Box Meeting

Prize awarded to Ian A. Gordon

June, 1929.
Note: To transcribe the dialect phonetically would render it nearly unrecognizable. I have not been particularly consistent in its spelling or dialect forms, but have simply elected phonetically to give, I hope, the necessary characteristics.
Box Meeting

An Introduction

Characters:

Gaurie a Postman
Mrs. Gaurie His Wife
Jean Their 15 year old daughter
Walter Their son.
Meg. Their neighbour's daughter.

The "Box Meeting" in a fishing village marks the end of the fishing season, with the regular sale of fish for high spirits. If the season has been a good one, the opportunity is ripe for a minor celebration, which is never considered really successful unless it includes a marriage or two. The fishing fleet leaves a week before the festival.
Boy Meeting

Scene I.

[The scene is a fishing village on the East coast of the island. The house is a small, one-story cottage. One approaches it by a path, across a yard of unkempt grass and leaves, bordered on both sides by wooden fences, with green doors and red doors, with various wooden posts, occasional canary cage, and in one corner, a boy with a canary. The kitchen is on the interior of the house. On the left is the fireplace, lit by a small, portable lantern of wood. The window is on the right, above the sink. The canary is both in the room and heard, kept by the windows, which are also open to the outside. There is a door at the back and one to the left of the fireplace. There is a table in the center, and a couch, facing the fireplace, on the right. Across the room, Mrs. Geerke is sitting on the far side of the fireplace, reading a newspaper and a woman's stocking. She raises her head as a man outside and Mrs. Geerke, in, followed, at a distance, face to face by MEG.

Mrs. G. Hey, c' mon. What's the matter wi' ye now, awh, come in the house this way!]

J. I'm sorry, MEG, it's the man who's for me!
Mrs. G. Dinnae come a' nor. To place a'is a jovney, treen... an' make' stoat, micht i ask?

1. Oh michty! jemmy a'kin' tan! Ye knower weel yerel'! ma boy, mectin' goon.

Mrs. (She does indeed "knower weel") how wer I ken?

Oot ye think I care for Boy: mectin's mom? a day ma day for him is done lamp come moat.

1. (Tears wound at eare) hey, listen lie ma michty! An' listen Boy: mectin' she didnnae stop, daurnin' till hamp past righ.

Say! wewel ye silly boome, you an' yer Boy: mectin's. What's ye Percy and Willie?

Mrg. We passa' him down at the herber, Mrs. Jackie, sitin' in engeni. They said they wanna be Ter lang bros. an' ken 'weel' about damp, fridgery an' ma slumin' no hamp freemight. Awa he the horse wi' ye, jeev. An' aw he dae ma man o' goons o Boy: mectin's.


Mrs. Awa wi' ye! it's a boomey penny it'll ha' cost ye "me thinkin'."

Mr. It were a' over michty, Mrs. Jackie; an' it's been put
| Arab | Jean | "I'm a' think, bosammy clain, mine own. Ain't got no more for ye. Ye was goin' for yer lat din i for her. Ho! Be careful show a tonto dog, let alone a boy. Meanin' goon ... but what o' ye ye ain' seen, may be?怎么能 be lettin' her dampen her pepper and ye back.

M. Oh, it's a' walk. I'm nearly done now. I tellin' him.

Arab. Be careful on the road for further, he had the best the dey is. It swine the me that land.

M. Oh, I'll show them. It doesmae matter over much.<br>"

"I've got many the place?"

Arab. That no on goin' meanin' day! Ye'll surely not gain the meanin' then. Be mean, I won' hurt it when I was as good as you.

J. aye, an' nor the master!

Arab. You bless, you lassie, you lassie, or "bein' a boy meanin' for you ... it aye been a goin' day, than wi' the homman's walk, and the bird playin' up an' down the town, an' the daein', aye an' the sayin' ... I mind them were seven banzies meanin' you've a' in ye day.

M. Oh, I'll show them. It doesmae matter over much.

Arab. Be careful on the road for further, he had the best the dey is. It swine the me that land.

