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Scene One – Turnbull and Dewar arrive on Tìree

Pre-show

LX ***opening state***

FX *pre-show playlist*

FX ***pre-show animations***

Show start

LX ***fade to black***

FX *fade and stop pre-show playlist*

LX ***fade to transition state***

Music performance or FX: M' Ailm air Eilean Thiriodh (My Helm on Course for Tìree)

FX *Animation*

LX ***fade up general wash and aisles***

FX *sea and seabirds*

Enter Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon via audience aisle

They move slowly up the aisle towards the stage, encumbered with bags and equipment, and travelling in a boat of some kind.

They move with effort, pausing and looking around, McKinnon is grunting and groaning with the effort of moving the boat through the water. They reach the end of the audience aisle.

Turnbull Are we there yet?

McKinnon Please stop asking that.

Turnbull I don't travel very well in small boats

McKinnon We'll be there soon enough

Turnbull I'm just saying there must be an easier way to get to Tìree

McKinnon This is the usual way

Turnbull Don't you have a bigger boat?

McKinnon I do, but it's out fishing

Dewar We'll be there soon enough, Turnbull

Turnbull But why did we sail to that other island first-

McKinnon - Coll -

Turnbull Yes, Coll, when I'm paying you to take us to Tìree?

McKinnon I was dropping off supplies for my grandmother.

Turnbull Couldn't you have dropped us on Tìree first?

McKinnon I could, but didn't you like seeing Coll? It's a fine place.

Dewar I think you should leave it. She knows what she's doing.

Turnbull Alright

Dewar So let me get this right, Turnbull. You're going to spend an entire year measuring the island of Tìree and counting up all its people?

- Turnbull Correct, but not just that. The Duke wants to know about the land, the farms, the houses.
- Dewar Reducing it all to numbers, no doubt.
- Turnbull There will be numbers, yes, but also a map, and lists of names and crops and villages.
- Dewar How on earth do you measure an entire island?
- Turnbull That's what those chains are for.
- McKinnon Those chains that are half sinking my boat.
- Dewar I did think we were awfully close to the water.
- Turnbull I use chains to measure the distances and angles, and I map the land from there.
- Dewar And that's why you've hired young Mistress McKinnon here to work with you?
- Turnbull Yes, if she ever gets us to Tiree. But what about you? John Dewar, did you say?
- Dewar That's correct.
- Turnbull And you're working for the Duke as well? What are you doing?
- Dewar I'm a collector, Mr Turnbull. I collect stories.
- Turnbull What kind of stories?

Dewar Stories people tell. Traditional tales told at ceilidhs, people's life stories, strange events, gossip from down the street. I listen to them and write them down.

Turnbull Why do you do that?

Dewar I'm making sure they don't get lost. Stories are what set us humans apart from anything else in creation. Stories are the life blood of a community. Without stories we might as well be a herd of goats in a field.

McKinnon There's no goats on Tiree.

Turnbull Really? I'd better make a note of that.

Turnbull takes out a notebook and pencil and makes a note.

Dewar You'll probably want to know why there are no goats on Tiree.

Turnbull Yes, I probably will.

Dewar So you'll need a story to explain it.

Turnbull Just a reason is good enough.

Dewar Sure, but a reason is a kind of story. You see, we're all storytellers, Turnbull. Even you.

Turnbull I'm an engineer, Mr Dewar. Not much time for stories.

Dewar We'll see if we can change that.

Turnbull Where are you headed first on Tiree?

Dewar Just where the wind takes me.

McKinnon There's plenty of wind on Tiree.

Dewar You're just full of stories yourself, aren't you Miss McKinnon? Where would you recommend the wind takes me first?

McKinnon We're headed for Grianal

Dewar Grianal; where's that?

McKinnon Right there

Turnbull and Dewar look round.

FX crossfade to waves lapping

Dewar Ah! You've got an answer to your question at last, Turnbull. We're there! Welcome to Tiree!

Turnbull Welcome to Tiree yourself, Mr Dewar. Looks like we'll be starting out together.

Dewar Well, McKinnon. Any stories about Grianal that you can tell me?

McKinnon No.

Dewar Okay. I'll ask around.

McKinnon You might talk to the old man in the cottage up the bank there.

Dewar Ah. Thank you.

Turnbull Let's get these chains off the boat and start measuring some land.

Exit Dewar. Turnbull and McKinnon unload the boat and exit in a different direction.

FX fade and stop waves lapping

LX *fade to transition state*

Scene Two – The Tíree Mermaid

FX *Animation*

LX ***beach***

FX *sea washing in kelp, sea birds*

The sea shore. Kelp is distributed around the stage in lines and clumps. One large clump conceals the body of the mermaid.

Enter Katharine, Flora, Martha and Anna. They are playing on the beach. They jump off the stage towards the audience front row and aisles, then run back as if waves are chasing them.

Flora picks up a piece of seaweed and drapes it over her head.

Flora Look! New hair!

Anna Give me some!

Flora picks up another piece of kelp and tosses it to Anna, who drapes it over her head.

Katharine Flora! Anna! Put it down; it smells.

The two girls throw the kelp back down.

Flora I'm tired of collecting shells. Let's draw pictures in the sand.

Martha Over here!

They all follow Martha up stage and start drawing pictures in the sand.

During the courtroom section they quietly separate to different parts of the stage.

FX *fade and stop sea washing in kelp*

LX ***Courtroom***

Justice ..and where had they come from, these girls?

Colin They were on the beach at Grianal, just playing I think.

Justice Why did they leave the beach to find you?

Colin They said there was something on the shoreline. In the kelp.

Justice What was it?

LX ***beach***

FX *sea washing in kelp*

Katharine Oh! Oh no! Come and look at this!

Martha What is it?

Katharine I don't know. Don't come too close.

They crowd around the mermaid

Flora Is it a fish? Or a seal?

Anna Is it dead?

Katharine It's a fish down there, but look at the rest of it.

Martha Looks like a boy. A dead boy.

Flora Poke it, Katharine. See if it wakes up.

Eliza I'll do it!

Anna Don't! You don't poke dead people.

Martha It might not be dead

Flora How would you know?

Anna I've seen a dead person

Martha You have not, Anna.

Flora Did they look like that?

Anna No. Didn't have a fish tail.

Katharine Look, it's not moving, and some of the skin is a bit..

Martha ..rotten

Flora I feel sick

Anna Do you think it's someone from Tiree?

Katharine We need to tell someone. We can't just leave a dead ..er.. fish person
on the beach.

Martha Mr MacNiven's farm is up there. We could fetch him.

Katharine One of us should stay here. In case..

Martha In case what?

Katharine I don't know. Just in case.

Flora In case it's not dead?

They all jump back in alarm

Anna I'm not staying!

Martha Nor am I!

Eliza I'll stay!

Katharine No-one's staying! Come on Eliza!

Eliza stays anyway and the other girls all turn and run from the stage together, down the aisle.

Flora Whose dead body did you see?

Anna I don't know. It was in a dream.

Eliza lifts the body with her foot, then panics and runs after them.

Katherine Mr MacNiven! Mr MacNiven!

LX courtroom

FX fade and stop sea washing in kelp

Colin I didn't know what to think. All sorts washes up on these beaches, including plenty of dead things. And children have these imaginations that turn rocks into castles and kelp into sea dragons.

Justice but you decided to go and look anyway?

Colin Well, I had a good reason, sir. I thought it might be my brother.

Justice Who is your brother?

Colin Malcolm. He's a fisherman. Or he was.

LX beach

Enter Malcolm on stage.

Malcolm Colin! I'm leaving now!

Colin approaches Malcolm.

Colin I told you, Malcolm, I don't like the look of that sea.

Malcolm I know, brother, but we've got a good boat and a good crew.

Colin Even good boats go down in bad storms, Malcolm. Look at the shadows on the water.

Malcolm I've seen worse. We've been waiting three weeks. The tide's good and the fish are rising. Don't you want to eat fish again?

Colin Not enough to risk losing my brother

Malcolm Are you saying we're not good sailors?

Colin No, of course not

Malcolm Anyway, we're going. We'll be back in a week, with more fish than this island can eat!

They hug, and Malcolm exits.

The girls run up the aisle to Colin

Katharine Mr MacNiven!

Colin What is it girls? I could hear you all the way across the field!

Martha There's a dead thing on the beach!

Colin There's always dead things on the beach. Is it a seal?

Flora No, it's a boy

Anna It's half a boy!

Katharine And half a fish

Colin Wait, wait. Half a fish? Half a boy? What is it?

Katharine It's a person. A dead person, on the beach, in the kelp.

Colin A dead person? You're sure?

Flora Come and see it.

Colin All right. I'll bring one of the other workers. Duncan! Over here! Come with us to the shore!

Enter Duncan. They all move off down the aisle with the girls leading and chattering in excitement. Colin returns to the court.

LX courtroom

Justice but it wasn't your brother?

Colin No sir, thank God. His boat had been gone for three weeks and we all feared the worst. I felt sick at the thought of finding him dead on the beach, but when I got there it was not my brother.

Justice Who was it?

Colin No man I ever knew, nor any creature I've ever seen before.

Justice Maxwell reads from a sheet of yellow paper

Justice You described it to the clerk as a boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age, with dark skin and small ears.

Colin That's right. My own son was nearly that age and this was about the same size. But only as far as the waist. After that..

Justice After that, what was it?

Colin It was a fish's body, with a forked tail and fins. Like a mackerel.

LX ***beach***

FX *sea washing in kelp*

The girls and Duncan return to the stage. They gather around the mermaid body. Colin moves to join them.

Duncan Looks like a mackerel

Colin Big mackerel, but I see what you mean.

Katharine What are we going to do with it, Mr MacNiven?

Colin I don't know Katharine.

Duncan This was a person. We can't leave him here.

Colin You're right Duncan.

Duncan We should lift him to the edge of the field and bury him properly.

Flora Where the sea can't touch him any more

Anna And dogs won't eat him

Martha You're so disgusting Anna

Anna That's what happens! You should see what our dog eats sometimes..

Flora We don't want to know, Anna.

Colin Anna's right. This body's already been torn by gulls, and dogs will find it if we leave it here.

