

S7 E04 - The MacReekie Rising of '74

Transcribed by Moriarty, minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

(In this episode Milligan was indisposed, so Sellers played Eccles and Minnie Bannister and Secombe played Moriarty. George Chisholm played a minor role, known in this episode as McChisholm)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. Any offers?

ECCLES:

[SELLERS]

Ten shillin's

GREENSLADE:

Sold.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SECOMBE:

Yes, folks. Sold to the gentleman with the rolled-gold trilby and transparent head. Now, Mr. Greenslade, hold this piece of seaweed, raise your right leg, point north and discharge your duty, namely a weather report of this week's show!

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

GREENSLADE:

According to the humidity of my knees, which are sweeping in from the Azores on a broad front, we present "The McReekie Rising of '74"

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH INTRODUCTION INTERRUPTED BY A SHOWBIZ INTRO.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

OMNES:

(OVER GRAMS) Rhubarb, rhubarb, McRhubarb, McCustard, McRhubarb, rhubarb etc.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC SPEEDS UP AND FADES OUT

McCHISHOLM:

Lads, hear me, the noo. I, Chisholm McChisholm of the MacShowband, bring grave Mc news. Mac Scotland is in Mac peril.

OMNES:

Oooooorrrr, McRhubarb etc.

SECOMBE:

McRhubarb, McCustard, McRhu... Silence, lads! A word from our chief, the laird Red Hairy McLegs.

McLEGS:

[SELLERS]

Ooorrr neei, or nei, oorr. Ma hairies! Ma brave hairies! The great hairy caber of the clan MacReekie, symbol of Scottish power and manhood, has been stolen by the reeking non-hairy sassenach English!

OMNES:

Ooorrrr, McNo, McNo!

McLEGS:

Tonight we march north to England!

SECOMBE:

But England's south.

McLEGS:

Aye, we're going to march right round the world and sneak up on them from behind! Forward to MacReekie!!!!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC AND SINGING, STARTS VERY SLOW THEN SPEEDS UP

GREENSLADE:

Thank heaven they've gone. You know, they make such a mess of the place. And now, according to this air ministry roof I'm holding, a band of Scots are approaching the tower of London where, on the ramparts, a British garrison stand alert and ready.

BLOODNOK:

(SNORES)

GRAMS:

'FRED THE OYSTER'

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhh, that's better. Oh!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, up there! Let me in.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? You're not her husband, are you?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, thank heaven for that. Right, right, here's the key, let yourself in, lad. Supper's in the oven.

FX:

GAS OVEN OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you. I'm captain Ned Seagoon of the third foot.

BLOODNOK:

So, you've grown another one.

SEAGOON:

Only for the three-legged race.

BLOODNOK:

Of course. You won't find any of them here, you know.

SEAGOON:

Enough of the splin, splan, splon.

BLOODNOK:

Needle.

SEAGOON:

Now, you are Bloodnok of the tower.

BLOODNOK:

The same, the same. Wait a moment, what's that sixty-foot hairy pole hidden under your coat?

SEAGOON:

So you spotted it, eh?

BLOODNOK:

Only when the sun glinted on it.

SEAGOON:

This pole was captured in battle from the Scots. It's the great McHairy McCaber of the MacReekie.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, you three-legged military fool, you. They'll slaughter us for bringing that to England. Abdul, pack my kit and Mrs Fitzsimmons, we're leaving for foreign parts.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, you're a miserable coward.

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Mrs Fitzsimmons?

GREENSLADE:

Um, there's a hairy army outside, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Aaooow! The Scots!

GREENSLADE:

And this registered Scotsman arrived this morning.

McCHISHOLM:

Aye. I bring word from our Laird. Return the red hairy caber or we'll close wi' you, the noo!

BLOODNOK:

It's Chisholm McChisholm, the steaming celt.

McCHISHOLM:

I'm warning you, Seagoon! Listen, I'm warning you. We've got the whole of England surrounded by water.

SEAGOON:

Curse, we're trapped! Man the lifeboats! Alright, McChisholm. Tell your hairies, we fight!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

GREENSLADE:

With the drop of low pressure settling under my chair, and the glass falling in all directions, the defenders of the Tower of London await the hairy Scots' attack.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) Halt! Who goes there, mate?

FRED NURKE:

[SECOMBE]

Hello, Willium, I've come to relieve you.

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) Ooooh, you're too late, mate.

FRED NURKE:

I say... I say, Willium, where are yer, lad?

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) I'm... er... I'm inside the barrel of this cannon, mate.

FRED NURKE:

Are we out of ammunition, then?

WILLIUM:

(MUFFLED) No, no, no, matey, it come on to rain, you see, and I only had me thin summer armour on so... er... I got in here, you see, out of it.

FRED NURKE:

I see.