M. Oh, I'll show them. It doesmae matter over much.

"I've got many the place?"

Arab. That no on goin' meanin' day! Ye'll surely not gain the meanin' then. Be mean, I won' hurt it when I was as good as you.

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I was yin o' him mascele.

Thar's lae to say it's rain. I heard Jersie Lee say. He've been in, it's a jerry it's no person. But ye dinna kae what may happen. There's a nookie lae green, and a' the twains come from ye. Thay may chance, it's high time ye were gettin' mainio yirsel'.

Ye ar' aines nee dramp. Mrs. Finnie; besides, ye hae to be aicky first.

Mrs. an' what fur summed ye no be aicky? Brod, lasses, ye can show an' keep a hooch an' brake lines wi' the best o' them. Any, an' give a broad-lander lae. Somaw summed ye no be aicky?

Yes, dinnae be havennin' noo......

Mrs. Havennin'? A'm I the summer lae Heaven? He'ar that last round then ye weel. Speck afer they were eichser an' ye're our twenty noo.

I'm no worryin' that mornin. If I'm aicky, well, we'll see. If I'm no, it's no me 'till ye can a lamp' mys.

Mrs. Ay, ye're a' like that - till a laud come alee
I said 'the same mascele'. I tell Jerrie from lines I wadane hae him gie me some lae ole ma feet. For he spend a fifth time an' I couldnas
well refusing. An' he's no dreekt ye.

4. Jew rock ... I dinnit ken ... I dinnit ken ....

Surf'd to high time ye ken, causa. There's not a goodie, is there, somewhere?

7. I wanna pay him's no ...

Off he manner be guy kate, him, qui he kennea askin' me ye, an' it jist a week after Boy meeting. Somebun' kate, an' me gettin' awfully poor it. That's our Wallie now, for an' A'n'i been huntin' months, an' still expectin' his answer neither lei day a help for him. It's not far his fighter he got it anyways. He a robbin' me the latest lone lamp afore war.

7. He knew me been sayin' nuthin' kin' him, has ye?

And I know that. 'I've been thin' him the thick shame o' himself' ... here am I still dammin' his stockings an' takin' his pants. His fighter gie me enough work as it is. A'rae wi' him! To a trampelor. I'd 1 tell him he was mendin'.

7. Tha ye shouldna, manfacto, 0 sayin' 'The lack o' loot.

7. Look for me, launier?

7. Weel gie ye cauld tea kine kin' tea be micht gong off an' ye kinnie kin' whate ... 0 want tu micht ale.

Tha' be an'y? Indeed? Bu' guidanes!
Mrs. What's the matter wi' ye?

Mrs. Just the wind! I couldn't see —!

Mrs. Eh, ye've haven' again, munman! What's the matter wi' ye?

Mrs. Muttering, muttering, lauseo — just wait! I mean to get quit an' come back soon, man; I think I'll let ma darning near the window.

[She moans but can't see. This makes for more confusion.

Eh, mother, me cough! Thin' ye up, ye! Hoe the get me another pinner again.

Mrs. Give it tae me, Jean. We'll see about it now.

Mrs. Ye can dae it in the bawm for a wi' hens. Ee'll see how to come wi' the place for their time.

[Steps and voices are heard outside].

Mrs. Mother, this me! Here they are, an' I hamee got nae kattle on!

[Mrs. steps up the stairs and flies to the

fireplace. GEORGE and WULLIE enter.]

George (sitting on the table). Achnaw, whar hae we been? What's been buying hang a draper's shop?

Mrs. Just the pinner. A' a' mine for ma boy. Meet soon, by

George. Oor ye're no gettin' mair it, as well, an' ye?
(Softly - she has hopes, but not this boy. meeting) the foggin' dinner be damp! [Dewie begins to pour sommat into room]

Q. 1 mi'is son now li's i'it. A hale part o' mee you fellas are gone. Can you manage a week wi' day.

Host. Ye mi'is son li's i'it, Jemmi? I can mind a day I'm not seven.

