

SCENE 8

The Common by the Witch's house. The Witch is inside. The heavy tramping of the Broun Ogre is heard offstage. The Broun Ogre enters, carrying his club and approaching the Witch's door. He hammers on the door and repeats the process, when there is no answer.

Broun Ogre: *(Angrily)* Whaur ir ye, ye auld wutch? Cum oot here as quick as ever ye lyke. Cum oot here ye auld jaud, afore Ah brek this door doun!

(There is a sound from inside and the door opens to reveal the Witch, looking none too pleased)

Wutch: Mercie, Broun Ogre, whit ails ye? Whit's wrang nou? That's an awfulyke dirdum ti mak at ma houss door. Ye've juist waukent me up oot ma sleep. Ye'l be vext for it, Ah can tell ye, if this is for naething.

Broun Ogre: It's no for naething. Ah peyed ye a haill groat for yeir glaumerie Needle an Ah haena haed the guid o't. Ah dinna ken whaur the Needle is. Ah'm thinkin ye'd better gie me back ma groat. Ah peyed ee a groat for naething an it wes aw the siller Ah haed for ma denner.

Wutch: Ah nicht hae kent! Ye hae tint ma Needle. Ye wad loss yeir heid gin it war lowss. Whit haes aw this dirdum adae wi me? Ah selt ye ma Needle an ye peyed a groat for it. If ye hae lost it, it's yeir ain blame. Gin ye canna be ceivil ti me, ye can juist turn yeirsell roond an gae back til yeir ain den an girn thare. Ye can whussil for yeir Needle for aw Ah care. Ah'l tak nae mair snash frae you.

Broun Ogre: Wutch, Ah didna mean ti vex ye, but Ah'm at ma wuts' end. Ah dinna ken whit ti dae. Ah canna finnd the Needle oniewhaur. Ah left it ahint sumwhaur on the Common grund an Ah've huntit awhaur for it. Ah canna dae athout ma favorite dream. Ye ken whit Ah'm lyke athout it.

Wutch: Awbodie kens whit ye'r lyke. Ye canna behave yeirsell!

Broun Ogre: Ah gaun aboot brekkin oniething Ah see, an clourin awbodie, an Ah canna help masell.

Wutch: Ah ken whit ye'r lyke awricht. Ye'r a danger ti yeirsell an awbodie else.

Broun Ogre: *(Sobbing)* It's lyke Ah haed turnt inti sumbodie different awthegither--sum Deil Ah didna ken at aw. Please help iz, Wutch! Help iz ti mend ma favorite dream.

Wutch: Nounae, nounae, it wul be awricht. Keep a caum souch! Ah ken whaur the Needle is.

Broun Ogre: Ye ken whaur the Needle is? Please tell iz!

Wutch: Ye gomeril, ye left it stickin in a puddok stuil on the Common. Pompitie the g-nome fand it thare, an kennin it wes mynes, lyke the guid, honest wee fallae he is, he brocht it here ti me.

Broun Ogre: The Lord be praisit. Ah can hae ma favorite dream again.

Wutch: Ye can hae yeir favorite dream again an ye can hae yeir Needle back again. Ah micht buy it back frae ye sum day whan ye'r short o siller.

Broun Ogre: Ah'm short o siller the-nou. In fact, Ah haena onie at aw. Ah'm aye short o siller. Ah haena haed onie denner the-day.

Wutch: Aweill, Ah howp ye'r no expekkin onie denner here!
Ah dinna want ye drawin in yeir chair here, but Ah tell ye whit Ah'l dae for ye, ye mukkil sumf, gin ye behave yeirsell.
Cum on inby ben the houss an Ah'l steik up yeir favorite dream for ye wi the Needle!
Ah'l mak it as guid as new, lyke whan ye first dreamed it.
Syne Ah'l gie ye back yeir groat sae ye can buy yeirsell a guid denner.
Ye'l no be lykelie ti be needin the Needle again.

(The Ogre's face is wreathed in smiles and he clasps his hands together)

Broun Ogre: Ah can haulie wait or Ah hae ma favorite dream again.

Wutch: Sae ye needna think ye'r ill duin til.

(The Witch beckons him inside and he enters)

CURTAIN

SCENE 9

The Common with a curly bush in the centre. Pompitie enters wearily on foot from the right. The Green Leaf whispers to him.

Green Leaf: Rest a meinit, Pompitie! Byde a wee bi the curlie buss!
Tak yeir meinit!

(Pompitie sits down exhausted by the curly bush and rests, and before very long, along comes Pepper, the g-nome, Pompitie's neighbor.)

