

ACT III

SCENE 2

The Queen's chaumer, the same evening. Princess Morag is asleep in bed, but she is disturbed by angry shouting in the courtyard below the window. She sits up.

A Voice: *(Shouting offstage)* Ah dinna ken wha ye ir, ye'r no cummin in here at this oor!

(Morag rises and goes to the window)

Morag: *(Opening the window and crying down)* Whit's up doun thare, Tam?

(There is a cry of pain and more shouting from offstage, in which may be distinguished the word, 'puddok')

Puddok: *(Shouting offstage)* LEAVE IZ ALANE! LEAVE IZ ALANE YE BUGGERS O HELL!

Morag: Wha's that? Ah canna mak ye oot! Is that sumbodie sweirin doun thare?
Haud on! Ah'l cum doun.

(She moves from the window and puts on a robe. There is a knock at the door.)
Cum in!

(Ringan enters carrying a stout stout stick)

Ringan: Ah heard ye war in this chaumer the-nicht, yeir Hieness. The'r a gret mukkil puddok at the ooter yett wantin ti cum in. It can speak anaw an it says it kens ye, yeir Hieness. It says ye ir expekkin it.
Ah never heard the lyke!

Morag: O dear!

Ringan: Tam gied it a richt guid skelp asyde the heid for its impidence. It didna lyke that, Ah can tell ye! Syne he gruppit it an whummilt it owre on its back, an he is haudin it the-nou. Wul Ah gang doun, yeir Hieness an tak ma stick til it?

Ae clour wi this an it'l bather ye nae mair. Twa clours an it wad be DEID! *(He strikes the stick on the floor enthusiastically)*
It'l no cum back here in a hurry, Ah can tell ye!
It'l no shaw its ugsum face back here again!

Morag: O Mercie! Na, Ringan, leave him alane! Ah dinna want him mankit.
Dis the Queen ken he is here, Ringan?

Ringan: No that Ah ken, yeir Hieness.

Morag: Dinna you tell hir, Ringan!

Ringan: No me, yeir Hieness---! Deil a fears!

Morag: Leave this ti me, Ringan! Ah think ye'd better tell Tam ti lowse the Puddok an shaw him the road up here.

Ringan: Dae ye want ti play wi the Puddok, yeir Hieness?

Morag: Ringan—juist you dae whit Ah tell ye!

Ringan: *(Reluctantly)* (Richt, yeir Hieness, gin that is yeir wull.

(Ringan leaves, pulling the door after him. After a few minutes, there is a quiet knocking at the door. Morag opens the door and in hops—the Puddok.)

Morag: O Mercie, it's yeirsell! Ye h-h-haena been lang.

Puddok: Ay, Ay, Wyfe! Did Ah no say Ah'd no be that ferr ahint ye? Here Ah cum! Steir yeirsell, nou, an help me in, ma bonnie lassie!

Morag: O ay, O ay, atweill, G-G-Guidman! C-C-cum you inby!

(Morag takes the Puddok's hand and leads him into the room)

Mercie, yeir haund's fair lyke an icicle!

Puddok: Ah'm cauld aw owre. Ah'm fair nithert wi the cauld! It's been snawin aw week an wi it be-in near Yuletyde, the Corran Ferry wesna rinnin. Ah think the ferryman maun hae been wyrin in til a richt guid Yuletyde denner. Ah haed naething ti eat at aw!

Morag: Hou did ye win across the wattir?

Puddok: Ah haed ti soum aw the wey across Loch Linnhe. Ah canna tell ye hou cauld the wattir wes. Ah haed ti brek the ice at Ardgour afore Ah coud git inti the loch an git richt stertit. Ah thocht Ah wes gaun ti freeze ti daith or Ah wan til the ither syde.
(The Puddok's body begins ti shiver and shake and his jaw appears to chatter)

Morag: Ye puir craitur----! Haud on!

(She fetches a plaid from the chest)

Here, hap this aboot yeir shouthers!

(The Puddok clutches the plaid around his body)

Puddok: Ah'm mebbe cauld-bluidit, but Ah div feel the cauld mair nor ither puddoks. It's a bit o a problem on a snell day, whan ye'r no weirin onie claes.

Morag: Ah ken, Ah ken, *Ah* wadna lyke ti dae it.
Thare, thare---! (*She pats him sympathetically*)

Puddok: That's a richt ill-trickit loun ye keep here. We'l hae ti git quut o him. For a whyle Ah thocht he wes gaun ti crack me owre the heid wi his mukkil stick. A gey puir walcum---!
Whitnalyke wey for ti treat a Prince Consort!
(*He holds the side of his head ruefully*)
Ah can see the wul hae ti be a whein chynges here. The door gaird an that nestie, ill-trickit loun wul hae ti gang for a stert.

