

## THE GOON SHOW: 1985

First broadcast on January 4, 1955. Script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Guest appearance by Groucho Marx. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell. Transcribed by Kurt Adkins and anon, corrections by Peter Olausson.

*Note: Nineteen Eighty-Five is based on Nigel Kneal's television version of George Orwell's 1984. The show was so successful that it was re-performed on February 8th, with a pre-recorded appearance of John Snagge replacing Peter Sellers for the "Attention England State" announcement. The LP featured the first version.*

Greenslade:

This is the BBC Home Service.

Sellers:

Big Brother is watching YOU!

Eccles:

Ohhhh!

FX:

*[Gong]*

Secombe:

Listeners! You are warned this program is NOT to be listened to! *[Manic laugh]*

Milligan:

*[Coughing]*

Bluebottle:

Eheehee! I don't like this game!

Greenslade:

The BBC would like to caution parents this program 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:

*[Gong]*

Milligan:

This is the story of the year *Nineteen Eighty-Five!*

Grams:

*[Groaning, whaling and crying into screaming; followed by tea party music]*

Seagoon:

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.

Voice (Sellers first time and on LP, John Snagge on re-broadcast):

Attention people of England state. Thanks to derationing and the free market the price of tea has now gone down to 85 guineas a quarter. And now here is good news for state housewives -- the following goods are now in the shops: plastic and sawdust elephant nightshirts, second hand concrete parachutes, artifical explodable woollen bloomers, mens self igniting tailless shirts with anti thundersheet attachment. There are UNLIMITED SUPPLIES IN THE SHOPS!!!

Eccles:

Oh, its good to be alive -- in 1985!

Voice:

Now here is announcer 283947625324769854327618976/2!

Seagoon:

Good old Greenslade!

Greenslade:

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.

Seagoon:

Big fat slob, get off the screen!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

Seagoon:

Ohh -- Vision Master Ronnie Wallman!

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

No, oh no, I'm...

Grytpype-Thynne:

*[Quickly]* What is the finest TV program in the world?

Seagoon:

*[Automatically]* Kaleidoscope!

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Oh yes, "Ask Son of Pickles"!

Grytpype-Thynne:

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".

Morarity:

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!

Horrice Mimick (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!

Seagoon:

So this was Horrice Mimick, leader of the ITA.

Mimick:

Join the Independent Television Army now!

Omnes:

HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!...

Moriarty:

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

Orchestra:

*[Fanfare]*

Big Brother:

BBC workers. The canteen is now open. Lunch is ready. Doctors are standing by.

Seagoon:

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.

Seagoon:

What?

Eccles:

Food! Oh, its good to be alive in 1985!

Seagoon:

Poor producer fool. Still, 60 years with the Huggets would turn anyone.

Miss Fnutt (Sellers):

I love you darling!

Eccles:

I love you too, darling.

Fnutt:

Not you 213 Eccles, you 846 Winston.

Seagoon:

You are a woman, aren't you?

Fnutt:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Thank heaven, you have got to be careful these days!

Fnutt:

846 Winston, darling, I have loved you from afar.

Seagoon:

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!

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

No...

Seagoon:

... Love is only for the higher income group -- John Snagge, Audry Cameron and Paul Fenulay.

Fnutt:

Let's take a chance. Lets 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!

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles!

Eccles:

Shut up, Eccles...

Seagoon:

Now darling -- where?

Fnutt *[giggling]*:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

You mean the forbidden Goon Sector...

Seagoon:

Yes. Wait -- that belt you are wearing...

Fnutt:

That's the anti-sex league belt.

Seagoon:

Ahem -- I don't think I will come.

Fnutt:

No, no -- but you too are wearing the anti-sex league belt!

Seagoon:

I was forced to.

Fnutt:

Why?

Seagoon:

My trousers kept falling down.

Fnutt:

Till Tuesday, darling...

FX:

*[Horse galloping off into distance...]*

Seagoon:

Till Tuesday! 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 ring and answer]*

Seagoon:

Hello?

Groucho Marx:

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

Seagoon:

Who are you, Ben Lyon?

Groucho Marx:

No. I was, but this script was altered.

Seagoon:

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 Geldray:

*[Musical interlude: "It had to be you"]*

Seagoon:

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

Grams:

*[Noises suitably apt for a bawdy house]*

Bloodnok:

Now lads, I know you are all enjoying yourselves, but silence please, silence for the cabret. 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:

*[Piano playing]*

Seagoon:

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!