Anna See?

Martha Still disgusting

Duncan I'll fetch the barrow and we can lift it.

Exit all. Colin moves to the court room.

LX *courtroom*

FX *fade and stop sea washing in kelp*

Justice Where did you take the body?

Colin There's a sand bank over the rise, above the beach. We took him up there in the barrow, and Duncan and I dug a grave.

Justice Did you mark the grave?

Colin We found two big stones to mark the head and foot of the grave, and smaller stones to cover the body.

Enter the four girls and Duncan. They stand together looking down at the grave.

Justice When did all this happen Mr MacNiven?

Colin It was the beginning of the harvest time, maybe 1794 or 1795

Justice So, about eighteen years ago?

Colin Yes sir.

Justice and where are the others, the children and your worker from that day?

Colin Well, one of the little girls, Anna, died of the influenza that winter. The others are grown and have families. Martha moved away to Orkney. My worker Duncan, he went to be a soldier and is at war in France.

Justice Your brother?

Colin Never returned.

The girls and Duncan leave the stage one by one, starting with Anna.

Justice I would like to see this grave. My son Neil Maxwell is a Doctor and can examine this strange creature. Can you take us?

Colin Of course.

LX *beach*

FX sea washing in kelp

Justice and Colin move to the graveside. Neil joins them, kneeling over the grave and examining the body. Dewar enters, standing to the side watching and writing in his notebook.

Neil There's not much left after all this time. I need more time to examine this strange specimen.

Justice What can you see, Neil?

Neil stands up

Neil There's a skeleton, as you described. A fish's tail bones and a child's torso. Almost mermaid-like.

Justice I wonder who he was.

Colin Who knows? But he was somebody's son.

Exit Justice and Neil. Dewar joins Colin at the graveside.

Dewar Am faca tu creutair coltach ri sin riamh a-rithist?

Colin Chan fhaca. Ach chuala mi mu fheadhainn eile.

Dewar Agus sgrìobh am Britheamh a h-uile facal anns a' chunntas aige?

Colin Sgrìobh, agus thug e orm m' ainm a chur ris a h-uile duilleag a dhearbhadh gur e an fhìrinn a bh' agam.

Dewar Bu toil leam an sgeul agaibhse a sgrìobhadh cuideachd airson 's nach tèid i air chall.

Colin Gu dearbh

Dewar Mòran taing

Exit Colin. Dewar remains on stage, sitting and writing in his notebook

TRANSLATION

Dewar Did you ever see a creature like that again?

Colin Not me, but I've heard of others.

Dewar And the Justice wrote it all in his report?

Colin Yes, and made me sign every page to say it was true.

Dewar I'd like to write up your story as well, so it doesn't get lost.

Colin Of course

Dewar Thank you.

Exit Colin. Dewar remains on stage, sitting and writing in his notebook

FX fade and stop sea washing in kelp

LX Transition state

FX Music performance: The Greenhill Mermaid

Scene Three – Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon visit Hough

FX *animation*

LX ***general wash, centre focus***

Enter McKinnon and Turnbull. Dewar is sitting writing.

Turnbull I'll go to the other side tomorrow, as far as the sand bank.

McKinnon Couldn't we have left the chain there, instead of me carrying it all the way back here?

Turnbull Oh yes, I suppose we could.

McKinnon sighs and rolls her eyes.

Dewar There's a strange creature buried in that sandbank, I heard today.

Turnbull What kind of creature?

Dewar Half boy and half fish. Found on the beach there in 1795 or so, and buried in the bank.

Turnbull A mermaid?

Dewar Well, something of that sort.

McKinnon I've seen a couple. They come close to the shore in the spring.

Turnbull That's just seals isn't it?

Dewar It could be seals, or it could be mermaids.

Turnbull No such thing as mermaids.

- Dewar No?
- Turnbull Of course not. Mythical creatures, like selkies, and faerie people.
- Dewar Oh, so they don't exist either?
- Turnbull There's no scientific evidence of these creatures, Dewar.
- Dewar And you scientists have searched inside all the oceans to make sure there are no mermaids hiding there? And all the caverns under the earth for faerie folk?
- Turnbull It's not for me to disprove your myths, Dewar. I work from evidence, and there's no evidence of mermaids.
- Dewar What about the one buried under the sandbank at Grianal beach?
- Turnbull If you find it for me, I'll take a look at it.
- Dewar No need! A Doctor Neil Maxwell examined it in 1812 and certified it as described. It's right there in the records.
- Turnbull What do you say, McKinnon?
- McKinnon I've heard the story. My second cousin Duncan was the farm worker who dug the grave.
- Dewar Do you know where it is?
- McKinnon No, it could be anywhere on that sandbank, but it's a couple of miles long.
- Turnbull I have notes to finish before it gets dark. Let's get moving, if you're finished here, Dewar.

Dewar Yes, I've got a story to write up tonight. Where are you headed tomorrow?

Turnbull North, to a set of villages by Ben Hough. There's a lot of sand blowing in and some of them risk being buried by it.

Dewar Buried villages? That sounds like a place for stories.

Turnbull Maybe. Sounds like a place they won't be living in for long. Let's go!

Exit Dewar, Turnbull, McKinnon

LX *fade to transition state*

Scene Four – The Lost Villages

LX ***Blackout for films***

FX *Films – The lost village of Hough*

Music - A' Fàgail Muirdat

LX ***fade to transition state***

Scene Five – Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon visit Kenavara

FX Animation

LX *general wash, centre focus*

Enter Dewar and McKinnon

Dewar Tha a' mhuir mar gum biodh i a' toirt bhuainn agus a' toirt dhuinn co-ionnan ann an Tiriodh, a NicFhionghain

McKinnon Tha sin fìor. Tha sinn cho eòlach air a' mhuir 's a tha sinn air buille a' chridhe againn fhìn.

Dewar An robh sibh eòlach air duine sam bith bho na bailltean sin aig Beinn Hough?

McKinnon Thàinig feadhainn a dh'fhuireach faisg air taigh mo pheathar ann an Cill Mo Luthaig. Bhiodh iad a' sguabadh nan taighean aca a h-uile latha mar gum biodh na taighean aca làn gainneimh.

Dewar 'S e gnothach doirbh a th' ann na seann chleachdaidhean a bhriseadh. 'S dòcha gun tug e an dachaigh aca nan cuimhne.

McKinnon 'S dòcha.

TRANSLATION

Enter Dewar and McKinnon

Dewar The sea seems to give and take in equal measures on Tiree, McKinnon.

McKinnon It's true. The sea's as familiar as our own heartbeats.

Dewar Did you know anyone from those villages at Ben Hough?

McKinnon Some of them came to live near my sister's place at Kilmoluaig. Always sweeping their houses, like they were still full of sand.

Dewar It's hard to break old habits. Maybe it reminded them of home.

McKinnon Maybe.

Enter Turnbull

Turnbull A change of plan today.

Dewar What is it?

Turnbull I want to visit Hynish and the caves on the coast there.

McKinnon We'll need to wait for the low tide, tomorrow morning, to see the caves.

Turnbull That's fine. We'll get there by nightfall and I'll start surveying in the morning.

Dewar Is the Kenavara cave in that direction, McKinnon?

McKinnon Aye, it's the biggest of them. Not easy to get to.

Dewar And there are stories about what lies inside it, aren't there?

McKinnon There are. Nothing good in that cave. You'd best take a sword with you.

Turnbull A sword?

Dewar The cave at Kenavara is said to be the entrance to an underworld.

Turnbull Many caves are, but I think a rope might be more use than a sword

Dewar Not in this cave, I've heard. Isn't that right, McKinnon?

McKinnon I won't be going down there myself, if that's what you mean, Mr Dewar.

LX *fade to transition state*

Exit Dewar, McKinnon, Turnbull, after light fade.

Scene Six – The Piper of Kenavara

FX Animation - Kenavara

LX *warm indoor light, with centre focus*

FX background laughter and chattering

Enter all, laughing and chatting. They sit and stand around the stage area, gathered to listen to music and storytelling.

FX fade and stop background laughter and chatter

FX Ceilidh piper tune

When the tune finishes the crowd shouts and applauds.

Louisa What did I tell you? Ceilidh has to be the best piper on Tìree.

Sorcha You're right, Louisa; no-one else on the island can play the pipes like that.

Connie Play another tune, Ceilidh!

Louisa There isn't a competition she wouldn't win.

Sorcha She was playing the chanter like her father when she was only three years old!

Connie Remember the time she played the pipes down by the shore and her father heard her in his fishing boat out past Gunna!

Louisa Play us another tune Ceilidh!

FX short bagpipe tune

Sorcha I say she's the finest piper in all the islands and the mainland too; the finest in Scotland!

Connie The best piper in the world, and she lives right here on Tìree!

Louisa You know who they say are the best pipers in the world?

Sorcha Who?

Louisa The faerie folk who live under Tìree. I heard that, when they play the pipes, you can't stop your feet from dancing.

FX faint menacing whispers

Sorcha Maybe, but look what happens when Ceilidh plays *her* tunes. The whole island comes together for a dance!

Louisa That's true. Do you think she's as good as the faeries?

Sorcha Of course she is! We should find out!

Connie How?

Sorcha Challenge them to a competition! If they think they're better, let them prove it!

FX menacing whispered echo sounds rise and fade

Connie What was that?

A short silence while they all listen

Louisa I didn't hear anything.

Sorcha What do you think Ceilidh? Are you better than a faerie piper?

Ceilidh Everyone says I am.

All cheer and whoop approval

Connie I know a cave over at Kenavara that goes down into the faerie tunnels.

Louisa You could play a tune in the mouth of the cave and all the faerie folk
under the island will hear you!

Connie Come on! Let's do it now!

Another loud cheer and whooping. They all jump up.

Louisa Ceilidh; play us another tune to get us there!

They surround Ceilidh, and move off stage. Louisa leads them down the aisle.

FX short bagpipe tune (background)

LX crossfade to pools of light and shadow, dim

FX wind blowing and sea crashing (looped)

Enter Louisa, Sorcha and Connie

Sorcha I didn't think it would be this far

Louisa The cave's just down there. You can get to it with this rope.

