

THE GOON SHOW:  
FOROG

First broadcast on December 21, 1954. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Produced by Peter Eton. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Mark Wallace, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC.

Secombe:

The wretched man was about to refer to the highly ignored Goon Show.

FX:

*[Huge cheers and whistles]*

Secombe:

Stop! *[stops]* Greenslade?

Greenslade:

Sir?

Secombe:

Leave your toys for a moment, and lets have some words.

Greenslade:

Yes big brother. Ladies and gentlepong this week the Goons present a science-fiction fantasy play in a cunning attempt to take the place of the horror comics. This masterpiece of mediocrity is entitled...

Orchestra:

*[Horror and suspense chord]*

Secombe:

Forog! *[Inane laughter]*

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Peter:

*[Low, sinister voice]* It was one of those days that follow the night. London was blanketed by a thick swirling pea-soup fog. All was still as Ned Seagoon put on his hat and coat.

Seagoon:

Yes, I decided to go out for a breath of fresh air.

Milligan:

Let him go!

Seagoon:

I hadn't realised it was so foggy, but indeed it was so thick that I had to walk in front of myself with a blazing torch.

Eccles:

You're not the only one!

Seagoon:

As I walked long a stream of buses and cars followed in my wake. Strange how men recognise a leader. I hurried them along when suddenly...

Minnie Bannister:

Ooooooh no, please! ...Ooooooh no, oooh!

Seagoon:

...I bumped into someone. Are you alright madam?

Minnie Bannister:

You should know!

Seagoon:

Madam, perhaps I can direct you somewhere?

Minnie Bannister:

I'd better direct you, sir!

Seagoon:

Me? You, direct me? That's rich! Guide a path through London? What makes you think I'm lost?

Minnie Bannister:

You're in my kitchen!

Seagoon:

Impossible! By my calculations I've just come up Highgate Hill

Minnie Bannister:

You've just come up three flights of steps, Mister

Seagoon:

Oh, good heavens! I'm on the third floor! No, it can't be!

Milligan:

This happened every day in London.

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Greenslade:

Young Ned took a taxi to the foot of the stairs and 2 hours later he was again in the street.

Seagoon:

*[Coughing]* Curse this fog! It's worse than I first thought!

Bluebottle:

Enter invisible Bluebottle with bronchitis and smog mask around both knees to keep leggy-peggies warm! Voila! No audience applause! That is because of the fog. Here, I don't... eeeeh!

Seagoon:

Oh!

Bluebottle:

Ee-hee! I have bumped against a sack of something soft!

Seagoon:

Whoever you are, it's me!

Bluebottle:

I'm sorry madam, this fog is thicker than it was before, but it's warmer! Hasn't it got warmer?

Seagoon:

Will you take your hand out of my pocket?!

Bluebottle:

Ee-hee-hee! So that is why it's warmer. Thinks: I must ask mummy to make me a pocket so I can wear my head in it. Speaks: Pardon me, can you direct me to the BBC? I'm appearing in the naughty Coon Show.

Seagoon:

Let me get my bearings, little hair-pinned legs. Now, BBC... Which way are you facing?

Bluebottle:

I'm facing the BBC.

Seagoon:

Well, straight along!

Bluebottle:

Thank you nice invisible human. Disappears into murk and fog singing "Give me some men, who are..."

FX:

*[Splash of man falling in water]*

Bluebottle:

You rotten swine, you! You have directed me into the dreaded water and I can not see for the fog, so I don't know whether I'm drowning or not! Shouts "Help" just in case... Help Just In Case! Lights match to see if feet are touching the bottom... No, but the legs are! Tee-Hee! I made a little jokul! Hee-hee-hee!

Seagoon:

I don't wish to know that. And with that stinging repartee on my lips, I made my way unwaveringly to my chambers. First left, straight and... Curse that bus! Stop following me, I tell you, I'm going home! I say driver, stop following me!

Peter:

*[Jewish]* I can't help it, you've got your braces wrapped around the radiator!

Seagoon:

Bless my soul, you're right! I thought it was warm a-hind of me.

