

HARDIE & BAIRD: THE LAST DAYS

CAST

Andrew Hardie: Awaiting execution for High Treason. Just turned 27 years of age, a weaver from Townhead, leader of the band of Glasgow men because of his army experience in the recent war with France. When he reads or writes his letters he should enunciate each word clearly, as though unused to reading aloud.

John Baird: Awaiting execution for High Treason. 30/31 years of age, a weaver from Condorret. He was in overall command, with Hardie at his right hand. He had served seven years in the army.

Tam Simpson; approx. 45 years of age; gaoler.

Mr Heugh: mid to late 30's; a minister.

Mr Small: early to mid 30's; a minister.

Dr Wright: early mid, late 50's; a minister; has a slight limp.

Bella Condy: 19 years of age.

Grannie Duncan: around 70 years of age

Lord President:

1st Soldier:

2nd Soldier:

Usher:

Two Authorities:

2nd Gaoler:

nb THE LANGUAGE AND GESTURE OF EACH SPEAKER, AS TRANSCRIBED ON THE PAGE, SHOULD BE USED AS A GUIDE; THE ACTORS MUST NOT FEEL HIDEBOUND BY IT, ESPECIALLY IF THEY ARE NOT AT HOME IN ONE OF THE

ACCENTS OF CENTRAL SCOTLAND

PROLOGUE:

TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE AUDIENCE (BUT NOT IN COSTUME) BY THE ACTOR PLAYING THE PARTS OF BELLA OR GRANNIE DUNCAN:

Though near this place no marble statue stand,
Nor weeping angel pointing to the spot,
Their fame is known all through their native land,
And never, never, shall they be forgot.

This is the last verse of a poem entitled THE DIRGE TO BAIRD AND HARDIE which was written by a friend of one of the two men, Daniel Taylor of Kilsyth, to mark the occasion of their execution. Unfortunately what he says in the verse has proved only partially true; neither the two men nor the Scottish Insurrection in general are ever referred to officially, while within our educational system this part of history, like so many others connected with the Radical movement, remains almost entirely neglected.

In the year 1820 there were 88 counts of High Treason in Scotland. There were many transportations and three weavers were executed: James "Purly" Wilson at Glasgow; John Baird and Andrew Hardie at Stirling. The trials themselves were held under English Law, in direct contravention of the 1707 Treaty of Union. This play is based on the last days of Baird and Hardie. They were tried as leaders of a small band of Radicals who were led into conflict with a company of Government troops; it became known as The Battle of Bonnymuir. The play spans the period spent by the two men, for the most part in solitary confinement, in the dungeons of Edinburgh then Stirling Castles.

PAUSE: CHANGE OF MOOD, BUT WITHOUT IRONY): God save the King!

EXIT.

EDINBURGH CASTLE PRISON

SUDDEN LIGHT ON BAIRD WHO STANDS BY THE END OF HIS BUNK. HE SPEAKS AT ONCE IN AN URGENT WHISPER WHICH EVENTUALLY SETTLES INTO A MORE REGULAR ADDRESS:

BAIRD: I hope you will bear with my situation as well as possible for you can neither add to nor take away from it. I hope you will look to your own state and leave me to mine and God who is both able and willing to save to the very uttermost all that put their trust in him, he is my rock and my strong tower and my sure defence, to redeem me from sin; I will not fear what

flesh can do me. I hope you will be steadfast in the faith, studying to have your conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. Being justified by faith we are at peace with God. When God is with us, who can be against us? Go and prosper...

THE FROWN GIVES WAY, IT BECOMES A SMILE:

Rab, go and prosper, and give my kind love to all inquiring friends. No more at present, but remain your affectionate brother, John Baird...

HE TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD ABSENTLY AND FROWNS AT THE CHAINS WHEN THEY RATTLE, AS IF BEWILDERED BY THEM. AND THE LIGHTS COME UP ON HARDIE'S CELL

HARDIE IS SEATED AT THE TEA-CHEST, ENGROSSED IN WRITING A LETTER

BAIRD: CONTINUES SPEAKING, BUT MATTER-OF-FACTLY) I have nothing new to inform you of. We are well provided for. The Captain of the gaol is a very fine man; he gives us every indulgence that is in his power; he has got a very humane lady who gets our linen washed and charges nothing. The Colonel of the 80th Regiment too is one of the best; he has given us each a fine shirt as a present.

STOPS; PROCEEDS IN SLIGHTLY IRONIC TONES:

I am taking very well with my confinement. I am. Truly... I pass my time more cheerfully than you would imagine...

(SUDDEN SERIOUSNESS) But I am come to this of it now, when courage must face danger; conscience support pain; patience possess itself in the midst of discouragements.

