

Act I

Scene 1

The Queen's chamber, the Queen's palace, Alba, a long time ago in the morning. The Queen is lying asleep under the sheets in a four-poster bed provided with a bell rope. There is a bookcase in the room and a chest of drawers by the bedside on which stands a candlestick, a bag of apples, a carafe of water with a glass tumbler and a jar half-full of red-colored water. A walking stick leans against the wall by the bedside. There is a chair by the side of the bed. Below the bed, there is a pair of slippers and a chamber pot, beside a wooden chest box. A broadsword is mounted on the wall above the bed, and there is a large chest containing two plaids at the foot of the bed. There is a large fireplace with an active fire at the back of the stage and a window, which looks down onto a courtyard, next to a door leading to the hall. The two princesses, Nanse and Morag, are sitting embroidering.

Nanse: Me, Ah'm gaun ti mairrie a Keing. Ah raither fancie the Keing o Norrway, but Ah'm no aw that parteiklar – even the Keing o Ulster wad dae me an he haed his hert set on mairriein me.

Morag: Mercie on us! Ir ye no the prood ane? Mebbe the'l no be a Keing that wul want ye, for ye'r juist ferr owre prood awthegither, sae ye ir!

Nanse: Princesses haes a richt ti be prood. Mynd ye, Ah nicht bring masell doun ti mairrie a prince, gin he war walthie aneuch an weill-faured. Mebbe Ah nicht even tak til a yerl, gin he war a gret ane an brawlyke an fair desperate for ma chairms.
An hou about you, Morag, wha wad ye lyke ti mairrie?

Morag: *(Laughing)* Ah'm no prood at aw! Ah think Ah'l juist wait or Ah'm askit afore Ah mak up ma mynd whuther or no Ah want the man that spiars me. Gin he haed a guid hert, that wad be the main thing.

Ah wad mairrie a cobbler gin he haed a guid hert an he taen ma fancie.

Nanse: Ye'd better mynd whit ye'r sayin. Belle Tamson, that wes ma sairvant lassie, left me lest year ti mairrie an auld cobbler that warks in the Cougait, an nou he licks hir ilka day wi a leather strap. The puir lassie canna dae a thing richt for him an she juist stauns about his shop greitin aw day.

Morag: Mebbe she's owre sair ti sit doun!

Nanse: Ah daursay, an that's whaur he leathers hir. Ah wad lyke ti see the man that coud leather me. Ah ken wha wad git the leatherin i the feinish.
The wycelyke thing ti dae is ti mak shuir ye pick sumbodie o hie degree. That gait ye wul aye hae sumthing in the wey o geir an siller ti faw back on, gin ye ir disappyntit, an canna byde the sicht o yeir man.

Morag: The'r shuirlye mair ti lyfe nor getherin gear. But here, Ah dinna think it's richt we sould be sittin here speakin lyke this an the Queen, oor mither, lyin thare no-weill in hir bed. She's nae better, ye ken!

(The Queen turns in her bed and moans)

Nanse: Ah think she's tae a turn for the waur the-day.

Morag: She's better nor she wes lest Setterday.

Nanse: Ay, but she's waur nor she wes yestrein.

Morag: Whitever, she's no weill at aw an Ah dinna lyke this color in hir chowks – she's kynd o green aboot the gills. She haes thrie het pigs in the bed asyde hir, but she still lys thare chitterin the fek o the tyme.

Nanse: This truibil is an awfu worrie til us aw. Oor mither juist seems to be dwynin awa afore oor een, an for masell, Ah dinna ken whit Ah'l dae athoot hir. She'l be a sair miss.

She haesna feinisht lairnin me ti crochet yit.

Morag: Mercie, she's no deid yit! Dinna speak lyke that, Nanse!

(There is a knock at the door)

Nanse: *(Loudly)* Wha is't?

Ringan: *(Half opening door)* It's me, Ringan, yeir Hieness.

Nanse: Cum in!

