

S5 E15 - 1985

Transcribed Russell Street. Corrections by others, compiled by Tony Wills. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Big Brother is watching YOU!

ECCLES:

Ooo-oooh!

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

SECOMBE:

(PROCLAIMING) Listeners! You are warned. This programme... is NOT... to be listened to! (MANIC LAUGH)

MILLIGAN:

(STRANGULATED NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehee hee! I don't like this game!

GREENSLADE:

(PROCLAIMING) The BBC would like to caution parents: this programme is unsuitable for the very young. The very old. The middle aged. Those just going off. Those on the turn. Young dogs. And alderman John Snagge.

FX:

LARGE RESOUNDING DULL GONG

MILLIGAN:

(ANNOUNCING) This is the story of the year 1985!

GRAMS:

GROANING, WAILING AND CRYING INTO SCREAMING

ORCHESTRA:

TEA PARTY DANCE MUSIC (1922 JACK PAYNE ONE-STEP?)

WINSTON:

My name is 846 Winston Seagoon. I am a worker in the great news collecting centre of the Big Brother Corporation or, as you knew it... the BBC. In every room is a TV screen that gives out a stream of orders.

BIG BROTHER:

[SELLERS]

Attention people of England State. Thanks to de-rationing and the free market the price of tea has now gone down to 85 guineas a quarter. And here is good news for state housewives. The following goods are now in the shops: plastic and sawdust elephant night-shirts; second hand concrete parachutes; artificial explodable woollen bloomers; men's self-igniting tailless shirts - with anti thunder-sheet attachment. There are unlimited supplies in the shops!!

ECCLES:

Oh, it's good to be alive, in 1985

BIG BROTHER:

Now, here is announcer 283947625324769854327618976 stroke 2.

WINSTON:

Good old Greenslade.

GREENSLADE:

(ANNOUNCING) Special interest to BBC workers: by mixing water with earth our scientists have invented... MUD! It's now on sale in the BBC canteen under the name of Macaroni au Gratin or coffee.

WINSTON:

Big fat slob, get off the screen!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

VISION MASTER:

[SELLERS as Grytpype]

Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

WINSTON:

Ohh (NERVOUS TITTER), Vision Master Ronnie Waldman.

VISION MASTER:

You are not complaining about our new BBC TV are you?

WINSTON:

Oh! No, I...

VISION MASTER:

(QUICKLY) What is the finest TV programme in the world?

WINSTON:

(AUTOMATICALLY) Kaleidoscope.

VISION MASTER:

You are forgiven. As a penance, you will put a copy of the Radio Times in your window. Don't forget to watch tonight's programme...

WINSTON:

Oh, yes, 'Ask Son of Pickles'.

VISION MASTER:

Yes. Tonight he hopes to have a one-legged dying Eskimo play the piano for him. Now everybody, face the TV screen. Time for the 'Hate Half Hour'

MORIARTY:

Attention all! Coming on the screen now is the one man you must hate! The sworn enemy of the Big Brother Corporation, this is him!

MINNICK

[SELLERS as LEW CASH]

Listen, listen! Don't believe them! Listen! BBC workers. Rise and overthrow your masters before it's too late. I will lead you against them. Strike now! Revolt!

WINSTON:

So this was Horrace Minnick, leader of the ITA.

MINNICK:

Join the Independent Television Army now.

OMNES:

HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!

MORIARTY:

STOP! Stop. Enough. Now, here is a special announcement from Big Brother!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

ANNOUNCER:

[GREENSLADE]

(OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM) BBC workers. The canteen is now open. Lunch is ready. Doctors are standing by.

WINSTON:

As I sat at my table eating my boiled water, I began to hate Big Brother Corporation.

ECCLES:

Hey, Winston. Guess what I found in my dinner?

WINSTON:

What?

ECCLES:

Food! Oh, it's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Poor producer fool. Still, sixty years with the Huggets would turn anyone.

FNUTT:

[SELLERS as Cynthia]

I love you, darling!

ECCLES:

I love you, too, darling.

FNUTT:

Not you, 213 Eccles. You, 846 Winston.

WINSTON:

You're a woman, aren't you?

FNUTT:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Thank heaven, you've got to be careful these days.