Enter the rest of the crowd, with Ceilidh

Ceilidh I'll go down first, then lower my pipes down, and the dog.

Sorcha You're taking the dog?

Ceilidh He goes everywhere with me

They "lower" Ceilidh down the rope using the aisle, followed by the pipes and the little dog, carried by Mary and Magaidh

- Magaidh It's so windy you've got Boris Johnson hair!
- Mary Well you've got Donald Trump hair!
- Caitlin What's she going to do?
- Kirsty She's challenging the faerie folk to a competition.
- Olivia This cave goes right down into the faerie tunnels. She'll play her pipes in the cave and they'll hear it all over the island.
- Caitlin What if the faeries get angry?
- Kirsty All they have to do is try and play the pipes better than her.
- Olivia They can't! She's the best piper in all the world!
- Kirsty Is she really taking the dog down there with her?
- FX Short bagpipe tune, distorted*
- Louisa What's wrong?
- Ceilidh *(off stage)* It's too windy!
- Sorcha Go inside the cave!
- Ceilidh begins to play again, further away. She plays a short tune.**
- FX menacing whispered echo sounds rise and fade*
- FX fade and stop wind blowing and sea crashing*
- Mary What was that sound?
- Bridget Felt like a shiver up my spine.

Eilidh I heard that sound once, when my father ran the plough over a faerie hill. I think it made them angry.

Magaidh But the faeries love a competition. They'll send their best piper to challenge her.

Mary I'm not sure this is a good idea.

Bridget Is she still playing?

Eilidh I can't hear her any more. Let's get closer.

Magaidh Wait, aren't the pipes coming from over there now?

Mary, Bridget, Eilidh and Magaidh move to one side, listening, and exit the stage

FX Bagpipe music starts up, faintly, on one side, moving slowly around the audience. Continues throughout next sequence

Louisa She must be moving into the cave!

Sorcha Quick! Follow the sound!

Connie I think it's this way; come on!

Louisa, Sorcha and Connie exit a different way, following the sound.

Caitlin crouches down to listen to the ground

Caitlin I can still hear her playing. She's right underneath us!

Kirsty There's no piping from the faeries.

Olivia They know they're not as good as her.

Caitlin It's moving this way; follow me!

Caitlin, Kirsty, Olivia exit a different way from the others.

LX *fade to transition state*

Enter Ceilidh.

Ceilidh Hello? Where are you? Come out and play your pipes!

FX *echoed voices and sharp discordant sounds*

LX *random flashes*

Ceilidh I'm going to play my pipes until you come out!

FX *animation of cave*

LX *fade to general wash, 50%. Start slow fade over 4 minutes to dim.*

Enter Louisa, Sorcha and Connie. They have arrived at Balinoe

Louisa Where are we?

Sorcha Those are the houses at Balinoe, over there.

Connie How can she be under Balinoe?

Louisa I heard that there are caves and tunnels under all of Tiree. They call Tiree the "upside-down island" because all the hills and valleys are under the ground, while it's completely flat on top.

Sorcha We went into that cave at Kenavara one day last summer. If you stood very still and listened you could hear the cave breathing in and out. My sister thought we were standing in a monster's huge mouth, and if we stayed there it would smash us with its teeth and swallow us.

Connie This way, the music's moving this way! I hope the dog's alright

They move away, following the sound of pipes.

Enter Mary, Bridget, Eilidh and Magaidh. They have arrived somewhere, but they don't know where.

Mary I think we're completely lost.

Bridget We should have turned the other way after Balephuil.

Eilidh Can you even hear the music any more?

Magaidh All I can hear is seagulls.

Mary Look, all we have to do is navigate by the stars.

Magaidh How do you do that?

Mary Well I don't know. I thought your family had a boat.

Magaidh We do, but it's raining. There aren't any stars.

Eilidh This is hopeless. What about going back the way we came?

Bridget Which way is that?

Eilidh I'm not sure. This way, I think.

Mary Wait, listen.

They listen and hear the pipes playing faintly

Magaidh Yes! It's coming from over there!

Mary Isn't it more over this direction?

Eilidh I hope the dog is okay.

Bridget Come on, it's this way.

Mary, Bridget, Eilidh and Magaidh exit in a new direction.

Caitlin, Kirsty, Olivia and Cathal have arrived at Crossapol

Caitlin So my grandfather and Donald climbed down the rope into the small boat and cut it loose.

Kirsty Did the French soldiers catch them?

Caitlin They turned the ship around but my grandfather got the boat into the rocks and they escaped.

Olivia ..and is that why he's known as Donald the Pilot? Because he piloted the ship that rescued Bonnie Prince Charlie?

Kirsty Sssh! Don't say that name too loud!

Caitlin That's right. He was a hero but they still imprisoned him in a cave at Vaul for nine months.

Kirsty Where are we?

Olivia This is the beach at Crossapol

Caitlin I can still hear Ceilidh playing the pipes under our feet! She's moving this way! Come on! I wonder what's happening to the dog down there.

Caitlin, Kirsty, Olivia exit.

All move to the stage area and gather together. Louisa and her group arrive last.

Louisa Look ! Here's everyone else! We've all ended up at Scarinish.

Sorcha It's been hours, and Ceilidh's still playing her pipes.

Louisa Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

Sorcha Why?

Louisa Well, how is she going to get out of those caves?

Mary Did you hear that? We're in Scarinish.

Magaidh And?

Mary You said we were at Salum.

Magaidh Look it was raining. Everywhere looks the same when it's raining.

Eilidh At least we can buy some food in Scarinish.

Bridget Not at four o'clock in the morning, and not in 1790.

FX Fade and stop bagpipe music sequence

Caitlin Listen everyone! The music's stopped!

All stop and listen.

Louisa What's happened?

FX Bagpipes "Three hands" song

Kirsty I know that tune.

Olivia So do I. It's called "I wish I had three hands, two for my pipes and one for my sword"

Sorcha Why is she playing that?

Caitlin Did she take a sword with her?

Louisa No. We didn't think she would need one.

Sorcha I've got a bad feeling about this.

FX a dog barks twice

FX fade and stop "three hands" music

Connie We have to go and find her.

Louisa We can't. We'll never find our way back to Kenavara in the dark. We'll have to wait until morning. Let's go home, everyone.

Connie What about the dog?

Louisa See you all in the morning, back at the caves!

All exit in different directions

LX fade to transition state: 20 second fade

LX slow fade up bright morning light

FX seashore, waves breaking on rocks (loop)

Enter Louisa, Sorcha, Connie. They are back at Kenavara, at the cave mouth.

Louisa I can't believe we let her go in there on her own.

Sorcha I know. Last night it just seemed like a bit of fun. I'm not so sure this morning.

Connie We should have given her a sword.

Louisa Ceilidh? Ceilidh? Are you in there??

FX menacing whispers echo, with discordant sounds

Sorcha Ceilidh? I don't like this, Louisa.

Louisa Nor do I. There's a weird feeling in this cave. Like my skin is buzzing.

Sorcha Should we go in?

Louisa I'm not going in there.

Connie Nor me. Did you hear that sound?

Louisa What have we done?

Sorcha points suddenly

Sorcha Look! There! Something's moving!

Louisa Where?

Sorcha Down there, right inside the cave! I'll go and look.

Connie I'm coming with you.

Sorcha and Connie run into the cave mouth. Louisa watches anxiously.

Louisa What is it?

Sorcha *(from inside the cave)* It's Ceilidh's dog!

Sorcha and Connie return from the cave carrying the dog, which has no hair. They all fuss around the dog.

The others arrive in a group.

Mary What's going on? Have you found her?

Sorcha We found her dog!

Connie But it's got no hair!

Mary Oh! Poor dog! Let me see!

FX *fade and stop seashore, waves crashing*

They generally fuss around the dog, and move off stage. Louisa remains on stage and sits down.

Enter Dewar, who sits down next to her.

Dewar Agus b' e seo an uamh far an deachaidh i a-steach?

Louisa 'S e, anns an dearbh spot seo. Chaidh i sìos air an ròpa, thog i a' phìob aice, agus thoisich i air port a ghabhail, dìreach an seo. Bha e na fhuaim àlainn, làn dòchais is cumhachd, agus thug am mac-talla brag air na clachan agus air a' mhuir.

Dewar Agus dè a thachair an sin?

Louisa Cha do thachair dad. Cha tàinig i a-mach riamh. Chan fhaca sinn i riamh tuilleadh, 's cha chuala sinn i a' gabhail pòrt air a' phìob a-rithist.

Dewar Dè a tha sibh a' smaoin eachadh a thachair dhi?

Louisa Uaireannan tha e a' còrdadh rium smaoin eachadh gu bheil i ann an àite air choreigin shìos an sin fhathast. 'S dòcha gu bheil na daoine beaga cho toilichte leis a' chluich aice 's gu bheil iad ag iarraidh a cumail air an son fhèin agus gu bheil i toilichte fuireach còmhla riutha. Uaireannan eile tha smaoin agam gun robh farmad aca rithe air sgàth 's gun robh i na b' fheàrr na iad fhèin, agus gun tug iad i am bruid.

Dewar Feumaidh gu bheil sibh ga h-ionndrainn.

Louisa A h-uile latha. Nan robh mi air dol còmhla rithe, 's dòcha gun robh i an-seo fhathast. No nan robh sinn air claidheamh a toirt dhi ... no rud air choreigin.

Dewar Cha b' urrainn dhuibh fios a bhith agaibh dè a bhiodh air tachairt.

Louisa Am bi sibh a' sgrìobhadh na sgeòil aice?

Dewar Bithidh.

Louisa Agus bidh sibh a' sgrìobhadh gum b' i am pìobaire a b' fheàrr air feadh Thiriodh, agus air feadh an t-saoghail?

Dewar Bithidh

Louisa Agus gun robh i na pìobaire a b' fheàrr na daoine beaga Thiriodh?

FX menacing echoing whispers and discordant sounds

Dewar Tha mi a' smaoinichadh gum bu chòir dhuinn falbh.

Louisa Tha, tha mi a' smaoinichadh sin cuideachd

Dewar Mòran taing, Louisa, airson an sgeul mu dheidhinn ur caraaid innse dhomh.

