

RISING DAMP

the making of a situation
comedy series



Rising Damp
created
by Eric Chappell

The Permissive Society

STORY EIGHT: "THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY"

Up in the attic flat, Philip and Alan are preparing themselves for a date which the former has arranged with two highly presentable young ladies; Ruth shouldn't be a problem, as Philip has told her about his ten wives back in Africa. She was quite upset about it - she hates crowds - but he had to make a clean break. Philip is about to go to the bathroom to freshen up when Rupert arrives, and Alan tells him to make sure there is plenty of hot water for when he has a bath later. He explains that he is seeing a girl, who shares a self-contained flat: "I can see it now - three vodkas, a few packets of cheese and onion crisps and Geromino!". Rupert claims that he never talked this way before Philip took up residence. All he knew about women then was what he read in 'girly' magazines; now he's a fully paid-up member of the permissive society. Alan claims that there is nothing wrong in admiring the perfection of the female form, but his landlord informs him it's all accomplished with the aid of body make-up and sellotape; it's pure exploitation. Philip agrees; in his country, they find that kind of thing degrading. They don't consider sex to be something to snigger at. They don't read those sort of magazines. Rupert responds of course they don't; they're too busy doing it! Philip retorts that at least they don't need people to draw diagrams for them - nobody has to show them whereabouts the erogenous zones are. When Rupert expresses his ignorance on this subject, Alan explains that the erogenous zones are those parts of the human body which are most sensitive to sexual stimuli, such as the ear. If he were to blow in Ruth's ear, he would be staggered at the results. Rupert sharply tells him to watch his tongue; he's not having that sort of talk in the house. Alan informs him that today's young generation believes in love without fear. Rupert recalls that the last time the student indulged in love without fear, he spent three days under his bed hiding from the girl's father. Alan claims that was different - Mr. Cooper didn't like him. Rupert responds that he can understand the man's feelings; it's his duty to protect that innocent girl from the likes of him. He reminds Alan that the permissive society stops at his front door; he doesn't want any of it in the boarding house. He takes his leave.

Rupert is passing by the door to Ruth's flat when he hears sounds of sobbing. He enters to find her in a tearful state, and offers to make her a cup of tea. She tells him that she walked past the local canal that evening and considered throwing herself in. It looked so inviting - just a splash and a short struggle and it would all be over. He responds that she wouldn't get much of a splash out of that canal; it's too full of old prams. It would be quicker to drink from it. He adds that she must dismiss such morbid thoughts, and supposes it is the social contract which is getting her down. She informs him it's something much more personal; an affair of the heart. He offers to 'duff' the man up, but she tells him that won't be necessary - it's the deception she can't stand. And it isn't the first time it's happened to her, either. Rupert remarks that she does seem rather unfortunate in her choice of men, and she momentarily considers being more permissive before dismissing the notion. He tells her she is an example to them all, someone to look up to. Recalling what Alan has told him about erogenous zones, he experiments by blowing into her ear whilst telling her it would be his privilege to help her pick up the pieces of her life, but to no avail. He then suggests that under the circumstances perhaps he should bunk down on her settee to keep her company during the night, but she replies there is no need; she's taken a sleeping tablet. Nonetheless it's comforting to know that there is someone in the house she can respect - someone with standards. Rupert replies that he is one of a dying breed. Having bid her good night, he exits and aims a kick at Vienna to relieve his sexual frustration.

Later that evening Philip and Alan return to the attic flat, the former blaming his room-mate for a ruined night and vowing never to repeat the experience. The girls couldn't wait for them to leave, and he doesn't blame them. Whilst he angrily fixes himself a cup of coffee, Alan offers him an apology. Philip realizes that Alan is secretly afraid of women, coaxing him into admitting that he has never really known one intimately. He urges him not to worry about it unduly; he's just a little immature. Alan protests that he isn't - then pulls his teddy bear out from down the side of his armchair and gives it a big hug.