Pepper: Mercie, Pompitie, whitna lyke sicht ye ir---! Ye puir sowl, whit hae ye been daein for ti git sae wabbitie, an wabblie, an weepie an waebegeen?

Pompitie: *(With tear-stained face)* Ah canna tell ye nou, Pepper, but it is a sad an waesum storie. Ah'm fair worn oot awthegither, sae Ah im. Ah'm aw jags aw owre. Ah'm lyke a prein cushion. An Ah canna flie onie mair. Ah can haulie walk, lat alane flie!

Pepper: Ye canna flie? That's terrible. Hou dae ye git about at aw?

Pompitie: Ah dinna ken whit ails me, but Ah hae lost the knack o't awthegither. Ah think it's kis Ah've lost ma confidence. Aw the smeddum haes been jaggit oot me.

Pepper: Ye canna flie? This is an unco business! Canna flie, eh---?
Ah never heard the lyke.

Pompitie: Dae ye think mebbe the Wutch-that-Mend-Rainbows haes putten an ill spell on me?

Pepper: Ah dout it, Pompitie.

Pompitie: Ah can haulie lift the ae fuit eftir the tither---lat alane lift masell aff the grund.

Pepper: Ah'm rael vext ti see ye lyke this, Pompitie.
It's juist a maitter o confidence. See---!
He gives a short demonstration.

Pompitie: It's nae uiss, Pepper.

Pepper: Aw ye need is a guid rest.

Pompitie: Ah feel that bad, Pepper, Ah think Ah'm mebbe deein, but Ah'm no verra shuir whit that feels lyke. Ah've never duin it afore, ye see.

Pepper: Ay, Ah can see ye'r no richt Pompitie. Whit can Ah dae?
Pompitie: But Ah'm rael gled ti see ye, Pepper.

Pepper: *(Waving his finger)* Ah ken---! Byde you here a meinit, Pompitie!
Ah'l be back suin.
(Pepper leaves to the right. Pompitie lies moaning and groaning by the curly bush. In a short while, Pepper returns with a wheelbarrow.)

Pepper: Here, Pompitie, ye puir sowl, lat me help ye inti this barrae an Ah'l wheel ye aw the road hame. It's gey clairtie wi cou shairn, but it wes the best Ah coud finnd.
(Pompitie nods weakly and is assisted into the barrow)

Pompitie: Ah dinna want for ti be a bather ti ye, Pepper, but Ah'm juist no able at aw. No able---! Ah juist canna gang anither step.
Ah think Ah'm mebbe deid areddies. Div Ah look deid, Pepper?

Pepper: Ye look deid tyred, but wheisht, save yeir braith!

Pompitie: This barrae is shairnsell, sae it is! Coud ye no hae fund a cleaner lyke barrae, Pepper? It looks lyke a cou haes duin its hail business in here in a hurry.
Hoy, Ah'm aw cuivert wi shairn nou! Michtie, whitna lyke mess Ah'm in! Ah'm an awfu smell, tae.

Pepper: It wes aw Ah coud finnd. Onie port in a storm---! Ah'l brush it aff yeir claes whan they'r richt dry.

Pompitie: *(Pathetically)* Ye'r mair nor a neibor ti me, Pepper---ye'r ma guid freind.
(Putting his hand on Pepper's arm) Ye'r ma verra guid freind.

Pepper: Howt---! It wul be awricht, Pompitie. Awthing is aye awricht i the hinner end.

Pompitie: Ye'r the best frein Ah ever haed, Pepper.
(He pats Pepper on the arm) Ye ir that!

Pepper: Ah'm thinkin ye'r mebbe a wee thing deleirit, sae ye ir!
It's awricht, Pompitie. Ye wad dae the same for me, Ah'm shuir.
Things wul be different the-morn.
(Pepper wheels Pompitie groaning offstage left)
Awthing is aye awricht i the end. Ye ken whit fowk say:
"It wul be aw the same a hunder year hence, an we'l no be here ti see it, an we'r spared an weill!"
(Pompitie appears to have dozed off)

CURTAIN

SCENE 10

Inside Pompitie's house. Pompitie is reclining in an armchair by the fireside and dozing fitfully. Pepper is busy boiling the kettle. He holds a brown teapot in his hand. Pompitie gradually wakens up.

Pompitie: *(Yawning)* Dae ye ken, Pepper, the Wutch-that-mends-Rainbows pit a bit gray fluff in ma shae here, an it haes fairlie gien me sum easement?

