

ACT III

Scene 1

The Queen's chaumer, a week later in the afternoon. The Queen is sitting in a chair by the bed, attended by Princess Nanse. The Queen's robe is hanging on the back of the door. There is an armchair with a cushion and an outsize 'flower pot' in one corner of the room. Nanse has an invalid cup in her hand and is trying to feed the Queen with it. The carafe is now empty.

Nanse: Mither, ye maun try an tak mair o this guid kail. C'mon try an feinish thaim afore they git cauld! Morag soud be hame the-day an Ah want ti git this chaumer redd up. This place is lyke a muck midden.

Queen: Ah dinna feel lyke onie mair. Ah'm in puir fettil again the-day.

Nanse: Juist try a wee pikkil mair. They'l pit color in yeir chowks.

Queen: *(Doubtfully)* Ay, Ah daursay.

Nanse: C'mon Mither, they'l stick til yeir ribs!

Queen: Ma ribs haes aye been weill aneuch happit.

Nanse: *(Insistently)* C'mon nou, nae mair o yeir nonsense---!

(The Queen tries to take more soup through the spout, but fails with a gurgle)

Queen: This contraption is no soukin richt. Ah dout the'r a pea stuck in the stroup. *(She tries to clear it with her finger)*

Hyuh! (She hands the invalid cup to Nanse, who lays it on the chest of drawers. She then pulls the bell rope. After two or three seconds, Ringan enters with trepidation.)

Ringan: Ay, yeir Hieness!

Queen: Ringan, ma laddie, wul ye tak this pikkil soup awa an gie it ti the dugs? *(Ringan takes the sup and moves to leave, muttering, 'Gie it til the dugs!')*

Queen: Haud on a meinit, Ringan! *(Ringan turns round)*

Ringan: Yeir Hieness---?

Queen: Hou lang hae ye been wi me nou, Ringan?

Ringan: Twa year cum Lammas, yeir Hieness.

(Nanse leaves)

Queen: An Ah mynd richt, ye war taen on about the tyme they war burnin yon auld wutch, Belle Heislop, doun in the Mercat square. Ai, Ah think Ah hear hir skellochin yit, whan the lowe stertit ti birsil hir skin. Jings, yon maun fairlie hae been sair! Whitna stramash thon wes! Mebbe Ah'm owre saft-hertit, but Ah've never enjoyit seein fowk burnt. Mebbe she wes never a richt wutch at aw, Ah'm thinkin.

Ringan: She haed nae teeth, an a plouk on hir neb, yeir Hieness

Queen: Mercie me, ma mither haed nae teeth in hir heid in the hinner end, but naebodie daured ti mak oot she wes a wutch.

Ringan: They fand the Deil's claw merk on Belle Heislop's left hurdie, whaur he haed gruppit hir, an the Deil wes aince seen in the maik o a houdie craw, sittin cockin up on hir claes lyne.

Queen: Howt, monie's the houdie craw Ah hae seen whan Ah wes a bairn on the ferm at Kershopefuit. Ah never aince saw yin turnin intil the Deil. It is in ma mynd that Ah soud never hae allowed the priests ti burn Belle. An they haed crappit hir lugs for hir an gien hir a richt guid lounderin, it micht hae been aneuch for onie mischief she got up til wi a houdie craw.

But awbodie wes set on burnin hir at the tyme. Ah dout Ah'm owre easie persuadit bi the men whyles. Ma mither wairned me about that. Ah've aften been vext about it eftir.

(Ringan looks at her with astonishment)

But Ah see ye'r gittin ti be a gret mukkil laddie nou. Ah dinna ken – thir days the weeks flees by lyke bees.

Ringan, Ah'm no a weill wumman at aw an Ah dout Ah'm no lang for this warld..

Ringan: Ah'm rael vext ti hear ye say that, yeir Hieness. Ah didna ken ye war sae bad---

Queen: *(Imperiously)* Did Ah say ye coud speak?

As Ah wes sayin afore ye spak back ti me (Hou monie tymes dae Ah hae ti tell ye about that?), Ah dout Ah'm no lang for this warld an no lyke ready for the neist, but the'r sumthing Ah maun say ti ye whyle the'r still tyme.

Queen: Whyles ye mebbe think Ah'm owre sair on ye, but ye'r still a bit haufin, an onie tyme Ah hae leathert ye, it's aye been for yeir ain guid. Ah want ye ti mynd that whan ye ir man-mukkil an ye think back on this tyme. Ringan, Ah wadna lyke ti leave this warld ahint, wi you mebbe thinkin ti yeirsell Ah hae been a dour mistress ti ye. Ah'm no a haurd wumman. Ah'm mebbe no saft, but Ah'm no haurd aither.
(She beckons)
Ringan, cum owre here, laddie!