(Ringan, the chaumer loun, enters)

Ringan: *(To Nanse)* The'r a Maister Rintoul at the ooter door yeir Hieness. He says he is a mediciner an that the Queen wantit him ti caw in an see hir this mornin. He says he's cum aw the road frae Cupar.

Nanse: Fesh him inti the Mukkil Haw an tell him ti wait, Ringan!" The Queen wul cry him in whan she's guid an reddie for ti see him

Ringan: Verra weill, yeir Hieness.

(Ringan bows and leaves)

Nanse: This'll be anither o thae infernal leeches. Ah'm shuir they'r no daein hir a bit of guid wi thair poultices an potions: no that that hinnners thaim frae wantin rowth o siller for whit littil they div dae. She's seen fowr o thae uissless cairds areddies an they hae aw been ill ti pey.

Morag: Ah'm shuir nane o thaim haes onie notion o whit's wrang wi hir, but mebbe she'l hae better luck wi this ane nor the ithers. Wul we cry him in, dae ye think?

Nanse: Ay, Ah think we'd better. Mither wul be geyan roosed gin we send him awa.

(Nanse stands up, moves towards the bed and shakes the Queen, gently)

Mither, wauken up, the'r a man ti see ye!

Queen: *(Sits up)* A man---! Wha---? Wha is't?

Nanse: A Maister Rintoul. He is ootby in the Haw. He says ye wantit ti see him.

Queen: Maister Rintoul----! Ay, sae Ah did.

Nanse: He's been hingin aboot the Coort for a whyle. He'l be lyke a knotless threid bi nou.

Queen: *(Yawning)* Ye'd better cry him in than! Ah maun hae dovert aff whan ye war bletherin awa aboot men.

(Nanse pulls the bell rope)

Nanse: Ah think we'l juist leave ye ti see Maister Rintoul bi yeirsell, Mither. He'l mebbe want ti exemine ye.

Queen: Ah think that's best. Ah daursay he'l be ettlin ti soond ma kist.. Ye can aye cum back eftir he's feinisht wi me.

Nanse: Richt, we'l juist dae that than.

The two sisters make for the door, Morag last)

Queen: Haud on the-nou, Morag! See an ye can redd up this bed a bit! The bed cuivers is aw bumfilt up. That laddie is an awfu tyme i cummin.

(The Queen tidies her hair and Morag attends to the bed)

(The Queen looks approvingly at the bed) That's mair wycelyke,
Morag.

(Ringan enters)

Ringan: Ye rang, yeir Hieness!

Queen: *(Grimly)* Ay, Ah did that. Ye'r a gey lang tyme i cummin, Ringan.
Ah dout ye'r wurkin on for another lounderin. Dae ye think Ah'm that
near deid ye need never heed the bell? Dae ye see this stick here?
(She points to the stick standing by the bedside)

Ringan: Ay, yeir Hieness.

Queen: Weill that's whit ye'l git owre yeir back the neist tyme ye dinna tak
tent o the bell.

Ringan: Ah'm awfu sorrie, yeir Hieness. Ah-Ah-Ah wes doun in the yaird wi
the pow-pownie. P-Please---Ah'l no dae't again.

Queen: Frae whit Ah hear tell, ye'r never awa frae that pownie.

Ringan: Ah wes juist clappin him, yeir Hieness. Ah wesna—

Queen: The pownie canna git peace in his staw for ye clap-clappin at him.
Nou mynd weill whit Ah say! The pownie is awricht. He's no wantin
you ti clap him. Ye'd mukkil need no gang near the pownie again!
Dae ye hear?

Ringan: Ay, yeir Hieness.

Queen: *(Menacingly)* Juist you leave the pownie alane! The pownie is fyne.
He'l dae fyne athoot yeir claps. Ah'l no speak ti ye again, mynd!
(Ringan hangs his head)
Ah'l skelp yeir lugs for ye!
(More pleasantly) Awricht than--- Ah'l see Maister Rintoul nou.
Gang an fesh him in at aince!