The following day Alan is alone in the flat, lying on his bed reading a magazine, when Rupert enters and enquires whether he had a good time the previous evening. Alan fibs that he had a marvellous time, and offers him some advice on how to treat a woman, persuading him to try his technique on Ruth; he could restore her faith in men. Rupert feels that fact that he is

still legally married to his estranged wife, Veronica, will act as a stumbling block in this regard, but Alan says he wouldn't worry about it too much; after all, marriage is an outmoded custom. They live in a modern society. Rupert supposes he is right, and exits.

Later that evening, Alan enters the attic flat wearing a dressing-gown and with his hair in curlers, and Philip tells him this could be his big chance. Ruth's a wonderful woman - and she's lonely. He thinks she and Alan need each other. After all, she's a great believer in charity - always prepared to help a worthy cause - to aid the deprived - and there's no-one more deprived than he. And he has something special to offer her - his innocence. Alan wants to hang onto it for the time being, but Philip says if he continues like this he'll pop his cork. Why doesn't he go to her, as he is now: "Think about it - you won't have to tell all those lies any more - they'd be the truth!". Alan is worried Ruth might get angry, but Philip replies of course she won't - it's a compliment: "But of course, if you really are afraid of women". Perhaps he's just a little immature, after all. Alan tells him they'll see about that, and takes his leave.

Downstairs, Ruth is slumbering in her bed with an open Barbara Cartland paperback romantic novel clutched to her chest when Alan arrives, cautiously opening the door and entering. Moving towards her recumbent form, he bumps into a table and almost knocks over a pot plant. The noise awakens Ruth and he quickly hides in the wardrobe, trapping his dressing-gown cord in the door. He is endeavouring to pull it inside, but the tassel proves a problem. A further complication arises when the door to the room opens again and Rupert enters in his own dressing-gown, switching on the electric light. Ruth demands to know the meaning of this nocturnal intrusion. He tells her he simply had to see her. Ruth says that surely it could have waited until morning, but Rupert has waited too long already - time is running out for him - this is his September Song. She hopes he isn't going to start singing at this time of night. He elucidates that he has been meaning to tell her for a very long time that he finds her a very attractive, desirable woman. He had always known there was someone else in her life - but now that he's given her the elbow it's just she and he. Besides, the other man could never appreciate her the way he does. She's like a finely tuned upright - she requires a very light touch. Ruth implores him to consider what people will think, but Rupert is past caring. Uttering a few improvised French phrases, he exclaims that she must know how he feels - he's always admired her. Why should they live alone any longer? Won't she say she'll come down to the ground floor? Ruth replies: "Please let me get my breath, Mr. Rigsby, this is so unexpected. Don't think it's not appreciated - you've paid me the finest compliment a man can pay a woman - a proposal of marriage". He explains that there is a slight drawback where marriage is concerned - he has a spouse already. Ruth is outraged at this revelation, exclaiming: "Mr. Rigsby! And I thought you were different! You come up here with talk of finely tuned uprights, and all the time you're planning an adulterous liaison with me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!". Rupert pleads that they are living in the permissive society, but she retorts with: "Not in this room we don't!". At this moment, after several attempts, Alan finally succeeds in pulling his dressing-gown cord into the wardrobe, but the movement is observed by Rupert, who informs Ruth that there is someone inside it. Ruth replies with heavy sarcasm: "I keep a man in there, or didn't you know? Perhaps you'd like to see him?". So saying she opens the door to reveal Alan, and they both watch dumb struck as the student cautiously exits, whistling with an affectedly nonchalant air as he does so.

The next day Alan is just about to go out when Rupert bursts into the attic flat and pushes the armchair to one side in order to give himself plenty of room to swing him round in. Alan climbs over to the other side of the table to put a bit of space between them, whilst Rupert shifts another chair, and tries to calm his landlord down by saying that regarding the events of the previous evening: "Evil is in the eye of the beholder". "Not last night it wasn't", retorts Rupert. "I wasn't the one in the wardrobe. Miss Jones didn't know where to look. I've always suspected you. I think it's your narrow forehead". Alan tries to escape from the flat but Rupert grabs him by the door, telling him: "Well look, you're not going to trifle with Miss Jones's feelings any more!". Alan protests that he hasn't trifled with Ruth's feelings. Rupert asks what he was doing in her wardrobe, and Alan replies that he went in there on an impulse, confessing that he has never trifled with anybody's feelings. Rupert says that he has got a very vivid imagination, that's all he can say. Alan protests: "Yeah, well look, I have to have, don't I? I mean I'll never be Bachelor of the Month if I tell them the truth". At this point, unbeknownst to Alan and Rupert, Mr. Cooper enters the room from the door behind them, as Alan continues with: "That's why I like to put it round that I li-

