated by tapping on the water pipes. It was all very silly, really; we were both in the same cell. So, in time, I was paroled. My first thoughts were of revenge against America. I'd blow it up, if only I had a brave friend.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will be your brave friend, my captain. Hooray! Enter Bluebottle making signs to audience for applause. I'll have to learn some more signs like that.

SEAGOON:

Little clever finger manipulator, let me tell you who I am.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'm great Red Indian chief Ned Seagoon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What, a Red Indian? Bang-bang, you're dead. I am Indian Scout of the Plains and Prairies Blunebottle. Bange-bange, you're dead. You're now writhing on the ground. It's all up with you, red chief devil. I am the fearless lion-hearted Blunebottle, brave killer of Indians. Bang -- aaaoooh! There's a caterpillar crawling up my neck!

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I'll get David Attenborough to take it away. Now... now, little East Finchley cardboard wreck.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Help me blow up New York and this quarter of Dolly mixtures is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhoh! Well, Dolly mixtures, where you heading? Thinks: With those type sweets, my teacher, Miss Gringe, would keep me in after school. I think that would be a good game, he he he!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, Bluebottle, stop those naughty thinks. Give me back those sweets. Now, where did you say this Miss Gringe lives?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, ooooh. I will not tell you where Miss Gringe is, hoo hoo. You shall not harm a hair on her head.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She's bald! Hoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Come, lad, enough of this. New York is to be blown up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll go and get a pump!

SEAGOON:

With dynamite, lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, here we go again! I'm frightened to do it alone.

SEAGOON:

Oh, if only there was another idiot.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Close the door, they're coming through the window. Close the door, they're coming up the stairs. Close the roof, they're coming through the ceiling. Those...

GRAMS:

VARIETY OF MAD SOUND EFFECTS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) ...are everywhere.

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

Help Bluebottle with this dynamite.

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll get it onto his back.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I must not carry that. I'm the superior-type brains, I have got.

ECCLES:

Oh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You carry it, you're less clever than me.

ECCLES:

Oh, no, I ain't. I'm clever. I got it up here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then. We will have a great test of brains. Whoever loses carries the box of dynamite.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. We'll see who's clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we will.

ECCLES:

We'll see who carries the box.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Go on... go on, then. Give me a... a tricky question.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then, I will. I'll give you a tricky one. What is one plus one?

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) (SOUNDS OF HEAVING) That's got the box on my back. Hey, wait. Wait a minute, you haven't answered a question from me, yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Give me one, my great brain is pounding.

ECCLES:

Okay! (ASIDE) This'll get him, folks. (NORMAL) Now then, what's the name of the Prime Minister?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Um, Lloyd George.

ECCLES:

Good, it's a good job for you you knew.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Yes, I did.

ECCLES:

Let that be a lesson to you.

SEAGOON:

All right, men. Enough of this intellectual sparring. Now, take this dynamite down to the New York sewers and at midnight, set it off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, follow me!

ECCLES:

Here, watch that.

ORCHESTRA:

MARCH, THEN DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

At five to midnight I lay in my penthouse. Five minutes more and I, the red man, will have revenged himself! (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

GRYTPYPE:

Calm down, Neddie. Nothing to worry about, your records are selling well.

SEAGOON:

Yes, the woods are full of them.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, what is the plan for this Charlie?

GRYTPYPE:

Simple, Moriarty. The moment he blows up New York, we take him to the police and get the reward for handing in a felon.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BRITISH CONSUL:

[GREENSLADE]

Hello, Chief Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Wooowooowoo!

BRITISH CONSUL:

Good. British Consul, Washington, here.

SEAGOON:

How do you do, Mr. Washington?

BRITISH CONSUL:

Oh, fine, Jim. Fine, fine, thank you very much, Jim. Now, on the point of law, the United States government have discovered that you were right and that New York *is* yours. Therefore, they have decided to give it to you.

SEAGOON:

What? I'm rich! Rich! I'm rich! No! No, wait, wait! Hello, get me Bluebottle!

FX:

POUNDING ON PHONE CRADLE

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! Bluebottle, don't light the fuse on the...

GRAMS:

LOUD, LONG EXPLOSION, FADES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will be relieved to learn that what they are hearing is not really New York being blown up. It is a recording specially made to simulate the sound of New York being blown up. For this, a life-size replica of New York was built at Wanstead and blown up. And all this just for one pound a year.

ORCHESTRA:

MELANCHOLY VIOLIN PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND

SEAGOON:

Alas, New York, all destroyed. Wait, what is this little blackened twig lying prostrate in the gutter? I'll pick it up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Put me down, you rotten swine! You deaded me. I'm shattered and my beautiful cardboard sailor hat is all singed.

SEAGOON:

Rest in pieces, little nurk.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeough.

SEAGOON:

Your lot is better than mine. I, who have wilfully destroyed New York. New York, worth -- let me see, I've got it here on a piece of paper -- four billion, three million, eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty-four dollars and sixteen cents. Now look at it, a blackened ruin!

RED INDIAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Hmm, me buyum. Me buy wasteland, cor blimey.

SEAGOON:

A Red Indian! What'll you give me for it? Ten dollars? Fifty dollars?

RED INDIAN:

No, me give you - and I quote early part of show - a piece of string, eleven pence in notes, a mickey mouse watch, remains of a small boiled chicken...

SEAGOON:

(OVERLAPPING) Oh, no! No! No!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC 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 Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

Notes:

The Athenaeum Club is a gentlemen's club in London. It was founded in 1823 for individuals known for scientific, literary or artistic accomplishments and patrons of the same.

Grosvenor Square is a large garden square in the exclusive Mayfair district of London.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.

The Hudson is a river running mainly through New York State.

Trudgen stroke is a type of swimming stroke.

Hiawatha who lived around 1550, was a leader of the Onondaga and Mohawk nations of Native Americans.

Geraldo was a British bandleader.

Rockall is a very small, rocky island in the North Atlantic.

David Attenborough is a presenter of natural history documentaries.

Lloyd George was a British statesman and the last member of the Liberal Party to be Prime Minister. He died in 1945, ten year before this episode was recorded.

Schnorrer is a Yiddish term meaning 'beggar' or 'sponger'.