FNUTT:

846 Winston, darling. I've loved you from afar.

WINSTON:

My favourite distance. But who are you?

FNUTT:

I am 612, Miss Fnutt. I operate the Pornograph Machine in the Forbidden Records Department. I love you, do you hear me!

WINSTON:

No... no, love is not for us.

FNUTT:

No.

WINSTON:

Love is only for the higher income group. John Snagge, Audrey Cameron and Paul Fenoulhet.

FNUTT:

Let's take a chance. Let's meet somewhere under the moon, alone. We can clasp each other to each other and then... ohhhh...

ECCLES:

Ohhh! It's good to be alive in 1985!

WINSTON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

WINSTON:

Now, darling... where?

FNUTT:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

WINSTON:

I know the place. Home Service, 8:30, Tuesday night.

FNUTT:

You mean, the forbidden Goon Sector?

WINSTON:

Yes. Wait, that belt you're wearing.

FNUTT:

That's the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

Ahemm. Well, I don't think I'll come.

FNUTT:

No, no! But, you too are wearing the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

I was forced to.

FNUTT:

Why?

WINSTON:

My trousers kept falling down.

FNUTT:

Till Tuesday, darling.

WINSTON:

(QUIETLY) Till Tuesday...

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF INTO DISTANCE (COCONUT SHELL)

WINSTON:

There she goes, little fairy. That night in my room I sat out of range of the TV screen. I loved Fnutt and I hate Big Brother. I wrote it in my diary. "I hate BB. I hate BB. I hate BB. I hate BB"

FX:

PHONE RINGING. RECEIVER UP.

WINSTON:

Hello?

GROUCHO MARX:

[SELLERS]

Don't tell anybody, but I hate BB, too.

WINSTON:

Who are you, Ben Lyon?

GROUCHO:

No, I was but the script was altered.

WINSTON:

Karl Marx! So there *was* an underground movement. I must try and find it. I strode into the street, pausing only to hear worker Geldray play a perforated haddock sock at the slope.

MAX GELDRAI:

'IT HAD TO BE YOU'

WINSTON:

And so I entered the forbidden Goon Sector of London hoping to contact a member of the ITA. Once there, I went in to the notorious public house, 'The Grosvenor'.

GRAMS:

GLASS SMASHING, DRINKING SONG ON OLD GRAMOPHONE, MURMUR OF CUSTOMERS

BLOODNOK:

Now, lads, I know you're all enjoying yourselves but silence, please. Silence for the cabaret. I have pleasure in presenting those glamorous grandmothers, the three Beverly Sisters!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Correction, the Beverly Twins!

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Miss Beverly will sing...

FX:

GUN SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Everybody dance!

GRAMS:

BAR PIANO PLAYING, HUBBUB OF CUSTOMERS

WINSTON:

To think, this used to be Palm Court. I looked around the bar. They were dressed in cloth caps, corduroy trousers, rough lumberjacket shirts, bald heads and beards. And some of the men were dressed the same.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!

WINSTON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fear not, you did not hurt me. Enter Bluebottle, the toast of the Goon Sector. Thank you, fellow Goons for the sausages.

WINSTON:

What's that plain wrapper book you're reading?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is a naughty little bookule. Listen to this: "In the darkness she felt his hot breath on her bed rails. Then a warm hand fell on her marble wash stand."

WINSTON:

STOP! Stop, stop that at once. Give me that book!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why?

WINSTON:

I want to read it. What's it called?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's called 'Mrs Dale's *Real* Diary'.

WINSTON:

Mrs... Mrs Dale's...? Heavens, would the BBC stop at nothing? So this was how they kept the masses from thinking.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee! Look at this page! Eheehee! It's a 3D picture of Mrs Dale in her night-shirt being chased by Richard Dimbleby. Eheehee! Eheehee heeheehee! fssss! Eheeheeoououghhhh... Pauses to wipe drool off chin. Eee!

WINSTON:

I had to go outside. I couldn't bear to watch these poor Goons wallow in misery. It was then I wandered into an antique shop.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

CHARRINGTON:

[SELLERS as OLD MAN]

(SINGING) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts...