Milligan:

We're not allowed to say "behind"!

Seagoon:

I found it much easier to walk without the bus and was soon at my front door.

FX:

*[Several rapid knocks on door, door opened]*

Seagoon:

My butler let me in which was strange... I hadn't got one!

Butler:

Yes sir?

Seagoon:

Oh I'm terribly sorry, I must be in the wrong house.

Butler:

Good, so long as I'm alright!

Seagoon:

It's extraordinary but I can't find my way, Jack.

Butler:

Don't worry, you go home and have a good rest.

Seagoon:

Home? That's the trouble, I don't seem to be able to find it!

Butler:

Good night, Sir.

Seagoon:

Yes, but I...

FX:

*[Door slammed]*

Seagoon:

I recognised the voice... Good Heavens! I must be well out of my way, I live in Brixton! *[Shouts]*  
Help! Anybody know where Brixton is? Heeeelp!

Greenslade:

The fog lasted 3 days and so great was the turmoil it caused a special sitting was called in Westminster. Some of the members were so benighted by the fog that the speaker opened with the words...

Ray:

Gentlemen...

FX:

*[Hammer slams down]*

Ray:

...Be seated!

Omnes:

*[Coughs]*

Secombe:

*[Whining voice]* Is it not time...?

Crun:

Here here!

Secombe:

...That something definite was done about this fog?

Milligan:

Yes.

Greenslade:

And on that conclusive word, the debate was about to end when suddenly a figure walking in front of himself with a burnt-out torch emerged from under the front bench.

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

FX:

*[Gentle clapping]*

Seagoon:

Thank you! Honourable members, I am an amateur scientist.

Milligan:

What about tea?

Seagoon:

Thank you, thank you very much. As I was wandering about in the fog, I believe I stumbled upon a solution to rid London of this annual horror.

Peter:

*[Politician]* Does the honourable member realise that fog is costing us millions every year?

Milligan:

Well, stop buying it then!

Peter:

Here here!

Milligan:

Bravo!

Seagoon:

Gentlemen...

Milligan:

What about tea?

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, if it costs the taxpayer so much are you prepared to sponsor me in an attempt to rid London of fog?

Omnes:

Bravo! Hear hear!

Greenslade:

So Ned Seagoon by his own initiative and resource, was given the official title of Fog And Thick Smog Officer – in short: FATS0!

Seagoon:

In my Liberal sponsored twelve-storey laboratory I carried out my theory which was the heating atomically the belts of cold air rising from earth's variations in order to warm the atmosphere. *[Evil laugh]* I called my experiment Hot Air!

Nelson:

I first heard the news of Seagoon's appointment on December the 3rd. At the time I was quietly contemplating Admiralty Arch from the top of my 170 foot column. Yes, my name is Nelson.

Milligan:

How can a statue receive news?

Nelson:

By pigeon.

Orchestra:

*[Sinister link]*

Greenslade:

Why is the statue of Nelson interested in Ned Seagoon's fog experiments? And will Ned succeed? Don't forget to order your next instalment of Forog; complete with a large coloured portrait of Big Wall Greenslade and a special musical noise on the fog pipe by Max Geldray.

Max Geldray and Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Greenslade:

I apologise to listeners who received their pictures on our Elephant and Castle transmitter for the fact that Max Geldray was blotted out at the end by a bout of thick fog. *[Coughs]*

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Seagoon:

I was in my laboratory at the time, and as I looked out of the government-sponsored window I saw the dirty yellow fog and vowed to abolish it for good and all! *[Evil laugh]*

FX:

*[Three rapid knocks on the door]*

Seagoon:

Come in!

FX:

*[Door handle turned and door opens]*

Nelson:

Good day, sir, are you Ned Seagoon?

Seagoon:

I have that good fortune. – I looked at my visitor, he was dressed in a grey-stone navy uniform. He was well over 10 feet which gave him the appearance of being tall.

Nelson:

You may call me Nelson.

Seagoon:

I'm pleased to *[gulp]* Nelson?

Nelson:

Yes, the statue of Horatio Nelson. You don't believe it, do you?