Exit both.

TRANSLATION:

Enter Dewar, who sits down next to her.

Dewar And this was the cave where she went in?

Louisa Yes, right here on this spot. She came down the rope, picked up her pipes and started to play, right here. It was a beautiful sound, full of hope and power, echoing out over the rocks and the sea.

Dewar And then what?

Louisa Nothing. She never came out. We never saw her, or heard her play the pipes, ever again.

Dewar What do you think happened to her?

Louisa Sometimes I like to think she's still down there somewhere. Maybe the faeries liked her playing so much they wanted her for themselves, and she has a happy life with them. But then other times I think they were jealous of her because she was better than them, and they kidnapped her.

Dewar You must miss her.

Louisa Every day. If I'd gone with her, maybe she'd still be here. Or if we'd given her a sword. Or something.

Dewar You can't know what would have happened.

Louisa You'll write down her story?

Dewar I will

Louisa And you'll write that she was the finest piper in all of Tiree, and all of Scotland, and all of the world?

Dewar Yes, I will

Louisa And that she was a much better piper than the faerie folk of Tiree?

FX menacing echoing whispers and discordant sounds

Dewar I think we should be going

Louisa Yes, I think so too.

Dewar Thank you Louisa, for telling me about your friend.

Exit both.

Scene Seven – Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon consider the faeries

FX *seashore and waves breaking*

Enter Turnbull and McKinnon. They stand by the rope down the cliff.

Turnbull How long since he went down there?

McKinnon A few hours. He'll be here shortly; the tide's turned.

Enter Dewar at the aisle. Turnbull and McKinnon pull Dewar up the rope.

Dewar Thanks. Did you hear that sound a few minutes ago?

Turnbull What was it?

Dewar A warning from the faerie folk, I think. That cave is an entrance to their underworld.

McKinnon It stretches the length of Tiree, they say.

Turnbull It's possible, given the geology of these islands. The place could be honeycombed with tunnels.

Dewar I took your warning, McKinnon, and I stayed on the outside.

Turnbull In fear of being kidnapped by the faeries, or just getting lost?

Dewar Well, maybe both. Maybe they're two names for the same thing?

Turnbull What do you mean?

Dewar We can be lost in all sorts of ways, Turnbull. Lost in imagination or memories, lost in fear or wonder, or just plain lost in a cave. Does it matter which?

Turnbull So, one person’s warning from the faeries is just another person’s acoustic echo? Is that what you mean?

Dewar Something like that. Come on, I think we all need a drink and something to eat.

McKinnon I can organise that.

Exit Dewar, Turnbull, McKinnon

FX fade and stop seashore sounds

LX interval state

Voiceover We will now take an interval break for around twenty minutes

FX interval playlist

INTERVAL

After interval

LX fade to black

FX fade and stop interval playlist

Scene Eight – Kelp and Potatoes

LX *fade to transition state*

FX *Animation*

LX *crossfade to beach and aisles*

FX *seashore water washing in kelp*

FX *(Voiceover 1) The manufacture of alkalis by the burning of kelp is believed to have been introduced to Scotland from Ireland in the early 18th century. Alkali was used in the manufacture of soap and glass, and in bleaching. By the mid 1760s it was well established as an industry in Tiree, attracting many hundreds of new resident workers. The process of obtaining the ash involved collecting large quantities of kelp from the sea shores and burning it in trench ovens made from stones.*

The family is gathering kelp from the foreshore and dragging it to a heap on stage. Lachlan and Duncan arrange the gathered kelp into a long trench on stage with sticks and their hands.

In pairs Mhairi & Floraidh drag the kelp through the audience aisles to the front. Janet is watching them.

Isabel paces on the stage, comforting the baby.

Lachlan Put more over this side!

Duncan Spread it out!

Mhairi I'll never get used to this

Floraidh It stinks, and my hands are so sore

Mhairi Help us with this pile Janet; it keeps slipping through my fingers

Janet Coming! I'll get the other side.

Janet joins them and they drag a large pile to the front and help spread it out

Floraidh It's too heavy

Mhairi Take that big piece off the top, Floraidh

They remove some pieces from the top of the pile

Floraidh That's better. Now let's drag it together

Janet Get the stones out of it first. You know how Dad complains about stones and shells

They pick stones out of the kelp, then drag it to the front

Duncan Have you checked it for stones?

Floraidh & Janet Yes Dad!

Duncan You know they won't take it if there are stones

Mhairi We know, Dad!

Floraidh Isabel, do you want me to take the baby for a while?

Isabel He's just gone to sleep. He might wake up if I hand him over

Janet How lucky to be sleeping through this!

Floraidh As soon as he can walk he'll be dragging kelp up the beach like the rest of us

Lachlan This kelp is what puts food in our stomachs and money in our pockets. Stop complaining.

Duncan There's room for more in this trench before we light the fires. Get moving!

Lachlan I'll do some dragging if someone else wants to spread it.

Floraidh I'll do it

Lachlan, Janet and Mhairi return to dragging more kelp up the beach.

Floraidh spreads out the kelp in the trench.

Duncan Those trenches we filled yesterday are ready for the fires.

Floraidh I'll do a last check for stones and shells. Mhairi! Janet! Come and help me!

Floraidh, Mhairi and Janet exit.

Lachlan drags the last pile of kelp to the trench.

Lachlan Are we starting the burning?

Duncan Aye. Go and help your sisters check it over. Then we'll start the fires.

Lachlan exits

Isabel I'll take Angus back. He hates that thick black smoke from the burning.

Duncan We all do, Isabel, but that smoke makes the money to keep him alive.

Isabel I know. I wish I could help.

Duncan Your mother would have been proud of you, caring for your baby brother at your age.

Isabel I'm nearly fourteen, Dad. And besides, what choice do we have?

Duncan See you back at the huts.

Exit Duncan and Isabel in opposite directions

FX fade and stop sea washing in kelp

LX *fade to transition state*

FX *(Voiceover 2) It takes many hands to collect the kelp from the shore, dry it in the sun and stack it in long trenches for burning. Kelp ash is rich in iodine and alkali, and was in demand for the soap and glass industries. Each ton of ash requires twenty two tons of kelp to be collected and dragged up the beach by men, women and children. Kelp brought a period of prosperity to Tìree, and with it a vast population surge, many of whom lived as cottars. The crofters and cottars lived side by side, but while the crofters paid rent to their landlord, the cottars often paid with labour for the right to occupy some of the crofter's lands. Large families in small temporary dwellings.*

LX *fade up to evening, centre focus*

Enter whole family, moving to active tableau of domestic tasks: preparing food, sweeping, washing clothes. In the process they clear away the fabrics used on stage as kelp.

Lachlan, Isabel, Janet move to centre stage in conversation.

Janet Do you remember living in the croft house, Lachlan?

Lachlan I was only six when we lost the croft.

Isabel I was eight. I remember hearing birds nesting in the thatch, and the smell of the peat fire.

Lachlan I remember the birds. And we had a cow.

Isabel Yeah, in the byre. Sometimes it was warmer at her end of the house, even with the fire!

Janet I'd love to have a cow.

Isabel Dad sold her to try and pay the rent.

Lachlan It didn't make any difference. We still lost our home.

Isabel If the kelp had been a few years earlier we might have kept the croft.
Now we have to live *here*.

Lachlan Maybe Mum would still be alive.

A thoughtful pause

Isabel Maybe, but you can't think that way.

Janet Don't wish for more kelp! I hate kelp!

Isabel Kelp gets us money, and money buys us food.

Lachlan But it *is* horrible, Isabel. My hands are like rough wood all the time.

Janet - and my legs hurt from dragging it up the beach.

Isabel What choice do we have?

Janet Do you think we'll ever have a croft again?

Lachlan We're lucky to have this place Janet. There's thousands of people on
Tiree now, since the kelp. There's not enough crofts for everyone.

Janet At least we don't have to *eat* the kelp. That would be the worst.

Isabel I think I hear the baby. Come on, we won't eat anything unless we get a
meal ready.

They disperse to different tasks.

LX *transition state*

Exit all, taking the kelp cloths with them.

*FX (voiceover 3) The population of Tiree increased from just over 1600 in 1769 to nearly
5000 in 1846. Kelp ash, sold from the island in a collective bargain at £7 per ton,*

provided the means to live and pay rent, while potatoes provided food enough for all. But when the wars with the French stopped after 1815, the international market in ash and chemicals opened up, and the prices wavered. Merchants began to look elsewhere for a better bargain, and to question the quality of Scotland's kelp ash.

LX ***fade up to bright morning, aisles***

Enter whole family except Lachlan down the audience aisle. Isabel carries the baby. They are carrying a hurdle filled with kelp ash.

Duncan walks behind.

Janet How much further?

Mhairi It's just ahead.

Floraidh You know the way by now Janet.

Mhairi But I don't see the ship. Where's the ship?

Isabel No ship? Did you say there's no ship?

Floraidh There has to be a ship. Today's the day.

Mhairi Dad! Dad, there's no ship!

Duncan What? Must be late. The ship's always here, and today's the day.

They approach the stage. Enter Lamont, the Chamberlain, standing centre stage.

Mhairi Chamberlain! Is the boat late? We've brought our kelp.

Lamont No boat this month. It's not coming.

(General loud complaining and shock)

Isabel Why is there no ship? You told us to bring our kelp ash today.

Mhairi Everyone's bringing their kelp. We thought you sold the bargain.

Lamont I did, but it's been delayed. There were complaints about the quality. No ship today.

Floraidh What are we supposed to do?

Lamont Turn it around. Take it back. You can't leave it here.

Duncan steps forward from behind the "cart"

Duncan What's going on Chamberlain? Where's the boat?

Lamont I explained to your girls here, Duncan. No boat today, or anytime this month. Lots of kelp ash around these days, and the merchants are getting particular about what they take.

Duncan But we've got rent to pay, and a family to feed.

Lamont Not my fault, Duncan. Take it away. I'll tell you if there's a boat sometime.

Isabel What about our money?

Lamont No boat, no sale, no money. You know how it goes.

Exit Chamberlain. The family turns around the cart and moves back down the audience aisle.

Janet What will we do Dad?

