

S5 E13 - Forog

Transcribed by Mark Wallace, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

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 let's have some words.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, big brother. Ladies and gentlepong, this week the Goons present a science-fiction fantasia 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! (INSANE LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

SELLERS:

(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:

I'm not the only one!

SEAGOON:

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

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Oh, really, please! Ooooooh! No, dear, oooh! Ahh, ahh! Oh, plea... ohhh, really, ahhh. Stop. Aahh! Yakkaku.

SEAGOON:

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

MINNIE:

You should know!

SEAGOON:

Madam, perhaps I can direct you somewhere?

MINNIE:

I'd better direct you, sir!

SEAGOON:

Me? Ha ha! You, direct me? That's rich! Me, that's rich, that is indeed. Me, that guides half London. What makes you think I'm lost?

MINNIE:

You're in my kitchen!

SEAGOON:

Impossible! According to my calculations I've just come up Highgate Hill.

MINNIE:

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

SEAGOON:

Oh, good heavens! On the third floor! No, it can't be!

MILLIGAN:

This happens 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 round both knees to keep leggy-peggies warm! Voy-la! 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 full 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! Do you think it has gone warmer?

SEAGOON:

Will you take your head 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:

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

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm facing the BBC.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well, straight on!

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 jokule! Hee-hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

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

DRIVER:

[SELLERS]

(JEWISH) I can't help it, you've got your braces round the radiator cap!

SEAGOON:

Bless my soul, you're right! I thought it was warm a-hint 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:

[SELLERS]

(AS GRAVELY HEADSTONE) 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:

Oh, don't worry sir, 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 recognise the voice. Good Heavens! I must be well out of my way, I live in Brixton! (SHOUTS) Help!
Anybody going to Brixton? Heeeelp!

GREENSLADE:

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

ELLINGTON:

Gentlemen...

FX:

HAMMER SLAMS DOWN

ELLINGTON:

...Be seated!

OMNES:

COUGHS

MP SECOMBE:

(WHINING VOICE) Is it not time...

MP OLD SELLERS:

Hear! Hear!

MP SECOMBE:

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

MP 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! Thank you! (LAUGHS) Honourable members, I am an amateur scientist.

MP MILLIGAN:

What about tea?

FX:

MORE GENTLE CLAPPING

SEAGOON:

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

MP OLD SELLERS:

Does the honourable member realise that fog is costing us millions a year?

MP MILLIGAN:

Well, stop buying it, then!

MP OLD SELLERS:

Hear! Hear!

MP MILLIGAN:

Bravo!

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

MP MILLIGAN:

What about tea?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, as it costs... as 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: FATSO!

SEAGOON:

In my little government sponsored twelve-storey laboratory I carried out my theory which was the heating atomically the belts of cold air rising from earth's radiation in order to warm the atmosphere. (INSANE LAUGH) I called my experiment Hot Air!

NELSON:

[SELLERS]

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?

MILLIGAN:

Oh.

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 Wal Greenslade *and* a special musical noise on the fog pipe by Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

We must apologise to listeners who receive 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 !! (INSANE 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.

NELSON:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

I looked at my visitor. He was dressed in a grey, stone naval 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, Ha ha, well I, you see... Eccles!

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 for coming down off that column in this weather! You done a good thing, there!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you can't possibly speak to stone. You... 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!

SEAGOON:

Good!

NELSON:

Hogged!

NELSON:

Now, when the weather is really foggy, do you see?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

NELSON:

It is the only chance we statues have to move around and see the sights.

SEAGOON:

I see! I see!

NELSON:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

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

NELSON:

Precise-lung.

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, 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 can't be true! It's Not!

ORCHESTRA:

SINISTER LINK

NELSON:

Pssst! Achilles, dear chap.

ACHILLES:

[SECOMBE]

Is that you, Nelson?

NELSON:

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

ACHILLES:

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

NELSON:

Ups-a-daisy.

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 we 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 mortule!

ACHILLES:

Now with all haste, pass this message on!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do this. Steps down off pedestal.

FX:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Rotten stinking 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 columns.

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:

Who is it?

CRUN:

It's me, Boedi, it's Gladstone.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

CRUN:

I have some bad news for you!

MINNIE:

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:

Couldn't be!

CRUN:

Ned Seagoon is going to do away with the fog!

MINNIE:

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:

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:

Oh, dear, dear, dear Gladstone!

CRUN:

Yes, Boedi Woedi!

MINNIE:

Ah, the fog is lifting! Oooh!

CRUN:

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

MINNIE:

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

CRUN:

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

MINNIE:

You K.V., buddy Gladstone, there's a mortal coming! Oh, dear!