No more at present but remain yours until death, John Baird. (SITS ON BUNK, AND AFTER A MOMENT HE SPEAKS SLOWLY) John Baird ken that's me, your brother... Johnnie... (STARES AT THE FLOOR)

HARDIE: CONTINUES PENNING LETTER IN SILENCE FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THEN READS ALOUD, QUITE FORMALLY:

Dear Mother, Sisters and Brothers, I at last received your kind and welcome letters and was truly happy to hear that you are all well, as this leaves me, thank God for his kindness to us. I am truly sorry that you did not receive my letter dated April 9th for the gentleman who examines our letters said it would be sent away. And I thanked him for his kindness, and said, "I hope there's nothing offensive in it"; and he said, "By no means." So I think it will be mislaid in the post office. I asked for a little money which I knew you could ill spare. But you need not send any now for the allowance I have is quite sufficient.

I have plenty of time to reflect on my past conduct which I hope will be forgiven me through the merits of our blessed Saviour, who suffered death that our sins might be forgiven us. Give

my kind compliments to my shopmates; I know they will miss me - I hope they take care of my poor bird, which you may allow them to keep if you please. I hope you have got a journeyman to my web... (PAUSE. HE READS ON IN SILENCE

BAIRD: SITS UP ON BUNK THEN STRETCHES OUT ONTO HIS SIDE, FACING INTO WALL, DRAWS KNEES UP INTO FOETAL POSITION

HARDIE: RESUMES READING ALOUD) I know you will be concerned about my unfortunate situation, but I hope God will strengthen your hearts to bear with patience whatever is his Holy Will; as for me, I am bearing it with great fortitude. He sent his only begotten son into this world who took upon himself our infirmities and suffered death for our salvation; upon this belief I build my faith and by this faith I hope to be saved.

HE RISES, WALKS A FEW STEPS: HE RETURNS, LIFTS THE LETTER AND GAZES AT IT, READS ALOUD:

I could furnish you with many more proofs of my belief, which I shall reserve for some other time. Give my compliments to my grandfather. Give also my compliments to Margaret McVeigh; let her know I expect a letter from her shortly. (HE LAYS THE LETTER DOWN, HIS SHOULDERS DROOP AND HE RUBS HIS EYES

BAIRD: TURNS ONTO HIS BACK, LIES STARING AT CEILING, HIS BREATHING REGULAR BUT A BIT LOUDER THAN HARDIE'S, AND HE COUGHS, LAUGHS QUIETLY THEN STARTS TO WHISTLE IN A BREATHLESS MANNER; THE TUNE IS "KEMPY'S HAT". HE CONTINUES FOR ABOUT A MINUTE THEN SHUTS HIS EYES, REMAINS MOTIONLESS

HARDIE: WALKS TO END OF CELL, LOOKS UPWARDS THEN HIS HEAD DROOPS AND HIS EYES CLOSE. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS HE FLEXES HIS SHOULDERS, GROANING: HIS MUSCLES ACHE. HE GAZES UPWARDS AGAIN, AND RETURNS TO SIT AT THE TEACHEST, TAKES ANOTHER LETTER, STUDIES WHAT HE HAS WRITTEN, SCRIBBLES SOMETHING DOWN, CONTINUES ALOUD, MATTER-OF-FACTLY)

My cousin was perfectly right in his conjecture with regard to my wishing that I had been killed, I really did wish so. When I took it into proper consideration what a rash and foolish, and unlawful action I had been guilty of, I wished I had been shot; but I sincerely repent of that rash wish and hope it will be forgiven me, and I thank God that he did not hurry me into his presence in such an unprepared state.

I informed you in the first letter how we were situated. How we were situated... How we had been deluded away. (HE STARES AT THE PAGE, THEN CONTINUES) We are now in the

Castle and used with the utmost civility... (HE STOPS AND STARES AT THE PAGE ONCE AGAIN

SOUND: A COUPLE OF MOMENTS ON AND THERE IS A DISTANT CRY FROM SOMEWHERE FAR OFF IN THE PRISON BUT NEITHER MAN REACTS TO IT.

BAIRD'S HANDS GO TO BENEATH HIS HEAD; HE IS WIDE AWAKE AND DEEP IN THOUGHT. HE CHUCKLES, IT BECOMES A LIGHT LAUGH. THEN HE FROWNS. THERE IS A PAUSE AND HE SMILES AGAIN) Feyther, ye just shouldni have hit me like that... Ye shouldni've - it's no a way to behave, a feyther and his boy... (HE SMILES. THEN HE FROWNS AND IS SILENT, AND HE STARES AT THE CEILING) It's no... (HE FROWNS)

HARDIE: WALKS TO THE END OF HIS CELL, RETURNS TO THE DOOR AND WAITS THERE, HIS SHOULDER RESTING AGAINST IT.