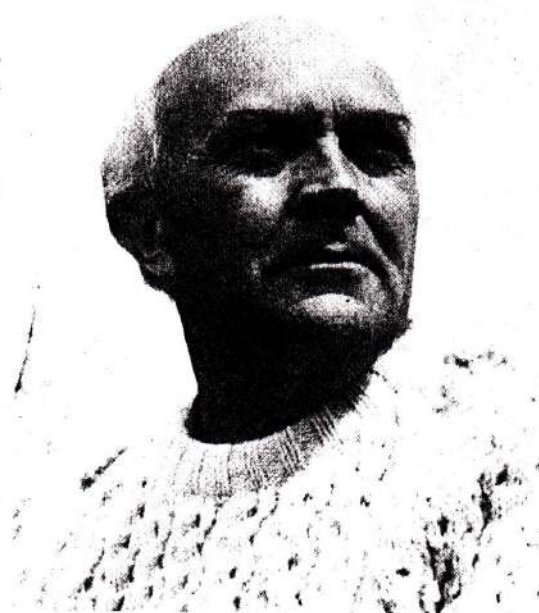
ke my birds with little mouths - and long and leggy - and that I take them out to Greek restaurants and wine and dine them - then whip them back here to a few records and a bit of how's-your-father". At this moment Alan registers the presence of Mr. Cooper, who remarks that he has been looking for him. Alan backs further into the room so that Rupert is standing between them and places his left arm on Rupert's back as if for moral support. Mr. Cooper continues that in fact they have all been looking for him: "You're a very difficult man to find - Sandra is very upset. Yes, she's got this idea in her head that you two were engaged". Alan says that they did have a bit of an understanding, but Mr. Cooper counters with: "No, no, no, sh-e's got the understanding - I want to know what you had". When Alan says that he doesn't understand, Mr. Cooper continues: "Don't you? You come to my house, you eat your way through the deep-freeze, you damage my hedge, and then you calmly walk off leaving Sandra in tears. I want to know what you're going to do about it!".

Mr. Cooper prods him with his fist and Alan sinks down in a chair, nervously flicking his hair as he says that there must have been a bit of a misunderstanding. Mr. Cooper responds that there has been no misunderstanding, and produces one of Alan's letters, which has been written in green ink, and reads from it: "I can't wait to see you, mon cherie. Your body is like a highly-tuned piano. What music we will make together. Meet me tonight by the hedge. Do not fail me, as I am burning with desire. Au revoir mon petite. P.S. Make sure old misery guts is out of the way". He says that this is just a sample, but the postscript has Rupert in laughter. Assuming that Rupert is Alan's father, Mr. Cooper remarks that he would have expected more concern from him: "I should have known better - you've both got that same depraved expression. I've only got to look at you to see where he gets it from! You're one of these people responsible for all the permissiveness, aren't you, hey? You know, I've realized that Sandra has had a very narrow escape. Fancy having you for a father-in-law!". This is more than enough for Rupert, who retorts with: "Just a minute - I'm not his father! And he's quite right - you shouldn't have read his letter! You people are all the same - you go rabbiting on about the permissive society - have you seen it? No! No, you haven't! It doesn't exist, it's all in the mind - it doesn't exist! I should know - I've looked for it! So it's no good you coming in here, telling us how things have altered, because they haven't - so you take your nasty little thoughts and get out of here, go on!". With this, Rupert grabs Mr. Cooper by the arm and manhandles him out of the flat, seeing him down the stairs. Alan congratulates him on his performance, adding that he couldn't have done it without his help. He goes over to the alcove window and watches Mr. Cooper leaving. Rupert joins him and they both hurl down some mild abuse. Alan watches him going to his car. As Rupert wipes his nose on his handkerchief he asks if he is getting in, but Alan replies that there are two other fellahs getting out. Rupert remarks that they're big beggars, and Alan recognizes them as Sandra's brothers. Realizing that they are likely to be on the receiving end of an extreme duffing-up, they hurry to secure the door. Whilst Rupert piles the armchair, a regular chair and the anatomical skeleton against it, he calls to Alan for the key. The student puts his hand into a vase to retrieve it but can not free himself. He then pulls a rug over himself to hide and Rupert joins him, both fighting each other to get the most coverage.