(Ringan approaches in a state of conflict)

Here Son, wad ye no lyke ti gie me a kiss here?

(She points to her cheek)

Ah maun be an awfu jaud whan big laddie lyke you winna kiss me!

(Ringan, still carrying the invalid cup, kisses her awkwardly. The Queen pulls him onto her knee and kisses him vigorously.)

Thare a bonnie lad! Ye hae ti stert sumwhaur, eh?
Whit dae ye say, Ringan?

(Ringan looks confused)

Whit dae ye hae ti say ti me aboot that kiss ye stale frae ma lips?

(Ringan wipes his mouth with his sleeve)

Ringan: Thank ye yeir Hieness!

Queen: Is that aw?

Ringan: *(Hangs his head)* Yeir Hieness, Ah'm behauden til ye for the obleigement.

Queen: Ir the oniething ither Ah can dae for ye Ringan? C'mon, dinna be blate!
Ye'r a growein laddie. Wad ye lyke ti pit yeir haund neist ma hert?
Ye'l no be eftir oniething Ah haena heard o afore.

Ringan: Coud Ah hae a ploum, yeir Hieness? Ah wad fair lyke a ploum.

Queen: A ploum, is it? Ye'r no sae auld as Ah thocht..
Gin Ah wes weill, Ah coud dae better nor that. Ah coud show ye a thing or twa, Ringan. Ye'd think yeir thrappil wes cut or Ah wes throu wi ye!
Ye'd suin forget aw aboot ploums, Ah can tell ye! Ach, but never heed!

(She pushes Ringan roughly off her knees)

Awright, Son, gang you doun ti the back kitchen an tell Tibbie Ah said ye war ti hae twa ploums! An ye can clap the pownie whyles tae – but no owre aften, mynd! Whit div ye say ti that?

(Nanse enters)

Ringan: Thank ye kyndlie, yeir Hieness. Ah aye lykit ye, a wee bit. The ploums is awfu guid.

Queen: That wul juist dae, Ringan. Awa an eat yeir ploums--!
Awa wi ye---!
(She waves dismissively and Ringan bows and leaves)

Queen: Ir's a guid job bairns is easy pleased. Whitna nicht Ah pat in lest nicht! Ah heard a knock that canna be mistaen on ma door in the wee smaw oors.

Nanse: Whitever dae ye mean, Mither?

Queen: Daith cam chappin at ma door lest nicht, tho it turnt oot ti be juist a wairnin. The neist tyme he caws, it wul be ti mak me his ain.

Nanse: C'mon Mither, it's no that bad, shuirlye. Ye'r nae better, but ye'r nae waur, aither.

Queen: It's nae thanks ti you Ah'm no deid yit.

Nanse: Mither, Ah've telt ye mair nor aince Ah'm vext Ah didna manage ti bring ye wattir frae the Magic Wal. Hou monie tymes dae Ah need ti tell ye, Ah wes juist aboot ti fill ma flesk for ye, whan up bangs this mukkil ill-trickit puddok frae ahint sum brekken an stauns in ma road? It didna maitter whit Ah said til him – he wadna lat me fill ma flesk binna Ah wad promise ti mairrie him.

Queen: Ay, Ah hear ye. Ah maun be growein auld, richt aneuch! Things lyke this didna happen whan Ah wes a yung quyne. Mebbe it's tyme Ah wes awa for guid.

Nanse: Dinna speak ti me lyke that, Mither! That's whit happent.

Queen: *(Angrily)* A mukkil speakin puddok gat in yeir road an wantit ye ti mairrie him! It's ill ti credit. A puddok that chases eftir lassies! A radgie puddok---! Ah never heard the lyke! In aw ma born days Ah never heard the lyke!

Nanse: It's the God's honest truth, Mither. Ah coud dae naething wi him. He wadna shift oot ma road wi his mukkil hotchin bodie. Ah'm no makkin it up, Mither, it's God's honest truth.

Queen: (*Wearily*) Ay, richt aneuch. It maun be true. Ah believe ye. Ah dinna ken wha else wad!
(*Angrily*) Weill ye hizzie, coud ye no hae pusht him oot yeir wey, shuirlic?

Nanse: He wes owre lourd, Mither. He wes bigger nor me.

Queen: He wes bigger nor you? (*Nanse nods*)

Sum puddok.....! Oniewey, ye micht hae thocht o tryin ti fleitch him for ma sake. Did ye never think o tryin ti souk up til him? Ye war aye guid at that.

