

# **KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS.**

**- ENGLISH SUBTITLES -**

**Read along while you listen to the audio.**

**A loose translation of the dialogue in Kate's Keekin-gless that will help those who don't have the Scots to understand the subtleties of the language. Scots speakers may even crack a smile.**

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: Humming. Oh yes, I really am beautiful.
- LIZZIE: Harumph. Will you just look at her. Who does she think she is?
- KATE: Have a really good look while you're there, Old Lizzie.
- LIZZIE: I don't mean to offend you, Kate Kiscadale. I was just thinking you might be the prettiest girl on this side of the island.
- KATE: Explain what you mean by, "this side"? I'd like to know what the rest of the island has to offer?
- LIZZIE: Well ...there's Maggie Machrie ...
- KATE: She's got hands that look like raw meat and no chin.
- LIZZIE: That may well be so, but I wouldn't care to comment ...I've heard that Betty Boghuille is a bit of a looker.
- KATE: She has rickety legs and strabismus.
- LIZZIE: Yes, now that you come to say.  
What's that fantastic contraption you're holding, Kate?
- KATE: It's a hand-mirror.
- LIZZIE: I beg your pardon?
- KATE: A mirror. When you look into it, it looks back at you with your own face.
- LIZZIE: Get out of here, you must think I'm a fool. I don't believe you.
- KATE: It's the truth, Old Lizzie. Why not give it a go yourself?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

LIZZIE: Oh my, for God's sake. That's shaken me up, no end. I haven't seen such a dreadful sight since my mother summoned the Devil sixty years ago in Glen Scorodale. I'm convinced Willy Sliddery didn't give you such a fantastical contraption.

KATE: Willy Sliddery's not the only pebble on the beach.

LIZZIE: Perhaps not, but there's little other choice, apart from my intellectually challenged son, Davie, who is less than attractive to the opposite sex.

KATE: Davie isn't a bad-looking young chap . It's unfortunate that he was born with learning difficulties.

LIZZIE: His condition can be difficult to manage. He follows me everywhere. I can't leave him to his own devices at the place where we dig for fuel or he complains frequently that the area is haunted.

KATE: Well Old Lizzie, it's time you made yourself scarce. I've a date here with Willy Sliddery, and he would be even more taciturn than usual if he were to find an old gossip like you here ready to eavesdrop.

LIZZIE: I'm surprised to hear you say that Lord Sliddery is shy.

KATE: He's much the same as the other Arran men. Most of them are handsome enough, but when it comes to making love they all get stuck for words. There's a lot of incomprehensible mumbles mixed with a few comments about farming.

LIZZIE: If you ask me Kate Kiscadale, I think you're an over-indulged little ...

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

DAVIE: Mother. Mother. You made an error of judgement when you abandoned me on the hill.

LIZZIE: Davie my son, please get control of you emotions. What is it that's upset you?

DAVIE: I saw lots of Wee-Folk up there. A huge fat red one covered in muddy peat jumped out of the bog and ran towards me waving its hands in the air.

Hello Kate. I didn't see you there.

KATE: Whatever. [Hums to herself].

DAVIE: Oh Mother, isn't Kate beautiful? My word, even being in Kate's company clears my head of all thoughts of Wee-Folk. I could lose myself all day admiring Kate.

Is that the enchanted glass the Englishman used to seduce you, Kate?

KATE: Please be quiet.

LIZZIE: Of course! The Englishman! It's obvious now. I'm acquainted with stories about him.

KATE: Indeed?

LIZZIE: People call him Simon the Sassenach. He came ashore from the three-masted barque that was anchored in Brodick Bay last month, and he's been debauching himself around the island, leading all the young women astray by giving them presents from abroad.