WINSTON:

Good evening. Do you mind if I take a gander round the shop?

CHARRINGTON:

No, as long as it's house-trained. (CONTINUES SINGING)

WINSTON:

(OFF) I say! (ON) What's this old object?

CHARRINGTON:

That, beautiful isn't it? It's called a cricket bat.

WINSTON:

Oh, yes. Yes. Did they have test matches way back?

CHARRINGTON:

Yes, that... that's right. As a matter of fact, this bat was used in the very last test by Len Hutton. You can see it's quite unmarked.

WINSTON:

Old man, tell me, what was it like back in 1954?

CHARRINGTON:

Well, we had sports and games, coloured movies, Charlie Chester, Monkhouse, Gilbert Harding. Oooh, it was terrible.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

ECCLES:

Here, Winston. Look who... look who I brought along.

FNUTT:

Hello, dearest.

WINSTON:

Darling, darling I love you.

ECCLES:

And I love you, too.

WINSTON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, you!

FNUTT:

We were looking in the window for antiques and we saw you.

WINSTON:

Ahhemm. We mustn't be seen together. Quick, into this room.

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

FNUTT:

Darling, alone at last!

WINSTON:

Oh, dearest Fnutt, let me kiss you.

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Don't start yet, I'll get a chair.

WINSTON:

Eccles, you go outside and keep watch.

ECCLES:

I can watch better in here. Oh, ho!

WINSTON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yup.

FX:

RATTLE OF KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

WINSTON:

There's the door. And now dearest, alone at last.

ECCLES:

Yep, Alone at last.

WINSTON:

Eccles! Get out or I'll...

ECCLES:

Ok...o...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

ECCLES:

Huh! Telling me to... telling me to get out. Huh! See if I care. I don't care. I don't care, I just don't care, that's all. All slamming the door like that. They can stop in there all night, for all I care. I don't mind, I'll wait here til they've finished. I don't mind.

WINSTON:

(YELLS) Will you stop muttering and get out!!!

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!!

ECCLES:

Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ahh hoom.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh hehee.

ECCLES:

Here, you were looking through the... you were looking through the key hole.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I was. Ehee!

ECCLES:

It's naughty... it's naughty to look through the key hole. Very very naughty to look through the key hole, that's very naughty... (VOICE TRAILS OFF)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, stop looking through it when you're talking to me!

ECCLES:

I was only looking because I... I tell you something.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is it?

ECCLES:

I... I ain't never seen a fella kiss a girl before.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, haven't you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nooo! Here... (CLICKS TONGUE) here...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Have you... have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!! Not going to tell you!

ECCLES:

Well, come on, come on. I... I... I won't tell anybody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, I'm not going to say. I'm a man of mystery!

ECCLES:

But I... but... but I'm your friend. Come on, have you ever kissed a girl? Come on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehhhhee! Yes!!!

BLUEBOTTLE & ECCLES:

(BOTH LAUGHING/GIGGLING, TAILING OFF OVER 10 SECONDS)

ECCLES:

Yuh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yuh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've seen something you haven't seen.

ECCLES:

What... what... what... what's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have seen...

ECCLES:

Uh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've seen my sister's washing on the line!!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(LAUGHING)

ECCLES:

Ohhh, It's good to be alive! Good [UNCLEAR], yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a happy go-lucky-man Eheehee! Thinks: I'm a happy go lucky man.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

WINSTON:

What's all this noise?! You, what do you want?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have a message. If you want to join the Independent Television Army, report at once to number 10, R-U-Certain Street.

WINSTON:

R-U-Certain?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Positive!

WINSTON:

Right! Lets go!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH

WINSTON:

(BREATHING HEAVILY) Here we are. Number 10, the ITA headquarters.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, Winston, I've been expecting you.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman! What are you doing...

VISION MASTER:

Don't be frightened. I am a secret member of the Independent Television Army.

WINSTON:

I had a feeling you were. I knew it by the little things. The way you smiled at me across the room. The way you touched my hair when you passed my chair (SINGING OPERA STYLE) Little things meeeeeeeean a looooooot!!

VISION MASTER:

You silly, twisted boy, you. Now then, you want to join ITA?

WINSTON:

Yes.