Nanse: He wadna fleitch, Mither. He wes an unco thrawn puddok.

Queen: (*Scornfully*) Dae ye ken whit Ah think? Ah'm thinkin that Maister Rintoul said that onlie a true lousum hert coud fesh me wattir frae the Magic Wal. Ye thocht ye loued me, but aiblins ye didna loue me aneuch. Ah maun be an awfu jaud that no even ma ain dochter thinks mukkil o me.

Nanse: Mither, Ah'm rael vext at the wey things haes turnt oot. Dae ye think Ah wantit ti gang aw that road an cum back again wi naething? Ah did ma best – naebodie can dae mair – but the Puddok wes that sonsie an ugsum, Ah fair taen a skunner at him. The verra sicht o him wi his pudgetie bodie on him wes aneuch ti gar ye grue.

Queen: (*Bitterly*) O ay, is that no awfu lyke ye? Whit a peitie it wad be gin ye war skunnert! Ah wes skunnert monie a tyme wi whit Ah haed ti dae for you whan ye war a bairn. Dae ye ken this? Ye war the clairtiest bairn Ah ever saw. Dinna you speak ti me aboot be-in skunnert! Ah micht hae kent ye wad pit yeirsell first. Me! Me! Me! aw the tyme. Here im Ah, lyin at Daith's door an ye wadna dae ae thing ti save me.

Nanse: Mither, weill ye ken that that isna fair. Ye shuirlic wadna hae wantit me ti mairrie sic a craitur?

Queen: *(Tearfully)* Dinna be daft! Ye coud hae got roond him.
Mairrie a puddok? Dinna be rideekluss!
(Background bathetic music)
Ah tell ye whit it is, ye bring bairns inti this warld an ye git gey littil
thanks for it in the feinish, eftir aw ye dae. Ah aften think the mair ye
dae the less ye'r thocht o.
(Sobbing) The best tymes war whan ye war bairns rinnin aboot the
gairden lyke sae monie butterflies, an Ah didna ken whit wes afore me.

Nanse: Stap it, Mither!

Queen: *(Hysterically)* If Ah'd kent whit wes aheid o me – if Ah haed kent
whit Ah ken nou, Ah'd hae drowned masell in Loch Leven langsyne,
but Ah wes owre feart for the wattir, aye. Ah uist ti be feart for be-in
deid – whitna dreid o Daith Ah haed – but Ah'm no feart nou ---
AH WUSH AH WES DEID!

Nanse: Wul you stap it, Mither? Wheisht!

Queen: A DIV! A DIV! A WUSH AH WES DEID AN IN MA GRAVE UP
ON THE BRIERIELAW!

Nanse: Wheisht, for the luiv o Guidness!

Queen: *(Chanting foolishly)* Sum say the Deil's deid an buirit in Kirkcaldy.
Sum say he'l ryse again an daunse the Hieland laddie.

Nanse: Sumbodie wul hear ye.. Haud yeir bletherin tung for onie sake!

Queen: Doun ablo the green gress wi the outlin sterns skinklin abuin for
thousans an thousans o years. Whit a lang tyme we'r aw deid: aw
the tyme afore we'r born, an aw the tyme eftir we dee. It disna beir
thinkin aboot.

Dae ye ken, the'r an auld man in Paisley maks oot that hunders o
thousans o years syne, lang afore we war aw born, the warld wes
thrang wi gret lizards bigger nor elephants: mukkil puddok-lyke
craiturs wi sherp teeth, lowpin aboot snakkin at ither aw owre the
place. He says he haes seen sum o thair banes in the grund.

Whaur war we aw than, Ah wunner? We war deid, but we didna ken
we war deid?

Nanse: Mither, awbodie kens thon man in Paisley is no wyce. He's dottilt in
the heid! Ah think ye've gotten puddoks on the brain, sae ye hae!

Queen: *(Plaintively)* Nanse, whan Ah'm deid, promise me ye wul cum an pit a bit flouer on ma lair aince in a whyle! Even a wee posie o forget-me-nots wad dae. Ye'l no forget me awthegither? Ye'l try an mynd the guid things about me?

(Nanse shakes her head, breathes heavily, draws up a chair purposefully, and sits down by the Queen)

Mither: Mither, ye ir makkin a fuil o yeirsell. Try an settil doun.
(Peering anxiously at her) Yeir face is aw begrutten.
Nou that Ah hae a richt luik at ye, Ah can see ye ir nae better.
Ah dinna lyke the luik o ye at aw.

Queen: Dinna you speak ti me! It's aw your blame Ah'm lyke this.