Morag: Guidman, ir ye wantin oniething ti eat? A bowle o het brose mebbe?

Puddok: Na, Na, Ah'm feelin kynd o seik lyke. Ah dout Ah'm past eatin, awthegither. Ma puir legs is awfu sair tae. Jings, Ah'm a bit stiff at the knees wi aw that lowpin. The war a whyle Ah thocht Ah wes gaun jingil-jyntit. Losh, Ah've been lowpin that lang Ah'm no shuir Ah ken hou ti stap masell!
(*He does some convulsive hopping*)
Crivvens, ma legs haes stertit ti kemp on thair ain accoont!
(*The door bursts open and the Queen enters with Ringan, brandishing his stick*)

Queen: Whit's this Ah'm hearin frae Ringan that the Puddok is in this chaumer?

(*Seeing the Puddok*) Sae YOU'R the Puddok! It's littil wunner Nanse wadna mairrie ye. Mercie, whitna sicht---! It's waur nor Ah expekkit!

Morag: Mither, please---!

Queen: (*Peering at the Puddok*) Whit's that on its mou? It haesna been eatin oniething in here haes it? Ye ken Ah canna dae wi meat an crumbs in the bed chaumers.
(*The Puddok puts its fingers to his mouth*)

Morag: Mither---!

Queen: It looks lyke it haes been eatin trekkil.
(*She looks directly at the Puddok*)

HAVE-YOU-BEEN-AT-MA-TREKKIL-DUMPLIN?
(*The Puddok wipes his mouth guiltily with the back of his hand*)

Ah thocht Ah'd putten that trekkil dumplin in a safe place!

Morag: Dinna be daft, Mither! He haesna been near yeir trekkil dumplin.
He disna eat that kynd o meat.

(The Puddok gathers himself)

Puddok: Ah im yeir guidson, yeir Ryal Hieness. Yeir Ryal Hieness, Ah im
byordnar gled for ti mak yeir acquaintance.

(He bows deeply, but the Queen simply glares at him)

Queen: Huh---! That's mair nor Ah can say ti you. Juist whit ir ye daein in
this chaumer wi Morag?

Puddok: Ah hae everie richt ti be here. Ah'm hir Guidman.

*(The Queen considers this, walks round behind the Puddok and looks
down at him)*

Queen: Ah see yeir hurdies is clean, oniewey ... an ye can speak richt aneuch.

Awricht, ye can byde here the-nicht, but nae mischief, mynd!
Nae mischief---! Dinna you daur middil Morag! Dinna you daur!
Juist you byde on the fluir whaur ye belang.!

(To Morag) Morag, ma lassie, Ah dout ye'l hae ti mak a kirk or a mill
o this. Ah can mak naething o it. Ah'm gaun back ti the dauncin! An
ye can tell yeir puddok, it wul be tattie soup for the denner the-morn,
an that it wul be that, or naething!

(The Queen stalks out followed by Ringan)

Puddok: Yeir mither disna seem verra pleased ti see me, eftir aw Ah've duin for
hir. Ingratitude is sherper not a serpent's tuith, they say.

Morag: Ma mither haesna been verra weill, Puddok. She's no hirsell the-nou.

See Guidman, here a cushion at the door for ye! Ye can sit down thare
on yeir hunkers or the mornin. It is geyan late on an ye maun hae
happit ferr the-day. Ye wul be gled ti git a saet eftir aw yeir traivel.
Ah daursay ye wul be wantin yeir sleep nou. The morn's mornin we
wul hae a confab thegither.

*(The Princess leaves the Puddok next to the cushion, climbs back into
bed and remains sitting up)*

Puddok: Ah'm a bit puggilt, richt aneuch. It's a gey lang road frae
Arnamurchan til Abernethy. Ah felt ma legs a thing wabbitie or Ah
wan the lenth o Kinloch Rannoch --- aince or twyce Ah felt the pouer
gang oot ma legs an A verra near conkit oot awthegither, but here Ah
im, safe an soond.

(The Puddok sit down on the cushion reluctantly and stares at her for several seconds. His legs twitch occasionally)

Puddok: Guidwyfe, Ah'm no uised wi cushions.. The lyke o this is a het an mochie thing for a puddok ti sit on, an the'r a cauld wund fair blawin on ma legs frae anaith the door.
(Morag does not answer)
Wumman.....! Dae ye hear me whan Ah'm speakin?
Hou monie tymes dae Ah hae ti speak?