Q. Can ye? Seven?

Host. Aye, seven.

Q. (He remembers himself in time). Aye, aye. I mind i' massel' now. Averle'ts a camp o' while bannik. He ye're quin' so damp as a 'ee Kansas yerelor'. Givin' for ye let be harken o' lee, woman.

Host. Yes the'el no be damp. Doni lhe the bantle. Who are ye hunting fer, Dewie?

W. Has ye femomk bi' stockin's fer me, mute?

Host. No yet, Dewie. That Kansas kepkit be banke clarkin' about her room.

W. Ye'anna be camp, will ye?

Host. No now camp. I'll femomk 'em after this. unless maybe..... when ye femomk 'em. ManyKansas. Aye, a great' harken' at dawnin'.

M. Aye, ill see them. [She picks up the stockin' & begins to dance]

Host (To Jean) Hey, take a go be seen out. The letter, uncle
Ye 'tink you can't? [She makes a clack to off.

1. Eh, minnies spilt it! I'll see it now, [Speaks up, and goes off haggling in front of house.

W. Minnie, why's my paper bins? They're needed too be iced.

W. How bad I ken. Ye've got left them bin the house.

W. Wha' I thought you left them here?

W. Were ye a' dinnae. Sae ben the house and see for yerse.

[Wilson goes.

(To Meg.) What ain't I telt ye? 'Tis 'minnies stoon his' an' 'minnie get me then' frae qui end o' the day till the other wi' hin. (Honors, for William benefic.) Aye, I'm thinking 'tis high time Willie had a wife to look after him, an' no keep or dependin' on his auld minnie.

G. 'Er wumman, I telt ye. Boss minnie's gone liti ye heard. Ye're geyin' a stichy as a 'e's been. Ye'll never be content till ye see some minnie behind marriage. Hae ye no heard it now o' yerse?

W. I've just been singing tae Meg afore, 'Ae no minnie pleased for say Willie's minnie. I'm pleased tae hear minnie after him. For minnie, wae minnie, wi' Meg an' Willie aye. Ye should lairn tae hire yerse ower to

G. Aye awa' wumman, you an' yer minnie! Qua' be gane.
feared gin' hamp' til bove o'een gillin' mornin'. We'll be mairgin'
shag tu me doot, wince ye'm aboot it, Aye lairn, has on been
cookin' for a launer for ye?

"There's ma need for me - the lauder for a launer for her.

"Oh hae faeke, I dinnae tang maakay aboot a launer.

"Arth ma, launso, but ye cannae accuse me. I can en a

"fards for the piers hie a the next gin.

[Edward W. with the red boots]

"Many aye, ye gin them a' rine. I weli ye ye haunus left

"We ar wath rin, yeneedin' gin aboot it. Has ye seen

many tins o' ice?

"Many wair! hawnce; look for it yersel'.

"W. Well, can ye ken swers? Can gin a oot bit o' cloot

to rint them wi?

"W. Oh aye, oh aye, man said ' tell ye a'? Have

"shammed yer srokes? Has i seen yer sec bits? Can i a

"ye sawm thi sic in? Ann' vamos a doric bit o' cloot?}

"Ye'ra smook til drie a borie, plennit. Bannard ye

"thinkin' o' givin' a wifie for yersel'?

"W. Hey, what arsen dund! Git a wifie for?

"Hagh jist listen til him! What wadnan ye git a wifie for?

"W. Whit me? What for dare i need a wifie?
Most want for one you need a wife? I want for one you need a wife! The kind you want are you own kids! and you too! and you kids! and you kids! you kids, you pun' gone for you lines, and took you things, and you damn you sons and wash your clothes! What for you need a wife? Want for one you need a wife!

W. Are you say him 'mother', he cannot just quit a wife esti a part of 'july' then you move roomin' corner.

Most nice a word for you! 'Mammo' bussin' little spick ain't been livin' yer parents how to bring times you got a wife an' money. Don't you think I'm game like him aboot for you at my days? You! Yer in a hurt, shoot 'fellings. Ye desire want a wife. Must hurt the 'thinkin' a wife do maybe wantin' you!