(He bows and leaves)

Morag: Whyles ye'r gey ill on Ringan, Mither. He's no a bad laddie.

Queen: He's spylt, that's whit's wrang wi him. But Ah ken hou ti sort him.

*(Ringan ushers in Maister Rintoul. He then bows and leaves again,
followed by Morag, moving discretely)*

Queen: Maister Rintoul, Ah'm rael vext ye hae been keepit kickin yeir heels sae lang ootby, but Ah didna ken ye war here. Ah'd fawn soond asleep an ma dochters didna lyke ti disturb me. Ah've juist this verra meinit waukent oot ma sleep.

Rintoul: (*Bowing deeply*) Yeir Grace, hou can Ah serr ye?

Queen: That's a guid quaisten, Maister Rintoul.

Ye wul ken that Ah haena been weill at aw this whyle back. It aw stertit wi a richt dose o the byle, an Ah haena been masell sensyne. Ah hae been exemined bi fowr different doctors an Ah'm no a bit the wycer whit ails me. Twa o thaim bled me, ane o thaim poulticed me an the ither ane smeikit oot the chaumer wi whuffin burnin sulfur up the lum.

At ae tyme Ah thocht he wes gaun ti set the haill houss ahaud.

Rintoul: Wes that aw he did? Pit burnin sulfur up the lum?

Queen: That wes aw--- Na, Ah'm tellin a lee. He left me a jaur wi fowr leeches in't an telt me ti mak uiss o thaim whan Ah felt badlyke, but Ah coud haurlie keep the first ane down.

(*She points to the jar of water*)

Rintoul: In the name o Guidness, ye dinna mean ti tell me ye ett the leeches?

Queen: (*Holding up the jar*) Wes that no whit Ah wes supposed ti dae? The first ane kept reiglin aboot in ma thrappil whan Ah wes tryin ti swallae it. It fair gied me the bowk Ah can tell ye. Ah coudna stammik onie mair raw anes, sae Ah haed the ithers fryit. They warnae sae bad whan they war weill birsilt.

Rintoul: This bates aw! The leeches war for drawin oot bad bluid --- no for swallaein. They'r grund for byles or beilin lumps, or getherins o onie kynd.

Queen: Ai, Ah wush Ah'd kent that afore. Ah wes never sae skunnert in aw ma born days. Ugh! Ugh! It fair gied me the grue!

Rintoul: Aweill, yeir Grace, Ah daursay ye wul no be mukkil the waur o swallaein ae raw leech. But Ah dinna think ye'r wantin ti loss onie mair bluid. Ah dout ye hae fawn inti the wrang haunds. It's a guid job ye---

Queen: Div Ah no ken that? Nane o thae fallaes haes duin me a bit o guid. The war ae thing they did ken tho: they aw kent hou ti charge. Ti tell ye the truith, Maister Rintoul, Ah dinna ken whaur ti turn nou. Ah'm juist aboot ma wuts' end.

Rintoul: Gin ye haed sent for me in the first place, ye nicht hae spared yeirsell aw this fasherie.

Queen: Weill, ye cam here weill recommended! Ah dout Ah'l juist hae ti pit masell in yeir guid haunds, Maister Rintoul.
(She takes hold of his hands and presses them to her)

Rintoul: That's the thing ti dae! *(He returns her hands firmly)*

Queen: It's a funnie thing, in a certain licht, the'r whyles ye bring me in mynd o ma faither, bliss him! He wes aye an awfu man wi the weimen, dae ye ken? Ai, whit a man he wes! Nae wumman wes safe frae him. He juist coudna leave the weimen alane at aw. Whyles he coudna richt eat his denner for thinkin about thaim.

Rintoul: Oh ay, Ah daursay!

Queen: They uised ti caw him 'Radgie Andrae' whan he wes young.
(She peers intently at Rintoul) Haud yeir heid ti the syde, Man!
(He holds his head awkwardly to one side)

A bit mair---! *(He obeys)*

(Motioning with hand) Cum you roond a bit ti the syde!
Ye'r staunin in yeir ain licht!