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

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

Seagoon:

What is that plain wrapper book you are reading?

Bloodnok:

That 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.

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

Why?

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

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

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

Eheehee! Look at this page! Eheehee! It's a 3D-picture of Mrs Dale in her nightshirt being chased by Richard Dimblebee... Eheehee! Eheeheehee! Eheeheeoououghhhh... Pauses to wipe drool off chin.

Seagoon:

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

FX:

*[Door opening and shop bell]*

Crun:

*[Singing]* I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts...

Seagoon:

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

Crun:

No, as long as its housetrained... *[Continues singing]*

Seagoon:

I say! What's this old object?

Crun:

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

Seagoon:

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

Crun:

Yes, that's... that's right. As a matter of fact, this bat was used in the very last match by Lenn Hutton -- you can see it's quite unmarked.

Seagoon:

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

Crun:

Well we had sports and games, coloured movies, Charlie Chester, Monkhouse, Rupert Harding -  
- ohhh, it was terrible.

FX:

*[Shop bell]*

Eccles:

Listen -- look who I bought along.

Fnut:

Hello, dearest.

Seagoon:

Darling, darling I love you.

Eccles:

And I love you too.

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles!

Eccles:

Shut up, you!

Fnut:

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

Seagoon:

We mustn't be seen together -- quick, into this room.

FX:

*[Door opening then closing]*

Fnut:

Darling, alone at last!

Seagoon:

Oh, dearest Fnut -- let me kiss you.

Eccles:

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

Seagoon:

Eccles, you go outside and keep watch.

Eccles:

I can watch better in here.

Seagoon:

Eccles! There's the door...

FX:

*[Door opening and closing]*

Seagoon:

And now dearest, alone at last...

Eccles:

Yep, alone at last.

Seagoon:

Eccles! Get out or I will...

Eccles:

Ok, ok...

FX:

*[Door opening and closing]*

Eccles:

Huh! 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. Slamming the door like that -- they can stop in there all night for all I care. I don't mind, I'll wait here until they've finished. I don't mind...

Seagoon:

WILL YOU STOP MUTTERING AND GET OUT!!!

Eccles:

Ok...

FX:

*[Door closing]*

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Bluebottle:

Eheehee!!

Eccles:

Bluebottle!

Bluebottle:

Eccles!

Eccles:

Here... You were looking through the... You were looking through the key hole?

Bluebottle:

Yes I was.

Eccles:

It's naught to look through the key hole -- very very naughty to look through the key hole...

Bluebottle:

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

Eccles:

I was only looking because -- I tell you something -- I ain't never seen a fella kiss a girl before.

Bluebottle:

Cor... Haven't you Eccles?

Eccles:

Nooo! Here... here...

Bluebottle:

What, Eccles?

Eccles:

Have you ever kissed a girl?

Bluebottle:

Eheehee!! Not gonna tell you!

Eccles:

Come on, come on, I won't tell anyone.

Bluebottle:

I'm not going to say -- I'm a man of mystery!

Eccles:

But I'm your friend. Come on... Have you ever kissed a girl?

Bluebottle:

Eheehee! Yes!!

Bluebottle & Eccles:

*[Laugh]*

Eccles:

Yup!

Bluebottle:

Eccles -- I've seen something you haven't seen...

Eccles:

What's that?

Bluebottle:

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

Bluebottle & Eccles:

*[Laugh]*

Eccles:

Ohhh -- It's good to be alive!

Bluebottle:

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

FX:

*[Door opening]*

Seagoon:

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 No. 10 R-U-Certian Street.

Seagoon:

R-U-Certian?

Bluebottle:

Positive!

FX:

*[Three wooshes away]*

Seagoon:

*[Breathing heavily]* Here we are. No. 10 -- the ITA headquarters.

Grytpype-Thynne:

Oh, Winston -- I've been expecting you.

Seagoon:

Vision Master Waldman -- what are you doing...

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

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]* Little things meeeeeeeean a lot!!

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Yes.

Grytpype-Thynne:

What do you know about television?

Seagoon:

Three years at the BBC staff training college.

Grytpype-Thynne:

What did you learn?

Seagoon:

Nothing.

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Down with the BBC!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Drink.