Issue No. 11 - available from 1st. February 1996 - will be "FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD".

EDITOR: David C. Taylor, 86 Morse Close, Plaistow, London, E.13 OHJ.

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COMEDY EXTRACT

Alan was alone in the attic flat, lying on his bed and casually leafing through a magazine, when Rigsby entered, wiping his nose with a handkerchief, and closed the door behind himself.

"Hi man", Alan greeted him.

Rupert put the handkerchief in his left trouser pocket and sat on the edge of the table. "Hey, did - er - did you have a...", he responded tentatively. "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Oh yeah", Alan lied with an air of mock satisfaction. "Very good - very successful". He uttered a little chuckle before continuing. "Remind me to carve another notch on the bedpost, Rigsby".

"Carve another...", Rupert began. "My God, you students. Well, I... Personally, I think you're disgusting". He rose from the table and sat on a wooden chair next to Alan's bed. "I - I - I don't know how you can be so depraved".

"Oh, it isn't easy", Alan informed him. "Takes a lot of practice. You take last night for example. It was all a question of technique".

"Technique?"

"Yeah. Well look, you can compare a woman to a finely-tuned piano".

"What!", his landlord exclaimed with astonishment.

"You have to approach her like a concert pianist", the student continued. "It's no good just sitting down playing chopsticks". He held out the digits of his right hand proudly. "Look - look at that - hey? Long, tapering fingers. They're piano-player's hands, they are".

"Long, tapering fingers!", Rigsby scoffed. "Did - er - this girl last night, was she like - er - could you compare her with a finely-tuned piano?"

"Of course! Mind you, I did experience a bit of resistance".

"You mean you couldn't get the lid up?"

Alan discarded his magazine and sat up. "Look", he responded. "That's where technique comes in, you see. What I did, was - I looked deep into her eyes - told her she was a woman - the woman - woman the eternal mystery. Then I whispered a few French phrases in her ear".

Rigsby was becoming engrossed in spite of himself. "A few French phrases?"

"Yeah - oh, it always gets them going".

"Do you - do you know, I didn't know that", Rupert confessed. "What - er - what happened then... What happened then?"

"Well, at first I could see she was a bit cool, you know". Rigsby grunted, and Alan continued with his entirely fictitious narrative. "But then, after a while, I started having some effect, see. She started polishing her glasses in an agitated manner - she began to shake like an aspen leaf - the scrabble board fell to the floor". Rupert was a little puzzled by this reference, but there was no halting Alan whilst he was in the midst of his creative flow. "And then the old sea started crashing on the rocks - chimnies started falling down - there were coloured lights - and there - in the background - Tchaikovsky".

"Tchaikovsky. Oh, he was there as well, was he?"

"Look", Alan protested. "You know what I mean!"

"Yes, yes, all right, yes". Rigsby pondered the younger man's words for a moment before speaking. "Do you", he commenced a shade hesitantly. "Do you reckon any of this would work with Miss Jones?"

"Well of course it would!", Alan responded enthusiastically.

"I'm not so sure", Rupert mused. "She's a bit depressed at the moment. I don't think she's in the mood for factory chimnies. She's just been let down by some bloke".

"Well", Alan suggested. "You could restore her faith in men, Rigsby".

"Oh yes? There's only one snag there, I happen to be married, don't I".

"Oh, well that doesn't matter", proclaimed Alan.

His landlord sighed lamentably as he cast his mind back in time. "I should never have done it - war time romance!", he remarked bitterly. "My God, it was a military blunder on the scale of Anzio!"