W. Eh mister, I desire keen a harses that would have me!

Q. Hans! Hans! Hans! just listen to him. He wanted you ken about harses. Ye mean to bring them in a store. If hint some word has anything a want a pair of hark

... but ye mister's right, here's ye a hars

snort young fellings. I dinner broot ye a qui hang a. oh why you think.
M. (Half-jokingly) Dinnae chaum forsyte thi pair hand. Yon'll eel
plae for him.

N. Acht muirg, ye' re a braw as the first o' them. I dinnae
want me wife.

Muff nor, we'll nae maist o' the. Wife ye' re got lait hae,
and by this bo'sc meeting lae. Tha's nae laist word.

W. This bo'sc meeting. Hey, ye canna' se a wife in a
week. It wouldnae look weel.

Muff saw, what if it looses week or no? I'm dain' nae
maist missin' about for ye. I've been messin' lae
a-dain in a ye needs. Y'el be missin' or bo'sc meeting
oan. See ye bairn?

W. (Quelled) Aye, mister, but -

Muff nae but lae me. Maamie, ye'll be lae a wife!

The ye.

G. Eh, jampy cummanie, ye missin' himsy but lae for bairn
that!

Muff miss a mo? It's time he was missin'. So what for i he
no on for it?

W. Eh, mister -

Muff he's a word for you. Thank stane o' grace!
keepin' ye and mister workin' like this, and see
many cases in the place can work on over pleasan
The don't go ye, look at me, here. She don't keep up her house, now an' raise up times, as we're all like o' her in the money. What can ye not marry Meg for?

G. (to herself) I know ye had something up ye seen.

M. Or Mrs. P.CG.

W. Our mother, how could I marry Meg? I've been her son-in-law now forever.

G. Name the year o' that. I know ye mother when she was young.

M. The animal keep on dartin' him like that. And what said I want her him, even though he did ask me?

W. Then must mother. Ye see she donnor want teh marrying me. So what is to keepin' on them like that?

W. If ye be a sahip, you are! Mao knows quis house the past time o' asking! Ye sayin' askin' me——

G. Whew, ye a Ruth and a wife!

W. I winnin' yourself. He asked me five times.

G. Aye, and whom I think it was five times more soon.

W. Man ye winnin'. She ye nunner see the handkerchief here, but big an' qui. Him be my reason,

G. Arched, arched. 'Ouch! land, ye'er got to him qui mainin' sometime. It's an arnite! Thou'll, 'll allo, but
'tis no use for it. Mairiaghe has ico quide 'pint, an' it band 'pint. A fiesp cannae dare wi' uto a wife, an', said thee it, some o' us cannae dare wi' yin. Mairiaghe ye sue —


I'm comin' the' reasoon wi' a meanin'. Mairiaghe as I was aboot the sey, it wi' like poimin' wi' a line, meaus ye many qui muckie or, ye many qui slittle enow, but ye aye qui fish. Measullie, mairiaghe is a doin'. Measullie d'ist up so mony carrie aw, jeely peil as it doo, quid peil.


Nums felly fish, ye aile is pale!


'cause wha, wumman the now. I'm taillin' thee Wullie for he quide. Mairiaghe, Wullie, is like the swotin' sootten ye spesa lae buy wim—ye were a wic lassie. They laisit gran'm at the time, but ye kow ye qui for gow gweer afterwards.


I aint a decidin' —!


For the end o' the mairtie so, Wullie. Yis lae the mairtie. Thers an eet else for it. An' qui a lassie doonee hae ye at the frist, spair at her life she
mum. The sister said "now" four times, but she said "aye" at least ten. She was returning from the pier. She was very young. I guessed so. For marriage comes at least by a man.

Auntie, aren't they very just looking for you the other two.