Duncan We've got potatoes in the ground, Janet, and still some meal in the kist. We'll survive.

LX *transition state*

FX (Voiceover 4) Not for the first time, distant events reached across the miles and touched the lives of people who had hardly heard of them. The kelp industry fell on hard times, new technologies rendered the ash redundant, along with thousands of the people who dragged the weeds up the beaches into tangles. In Tiree, too many people now struggled to find a living. At least they had their potato crops to feed them in hard times.

LX *fade up to bright morning, aisles.*

Janet, Isabel, Floraidh walk down the audience aisle with sticks. They are planning to dig for potatoes

Floraidh Come on Isabel, time to lift some new potatoes!

Isabel The first new potatoes are always so good after months of eating old ones.

Janet They're starting to taste yucky, and lots of them are green

Floraidh Don't worry, we've nearly finished the old ones now.

Isabel I'm only eating new ones after today

Janet I can't wait. I'll make up a potato broth tonight.

Floraidh This is a good spot. Though these plants look a bit small.

Isabel And what are those spots on the leaves? Dark green spots.

Janet This one's got black spots. See?

Floraidh Dig these ones here; let's have a look at them.

They dig into the ground and bend to lift the potatoes out of the earth.

Isabel This one's rotten.

Janet So is this. Look, it's shrivelled up like an old apple.

Floraidh The ground must be too wet. Come on, try over here instead.

They move to different places and lift more potatoes.

Isabel It's the same here. Every potato is rotten and mushy.

Janet And these ones smell bad.

Floraidh What's happened to them?

Enter Margaret (neighbour) from another audience aisle. She shouts across to the sisters.

Margaret How are your potatoes?

Isabel Rotten, Margaret. They're all rotten.

Margaret Mine too.

Floraidh Why are they like this?

Margaret It's all over the island. They're all mush and rot. A disease maybe, or a curse?

Janet All of them? The whole island?

Margaret My husband was in Scarinish and Balevulin just yesterday. Same there. Same everywhere. Tatties rotted in the ground.

Isabel What are we going to do?

Janet Without potatoes what are we going to eat?

LX *transition state*

All move to centre stage and sit for a meal, then freeze during the Voiceover.

FX (Voiceover 5) Phytophthora infestans is a fungus-like micro-organism that causes a disease known as potato blight. Brown and then black spots appear on infected tubers, which quickly decay to a foul-smelling mush. Potato blight crossed the Atlantic in 1845 with a shipment of seed potatoes and spread through Ireland and the Scottish Highlands and Islands in the following seasons.

LX *fade up to warm indoors, 50%*

The family is gathered for a meal of porridge and boiled kelp. They are weak and tired. Floraidh holds the baby. Isabel gives small amounts of her food to the baby and to Janet.

Duncan Eat something yourself, Isabel.

Isabel I will Dad, but the young ones need the strength.

Mhairi I can't believe we're eating kelp.

Floraidh It tastes like sick.

Lachlan I feel like I'm going to break my teeth on it.

Duncan It's keeping us alive, boy.

Lachlan Barely.

Isabel Have some more of my oat meal, Lachlan.

She hands over some of the porridge from her bowl to Lachlan.

Lachlan There's more meal coming on a boat next week. They're handing out sacks of it at the pier.

Isabel Will it be like last time? Crowds of us sharing out enough for three meals but it has to last a month?

Mhairi The Chamberlain's trying to help, but they don't understand how bad it is.

Isabel The MacMillans lost their mother last week, and two of the McLean boys are very sick.

Janet Is there any more?

Floraidh Only kelp.

Duncan Give it to Isabel. You've not eaten anything, girl.

Isabel I have enough Dad, give it to the baby.

LX *transition state*

Family members move to positions for the next scene and freeze during the Voiceover

FX (Voiceover 6) The potato became a staple food, enabling families to feed their many children from a crop they could grow themselves. With a large population and little else to eat, the failure of potato crops brought starvation to thousands living on Tìree.

LX *crossfade to uneven shadows, late evening*

Isabel lies still, centre stage. Floraidh and Mhairi sit with her, wiping her face with a cloth.

Duncan sits at the side with his head in his hands.

Enter Lachlan and Janet.

Lachlan What's happened?

Duncan Your sister's ill. They found her

Janet runs over to Isabel

Lachlan Found her? Where?

Janet What's wrong with her?

Duncan She was on the beach. She'd fallen in the kelp. They dragged her out.

Mhairi Careful Janet, she's very weak.

Janet She's so pale!

Lachlan She wasn't eating. I told her to eat.

Floraidh We all told her, Lachlan, but she gave her food to Angus.

Mhairi She's feverish. Fetch some more cold water.

Janet Is she going to die? She's not going to die. She can't die!

Duncan Nobody else is dying in this house, girl. Go fetch the water.

Janet exits with the wash bucket to fetch water

LX slow fade to transition state

Janet returns with the bucket and they soak cloths to wipe Isabel's face.

The family members take turns to care for Isabel. She stirs and moans. Gradually all the family fall asleep as the light fades.

LX fade up to bright morning at 50%

Duncan wakes and looks around. He looks across at Isabel lying still, then crosses to kneel beside her. He touches her face, then her hands with increasing alarm. He moves slowly back from her.

Duncan Oh no... No, no, no... No, no, no, no

Mhairi wakes and looks around. She jumps up and moves across to Isabel

Mhairi Dad?

Duncan She can't be. My Isabel.

Mhairi touches Isabel's face.

Mhairi Isabel?

Floraidh and Lachlan wake up and move across to kneel by Isabel

Floraidh How is she?

Mhairi She's cold, Floraidh. She's dead and cold.

Duncan No, no. She can't die. First her mother and now..

Lachlan sits with Duncan

Lachlan Dad..

Floraidh Come on Mhairi, we have to cover her. Send Janet to fetch Margaret from Scarinish. She'll know what to do.

Mhairi I'll go with her

Floraidh covers Isabel with a blanket. Mhairi wakes Janet and they exit.

Lachlan What are we going to do?

Duncan There's nothing we can do, son. There's not enough food, there's no work.

Lachlan Then we have to leave.

Duncan We're not leaving Tìree.

Lachlan Isabel's dead! Who's going to be next? We have to leave this place!

Duncan No!

Lachlan This can't happen to anyone else, Dad!

All freeze.

LX *transition state*

The family members remain frozen for a few seconds, then leave softly during the voiceover

FX (Voiceover 7) Sometimes we have to look beyond our horizons. With the land no longer able to provide enough nourishment or income, people on Tíree looked reluctantly out to sea. But travel requires money, so a scheme was set up to pay the passage of families to emigrate to Canada. Some sold their stock and crops as part payment, others were loaned the fare and some were simply gifted the means of escape from poverty and starvation. These were people accustomed to change, but still rooted in a land and culture they had to give away to stay alive.

LX *fade up to bright morning*

Enter family members by the audience aisle. Janet carries the baby. They are part of a large crowd of people in the audience aisle all trying to board an emigrant ship.

Enter Purser.

Purser is holding a bundle of papers and consulting them.

Purser You can't board if you're not on my list!

Duncan Stay together! Mhairi, where's the letter the Chamberlain gave you?

Mhairi I've got it Dad, don't worry.

Duncan Take it to him. Show him we're on the list.

Mhairi Come on Floraidh.

Mhairi and Floraidh push their way through the crowd to the front. They approach the Purser.

Purser Names?

Mhairi McArthur family

The Purser looks down his list.

Purser I've got three McArthur families. Which one are you?

Floraidh Our father is Duncan. We're Floraidh and Mhairi.

The Purser looks at his list again, until he finds the names.

Purser Yes, you're here. Five of you.

Mhairi Five?

Floraidh There are six of us.

Purser No, five. There are five on my list. See?

He shows them the list. They look blankly at it.

Floraidh We don't read.

Purser Duncan, Lachlan, Floraidh, Mhairi, Janet.

Mhairi What about Angus? Baby Angus?

Purser No Angus on my list. Sorry.

Floraidh He's a baby. He's our brother.

Purser I don't care who he is, miss. I've got five on my list and every place on this boat is booked already. Are you boarding or not?

Mhairi Wait.

They run back to the family.

Lachlan What's going on Mhairi?

Mhairi They've got the wrong number.

Floraidh They've got five of us on their list. They missed Angus.

Duncan One more won't make a difference. He's a baby.

Mhairi They won't take him. They'll only take five.

Floraidh We can't leave him behind.

Lachlan We can't stay either. I'll talk to the man.

Mhairi No Lachlan. He won't listen.

Janet What are we going to do?

They all look at each other, unsure what to do next. Mhairi comes to a decision.

Mhairi Take Angus. I'll stay.

Duncan What?

Mhairi I'll stay here on Tìree. You go.

Duncan No.

Janet You can't!

Mhairi I'm the oldest now, Dad. I'm nearly thirteen. You can't leave Angus, so leave me instead.

Duncan We'll all stay. We'll get another boat.

Mhairi No Dad. We waited months for this boat. Who knows when the next one will be? I'll live with Margaret and her family. I'll look for a boat and come out to join you. Go, go all of you.

Lachlan It makes sense, Dad. We'll die if we stay here. Mhairi says she'll find a boat and come later.

Duncan You're sure you'll come? You'll get another boat and come to Canada?

Purser Last call! If the McArthur family isn't boarding there's five places for someone!

Lachlan We're coming!

They say their farewells to Mhairi, and board the ship.

LX *fade to warm indoors*

Enter Dewar. He sits with Mhairi.

Mhairi Agus bha sin dà fhichead bliadhna air ais.

Dewar Am faca sibh an teaghlach agaibh a-rithist?

Mhairi Chan fhaca, chan fhaca mi iad air fad. Thàinig mo bhràthair Lachlan do Thiriodh nuair a bha e dhà air fhichead bliadhna a dh' aois. Bha e na mharaiche air bàta-carago. Bha latha fòrlaidh aige ann an Tiriodh agus thàinig e air mo shon. Bha mi pòsda an uair sin agus bha an dithis chloinne agam.

Dewar Agus dè mu dheidhinn chàch?