Ay, ye hae the same style about ye. Ai, Ah bet ye'r a richt deil whan ye git stertit!

Rintoul: *(Embarassed)* Weill, Ah hae ryal bluid in me, Ah believe.

Queen: Is that a fact, nou?

Rintoul: Ay, ma graundfaither on ma mither's syde wes a MacAlpine.

Queen: Dae ye tell me? That's mair nor Ah can say. Ma graundfaither wes a fishmongir ti trade --- Hogg the fishmongir an poutrie-man. Ye'l mebbe mynd o him! He keepit a shop up the Kirk Wynd at ae tyme. The war aye rabbits hingin deid at his shop door.

Rintoul: Ah think Ah've heard the name!
(Hastily changing the subject) Weill, yeir Grace, hou dae ye feel in yeirsell, this mornin?

Queen: Fair duin, Doctor! Ah'm nitherin cauld aw the tyme an Ah'm that dwaible an disjaskit, Ah'm shuir Ah'l dee suin gin sumbodie disna finnd oot whit ails me.

Rintoul: Wad ye lyke ti lat me see yeir tongue yeir Grace?
(The Queen puts out her tongue a little)
A bit mair--- Pit it richt oot! *(The Queen obliges)*
(Peering closely at her tongue) Uh-huh! Ah dinna lyke the luik o that.

Rintoul: *(Places a spatula on the tongue)* Hou lang's yeir tongue been lyke this? *(The Queen tries to reply but can only gurgle)*
Ah dinna lyke the luik of this at aw! Ye coud plant tatties in thare.
(He removes the spatula)
Ye'd better pit it awa again! *(Queen withdraws her tongue)*

Queen: Whit wes wrang wi ma tongue? It haes aye luik't the same for as lang's Ah can mynd.

Rintoul: It wes a kynd o brounie-gray color. It wesna richt. It suid hae been ridder luikin.
(Rintoul takes her wrist portentously to take her pulse)
Ye'r luikin gey peillie-wallie, richt aneuch, an frae the color o ye yeir Grace, yeir luckie ye'r no deid frae the loss o bluid areddies.
(He listens to the Queen's pulse)
(Shaking his head) Ay, Ay, Ah dout, Ah dout Ye cawed me in juist in tyme. Dis yeir teeth chitter at aw?

Queen: Ay, whyles Ir ye no wantin ti soond me, Maister Rintoul?
(The Queen starts to unbutton her nightgown)

Rintoul: Na, no the-day---! Onie truibil wi yeir bowels? Ye haena been chokit up wi diarrhoea?

Queen: No sae bad as that, but Ah'm a wee thing lowss i the mornins.

Rintoul: Uh-huh, Uh-huh! That's ti be expekkit. Nou afore we gang onie ferrer forrit, lat's hae a keik at whit's in yeir chantie! That aften tells a storie.

Queen: *(Taken aback)* Govie Dick! Ah'm shuir Ah dinna envie ye yeir trade, Maister Rintoul, but gin that is whit ye want ti see, ye'l finnd it doun ablo the bed in ahint ma slippers.

Rintoul: It's no whit Ah want, yeir Grace, but whit Ah maun dae ti pit ye ti richts.
(Rintoul looks under the bed, but cannot locate the chamber pot, so he crawls under)

Queen: *(Feeling a disturbance)* Whit ir ye daein bouglin about doun thare, Maister Rintoul?

Rintoul: Ah canna see it, yeir Grace. It's no ahint yeir slippers.

Queen: *(Leaning over)* Is't no ahint the wee kist? Ah ken it wes thare first thing this mornin.

(Rintoul pulls out the chamber pot from under the bed)

Rintoul: It'l no hae been empit the-day at aw?

Queen: No yit---! No as ferr as Ah ken ---!. No if it's aye fou---!