Morag: Ay, Ah hear ye. Ah'm vext ye irna bien Ye see, Ah dinna ken mukkil about puddoks. The ither day wes the first tyme Ah ever spak ti ane.

Puddok: Weill, weill, ye needna fash. Ah'l mak allowance for ye.
It's never owre late ti lairn, ma lassie, never owre late---

Morag: Na, A'm shuir it's no. Ah'l try again.

Morag climbs out of bed, takes the cushion from the puddok and puts the large flower pot over him)

See nou, thare ye wul be cool, but beildit frae the wund. Gang aff ti sleep nou, an the-morn we'l speak thegither, you an me!

(She climbs back into bed)

Puddok: *(From inside the flower pot)* Wyfe, Ah'm no uised wi flouer pats aither. The'r nae air in thaim for me ti breathe an Ah'm hauden in an canna lowp about. Puddoks haes ti breathe throu thair skins. Dae ye no ken that? Oniewey, ma legs is aye cauld. Dae ye hear me?
Dae ye hear me, Wumman?

Morag: Ay, Puddok – Ah mean, Guidman – Ah hear ye.

Puddok: Weill, whit ir ye gaun ti dae about it? Ah howp Ah'm no gaun ti hae ti raise ma vyce ti ye again!

Morag: *(To herself)* Mercie, whit wul Ah dae nou? Ah ken, Ah wul ryse an tak aff the flouer pat.
Morag gets out of bed and lifts off the flower pot)

Thare nou---! Is that no better?

Puddok: That's a wee thing better, ma luiv. *(He breathes deeply several times)*
At least Ah can draw braith.
(Looking around him) Ai, but whitna grund place is this! Whit a brawlyke place, sae it is! It wad tak me a guid whyle ti hap roond it aw, but nou Ah im wabbitie, an waesum an waebegaen, for hae Ah no ttraivelt ferr an fest ti be wi ye?

Morag: Sae ye hae! Ti tell ye the truth, Guidman, Ah haed haurlie expekkit ye this suin. If Ah'd haed mair tyme ti prepare a richt walcum for ye?

Puddok: Na, Na, Wyfe, dinna bather yeir bonnie heid about that! Ah'l mak allouances for ye yeir first nicht.

(Morag is about to reply, but thinks better of it)

Puddok: Is this no juist grund? Here we ir thegither, juist oor twa sells. Juist gie me a wee whylie ti gether masell, lyke! Gin ye wad juist be patient, Ah'l be in better fettil for ye in a meinit.

Morag: *(Apprehensively)* In better fettil for whit?

Puddok: Weill, the'r a ful muin the-nicht an it's kynd o romantic lyke. Seein that we'r mairrit, Ah thocht that you an me---? Ye ken whit Ah mean---!

Morag: Ah'm shuir Ah dinna ken whit ye ir on about. Ye maun be unco wearie eftir aw the lowpin ye hae duin..... Ah ken, Ah'l mak ye a smaw bed aw ti yeirsell, on the fluir asyde ma mukkil ane, an ye can sleep thare or the morn's morn, an the-morn we'l hae a lang crak thegither.

Puddok: Ah'm gey forfochen, richt aneuch. Awricht, Ah'l gie't a try.

(Morag makes a makeshift bed with the cushion and one plaid taken from the chest. The puddok lies down under the plaid and she tucks him in gingerly, returns to bed and lies down to sleep. There is silence for several seconds, and then the puddok slowly sits up and starts to sing softly.)

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie;
elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

(Morag pretends to be asleep)

Puddok: Wyfe, ir ye wauken?

Morag: Ay, Ah think sae.

Puddok: Ah'm awfu cauld. Can Ah cum in asyde ye?

(Morag bounds out of bed and puts the second plaid over the puddok)

Morag: Thare nou---! That soud be graund an cosie.

(Morag returns to bed and lies down again to sleep. There is silence for several seconds)

Puddok: Wyfe!

Morag: *(Wearily)* Whit is it nou?

Puddok: *(Sitting up)* Ah canna git lyin richt in this bed at aw.
AH'M OWRE HET!

Morag: *(Sitting up)* For the luiv o Guidness---!

(She bounds out of bed, presses the Puddok firmly back into a reclining position and turns down half the second plaid)

Morag: Try an settil down, Guidman!

(Morag returns to bed and lies down. Silence again for several seconds.)

Puddok: Ah'm awfu dry. Ah canna swallae richt. Ye haena a drap wattir juist ti wat ma thrappil? Ah coud dae wi sum leafs ti chowe anaw.