W. But I denominator look the clock here.

M. O'er. Outie!

W. I denominator look the clock here.

M. Outie!

W. Must the pipe just waiting for you, we might just have to be by this clock. Meetin'. See we can just put them in and just smoke it.

W. O'er mighty! [He looks about him disconsolately.]

M. [Mum.] Meet as well. Outie lassie. This clock. Meetin'. Must the clock. Meetin'. This clock after the next year. We got to come some time and ye might as well got it over and be done wi' it.

W. [Still looking wildly round.] Hey, where's me kip? Me nie - we keep someone.

Mum. What's wrong in the landlady now?

W. What's wrong Outie? Ye're no game cow? Denies say me here. This woman think they're proper.

W. I cannae wait, Outie. I cannae wait. Where's my kip? [He sits it and makes for the door]
Q. Shew ye gane oor?

W. I'm gane tae fin' a wive!

W. A wive!

W. Aye, a wive. That's wha' yew wantin' it no?

W. Aye, but I dinnae mean ye tae —

W. It ye ain aye? I'm gane tae fin' a wive qui' I can tae

W. aek ahty launson up an' doon tae hae ken it o' the

W. Surety! Hey aminna din' rin' me wive!

W. [U. aside q'g, planin' tae doo.]

M. Be tae good, kincie, rin' ye plume!

W. Be tae good, lez' noo I woul' rin' ye plume.

M. Be tae good, I woul' rin' ye plume.

W. Aye, but elan!

W. Aminna faw cauns, aminna plaw. If it wass you, ye auld

W. de'il!

W. He?

W. You wi' yer g-biggin' aboot yerbit pooties an' jeely poat.

W. Aminna

W. faw cauns, he'll come b'ack, he'll come b'ack.

W. Aye an' maybe wi' a jeely poat!
Scene 5.

[The curtain rises on the same scene. It is some hours later.

The fire is burning brightly, and the gas above the mantelpiece
is lit. There is a small oil lamp on the table, by its
light of which MEG is completing the task, merely partly.

Mrs. GEEHIE is drying her hands
foremost—security, and GEEHIE bends her face to some
work on the table, while the man's chair is still
in place, wiping to horseradish to fit through. He has a lamp
beside the horseradish near his knees.]

M. Age, me, it's dinner time, it's dinner. "I'll look gay bow
in it, how thin.

M. Age comes ye'll look gay bow.

I. Ain't o'er ye gun the meat, you'll groan, so me
without tuck ye?

M. Age comes, you to me bow for news. Soon, good
man.

M. Are we, all the same, the pretty.

M. Dinner take it the hot tubes. For come, ye dinner
has what may happen yet.

I. (to age, only for the flock) The me, dinner gone all
this time!

M. Dinner see it for the me, there. True, but it must now!

M. I think I must send water to the cap. Enough, you. We
conscience has worn your shoe to ruin!

9

I'm telling ye! conscience finds him mysterious.

Gusley Donaldson he's no to say his game. The
Delphie horse's, hid conscience. There's a' they didnae
the stean he'd game him. Delphie be free, winter
he'll be awa' down The links o' somestane. Gie u
hardness been for you he conscience has game and u
you hurrying for a wife.

hurp fai i know ye been for you, he'd have found a wife

fai' oot' game awa' in ony hurry.!

M. the /eees, Muses Flee, animal away now main jeeboatin it.
J. (Who has been listening attentively.) There's aye plenty o'
lands. I've got power.

hurt fai ye dinnae sit here like a moose, ye'll be spin
awr the eyes bod, eye summer; dinnae let me hear
not main o' you or your hand lands this main.
M. Dinnae voss the lass, Muses Flee. She dinnae
mean it.

My doos she no? But I mean it. (To G.) Was Bella kinkie
at home when ye got the To hoor.

G. now. She'd left the hoor just after Dillie had game
in' they hadnae seen him since.

My doos me! I'm beginnin' for ye first mace, Muses Kinkie.
Up it handman been for his freight or workman has been
in this place.

9. Are deenin' blether, umberman; a umberman may prove.

But it aye, is sm'ang an' miss 'im?