KATE: How do you define, "all the young women"?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- LIZZIE: Those with above average good looks, like you. He certainly has an engaging way about him. And he has plenty of money, for a regular sailor.
- KATE: He's not a sailor at all. His father is Sir Gayold Swainsborough, the famous English portrait artist.
- LIZZIE: There's no need to take that high-handed attitude with me, Kate Kiscadale. I'm not Simon the Sassenach.  
What's his objective in being here?
- KATE: His father has sent him to find an island beauty for a picture he's painting. It's for the Queen. His father's a favourite of the English Queen.
- LIZZIE: He's quite a catch and he's undoubtedly turned your head.  
Which one of the local girls will he choose to accompany him back to London?
- KATE: I think that might be me.
- DAVIE: No, no. Mother, don't let the Englishman take Kate away. You know, if I were never to see Kate, the ghosts in my head would ...would ...would ...
- KATE: Your'e a mentally deficient nuisance! Your'e mistaken if you believe that I'll continue to live here because of an idiot and a local landowner with a huge nose. There's nothing on this island to tempt a young woman to stay, and if there's a chance for me to leave I will, and nothing will stop me. Nothing!
- LIZZIE: And have you consulted Willy Sliddery about these plans
- KATE: No, I haven't troubled him with the details.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- LIZZIE: Your'e misleading him badly, Kate Kiscadale, and he's had you on a pedestal for two or three years now.
- KATE: You can't blame me that he's been chasing me like an old sheepdog since I was seventeen years old. He makes me want to vomit.
- LIZZIE: Whit do you find unpleasant about Willy? He's the last remaining bachelor in the area.
- KATE: Exactly that. And do you expect me to turn cartwheels of joy at the idea of being his wife? If your eyesight hadn't failed with age, Lizzie Urie, you'd understand that Willy Sliddery is no maiden's dream.
- LIZZIE: Please explain.
- KATE: It's his huge nose. What a trumpet. It may even exceed twelve inches in length.
- LIZZIE: Yes, I understand the Wee-Folk put a curse on him when he was born.
- DAVIE: Indeed, it was the Wee-Folk that endowed Willy with his long nose. It's certainly an substantial nose. It's the most impressive nose on the island ... it's as long as a curlew's ...and red ...and ...oh I love Willy's nose. You know, you know, it might be longer than ... longer than ...the Devil's!
- Yes indeed ...
- KATE: I have to agree with you, and Willy doesn't improve the situation by taking snuff.
- LIZZIE: Heh! Heh! Heh! Don't tell me he takes snuff as well! Heh! Heh! Heh!

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

DAVIE: He certainly does. It's exceptional when Willy takes Snuff. You know, he puts a pinch on the back of his hand, like this, then he sucks it up his huge snout, and then ...and then - Atishoo! It gives a considerable rush to the head. You know, you know people on the mainland can hear it and it clears my head of ghosts for hours.

KATE: Sadly, it's not just the ghosts it blows away. It takes the glamour as well. He's in the habit of taking a pinch to give himself courage when he's courting, and usually, when things don't seem so bad because of the dark, he gives a huge sneeze like a south-westerly gale blowing up over Bennan Head and the whole thing is wrecked, the glamour has gone and you are left with Willy Sliddery blinking at you with watery eyes over his huge snout.

LIZZIE: Well Kate Kiscadale, you'll have experience of that.

DAVIE: What's that?

SIMON: Hey brother Jock, durst hear the decree? /  
Lilliburlero bullen a la / We're to have a new wench  
my father to see / Lilliburlero bullen a la / Lero Lero  
Lillibulero / Lilliburlero bullen a la.

KATE: Leave at once, Davie. Here comes Simon Sassenach.

KATE: I mean it, Davie, get out of here.  
You too Old Lizzie. You've just been leading him on.  
And remember, keep your wagging tongue firmly  
between your teeth.

And you too, Davie ...

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- DAVIE: M-negh-heh. I'll just curl up and hide in here just now. She won't know about it.
- LIZZIE: What an insult to say that to such a soul of discretion as me.  
Good day to you sir.
- SIMON: The lovely Miss Kiscadale. I would have words with you, Kate.
- KATE: That may well be, but I have a date right here with Willy Sliddery, and he'll stab you with his dagger if he finds you here.
- SIMON: Ooh - I'm all of a tremble, Kate. I thought I had cured you of that long-nosed swain.
- KATE: Well, you've still to cure him of me. I think he's coming here tonight to propose to me.
- SIMON: It won't be the first time by all accounts. What will your answer be?
- KATE: I might say yes, just for a change. Unless you have any other ideas.
- SIMON: Kate. You may have misunderstood my southern tongue, but I made no mention of marriage.
- KATE: Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't, but you exposed yourself with your English exertions last week at the Cuddy Dook.
- SIMON: Surely I'm not to be held to ransom because my southern blood boiled over when I met the loveliest dryad in all Caledon?



KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: You get excited very easily. You've been cavorting around ever since you jumped ashore at Brodick Bay. With your reputation as a sexual predator you'll not get any island woman to go south with you unless you marry her first.
- SIMON: That seems a bit harsh. I'm on a mission, you know.
- KATE: You might call it a mission, but the old women from the Southend would see it differently.
- SIMON: Upon my honour as the son of an English knight, I swear that mine is a serious errand. Here is my father's commission to me in his own hand. Will you read it?
- KATE: Think about that for a moment. You are overestimating the extent of my education. Read it yourself.
- SIMON: Such eyes, such lips, and they cannot read?
- KATE: Don't let that trouble you. Lips are meant for more than just whistling.
- SIMON: Are they indeed, sweet Kate.
- KATE: Mmm. Mmm.
- SIMON: Ah-hha.
- DAVIE: I'll turn you in to Willy. Hey Willy. Hey Willy. The Englishman has plans to seduce Kate Kiscadale.
- SIMON: What the ... Who is this, Kate? Shall I run him through?
- KATE: No, please don't do that. This is Davie. He has learning difficulties.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- SIMON: Well, half-wit, explain your presence.
- DAVIE: I have come to warn you Englishman to remove yourself from the area without delay.
- SIMON: You threaten me, dog?
- DAVIE: You misunderstand. My intentions are not threatening, Englishman. Wee-Folk have been seen in the area. It's haunted.
- SIMON: { Haunted!
- KATE: { Haunted?
- DAVIE: True enough. And I'm aware an Englishman might expire in the presence of the Wee-Folk.
- SIMON: Then you are wrong, half-wit. I care nothing for the superstitions of ignorant islanders.
- KATE: What evidence do you have for the presence of the Wee-Folk, Davie? Have you actually seen them?
- DAVIE: I certainly have, but I'll not explain in the hearing of an Englishman.
- SIMON: No doubt you could be persuaded ...
- DAVIE: No. No. Help me mother. The Englishman aims to kill me.  
Put up your sword and I'll explain.
- DAVIE: One dark night about two months ago I had difficulty in climbing this hill. I fell over and gave myself a considerable knock on the head against a large rock. I lay on the ground bemoaning my fate when I heard a strange song, The Wee-Folk had suddenly appeared and were dancing.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: Dancing?
- SIMON: A minuet, no doubt?
- DAVIE: It was far from being such a formal dance, and I couldn't understand the words of the song. One of them was a short, fat red-faced chap, and the other was a green woman. She had green eyes and hair and a green face covered with large red pustules all dripping with mucous. It was truly frightening and not something an Englishman could survive.
- KATE: What action did you take?
- DAVIE: I was incapable of action. I felt sick and prostrated myself, then they disappeared as quickly as they had come. It was very unusual. You know, I think the best choice is for the Englishman to leave.
- SIMON: On your way, idiot, or you'll have Kate as witless as yourself.
- DAVIE: I'm going straight to Willy to inform on you. Willy. Willy.
- KATE: A parcel of falsehoods, in my opinion. Now, let's discuss your own lies.
- SIMON: My "lies"?
- KATE: Indeed. The significance of your letter.
- SIMON: No "lies" these, Kate. Look, my father's own hand.
- KATE: If that's what you say. Read on.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- SIMON: My son, your Dublin wench is a delight to the eye; perhaps a trifle buxom, but as Irish as the shamrock. Well done. Now to your last assignment. Go to one of the islands of Scotland and bring me one of their dark-haired, fiery little wenches. Let her be fair of skin, for your Welsh find is dark-skinned.
- KATE: Hum na-na-na ...
- SIMON: To this add dark eyes and a mouth, not too large, but with full lips as red as cherry. I want her to be slim in contrast to the plump Coleen, and see to it that she stands and walks well. The most important condition of all, as you well know, is that her skin should hold the light and be entirely unmarked by pox or any other blemish. To this end, I charge, you, leave no stone unturned.
- KATE: You've done everything your father expects, then. Indeed, I would be surprised if you'd failed to turn-over every female stone between here and Lochranza.
- SIMON: Nevertheless, there are two island beauties whom I have not seen. I have a tryst to meet them both tonight, though separately, one a little north of this place, and one a little south. It is a good night. There will be a full moon. Do you wish me luck?
- KATE: No. Your'e not backward. Who are they?
- SIMON: Betty Boghullie and Maggie Machrie.
- KATE: Trollops. They are both dirty trollops who would go to England with the Devil assuming he were to ask.
- DAVIE: Honest. The Englishman's with her, Willy.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WILLY: Be quiet! [LOUD SNEEZE]

KATE: Willy Slidderly is coming. Quickly, you should leave.

