

S5 E20 - 1985 (remake)

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:

OooOooow

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:

(JOHN SNAGGE) Attention people of England State. Thanks to de-rationing and the free market the price of tea has now gone down to eighty-five 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.

SELLERS:

(ANNOUNCING) Now here is announcer 28394762532453425677896577 stroke 32.

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]

(Grytpype voice) Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

WINSTON:

Ohh (NERVOUS TITTER), Vision Master Ronnie Waldman.

VISION MASTER:

You are not complaining about our BBC TV are you?

WINSTON:

Oh, ha ha no, oh, no.

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. And 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. It's time for the 'Hate Half Hour'

MORIARTY:

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

WINNICKSTEIN:

[SELLERS]

(LEW/CASH VOICE) Listen, listen! Don't believe him! 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 Maurice Winnickstein, leader of the ITA.

WINNICKSTEIN:

Join the Independent Television Army, now!

OMNES:

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

MORIARTY:

...Nine, ten, Out. Stop. Enough. Now here is a special announcement from Big Brother!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

JOHN SNAGGE:

(over public address system) BBC workers. The canteen is now open. Lunch is ready. Doctors are standing by.

FX:

SOUND OF CANTEEN HUBBUB, CUPS & SAUCERS CLINKING

WINSTON:

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

ECCLES:

Hello there Winston. Here guess what I found in my dinner.

WINSTON:

What?

ECCLES:

A piece of 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]

(Cynthia voice) I love you darling!

ECCLES:

I love you, too.

FNUTT:

Not you 213 Eccles, you 846 Winston.

WINSTON:

You are a woman, aren't you?

FNUTT:

Yes.

WINSTON:

Thank heaven, you have got to be so careful these days, you know.

FNUTT:

Winston darling, I have loved you from afar.

WINSTON:

My favourite distance. Who are you?

FNUTT:

I am 612 Miss Fnutt. I operate the Pornograph Machine in the Forbidden Records Department. And I love you!

WINSTON:

No, love is not for us.

FNUTT:

Yes...

WINSTON:

...No. Love is only for the higher income group, John Snagge, Audrey Cameron and Paul Fenoulhet.

FNUTT:

Darling 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 can we meet?

FNUTT:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

WINSTON:

I know the very place. Home Service, 8.30, Tuesday night.

FNUTT:

You mean, the forbidden Goon Sector.

WINSTON:

Yes. Wait, that belt you are wearing.

FNUTT:

That is the Anti-Sex League belt.

WINSTON:

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

FNUTT:

Oh, 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.

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?

BEN LYON:

Hello. Don't tell anybody, but I hate Bebe, too.

WINSTON:

Who are you?

BEN LYON:

Ben Lyon.

WINSTON:

So there was an underground movement. I must try and find it and do my best to save England from tyranny. I strode into the street...

MAX GELDRAY:

'IT HAD TO BE YOU'

WINSTON:

I entered the forbidden Goon Sector of London. Once there I went to the notorious Goon public house, 'The Grosvenor'.

GRAMS:

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

BLOODNOK:

Silence, silence, 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 them men were dressed the same.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!

WINSTON:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fear not. You did not hurt me. Enter Bluebottle the toast of the Goon Sector. No sausages, ehehe. (APPLAUSE) Thank you, fellow Goons for the sausages applause.

WINSTON:

What is 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. (snorting) Then a warm hand fell on her marble wash stand."

WINSTON:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why?

WINSTON:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Mrs Dale's *Real* Diary'.

WINSTON:

Mrs Dale's...?? Heavens, would the BBC stop at nothing? So this is 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! Eheeheeoououghhhh... Pauses to wipe drool off chin.

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. There...

WINSTON:

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

CHARRINGTON:

No, as long as it's house-trained... (continues singing) There they are standing in a row...

WINSTON:

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

CHARRINGTON:

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

WINSTON:

Oh, yes... didn't they have test matches way back?

CHARRINGTON:

Yes, that's quite right. Matter of fact this bat was used in the very last test by an Australian opening bat, you can see it's quite unmarked.

WINSTON:

Old man, tell me, what was it like back in 1955?

CHARRINGTON:

Well, well, we had sports and games, coloured movies, Monkhouse, Gilbert Harding, ohhh, it was terrible.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL

ECCLES:

Hey Winston look who's here.

FNUTT:

Hello, dearest.

WINSTON:

Darling, I love you.

ECCLES:

I love you, too.

WINSTON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up, shut up.

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:

Dearest Fnutt, let me kiss you...

ECCLES:

Oh, ho 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.

WINSTON:

Eccles!

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...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

ECCLES:

Huh! Telling me to get out like that. Huh. See if I care. I don't care - I don't care. Slamming the door like that on me, they can stand there all night for all I care. I don't care at all, I don't care. I don't mind, I'll wait here until 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:

You were looking through the key hole!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes I was. Ehee!

ECCLES:

You know that's naughty, that's naughty to look through the key hole, very naughty to look through the key hole...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well stop looking through it when you are talking to me den!

