

'WRAITH'

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STORY TELLER)

Welcome! Sit! Wisht! A' pray thee . Stay; a'n a'll tell thee a tale!

A tale! A tale! A tyale! A story; I'm a teller of' tyales. Past, present; aye- an future.

Theer 's some that would say- a tyales mair than a story... Yit, a'll leave that to thee; to thy own judgment .

This days tyale's about a lass and a mystery.... Even a' dinvn't know't a't answers:
Oo'r coast is a place of many a mystery... Theer's some even say that Aurther rests here
! A' know wee'r thee'rs a golden coffin! Or so tis said! Dost thoo know oot on't? Nay?
Wat about.....
Smugglers... Knights... Saints... Ghosts... Wraiths... Aye! ghosts and wraiths: Dost thoo
know which be which?

JOHN) A'h know which is which!

TELLER) Whisht! Thoo'll mabee' spoil it!

It was lang, lang aga, weel oot o' livinn memory, though nut forgotton.

Lass's name was Isobell. She was will-full, n'd spoilt! Wasted! But a'rite at bottom!

She wus rich, baith in her own rite a'n in expectation from her mother- who' was

twice widowed; richly widowed at that! ...and, as thoo must know, woman of

these North Western lands carried baith birth rite a'n land rite. Gold aye- and lands to

which Isobell already had tital, were her's be way of her maternal grandmother..

A'n yance Isobell was turned eighteen, if she were wed, thee'r was yit mair to come frae an Uncle-no say lang deed.

To be sae rich, was better th'n been poor. Yit, thee'r was danger in such wealth! Many woman lived oot their lives in forced marriage which was captivity in a'but name; n' a' for't sake of land rites they carried.

Yit; as a' said... Isobell was wilfull, spoilt, a'n- a force to be reconed with! She could ride as far a'n fast as any man; a'n wus nut above stuffing her jewels into her saddlebags a'n tecking of! Her Mother had locked her in mair than ance, a'n she, wid help frae Isobells Aunt was determined to have t' lass married afore she were eighteen!

.....
Aunt/Mother enter; speaking)

Aunt) Nut a day! nut ane day more...

Mother) Whisht! Whisht! Tek it gently. Theer's suitors in plenty...
A'n if we git it rite...

A) We git it rite? Wat's to git rite... She'll wed on oor choosin; a'n nut ane day ower eighteen!

M) That's nut my meaning....

A)Aye! but it's mine! Not ane day ower...

M) ...if.....'we' git this rite... It's thy responsibility as much as mine...

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A) Aye! Mebee' ... Nut ane day ower eighteen...or she could loose rites...

M) Hush... Whisht! Let me state my meaning... She could be 'My Lady' ... If we git it rite! Hush... Theer's a Laird!

A) A Laird?

M) Aye, land and tital.

A) That's mair like...

M) Land and tital! Noo wilt thoo whisht 'n listen?

F)Aye! mebe! **** Wat's she's doin owere thee'r... ****

M)Leave her be f'r noo...This 'as got to be done rite

A) As Godmother, Aye! N' guardian a'll see it nee'r other way.

.....
***Isobell can be seen strolling with a young man...as Aunt and Mother move away,
but stay in sight: Over music, StoryTeller walks between speaking....

TELLER) Done rite! Aye! Done rite! Frae birth t' death, in this world of land an' tital, it

a' ad' t' be done rite! 'Dun rite' ...A'n by force if need be! Isobell; sune t' be 'My Lady'

Isobell; if her mother had her wish; was rather older than wat would be thout as 'usual' to

be still whithoot a husband, tekin into account her wealth, expectations 'n rites:

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Tell'n truth she'd been betrothed as a child, t' lad had been barley fower 'n she a yeer or so younger; oath 'ad been sworn in their absence – laa'l things 'ad niver met! Yit nowt 'ad come on't.

Twas said lad 'ad been killed! He'd disappeared in a skirmish; n' still little mair th'n a bairn! F'r ance y' legs were lang enough t' hold sturrp- into battle y' went!

In't field young lad 'ad ridden, rite proud t' be by his brothers side.... n' he wus niver seen agyan! So it's said...

It was ance said lads death had somat to de' wid Isobells faither... Yit he hisell wus killed nut sae lang efter-so who'se to say? Many a stranger thing had, has nd' will 'appened!

.....
***Mother and Aunt move forward and beckon Isobell to-ward them... as they move
Storyteller walks between*** The man stays in sight***
.....

TELLER) Here come M' Ladies; Isobells Mother n' Aunt. Aunts well enough married ,
'er husbands on't Borders; her ain bairns still in't nusrey. She's well determined t' help
git Isobell of her sisters hands... Neither c'n see wats under their determined nose's.
.....

M) Daughter.....

I)Aye! Madame Aunt....

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A) Marriage...

I) Marriage...

M) Aye lass. Marriage..

I) Marriage...

M) Thine...

I) Mine...

A) Divna' play t' fool wid us lass... A' stood proxy for thy betrothal...

I) He deed... His blood wus spilt... So twas said...

A) So twas said...

M) So 'a know and believe... Thy Aunt stood proxy for thy betrothal..

A) Deed or no... Thy betrothed is nay mair...

M) Suitors thoo has in plenty... Tis my duty...

A) An' mine...

M) To see thee weel married...

A) ...an' sune...

M) Well; an' sune married...

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Isobell) A'v nee'r objection t' marriage...

M) Nee'r objection...

A) Wat...

M) ...thoo's nay choice lass...

I) Nay choice? Nay objection say lang as a as a'marry m' choice...

M) Wat!

A) Wat!

M) Thy choice!

Isobell) A' Love as none av' loved afoore...

she looks across to lad, he smiles and bows

.....
TELLER) She loves as none av' loved afoore... Rite under their noses...
.....

M) Thoo has nee'r power t' refuse...

I) He that a' love, has land an' men...

M) He'd fight fr' thee... Ow' did thoo meet?

I) Aye! He would...

M) Did thoo hear me lass ...Ow' Aye..n' wee'r? Name him... let him stand alang-side t'other suitors...

A) Wat's his kin?

M) Is 'He' a Laird? Name him...

I) Nay! A'll nut name him...

M) Nut name him! Then bring him...Let him name hi'sen...

I) Bring him?

she's puzzled-looks across to where he waits, he nods.

A) Wee'!

M) Wilt thoo bring him?

Aunt) When?

I) Tween dusk an' dawn...

She walks across to where he waits-mother and aunt come to-gether

A) We av' men enough...mair cud be sent foor...It'd tek scarce two days ride...

M) We'll see him fust, due it rite...If he 'as men-'aapen he's rich enough...

.....
TELLER) Loves as none as loved afoore...Oo' many times has that been said...

'As it 'iver been meant ? Mebee'; mebee it has....