EPISODE REVIEW

A new season; old themes. "THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY" returns to one of the staples of "RISING DAMP": sexual frustration. At the outset things look distinctly promising, at least as far as the two students occupying the attic flat are concerned. Philip has set up a date for himself and Alan with two bedworthy young ladies. They had wanted a foursome, preferably made up by someone reasonably presentable with a pleasing personality. The chap Philip first considered couldn't come, so he plumped for his room-mate instead.

The girls have a self-contained flat, a revelation which Alan finds alarming; it means he'll have to put a clean vest on! He doesn't believe in the casual approach - he wants the evening to go like a well-planned military campaign: "I can see it now - three vodkas, a few packets of cheese and onion crisps and Geromino!".



He contemplates a long soak in the bath, accompanied by a large collection of aerosol cans and his soap bunny, but Rigsby predicts that he will exit the bathroom looking just like Veronica Lake. He's a lot like her, only she wore less jewellery.

Rupert observes that Alan has undergone a degeneration in morals since coming under the influence of Philip; even his voice has grown deeper. When the lad first arrived at the boarding house, he had an ivory prayer book in one hand and a teddy bear in the other; now he's a fully paid-up member of the permissive society. He far preferred Alan's former furtive attitude to sex. All he knew about women in those halcyon days was what he gleaned from the men's magazines he used to flick through in W. H. Smith's whilst pretending to search for "PR-ACTICAL WOODWORKER".

Having always turned to the centre pages, it no doubt must have come as a big surprise to him that women

didn't have staples across their stomachs.

Alan informs him that his generation believes in love without fear. The last time he indulged, however, he spent three days hiding under the bed from the girl's father. But then, Mr. Cooper didn't like him; he claimed he was damaging his hedge by leaning against it.

Rupert is fiercely defensive of his own generation: "My God, he spends years raising his daughter to perfection, to the flower of womanhood, and what happens? Along comes this long-haired herbert in surgical boots, starts swinging on his gate, damaging his hedge and chatting up his daughter".

Alan admits there were other things besides; he wrote the girl, Sandra, love letters which were open to certain interpretations, and her father found and read them. Both Alan and Philip maintain he was in the wrong, but Rupert responds that Mr. Cooper was perfectly within his rights to inspect his daughter's correspondence; it's his duty to protect the innocent girl. When he was Alan's age, the purity of a woman was considered very important: "It's the finest gift a woman can give to a





man on their wedding night - now he has to make do with a set of cuff-links".

There is a particularly dark countenance to this story, which would be echoed in varying degrees throughout the series. In a somewhat callous endeavour to break free from Ruth's possessive fixation with him - and to leave the way clear for further amorous encounters with eligible females - Philip enlightens her about the ten wives he has left back in Africa.

Feeling betrayed and dejected, Ruth dons her blue glasses and contemplates suicide; the waters of the local canal - though belittered with the wrecks of old prams - hold a morbid appeal for one set on committing self-murder.

Alan quotes the old adage that one has to be cruel to be kind, but it is Rigsby who is the consoler; the comforting one. "What hurts even more", she tells him. "I've done his washing for three months, he said no-one could get his whites as white as I did - and now he's

got someone else". Whilst Rupert knows this is an affair of the heart, he is naturally unaware that the man in question is Philip; this revelation would lead to mayhem.

Nemesis strikes a blow, instead, through the agency of Philip's room-mate, Alan, who unwittingly ruins their evening. The girls are mesmerized by their companions, and when they get back to their flat, ask "What shall we do?". Scrabble, suggests Alan, feeling all the four-letter words could lead to something more explicit. Not on this occasion, they don't, and when they return to the attic flat Philip is understandably annoyed.

He eventually elicits that - behind his friend's boasts of sexual conquests - Alan is still a little immature; he is secretly afraid of women, and - it appears - has never been intimate with one.

Seeking to rid himself of Ruth once and for all, Philip takes this opportunity to attempt to palm her off onto Alan. The inexperienced youth isn't keen to get involved, but Philip paints a picture of Ruth as a wonderful, lonely woman: "Think about it - you won't have to tell all those lies any more - they'd be the truth!".