VISION MASTER:

What do you know about television?

WINSTON:

Three years at the BBC staff training college.

VISION MASTER:

What did you learn?

WINSTON:

Nothing.

VISION MASTER:

Good. We'll make you a director. Now say after me, "down with the BBC!"

WINSTON:

Down with the BBC!

VISION MASTER:

Drink.

FX:

SMASHING GLASSES

WINSTON:

We drank and smashed our glasses in the fire place. I had to borrow a spare pair to find my way home. As I walked home I paused only to build a rough brick radiogram to play a record of Ray Ellington and his proles.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL'

MORIARTY:

Silence! And... Stop! Attention! 846 Winston Seagoon. You are under arrest for conspiring with the Independent Television Army. You will await detention by the studio attendants. You will then be prepared for the agonising death type three.

WINSTON:

Had they suspected me?

MORIARTY:

Silence!! You will be taken to room... 101!

WINSTON:

No! Not 101! Not the listening room! Oh, noo!!! (CRYING "NO... NO..." OFF INTO THE BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TOP OF WINSTON CRYING) I would just like to mention that the Radio Times is now on sale at all book stores price thruppence. And jolly good value for money it is, too.

WINSTON:

No! No! Let me go! Why are they strapping me in this box? Why these earphones?

VISION MASTER:

Hello, Winston, laddie.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman. So they got you, too...

VISION MASTER:

Yes, they got me a long time ago. I remember the date, Monday night at eight. Now Winston, we must torture you..

WINSTON:

You... you traitor! You deceived me!

VISION MASTER:

Yes. Of course, you can save yourself.

WINSTON:

How?

VISION MASTER:

Just sign this three-year BBC contract.

WINSTON:

What if I refuse?

VISION MASTER:

You have no option.

WINSTON:

A BBC contract with no option? Impossible. What has become of my beloved? What have you done to Miss Fnuutt?

VISION MASTER:

Fnutt will never walk the streets again.

WINSTON:

Why not?

VISION MASTER:

She's bought a scooter. Now, are you going to sign?

WINSTON:

Fno, fno!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, turn the knob to 247 metres.

GRAMS:

'MRS DALES DIARY', GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

No! No! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it, I can't stand it! Stop it! Stop that! No! (BREAKS DOWN INTO 'NO'S AND SOBS)

VISION MASTER:

You going to sign, Winston?

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, 330 metres.

GRAMS:

'LIFE WITH LYONS' SPEED UP

WINSTON:

No! No, stop! Stop! Aarggh! Aarggh! Aarghh! Ooow! No! Oh! Oh! You fiend, to let me hear that!

VISION MASTER:

Sign!

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

You won't sign?

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade...

GRAMS:

'HAVE A GO' GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

Nooo!! Not that. No! Stop! Stop! No! No. Noooo! No! No.

VISION MASTER:

I warn you, Winston. Here, we can change people into somebody else. You know Eccles?

WINSTON:

Yes?

VISION MASTER:

He used to be Issy Bonn.

WINSTON:

You're lying!

VISION MASTER:

You think so? Greenslade, call Barbara Kelly.

GREENSLADE:

(CALLING) Miss Kelly!

ELLINGTON:

Yes, you calling me, Ronnie?

VISION MASTER:

Ahh, Barbara, dear. What's your line?

ELLINGTON:

Ah, coloured television.

VISION MASTER:

Thank you, dear. Back on the old flying wire.

WINSTON:

You fiend. Poor Barbara Kelly.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, on the contrary, we think it's a great improvement.

WINSTON:

It must be terrible at bedtime with Braden.

VISION MASTER:

Well, it gets dark early in Canada, you know.

WINSTON:

So the awful torture went on. In three days I lost ten stone. My weight went down to a mere twenty stone. I looked so old and ill, Wilfred Pickles demanded me for his TV programme. Then... then the torture started again!

GRAMS:

SECOMBE OPERA RECORD

WINSTON:

No! No! No! Stop, this is agony! Stop that voice! Stop that voice! Stop that voice! Stop it! Whose is it?

VISION MASTER:

Yours!

WINSTON:

(CLAPPING) More! Bravo! More, More! More! Encore! More! More! More! Let's have him back again, short fat fellow with the glasses, more!