(Silence for a few seconds)

AH WANT A DRINK O WATTIR!

(Morag bounds out of bed and stands over the Puddok)

Puddok: Whitna awfu drouth---

Morag: *(Angrily)* GUIDMAN, it seems the'r nae richt pleasin ye. Im Ah never ti git sleepit at aw, the-nicht? The'r nae wattir in here, an nae leafs aither, an gin ye ir wantin onie, ye haed better gang ootby ti the pant-wal in the coortyard. The'r a pikkil wattir in the stank anaw. Ye'l finnd sum docken leafs down thare, tae, growein roond the cundie, gin that is whit ye ir eftir.

Puddok: *(Standing from his bed)* Wyfe---! Ma broun lassie! Ye needna be roosed. Ah wul fash ye nae mair. Ah can see fyne that Ah canna byde wi you, nor you wi me. Ye ir the kyndest-hertit lassie in the hail world an ye hae keepit the paction ye made wi me. The'r no monie lassies wad hae duin that. Ye hae tryit yeir best ti gie me awthing Ah askit frae ye. But the'r nae leevin thegither the wey we ir nou.

Morag: Ir ye gaun ti leeve me---on ma waddin nicht?

Puddok: Ah daursay ye wadna brek yeir hert an Ah did, but Ah'm no gaun ti leave ye. Ye wul be thinkin Ah'm a richt auld greitin-face, but Ah'm no sic a skunner as ye nicht think. Ah wes juist testin ye oot, an ye hae passed the test.

Morag: Whit dae ye mean, Guidman?

Puddok: Ah'm no gaun ti leave ye, but we canna gang on lyke this onie langir.

Morag: Ah still dinna ken whit ye mean.

Puddok: Juist lippen ti whit Ah'm aboot ti say ti ye. Ahint yeir mukkil bed, thare hings a sword. Dae ye see it thare?

Morag: Ay, yon belanged ma faither. He used it whyles for fechtin the English. Ma faither wes richt knackie wi that sword. He aince killed thrie Englishmen i the ae day wi that sword, or sae he said.

Puddok: Is it aye sherp?

Morag: Is it no? Ma faither aye lykit ti keep it sherp for fear he nicht need it for chappin aff sumbody's heid. It's lyke a razor.

Puddok: That'l be the verra thing for whit Ah hae in mynd.

Morag: It wes ti hae been gien til ma man, but hou Ah can gie a sword til a puddok Ah kenna.

Puddok: Ai, but Ah ken, Wyfe. Ye can gie me the edge o it.

Morag: The edge o it--? Guidman, Ah canna mak ye oot, atweill Ah canna.

Puddok: Syne Ah'l tell ye, ma lassie. Gie me the sherp edge o it on ma craig, here, (*He points to the back of his neck*) for Ah im the waesumest puddok in aw the warld. Snek you aff ma heid wi yeir faither's sword an lowse me frae ma dule!

Morag: (*Pasionately*) Ah coud never dae sic a thing. Ah made a siccar bergain ti mairrie ye an Ah hae been yeir guidwyfe ever sensyne. It wadna be richt or naitral for me ti caw aff yeir heid.

Puddok: Ay, ye ir ma guidwyfe, an a wyfe maun dae as hir man tells hir. Ye shuirly ken that? Onie wumman kens that. Ye hecht as mukkil whan ye war mairrit.

Morag: Ah ken Ah did, but a wyfe maunna kill hir guidman, shuirлие?
Ah'm no uised wi daein sic things. Ah canna byde the sicht o bluid.
Ah juist canna bring masell ti dae it. Dinna ask me til!

Puddok: A wyfe soudna hae a clekkin tung aither. Juist you dae as Ah bid ye,
Wyfe! Shuirлие ye haena forgotten yeir mairriage vous areddies?
Dae as ye'r telt an dinna you think owre mukkil about it!

(Morag hangs her head dejectedly)

Whan aw is said an duin, whit's ae puddok, mair or less in aw the
warld? Forby, ye'l be daein me a guid turn, for Ah im wearie wi ma
lyfe as a puddok. That wearie---! Ae guid dird an the thing is duin.

(He sighs deeply) Naebodie kens hou wearie Ah im. Hert wearie--!

*(He removes the sword from the wall, feels the edge of it with his
thumb and hands it to Morag)*

Morag: Ah dinna ken aboot this at aw. Wul it no be sair?

Puddok: Never bather yeir bonnie heid aboot it be-in sair?
Ah'l no hae mukkil tyme ti think aboot it be-in sair eftir ma heid's aff.
Dinna pit aff onie langir, nou! Juist dae it!