(Rintoul inspects contents)

Rintoul: *(Loudly)* MERCIE, WHIT THE LEEVIN HAIRRIE IS THAT?

Queen: The'r an auld wig in thare. Nanse telt Ringan ti pit it in for ti deiden the dirl whan the chantie wes be-in uised. Ah hear tell that that's whit's duin at the French Coort, oniewey. It's taen tri be the hicht o genteilitie owre thare.

Rintoul: O ay, Ah daursay. It fairlie gied me a gliff the-nou whan Ah saw it. Ah im no up wi thir new-fangilt ootlin fashions. The French is owre fantoush for me, awthegither. *(Looks speculatively at the wig)*
Enchanté de vous faire connaissance!

Ah hear tell the fowk at the French Coort eats puddoks for thair denner.

Queen: Ah daursay! It wadna dae an we war aw made the same. Sum fowk lykes parritch an ithers lykes puddoks.

Rintoul: *(Inspecting contents again)* *Fegs ay!* Juist as Ah thocht!
Ah wes shuir o't! Nae dout about it yeir Grace----
Ah ken nou whit ails ye. Ah hae seen twa-thrie ither cases the neibor o this in ma day. *(He lays down the pot)*

Queen: *(Alarmed)* Whit is't? Whit's wrang wi me, than?

Rintoul: Ah'm no shuir ye soud be oot yeir bed at aw. Ye'l need aw the rest ye can git frae nou on. Ye can sit in yeir chair for an oor i the eftirnuins. Nae mair---! That'l be lang aneuch.

Queen: But whit's wrang wi me?

Rintoul: Ye hae gotten a richt dose o Greigorie's Ill.

Queen: Mercie, whit's that?

Rintoul: This is a richt byordnar complaint that maun aye end up in a gruesum daith, wantin the richt remedie. It sterts wi a lowssness o the bowels first thing in the mornins an seik turns. Syne a feelin o cauld an dwaibliness cums owre ye, whyles wi chitterin fits.

Queen: (*Moans softly*) Ah've haed aw that.

Rintoul: Syne yeir goums gits unco tender an aw yeir teeth an the hair o the heid faws oot.
(*Queen moans again*)
An i the feinish, the'r aye a stounin sair heid that gits waur an waur, an waur, or ye cry ti God, in his infinite Mercie, ti tak ye til himsell.

A maist waesum sicht--! Yeir Grace, Ah'm weill uised wi seein fowk dee, but Ah dinna mynd tellin ye, it aye gies me a sair hert ti see oniebodie gang doun wi Greigorie's Ill. Yon's no a daith Ah'd wush on ma warst fae. (*Queen moans again*)
It is ayont ma pouer ti richt ye masell, but Ah can tell ye the siccar cure.
The'r but the ae cure an that is----

Queen: For the luiv o Guidness, Maister Rintoul, tell iz!

Rintoul: ---a sowp o wattir frae the Wal at the World's End. This is a magic wal – the Wal o True Wattir – an the wattir maun be brocht ti ye bi sumbodie that loues ye weill.

Queen: A bodie lyke that soudna be ill ti finnd, for awbodie kens whit a guid Queen A hae been. Ah canna think that ever Ah did oniebodie an ill turn aw ma days.
Ah heard tell o this place langsyne. It is in ma mynd that it is at the ither end o the Kinrik, is't no?

Rintoul: Ay, Ah dout sae! It's a lang wey awa – a place cawed Ardnamuchan – a richt dour road, tae—

Queen: Ardnamurchan, is it? Ah'm mukkil obleiged ti ye Maister Rintoul. We wul no tak up onie mair o yeir tyme this mornin, but Ah'l expek ti see ye again, eftir Ah hae drukken a pikkil o this byordnar wattir. The'l be a hantil gowd for ye whan Ah'm aw better, but nae dout, ye'l be sendin in yeir accoot for this veisit

Rintoul: Yeir Grace is owre kynd. The honor o serrin ye is mair nor aneuch.