Pepper: Ah'm rael gled ti hear that, Pompitie. Ye'r feelin a bit better than?

Pompitie: A lot better--- It's lyke as if aw ma aches an pains haed dwyned awa lyke they hae never been, an aw ma sair jags haed haeled up, ilkane. It's a fair meiraclie!
Dae ye ken, Ah uised ti be feart for that auld Wutch, but she's no sae bad as Ah thocht. She's a nyce kynd auld wutch.

Pepper: *(Astonished)* Ye hae been ti see the Wutch.

Piompitie: Ay, that's hou Ah got the bit gray fluff. Ah cam strecht here frae the Wutch's houss.

Pepper: Ye didna speak til hir?

Pompitie: Ah certainly did! Ah veisitit hir.
(Pepper's jaw drops at this)
Ah juist thocht Ah'd pey hir a caw ti be freinlie, lyke.

Pepper: *(Incredulously)* Ye wantit ti be freinlie wi a wutch.

Pompitie: She's no sae bad as she's cracked up ti be.

Pepper: War ye no feart? She micht hae turnt ye intil a puddok or a slaiter or a forker or sumthing skunnersum lyke that. Did ye never think o that?

Pompitie: Ah wesna feart at aw. Mebbe....Mebbe she wesna aye a wutch?
She said she wes a bonnie young lassie aince.

Pepper: That's ill ti credit. The'r naething bonnie about hir nou! She haes a neb on hir lyke a hungirie gled, an a face that wad soor milk.

Pompitie: Wha can tell whit she wes aince lyke? She looks lyke a wutch nou, but she's awricht aince ye git ti ken hir. She gied me a bit taiblet.

Pepper: Ye taen a bit taiblet frae hir! War ye no feart it micht hae been puzzent?

Pompitie: It wes rael guid taibleet, Ah can tell ye. It fair meltit in yeir mou. She wantit me ti hae anither bit, but Ah thocht Ah haed better no. It's a queerlyke thing. Whan Ah lookit at the Wutch eftir Ah'd etten hir taibleet, she haed turnt amaist bonnie.

Pepper: Mebbe she wes never a wutch at aw?

(Pompitie is silent for a moment and looks thoughtful)

Pompitie: Ay! Mebbe!
She said she wad lyke for me ti veisit hir again an Ah wes ti bring you along wi me. Ah think she wad gie ye a bit taibleet, tae.

(Pepper is silent at this. The kettle comes to the boil and Pepper infuses the tea.)

Pepper: Ma faither uised ti say that even rats is no sae bad, aince ye git ti ken thaim richt.

Pompitie: Ay, Ah daursay the'r sum truth in that. They maun whyles seem nyce til thair ain kynd. A Mammie rat wul seem kynd an furrie an cuddlie til hir ain bairns.

Pepper: Ay, maist fowk is no sae bad whan ye ken thaim. Ah'l no say awbodie, mynd ye!
Ah wadna say awbodie.

Pompitie: Ay, mebbe no the Broun Ogre.

Pepper: Na, mebbe no him. Mebbe he wadna improve wi the kennin.

Pompitie: Things is no aye whit they seem.

Pepper: Na!

(There is silence for a few seconds. Then Pepper lifts the teapot.)

Pepper: The tea is maskit, neibor.

Pompitie: Is the tea frae Darjeeling?

Pepper: No that Ah ken. Ah dinna ken whaur it's frae. It haed Melrose on the packet, whaurever that is. Dis it maitter?

Pompitie: No at aw---!

Pepper: Coud ye dae a cup?

Pompitie: Coud Ah no, juist?
(Pepper pours him a cup of tea and hands it to him)

Pepper: Hou did ye git aw thae sair jags ye war speakin about?
(Pompitie has a sip of tea and settles down)

Pompitie: Ai, that IS guid! Whaurever it cums frae---!
Ah'l tell ye, Pepper, whit happent ti me the-day.....
Ah dinna think you coud hae stuiden it!

Pepper: Hou can Ah tell afore Ah even hear about it?

Pompitie: Na, you coud never hae stuiden it, Pepper!
It wad hae been owre mukkil for ye, Ah dout.
It taen aw ma smeddum ti git throu the day.

Pepper: Tell me aw about it, Pompitie!

Pompitie: Weill it wes lyke this. First thing this mornin, Ah wes haein a bit flie ti
masell owre the Common, whan wha soud Ah see but the Broun Ogre
staunin crackin ti the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows, an whit dae ye
think he wes haudin in his haund?

Pepper: Ah'm shuir Ah dinna ken.