Seagoon:

Yes, I mean no, I mean, well... Garkon!

FX:

*[Door handle turned and door opens]*

Eccles:

Hel-lo! Oh, hello Nelson!

Seagoon:

Eccles I've just seen... You can see him too?

Eccles:

Yeah, I don't blame him coming off that column in this weather!

Seagoon:

But you can't possibly talk to stone, you must be out of your mind!

Eccles:

What's your excuse?

Nelson:

Enough. Now listen to me, Seagoon, stop experimenting with fog!

Seagoon:

I'm trying to get rid of it.

Nelson:

Precisely, but we statues, we must have fog.

Eccles:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

Nelson and Seagoon:

Good!

Nelson:

Now, when the weather is really foggy, you see, it is the only chance we statues have to move around and see the sights.

Seagoon:

I see, I see. So, really, you want me to forget my fog experiments so that you can go gallivanting at random?

Nelson:

Precisely.

Seagoon:

No! I won't do it, I tell you! I won't do it! I won't I won't! I'll clear the fog if it's the last thing I do!

Nelson:

That may very well be so.

Seagoon:

Eccles, tell me it was all a dream. It was all a dream, wasn't it?

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Seagoon:

What's that you've got?

Eccles:

This came off Nelson.

Seagoon:

It's a stone chip.

Eccles:

He must have been having a stone supper! Ho ho!

Seagoon:

It's not true! *[Getting hysterical]* It's not true I tell you! It's not true!

Orchestra:

*[Sinister link]*

Nelson:

Pssst! Achilles, dear chap.

Achilles:

Is that you, Nelson?

Nelson:

Who else? Seagoon refused to drop his fog experiments, pass it on around

Achilles:

That I will, that. Help me down... Hmmmph.

Nelson:

Take it easy.

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Achilles:

Pssst! Eros! I say, Eros!

Bluebottle:

Hee-hee! Who is that tapping my little stone footie?

Achilles:

I bear the name of Achilles. Now listen...

Bluebottle:

Yes I am listening. Could you get down? I've got a date in Piccadilly 'cause I'm meeting Peter Pan.

Achilles:

I have a message. Seagoon is going to do away with fog.

Bluebottle:

Oh, the naughty mortal!

Achilles:

Now with all haste, pass this message on!

Bluebottle:

I will do this. Steps down off pedestal.

FX:

*[Splash]*

Bluebottle:

Rotten little fountain! I'm always getting wetted! Exits left to pass on the dreaded news. Thinks: It does feel nice to put my leg down for a bit, though.

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Greenslade:

Then the fog gradually started to lift and the statues hurried back to their pedestals and conks.

FX:

*[Lion roars]*

Nelson:

Alright lads, it's only me.

Greenslade:

And the news being passed round had reached the statue of William Hewitt Gladstone.

Crun:

Must pass this unfortunate news on to Boedicia. Boedicia!

Minnie Bannister:

Who is it?



Crun:

It's me, Boedi, it's Gladstone. I have some bad news for you!

Minnie Bannister:

It's not another student strike is it? After that thing they put on my head last year!

Crun:

No, no, no... It's worse than that!

Minnie Bannister:

It couldn't be!

Crun:

Ned Seagoon is going to do away with the fog!

Minnie Bannister:

Oh the naughty man, he's naughty!

Crun:

Naughty yes, but if there's no fog we won't be able to see each other again!

Minnie Bannister:

Well we never see each other in this fog anyway!

Crun:

But I'd never be able to come over here and not see you!

Minnie Bannister:

Oh dear, dear Gladstone!

Crun:

Yes, Boedi Wodi!

Minnie Bannister:

Ah, the fog is lifting! Oooh!

Crun:

You're right! Mercy save us! How am I going to get back?

Minnie Bannister:

I could run you round in the old chariot, Buddy.

Crun:

It's no good, you've got no reflectors on it, Minnie.

Minnie Bannister:

You coward Gladstone, there's a mortal coming!

Greenslade:

Yes, it was me, but I didn't notice anything as I was reading the Radio Times.

