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The Dead Poets Society Sketch

(with apologies to Mr Python)

By Willy Maley

Scene: A Bookshop

'Hallo, Ah'd like tae register a complaint
 Hallo, Missus?
 'What do you mean, "Missus"?'
 'Ah'm sorry, Ah've goat a cauld.
 Ah want tae make a complaint!
 'We're shut for a launch'
 'Never mind that, my laddie
 Ah want tae complain about this poet
 Ah purchased no hauf an hoor ago fae this very bookshop'
 'Oh yes, the Glaswegian Blue...
 What's wrong with it?'
 'Ah'll tell ye whit's wrang wi it pal
 He's pan breid, that's whit's wrang wae it!
 He's Joe the Toff
 'No, no, he's recollecting, you know
 He's one of the Rikki Lake poets
 Emotion recollected on tranquillizers'
 'Look, mate, Ah know a dead poet
 When Ah see wan
 And Ah'm looking at wan right noo'
 'No, no, he's not dead, he's jist restin
 Jist pittin up his wee dactyl feet
 Remarkable bard, the Glaswegian Blue, isn't it, ay?
 Beautiful verbiage! Lovely pentameter!
 'The pentameter's goat nothing tae dae wae it, laddie
 He's John Reid
 'No, no! He's resting!
 'All right then, if he's restin', Ah'll wake him up, will Ah?
 Wakey, Wakey, Mister Polysyllabic Poet!
 Ah've got a lovely fresh image for ye...'
 'There, he mused!
 'Naw he never, that was you hitting the page!
 'I never!!'

'Aye ye did!
 'I never did anything...'
 "ELLO POLLY!!!! Testing! Testing! Testing! Testing!
 This is yer nine o'clock alarm call!
 Noo that's whit Ah call a dead poet'

'No, he's stunned!
 'STUNNED?!?'
 'Yeah! You stunned him, just as he was wakin' up!
 Glaswegian Blues stun easily, major.'
 'Noo look here, mate
 Ah've hid it up tae here wae you
 That poet is definitely deceased
 And when Ah purchased it no hauf an hour ago
 You assured me that its total lack ae movement
 Wiz due tae it bein' totally cream crackered
 Efter a prolonged sonnet sequence'
 'Well, he's probably pining for the Fabers'
 'PININ' for the FABERS?!
 Whit kinna talk is that?
 Look, why did he faw flat oan his back
 The minute Ah goat him hame?'
 'The Glaswegian Blue prefers kippin' on its back!
 Remarkable bard, isn't, squire?'
 'Look, Ah took the liberty ae examining that poet
 When Ah goat it hame, n Ah fun oot
 The only reason it hid been sitting oan
 Its perch in the first place was that it had been BOUND there'
 'Well, of course it was bound there!
 If I hadn't tied that bard down
 It would have nuzzled up to those shelves
 Bent them apart with its line break
 Given me three with the bunnet off, and VOOM!
 "VOOM"?!? Mate, this bard wouldn't "voom" if you put four million volts through
 it! He's dug's lead!
 'No, no! He's pining!
 'He's not pinin'! He's passed on!
 This poet is no more!
 He has ceased tae be!
 He's expired and gone tae meet his makar!
 He's yesterday's muse!
 Bereft of life, he rests in peace!
 If you hidnae nailed him tae the shelf
 He'd be having the ash wiped off his dustjacket!

His metaphoric processes are now history!
He's off the list!
He's warbled his last
He's shuffled aff he's dufflecoat, run down the curtain
And joined the bloody celestial choir!!
THIS IS AN EX-POET!!'
'Well, I'd better replace it, then...
Sorry mate, I've had a look round the back of the shop
And we're clean out of poets'
'Ah see, Ah see
Ah get the picture'
'I've got a playwright'
'Diz he write in blank verse?'
'Naw, no really'
'WELL IT'S HARDLY A BLOODY REPLACEMENT, IS IT?!'
'Naw, right enough'
'Well then'
'Would you like to come back to my place
For an open mic session?'
'Eh, aye, okay, yer on
If that's the only way
Ah'm gonnae get a Glaswegian Blue'.