

Galloshins - A Mummers Play

Characters: Narrator, King George of Macedon, Galloshins, Doctor Brown

Additional performers: Some Beltaners, The May Queen, the Green Man

Setting: A series of Zoom screens

Narrator:

In days gone by, guys would go guising
In disguise, with painted faces
And queer clothes, and what's surprising:
Folk lived in their Event Spaces.
From hearth to hearth round neighbour's homes
Or hugger-mugger in the street
Come quarter days, would mummers come
To dance to one lone drummer's beat
And chant their parts in plays first forged
Anonymously, by the folk.
Old tales of Galoshins and George
Spruced up each season with fresh jokes.

Our current run of mumming started
Not with Galoshins, but the Queen
of May, and him from Test Department
Setting fires to set the scene.
With Queeny, Greeny. Reds and Whites
Came too, and Blues. The mummer's drama
Sees new elements each night.
This year, a song by Adam Dahmer.
This year, too, a greater change
Sought to ward off widespread doom:
As Event Spaces go, it's strange,
to mumm at hearth and home....and zoom.

[Zoom background fails; Screen "Hangs" momentarily]

George:

Here Zooms in King George of Macedon,

Who has conquer'd all the world but here alone.
When I came to Scotland my heart grew so cold,
To see a wee nation so stout and so bold,
So stout and so bold, so frank and so free !
Here comes Galoshins to fight wi' me!

Galoshins: Here Zooms in galoshins
Galoshins' my screen name
With sword and pistol by my side
I hope to win the game.

George: The game, sir, the game, sir, it is not in your power;
I'll hash you and slash you in less than half an hour.
My head and heart are iron, of shining steel's my sword,
Your life is mine, though we're online
On Zoom, Skype or Discord.

[They sword fight, Galoshins is smote]

Galoshins: By George! This fight is thrilling.
By George's sword I'm struck!
If no one can cure killing
Then Galoshins is ffffallen.

George:
If Galoshins I have killed
Then Galoshins I will cure
Galoshin shall be cured
In the space of half an hour.

Are there doctors to be found here,
I say are there any doctors?

Beltane Doctor No1: Hello...were you looking for a doctor?

George: Oh, thank goodness. I've just slain Galoshins with my trusty sword. Don't suppose you can resurrect the dead at all?

BDN1: Oh right. No, sorry. I'm a doctor in Celtic studies (or creative writing, or biology, dentistry, or mathematics...there are plenty of them to choose from in BFS)... Can't really do anything about that, I'm afraid.

[This is repeated a couple more times with Beltane Doctors]

Narrator: Would discussing postmodern elements in the work of Alasdair Gray be helpful at all?

George: Not that I can think of...

Narrator: Oh well, never mind...

Doctor Brown: Here comes in as good a doctor as ever Scotland bred,
For I've watched Youtube videos, how doctor's learn their trade,
And now I know this one neat trick which lets me raise the dead.

George: What can you cure?

Brown: I can repair sword wounds from mummer's plays. I can cure the Beltane Blues using nothing more than an active emotional support network. I can even get the paint out of people's ears first time.

George: What will ye tak to cure this man ?

Brown: About 37 Billion pounds contracted over two years, if you want the cure to be "world-beating." I've got a friend runs a pub, he can sort it out.

George: How about six pounds and a bottle of buckie?.

Brown: Ten and a bottle.

George: Seven.

Brown: Done.

[Doctor Brown does some nonsense]

Galloshins: Oh, once I was dead, sir, but now I am alive,
And blessed be the doctor that made me revive.
We'll all join hands, and never fight more,
We'll a' be good brothers, as we have been before.

George, Brown, Galloshins, Narrator : We'll all join hands, and never fight more,
We'll a' be good brothers, as we have been

May Queen: RAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

[May Queen swordfights all comers. George, Brown, Galloshins, Narrator all die dramatically]

May Queen: Raaa.... Then at the end of that interaction, I'll signal the Blues to move us on and...Hello?...I think I might be on the wrong call...

Green Man (Silently): Hello, hello? I think I might be on mute....

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