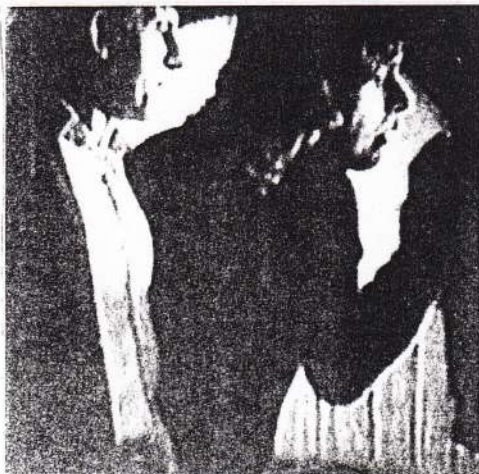
Finally persuaded, Alan ventures down to Ruth's flat clad in a dressing-gown and with curlers in his hair, in order to give his "humble offering" to her.

Unfortunately, Rupert chooses the same moment to make an appearance, wishing to woo Ruth down to his ground floor flat with his September Song, and Alan quickly ducks into the wardrobe. Ruth assumes that her landlord has come to propose, but he is regrettably married already, although separated. She has no interest in an adulterous liaison, and reproaches him for suggesting one.

Alan inadvertently reveals his presence in the wardrobe, and Rupert assumes he is the man who has been trifling with her feelings, going up to the attic flat the next day to have it out with him.

Alan is attempting to persuade him it's all a misunderstanding when Mr. Cooper arrives to confront the student over his daughter. Cooper is wonderfully portrayed by the appropriately named actor George A. Cooper, best remembered for his role as the foul-mouthed Mr. Fisher in the television version of "BILLY LIAR".

Rupert sides with Mr. Cooper, until the gentleman takes him for Alan's father and unwisely utters some uncomplimentary remarks, which cause Rigsby to side with Alan.



Rossiter reveals in Rising Damp



7.30 Rising Damp **New Series**

BY ERIC CHAPPELL

with **LEONARD ROSSITER**
RICHARD BECKINSALE
FRANCES DE LA TOUR
DON WARRINGTON

It's back to the down-at-heel boarding house where seedy landlord Rigsby caters mainly for students.

In the first of this new series, student Alan gives Rigsby some advice on personal matters which Rigsby accepts, to his cost . . .

Why can't Richard act his age: see **Family Scene**

Rigsby	Leonard Rossiter
Alan	Richard Beckinsale
Ruth	Frances de la Tour
Philip	Don Warrington
Cooper	George A. Cooper

MUSIC SIMONS WILSON: **DESIGNER** COLIN FROST: **PRODUCER** RONNIE BAXTER
Yorkshire Television Production

TV TIMES

Issue dated:

1st. to 7th. November

1975.

NOV 7 **FRIDAY**

ONCE IN A while a character comes along who belongs to only two people—the actor and the scriptwriter. Can you imagine Alf Garnett using words that hadn't been written by Johnny Speight?

It's a similar situation with Leonard Rossiter, who plays Rigsby in *Rising Damp*.

A thorough commitment to dreadful, prejudiced landlord Rigsby by both Rossiter and his creator, scriptwriter Eric Chappell, has resulted in the birth of an almost cult figure. But hopes of another series "depend entirely on the decis-

ion of all the people involved," says Rossiter, "particularly Eric Chappell, who originally developed Rigsby from his stage play *The Banana Box*. I wondered at first if Eric had enough material in Rigsby to turn him into a serial character.

"But the scripts seemed to improve all the time."

Rossiter is impressed by the programme's viewing figures.

"It's watched a lot by the pro's", he says, "though a series that is enjoyed by the professional performer isn't always a winner with the public, but everyone seems to

have enjoyed *Rising Damp*."

Having Rossiter in the part, incidentally, is all down to a former girlfriend who is called Ida. She was in an amateur group and when the young Rossiter watched her at rehearsals he told her he thought he could do better.

"I suppose you could do better!" she snapped. "I couldn't do worse," he said.

So he joined the group. When *This Is Your Life* descended on Rossiter who do you think was one of the surprise guests? That's right. Ida.