Queen: Howt Man, ye'r ferr owre blate. Dinna you be sweir ti send in yeir accoot an Ah'l no be sweir ti pey it!

Rintoul: *(Bows)* Ye can rely on me, yeir Grace.

Queen: *(Pulls bell rope)* Whaur that loun? Unsteik that door the-nou,
Maister Rintoul!
(Rintoul opens the door)
(Shouting) Ringan---! Ir ye thare, Ringan?

Ringan: *(From offstage)* Ah'm juist cummin, yeir Hieness!

(After a few seconds, Ringan enters)

Queen: *(Sternly)* Cum here, Ringan!

Ringan: It-it wesna me, yeir Hieness!

Queen: *(Loudly, pointing to a spot on the floor before the bed)* Come here
this meinit!

(Ringan approaches the bed warily)

Queen: *(Pointing to the stick)* Haund me that stick!

(Ringan puts out his hand uncertainly, then withdraws it. The Queen quickly grasps the stick and tries to belabor him with it, but he retreats and she succeeds in landing only one blow.)

Ringan: *(Rubbing his arm)* Ow! Ow, Ow! Govie Dick that wes sair!

Queen: *(Angrily)* Ah meant it ti be sair. Whit dae ye mean, it wesna you?
Wul YOU staun up strecht? Ye'r gaun about cruppen thegither lyke a
wee auld man. Ye'r gey hingin-luggit luikin. Whit hae ye been up til?
Ye haena been at the ploums again? Ah'l finnd oot whitever it is,
never you fear! Ah'l gie you sic a lounderin whan Ah ryse oot this
bed.. Ah'l leather ye blek an blue, sae Ah wul!
*(She catches sight of Rintoul, returns the stick to the floor and quickly
composes herself)*
Maister Rintoul, ye'l paurdon me? Ah'm no lyke masell the-nou.

Rintoul: That's juist anither sign o yeir truibil, yeir Grace. The'r a hantil ill-
naitur gangs aye wi Greigorie's Complaint. Ah never thocht for a
meinit that wes you, yeir richt sell, speakin. Ye'l be up an doun lyke
this the haill tyme, or we git ye richt sortit.

Queen: Ye hae the richt o't, Maister Rintoul. Ah canna forsay Ah'm aff ma
ordnar. *(She smiles gratefully at Rintoul and turns to address Ringan)*

Cum here, Ringan ma laddie! *(Ringan hesitates)*
Cum owre here ti me, Son!

(Ringan approaches and she gives him a little pat. He flinches.)

Kyndlie see Maister Rintoul ti the ooter door, Ringan! Syne ask the Princess Nanse ti cum ben an see me! Thare a guid laddie, nou---!

Rintoul: Mynd nou, onlie a true lousum hert can fesh ye wattir frae the Magic Wal.

Queen: Ah'm no lyke ti forget.

Rintoul: Yeir Grace---!

(Rintoul bows and leaves with Ringan)

Queen: *(Passionately to herself)* The Wal o True Wattir. The Lord be praisit!

(The Queen pours the water from the leech jar into the chamber pot and then takes a drink of water from the carafe at the bedside.

Princess Nanse enters and, seeing the chamber pot, impatiently pushes it back under the bed with her foot)

Nanse: Yeir Grace wantit for ti converse wi me?

Queen: Ma dochter, Ah hae ti tell ye, Ah hae gotten Greigorie's ailment. Ma truibil, it seems, is mortal an nae mediciner in aw this Kinrik can richt me.

Nanse: Ah'm rael vext ti hear that, Mither. Ah howp it's no smittil.

Queen: *(Incredulous)* Ye howp it's no smittil! Ye'r never duin thinkin aboot yeirsell, ir ye? Dis it mean naething ti ye that yeir ain mither is lyin here deein?

Nanse: Ah meant Ah howp it's no fatal.

Queen: Ah wes juist gaun ti tell ye aboot that. Maister Rintoul is juist duin tellin me that gin Ah micht hae ae drink frae the Wal o True Wattir, syne Ah soud be weill again.