(Nanse puts hand on Queen's shoulder)

Nanse: Mither---! It's naebodie's blame, Mither.

Queen: Dae ye ken, Nanse, ilka day Ah see masell in the lookin gless, Ah see ma face turnin aulder. Ah can see ma skin stertin ti runkil an ma lips stertin ti cryne awa. Ah'm turnin intil an auld kerlin, Nanse. Whan Ah wes a lassie Ah uised ti say ti masell: 'Ah'm owre guid ti waste! Ahl never be auld – Ah'l juist aye byde the wey A im nou!'

Ah dinna lyke masell onie mair, Nanse. Whyles Ah see masell lyke yon auld wutch they brunt in the Mercat Square, yowlin an skraichin wi hir auld raggitie duds bleizin aw aboot hir. Ah think ti masell that mebbe she wes aince a bonnie yung quyne wi nae ill in hir.

(Sobbing) Nanse, ma haill lyfe haes turnt intil a dreich dream.

Nanse: *(Lays her hand on the Queen's forehead)* Ye soudna lat yeirsell git het up lyke this, Mither. It's no guid for ye.

(She hands the Queen a handkerchief)

Queen: *(Blows her nose)* Ah ken, Ah ken..... Ah'm a daft besom.
Mebbe gin Ah coud hae a richt guid greit, Ah wad feel the better for it?
Ah juist canna git ma greit richt oot.

Nanse: C'mon back inti yeir bed, Mither! Ah'l git Ringan for ti help.

(She pulls the bell rope)

Ye'r aw wrocht up for nae guid reason. Ye'r feart for the day ye never saw. It's mair nor tyme ye war haein anither rest.

(Ringan enters. Nanse beckons to him and she and Ringan help the Queen into the bed, but in the process, Ringan accidentally touches the Queen's bosom.)

Queen: *(Sitting up, to Ringan)* Ye'r owre free wi yeir haunds, YOU!
Whit dae ye think ye'r daein? Whit ir ye up ti?

Ringan: N-N-Naething, yeir Hieness--! Ah didna dae naething.

Queen: Ye wretch that ye ir, you keep yeir vulgar haunds ti yeirsell!
Ah felt yeir impiddent fingirs on ma breist the-nou. Ye maunna middil
the ryal person! Fowk haes lost thair heids for nae mair nor ye did the-
nou. *(She glares at Ringan)*

Ringan: Ah wes juist tryin for ti help ye, yeir Hieness.

Nanse: OOT----!

(She imperiously motions Ringan to leave the chamber, and aims a kick at him. Ringan retires in confusion, bowing and walking backwards.)

Queen: That loun wul be the daith o me. The neck o him---!
Wha dis he think he is? Ah dinna ken----!
Leatherins seems ti dae him nae guid..

But hou wad YOU lyke aw YOUR teeth an hair ti faw oot?
A bonnie sicht YOU wad look --- a wumman wi nae hair an nae teeth!
A bonnie sicht YOU wad look!

Nanse: Ah think ye'r fair deleirit, Mither. Whitever ir ye on about?

Queen: That's whit happens ti fowk wi Greigorie's Ill. Thair teeth an aw the
hair o the heid faws oot afore they dee. A pikkil hair cam oot on ma
kaim this mornin.

Nanse: Sae that's whit's batherin ye!

Queen: Maister Rintoul telt me --- Ah'm feart whanever Ah think about it.

Nanse: Thare's been hair on yeir kaim everie tyme ye've duin yeir heid for as
lang's Ah can mynd. It'l be awricht, Mither. Morag wul bring the
magic wattir. Ah'm shuir she'l git roond this puddok ae wey or
anither.

Queen: Ah howp sae. Ai, Ah div howp sae!

Nanse: Ah'm shuir she'l no be lang nou.

Queen: *(With a start)* Whaur is she oniewey? She soud hae been hame afore this. Sumthing haes happent til hir. Ah'm shuir o't.

Nanse: Naething wul hae happent til hir.

Queen: Morag's couthier nor you an she soud git on better wi the puddok.

Nanse: Mither---!

Queen: It is in ma mynd that mebbe ye war owre prood awthegither ti speak in a kyndlyke wey ti the craitur. Ah dout ye wul hae been tactless an putten his birss up, no that he wul hae a birss, cum ti think o't. Ye war aye tactless, Nanse. Ye dinna tak eftir me at aw.

Queen: Ma ain mither, bliss hir, aye uised ti say ti me, 'Meg' she wad say, 'a richt princess disna luik doun hir neb at oniebodie or oniething.' Ah've never forgotten hir sayin that.