1.30

FAMILY SCENE

See the losers who are winners—and be a winner, too... win a Triumph 1500 TC Automatic in the Gemini Car Club Competition... treat yourself to your own Roger Elliot horoscope... learn why the stars say November the Fifth is a damp squib... recall what it's like to be eight years old and have the world at your feet... find out how you can take your dressing table to work... take advantage of our shining saucepans offer... bring trees into your home... read what Katie Boyle advises... and discover the latest on the freezer revolution

Why can't Richard act his age?



The eternal teenager? 28-year-old Richard Beckinsale with actress Judy Loe and their two-year-old daughter Kate, plus a family friend


TWENTY-EIGHT and he looks 18. Richard Beckinsale has looked 18 for 10 years now. Just the other day he lost the chance to play a 28-year-old—he was told he looked too young. Age can play funny tricks on a man with a two-year-old daughter.

He reckons the age of Alan, the medical student he plays in *Rising Damp*, is 23. Given time he might end up acting his age.

His daughter, Kate, started her acting career at three weeks old when she landed a contract to appear in *Harriet's Back in Town*. Her mother is best known to viewers as actress Judy Loe.

Beckinsale has been playing pleasant, callow characters on

television since he first made his mark as Geoffrey, the reluctant fiancé of Beryl (played by Paula Wilcox) in *The Lovers*. He won an award in 1971 as Best TV Newcomer for the part.

He was a nice, naïve youngster, even though a criminal, as Ronnie Barker's cell mate in the BBC series *Porridge* last year. He has also been an ingenuous young man in many television plays, from *A Room Full of Holes* in 1970, through the 1974 version of Johnny Speight's *If There Weren't Any Blacks You'd Have to Invent Them*, to *The Floater* earlier this year. Nice young man roles have done well for Beckinsale, 

FAMILY SCENE



➔ a Nottingham legal executive's son who learned his acting at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and in repertory at Crewe, where he met Judy.

They have a big house at Twickenham, converted from two homes knocked into one. "I've no time for hobbies," he says, "because all my spare time is spent on redecorating it. Well, I'm not actually doing the work, but I'm planning and thinking about it."

"And I have thought about going into the property business, though I haven't done anything about it yet. But I have a good accountant to take care of my money. I have bought a big desk with drawers into which I put bills and invoices, then he comes and collects them and deals with everything."

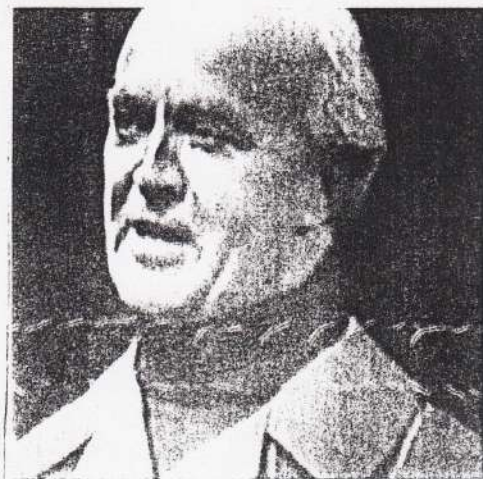
Judy is also working regularly. (They have an au pair to take charge of Kate.)

From playing Princess May in *Edward the Seventh* she has gone into the stage comedy, *No Sex Please—We're British*. Judy, incidentally, was listed in *Spotlight* in the "Leading and Younger Leading" category as long as three years ago.

Their success creates problems. Because of Judy's theatre commitment, Beckinsale had to grab a holiday alone in Spain before starting work on the seven episodes of *Rising Damp* because, with the possibility of a play for ITV and a stage play to follow, it could be two years before they can manage a holiday together.

If his daughter's career also blossoms, it could be even longer . . .

CHARACTER PROFILES.



THE COOPER FAMILY: Alan Moore has an affair with a girl named Sandra Cooper, to whom he gives the impression that they are engaged, and sends her love letters which are open to certain interpretations.



Alan ate his way through the Cooper's deep freeze and damaged their hedge by leaning against it before casually walking off, leaving Sandra in tears. Mr. Cooper and Sandra's two brothers go to Rupert Rigsby's boarding house for a confrontation with Alan.