But half, a umberman may never mair - come live
fear, till I see her this fits ye.

[She places the door against farm, who is
hurriedly delighted with the process. So the smooth
it down, the door flies open and watch rises
in the middle. He finds it plain about this mithly.

W. Hey, shut the door! Shut the door! Snatch it! Look it!

Deenin' at he is!

9. What's the matter wi' ye?

W. Shut the door! Talk ye! look it! This comin' up
the close!

Mrs. Stone; That's wrong wi' ye, Willie?

W. Oh, middly, shut this door! [they shut it].
They wind, they, now lock it! Keep her oot! [they lock it
and W. sits in a chair.

Good God! We had enough o' mairgyn' for many a long
hour. What's wrong, ladde? How ye grown an' gettin' stronger
now?

9. There is it, Willie?
G. do it ella cuirce?

J. for i got everybody the money! you! no! turn down the larnay and you come up the door!... to that door won't lookin?.

M. any man body can get in, uncle! i'll... i'll keep them out mashed.

(who has again leaped audibly to Sing.) fee! fee! fee! Tad's no run quid o me! uncle's got three but i've got four!

[the process to dance round, singing to an improvised tune]

Hee! hee! hee!

Uncle's got three,

Uncle's got three,

But i've got four!

[This is sung four times] Thats you done not. meet ye. flip o bed.

[and further music]

Now he's another word, flip o bed.

[and more-

Must flip o bed! i like ye! [smiles and leans forward]

An' now what have you done?

W. what have i done? you took me no shame! i've got two larnays for i've got the money an' another que

Mini! down the door down to the door again! You turn the

J. yay, yay because you can turn anyone you begin! you turn the
g'll you wife, an' now you bave wi' a line o' hinds. 'E's a
woman kirk you'll nae lae be mairrit wi.'


W: first I went down the Bella kuirie, an' sang to her,
'Tella, I'm wantin' lae qui mairrit. Wull ye marry me?'
and she said, 'This is a fine urge tae ask a laesel,
how I anner mairrit ye.'

M: 'Hes a good about quin for mairrit !

W: See I gafe o' the Jenny Wintie an' spairna if
sh'd be me an' she said she wrae an' had a wife
land that cost her fair woes. See I didnae kennum
lae dae wi' win the work. See I nae Jenny Smith
gane abow the Fisherman's Road an' askt her, but it
was nae gingie.....

G: But I kent you said ye bave hith an' another

W: Aye but wait ! I says the macle 'I ken it !

M: laesel was hae me. an' if I set oot hame. Run
on the roys I mit Bella kuirie an' she said, 'The Bella
morr, ye surely dinnae think I meant you ?' 'Hear me what'
says. 'You about no mairgin, ye,' she says, 'An'
says, 'will ye mairrit me after a?' an' she says 'A
'awick,' says, 'we'll be mairrit as the Tom mairrit. An
no ma mitten wi' gin,' pleased.' So I dammender along
he road wi' her for a bit, an' it看来 I'd eat her
in a bit to be quiet home.

G. Ay, ay, ay, you been declarin' fine. Who was he turnin' it?

W. Ay, but I didn't mind the come. Since I can't let it
be o' me, who was waitin' for me but
Jennie Donlin, an' she said she hadn't meant it
nayther. An' how could I get out o' it? Aye, I knew when
I was, I'd said I'm makin' her one Box meetin' as well.
And I dreamed a room The roomed wi' her for a bit
bit an'... an' then come around home.

G. That's even. Ay, ay, you been declarin' ground.

W. By this time I can tell ye was gittin' near. An' I
wasn't far away. When I can't find the end o' the street I asked an' Jessie said it was
me! "Ay, by road!" I says to Jessie, "To a man
for your day!" She I like the man best an' heanged past he an' across the yard in the house,
but he saw me an' — (the book's approximately at
the door) — an' he I am wi' both hands on the
mairry an' ain't settin' somewheres outside.