Nanse: Ah tryit ti speak nyce til him, Mither, but he wes sic a nyaf.

Queen: Mebbe if Morag explains ti the craitur juist whit he is askin, he wul lippen ti sense. It micht be that he disna ken mukkil about the fleshlie syde o mairriage.

Nanse: Oor Morag disna ken mukkil about it hirsell. She gat a kiss aince frae cuisin Geordie. Ah think that's about aw she haes haed in hir haill lyfe.

Queen: Michtie, that wes whan they war but bairns.

The truibil wi you, Nanse, is that ye tak eftir yeir faither. A richt sachless pudden he wes, if ever the war ane. Monie's the sair hert Ah haed wi him. Ti be mairrit on a puddok coudna be onie waur nor be-in yokit ti yon mukkil sumf. Gin the'r ae thing that keeps me gaun, it's kennin that Ah'l never hae ti share a bed wi yon again.

Nanse: Mither, Ah wush ye wadna speak aboot ma faither lyke that. Ye maun hae been whyles freinlie wi him or Morag an me wad never hae been born.

Queen: Freinlieness haed naething adae wi it.

(There is a commotion in the courtyard below and Nanse moves to look out of the window)

Nanse: Mercie, here Morag back again! She's doun in the coortyard an she's rinnin lyke sum bogil war eftir hir. Ah didna expek ti see hir this suin.

Queen: The Lord be praisit! She'l hae brocht the wattir wi hir?

Nanse: Ah dinna ken, but she's cairriein the flesk in hir haund.
She's luikin gey doun in the dumps aboot sumthing.

Queen: Dinna say she's cum hame wi a tuim flesk! O dinna---!
(Morag enters running, carrying the flask with water)

Morag: *(Triumphantly)* Mither, Ah hae duin it! See---! Magic Wattir---!

Queen: Gie me that flesk at aince! Ma lyfe's no duin yit.
(The Queen takes the flask and drinks deeply from it)
Ach, Ah dinna ken onie difference! It's a swick!

Morag: Mither, caw cannie, ye war juist ti tak ae sowp!

Queen: *(Exhaling deeply)* Ha-ah! Ah'm tellin a lee! Ah think Ah div feel a
sicht better areddies. Ah can feel it wurkin awa in ma intimmers.
(She takes a number of deep breaths)

Nanse: Ah can haulie credit it, but ye'r luikin mair lyke yeirsell, richt aneuch.

Queen: Wha wes Ah lyke afore, Ah wunner? Ah'm better awricht! Haund iz
owre ma dressin gown! Ah'm gaun ti git owre the bed.

Nanse: Mither dae ye think that's wyce?

Queen: *(To Nanse)* Haund iz that gown ye limmer that ye ir!

Morag: *(Fetching the gown)* Here, Mither---! *(Hands it to Queen)*
(Queen rises and puts on her robe and slippers)

Queen: Dae ye ken, Ah feel a sicht better nor ever Ah did afore Ah wes seik?
Weill Morag, Ah kent ye wadna lat me doun. Is this no juist grund?
Ah'm as licht as a feather on ma feet. *(She trips around lightly)*
Ah think we wul mebbe hae a bit daunce in the haw the-nicht.
This is a fair meiracle!

But Morag, ma bairn, hou did ye manage ti git roond this unco
puddok?

(There is a knock at the door and Ringan enters breathlessly)

Ringan: Yeir Hieness, Maister Rintoul is ootby speirin eftir ye.

Queen: Maister Rintoul----! Whit's he daein here?

Nanse: Ah sent for him first thing this mornin, Mither, whan Ah saw ye war in sic bad fettil.

Queen: *(To Nanse)* O ye did, did ye? Ah didna ken that.
Ah'm no in bad fettil nou.
(To Ringan) Aweill than, Laddie, shaw him in at aince!
(Exit Ringan)
Mercie, Ah've nae tyme ti speak til him the-nou!
He maun hae ridden here aw the road frae Cupar whan he gat wurd Ah wes haurd up.

(Ringan returns with Rintoul, who is carrying a satchel)

Rintoul: *(Bowing)* Yeir Grace, Ah rade here as fest as ever Ah coud whan Ah heard Ah wes wantit.

Queen: It's an awfu day ti bring ye sae ferr, Maister Rintoul.

Rintoul: Ah've ridden here strecht frae the killin-houss at Cupar, but Ah didna grudge the traivel, yeir Grace. Ah hae brocht sumthing wi me that wul mebbe dae sum guid, tho the'r littil aneuch that can be duin.

(He pulls out a blood-stained poultice from the satchel)

Queen: Whit the leevin Hairrie is that?

