

THE GOON SHOW:  
1985 (AGAIN)

First broadcast on January 4, 1955; this version broadcast February 8, 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 Russell Street, corrections by Paul Webster, Kurt Adkins, Dick Baker, Roger Wilmut, Paul Winalski, Tony Wills and 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. This is the second 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 (John Snagge):

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 28394762532453425677896577/32!

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!

Grams:

*[Whoosh]*

Gryttype-Thynne:

Worker Seagoon, did I hear you complaining?

Seagoon:

Ohh -- Vision Master Ronnie Wallman!

Gryttype-Thynne:

You are not complaining about our BBC TV are you?

Seagoon:

Oh ha ha, no, oh no, I'm...

Gryttype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

*[Automatically]* Kaleidoscope!

Gryttype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

Oh yes, "Ask Son of Pickles"!

Gryttype-Thynne:

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".

Morarity:

Mwaaa! 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!

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 Maurice Winnickstein, 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:

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

Seagoon:

What?

Eccles:

A piece of food! Oh ho, its good to be alive in 1985!

Seagoon:

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

Miss Fnutt:

I love you darling!

Eccles:

I love you too.

Fnutt:

Not you 213 Eccles, you 846 Winston.

Seagoon:

You're a woman, aren't you?

Fnutt:

Yes.

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

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

Seagoon:

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!

Seagoon:

No, love is not for us.

Fnutt:

Yes...

Seagoon:

...No, love is only for the higher income group -- John Snagge, Audry Cameron and Paul Fenulay.

Fnutt:

Darling, 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 can we meet?

Fnutt:

Somewhere where no one is listening.

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

You mean the forbidden Goon Sector...

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

That is the anti-sex league belt.

Seagoon:

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

Fnutt:

Oh 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...

FX:

*[Horse galloping off into distance]*

Seagoon:

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?

Ben Lyon:

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

Seagoon:

Who are you?

Ben Lyon:

Ben Lyon.

Seagoon:

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. I entered the forbidden Goon sector of London. Once there I went to the notorious Goon public house -- The Grosvenor.

Grams:

*[Noises suitably apt for a bawdy house]*

Bloodnok:

Silence, silence, 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 lumberjack shirts, bald heads and beards -- and some of the men were dressed the same.

Bluebottle:

Eheehee!

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

Fear not, you didn't not hurt me. Enter Bluebottle the toast of the Goon Sector. No sausages, ehee! Thank you fellow Goons for the sausingens applause.

Seagoon:

What is that plain wrapper book you are reading?

Bloodnok:

Ehhe - it is a naughty little bookules. Listen to this: In the darkness -- hee hee -- she felt his hot breath on her bed rails. *[snorting]* Then a warm hand fell on her marble wash stand.

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

Why?

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

*Mrs Dale's Real Diary.*

Seagoon:

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

Bloodnok:

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

Seagoon:

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 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]* They are a-standing in a row...

Seagoon:

*[off]* I say! *[on]* What's this old object?

Crun:

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

Seagoon:

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

Crun:

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

Seagoon:

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

Crun:

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

FX:

*[Shop bell]*

Eccles:

Winston, look who's here.

Fnut:

Hello, dearest.

Seagoon:

Darling, I love you.

Eccles:

I love you too.

Seagoon:

Shut up!

Eccles:

Shut up! Shut up! Oh.

Fnut:

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

Seagoon:

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

FX:

*[Door opening then closing]*

Fnut:

Darling, alone at last!

Seagoon:

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...

FX:

*[Door opening and closing]*

Eccles:

Huh! Telling me to get out like that. Huh! See if I 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, I don't 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...

Seagoon:

WILL YOU STOP MUTTERING AND GET OUT!!!

Eccles:

Ok...

FX:

*[Door closing]*

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Bluebottle:

Eheehee!!

Eccles:

Bluebottle!

Bluebottle:

Eccles!

Eccles:

You were looking through the key hole?

Bluebottle:

Yes I was!

Eccles:

You know 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 then!

Eccles:

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

Bluebottle:

Haven't you Eccles?



Eccles:

Nooo... No! Here... here... Have you ever kissed a girl?

Bluebottle:

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

Eccles:

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

Bluebottle:

No, I'm not going to say.