G. And we're through to like o' it? You've been a nice
staying! Don't ye be mair tied on ye shootin'?

W. So aid! But ye cannae keep ye tied on ye shootin'
D. keep an eye on me cause I'm连线 the main eye.  
M. Y'll see the main against Bella or Jeanie now. They'll make you.  
D. the miming! I cannae say I'm either to see any of them now. What am I gonna get done?  
M. I anima kae Belle's under eye...  
D. Augh that can I am the got oot o't. Augh aye.  
M. quin me a kanna in the? Meeg. Can you no think o' a way!  
D. Can ye no think o' a way yersel?  
M. He'll think o' a way for himself, his time.  
D. Augh I'm no gonna think for him. I'm gonna beds!  
M. Hey, mista yin no gonna awo o' a yip? h- Hos you got me into this, an' are ye no gonna tell me a home oot o' it?  
D. He was yes aw an' be like ye got m'naa inter it. An' ye ain't bale can get ye oot. I'm gonna try me bed, an' see o' yer feygin.  
M. So his is, is he?  
D. Most aye be be, is he! Come on! [She goes off]  
M. (To W.) Belle, if it's got the be yin an' the other o' the both, take advice an' tak' the one yin o' them. [He follows his wife]
W. Hung food! What am I the due? I cannae marry the mate o' them, an' I nevee want the marriy name o' them.

M. There's another outside.

W. That's nee gine. They, what am I the due?

M. Gimme marrying name o' them.

W. Age, but I'll just bae the marrying anyway. She's (nothing in her head to show the prairie has gone) ran 'crop' woman give me pluntes. I can ha'e nee peace in the booth qui! Dinnae.

M. Well ye dinnae espect me to dae a thing for ye, Wullie.

W. Ye're aegh ye might dae a wee bit. Ye've e'e marry naebody. Ye've dae a thing for me... Hey, laurn!

M. Age Wullie, ye're goin' aways o'er o' it? Ye're nee wantin' to get vitter piece air thing!

W. Eh... Eh... Meg, laurn...

M. (Wot maybe she's comin' and gain some bodane) Age, Wullie?

W. Age... ye washin' like the marrying we ginnit', and ye?

M. (Wot is bold enough nor) No spinnin' cock in that wey!

W. That's what the deal's 'bout.

M. [no qui o' the due]

W. Mars, Meg, ye're not. She's a-fair abune the 'tree. Dint ye no marry me, laurn? He ken me weet eamoch. I want you ye ken just a wee laurnt yeuse. She's a-marry, no mind it, laurn?
M. You catch, Dullie.

W. Ye mind in time ye fell intii th' water, an' got put'ed oot a' drownin' sort, an' I tell ye I was quinin'ular learn a' sound le fur ye oot gain ye'd fa' ni again?

M. Aye Dullie, no, ye mind ye got th' oman le fur ni oot again. By this I've nor reputa'ed, got vengence come oot.

W. How me, but I laimin' lei room, snoo I've fa're jin.

M. Well ye no pu' me oot, causs?

W. To hav' a' you warrant me fur le fur ye oot o' warn ye an' durnin' broose ye intii?

M. Be meeg, durnin' say that. Ye kin'gan' 1' no

W. Warn me durnin' intii. Tha's no inti caussi I can' likat as well as

M. Speak! Meg causs, Will ye kno'?

W. (Softenin' a bitte) I'm no ag'in' pu' no.

M. Tha mean ye well! Tha durnin' durnin' say ye'll

W. If ye durnin' say age, "I'll no kan' me' the dea. Meg, its no Thy durnin' caussis 'n' wantin'. I coon'ce me 's har facin' for nowin' wi' th' moor.' In my mind thin' I had the main'in ye or th' other o' thim.' I contine. I warrant has waitin' fur. it you thorn' ren't wantin' meg causs, you an' meedwely bu' ye. I'll ne'er can har wi' oor ye causs. Buth ye no main'in me, thin'

M. Well, maybe I will.
W. (closely held by her) That means "age", does it not, Laura?

Laura: marriage me Meg love?