FX:

*[Smashing glasses]*

Seagoon:

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:

*[Musical Interlude: "Shake, Rattle and Roll"]*

Moriarty:

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

Seagoon:

Had they suspected me?

Moriarty:

Silence! You will be taken to room 101!

Seagoon:

No! Not 101 -- not the listening room! Oh noo!!! *[Crying off into the background]*

Greenslade:

I would just like to mention that the Radio Times is now on sale at all good book stores price thruppence -- and jolly good value for money it is too.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Hello Winston, laddy.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Yes, they got me a long time ago. I remember the date, Monday night at 8. Now Winston, we must torture you...

Seagoon:

You... You traitor -- you decieved me!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Yes. Of course you can save yourself.

Seagoon:

How?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Just sign this three year BBC contract.

Seagoon:

What if I refuse?

Grytpype-Thynne:

You have no option.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Fnut will never walk the streets again.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Fno, fno!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade, turn the knob to 247 metres.

FX:

*[Storytime-type radio program, getting faster and faster under:]*

Seagoon:

No! No stop it! Stop it! Stop it ! I can't stand it! *[breaks down]*

Grytpype-Thynne:

You going to sign, Winston?

Seagoon:

No!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade, 330 meters.

FX:

*[Radio program (speed up Goon Show closing credits)]*

Seagoon:

No! You fiend to let me here that!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Sign!

Seagoon:

No!

Grytpype-Thynne:

You won't sign?

Seagoon:

No!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade...

Grams:

*[Record of pub sing songs, again getting faster and faster under:]*

Seagoon:

NO!! Not that! No... Stop, stop... No, no...

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Yes?

Grytpype-Thynne:

He used to be Izzy Bon.

Seagoon:

You're lying!

Grytpype-Thynne:

You think so? Greenslade -- call Barbara Kelly.

Greenslade:

*[Calling]* Miss Kelly!

Elington:

Yes, you calling me Ronnie?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Ahh, Barbara dear, what's your line?

Elington:

A coloured television.

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

You fiend. Poor Barbara Kelly.

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

It must be terrible at bed time with Braden.

Grytpype-Thynne:

Well it gets dark early in Canada, you know.

Seagoon:

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 program. Then... Then the torture started again!

Grams:

*[Secombe singing]*

Seagoon:

No! No! Stop! This is agony -- stop that voice -- stop that voice! Stop it! Who's is it?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Yours!

Seagoon:

*[Clapping]* More! Bravo! More, more! Let's have him back again, short fat fellow with the glasses, more!

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Moriarty:

Very good. Little torturer!

Bluebottle:

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

Moriarty:

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

Bluebottle:

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

Seagoon:

*[Appealing frantically]* No, Bluebottle, don't do it. Remember me? Your old pal, Neddie Seagoon? Ha ha ha... Your friend? Ha ha... Remember me? Ha ha ha...

Bluebottle:

Yes? My friend...

Seagoon:

Yes, Bluebottle, you remember me? Ha ha ha...

Bluebottle:

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

Seagoon:

Bluebottle! Bluebottle -- 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 timules in the history of the Goon Shones, Bluenbottens will not be deaded! Observe: I light a 100 foot fuse, so. Now, all that remains is for me to esacpe. Taxi to the airport!

FX:

*[Taxi leaving]*

Bluebottle:

Stop! Airplane, drive me to America!

FX:

*[Plane taking off fast]*

Bluebottle:

Stop! Horse, drive to the desert!

FX:

*[Horse]*

Bluebottle:

Ladies and gentlemens. Observe. I am now 6000 miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am safe in the middle of the deser...

FX:

*[Explosion]*

Bluebottle:

Eheehee!!! You rotten swines you! 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!

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

Don't worry, Seagoon.

Seagoon:

Bloodnok! Eccles!

Bloodnok:

Quick, untie him.

Eccles:

OK, I had better hurry up before the...

FX:

*[Explosion]*

Eccles:

That's got his legs free.

Seagoon:

Yes, but where are they?

Eccles:

Here dey are...

Voice:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screens!

Seagoon:

Look, it's Horrice Mimick!

Mimick:

Listen, listen! Great news! After a telephone conversation lasting three days, and bribes worth 10 pounds, I have gained control of the BBC!

Seagoon:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

Mimick:

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

Grams:

*[Speed up Goon Show play out]*

Seagoon:

No!!!

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded BBC program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Eligton quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.