

THE "BROONS" PAIRTY.

When Jeck Broon was promoted to head "Scaffie" by the Town Council of Dubbytoon, his wife, Kirsty, at once resolved to give a dinner party in honour of her elevation to a higher social plane. Accordingly invitations were sent out to a few of her neighbours, who were now prepared to accept Kirsty into their own exclusive circle as she "wis somebody noo". The ladies invited were:-

Mrs. Skimpwecht - The grocer's wife and the
acknowledged leader of Dubbytoon
Society.

Mrs. Black.

" White.

" Grey.

The scene is the Broon's house, No. 3, Tattie Row.

Time - Evening.

Jeck is in the kitchen getting dressed for the party.

Kirsty is setting the table in the parlour.

KIRSTY: Noo I winder gin that's a' thing laid oot, I houp I hinna forgotten onything, it wid be an awfu' affront gin I wis short o' onything at my first pairty, especially in front o' that ~~slavin~~ aul' besom Mistress Skimwecht. I ken fine her and thae twa scandaleesin aul' faggots, Mistress Black and Mistress White wid tak' great delicht in braid castin' a' ower the toon gin I wis

- KIRSTY: short o' ae singel saut speen. Ay' an' Mistress Grey's nae better. Michty is that the time, they'll be here in a han' clap an' me ay' in my aul' sheen an' torn awpron. An' far's Jeck, I'll sweer that sorra o' a man's nae oot o's wirkin' sark yet, an' him his tae answer the door. "Jeck far are ye. Come here this meenit."
- (Contd.)
- JECK: (in Kitchen) A' richt, a' richt, Kirsty. I'll be ben in a meenit. An' ye'll need tae pit a preen in my dickey for I've tint ma stud.
- KIRSTY: Tint yer stud, I pat it upo the neuk o' the dresser, nae five meenits ago, alang wi your clean sark.
- JECK: (in Kitchen) Ay' I ken that, bit it shot oot atween my fing'er an' thoom an' lan't i' the broth pot. Ye'll better tell yer visitors tae chaw rale sma' gin they dinna wint tae be chokit, or brak' a tusk on my bress stud.
- KIRSTY: Ye muckle, han'less gype, fat the sorra garred ye skite your stud intil the broth pot for fativer will I dae noo, I hinna time tae pit the broth throu the milk search an' gin' Mrs. Skimpwecht wis tae brak ane o' yon yalla tusks o' hers upo your confoonit bress stud, I wid niver be able tae haud up my heid again for shame. Awa ye go an' see gin ony o' the veesitors are comin' doon the street, an' I'll hae ag'ype roon in the pot tae see gin I can come on't. I wish tae gweed ye'd swalla't it. I wid hae kent far it wis syne.
- JECK: (Goes to Door) Here they come than, the hale coterie, shoudin' ben the street like a curn aul deuks an' jist aboot as gweed lookin'. I'll awa tae the door an' lat them in I suppose - or will I lat them ring the bell.
- KIRSTY: Of coorse ye nowt, lat them ring. Dae ye nae ken that's the proper ettyquette fan visitin, ay' lat them ring, an' min' your mainners an' nae affront a' body. Dae ye see Mistress Skimpwecht wi them.
- JECK: Na, she's nae there, bit ye widna expec' a leddy in her poseetion tae traivel wi' common fouk. Na, she'll be/

JECK: be arrivin' in style i' the grocer's cairt. Faith I'm
(Contd.) vrang tho this time, here she comes scoorin' ben the
road under her ain stame. I doot Sandy an' her
hinna been sayin' ae wye. Will I lat her ring or
will I gang an' meet the aul' battle exe.

KIRSTY: Come ben the hoose this meenit Jeck Broom I can see ye
hinna mainners aneuch tae be polite tae a soo lat
aleen Mrs. Skimpwecht. Awa an' gie the broth pot
a steer. I'll lat them in a' thegither masel.