Nanse: An whaur micht it be, this Wal o True Wattir, for Ah never heard tell o it? Never that Ah can mynd o---

Queen: It is awa, ferr awa, at a place cawed the Warld's End, at the ferrest neuk o the Kinrik, in Ardnamurchan.

Nanse: Ardnamurchan---! That's an unco place!

Queen: It is a sair trek an lang, for ti win thare. Ye maun gang on fuit owre hills an craigs an athort mosses an muirs an throu mirk-derk wuds afore ye cum til't.

- Nanse: Weill than, Mither, we maun loss nae tyme. Lat us send a sairvant bodie ti this Wal at the Warld's End richt awa. Monie a ane wad be gled for ti gang for gowd an siller, an hae we no gowd an siller aneuch an ti spare. Sic dour traivil as this is lyker for a sairvant nor for a princess, shuirle?
- Queen: Ye micht weill think that, ma dochter, but this maun be a trip made no for gowd, but for luiv alane, or nae guid wul cum o't. The'r weirdrie in it an weirdrie haes its ain weys.
- Nanse: Howt, whit haivers, Mither! Ah'm no ane for hearkenin til auld wyfe's tales an siclyke. *(The Queen groans pathetically)*
- But sen yeir hert is richt set on wattir frae this place, Ah maun gang an fesh it for ye masell, lang trail or no. The'r ither things Ah'd rather dae, but lat nane say Ah'm no a guid dochter ti ye.
- Queen: Ah'm mukkil behauden ti ye ma dochter. Ye hae aye been a guid dochter ti me in yeir ain wey, tho we aw ken ye ir unco prood.
- Nanse: Mither, think naething o't! It is the richt thing for me ti dae, Ah'm shuir. Whit wad fowk think gin Ah coudna dae ma ain mither an obleigement? It wadna be genteil in me.
- Queen: Ay, ye war aye ane for the genteilitie, ever sen ye war a wee bairn.
- Nanse: Weill, the'r naething wrang wi that, but Ah maun awa nou an git a guid sleep, for Ah'm ettlin ti set oot first thing the morn's mornin. Guid kens whaur Ah'l lay ma heid the-morn nicht.
- Queen: Ye hae a lang trail ahead o ye, Nanse, sae ye haed better tell thaim ti mak up a piece denner for ye in the back kitchen. The'r a pikkil cauld mutton in the kitchen.
- Juist mynd, Nanse, this is ma lest chance. Ah ken it in ma banes Ah'm a deid wumman athoot this wattir, sae you be shuir an dinna you lat me doun!
- Nanse: Ah'l no lat ye doun, Mither. Juist you pit yeir mynd at rest!
(She kisses the Queen's hand) Fareweill, Mither!
- (Nanse moves to leave)*
- Queen: *(As Nanse reaches door)* Haud on a meinit, Nanse!
- (The Queen lifts up a bag of apples from the top of the drawers at the bedside. Nanse returns to her.)*

(Giving Nanse the apples) Ye'd better tak this poke o aipils alang wi ye. Morag brocht thaim in lest nicht, but Ah'm no able for thaim at aw. Ye'l mebbe be gled o thaim on the road.

Nanse: Awricht, Mither, thenkye!

(Nanse leaves. The Queen looks anxiously after her for a few seconds. She then pulls the bell rope and waits. Ringan soon arrives and walks confidently up to the bed.)

Ringan: Whit wes it, yeir Hieness?

(The Queen grabs him by the arm, picks up the stick and belabors him with it)

Ow! Ow-wow-yeow! Mercie! Ow!

Queen: Ye deil that ye ir, whan Ah git up owre this bed Ah'l brek everie bane in yeir bodie. Ah'l lairn ye a lesson ye'l never forget. Ah'l leather the skin aff yeir back!

(Ringan escapes and flees)

THAT'S FOR GIEIN ME A RID FACE AFORE MAISTER
RINTOUL!

CURTAIN