Rintoul: It's a poultice, yeir Grace for yeir heid.

Queen: For ma heid---

Rintoul: It's a spaicial poultice that's made wi the hairns o a sheep that's no lang deid. If it's putten on het, it whyles brings sum easement near the end ti the sair heid that gangs wi Greigorie's Ill. The sheep's hairns is for drawin oot the unco pyne that cums aye i the feinish, no lang afore ye gie up the gaist.

Queen: Maister Rintoul, this is rael guid o ye, but Ah'm gled ti say Ah'l no be needin yeir poultice, sae ye can pit it awa oot o sicht! Ah dinna lyke the look o it an Ah dinna want it lyin aboot in here! *(Rintoul obeys)*

The Princess Morag, bliss hir, haes juist cum back frae the Wal at the World's End an brocht me a pikkil Magic Wattir, an Ah'm as richt as rain again, thanks ti yeir guid coonsel.

Rintoul: Ah wunnert whit ye war daein oot yeir bed, yeir Grace. Richt aneuch, ye ir lookin a guid sicht better, an ye haena lost yeir hair, Ah see. Ah'm rael gled ti hear this grund news, yeir grace --- rael gled ti hear it --- but ye'd better watch an try no ti dae owre mukkil at first. Juist caw cannie, that's the thing!

Queen: Maister Rintoul, we'r mukkil behauden ti ye, but we'r byordnar thrang the-day. Ah dinna ken whuther Ah'm on ma heid or ma heels! Coud ye cum back an see us in, say, fullie a fortnicht's tyme, an we'l see that ye ir weill rewairdit for yeir truibil.

(She motions to Ringan to see Rintoul out)

Rintoul: Ah'l cum back an see ye, yeir Grace, aboot this tyme a fortnicht the-day than. Mercie, Ah never saw sic a turn for the better! Whitna blissin this haes been! Whitna blissin--!

(Rintoul retires with Ringan, walking backwards and bowing)

Whitna blissin--! Yeir Grace---!

Queen: Ah'l see ye'r weill rewairdit, Maister Rintoul!

(Exit Rintoul)

O ay, Ah wes speirin, Morag, hou ye managed ti git roond the puddok?

Morag: Mither, Ah hae sumthing ti tell ye. Ah didna git roond him.

Queen: Wha-a-at---!

Nanse: Whit dae ye mean ye didna git roond him? Hou did ye git the wattir than?

Morag: He gat roond me. He wes owre thrawn for me an Ah haed ti mairrie him.

(General consternation)

Queen: WHAT---! Ye haed ti mairrie him! In the name o aw that's guid---! Naebodie mairries puddoks. Ah never heard---!

Morag: Whit's mair, he'l mebbe be cummin here the-morn, an we'l be settin up houss thegither in the palace. Ah howp that's awricht wi you, Mither? He said he wes gaun ti lowp aw the road here frae the Magic Wal.

Queen: He's cummin here the-morn – a PUDDOK! Ah canna credit ma ain lugs. Ye dinna mean ti tell me he's ettlin ti byde here --- amang us? A mukkil puddok lowpin aboot the place --- it disna beir thinkin aboot! Ye ir expekkin ME ti gie this craitur houss room?

Morag: *(Shamefacedly)* Ay, an he said Ah wes ti be shuir an tell ye he disna lyke tattie soup. But he said ye wad be gled ti ken he's no fykie wi his meat.

Queen: (*Grimly*) He disna lyke tattie soup. Ye expek ME ti see til his meat anaw. AH'L GIE HIM TATTIE SOUP! HE'L GIT TATTIE SOUP OWRE THE HEID AN HE CUMS NEAR ME! AH'L CLASH HIM OWRE THE HEID WI THAIM, SAE AH WUL!

Morag: O Mither!

Nanse: (*Screaming*) Hae ye nae sense ava, ye stuipit tawpie? Hou coud ye gang an mairrie a puddok? Mercie on us! Whitever wul fowk think? Whitever wul they say? An whaeveer wul want ti mairrie me wi a mukkil green puddok for a guidbrither? Ye maun gang an tell the craitur ye hae chynged yeir mynd.

Ye canna be richt mairrit. The'r nae priest at Ardnamurchan.

Queen: Nanse is shuirly richt, Morag. We canna hae a puddok for a frein. Awbodie wad juist lauch at us. We hae a poseition ti uphau an that wadna be possible wi a puddok blawin an booncin an cawin himsell oor frein about the Coort. You tell the beiss ye didna richt ken whit ye war daein.

Morag: But Ah did ken whit Ah wes daein.