Mhairi Bhàsaich m' athair as dèidh dà bhliadhna dheug. Dh'ionnsaich mo phiuthar Floraidh leughadh agus sgrìobhadh agus bhiodh i a' cur litrichean thugam. Bhiodh an duine agam gan leughadh dhomh. Tha mi gan cumail anns a' chiste fhathast.

Dewar Càite a bheil ur bràthair an-diugh?

Mhairi Bhàsaich e aig muir, goirid an dèidh dhomh fhaicinn.

Dewar Sgrìobhadh mi an sgeul agaibh, a Mhairi, airson 's gun leugh agus gun cluinn daoine eile i.

Mhairi Am faod mi a faicinn?

Dewar shows her the notebook he has been writing in. He points to a word.

Dewar Seo an t-ainm agaibh

Mhairi Tha mi ga aithneachadh bho na litrichean aig mo phiuthar.

They continue talking quietly as the light fades, then Mhairi exits and Dewar sits at the stage edge looking out to sea.

LX *fade to transition state*

English Translation

Enter Dewar. He sits with Mhairi.

Mhairi And that was forty years ago.

Dewar Did you see your family again?

Mhairi Not all of them. My brother Lachlan came to Tiree when he was twenty two. He was a mariner on a trade ship. He had a day's shore leave on Tiree and he came to find me. By then I was married, and with the two children.

Dewar And the others?

Mhairi My Dad died after twelve years. My sister Floraidh learned to read and write, and sent me letters. My husband would read them to me. I have them in a kist.

Dewar *Where's your bother now?*

Mhairi *He died at sea, not long after I saw him.*

Dewar *I'll write your story for others to read and hear it, Mhairi*

Mhairi *May I see it?*

Dewar shows her the notebook he has been writing in. He points to a word.

Dewar *This is your name here.*

Mhairi *I recognise it from my sister's letters.*

They continue talking quietly as the light fades, then Mhairi exits and Dewar sits at the stage edge looking out to sea.

LX *fade to transition state*

Scene Nine – Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon look across the seas

FX *animation*

LX ***fade up to general wash, aisles***

Enter Turnbull and McKinnon, walking up the aisle

Turnbull ..and the land would be better managed if they all had their own to farm.

McKinnon What about the communities?

Turnbull People adapt! Look what happened when the kelp finished; people moved on and found new ways to live.

McKinnon Not all of them.

Turnbull Progress always has its casualties, but we can't stay still.

McKinnon I've noticed that *you* can't stay still.

Turnbull Where's Dewar got to?

McKinnon points to Dewar

McKinnon He's down there.

Turnbull Dewar! Over here!

Dewar turns and beckons them over. They move to stand near him. Dewar points out to sea

Dewar Do you know what's out there?

Turnbull Yes, I do.

- Dewar Not the obvious things you're thinking of, Turnbull.
- Turnbull That's not fair. You don't know what I'm thinking of.
- Dewar That's true. I'm probably under-estimating you.
- Turnbull You're thinking about hopes and dreams, aren't you?
- Dewar I am! You're full of surprises, Turnbull, or maybe Tìree's stories are beginning to change you. What made you say that?
- Turnbull I know you were talking to old Mhairi Maclean there, or McArthur as she used to be. And I know her family moved away to Canada and made a life there. And I know your fevered imagination will be carrying you away to Canada as you look out to sea.
- Dewar You're quite right. I was looking towards Canada.
- McKinnon Actually that way is looking towards Lewis and Harris, not Canada.
- Dewar Yes, thank you McKinnon. I was speaking metaphorically.
- McKinnon Aye, I figured that.
- Dewar Hopes and dreams of a better life. They went to Canada and started over with just what they took with them.
- Turnbull Canada had a lot to offer. Land, building materials, plenty of food and fresh water. A good start.
- McKinnon And trees.
- Dewar Trees?

McKinnon Aye, there were trees everywhere. My great uncle went to Canada.
Hated the trees. You couldn't see the sky. You couldn't see the horizon.
Just trees.

Turnbull Weren't trees a good thing?

McKinnon Not if you're from Tiree.

Dewar I hadn't thought of that.

LX *fade to transition state*

Exit Dewar, Turnbull, McKinnon.

Scene Ten – The Gloomy Forest

FX *Animation: ship leaving Tìree*

LX ***general wash***

Enter Alice, Cameron, Ailish, Sapphire in blacks.

Sapphire Extracts from The Gloomy Forest, written by John Maclean after emigrating from Tìree to Canada and living amongst the trees there.

Cameron Gu bheil mi am ònrachd sa choille ghruamaich,
Mo smaointean luaineach, cha tog mi fonn:
Fhuair mi an t-àit' seo an aghaidh nàduir,
Gun thrèig gach tàlant a bha nam cheann.

Ailish Cha dèan mi òran a chur air dòigh ann,
An uair nì mi tòiseachadh bidh mi trom;
Chaill mi a' Ghàidhlig seach mar a b' àbhaist dhomh
An uair a bha mi san dùthaich thall.

Sapphire I am not surprised that I am doleful -
behind the hills is where I have a roof,
in the middle of a wilderness on Barney's River,
with bare potatoes as my finest food.

Alice Before I till the soil there and take crops from it,
and dig the awful forest from its root
by my fore-arm's strength, I'll be exhausted,
and long in decay before I've raised my brood.

- Ailish Mur bi mi eòlach airson mo chòmhdach
 Gum faigh mi reòta mo shròn 's mo bheul,
 Le gaoith a tuath a bhios nimheil fuaraidh
 Gum bi mo chluasan an cunnart geur.
- Cameron Tha an reothadh fuathasach, cha seas an tuagh ris,
 Gum mill e a' chruaidh ged a bha i geur;
 Mur toir mi blàths di, gum brist an stàilinn,
 Is gun dol don chèardaich cha gheàrr i beum.
- Sapphire Though I should be diligent in my writing,
 I would need to spend a month and more,
 before I could express all that concerns me,
 and present it to you by word of mouth;
- Alice a subconscious sorrow has filled my being
 since I must submit here all my life long,
 with little pleasure in this constricting forest,
 and no one asking if I'll sing a song.
- Cameron Cha b' e sin m' àbhaist an tùs mo làithean,
 Is ann bhithinn ràbhartach aig gach bòrd,
 Gu cridheil sùndach an comann cùirteil
 A' ruith ar n-ùine gun chùram òirnn.
- Ailish An uair thug mi cùl ribh bha mi gur n-ionndrainn,
 Gun shil mo shùilean gu dlùth le deòir,
 Air moch Diardaoin a' dol seach an Caolas
 Is an long fo h-aodach 's a' ghaoth on chòrs'.

- Cameron Letters from the journey to Canada from Tiree, written by members of the cast.
- Alice Dear John and Elizabeth
It's the tenth day of being on board this horrific boat and I'm currently on the top deck because of the amount of people being sick. Even though it's only been ten days it couldn't be any slower, and you would not believe the number of casualties that have already occurred. I sincerely hope that in the next few months you're able to visit us. If we make it to Canada, that is.
- Sapphire If I had to have a guess I'd probably say it's seven at night because it's been around two hours since we had that horrendous storm which killed several people. The bodies were wrapped up and thrown overboard, which was called a burial at sea. So far I've kept myself in good health.
Sincerely,
Your cousin Archibald
- Cameron 30th June 1845
Dear whoever finds this,
Day 34
I have been on this boat for 34 days now. I am sick of it. I am traumatized by the thought that my sister might have passed away; we had to leave her on Tiree because there was not enough room on the boat. All that we have to eat is cold beans, stale bread and very little fresh water. I think I may be losing my sanity with the sounds of waves crashing on each side of the boat, some people may find it soothing but for me it is the opposite, I have to listen to it EVERY. SINGLE. DAY. AND. NIGHT. There is a foul odour and there is a million rat holes in the boat

that we keep having to patch up. My younger brother William died of cholera last night because he drank contaminated water; we had to cast him overboard. I am trying to stay asleep all day so time passes quicker. I hope I make it to Canada; it will be a completely new life when we get there.

Yours sincerely,

Jack

Sapphire Dear Mhairi

Here is a picture I drew of the ship when we were getting on. We queued for ages and I thought to draw a picture. My writing may be a bit shaky as I am writing this in a small storm. Though it feels big it's small compared to others we've had. I've just come in from the deck and I'm covered in sea spray and rain. I'm sorry about the punctuation; I just want to say so much on such little paper. I don't know when I will be able to write again because my paper supply is running out.

Say good day to Margaret for me.

Kind regards

Floraidh

Cameron Letters from Canada, written by members of the cast

Ailish 1875

Dear Mhairi

It has been a few months since the last time I wrote to you. I miss the salty smell of Tiree's air, even after one and a half years here in Canada. Connor McBail's been helping father build our new house. He is a nice man. Not only is he helping us but one of the other families that came over with us; the MacDonalds. Have you heard of them? They are from Mull.

Sapphire I have awful news. Angus and Janet have grown very ill. There are no doctors in our area, so Lachlan is out with one of Mr McBail's sons, Callum, in search of a doctor who might be able to save them. I don't think Angus is going to survive. He is only two years of age, so is struggling a lot. Janet is starting to get a bit better.

With all of the love from your family

Floraidh

Alice Dear Mhairi,

It was so hard leaving you behind at the pier that day. I am slowly getting used to the fact that you had to stay, to let Angus come with us. I miss the times we had playing together on Tiree's beaches. I hope and long to see you again. Maybe back on Tiree, or out here with us.

Meanwhile, sister, survive and stay well, wait for a ship and come to us. We're waiting for you. Are you coming, or staying?

Floraidh

Cameron Letters from Canada, many years later, written by members of the cast.

Sapphire Dear Mhairi

It's been a long, long time since I wrote, and even longer since we spoke for the last time on the pier at Hynish. I am sure your life has changed a lot, as has mine. I am married now, and I live in a place called Owen Sound. We have a small farm and my husband makes just enough money for us to live.

I miss my life on Tiree, all those years ago. Do you remember, when it was wet, Mum would wrap us in blankets and it felt like nothing mattered in the world and everything would be fine.

Ailish To be honest, Mhairi, I haven't told any of the children about you or our family on Tiree because I could never find a way to share a part of my

life that was so tragic at the end.