RISING DAMP FLASHBACK

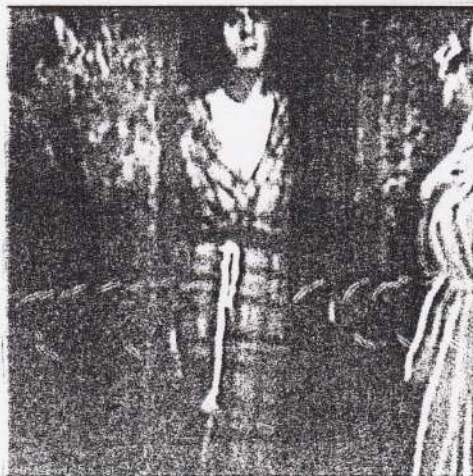


(ABOVE) Rigsby comforts a distraught Miss Jones.



(LEFT) Philip attempts to palm Ruth off onto his room-mate.

(RIGHT) What does Ruth keep in her wardrobe?
A man, of course!



TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS

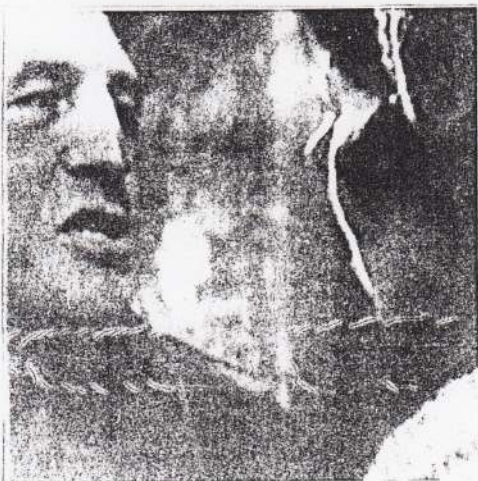


Production of the second season of "RISING DAMP" commenced during the summer of 1975, but an unforeseen situation would arise later which would setback the schedule and lead to interesting consequences.

Although never mentioned verbally, visual indications are that Rigsby has moved residence during the interim between seasons, taking his tenants with him.

Though the first episode to be broadcast, "THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY" was in fact the second episode to be recorded, after "FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD" (Production Number 2770).

George A. Cooper occupied Dressing Room 7.



Rehearsals for "THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY" took place at a new venue, The Sulgrave Boys Club, 287 Goldhawk Road, London, W12, between approximately 1.30 p.m. - 5.30 p.m., from Sunday 20th. to Tuesday 22nd. July 1975. A dress rehearsal and Walk-through followed during Thursday 24th. July at the Yorkshire Television Centre, Leeds, and the episode was recorded in Studio 4 the following evening.

A mew was 'fed in' during the scene in which Rigsby aims a kick at Vienna.

Ruth is seen clutching a paperback novel, Barbara Cartland's "A HEART FORSAKEN".

The end credits were superimposed over the closing scene of this story.



PRODUCTION CREDITS

PRODUCTION NUMBER 2771

"THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY"

COLOUR

AIR DATE: FRIDAY 7th. NOVEMBER 1975

BROADCAST: 19:30 - 20:00

(AS THAMES TELEVISION, LONDON)

CAST

Rupert Rigsby.....Leonard Rossiter
 Alan Guy Moore....Richard Beckinsale
 Ruth Jones.....Frances de la Tour
 Philip Smith.....Don Warrington
 Mr. Cooper.....George A. Cooper

TECHNICAL CREDITS

Creator/Writer.....Eric Chappell
 Producer/Director.....Ronnie Baxter
 Designer.....Colin Pigott
 Music.....Dennis Wilson
 Casting.....James Liggat
 Floor Manager.....Mike Purcell
 Stage Manager.....Terry Knowles
 Production Assistant.....Mary Byrne
 Lighting.....Peter Squires
 Cameras.....Stuart Hinchliffe
 Sound.....Dave Whiteley
 Vision Mixer.....Kay Harrington
 Technical Supervisor....Gordon Quinn
 Wardrobe.....Brenda Fox
 Make-up.....Viv Locklin
 Prop Buyer.....Mike Killman
 Scenes.....Eric de Quintano
 Call Boy.....Tim Dowd
 Warm-up.....Felix Bowness