Queen: (*Softly*) Juist think, bairn, ye hae yeir haill lyfe afore ye! Ye dinna want ti spend the lave o yeir days yokit ti a puddok., Tho Ah daursay monie is the wumman haes ti dae wi littil better. Eftir sevinteen year leevin wi yeir faither, naebodie kens that better nor me. You tell yeir puddok ye'r no richt mairrit at aw kis the war nae priest thare, an git quut o him aince an for aw! Tell him strecht---! Tell him---!

Morag: Mither, we war richt mairrit. We haed a ceremonie.

Nanse: Ceremonie ma fuit---! It's agin the law o Scotland ti mairrie a puddok. It's cawed 'bestialitie'. It wad be a rude thing ti dae. Ir YOU gaun ti tell him, or ir ye no?

Queen: The war nae wutnesses, war the? The mairriage wes never consummated, wes it.

Morag: We didna hae oniething ti eat, but he made me touch his bodie.

Queen: He garred ye touch his bodie! Michtie, whit dis that maitter? Ah've touched puddoks monie a tyme. It didna mean Ah wes mairrit on thaim.

CON-SUM-MAT-ED – Ye ken whit Ah'm speakin about?

(Morag nods)

Queen: God serrs! Whit im Ah sayin? It coudna been---!

Morag, ye'l rue aw the hairs o yeir heid gin ye byde mairrit til the puddok. But whitever ye dae, dinna lat him set fuit owre the houss door! Frae the soond o him, he's a thrawart craitur, an aince he wan in here, he wad be gey ill ti shift. He soonds lyke a richt sorner ti me.

Morag: Ye can say whit ye lyke. Ah'm mairrit on the puddok. Ah maun haud ti ma promise. A promise maun aye be keepit. Fyne ye ken that. An ye ir weill again, Mither. Ye wul no dee nou, winna ye no, Mither?

Queen: Eh? No the-nou--- Ah dinna expek--- No for a whyle yit, oniewey---

Morag; Ti haud ti ma promise, is a smaw fee ti pey for that, shuirлие?

Queen: Bliss ye, Morag, the'r sumthing in whit ye say. Ah never thocht o't that wey..... but Ah dout ye'r owre guid for this warld. Ah'm shuir Ah dinna ken wha ye tak eftir.

Nanse: *(Makes a face at Morag)* Souk, souk---!

Morag: It's droll the wey things turns oot. Ah never thocht whan Ah wes wee that Ah'd end up mairrit til a puddok. He's no whit Ah haed in mynd for a guidman, but Ah daursay Ah'l growe ti lyke him better whan Ah ken him richt.

Nanse: Ah think Ah hear awbodie lauchin at us areddies. Ah'l never can haud up ma heid again if that bruit cums ti byde here. Mither, gin ye saw him — he's yuchie!

Queen: Nanse, Ah think ye soud think shame ti gang on at Morag lyke this, whan she wes juist thinkin about hir puir seik mither. Morag brocht me the magic wattir. Whit did YOU dae for me? Naething---! Ti be plain, BUGGER AW!

Nanse: Mither, whyles ye fairlie lat yeirsell doun! Ye'r no back on the ferm nou! Mither, he wes yuchie! He haed a dichtie dowp.

Queen: He haed WHIT? Im Ah hearin richt?

Nanse: He haed a dichtie dowp---a clairtie bum. Whan Ah saw him, his hurdies wes aw slaigeert wi dryte.

Queen: MORAG, ye'r shuirлие never gaun ti tell me this puddok is no houss trained? Wha wad clean up eftir him?

Nanse: *(Nastily)* That wad be Morag's job. Wha else but perfit Morag?
She coud follae him about the Coort wi a clout.

Queen: If he's no houss trained, he'l hae ti byde ootby in the yaird in a kennel.
Ah'm no haein puddoks wi dichtie erses lowpin aboot fylin ma clean
fluir. Ah'l no pit up wi that in the Pailace an that's final

Morag: *(To Nanse)* Whyles ye hae a richt ill tung in yeir heid, Nanse.

(To Queen) Dinna listen til hir styte, Mither! The puddok's hurdies is
whyle glaurie wi lowpin aboot amang the peat hags at Ardnamurchan.
It's a gey glaurie place. But it's clean dirt, Mither. Aw he wants is a
guid skoosh down at the pump.

Queen: Weill, that's sumthing ti be thenkfu for, at least.
Nanse, ye limmer, YOU've tryit ti mislead me. Ah hae a guid mynd ti
warm yeir lugs for ye, an if ye war yungir, Ah wad dae it. Ah ken
whit's wrang wi YOU. Ye ir ill aboot the puddok shawin ye up in a
bad licht, but whan aw said an duin, he *is* yeir guidbrither. Whit's duin
is duin. Ye'd better git uised wi the notion, an the suiner, the better.