SIMON: Fare thee well, then, Kate. May I see you again tonight?

KATE: No.  
I mean very well, Simon. But please be discreet and stay hidden in the trees. It will be bright moonlight later.  
Na-na-na-na ...

SIMON: Au revoir, my sweet.

DAVIE: It's the truth, Willy. I saw them ... Kate and the Englishman. You can surprise them if you hurry. You can cut him into shreds with your dagger, Willy.  
Oh!! He's left already.

WILLY: Well? Where is he?

KATE: To whom do you refer?

WILLY: Where's the Englishman?

KATE: Which Englishman? There's no Englishman here.

WILLY: Davie told me you were with an Englishman.

KATE: You know very well that Davie is incapable of telling the truth.

DAVIE: That's untrue, Kate Kiscadale. I saw it myself not five minutes ago, and guess what, Willy, the Englishman was on the point of kissing her lips.

WILLY: I beg your pardon.

KATE: Be quiet.

WILLY: And how did Kate react?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

DAVIE: She stared at him like a lovestruck teenager.

WILLY: Kate Kiscadale, please explain yourself.

KATE: It's nothing. It's complete fabrication. You know his head is full of ghosts.

DAVIE: It was no ghost. It was-was ...

WILLY: Calm down Davie. I'll deal with this. Your mother will have your tea on the table.

DAVIE: But it's true, Willy. It's true.

WILLY: I understand, but please go home.  
Well?

KATE: Well, what?

WILLY: Oh Kate. I don't understand your motives.

KATE: Is that why you invited me to meet you? Just to say you don't understand me.

WILLY: No. Not that.

KATE: What, then?

WILLY: The weather in November and December was quite mild.

KATE: I agree.

WILLY: Your father will have finished his harvest?

KATE: Yes, yes, just like Auchencairn, and Knockankelly, and Largybeg and .... I do hope that's not why you asked me to join you

WILLY: No, it wasn't that.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: What was the true reason then? Spit it out. It is not practical that we should talk idly about the harvest all evening.
- WILLY: [A LOUD SNIFF AND GASPS FROM THE SNUFF]
- WILLY: Kate! Kate Kiscadale, I love you. Is that no enough?
- KATE: Enough? Enough. It is far too much. What makes you think I might start breathing hard like a sick sheep simply because you say you love me, and spray me with a shower of wet tobacco?
- WILLY: Is there some someone else?
- KATE: Perhaps there is.
- WILLY: I knew it. I am not the huge idiot you believe me to be. It's that perfidious Englishman. So the rumours were true? Good Lord Kate Kiscadale, surely your'e deranged. Heaven knows all Englishmen are deceitful, and this one is the most unfaithful yet.
- KATE: Please explain?
- WILLY: Everyone knows he gave Daisy Dougarie a pretty silver brooch imported directly from Spain.
- KATE: Why is that significant?
- WILLY: And the whole island knows that Annie Arrantoun uses red lipstick from Paris and, and ...
- KATE: Yes?
- WILLY: Everyone in Shiskine is saying that Sheila Shodog is wearing a pair of the finest French ...

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: Willy Sliddery! You are nothing but a nasty gossip. If you repeat one word of that annoying rubbish ...
- WILLY: In what way do I displease you, Kate? I have a good sized farm; sheep; cattle; and a substantial house with two chimneys
- KATE: Do you not know what it is?
- WILLY: No.
- KATE: Have you never looked in the deep pool downstream from the Eskdale waterfall?
- WILLY: No.
- KATE: Well. It is your huge nose.
- WILLY: I don't understand?
- KATE: Your huge nose. Here, have a look at yourself in my mirror.
- WILLY: Good Heavens! That's a dreadful picture. Badly drawn. Who was the artist?
- KATE: They say it was the Wee-Folk.
- Willy: Please explain, Kate?
- KATE: Your'e looking at your own nose.
- WILLY: God-sake! Kate, it is indeed.



KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: You've been stalking me with that snuff-addled headland for two years before last Brodick Fair and I am sick of it. You're ugly, Willy Sliddery. An enormous loaf-nosed monster. None of the island women could put up with that beside her in bed even if you were that last eligible bachelor on the island, which your'e not. If you stick your nose into my business again, I'll spit in your eye.
- WILLY: Ah, Kate? Kate, don't forget your mirror. Aw, Kate, would you forsake me?
- WEE FOLK: Di-Luain, 's Di-Mairt, Di-Luain, 's Di Mairt ...
- WEE FOLK MAN: No, No, we don't have it right yet. Perhaps we could try it in the Human language.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Fair enough. Right foot first.
- WEE FOLK: Monday, Tuesday, Monday, Tuesday,
- WEE FOLK MAN: No. That'll not do. I'm at a loss to decide what the problem might be. We've been practicing that dance for two hundred years and we still can't do it properly. Once more and we'll go for a drink.
- WEE FOLK: Monday, Tuesday, Monday, Tuesday,
- WILLY: Wednesday!
- WEE FOLK: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Indeed my good woman, didn't you enjoy that? We've been trying for two hundred years to get that simple dance correct. Two hundred years! And now a Human Being has done it by shouting one word at us in the dark. Who was it?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- WEE FOLK WIFE: There's a poor frightened soul out there shivering with fear. There is a chance it was him.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Where? Ah yes.  
It's a beautiful evening, sir. We are very much in your debt.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Tell him we will not cast a spell on him.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Heavens above. Do you know who that is? It is Old Sam Sliddery's son. Don't you remember forty years ago, he refused to leave us any grain in his meal-chest? We put a curse on his first-born child. That'll be him.  
I thought I recognised you, sir. I knew your father.
- WILLY: You did know my father. And you cursed his first-born with a nose to resemble the January sunrise behind the Holy Isle.
- WEE FOLK MAN: We weren't being malicious, m'lord. It was just my good-lady wife having fun.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: You red-faced devil! It was your own malicious revenge.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Enough of that. We're deeply beholden to the Laird, are we not?
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Indeed we are, Laird. Is there something we can do for you?
- WILLY: Any service? Do you mean ...anything?
- WEE FOLK WIFE: That's correct.
- WILLY: I'm at a loss. This nose? Can you remove this huge nose?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- WEE FOLK MAN: Do you mean to say you would like to lose a fine snuff-taking instrument such as that?
- WILLY: Yes. I mean it.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Very well. Wife, can yo do it?
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Of course. I have a cousin at Shannochie who's highly skilled with noses. She'll have a potion.
- WILLY: But will that no take hours?
- WEE FOLK MAN: No, no. My wife will do it in two minutes. Off you go, wife.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: I'm not able to take-off. Please can you cast a spell?
- WEE FOLK MAN: Failillo robhano, Siubhal Bheannta, Ghleann'us Ghlecan.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: That's it. I'm up. I'm away.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Wife!
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Yes?
- WEE FOLK MAN: Come back for a moment.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: Ugh- what is it? I was half way to Shannochie.
- WEE FOLK MAN: Do you remember the last time you went to Shannochie? You enjoyed yourself to such an extent you stayed away for two or three years.
- WEE FOLK WIFE: So I did. Heh-heh-heh.
- WEE FOLK MAN: She's beautiful isn't she? We've been together now for two hundred years without ever arguing. Would you like to come in?
- WILLY: Yes please, I will.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WEE FOLK MAN      And pretty too. Such a face! It always curdles the milk.

WILLY:              Are you not discontent with it by this time?

WEE FOLK MAN:    Discontent? Discontent? I am sick of the sight of it. She could always change it, if she were to transfer it to a human, but she likes it too much to want to lose it. Will you take a bite of supper?

WILLY:              No. No. Ma mother advised me never to eat in the company of Wee-Folk.

WEE FOLK MAN:    Ah well, mothers know best. Would you like a shot of Slidderly Water. We make it ourselves, it's the best whisky on the island without exception.

WILLY:              That's particularly kind of you. The night air has made me thirsty.  
                            Actually, no. Another time, not tonight.

WEE FOLK MAN:    That's your choice, Laird. Your choice.  
                            But my wife has returned with your potion.  
                            Well, wife, did you get it?

WEE FOLK WIFE:    Of course. I was flying so close to the ground I very nearly collided with a fence at Cnoc an Garbad. But here it is, Laird, brewed up especially not two minutes ago. Are you ready? Come over here and bend down.

WEE FOLK MAN:    Come on, Laird. Touch your toes. That's it.

WEE FOLK MAN:    Now, wife!