Milligan:

How many of you recognised that for the next 3 days Gladstone was holding the reigns of Boedicia's chariot, ey? You must notice these things, you know!

Orchestra:

*[Sinister link]*

Seagoon:

But, Major Bloodnok, it's true I tell you, I saw Nelson with my own eyes! He came to me at my government sponsored laboratory! I demand military protection! If all these statues gang up on me I'm finished!

Bloodnok:

Now stop stroking me potties and let's get this down and run. Now then...

Seagoon:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

Bloodnok:

I got that. Now, did any other responsible person see the statue?

Eccles:

Oh yeah, I did.

Bloodnok:

No other responsible person?

Seagoon:

You must believe me, Major!

Bloodnok:

Sit down lad and have some more gin.

Seagoon:

I've never drunk gin in my life!

Bloodnok:

Well sit down and have some more of whatever you've had too much of!

Seagoon:

You must give me military protection!

Bloodnok:

Now look, supposing I ordered the soldiers to watch Nelson to see if he moved, I soon get my ticket wouldn't I, ey?

Seagoon:

I'd give you a job as personal bodyguard! 10 pounds a week and all found!

Bloodnok:

Corporal Gladys!

Ray:

Yeah?

Bloodnok:

Put Nelson under close arrest!

Greenslade:

Two days later fog again envelopes the south of England, but this time there was a quadrant of Scotch guards surrounding the place of Nelson's Column. Anyone over ten feet was challenged.

Milligan:

Nobody noticed Nelson going through on his knees!

Seagoon:

Nobody noticed Nelson going through on his knees, ey? Well! Bully for Nelson. I was in my government-sponsored offices at the time. In a few days my experiment would be tested, then gone will be fog and the statues will not be able to harm me!

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Seagoon:

You!

Nelson:

Yes Neddy, you are determined to go ahead, I see.

Seagoon:

Yes, and I told the war office about you, so there! And they believed me!

Nelson:

Did they really?

Seagoon:

Yes, I mean they are protecting me! I'm government-sponsored!

Nelson:

You silly twisted boy, you!

Seagoon:

Quick Eccles, get his arm!

FX:

*[Struggling noises]*

Eccles:

Okay, I go him!

FX:

*[More struggling noises]*

Seagoon:

There!

Nelson:

Now, what have you accomplished?

Seagoon:

I had some stone handcuffs specially prepared, and now you are my prisoner! I'm going to take to the War Office and prove that you're true! *[Evil laugh]* Eccles, open the door! *[Evil laugh]*

Eccles:

Okay.

FX:

*[Door handle turns and door opens]*

Seagoon:

*[Evil laugh]* Come on, you wretched...! Come on!

Nelson:

Poor misguided boy.

FX:

*[Door shuts]*

Eccles:

I don't want to worry Neddy, but I can't see who he keeps talking to!

Orchestra:

*[Sinister chord]*

Greenslade:

Yesterday, a young government-sponsored scientist was helped down Nelson's Column where he had handcuffed himself to the statue of Nelson. In warning him, the magistrate said there was too much of this sort of thing going on. However, as this was Seagoon's first offence he was sentenced to 3 minutes of Ray Ellington.

Ray Ellington and his Quartet:

*[Musical interlude]*

Seagoon:

Success! Eccles, I've done it, at last! My experiment went off beautifully! The fog disappeared like magic, never to return. Ha Ha! No more Fog, Eccles! Just think of it, they'll make me Lord Seagoon; and you'll be Lady Eccles. Wonderful day! Wonderful day!

FX:

*[Bells ringing and cheers (muffled) over speech]*

Seagoon:

And listen to the bells, Eccles! This is Seagoon's Day! Look at the crowd, look at them! Open the window. Come on, open the window and let them see me

FX:

*[Window opened]*

FX:

*[Bells and cheers louder over speech]*

Seagoon:

Thank you, thank you! Ha ha, bless you all! Oh no no no, it was nothing!

Grams:

*[Noises stop]*

Eccles:

I don't want to say anything, but the streets are deserted.