WILLIUM:

Give me an 'and to get out, will yer?

FRED NURKE:

Right, on the left, turn down a bit.

WILLIUM:

Right-oh.

FRED NURKE:

Aaah!

GRAMS:

POP

WILLIUM:

Herh, ooh. Well, I'll see ya later, mate. Ta, ta, fer now.

FRED NURKE:

All the best, lad.

WILLIUM:

(OFF, SINGING) Maybe it's because I'm a Chinaman, that I love London so...

FRED NURKE:

Neeee yeeeeeyeeeeee. What a silly bloke he was, getting inside the barrel of that cannon? Hahaha! He won't catch old Fred Nurke doing that, ha-ha, I'll tell 'ee. After all, someone might come along and fire it.

GRAMS:

RAIN

FRED NURKE:

Curse, it's come on to rain. Well. Perhaps if I put only 'alf of me in the cannon that might improve matters. I'll just get down inside. (STRAINS) Oh, certainly keeps you dry, don't it? Ha-ha. Aye, aye. Me head's getting wet. I will insinuate myself in the barrel for just a short period.

GRAMS:

RAIN STOPS

FRED NURKE:

(MUFFLED) (YAWNS) It's nice and dry inside the barrel (YAWNS, SNORES. SNORES UNDER..)

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH SINGING FOR 10 SEC) Ooh! Look, a naughty little fuse. Oh, look at that naughty little fuse! I will light that naughty little fuse on the cannon. Light up the naughty fuse.

FX:

STRIKES MATCH

ECCLES:

(GOES OFF SINGING)

GRAMS:

FUSE HISSING, EXPLOSION, BOMB WHISTLE, BOMB HIT

FX:

CRACKING

McLEGS:

Brrrrrrr nuch bnn! Lads, look here, they're firing sassenachs at us! Right, lads, fire Max Geldray!

SELLERS:

Ploogie!

McLEGS:

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

MAX GELDRAI:

"JUMP FOR ME"

GREENSLADE:

The MacReekie '74: Part seventy-five. With south cones pointing north and the Irish Sea waist deep in water, the hairies attacked the tower.

GRAMS:

CHARGING, BUGLE CALL

OMNES:

MAKE CHARGING CALLS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Major, the Scots are attacking the north gate. They're pouring in through the window.

BLOODNOK:

The dirty devils! Abdul, get a mop and clear up. Where's Sergeant Groin?

SEAGOON:

A tragedy, sir. He was counterattacking when he tripped and fell right in the oubliette.

BLOODNOK:

Well, well, have him hosed down and send him in, will you?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, you underestimate the grivity of the satuition. You underestimate the soivity of the gravitation. You inder... (CLEARS THROAT, SINGS AWFULLY) Falling in love, with love, is falling for make-believe. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul, cancel my tickets for the Palladium, will you?

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Bloodnok, Bloodnok, we must get the caber to a place of safety.

BLOODNOK:

I know, the crown jewels room, that's empty.

SEAGOON:

Eh? What have you done with the crown jewels, you rogue?

BLOODNOK:

How dare you insinuate, sir! They're perfectly safe, I tell you. That pawn ticket's under lock and key.

SEAGOON:

Alright. Private Willium?

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir, mate, sir, yes?

SEAGOON:

Carry the sixty-foot hairy caber into the crown jewels room.

WILLIUM:

Right. (STRAINS) Ohhhhhh, mate, ooh. Oh, it won't go through the door, mate, it's too 'igh. I'll have to saw a bit off the top, mate.

SEAGOON:

You won't have to do that, you fool, just make the doorway higher.

GREENSLADE:

Erm, may I suggest you take it in horizontally?

WILLIUM:

Right, I'll do that, mate. I'll lie down, mate. I shouldn't be doing this. Man of my age, I got a chit. I'm excused cabers, I am.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, SPLAT

WILLIUM:

Oooh, aaaw aaaw! Who threw that?

SEAGOON:

Poor Willium, he's been hit by a great steaming spludge. What is it?

WILLIUM:

(TASTE NOISE) Here, taste it.

SEAGOON:

(TASTE NOISE, GULPS) Good heavens. Issue umbrellas, the Scots are firing porridge!

BLOODNOK:

Porridge at teatime? The devils, they're trying to unbalance our diet.

SEAGOON:

Gad, you're right. Not a word to the men.

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Very well, then. If the Scots want to make it a war of nutrition, we have an English dish in our armoury twice as deficient in calories as porridge. And twice as deadly.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, you're not going to fire...

SEAGOON:

Yes. Brown Windsor soup!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MINNIE:

[SELLERS]

Naaaaw! (SINGS) You've got to rock and roll in a military way! Yim bum bum bidle day, yum bum bum bum bum, bubble bo! Num num with a shiny jewel, yum bum bum, diddle doo!