WILLY:              [SCREECHES]

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- WILLY: God-sakes. It really has gone. The Wee-Folk were quite genuine. This'll make the Englishman's eyes protrude like coat-hooks in the Vestry.
- WILLY: Where did I put that mirror? ...Good grief, Sliddery, you're surprisingly handsome. Ho-ho, Kate Kiscadale, your Englishman can't compete with me now.  
Oh hello, Davie?
- DAVIE: Oh. it's you, Willy. You know, I wis just thinking about you.
- WILLY: About me?
- DAVIE: Yes, I was thinking about what a beautiful sight your marvellous nose is and you know ... you know ...  
Yahooww!  
It's the Devil. Good, kind Mr Devil. I didn't mean to offend you.
- WILLY: Don't be so stupid. I'm not the Devil. It's me, Willy.
- DAVIE: I'm very unsure! You have Willy's voice, but not his face. You must be the Devil.
- WILLY: What nonsense, I've changed ...I've lost my huge nose.
- DAVIE: So you have, Willy. That's not good. You know, you know, you don't look like yourself at all. Could you not get it back?
- WILLY: Get it back! That will be right! Do you mean to say you don't like me like this?
- DAVIE: No. It'll not bring you luck, Willy! You've lost your good looks.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WILLY: God-sakes! Some people are never happy! I'm going to look for Kate.

DAVIE: [SHRIEKS] Aw, Englishman, you gave me a huge surprise. I mistook you for the Devil.

SIMON: There's no one here, Kate, except the half-wit.

KATE: I'm sure I heard Willy.

DAVIE: Yes you did, Miss Kate, and something dreadful has happened. He's lost his huge nose.

KATE: I don't understand? Has he cut it off?

DAVIE: No. I was gathering firewood here just five minutes ago when I thought I heard the Wee-Folk.

SIMON: Enough! I have had enough of your elfin tales for one night. Off with you.

DAVIE: It's the truth. I'm no telling lies. It's the truth. I'll get Willy to speak to you, I will. I'll get Willy ...

SIMON: Well, the Laird's gone ...and so has your mirror. I do not think you'll hold me in very high regard, Kate, since you are so careless with my keepsakes.

KATE: I was upset about Willy. I liked my mirror a lot, you know.  
Well, Simon?

SIMON: What is it, Kate? Let me see your shining eyes.

KATE: Ye know very well what. Did you see her?

SIMON: Oh. you mean the Machrie wench?

KATE: That's correct. I mean the Machrie woman. Did you see her or not?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

SIMON: I saw her, Kate, and she looked like a Celtic goddess in the moonlight ...

KATE: Yes, by moonlight ...

SIMON: But a trifle well-covered for my father's purposes. Kate, come close ...

KATE: Well-covered! She's so chubby, it's a surprise she was able to flounder across the heath to meet you.

SIMON: Be that as it may, Kate. The search narrows.

Kate: Yes Simon, indeed. And if we were to visit the Minister in the morning, he might announce our betrothal.

SIMON: Dammit, Kate. How can you spoil such a lovely night with such a thought?

KATE: Well. I was just thinking ...

SIMON: Then think again, Kate Kiscadale. Think of the island charmer whom first I knew. The soft and secret Kate who whispered nothings to me in the heather scented night and made me think that I had stepped ashore in heaven. Do you recall that Kate?

KATE: Yes, Simon.

SIMON: Why then, could you bring her to life , tonight?

KATE: Perhaps I might be tempted, Simon. Try me.

SIMON: Ah, Kate, sweet Kate you are very near perfection.

KATE: What do you mean, "near" perfection?

SIMON: It was a secret thought, Kate. I did not mean you to have it.

KATE: Well spit it out or there'll be no more, heaven.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- SIMON: You have a mole on your back the size of a guinea-piece.
- KATE: Who told you that? It is a lie..
- SIMON: You are forgetting last full moon at the Cuddy Dook.
- KATE: No. You're a foul-mouthed, long-nosed, English adolescent just into long trousers. You and your impertinent, silver-tongued abuse. You made me think you loved me, but all the time you were hoodwinking me. You cold-blooded English devil.
- SIMON: Steady now Kate ...
- KATE: Take your hands off me. You are a dissembling liar. If you loved me a small blemish the size of a tiny coin wouldn't make any difference. Even so, an island man would not lower himself to mention it.
- SIMON: But Kate, in London backs are much admired. Besides, my father's caution regarding unblemished skin extends below the neck.
- KATE: I beg your pardon. Are you suggesting I would have to sit with no ... In my ... without any ...?
- SIMON: I mean just that, sweet Kate.
- KATE: That's improper. I'll not do it.
- SIMON: Am I to take it, then, that you would refuse me?
- KATE: You've still to ask.
- SIMON: Would that I could, for the time is ripe. But alas, being a thorough man I must needs be off to turn the last stone.



KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- KATE: I've said previously, don't get your hope up. The Boghullie is no artist's model.
- SIMON: Ah, Kate, if only I could trust you, but you would have Venus herself a graceless slut. But, hold, the answer approaches.  
This ancient crone knows all. I have had words with her before this, and for a little silver, she is much to the point.
- KATE: Old Lizzie would do a deal with the Devil for some cash.
- SIMON: How now, hag?
- LIZZIE: Yer servant, sir. It's a beautiful night.
- SIMON: It is indeed. I wonder if, in your wanderings, you have met with one Betty Boghullie, a comely wench from the north.?
- LIZZIE: You might be clairvoyant, Englishman because I was chatting to her five minutes ago just downstream from here.
- SIMON: Ah. Then tell me, crone, is she as lovely as they say? I would have the truth.
- LIZZIE: I'm an old woman, you know, and my sight is failing.
- SIMON: They say that silver is a fine physic for ancient eyes ...
- KATE: Tell him nothing, Lizzie.
- LIZZIE: Since you mention it she is undoubtedly a pretty woman. Her hair is as black as a Sloe bush and her skin is as white as its flowers. She has lips as red as ...  
as red as ...
- KATE: Cherries?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

- LIZZIE: What she said.
- SIMON: Tell me then, toothless one, since you know so much, is her skin flawless ...unmarked ...from tip to toe?
- LIZZIE: I'd say so because I've seen her with my own two eyes bathing in the Boghullie stream.
- KATE: Ah ...ah ...ah.
- SIMON: Would you say, then, that this Boghullie is even more exquisite than the Kiscadale?
- KATE: Mneh-eh. Cross-eyed. Tell him she's cross-eyed.
- LIZZIE: I'd agree with that, sir.  
Whit?
- KATE: Lizzie, Lizzie, can I induce you to lie about her with some cash? Here's a six-penny piece (*English half-penny*). And a second one
- LIZZIE: Actually, now that I remember, her eyes are so squint she can look east and west both at the same time.
- KATE: Oh!
- SIMON: Minx! Kate Kiscadale, you shall have the flat of my sword for that prank.
- KATE: Two can play the bribery game.
- WILLY: Take your lecherous hands off Kate Kiscadale or I'll slit your throat from ear to ear.
- SIMON: { The long-nosed sw[ain] ...The Devil ... }
- KATE: { Willy Sliddery ...surely not ... }
- LIZZIE: { I don't believe it. }
- WILLY: The Lord Sliddery at your service, Ladies. You appear to be perplexed.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

DAVIE: What did I say?.

KATE: But Willy, you appear to be different..

WILLY: Don't I?

KATE: How did it happen, Willy?

WILLY: No, no Kate. I can't tell you.

KATE: But we're keen to find out. Are we not, Simon?

SIMON: No doubt.

WILLY: No Kate, you would just laugh at me if I told you. Here's your mirror. You forgot to take it with you.

KATE: Thank you, Laird. Was it some kind o Black Magic?

WILLY: For the last time, Kate I'm not telling you. I've come to rescue you from this interfering Englishman. We'll go directly to the Minister's house and get him out of bed.

SIMON: You will do that, Sliddery, only over my corpse.

WILLY: Good idea, Englishman. I'll just plunge my dagger into you and save any further argument.

DAVIE: You have the better of him, Willy.  
You should run Englishman, while you're still capable.  
You're doing well, Willy.  
Thrash him.  
Go on, cut his throat

KATE: Enough Davie. Calm down.

SIMON: The Scotsman's toothpick does not argue well with the Englishman's sword.

WILLY: I could end this with my bare hands if you'll put down that sword.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WILLY: Oww-ww-ww!.

DAVIE: Leave Willy alone, you big bully.

SIMON: Very well, Laird, but I shall disarm you first.

SIMON: Come ahead.

DAVIE: Kill him Willy. Throttle him.

DAVIE: Oh Willy!

WILLY: My head hurts!