Orchestra:

*[Sinister link]*

Greenslade:

Seagoon bathed in the limelight of public acclaim as the cleanser of London. It was indeed a pleasure to sit in London's parks and read a copy of the Radio Times. This pleasure was available to all for 3 whole days, then...

Orchestra:

*[Clarinet playing a very low sinister piece]*

Seagoon:

Just think, Eccles, in this very government-sponsored laboratory our triumph was achieved! By Jove, it's getting dark early it's only 2 o'clock.

Eccles:

Yeah, if I wasn't with you I'd say it was fog.

Seagoon:

Fog! Well it can't be, it can't be, it can't be!

Eccles:

Oh it's somebody smoking, that's it.

Seagoon:

Where are my notes?

Eccles:

They've gone, Major Bloodnok took them.

Seagoon:

Took them where?

Eccles:

He left London airport a week ago with them.

Seagoon:

I don't like that, Eccles, I mean I smell a rat!

Eccles:

I don't want to worry Neddy but I can't smell anything!

Seagoon:

I want you to get a sample of that fog!

Eccles:

Oh yeah, I got a bucket, hold on...

Seagoon:

Open the window, you idiot!

FX:

*[Window opens]*

Eccles:

*[Coughing]*

Seagoon:

I've got some! Close the window!

FX:

*[Window closes]*

Greenslade:

While Ned Seagoon is analysing the fog... *[Chants loudly]* 2, 4, 6, 8; Who do we appreciate?  
Greenslade! Ahem. And now for our chapter 8: The Awakening

Seagoon:

I've got it, Eccles! By Jove now it all fits in! This isn't fog, neither is it smog, this is forog!

Eccles:

Ooooh!

Seagoon:

Yes, foreign fog, you see? Hee hee hee, it's been manufactured abroad, and shipped here!

Eccles:

I wonder how much duty there is to pay?

Seagoon:

This is serious Eccles, serious! Major Bloodnok has obviously sold my notes to Nelson. I must get to the House of Commons with the news!

Orchestra:

*[Rapid link]*

Seagoon:

Honourable members! I have grave news concerning our beloved London!

Milligan:

Speak up lad, let's have it now!

Omnes:

Here here!

Seagoon:

It is not fog enveloping us! Nay, nay, nay nay, it is forog; a kind of fog manufactured in foreign parts!

Omnes:

Rubbish! Rubbish!

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please! If fog is being manufactured by the statues of London...

Milligan:

It's a trick to get more...

Seagoon:

No! Major Bloodnok in the War office has sold the entire...

Omnes:

*[Shouts overpowering Neddy]*

Orchestra:

*[Mystic harp link]*

Peter:

*[German scientist]* Now Seagoon, lad, have you placed all the bricks in the right holes and the right squares?

Seagoon:

Stop this nonsense! I don't know what to do anymore! I demand to see the authorities!

Peter:

Of course, you will be able to see them in a short while; they are collecting evidence at the moment.

Seagoon:

I don't understand what this is all about!

FX:

*[Door handle turns and door opens]*

Peter:

Ah, good morning Dr. Moriarty

Moriarty:

And good morning to you, Dr. Heidel-Bugger. And this is little Ned Seagoon, is it?

Seagoon:

Doctor, have they examined the forog?

Moriarty:

They have, it's turned out to be fog.

Seagoon:

It's not, I tell you! It's forog!

Moriarty:

Yes yes yes, take it easy now

Seagoon:

Did you find Major Bloodnok?

Moriarty:

Yes, we have checked with the War Office records and found there is no such man in existence.

Seagoon:

What? Butbutbut, go to my government-sponsored laboratory and you'll see his name in the visitors book!

Moriarty:

Yes we checked with that address you gave us but there is no laboratory there. It is an old bomb-site.

Seagoon:

*[Gulp]* But, honestly, there is a laboratory... There must be a laboratory! As true as my name is Ned Seagoon!

Moriarty:

Ah, that's another point. There is no such person as Ned Seagoon! I'll just put these little squares...

Orchestra:

*[End theme]*

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 Wally Stott; script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

Orchestra:

*[End theme continues]*