HENRY CRUN:

What's happening in this steaming room, Minnie?

MINNIE:

I'm pouring brown Windsor soup into these naughty cannon balls, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, haven't we got any soup plates, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good, good.

MINNIE:

Ooooh. What's... what's good, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

It's good that we've got soup plates, Min.

MINNIE:

But we've always had soup plates, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Yes, it's always been good, Min, yes.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, yes.

HENRY CRUN:

(SURPRISED)

SEAGOON:

Now, come on, Tarzan. Seal those cannon balls and take them up to the cannoniers.

HENRY CRUN:

They're too heavy for me to carry, sir

SEAGOON:

Well, have you got a dumb waiter?

HENRY CRUN:

Only Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Ah, just the man! Eccles, take one of these cannon balls.

ECCLES:

OK. (SWALLOWS)

SEAGOON:

You fool, you!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Pardon.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The MacReekie '74. With the weather vanes exposed to the Gulf Stream and equinox in the ascendance, the Scots maintained a non-stop barrage of bagpipes, which slowly had its effect on the English garrison.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES CONTINUE

GRYTPYPE:

Have you got the earplugs, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

[SECOMBE]

Six hundred pairs of them, ooooooh, hiwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

If the English want to stay sane they should buy the lot.

MORIARTY:

Ooh, yes. We'll make some money. Ooh, the moolah, the lolly, the ackers[?], the grisby[?!] Ohhhh!
Power, more power!

GRYTPYPE:

Silence, you steaming infested Gaelic wreck.

MORIARTY:

Oooh, hiwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop shrieking and steaming.

MORIARTY:

Oooh, hiwww!

GRYTPYPE:

You'll bring the hairies down on us.

MORIARTY:

Ooh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, straighten those knees, wipe that filthy handkerchief off your face and don't forget I shall do the talking.

MORIARTY:

Right. And I'll join in the choruses, iiiiiwww!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

GREENSLADE:

Halt, who goes there, sir? English or German?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Is there a garrison living here by the name of 'beleaguered'?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Could I speak to the owner?

GREENSLADE:

Certainly, sir. Erm... would you care to wait in here with these other chairs?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. You don't mind if we smoke our own?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, no, by all means.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES, DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, gentlemen. I'm sorry I'm late. It's the matinees, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, they can be painful, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now... er... what is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Well we have reason to believe that your garrison are being sorely tried by the noise of bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. But what's that to you?

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) My friend and I represent a leading firm of earplug manufacturers.

SEAGOON:

What? We'll take the lot! Er, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Er, what is it?

SEAGOON:

Look! The answer to the bagpipe noise.

BLOODNOK:

Earplugs! Yes, let's test them.

GRYTPYPE:

Certainly. Put them in your ears and I'll bang this drum.

SEAGOON:

Right, got them in. (LAUGHS) Bang away.

(7 SEC. SILENT PAUSE)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, the silence you are now hearing is not the silence brought on by the insertion of earplugs. It is the silence brought on by Grytpype-Thynne who, fiend that he is, is actually playing the drum with silent drumsticks. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Aha! He's stopped playing, now. Well his earplugs seem to be alright. How much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds.

(SHORT PAUSE)

SEAGOON:

How much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred... (LAUGHS) Take your earplugs out.

SEAGOON:

Why don't you answer? I asked you how much do you want for them?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds.

SEAGOON:

That's funny, I... I can't hear him.

GRYTPYPE:

They cost one hundred... Look, take out the earplugs.

SEAGOON:

Stop all that silly miming, man. How much?

GRYTPYPE:

One hundred pounds!

SEAGOON:

I've had enough of this, Bloodnok. He obviously doesn't want to do business. Come on, get out, get out!

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, look here, you just gave me one hundred pounds...

SEAGOON:

Get out, you steaming English idiots, get out, get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

One hundred pounds for earplugs we can hear through? (LAUGHS) Not likely.

GREENSLADE:

There seems to be some doubt...

SEAGOON & GRYTPYPE:

(UNDER GREENSLADE) (ARGUE) Earplugs etc.

GREENSLADE:

...as to the efficacy of the earplugs. There's only one positive test: Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LULU'S BACK IN TOWN"

GREENSLADE:

With the quality of the earplugs still unproven, the British were forced to step up their barrages of brown Windsor soup.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPE MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

It's no good, we can't hold out much longer against this fiendish bagpipe playing.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, there's one thing that will shatter the Scots: a kilt removing patrol.

BLOODNOK:

But look here, isn't that a bit near the knuckle?

SEAGOON:

It depends on how you look at it. Now, who will go out and remove the enemy's kilts?

(PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

Alright then, we'll draw for it. Now one of these straws I'm holding is shorter than the rest. Now come on, draw.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

BLOODNOK:

Well, well, now, who's got the shortest?

SEAGOON:

You have.

BLOODNOK:

Mmm? Oh! Well, off you go, lads, off you go. And the best of luck, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir. Now listen, lads, reports indicate that our barrages of brown Windsor soup have badly stained the Scotsmens' kilts. Now, (LAUGHS) here is my cunning plan. The splin splan splon of the needle nardle noo...

GREENSLADE:

That evening in the Scottish camp:

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC, GUNSHOT, MUSIC SPEEDS UP, SHATTERING GLASS, MUSIC SPEEDS UP MORE, MORE GUNSHOTS AND SHATTERING GLASS AS MUSIC SPEEDS UP MORE AND ENDS WITH SPEEDED UP CHORD

McLEGS:

Next dance, please.

McCHISHOLM:

Laird... laird Hairy McLegs?

McLEGS:

Aye.

McCHISHOLM:

This Chinese laundryman wants a word with you.

McLEGS:

Oh, aye.

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) Greetings, honorable haily Scotsman.

McLEGS:

What do you want here, jock Chinaman?

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) Me bling splecial offeler. Me wash all Sclotmen's sloup-stains kilts flee of charge.

McLEGS:

Off wi' your kilts, lads.

SEAGOON:

Ohhhhhh ho ho ho!

McLEGS:

Jock Chinaman, have them kilts back wi' ye in one hour.

SEAGOON:

(CHINESE ACCENT) I plomise, one hour. Gloodblye!

McLEGS:

Right, lads, take your partners for the slow frenzy.

GRAMS:

SAME DANCE MUSIC, GUNSHOTS & SHATTERING GLASS AS MUSIC SPEEDS UP AND FADES OUT.
CRICKETS

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SQUEAKS

SEAGOON:

Hah. Is Corporal Bluebottle's raiding party back yet?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is. And look here, I've got a hundred and ninety kilts.

SEAGOON:

Kilts? Those are skirts.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, no wonder they put up such a fight. Yeeheheeee!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you must learn to tell the difference. What's your tale, little musketeer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will tell you my tale, sir. Listen. On the night of the dreaded kilt snatching patrol, I blackened my face and whited my boots and in that position I approached the Scottish camp and I hidded in the bushes! Then I used the special Bluebottle mind over matter plan. I stared at them with my undefeatable power of eyes look and I willed their kilts to drop off.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! I looked the kilts straight in the sporrings and I went straaaaiiiin! "Fall down, naughty kilt", I said in my mind. Straaaaiiiin, strain! Dotted lines out of eyes towards kilt showing direction of power. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot. Little kilt, you cannot stay up against my superior North Finchley will power. Extra heavy strain: straiiiin! Dotted lines change to daggers showing increase of power. (REALLY STRAINING) burch burch burch burch burch. Straaaaiiiin! And then, rip! Whoosh! Thud!

SEAGOON:

What happened?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My trousers fell down.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, little thin East Finchley Liberace.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Herheeeehehe!

SEAGOON:

I've got all their kilts. The trouble is, how am I going to get them washed and back in an hour?

GREENSLADE:

You're taking them back?

SEAGOON:

Of course, I promised. I can't break my word as a Chinaman.

GREENSLADE:

You're only *disguised* as a Chinaman, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven you noticed! (LAUGHS) But for your keen eye, I'd have been washing chop suey all day.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, bad news! We've had it, lad. The ravens have been stolen by the Scots and everybody knows the legend that if the ravens leave the tower, the tower will surely fall.

SEAGOON:

If everybody knows, what do you say it for?

BLOODNOK:

It's for me, I'd never heard of it, you see.

SEAGOON:

Men, we can't fight the legend. The ravens have gone. This... is the end.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Oohoo. (SADLY) Let the Scotsmen in.

GRAMS:

SAD BUGLE BALLARD

SEAGOON:

Open the gates. Men, put down your arms.

FX:

GATES SLIDE OPEN

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, MCCUSTARD, MCRHUBARB, RHUBARB

McLEGS:

Well, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

We surrender, here's your hairy caber back. (STRAINS)

McLEGS:

(STRAINS). Ta.

SEAGOON:

All we want back now is our ravens.

McLEGS:

We've no got your ravens, lad.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? Then... then... then where can they be?

MINNIE:

Dinner's ready, boys. Forty hairy black birds baked in a hairy pie.

SEAGOON:

Help! We've been betrayed! Aaaaaaaaaa!

MINNIE:

(UNDER SEAGOON) Hahahaha!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC: "LUCKY STRIKE" CONTINUES UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe. With the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. The Glasgow-type Glasgow voice was played by George Chisholm. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Pat Dixon.