GREENSLADE:

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

MILLIGAN:

How many of you noticed that for the next three days Gladstone was holding the reigns on Boedicia's chariot, eh? 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... I... I... I'm finished!

BLOODNOK:

Now, stop stroking me putties and let's get this down in writing. 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 had too much of!

SEAGOON:

Y-y-y-you must give me military protection!

BLOODNOK:

Come, now. Now, look, supposing I ordered a soldier to watch Nelson to see that he didn't move, I mean, I... I'd soon get my ticket, wouldn't I, eh?

SEAGOON:

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

BLOODNOK:

Corporal Gladys!

ELLINGTON:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Put Nelson under close arrest!

GREENSLADE:

Two days later fog again envelopes the south of England, but this time there was a cordon of Scots guards round base of Nelson's Column. Anyone over ten feet was challenged.

MILLIGAN:

Nobody noticed Nelson go through on his knees!

SEAGOON:

Nobody noticed Nelson going through on his knees, did he? 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

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

You!

NELSON:

Yes, Neddie. You are determined to go ahead, I see.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. And I... and I've told the war office about you, so there! And they believe me!

NELSON:

Do they really?

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, they mean I... they're protecting me! I'm government-sponsored!

NELSON:

You silly twisted boy, you!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but... Quick, quick Eccles, Eccles, get his arm!

FX:

STRUGGLING NOISES

ECCLES:

Okay, okay, I got him!

FX:

MORE STRUGGLING NOISES

SEAGOON:

There!

NELSON:

Now, what have you accomplished?

SEAGOON:

I've had some stone handcuffs specially prepared, Hm, hm hm and now... now you are my prisoner! I'm going to take you along to the War Office and prove that you're true! (INSANE LAUGH) Eccles, open the door! (INSANE LAUGH) Power!

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS AND DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(INSANE LAUGH) Come on, you wretched stone statue!

NELSON:

(FAR) Poor, foolish, misguided boy.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

I don't want to worry Neddie, 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 three minutes of Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

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

FX:

BELLS RINGING AND MUFFLED CHEERS OVER SPEECH

SEAGOON:

And listen! Listen to the bells, Eccles! This is Seagoon's Day! And the crowd, listen to 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 three whole days. Then...

ORCHESTRA:

CLARINET PLAYING A VERY LOW SINISTER PIECE

SEAGOON:

Just think, Eccles, in this very little 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! But it can't be, it can't be, it can't be!

ECCLES:

(COUGHS) Oh, there's somebody smoking heavy, yeah, that's it, yeah, yeah.

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 this, Eccles. I... I smell a rat!

ECCLES:

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

SEAGOON:

I want you to get a sample of that fog!

ECCLES:

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

SEAGOON:

Just open the window, you idiot! I want to analyse it.

FX:

WINDOW OPENS

ECCLES:

(COUGHING)

SEAGOON:

I got some! Close the window!

FX:

WINDOW CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

While Ned Seagoon is analysing the fog... (CHANTS LOUDLY) TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRECIATE? GREEN-SLADE! Ahem. And now, Forog 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 stuff!

ECCLES:

Is it, yeah?

SEAGOON:

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!

MP MILLIGAN:

Speak up, man, let's have it now!

OMNES:

Hear! Hear!

SEAGOON:

It is not fog enveloping us!

MP MILLIGAN:

What about the...?

SEAGOON:

Nay, nay, nay nay. It is forog; a kind of fog manufactured in foreign parts!

OMNES:

"Rubbish! Rubbish!", "Never heard such rubbish!", "...had our tea, yet...."

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please! This fog is being sponsored by the statues of London.

MP MILLIGAN:

It's a trick to get more...

SEAGOON:

No! Major Bloodnok in the War office has told me himself!

OMNES:

SHOUTS OVERPOWERING NEDDIE

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP LINK

DR. EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

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's the matter with you all. I demand to see the authorities!

DR. EIDELBURGER:

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

SEAGOON:

I don't understand what this is all about! I...

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNS AND DOOR OPENS

DR. EIDELBURGER:

Ah, good morning, Dr. Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

And good morning to you, Dr. Eidelburger. And this here is little... "Ned Seagoon", eh?

SEAGOON:

Doctor, Doctor, have they examined the forog?

MORIARTY:

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

SEAGOON:

It's not, 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 find there is no such man of that name ever existed.

SEAGOON:

What? But... but... but... I... I... I... Go to my government-sponsored laboratory and you'll see his name in the visitors book!

MORIARTY:

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

SEAGOON:

(GULP) 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! Now, 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.