JECK: (Back in kitchen). Weel, weel, that suits me fine. I'll
awa ben an' hae two draws afore the steer begins an'
the air gets thick we ettyquette. I dinna haud wi
this, Please an' thank ye bigness an' nae bein' alloed
tae saucer your tea, or queel your broth b' blawin'
on't. A'body dis't at hame an' a'body kens that a'
body else dis't, an' we a' camma be sae mainnorly as
genteel fouk, sick like as the minister; they tell
me he queels his tea b' famin' it wi's hat, an' can
joogle sai-ven piz upo his k'nife blade at ae time
an' get them a' until his mou withoot cuttin' his
throat or drappin' a piz. Mighty there they a' are,
an' fat a soun', fat a clatter o' tongues. I'll
sweer fouk gaun by will think oor hoose is the too'er
o' Babble.

KIRSTY: (At Door). Oh gweed evenin', leddies, I'm richt gled tae
see ye a' an' its richt gweed o' ye a' tae come oot on
sic a nicht an' patroneese oor wee hoose, bit as my
man says ill fashions kens nae obstacles. Bit come
awa ben noo an' tak aff your things, the denner's a'
ready an' I'm sure, b' the look o' you, ye're a' fair
itelin' ~~man~~ tae win' at it. I houp ye've brocht your
appytite wi you Mistress Skimpwecht an' live up tae
yer reputation "Stick in till ye stick oot", ye ken.
Tak your seats noo, an' I'll awa ben an' dish up.

(Goes to Kitchen).

JECK: Are your aul' win'bags a githered Kirsty, I'm fair tired
steerin' this aul' hen roon an' roon the pot, an' gin
my niz is nae leein, I doot the mince is beginnin' tae
sing.

KIRSTY: Haud your tongue, ye stupid goat, an' awa an' tak your seat,
and I'll come ben wi the broth.

- JECK: (In Parlour). Weel, weel, jist that - Oh, gweed evenin' leddies. I houp ye're a' weel aneuch for ye look unco blae an' teem like as tho ye hidna been gettin' a regular diet, bit we'll seen sort that, here's the mistress wi the broth pot.
- KIRSTY: (Comes into Parlour). Niver min' Jeck leddies, he's jist a bletherin' mainnerless aul' feel, an' nae mair fit for dacent company than ony o' the rest o's. Noo here's the broth. Will you hae a drappie Mistress Skimpwecht.
- MRS. S.: Oh noo thank you Mistress Broon, I niver indulge in speen meat.
- KIRSTY: Weel, ye'll mebbe hae a pick mince than an' I houp ye'll nae min' takin' your tea speen till't, for I hinna gotten the len'th o' fish knives an' forks yet. Jeck, gin you're throu blebbin' amo your broth, ye mith start carvin' the chucken.
- JECK: A' richt mistress - Noo, Mistress Black fat bittie wad ye like - A leg said ye - Ay', ay', bit ye'll get that. Here ye are noo, an' stuffin', a'body likes stuffin' An' you Mistress Grey - A leg tee - Here ye are my leddy - An' stuffin', ay bit ye'll get that. Noo fat about you Mistress White - A leg an' a'. Faith mistress a third leg's mair than I can manage. Ye'll need tae mind, it's a hen I'm rivin apairt nae a cintypede - I'll jist gie ye baith the wings, tae mak up for the winto' a drumstick, an' stuffin' - ay' ye'll fairly get that. The wife's stuffin' fairly gangs doon. Ye see she kens far tae get her hens, they a' come fae the hospital an' they're a' fed upo aul' pooltice. I thocht ye said stuffin' Mistress - No - Weel, weel. I widna conter a leddy, bit I haurd ye fine sayin, stuffin'. Hooever that suits me gran' for I wis some feart I wid get naething o' the hen, bit the last bittie ower the palin', an' nae stuffin' for kitchie till't.
- KIRSTY: Noo leddies, we winna wyte for Jeck, he'll chaw for an oor yet, so if ye're a' sere't we'll just hae a cuppie o' tea and syne sit back an' hae a news - Bit mebbe ye wid like something mair Mistress S?