Pompitie: A gret mukkil, sherp, jaggie needle.

Pepper: Oh Mercie---!

Pompitie: He haed juist bocht it frae the Wutch.

Pepper: Did the Broun Ogre jag ye wi the Needle?

Pompitie: He wad hae, but he didna see me, wi him be-in sae big an me be-in sae
wee.

Pepper: Ah wad hae been feart richt aneuch. Whit did ye dae?

Pompitie: Ah wes a wee bit feart masell, sae Ah hid masell gey smertlyke, Ah
can tell ye.....Ah joukit doun oot o sicht ahint a curlie buss.

Pepper: Oh, an whit war they sayin?

Pompitie: Ah coudna hear richt, but Ah can tell ye this: they war verra thick.
They war that thick thegither!

Pepper: Ye dinna tell me?

Pompitie: Ay, Ah think the Broun Ogre wes the thickest o the twa.

Pepper: But hou did ye git aw the sair jags?

Pompitie: Ti mak a lang storie short, the Broun Ogre lost the Needle. He left it ahint stickin in a mukkil puddok stuil, an Ah fand it thare. Ah stuck it in ma coat, but it kept jaggin at me an garrin me gang places an daein things Ah didna want ti dae at aw. Sae Ah said ti masell: this Needle belongs the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows. Ah'l dae the richt thing an juist gang til hir houss an tell hir Ah fand it on the Common.

Sae that's whit Ah did. Ah wes gled ti git quut o the Needle i the feinish, but the Wutch gied me a bit taiblet for ma truibil.

(There is the sound of heavy tramping, off)

Ah wunner wha that is at this oor.

Pompitie: *(Terrified)* It-It's no the Broun Ogre is it?

(Pepper goes to the window)

Pepper: That's wha it is, richt aneuch. He's cummin strampin doun owre the brae. Mercie, it's lyke he wes heidin strecht this wey. Whit's he wantin here? The'r naething for him here! He's no eftir *you* is he?

Pompitie: HELP! MITHER!

(He leaps from his chair and runs round the room desperately)

He's fund oot about the Needle The Needle is mebbe wi him.

HELP! Keep thaim oot!

Keep thaim awa frae me! Quick, hyde iz, Pepper!

Pepper: The'r naewhaur ti hyde in here, Pompitie. Ye canna hyde ahint the curtain.

(The heavy tramping stops. Pompitie dives below the table, where he crouches, trembling. There is a short silence and in bursts the Broun Ogre carrying his club. He rests his club against the wall.)

Broun Ogre: *(In a deep stern voice)* Is this whaur Pompitie the g-nome bydes?

Pepper: He-He's no here, Broun Ogre.

Broun Ogre: Ir YOU Pompitie the g-nome?

Pepper: *(Nervously)* N-Na, ma name's Pepper.

Broun Ogre: But ye ir a g-nome?

Pepper: A-A-Ah think sae.

Broun Ogre: Ye'l be a frein o his, lyke?

Pepper: Ay---! Ah daursay Ah im.

Broun Ogre: Gin ye'r no him, whaur IS he?

Pepper: Ah dinna richt ken. He wes here a wee whyle sen.
Ah think he haes mebbe duin a bunk.

Broun Ogre: Haes he nou? Ah never saw him cummin oot the houss.

(The Broun Ogre looks around and spots Pompitie below the table)

Broun Ogre: Wha's that? *(Pepper is silent)*
Is that him? *(Pepper hangs his head)*

(The Broun Ogre goes and picks up his club)

'IS THAT HIM', A SAY? *(Pepper nods)*

Broun Ogre: Whit the leevin Hairrie ir ye daein doun thare, Pompitie?
Ah'm no gaun ti eat ye! Cum oot o thare!

(He prods Pompitie out from under the table with his club and assists him to his feet. Pompitie flinches, cowers and guards his head with his hands.)

Pompitie: Ah lyke ti play on the fluir whyles.

Broun Ogre: Oh ay, A daursay. Ah howp ye dinna expek me ti git doun on the fluir
alang wi ye. Ah'm owre auld for that, Ah dout.

(Lays down his club) Ah hae juist been ti see the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows, an Ah cam owre ti see ye Pompitie, kis Ah wantit ti thenk ye verra kyndlie for finndin ma Needle an takkin it back til hir.

Pompitie: *(Anxiously)* Ye haena brocht the Needle wi ye?

Broun Ogre: Na, it's safe hame in ma den, stuck in anther puddok stuil. Ah dinna think Ah'l be needin it onie mair.