Eccles:

Come on!

Bluebottle:

I'm a man of mystery!

Eccles:

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

Bluebottle:

Nwha?

Eccles:

Have you ever kissed a girl?

Bluebottle:

Eheeheehee! Yes!

Bluebottle & Eccles:

*[Laugh]*

Eccles:

Ohhh -- It's good to be alive! Oh Bluebottle, you're ..., you're...

Bluebottle:

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

Eccles:

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

FX:

*[Door opening]*

Seagoon:

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

Bluebottle:

I have got a message for you -- If you want to join the ITA, 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. ITA headquarters number 10.

Grytpype-Thynne:

Winston -- I've been expecting you.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

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:

Oh. Well, what do you know about television?

Seagoon:

I had 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.

Moriarty:

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

Seagoon:

Had they suspected me?

Moriarty:

You will be taken to room 101!

Seagoon:

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

Greenslade:

I would 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.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Hello Winston, laddie.

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Yes, 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! [*shudders*] What's become of my beloved? What have you done to Miss Fnutt?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Fnuttt will never walk the streets again.

Seagoon:

Why not?

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Seagoon:

No!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade, turn the knob to 247 metres.

FX:

*[Storytime-type radio program ("Mrs Dales Diary"), getting faster and faster under:]*

Seagoon:

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

Grytpype-Thynne:

Are you going to sign, Winston?

Seagoon:

No! No! I won't sign!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade, 330 meters.

FX:

*[Another radio program, "Life with Lyons" speed up]*

Seagoon:

No! No, stop! Aargh..! Aargh..! No more, stop! You fiend to let me here that!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Sign!

Seagoon:

No!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Greenslade...

Grams:

*[Record of pub sing songs "Have a go", again getting faster and faster under:]*

Seagoon:

Nooo!! No! Not that! Aaargh, help... Nooo! No no...

Grytpype-Thynne:

I warn you Winston, here 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:

Really? Greenslade -- call Barbara Kelly.

Greenslade:

*[Calling]* Miss Kelly!

Ellington:

Yes, you calling me Ronnie?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Ahh, Barbara dear, what's your line?

Ellington:

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 so ill Wilfred Pickles demanded me for his TV program. Then the torture started again!

Grams:

*[Secombe singing]*

Seagoon:

No! No! Stop! Stop you can't do this to me. This is agony -- stop -- stop -- stop! Stop that voice, stop it! Who's is it?

Grytpype-Thynne:

Yours!

Seagoon:

*[Clapping]* More! More! Bravo! More, more! More! Enocre! More! More, more. Let's have him back! More.

Grytpype-Thynne:

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

Moriarty:

Very good. Little torturer!

Bluebottle:

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

Moriarty:

Little Lurgi-ridden yakko. Prepare the screaming agony rack.

Bluebottle:

Oh goody! Thinks: Perhaps 1985 is gonna 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, remember me? Ha ha ha...

Bluebottle:

Yes? My friend...

Seagoon:

Yes, yes.

Bluebottle:

...You're the one who deads me every week, aren't you. Eheehee!! 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.

Seagoon:

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 timlings in the history of the Goon Show, Bluenbottens will not be deaded! Observe: I light a 100 foot fuse, so. Now, to escape. Taxi to the airport!

FX:

*[Taxi leaving]*

Bluebottle:

Stoop! Airplane, drive me to Australia!

FX:

*[Plane taking off fast]*

Bluebottle:

Stoop! Horse, drive to the desert!

FX:

*[Horse]*

Bluebottle:

Ladies and gentlemens. Observe. I am now 10.000 miles away from the dreaded dynamite. Here I am quite safe in the middle of the Woomera desert... Owl? What is this?

FX:

*[Nuclear explosion followed by falling rubble and metal]*

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 torture 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?

Minnick:

Attention! Attention! Face the TV screens!

Seagoon:

Look, it's Maurice Winnickstein!

Minnick:

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

Seagoon:

Hooray! Freedom at last!

Mimick:

And here is the first of our ITA commercial programmes!

Grams:

*[Speed up "Ray's a laugh"]*

Seagoon:

No!!!

Omnes:

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

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

Greenslade:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded BBC program 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 program produced by Peter Eton.