Morag: Awricht than, gin that's yeir lest word.
But mynd, it wul be past joukin whan yeir heid's aff.
It wul be owre late than, for ti chynge yeir mynd.

Puddok: Ah ken, Ah ken. Juist haud yeir tung an git on wi it!

*(Morag raises the sword sadly and the Puddok bows his head at the
back of the stage. However, he falls into a fit of trembling.)*

Morag: Byde still the-nou, Guidman! Ah canna mak a richt job o dingin aff
yeir heid gin ye shougil it aboot.

(He steadies himself)

That's better! Ah'l coont ti thrie.

Puddok: Fareweill Princess! Chap awa!

Morag: This is juist ti please ye, mynd! Yin, twa.....THRIE!

*(Morag brings the sword down quickly, evidently to cut off the
Puddok's head. After a puff of smoke, the Prince appears illuminated,
in place of the Puddok, to a background of tinkling bells. The Prince
and Morag stand gazing at each other for several seconds.)*

Morag: *(Astonished)* Mercie, wha ir ye?

Prince: Weill Wyfe? Weill ma bonnie lassie? Ye never jaloused Ah wes a Prince aw the tyme, did ye nou?

Morag: Whaur ma puddok? Ah never ettilt ti kill him.
Ah never ettilt ti dae him onie skaith ava.

Prince: Naither ye did! Ye didna kill him, Morag. Ah im yeir puddok, or raither, Ah wes yeir puddok.

Morag: Hou coud ye be? Ah dinna unnerstaun ye. Ah'm aw raivelt.

Prince: Morag, ye hae lowsed me frae an ill spell that wes putten on me bi a wutch langsyne. Ah hae been hauden in the puddok's bodie thir monie year, an nou Ah im free at lest.

(He rubs his chest with satisfaction)

Prince: Fegs, it's guid ti be masell again!

Morag: But hou im Ah ti be shuir it's you? Ye'r no a bit lyke yeirsell.

Prince: *(Pointing to his chest)* This is me --- masell. Ah wesna lyke masell afore. This is the wey Ah wes aye meant ti be.
Ah'l gie ye pruif. Didna the Queen, yeir mither, no say, 'Be patient, we haena seen the end o this, yit!'

Morag: *(Full of wonder)* Ah mynd hir sayin sumthing o the kynd, but ma guidman – Ah mean the Puddok – wesna thare at the tyme.

Prince: That's juist pairt o the glaumerie. Did yeir sister no tell ye Ah hae the saicont sicht. Dae ye mynd the day ye war mairrit?

Morag: Ah'm haulie lyke ti forget it.

Prince: Ye mynd whan we cleikit thoums? *(He looks closely at her)*
Dae ye mynd?

Morag: *(Astonished)* It wes *you* Ah cleikit thoums wi!
Ye maun be him richt aneuch. Yeir vyce haes chynged a bit, but Ah ken yeir mainner. It *is* you!

Prince: Ma vyce haes chynged kis Ah haena got a puddok's thrappil nou.

Morag: But hou coud sic a thing as this be? Ah'm fair bumbaized!

Prince: Ill magic pat me in the maik o a puddok. Div ye no ken the'r ill magic forby guid.

Morag: But hou did ye git back inti yeir richt shape?

Prince: Ah coud never be loused frae the spell till the day soud cum whan a lassie wad mairrie me o hir ain free wull, an snek aff ma heid whan Ah askit hir til. Afore ye cam alang Ah wes at ma wuts' end. Ah thocht Ah wes gaun ti byde a puddok for the lave o ma days.

Morag: Ye puir man---!

(The Prince and Morag move together to embrace)

Ma puddok! Aw this tyme this is whit ye war richt lyke. Ma ain puddok---!

Prince: Here, cannie on! Less o the puddok---! Ma name is Andrae. Ah wad raither ye thocht o me as a man nou.

Morag: Wow! This wul tak sum gittin uised wi. 'Andrae', Ah lyke the soond o that name. Andrae.....! That wes ma faither's name.

Prince: Ye can never tell whit fowk is lyke bi first appearances.

Morag: Ye hae a guid hert an that's whit maitters maist. Andrae, ma jo---!

(They kiss)

Andrae, wul ye promise me ae thing?

Prince: An whit wad that be, Morag?

Morag: Promise me ye wul never gang back ti be-in a puddok again!

Prince: Deil a fears! This wul dae for me. *(He kisses her again)*
This is the wey it wes weirdit sen afore the warld began.

CURTAIN