

# The Devils' Brew

## *Narrator*

Despite the wisest council, there comes a time in life,  
When men succumb to lunacy and contemplate a wife.  
And some men wed for beauty, some for sophistication,  
And sometimes their selection just defies all explanation.

## **Poem Willie Wastle**

### **Aggie:**

Wake up yu lazy bastard, there's a knocking at the door,  
Though it's a wonder that I heard it fur yur farting and yur snores.  
My mother said the other day, though I corrected hur,  
That you're no fit tae live wi pigs, but I told her that ye ur.

It'll be some o' your sponging pals, I think they a take turns,  
But I'll just go put some lipy on, in case its Mr Burns.  
It's time you took a tumble that they're no concerned wi you.  
There're either sniffin fur oor Annie, or a piss-up on your brew.

### **Willie:**

Robert Burns I'm honoured fur to have you at ma door.  
This hoose has never welcomed a celebrity before.  
We've heard your brand new poetry book's an overnight sensation,  
So I think we'll need to have ourselves a wee bit celebration.

### **Burns:**

I've left that dug o mine outside, we're no the best of mates,  
He's been rolling in the midden, so I've tied him to the gate  
And this here's my friend Alan, who I've told about yur brew,  
So if you've any bottled-up, he'd like to buy a case or two.

### **Willie:**

Yer welcome Alan, and in luck, you've called at the right time,  
I have a very special batch just coming to its prime.  
So if you two fine gentlemen will kindly take a chair,  
I'll offer my new customer a sample o' my wares.

Aggie, come away ben here and look who's come to call.  
It's as well ye chased that pig into the bedroom after all.  
And if the dirty bugger tries to get between the sheets,  
Make bloody sure its cleaned maist o the pig shit aff its feet

*(Exit Willie for booze)*

### **Burns (to Aggie):**

There she is, the bravest lass in the valley of the Tweed.  
I'll tell ye Willie Wastle, you're a lucky man indeed.  
When it comes to fickle fortune, I'm convinced that I've been cursed.  
He'd have never had a look in if I had seen ye first.

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### **Song: Aggie, thy charms (Tune Jock o Hazledean)**

*Aggie, thy charms my bosom fire,  
And waste my soul with care;  
But ah! how poitless to admire,  
When fated to despair!*

*Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,  
To hope may be forgiven;  
For it's impious to despair  
So much in sight of heaven*

#### **Aggie:**

Away ye go yu rascal, 'brawest lassie' if you please.  
That silver tongue o' yours could charm the birds oot o' the trees.  
I might hae gained a pund or twa , but ma brains no gotten safter.  
Yu wicked rogue, I ken fine its oor Annie that yer after.

*(Re-enter Willie. Aggie sits in the armchair)*

#### **Willie:**

Now here ye are my bonnie lads, the finest of its class.  
A sweeter drop of brew was never poured into a glass.  
We'll drink to books o' poetry, and to learned me o letters,  
And I'll eat oor Aggies bloomers if you've ever tasted better.

### **Poem: Here's a bottle**

#### **Alan:**

Well, well now Mr Wastle, I'm mightily impressed.  
O' a the crackin brews I've supped, outstandingly the best.  
Never mind her bloomers, ye could sup this frae her boot,  
And there plenty men would gladly drink it through a shitty clot.

There's some men find salvation in devotion to the Lord.  
They listen to the preacher an believe his every word.  
But good drink and good companions, irrespective o' their creed,  
Are the total sum and substance o' a' my religious needs.

### **Song: No Churchman am I**

I'd be glad to buy as much o' this as you would care to sell.  
And tae hell wi friends and family, I'll drink the lot masel.  
But tell me Mr Wastle, though I don't mean tae upset ye,  
Dae ye never shite yer breeks in case the exciseman might get ye.

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## **Willie**

Exciseman be buggered, I guess you've never heard,  
The terribly depressing news – the bugger's disappeared.  
There's some say he's been murdered, and some that he fell sick.  
But there's some that kens the truth o it, he's been taken by Auld Nick.

## **Song: The Diels Awa**

### **Burns**

There's better news than that my friends, though you might not agree.  
The burger's o' Dumfries have only gien the job tae me.  
(*Standing*) So, regarding excise duty on the selling of home brew-  
I'll be far too busy taking bribes tae bother about you.

### **Willie**

Fur God's sake Aggie shut yer legs, you'll have these fellows fleein'.  
Ah woah, haud on a minute, what the devil's that I'm seeing.  
Naw its OK, panic over, it's just her hiary twat.  
For a minute there I thought that she was sitting on the cat.

## **Song: Willie Brewed**

Haw Aggie, where's oor Annie, she should be in by noo,  
Haud on, I hear the gate latch, that'll be hur comin noo.  
And there she is my darling, her daddy's little treasure,  
There's nothing like a daughter boys tae gie an auld man pleasure.

