

LOOKING GLASS

With apologies to Douglas Stewart

A play in one act

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Dramatis Personae

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| Chippy: | a carpenter |
| Wally: | a walrus |
| Tweedledum and Tweedledee: | "a pair of wee Jessies" |
| Humpty Dumpty: | "a big bawbag" |
| A Scottish politician: | another bawbag |

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The scene is a sandy beach. Sitting on it are two figures; a carpenter of disreputable appearance, dressed in a carpenter's apron and a rather fetching paper hat, and carrying his *bass* or toolbag. He is accompanied by a walrus, which, unusually for a walrus, is wearing a frock coat and a waistcoat. The moon and the sun are both in the sky.

CHIPPY: (*stubbing out his Lambert and Butler*) Oh Christ, ma bastardin' heid. Ah wis right on the bevy last nicht.

WALLY: Hardly worth remarkin' on. Hud ye'd said ye *huvnae'* been on the bevy that wid be mair interestin'.

CHIPPY: Aye, right. Seez ower ma boattle o' ginger.

WALLY: Kin Ah remind you, and no for the first time, that seein' as ahm a walrus that's no' that easy. Unlike yersel', Ah *huvnae* got oney airms, jist wee flippery things. Great for swimmin' roond Svalbard or Jan Mayen Land, but no' that great for fetchin' your bottle of A.G.Barr's popular sparkling mineral water.

CHIPPY: Aye, a'right. Nae offence meant pal.

WALLY: When your'e feelin' a wee bit better, what'll we dae the day?

CHIPPY: How about goin' fur a wee daunder along the beach?

WALLY: Oh great. We *huvnae* done that at least since yesterday. How about havin' jist a wee blether?

CHIPPY: Aye, okeydokey. How about (*he pauses to think*), are we real?

WALLY: How dae ye mean real?

CHIPPY: Well, do we really exist?

WALLY: Well ma auld china, that's a guid question. (*he sucks his moustache thoughtfully*). If ye read the book, we're only in a poem *read* by thae wee nyaffs Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and do not appear to have a separate existence, though for that matter you could argue that neither do *they*, big Jessies that they ur.

CHIPPY: Ah wish they didnae hae an existence. They get right oan ma tits. Wee scrotes they ur.

WALLY: Be that as it may, there are some fascinatin' philosophical concepts here, first posed by the 16th century mathematician and philosopher Rene Descartes. The outstandin' point of his philosophy is that he propounds a system of doubt, whereby he concludes that the only fact, idea or thing in the universe which he could not doubt is the fact that he was doubting. To doubt is to think; to think is to exist. He concludes triumphantly *cogito ergo sum* ; I think therefore I am.

CHIPPY: Huv you been readin' Wikipedia again?

WALLY: Naw, it was in the New Book of Knowledge volume BOO-DEW that ma feither bought aff a man at the door.

CHIPPY: could we no go back tae talkin' aboot cabbages an' kings an' shite like that?

WALLY: Sure, ah jist wanted tae raise the tone o' this play a wee bit.

CHIPPY: Aye, ye sure did. Ah couldnae understand a word ye were sayin'. Mind you, that's no sayin' much. Ye've aye had ideas above yer station. Come on, let's go an' annoy the oysters.

WALLY: Dae ye no mind? Ye ate the poor wee buggers yesterday.

CHIPPY: Aye, right enough. They were good though but.

WALLY: See me? Ah prefer clams. Have ye ever hud a clam?

CHIPPY: Naw, but Ah aince hud a clabidoe at the Barras. It wis bowfin'. Talk aboot gein' ye the boak.

WALLY: Wid that be the dry boak or the wet boak?

CHIPPY: Baith.

They saunter slowly along the strand. They meet Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

CHIPPY and WALLY: Well, look who it isnae- Walt Disney. Hiya ya wee tolies.

T&T: That's no way to speak to anyone.

TWEEDLEDUM: Don't you think the tone of this place has deteriorated recently? The language has become a trifle course.....

TWEEDLEDEE: ...Upon my word. Most certainly. Personally I don't think this place has been the same since that Shuggie Bain was here. I thought he was quite a decent chap at first.

TWEEDLEDEE:.... But then he won the Booker prize, and he was never the same again, hobnobbing With all these poncy literary types....

TWEEDLEDUM:Yes-I didn't really take to that Harry Potter fellow..or Billy Bunter...

TWEEDLEDEE: ...No. Couldn't stand them. I quite liked Biffo the Bear though....

TWEEDLEDEE:.....he wasn't exactly great literature

TWEEDLEDUM:....No, but I rather liked his red dungaree shorts

TWEEDLEDEE: Well you would wouldn't you?

TWEEDLEDUM: Bitch.

CHIPPY: Huv youse two fannies finished talkin' pish yet? Ah'll tell ye who Ah liked. That wee Alice Liddell. Raised the tone o' the place.

She was a bit of class. Went her holidays to Strathmiglo so they say.

WALLY: Zattafac'?

CHIPPY: So they say. She didnae stay long though.

WALLY: Neither either wonder but. Would *you* if you could leave?

CHIPPY: Aye, right.

They walk on a little further until they come to a wall. A large egg-like person sits thereon

CHIPPY: Haw there, look at the big bawheid on the wa'.

HUMPTY DUMPTY: My name, for your interest is Humpty Dumpty.

CHIPPY: Aye, right. Mair like Numpty Dumpty ya big bawbag. Ha! Ha!

HUMPTY: No need to be offensive.

CHIPPY: Howcome ye've jist got thae wee skinny malinkeg legs? Whit wid ye dae if ye fell aff yer wa'?

HUMPTY: Easy. All the King's horses and all the King's men would fix me up.

WALLY: I don't think so.....

HUMPTY: You don't know when you're speaking to your betters. I've got history. I bet you didn't know that I'm named after a cannon used in the English Civil War siege of Colchester.

WALLY: Not so pal, I think you'll find that's an urban myth.

HUMPTY: Like you two then? Supposedly representing the Buddha and Jesus Christ?

WALLY: Wikipedia again? Hang on. Never mind that! Wha's this wee guffie comin'?

Through the Looking Glass, a rotund figure now approaches, with a swaggering gait and a self-satisfied smirk on his big ba' face.

ALEC SALMOND (for it is he): Good morning! Can I rely on your vote for the Alba party on May 6th?

EXEUNT OMNES!!!!