ECCLES:

Well I'm only looking because I ain't never seen a fella kiss a girl.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Haven't you Eccles?

ECCLES:

Nooo! Here... here. Have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eheehee!! No, I'm not gonna tell you!

ECCLES:

Oh, come on. Come on, I won't tell anybody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No I'm not going to say.

ECCLES:

Come on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a man of mystery!

ECCLES:

Come on... you're my friend, come on, have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

nwha?

ECCLES:

Have you ever kissed a girl?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehhhhee... Yes!!!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(both laughing/giggling, tailing off over 10 seconds)

ECCLES:

Ohhh, It's good to be alive! Oh, Bluebottle, you've lived, you've lived.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I'm a happy go-lucky-man that's what I am! Thinks: I'm a happy go lucky man.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeh, he thinks he's a happy-go-lucky man.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

WINSTON:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have a message for you, if you want to join the ITA, report at once to number ten 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. ITA headquarters, number ten.

VISION MASTER:

Winston, I've been expecting you.

WINSTON:

Vision Master Waldman of the BBC, what are you doing...

VISION MASTER:

Don't be frightened. I am one of the ITA.

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 meeeeeeeeeean aaaaa lotttt!!

VISION MASTER:

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

WINSTON:

Yes.

VISION MASTER:

Oh, well what do you know about television?

WINSTON:

I had 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.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL'

MORIARTY:

Attention, everyone face the T V screen. Attention! 846 Winston Seagoon. You are under arrest for conspiring with the ITA. You will await detention by the studio attendants, you will then be prepared for agonising death.

WINSTON:

Had they suspected me?

MORIARTY:

You will be taken to room 101.

WINSTON:

No! Not 101, not the listening room! Ahhh!!! (crying "no... no..." off into the background)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TOP OF WINSTON CRYING) I'd just like to mention that the Radio Times is now on sale at all better class 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:

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

VISION MASTER:

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

WINSTON:

You... you traitor, you deceived me!

VISION MASTER:

Yes, 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 Fnuttt?

VISION MASTER:

Fnuttt will never walk the streets again.

WINSTON:

Why not?

VISION MASTER:

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

WINSTON:

No!

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! I can't stand it... (sobs)

VISION MASTER:

Are you going to sign, Winston?

WINSTON:

No! No, I won't sign

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade, 330 meters.

GRAMS:

'LIFE WITH LYONS' SPEED UP

WINSTON:

No! No, stop! Stop! arggh arggh... arggh ooow noo stop oh, stop! You fiend to let me hear that!

VISION MASTER:

Sign!

WINSTON:

No!

VISION MASTER:

Greenslade...

GRAMS:

'HAVE A GO' GETTING FASTER AND FASTER UNDER:

WINSTON:

Nooo!! Not that. Arggggh help. Noooo! Stop!

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:

Really? Greenslade, call Barbara Kelly.

GREENSLADE:

(CALLING) Miss Kelly!

ELLINGTON:

Yes, you calling me Ronnie?

VISION MASTER:

Ahh, Barbara dear, what's your line?

ELLINGTON:

Coloured television.

VISION MASTER:

Thank you, back on the old flying wire.

WINSTON:

You fiend. Poor Barbara Kelly.

VISION MASTER:

On the contrary, we think it is 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 so ill, Wilfred Pickles demanded me for his TV programme. Then the torture started again!

GRAMS:

SECOMBE OPERA RECORD

WINSTON:

No! No! Stop! Stop, you can't do this to me. This is agony, stop, stop! Stop! Stop that voice! Stop it! 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, more! More!

VISION MASTER:

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

MORIARTY:

Very good. (CALLING) Little torturer!

BLUEBOTTLE:

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

MORIARTY:

Little Lurgi-ridden Knuckoe. Prepare the screaming agony rrrrack.

BLUEBOTTLE:

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

WINSTON:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. My friend...

WINSTON:

Yes, yes.

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 the dreaded dynamite. Eheehee! I like this game now, I do. It's a good game, I like it.

WINSTON:

(NERVOUS TITTER) Bluebottle! Bluebottle, please stop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

There. All is ready for the dreaded deading of traitor Seagoon. Ladies and gentlemen, ying-tong-iddins-splong-ding. I want you to witness, that, for the first timelings in the history of the Goon Show, Bluebottlins will not be deaded. Observe: I light a hundred foot fuse: so. Now to escape. Taxi to the airport!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! Airplane, drive me to Australia!

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 ten thousand miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am quite safe in the middle of the Woomera desert... Ooh! What is this?

FX:

MIGHTY EXPLOSION, FALLING RUBBLE AND METAL

(SHORT PAUSE)

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 torture 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 had better hurry up before the...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

That's got his legs free.

WINSTON:

Yes, but where are they?

WINNICKSTEIN:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screen.

WINSTON:

Look, it's Maurice Winnickstein!

WINNICKSTEIN:

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

WINSTON:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

WINNICKSTEIN:

And here is the first of our ITA commercial 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 "Maurice Winnickstein".

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)

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".