I cried for two whole months after we left, but we grew stronger together and we knew it was for the best.

Write to me, Mhairi, and tell me about your life.

Ever your loving sister

Floraidh

Sapphire Dear Mhairi

I have missed you. It's nice in Canada, but very cold and snowy, even icy in the winter. Dad has passed away. We aren't taking it well but Angus is growing up fast and we have taught him how to read and write.

Lachlan's grown up to be a sailor and we don't usually see him but he visits every now and then. I heard he set sail to Tiree.

Cameron Angus is interested in ice hockey, a very common sport here in Canada.

At least none of us have to sort out kelp or starve on kelp because we have rotten potatoes. I miss Tiree, the salty air, the big waves, the awesome beaches and the shells we displayed on the porch.

I miss Margaret and I miss you. I even miss Isabel but as it's been twelve years, we've all moved on now. How are you? How do people get money and food now? Has it all changed?

Alice We have a big new house and Angus is making ice hockey a living now.

He doesn't really have any memories of Tiree. He wants to meet you sometime soon but he dreads the journey there, for it was two months long and it was not nice. The room, the food, the smell, the people, the boat, the storms, the big waves crashing on the boat and rocking it side to side and lots of the people getting soaked.

Ailish Sometimes on the journey here I thought the boat was going to sink. It was horrendous. I like writing and I've made money from books. I also

sell flowers and veg. I have a passion for my garden. I like writing to you. I feel like I'm still with you sometimes, I wish I was. Sometimes I feel like I should go back to Tíree. Hope to see you soon!

Lots of love from your sister

Floraidh xxxx

Alice Extracts of original letters from Tíree migrants to Canada.

Sapphire Township of King, 20 December 1849

to Mr John Mclean

Dear nephew

I would like to inform you about the clothes that are answerable in Canada, which is shirtings and trousers as much as you can, any that will come. Books are very dear here (Gaelic especially, Testament and Bibles).

Cameron I do not rue anything but the scarcity of Gaelic preachers. There is none in the township but one Baptist. Schools are very convenient. Malcolm is going to school daily. I hope that I shall see a goodly number of my old neighbours inhabiting Canada yet for there is no factor, Ground Officer nor Donald Drover here to meddle with you.

Alice I take as little as possible of the water of the Saint Lawrence because it is apt to take on the Bowel complaint. I warn you to be cautious about apples and all fruits and fresh meats until you are seasoned in the country.

sincerely, Archibald McGillivray

Sapphire The story of the Emigrants' stone, read by Cameron and Ailish

Cameron **A' Chlach Mhòr air an Druim Bhuidhe**

La-eigin nuair tha mionaid agad, gabh an rathad gu deas suas an Druim Bhuidhe agus chi thu cnap mòr cloiche mu dha cheud troigh taobh a-staigh crìoch Chornaig Mhor. Chaidh a' chlach gluasad air latha sònraichte san naoimheadh linn deug.

Ach their thusa, “Tiamar?” 's “Carson?”

Seo mar a thachair.

Ailish Aig an àm seo, bha fìor bhoichdainn ann an Eilean Thiriodh, gu sònraichte a-measg nan daoine aig nach robh fearann. Bha teaghlaichean mòra pailt agus bha an t-aran gann. Thàinig Bliadhna an Fhuadaich Mhòir agus bha gnothaichean cho dona 's gun robh an t-uachdaran, Deòrsa Caimbeul, Diùc Earra-Ghàidheal a' toirt airgead-dìolaidd do chuid mar phàirt den fharadh airson falbh thar sàil do dhùthaich fhosgailte Chanada.

Cameron B' iad **Iain Mòr Màiri Lachainn** agus **Dòmhnall Mòr mac Alasdair 'ic Dhùghail** dithis dhiubh seo. An latha mun robh iad deas gu fàgail, thog iad orra do Thaigh an Eilein a phàigheadh am mal mu dheireadh agus a thogail an cuid airgid. Air dhaibh am Bàillidh MacDhiarmaid fhaicinn agus an t-airgead nam pòca, rinn iad an t-slighe dhachaigh a-null an Druim Bhuidhe.

Ailish “Tha sinn a' fàgail a-màireach,” arsa fear dhiubh, “agus cò tha dol a thoirt iomradh oirnn as-dèidh dhuinn falbh? Thèid sinn as an t-sealladh agus cha bhi cuimhn' aig duine beò oirnn. Ma tha teaghlach a' dol a bhi againn 's e Canaidianaich a bhios annta. Cha bhi fios no foir oirnn san dùthaich againn fhìn.”

Cameron “Ach gu dearbh bithidh!” ars’ Iain Mòr Màiri Lachainn. “Eil thu faicinn na cloiche sin mu d’ choinneamh? An te mhòr sin thall? Ma thèid agam fhìn ’s agad fhèin car a chuir dhith, bidh iad a’ toirt iomradh oirnn gu Latha Bhreitheanais!”
Agus ’s ann mar sin a thachair.

Ailish Thug an dithis ud tulgadh air a’ chloich gus an do chuir iad car dhith, agus chi sibh gus an là ’n-diugh nach eil i san làrach sam bu chòir. Tha cuimhne fhathast air neart is spionnadh an dithis ghaisgeach, Iain Mòr Màiri Lachainn agus Dòmhnall Mòr mac Alasdair ’ic Dhùghail.

LX *fade to transition state*

Scene Eleven – Turnbull, Dewar and McKinnon attend one last ceilidh

LX ***transition state***

FX *animation*

LX ***warm indoor ceilidh, aisles***

Enter Turnbull, Dewar, McKinnon walking in the aisle towards the stage

Turnbull I don't play an instrument.

Dewar Doesn't matter. There'll be plenty of musicians, and you could always tell a story of your travels!

Turnbull I think I'll just listen to other people's stories. Will they all be in Gaelic?

Dewar Mostly, but one or two might be in English. McKinnon can tell you what's going on, can't you McKinnon?

McKinnon I suppose I can.

Dewar I'm surprised, after three months, that this is the first ceilidh you're coming to.

Turnbull The survey is a lot of writing work in the evenings, but I'm leaving tomorrow so I've got everything packed away.

Dewar and when are you back on Tìree?

Turnbull A month's time.

Dewar I'm staying, so we'll be here to meet you, won't we McKinnon?

McKinnon Aye, apparently.

Scene Twelve – Big Jura John and the Irish Earl’s Head

LX *general wash, centre focus*

FX *background laughter and chattering*

Enter Margaret, Isobel, Duncan. They welcome Dewar, McKinnon and Turnbull. They sit together at the stage back. They talk quietly together.

FX *fade and stop background laughter and chatter*

Live Music plays, including song

Enter players in blacks, carrying a box with costume items. They put the box centre stage and stand in neutral positions, listening to the conversation.

Duncan No, no; Jura John lived down at Balemartine, not far from here

Dewar Why was he called Jura John?

Duncan His people were from Jura originally.

Isobel I don’t think so, Duncan. Didn’t he own a boat called the Jura?

Margaret No, that’s not right. I heard he was a juror in a big murder trial in Edinburgh, and that’s how he got the name.

Duncan Really, Margaret? A murder trial? Jura John? I’ve never heard that before.

Dewar Well maybe it doesn’t matter how he got the name. You were telling me about the time his horse fell in the river.

Isobel, Duncan, Margaret and Dewar all sit in front of the stage to tell the story.

Isobel Oh yes, that’s right. Well, his servant was leading the horses back from collecting peats, and they crossed the bridge over by the Miller’s dam.

The players organise themselves into Picture 1: horses being led over the bridge.

Catriona Get along there!

One of the horses falls in the river.

Blythe The horse fell in the river!

Catriona Oh no! Help me get it out!

Catriona and Blythe try to lift the horse, but they can't.

Blythe It's dead!

Catriona What are we going to tell the master?

Blythe He'll be so angry!

Margaret Jura John was a very angry man

The players rearrange themselves into Picture 2: Jura John angry

Anya I'm very angry!

Catriona It was a terrible accident, sir.

Blythe The Miller's bridge is too narrow.

Anya I'm going to speak to that Miller.

Margaret Jura John marched right over to the Miller's house and they had a huge argument. Jura John demanded that the Miller pay for his dead horse.

The players rearrange into Picture 3: Arguing with the Miller

Anya My horse is dead. I want three pounds!

Jessica I'm very sorry. I'll pay you for your horse

Anya Fine.

Isobel Wait a minute, Margaret. I don't think that's how the story goes.

Margaret Isn't it?

Isobel No. Jura John was so angry that he punched the Miller!

Anya My horse is dead. I want three pounds!

The players enact Jura John punching the Miller, who falls to the ground.

Duncan What? That's not what happened!

Isobel No?

Duncan No, Jura John didn't just punch the Miller. He was so angry he *killed* the Miller right there and then.

Anya My horse is dead. I want three pounds!

The players enact Jura John punching the Miller, who falls to the ground. Catriona kneels over the Miller.

Catriona He's dead!

Players all react with shock, except Anya

Anya He had it coming.

Dewar You're sure that's what happened?

Duncan Yes, pretty sure.

Isobel But wait, there's more!

Duncan Lots more

Dewar So what happened next?

Margaret Well, Jura John got on his horse and he rode over to Maclean's castle.

Isobel Maclean was the landlord of Tiree at that time.

Margaret Jura John demanded that Maclean pay for his dead horse, since the Miller was Maclean's tenant.

Players rearrange into Picture 4: Jura John at Maclean's Castle

Anya My horse is dead. I want three pounds!

Jasmine Fine, here you are

Anya Thank you. Goodbye.

Duncan Now hold on, Margaret; you missed a bit.

Margaret Did I?

Duncan Yes. Jura John went over to Maclean's Castle, sure enough, but he took the body of his dead horse with him to prove it happened.

Margaret Oh yes, I forgot that bit.

Duncan It was already night, so Jura John left the horse's body outside the castle and came back the next day to demand his money.

Players rearrange the picture with a dead horse and Maclean (Jasmine) asleep. Jasmine snores loudly.

Anya My horse is dead. I want-

Duncan Not yet!

Isobel That's not the story I heard.

Duncan No?