### **Annie**

Robert! Oh my darling, what a wonderful surprise.  
I saw your Luath tied outside as I came ower the rise.  
Mind you, I'm no surprised ye left him oot there in the rain.  
I could smell the dirty bugger, frae half way doon the lane.

### **Robert,**

Annie, oh my sweetheart, how I've missed that lovely smile.  
Fur one kiss from those lips o yours I walk a thousand miles.  
This here's my friend Alan, come tae taste your faither's brew.  
But aye, for me, the sweetest thing he's ever made was you.

### **Willie**

Help ma boob, you've drunk me dry we'll need another sample.  
But never heed, we'll no run oot, I've still got mar than ample.  
So instead of sitting slobbering on my wee lassie's face,  
Come on doon tae the shed wi me and fetch us up a case  
(*Willie and Robert leave*)

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## **Annie (to Alan)**

Oh isn't he just wonderful, I love him so I do.  
But regarding his intentions, has he mentioned them to you?  
Jist think, he might be oot there asking for ma hand,  
Cos we're very well acquainted, as I'm sure you'll understand.

## **Song:**

There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard;  
And below the bonie brier-bush there's a lassie and a lad,  
And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard

He's kissed me ower and ower agin in our kail-yard,  
He's kissed me ower and ower agin in our kail-yard,  
He kenned that I was saft on him, so he gave me something hard  
And awa went my virginity in our kail-yard,

I'll cherish aye that happy day in our kail-yard  
I'll cherish aye that happy day in our kail-yard  
I never will regret the day that I let doon my guard  
And there'll come a day oor bairns will play in our kail-yard

*(Willie and Robert return, and Annie jumps into Robert's arms.)*

## **Willie.**

For god sake lassie pit him doon, ye don't know where he's been.  
Yer far too damned precocious fur a lass o seventeen.  
Yer acting like some floozie frae a wild-west saloon,  
Ye can come don tae tae barn wi me and bed the cattle doon.

## **Annie**

Aw dad!  
*(Willie and Annie leave)*

## **Alan (to Robert)**

Listen here, I'll tell you this, as one friend to another,  
It's scientific fact that daughters turn into their mothers.  
So unless you want to end up wed to a scrofulous old hag,  
Get shot o' hur, and find yerself some other bint to shag.

## **Robert**

Come on now Alan, gie's a break, you should have twigged by now.  
I've no the least intent o' gettin saddled wi' the cow.  
But let me tell you this sir, just to drop her would be mad,  
She's the finest bit o' pussy that this fellow's ever had.

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## **Song: Corn Riggs**

*(Willie and Annie return, and Annie sits on Robert's knee.)*

*(Enter Bob Armour, daughter Jean and the dog Luath. Aggie wakes and stands up)*

### **Bob Armour**

Forgive this rude intrusion maam, they call me Robert Armour,  
I've been scouring the district for a certain tenant farmer.  
I believe that he's the maister o' this mingin' ball o' fluff,  
And the bugger's went an got my daughter Jean here up the duff.

Aggie: *The Rantin Dog the Daddie o't*

### **Bob Armour**

There's gonny be as wedding, as sure as eggs is eggs,  
Or I'll blast the bugger's bollocks frae oot atween his legs.  
And again forgive me madam, it's not often that I swear,  
But unless I'm much mistaken that's the bastard over there.

### **Annie**

How dare you bring that slut in here, and insult us wi you slurs.  
My Robert has got better taste than dip his wick in hurs.  
It would be some half blind orraman, or some half-witted navy.  
That brazen strumpet's see mair pricks than the House o' Commons lavvy.

### **Jean**

By Christ you've got some bloody cheek, callin' me a slut.  
You that's got the morals, and the stink, o' this here mut.  
If he's told you you're his sweetheart, he's been lying a' the while  
Oh and by the way, he telt me that you like it doggy style.

*(Annie attacks Jean. Jean lays her out.)*

*(Aggie attacks Jean. Jean lays her out.)*

*(Luath growls at Jean. Jean knees him in the crotch))*

*(Robert remonstrates with Jean. Jean lays him out.)*

Come on let's have the rest o' ye, I'm only getting started.  
There's still a space doon here among the recently departed.  
*(To Robert)* And as fur you ya slimy bastard, if you think you're getting spared,  
Then you're woefully mistaken, ye see, I've come prepared!

*(Jean removes her coat to reveal a wedding dress, and Jean and her father drag Robert off stage)*

### **Narrator**

There a moral to the story: When it comes to fornication,  
Keep it zipped up in yur trousers and desist from all temptation.  
Or if like young Rab the Rhymer, you're inclined to 'lay-away',  
Get a raincoat on yur tadger, or there might be hell to pay.