

The Kit

WILLIE, MARY, JEANIE, AND GEORDIE are all sitting in a noisy supermarket cafe.

WILLIE takes out a bowel cancer kit and puts it on the table.

WILLIE:

Look, Geordie.

MARY:

Oh, for God's sake! At oor soddin' breakfast too! You know, Willie, you're obsessed with that. There's something not right with you, so there is Jeanie.

JEANIE:

Och, what's he got that oot fir? Oh Willie!

WILLIE:

I picked it up at the surgery.

GEORDIE:

(laughing) Aye, that caper's a right carry on, eh!

WILLIE:

Heh, Geordie did you hear aboot that Jimmy Dixon, the one that lives at the end of oor street?

GEORDIE:

Och aye aye, I know Jimmy well, goes to the bookies.

MARY:

Don't you bloody dare tell that. Oh, Jeanie, stop him!

GEORDIE:

Whit is it? Whit is it? On ye go Willie.

WILLIE:

Well, when Jimmy got his bowel sticks for the four days through the post, he though 'awright, I'll do that tomorrow wi' ma first jobby. Should be quiet the morra.'

MARY:

Oh, I'm black affronted Jeanie. I'm sorry, oh!

WILLIE:

The next day, Jimmy's thinking, 'I'll go 'n' have a poo, then I'll turn 'round n dig a wee bit oot wi' the stick, and that'll be the first day's done.'

MARY:

Oh, that's enough! Jeanie, don't listen, don't listen!

JEANIE:

Oh, Mary, oh!

WILLIE:

But, then he reads the instructions: Not to touch water.

WILLIE and GEORDIE are laughing.

MARY:

Oh, Jeanie, heaven forbid!

WILLIE:

So, he thinks, 'I'll put a bit toilet paper on the bathroom floor and squat doon as far as I can and that'll be it.' But then, he realised, when he does a poo he canny help himself from doing a pee as well at the same time. Well, upon studying the trajectory, he figured that if he held his wee man up he might reach the toilet when he was full flow, but there would be a good chance of dripping on the poo which would make the test void.

MARY:

God forgive you! Oh, for God's sake, Willie, don't say any more! Don't listen, Jeanie, listen!

WILLIE:

Jimmy thought, 'I know what to do. I'll put the toilet paper in the bath! Then I can squat doon further holdin' onto the edges on the bath and my pee will go doon the plug hole without too much danger of dripping on the poo! Afterwards, I can dig a wee bit poo on the stick, gather the rest up wi' the toilet paper, deliver from bath to toilet, and flush! Jobby done.'

MARY:

Oh Willie! What's he like, Jeanie! Oh don't, oh don't! Go on, go on, wait till you hear, Jeanie.

WILLIE:

When Jimmy told me he says, "Well, Willie, I was sitting doing the herald crossword and thought, 'well that's me needin' a poo now,' but then I thought, 'I don't want to go up there a no manage. I'll wait till I'm really needing.' Ten minutes later the door

goes, and it's the man to read the meter. Well, he blethered on and on about od knows whit. I was desperate. Well, I shot upstairs after he left and I can tell you pal, I was touching cloth."

MARY:

Och, that's it Willie, there was nae need. On ye go, listen, Jeanie, listen.

WILLIE:

Well, he gets his troosers, pants and sock off, gets the toilet paper laid in the bath, and get intae position. Out it comes. Now, just at that time and unknown to Jimmy himself -you know his hearing's no too good- his granddaughter, Lisa, comes in the back door.

MARY:

You know Lisa, Jeanie. She's such a nice wee lassie. No like o' they other bissoms at the chemists. She always talks, and so clean and tidy.

JEANIE:

Oh, so she is, Mary. Aye, whit a braw young lassie.

WILLIE:

So in-

MARY:

(excitedly interrupting) Oh, aye! Oh, Jeanie, dinnae listen. Oh, no – on ye go Willie, oh, my.

WILLIE:

So, in she comes. Now, she's got an interview for another job but her brother's being a pain and he's taking his time in the bathroom, so she nips 'round to her grandad's to hae a shower. Well, she kicks her shoes off, runs up the stairs, and hits the switch for the shower -which is on the landing outside the bathroom door- but the switch for the water is on in the toilet above the bath and the water comes oot as soon as that switch is pressed, and with a good force too.

MARY:

Oh, Jeanie, it's disgusting. Willie, you're disgusting! On ye go...

WILLIE:

Well, he got such a fright he let go o' the sides o' the bath and landed right on the poo! He told me, Geordie, "A still hud ma vest 'n' jumper on!"

MARY and JEANIE were besides themselves.

MARY:

Nae more, Willie, go on, tell Jeanie.

WILLIE:

Well, he said, "You know if you have a poo and it's like a dog's, semi-hard, you can shake it off and hardly leave a trace? Well, this wasn't like that, Willie, and the flaming water fae the shower didnae help. I was covered in poo. Lisa, having heard me shout, got such a fright and wis trying to get in. I told her I was fine, I was just in the bath and had stood on a tack as I was getting in. She went back home thank god." And that's why I picked up a kit at the surgery. We'll go up and have a laugh with him later on.

MARY:

They're a pair of wicked sods, Jeanie.

JEANIE:

So they are, so they are. Men, they're aw alike.

GEORDIE:

Heh, Mary, listen. Bigamy is having one wife too many, monogamy is the same.

The men laugh.

JEANIE:

Men, what are they like!