Nanse: Ah dinna think Ah can staun this---!

(She tears at her hair, then storms out of the room)

Queen: Littil ane, never you heed hir! She thinks on naebodie but hersell. Be
patient! Things is no aye whit they seem. We haena seen the end o
this affair yit---no bi a lang chalk!

Morag: *(Sobbing)* Ah juist canna git uised wi the idea, Mither --- be-in mairrit
on a puddok.

Queen: *(Putting her arm round Morag)* Nounae, Nounae, we maun pit a stoot
hert til a stey brae!

(She pouts) Here, gie yeir Mammie a kiss!

(Morag kisses her and the Queen takes her on her knee)

A bosie---? *(They embrace)*

Morag, we'l juist hae ti lairn ti regaird this puddok as a member o the
Ryal Faimlie --- as ane o oorsells.

(Morag sobs agreement)

Morag: Mither, dinna say ye'l hae ti chein ma Guidman in a kennel!
Please, Mammie---!

Queen: Na, Na, Ah dinna think it wul cum ti that.
Juist try no ti think onie mair about it the-nicht! Ye'r fair worn oot,
bairn, eftir aw yeir dour traivel. Ah tell ye whit, Ah'm feelin friskie
an Ah'm gaun doun ti hae a bit daunce in the haw.

(She prances about)

Queen: Ah want ti hae a wurd wi the Thane o Fife. Ah'l no be back here the-
nicht---no if Ah can help it.

Morag: But whaur wul ye be sleepin, Mither?

Queen: Never you mynd about that! Ah'l be fyne. Yeir ain bed is no made up
yit, sae juist you sleep here the-nicht, an ye can gang back til yeir ain
chaumer the-morn's morn.

Morag: Awricht, Mither---

Queen: Guidnicht than, Morag! Gang strecht til yeir bed an hae a guid sleep!
Things wul mebbe seem better the-morn.

Morag: Ah think Ah'l hae a bit read first. It's owre aerlie yit for gaun ti sleep.

Guidnicht, Mammie! *(The Queen kisses her)*

Queen: Guidnicht! *(Queen leaves)*

(Morag undresses for bed. A clock in the courtyard strikes nine. She takes a nightgown out of a drawer and puts it on. She takes a book from the bookcase and climbs into bed. She tries to read, but after a short while she puts the book down and starts to sob, 'Whit'l A dae', Ai Mercie, whit'l Ah dae?') She then lies down and sobs herself to sleep. In the distance there is the faint sound of the pipes. In her dream she sits up and sees the image of the puddok wearing a red velvet jacket, green stockings and a coronet, by the bedside, standing looking at her.

Puddok: That's us yokit! Mairrit ye ir frae this verra meinit on a puddok, an a
lang an blythsum lyfe ti the perr o us, ma bonnie lassie.

Morag: Whit'l Ah dae?

Puddok: Wul ye nurse me whan Ah'm auld an dottilt, an dicht the slaivers frae
ma mou, athoot girnin an makkin onie complaint?

Morag: Na, Ah canna dae it!

Puddok: Wul ye no gang intil a huff whan Ah hae ti leather ye?

Morag: *(Wringing her hands)* Please----!

Puddok An a lang an blythsum lyfe ti the perr o us, ma bonnie lassie---
or Daith gar us pairt.

(The dream puddok hops off the stage and the dream image of the Queen appears)

Queen: Ah canna credit ma ain lugs. Naebodie mairries puddoks.)

Morag: Whit'l Ah dae?

(The image of Nanse appears)

Nanse: It's agin the law o Scotland for ti mairrie wi a puddok.
It's cawed 'bestiality' an it's ever sae rude.

Morag: Please, God, whit'l Ah dae?

Nanse: His hurdies wes aw slaigert wi dryte. He haed a clairtie bum.

Queen: Ah dout yeir Guidman wul hae ti be cheined up in a kennel!

Nanse: Perfit Morag wul follae him aboot wi a clout.

(Morag moans) She can dicht up eftir him.

(Morag groans)

Queen: Ye dinna want ti spend the lave o yeir days yokit
til a puddokthe lave o yeir days yokit til
a puddokyokit til a puddok.....til a puddok
.....a puddok!

(The dream images fade off the stage)

Morag: Ah Na! Whit'l Ah dae? Ai Mercie, whit'l Ah dae?

(Morag lies down again in her dream and the dream ends)

CURTAIN