- MRS. S.: Oh no thank you Mrs. Broon, I've aiten tae my complete sanctification, and onything more wid be super fluff, so I'll just sweel it doon wi some tea, if you please, and that will take the taste out of my mou'. Was you speakin' tae me Mistress Grey?
- MRS. G.: Ay I wis that. Dae ye min' yon dizzen eggs I bocht last week - ye dae - weel lat me tell you they war a' gorbalt - Nae that I wis wintin tae mention sic a thing in company, bit we're a freens here sae nae hairm's deen.
- MRS. S.: Gorbalt say ye Mrs. G, an' fat did ye expec' for twa shillin's the dizzen - layin' pullets - an them nae payed for either. Nae that I wint tae say onything in front o' fouk, bit there's mair than ae name upo my slate an' a body can hae ower muckle o' that kin o' bizness. Hooiver we'll say nae mair about it, an' jist be like the boordin' hoose ledy. Lat oor byganes be rissoles.
- MRS. W.: Oh, Mistress S., fat wye dae ye manage to mak meat for a' your fouk an' you ey sae thrang i' the shop, I widna think ye hid muckle time tae soss about amang pots an' pans.
- MRS. S.: Oh bit my dear Mistress White, I hae deen awa wi' a' thae antiquatit cookin' uteensils, an' hae plenty o' time noo since I adopted the new fashion. Ye see I cook all my vitals i' my cammysole. Very hygeenic and enecomical I assure you. Noo I'll hae to be going as I hae some pressin' bizness tae see till afore bedtime, sae I'll say good nicht, tae ye a' an' thank you verra much Mistress Broon for sic a pleasant freen'ly evening.
- KIRSTY: Weel gweed nicht Mrs. S. an' hist ye back, an' if iver ye come onywee near oor place, I houp ye'll bide there.
- (Exit Mrs. S.)
- CHORUS: Thank goodness for that, she's weel awa.
- MRS. G.: Gweed riddence - the stucken up, grippy aul sorra. Her an' her cammysole cookin', I'll sweer she disna ken the difference atween a cammysole an' a casterole, I doot gin she his ony o' the twa o' them, an' tae cast/

cast up about the eggs tee, she shu'd be black affrontit tae admit they war a' gorbalt, lat aleen chairgin' twa shillin's a dizzen for them. Pressin' bizness, Imphm, her man's aul' breeks likely.

- KIRSTY: Ay' that's true Mrs. G. aboot the eggs, bit niver mind they're nae peyed for, so ye're at nae loss. Oh b' the wye I'd thank ye for yon stud ye pickit oot amo your broth, it's the only ane my man has tae his name an' it's nae eese tae your man for I niver saw him wi hale button holes in the neck ban' o's sark yet.
- MRS. G.: Ay' mebbe, an' gin certain pairties I cud mention didna raivel up amo' the claes tows i' the bleach green they widna even hae the sark, hooiver here's your bittie o' bress, an' mebbe you'll sen' hame my speens an' the ladle i' the mornin', it's been a rale pleesur tae len' them, for it disna look weel, ladin' oot broth wi a cup.
- MRS. BLACK: Foo's your man, Mistress White. I haurd he wisna weel again - I houp it's nae the aul' tribble, tho a' the same it wis a rale divert, they tell me, tae see him upo Setterday night hingin' on tae a street licht wytin for his hoose tae come roon.
- MRS. W.: Dinna cast sic exasperations at an elder o' the kirk Mrs. Black, unnerstan that, an' ony wye he's a' right again. It wis jist a sair heid he hid, but I gae him an aspidistra an' that sortit him in nae time.
- JECK: I wid think that Mistress White, especially gin he swalla't the hale hypothac, lock, stock an' barrel, pot an' a'.
- MRS. BLACK: Weel I think we'll hae tae be gaun Mrs. Broon, it's lang by oor supper time, bit thank ye kindly for a verra pleasant freenly evenin', if little else.
- MRS. W.: Ay' weel a' need tae be gaun, sae we'll bid ye baith gweed nicht an' thank ye for yer intertainment; we're leavin' ye wi a gey redd up I doot, bit ye'll manage fine seein' your man's a scaffie.

MRS. G.: An' I'll say gweed nicht tae Mistress Broom, an' thank ye. An' b' the wye Peter says there's nae hurry for his spaud, anither sax month will mak little odds.

(Chorus of Goodnights).

(The Door Shuts).

(Jeck and Kirsty sing a line of "Bonnie Doon".)

"They mind me on departit joys,
Departit niver tae Return" - we houp.