

Scene Eleven – Bessie’s prison cell

[BESSIE *kneels centre stage, with a spotlight on her and the rest of the stage in darkness.*]

BESSIE I thought I was helpin folk, but noo they tell me I was daein the devil’s work. Yet, mibbie we are aw in danger o daein the devil’s work when we spread lees aboot ither folk, fear them, an hate them, an blame thaim for aw oor troubles. For when we dae that, the bluid has frozen in oor veins, an oor herts hae shrivelt up intae wee hardened knots . . . an we are nocht but deid trees in a black bare wuid.

BESSIE DUNLOP, THE WITCH OF DALRY

[*As ‘Fine Flooers’ begins BESSIE is again left in shadow or silhouetted. When the singer reaches the second last verse, BESSIE rises and walks very slowly into the darkness.*]

But neebour dear, whit dae I find?
Fine flooers in the valley,
Ye huvnae proved tae me sae kind
An the green leafs faw sae early.