VISION MASTER:

Moriarty? Take over, I'm going to Jim Davidson for a saxophone lesson.

MORIARTY:

Very good. (CALLING) Little torturer!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter torturer Bluebottle, with junior cardboard cut out torture kit.

MORIARTY:

Listen, little Lurgi-ridden Knyuckoe. Prepare the screaming agony rack.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, goody, goody! Thinks: Perhaps 1985 is going to be a good year for Bloonbontle. Starts to get agony set ready.

WINSTON:

(APPEALING FRANTICALLY) No. No, Bluebottle. Don't do it. Remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Your old pal, Neddie Seagoon? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha... Your friend? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

My friend.

WINSTON:

Yes, Bluebottle, you remember me? (NERVOUS TITTER) Ha ha ha...

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're the one who deads me every week, aren't you. Ehee hee hehe!! Thinks: I know the very thing for him. Prepares dirty big pile of dreaded dynamite. Eheehee! I like this game, now, I do, I like this.

WINSTON:

(NERVOUS TITTER) Bluebottle! Bluebottle, (NERVOUS TITTER) stop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

There. All is ready for the dreaded deading of the traitor Seagoon. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to witness... that... for the first timeules in the history of the Goon Showns, Bluebottlins will not be deaded. Observe: I light a hundred foot fuse: so. Now, all that remains... is for me to escape. Taxi to the airport!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Airplane, drive me to America!

GRAMS:

JET TAKING OFF FAST

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Horse, drive to the desert!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING OFF FADE (COCONUT SHELLS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ladies and gentlemen. Observe. I am now six thousand miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am safe in the middle of the desert.

FX:

MIGHTY EXPLOSION, FALLING RUBBLE AND METAL

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheeheehuu!!! You rotten swines, you! Ehehehu! Exits left, never to play this rotten game again! Never! Never! Thinks: all right then, next week. Ohh! Look at my knees, they've gone!

WINSTON:

Meantime, back in the BBC listening room, I struggled to free myself before the dynamite exploded.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Seagoon.

WINSTON:

Bloodnok! Eccles!

BLOODNOK:

Quick, untie him.

ECCLES:

OK, I'd better hurry up before the...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

That's got his legs free.

WINSTON:

Yes, but where are they?

ECCLES:

Here dey are...

MINNICK:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screen.

WINSTON:

Look, it's Horrace Minnick!

MINNICK:

Listen! Listen! Great news! After a telephone conversation lasting three days and bribes worth ten pounds, I have gained control of the BBC.

WINSTON:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

MINNICK:

And here is the first of our new style Independent Television Army programmes!

GRAMS:

'RAYS'S A LAUGH' SPEEDING UP UNDER:

WINSTON:

No! No! I can't stand it!

OMNES:

Hate, hate, hate, hate...

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND UNDER, FADING FOR...

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

NOTES:

Ronnie Waldman: BBC Radio show host 'Monday Night At Seven' (and, later, 'Eight'), later became Head of BBC Light Entertainment.

Maurice Winnick: booking agent and producer - bid for the first set of UK independent television licenses. Obviously no relation of "Horace Minnick".

Paul Fenoulhet: a conductor of various BBC orchestras, Audrey Cameron: a BBC producer.

Ben Lyon: American actor - BBC radio situation comedy "Life with the Lyons" along with kids and

wife (Bebe Daniels, hence the "I hate BB, too." joke)

Len Hutton (excellent batsman) was opening bat and Captain of the British Team touring Australia at the time, he was out in the first over of the first innings of the first Test after only one scoring shot. He only averaged 21.5 in these Tests, less than half his career average of 54. Not a performance that the English fans expected.

Charlie Chester: stand-up comedian, Bob Monkhouse: British comedian, Gilbert Harding: BBC TV presenter (eg "What's My Line")

Issy Bonn: Jewish Musical Hall comedian from 40's and 50's

Barbara Kelly: Canadian born comedienne and actress - 'What's My Line' panellist. Together with husband Bernard Braden did a light-hearted BBC radio show, originally "Breakfast with Braden" later "Bedtime with Braden".