SIMON: Well, Kate, since it appears that I can trust no one but myself, I must find the Bogullie wench and look at her with my own eyes.

KATE: I've said, she's cross-eyed and she's had Rickets.

SIMON: A charming and logical combination. Au revoir

KATE: Cheeky devil.  
The mole on my back may repulse you. Just wait until you see Betty Boghullie. Then you'll know she's hideous.  
I believe Willy Sliddery may have a useful secret. Perhaps I can use my womanly wiles to wheedle it out of him.

KATE: Poor Willy. Wake up, Willy. Did the nasty Englishman crack you on the skull?

WILLY: Oh-hh-hh-hh. Yes. Oh-hh-hh-hh.

KATE: There, there, Willy. Is that better?

WILLY: Yes. Oh-hh-hh-hh.

KATE: Perhaps I could kiss it better for you?

WILLY: Yes please.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

KATE: Perhaps if I kiss your lips you would tell me how you lost your big nose?

WILLY: No way! Nothing would make me tell you that. God knows why you want to know. You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Will you come with me to the Church?

KATE: No.

WILLY: Then good night.

KATE: Willy, Willy will you not tell me? If you love me, tell me.

WILLY: Will you marry me?

KATE: No. No, I can't.

WILLY: Go to Hell, then.

KATE: [SOBS]

DAVIE: I know.

LIZZIE: You do?

KATE: What do you mean, "you know"?

DAVIE: I know how Willy lost his enormous nose. I saw the whole thing.

KATE: Out with it, then.

LIZZIE: Not so fast, Davie. What about the wee coin you were taunting me with?

KATE: Very well.

LIZZIE: Thank you. That's payment for the lie I told about Betty Boghullie. I'll have the other half as well. For Davie.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

KATE: You miserable money-grubber . I'll give it to you when I've heard his story.

DAVIE: It was the Wee-Folk.

KATE: I might have guessed. Where did it happen?

DAVIE: Right here. It was the two ugly dwarves I just told you about. They were doing their weird dance to, "Monday Tuesday, Monday Tuesday", and Willy suggested, "Thursday". They were so delighted they offered him anything he wanted. I didn't know what they did for him until later because I ran away.

KATE: My word. How did he summon them?

DAVIE: He was lying on the ground, crying like you were when the moon went dark and there they were. And you know, I've not been so frightened since my grandfather summoned the Devil ...

LIZZIE: Davie! Your money!

KATE: Right you old beggar. Run for it!

LIZZIE: Tight-fisted bitch. Annoying shit.

DAVIE: I'll find it Mother. I'll find it. I'm good at finding things.

KATE: CONTRIVED, ARTIFICIAL SOBS.

WEE FOLK: [TOGETHER] Monday, Tuesday, Wensday, Monday, Tuesday, Wensday.

KATE: Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

WEE FOLK: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday? Friday? Saturday?

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WEE FOLK WIFE: You're interfering with my dance? Who invited you here? ...You'll pay for this, skid-mark.

WEE FOLK MAN: Devil take you, you dirty, shrieking, human slut ...

WEE FOLK WIFE: Mo mhile molochd

KATE: [SCREAMS IN TERROR]

WILLY: Davie, Davie come closer with your lantern.  
Englishman, be ready with your sword.

SIMON: Have a care ...

LIZZIE: Be careful. The Wee-Folk are nearby.

SIMON: Sliddery, did you hear? ...

WILLY: Kate, what's wrong with you? Whit was that hellish screeching? Was it you, Kate? Kate, what's wrong?

SIMON: Kate Kiscadale! What ails you Kate?

KATE: Nothing. I'm alright now.

SIMON: Thank God for that, Kate. You were right about the Boghullie wench ...she is not for me. So here I am to ask you to be my wife and come away with me.  
What say you, sweet Kate?

KATE: Will you have me as I am, Simon?

SIMON: As you are, my lovely one. The Laird and old Lizzie are my witnesses.

WILLY: Come closer with your lamp, Davie.

KATE: Very well, Simon. I'll marry you.

SIMON: Oh ...my ...God ...Kate ...Kate.

WILLY: Oh no ...No. Kate's changed.

KATE'S KEEKIN-GLESS - ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

KATE:                   What's up?  
                              Perhaps I should look in my mirror.

LIZZIE:                 My word. Kate's the Devil. She's got the face of that  
                              snottery, green woman with the red boils.  
                              You'r not so pretty now, are you? You uppity whore.