Meg: Age, Dellig. . .

W. Meg, Meg, ye'm na air caun, noo! Noo gie's a kis

W. Meg has no objections. Sh, ye'm a-bringing Meg, ye'c. I dinnae kno' hoo I air said

Margaret marrying ye. Fie's another kis, cauns, an'

W. air to tools.

Margaret: But ye've awin moo, Dellig cauns, ye'm awin moo.

W. as well ... I cannot be awin awin [He means it

Margaret: aw in the corner]

W. an' we'll be mainit at the Box meeting, Megs.

Margaret: I'll be aw in the back, the Box meeting, ye go after a'.

W. air cauns, a broot yin. Ye'l look bodinies than a

W. air cauns, a broot yin. Ye'l look bodinies than a

Margaret: an' we'll nae a hoose up the burrey, cauns, a hoose wi' white cauns. I can jine ye aw in moo!

Margaret: I'll be keepin' it a hoose, an' bainie ye kins ...

W. (to Dellig)

Margaret: They passin' into one another again. Lannoon by both entit cauns, fie, an' he's not gone to bed, fried by feckin'.

Margaret: May age, ye'l nevair be fine til ninth yin after a'!

[Margaret and W. kiss several times later.
W. (Standing up) Aye 'm ganl te mairin Meg.

Mrs. If ye ha' kent that hoo 'oors ago qui ye'd bid her en' no gan' of it as a dunkey te ask hang tae

W. About it doesna maun no. We're gan' te be

Mrs. We was a ye forgetin face it in' his jeelyfisk.

G. Hey! was richt a' the time! I said he'd say he's come te' a jeelyfisk en' he can bence wi' two en' a haun! Here he's got something te' up

Mrs. More thank te you, en' myself feel.

G. Muck, whast, woman... I hope ye've finished te' mairin' for this Box. maunin'.

Mrs. An' what's the real. An' hoo'd age th' house te' con

G. I' thin' Jean has told.

Mrs. That was you want, ye lassie?

G. An' thin', an' Willie an' jock gan' te' git mairin' efter

Mrs. Aye, an' key!

G. Will the miss be hone the faltie ma goan?

Mrs. Ar' mear! What care's about ye goan?

M. We faltie it a night, Jean, en' me na aine.

G. Aye Meg!

M. Aye Jean?
1. Don't ye think yer is maybe beetter in ferow?

2. Lassie bain lit 'n a hamp, anywai's; awa bi bed wi'
ye!

3. I'm just been winnin'... but my way's "eh vai a
heaw gone [the goos 0/1 still "winning"].

4. Hey, Law.

5. Ay, Lassie?

6. "Hee, goon o' for a daunin' doon the rood. Are ye
doin'?

7. This lass... Lassie?

8. Oh, it's no over lait... an' hae'd a gooun' men.

9. Ay, Lassie. [The off move to the door]

10. Ay, Lassie, ye'll be raik up ait the daunin' doon the
rood wi' a launin' by moor!

11. Go, Oscar! I dinna want it be haow ane maic o' yon!
[U. tis to open the door and finds it locked]

12. Hur, Hur, Hur! It's lookin' like keepin' wi' whae gie oot!

13. She'd b' stig b' n' no meet me! Ha gie bi something
"n' n' bein'!

14. Ay, ay, ay, an' you come bi 'nacht yin!

15. Come on, Lassie Lawd; dinna close tae him. Come on
awa' oot.
6. "In amin', leuns. [They go off together]

9. This box, mother; the next box, mother. It box, mother, after the next again. It got be done some time. You cannot please ever more in. Aye, jemine wumen, ye'll b'grown pleased noo?

Aye, I bave 'em box quar. If I be noo best. Wullie's not be bave til late...... Aye, a'm thinkin' 'em quarin' an' and wumen wi' me som quar lat ye'll b'vecome at the box, mother...... bu' sist--


May be fine lat. But I bave just thinkin' she wumen aint b'v min' times anymoores.

The CURTAIN falls quickly.