Pompitie: Ye wantit for ti thenk me?

Broun Ogre: Ay! It wes rael guid o ye, Pompitie. Rael kynd o ye---!
The Wutch telt me hou kynd ye haed been. She haes mendit ma
favorite dream wi the Needle, an nou it is as guid as new again. It haps
me lyke a flie's weing.

(He hugs his shoulders affectionately)

Ah'm mukkil behauden til ye, Pompitie.

Pompitie: *(Generously)* It wes naething, Broun Ogre.

Pepper: Whit is yeir favorite dream, Broun Ogre? Ah howp ye'l no mynd me
speirin?

Broun Ogre: Ti me, it's the graundest dream in aw the world.

Pepper: Ah wad fair lyke ti hear aboot it.

Pompitie: Sae wad Ah.

Broun Ogre: Ay, it's the graundest dream in the haill warldbut it's no easie
for me ti speak aboot it. Ah dinna finnd it easie---

Pepper & Pompitie: Please tell us, Broun Ogre!

Broun Ogre: Awricht, Ah'l tell ye, an ye promise no ti lauch at me. Ah've never telt
oniebody else afore. Aw ma lyfe, even whan Ah wes a wee laddie,
naebodie ever lykit me.

Pompitie: Ye war never a wee laddie, shuirlie?

Broun Ogre: Ah wes aye big an strang for ma age, but it didna dae me onie guid.
Ah wes aye gaun aboot brekkin things.
Even ma ain mither didna think mukkil o me.

Pepper: Ah'm rael vext ti hear that, Broun Ogre.

Broun Ogre: *(Sobbing)* She wes aye roosed wi me. She wes aye hittin iz.
Whyles she wad skelp me owre the heid for naething at aw: juist kis
Ah wes thare!

Pepper: She didna?

Broun Ogre: She did! She did! SHE DID SAE! She hut me on baith lugs whan A
broke hir guid teapot.
(Convulsive sobbing) Ah didna mean onie herm!
Ah juist wantit ti play wi the teapot.
(Pepper and Pompitie are struck dumb with concern)

- Broun Ogre: She wes aye hittin me for naething.
(Sobbing) She wad kaim an brush ma hair, whyles.
 Aince she gaed oot an gethert sum braw chesnuds for me.
- (Recovers and blows his nose)* Sae ye see, g-nomes, kis ma mither didna lyke me, Ah didna lyke masell aither, sae Ah needit a favorite dream juist ti keep gaun---juist ti help me haud up ma heid.
- Ma dream ye see, is a dream whaur awbodie in the haill warld lykes me fyne, whaur naebodie shuts the door in ma face, whaur naebodie locks me in the coal houss, an Ah'm no hochlin an ugsum onie mair.
- Pepper: Naebodie is gaun ti lock ye in the coal houss in here! Ye'r no that ugsum, Broun Ogre.
- Broun Ogre: Div ye think sae? It's rael ceivil o ye ti say sae, but Ah ken fyne Ah've never been weill-faured. Ah ken Ah'm no bonnie. Whan Ah wes wee, a lassie burst oot greitin whan Ah tryit ti kiss hir. She said Ah wes a mukkil jessie!
 Juist kis ye'r big an strang, it disna mean ye want ti hurt oniebodie. It's terrible ti ken ye'r ugsum an naebodie lykes ye.
(Sobs) Whyles Ah canna beir it.
- Pepper: Ah lyke ye.....a wee bit.
- Broun Ogre: Sae Ah need ti hae ma favorite dream as guid as new ilka nicht, for ti keep me frae stravaigin aboot clourin fowk owre the heid wi ma mukkil stick. Ah need it for ti keep masell richt.
- Pepper: Ye'r mebbe no the aunser til a maiden's prayer, but naebodie wi onie sense wad say ye war a mukkil jessie.
 Sum fowk micht say ye war..... manly lyke.
- Broun Ogre: *(Holding his head to the side)* Div ye think sae? Ah didna ken. Ah'm whyles grumfie!
- Pompitie: B-Broun Ogre---!
- Broun Ogre: But eftir ma favorite dream Ah'm no grumfie onie mair. Ah'm as cannie an freinlie as a spaniel dug.
(Pompitie pulls Ogre by the sleeve)
- Broun Ogre: Whit is't, Pompitie?
- Pompitie: Dae ye think.....? The tea is maskit. Dae ye think, Broun Ogre, ye wad lyke ti byde for a wee whyle an hae a cup o tea an a trekkil scone wi us?

END

CURTAIN