Isobel No. He didn't take the dead horse over to Maclean's castle, he took the body of the dead Miller!

Duncan Oh yes, maybe that's right.

Isobel And he hung the body in a tree outside Maclean's castle, then he went home to bed. When Maclean woke up the next morning he looked out the window and saw it there.

Players rearrange the picture with the dead Miller. Maclean (Jasmine) wakes up, stretches and looks out the window.

Jasmine What's that hanging in my tree?

Blythe It's the Miller from Soreby. Jura John killed him yesterday and put him there.

Jasmine Bring Jura John here immediately!

Isobel Maclean's servant fetched Jura John from his farm and brought him to the Castle. He demanded an explanation and Jura John told him about the dead horse.

Players rearrange, with Jasmine and Anya talking and servants gathered around. Miller's body still in the tree.

Anya My horse is dead. I want three pounds!

Jasmine Never mind your horse! My Miller is dead!

Anya He had it coming.

Jasmine Look, you can't go round killing millers all the time. I'm going to put you in jail!

Anya Fair enough.

Margaret Wait a second. That's not what he said.

Isobel Isn't it? What did he say?

Margaret The way I heard it, Maclean told Jura John he would let him off killing the Miller if Jura John agreed to do a dangerous job for him.

Isobel What job?

Margaret He sent him off to Ireland.

Isobel Ireland? Really? What for?

Margaret To collect a debt from an old enemy, an Irish Earl who owed him money.

Dewar Are you sure about all this?

Margaret Oh yes, that's what happened alright.

Players rearrange into Picture 5: Sailing to Ireland

Blythe We'll reach Ireland in one week. We'll need to wait for the wind to change before we can come back.

Anya That's no problem. I could use a holiday.

Margaret When they reached Ireland-

Duncan Wait a second

Margaret What?

Duncan I don't think the Irish Earl owed Maclean money. It was worse than that.

Margaret Worse? What's worse than debt?

Duncan That Irish Earl stole a huge treasure from Maclean and hid it in his castle. Maclean sent Jura John to get it back.

Blythe We'll reach Ireland in one week. We'll need to wait for the wind to change before we can come back.

Anya That's no problem. It might take me a week to find that hidden treasure.

Margaret When they reached Ireland-

Isobel Hold on a minute...

Margaret What?

Isobel I don't think there was a hidden treasure. It was worse than that.

Margaret Worse? What's worse than hidden treasure?

Isobel Maclean only had one eye, remember? He lost the other one in a fight with that Irish Earl, years before. Maclean sent Jura John to Ireland to take revenge for his missing eye!

Blythe We'll reach Ireland in one week. We'll need to wait for the wind to change before we can come back.

Anya That's no problem. Revenge takes time.

Margaret When they reached Ireland, Jura John went to the Irish Earl's house and stayed for three days as his guest. They ate and drank and laughed like old friends. Jura John told him stories from Tiree..

Players rearrange into Picture 6: Staying with the Irish Earl.

Jessica And did the piper come out the other side?

Anya No, they never saw him again, but his dog walked out of the cave with no hair on its body at all!

Jessica Amazing! Tell me that tale about the children finding the mermaid on the beach again.

Anya Well, one day..

Margaret On the fourth day Jura John saw that the wind had changed direction and was blowing North. He decided it was time to go home

Anya stands up.

Anya It's time for me to go home. My ship is ready and the wind has changed.

Jessica Well, goodbye!

Anya Goodbye!

Anya leaves.

Duncan Wait, wait, wait! He didn't just leave!

Margaret Well, he probably had to pack.

Duncan No, I mean you missed the bit about him taking revenge for Maclean's missing eye.

Margaret Oh yes, sorry.

Duncan You see Jura John was a bloodthirsty man but he was also fair. He decided to take an eye for an eye.

Anya returns and sits.

Anya It's time for me to go home. My ship is ready and the wind has changed.

Jessica Well, goodbye!

Anya Before I go, I've decided to poke your eye out in revenge for you poking Maclean's eye out.

Jessica That seems fair.

Anya Yes, I'm a bloodthirsty man, but also fair.

Jessica Which eye do you want to poke out?

Isobel Hold on, hold on. Fair? Jura John wasn't fair, he was a bloodthirsty maniac! He didn't poke an eye out.

Duncan Did he poke both eyes out?

Isobel Not according to the story I heard. When it was time to go, Jura John offered the Irish Earl a gift to thank him for his hospitality.

Anya offers Jessica a small wrapped box.

Anya Here, have this gift

Jessica Thank you.

Anya drops the box.

Isobel But he dropped it on the floor, and when the Irish Earl reached down to pick it up, Jura John chopped his head off with his sword.

Players enact the Irish Earl's head being chopped off.

Duncan Ah yes, you're right. Chopped his head off. That's right.

Isobel then he walked out leaving the Irish Earl dead on the floor.

Anya returns to the ship and the sailors prepare to set sail.

Margaret Wait, didn't he drop the head out the window into the sea first?

Isobel Now that you mention it, maybe he did.

Anya runs back up and drops the head off the edge of the stage.

Duncan Are you sure about that?

Isobel Did you hear something different?

Duncan Well, I thought he killed the Irish Earl's horse, and put the horse's head
in his bed while he was sleeping.

A thoughtful pause.

Isobel I don't think so

Duncan Maybe I heard that somewhere else

Dewar That's a good one. I'll just write that one down. I might be able to use it
somewhere.

Duncan Anyway

Margaret Anyway

Isobel Anyway, Jura John went back to his ship

Duncan And he took the head with him

Margaret in a box

Isobel And they sailed north, back to Tiree

Anya fetches the head. Players rearrange into Picture 7: Sailing to Tiree

Dewar Is that the whole story?

Duncan It's never the whole story with Jura John. What else do you want to know?

Dewar Well, what did he do when he got back to Tiree?

Duncan Back on Tiree, Jura John took the Irish Earl's head to Maclean and presented it to him.

Players rearrange into Picture 8: Presenting the Earl's head to Maclean

Jasmine You brought me a present?

Anya I did.

Anya hands over the box and Jasmine opens it.

Jasmine Just what I always wanted. You're free to go!

Anya Thank you

Dewar Maclean let him off the murder of the Miller because he also murdered the Irish Earl?

Duncan That's the kind of man he was.

Isobel Actually, it was worse than that.

Dewar Worse?

Isobel I heard that Maclean not only let him off, but paid him the three pounds for his horse as well.

- Anya My horse is still dead. I want three pounds!
- Jasmine Here you are.
- Margaret No, that wasn't the worst bit
- Dewar There's more?
- Duncan There's always more
- Margaret Maclean rewarded Jura John by giving him his farm at Balemartine rent-free for the rest of his life.
- Dewar Why would he do that?
- Margaret I've no idea, but it makes a better ending, don't you think?
- Dewar I suppose so. Look, I've got a lot written down here. So which bits of this story are true?
- Isobel Which bits do you want to be true?
- Dewar Well, all of it and none of it, I suppose.
- Duncan You can decide, Mr Dewar. Jura John's very adaptable when it comes to stories of his life.
- Isobel He lived on Tiree, and he lived on Coll,
- Margaret ..and he lived on Mull, and Canna,
- Duncan ..and Uist and Barra and Lewis and maybe even on Jura. Wherever you like, really.

Margaret Blood, adventure and questionable morals. Jura John has a perfect story for every occasion, and you can change them to fit your audience.

Duncan I mean, you probably wouldn't want to tell this story to children, for instance.

Margaret Oh, definitely not. That would be irresponsible. You'd give them nightmares.

Isobel But for an audience of adults, it's the perfect tale to finish off an evening's ceilidh, don't you think?

Dewar It certainly is. Thank you.

Isobel, Margaret and Duncan stand to leave. They bow to the players on the stage. The players bow back to them. Wait for audience applause, then exit all.

LX *fade to transition state*

Scene Thirteen – Turnbull and Dewar bid farewell

FX animation

LX *general wash, aisles*

FX sea shore, waves breaking

Enter Turnbull, Dewar, McKinnon carrying Turnbull's luggage. They are heading towards the boat.

Turnbull Are we there yet?

McKinnon Please stop asking that.

Turnbull I thought you had the boat at Hynish pier?

McKinnon I'm taking some supplies over to my Grandmother's on Coll, so the boat's down by Caoles

Turnbull No wonder we've been walking for hours.

Dewar Stop complaining, Turnbull

Turnbull Wait, does this mean we're going to Coll again before we head to the mainland?

McKinnon Aye

Turnbull Why does every boat off this island go via Coll?

McKinnon It's the way we've always done it.

Turnbull That will change in the future if I have anything to do with it.

- Dewar Listen Turnbull, when you're back in Edinburgh would you mind picking up a box of those little notebooks I use for writing my stories?
- Turnbull You've filled all those books you brought with you?
- Dewar I have. This is an island of stories and songs, and I've recorded so many now there's hardly a page left!
- Turnbull I did like the one about Jura John.
- Dewar Well, I wouldn't take that one too seriously, though I dare say it would play well on a stage.
- Turnbull Oh, you're a playwright as well?
- Dewar I've been minded to turn some of these into a drama. What do you think?
- Turnbull I've no idea. I'm an engineer, Dewar, not an artist.
- Dewar Not so, Turnbull. I've seen some of those drawings you're making for that map of yours. I'd say you're quite the artist. Years from now I'd say people will remember you for your artistic map, not for engineering.
- Turnbull I hope not.
- McKinnon Here's the boat. The tide's up and we're good to go.
- Dewar Farewell Mr Turnbull! We'll see you in a month or so.
- Turnbull Farewell Mr Dewar. Good luck with your play writing, or whatever you do next. Anything else you need from the mainland?

Dewar Pens and ink please. I can see there's a lot more writing to be done about this jewel of an island.

Turnbull Very well! Goodbye!

McKinnon and Turnbull depart on the boat. Dewar remains on stage until they've left, then sits down with his notebook and starts to write.

LX *fade to transition state*

FX fade and stop sea shore, waves breaking

FX Animation

LX *fade to black*

Cast assemble for walk-on

LX *Walk-on state*

Cast walk on and bow.

LX *closing state*

FX post-show playlist