BAIRD: O God o God. (HE COVERS HIS FACE WITH BOTH HANDS. HE GROANS - ANGRY GROANS. HE SITS SUDDENLY UP AND BIRLS ROUNDABOUT, HIS FEET CLATTERING TO THE FLOOR. HE STARES AT HIS FEET, HE STUDIES HIS CHAINS, HIS BREATHING IS HEAVY. HE IS MANAGING TO BECALM HIMSELF. HE CLOSES HIS EYES

HARDIE: BEGINS FLEXING HIS BACK MUSCLES AND SHOULDERS, THE TOP OF HIS NECK: HE DOES A HEAD EXERCISE. HIS GAZE TAKES IN THE BIBLE LYING ON THE TEACHEST. HE CONTINUES EXERCISING FOR A SHORT PERIOD, THEN WALKS TO LIFT THE BIBLE WHICH HE THUMBS THROUGH AND STARTS TO READ WHILE STANDING.

BAIRD: STARTS TO SMILE. HE COUGHS DRILY, RESTING HIS CHIN ON THE PALM OF HIS HAND. HE SHAKES HEAD BUT IS NOT ABLE TO STOP HIMSELF SMILING, IT BECOMES A QUIET LAUGH; THEN HIS WHISTLING ONCE MORE, THE BREATHLESS "*KEMPY'S HAT*". HE STOPS IT, HE SINGS THE OPENING LINES OF *THE "RISING OF THE MOON"*:

O then tell me Sean O'Farrell
tell me why you hurry so
Hush a bhuachaill hush and listen,
and his cheeks were all aglow

I bear orders from the Captain,
get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together,
at the rising of the moon

HE BREAKS OFF AND STARES AT THE FLOOR: AND WILL EVENTUALLY REST ON HIS BUNK.

HARDIE: TURNS ANOTHER PAGE OF THE BIBLE, READS A SENTENCE AND STOPS, THEN SKIPS ALMOST TO THE VERY END AND TURNS PAGES BACK THE WAY. INSTEAD OF READING HE STANDS GAZING INTO SPACE. HE CLOSSES THE BIBLE, LAYS IT ON THE TEACHEST. HE YAWNS AND STRETCHES QUITE NOISILY, BEFORE LIFTING LETTER WHICH HE STUDIES PRIOR TO READING ALOUD:

You will give my greatest acknowledgments to my comrade Walter, for his trouble and kindness. Any petition may be entrusted to him. (HE STOPS SUDDENLY AND SLAPS HIMSELF ON THE FOREHEAD AND SCRIBBLES OUT THAT LAST SENTENCE AND ONCE HE HAS DONE SO HE SLAPS HIMSELF AGAIN AND PACES TO THE END OF HIS CELL. HE STANDS WITH HIS BACK TO THERE, SHOULDERS DROOPING.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS HE GLANCES UP TO WHERE A HIGH WINDOW OR GRATING MIGHT BE. THEN HIS GAZE FALLS TO HIS CHAINS: HE MUTTERS TO HIMSELF, UNINTELLIGIBLY AT FIRST, THEN HE SPEAKS ALOUD AS IF IN MIDTHOUGHT) Maggie gets my letters. (PAUSE) She gets my compliments...she aye gets my compliments. (PAUSE) There's no anything noo. Nothing. There's nothing.

HE RETURNS SLOWLY ONTO HIS BUNK WHERE HE STRETCHES OUT, THEN MOVES ONTO HIS SIDE, FACING INTO THE WALL AND MUTTERS) Nothing, nothing... HIS BREATHING BECOMES RACKED, LIKE A DRY SOBBING, THEN MORE REGULATED. HE MOVES ONTO HIS BACK, STRETCHES HIS ARMS OUT BUT THEY ARE CRAMPED BY THE CHAINS, HE RUBS AT HIS WRISTS, GAZING AT THE CEILING

BAIRD: RISES SLOWLY, WALKS TO THE END OF HIS CELL AND BACK AGAIN, TO LEAN HIS SHOULDER AGAINST THE DOOR. HE IS LISTENING BUT NOT HEARING ANYTHING. HE STOPS LISTENING BUT CONTINUES TO STAND THERE, HEAD BOWED

HARDIE: SIGHS AND SITS UP, THEN STANDS. HE GOES TO BEGIN WRITING

BAIRD: NOW HEARS SOMETHING FROM OUTSIDE AND QUICKLY LIES DOWN ON

HIS BUNK

TWO PRISON AUTHORITIES HAVE APPEARED AND VERY VERY QUIETLY THEY PEER FIRSTLY THROUGH THE KEEK HOLE IN BAIRD'S CELL, THEN THAT OF HARDIE.

HARDIE: SEEMS NOT TO SENSE THEIR PRESENCE, RESUMES) David saith, "If thou shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared..."

HE STARES AT WHAT HE HAS WRITTEN THEN LIFTS BIBLE AND CHECKS THAT THE LAST QUOTATION IS ACCURATE BEFORE CONTINUING.

TWO PRISON AUTHORITIES: EXIT AS SILENTLY AS THEY ENTERED.

HARDIE: CLOSES BIBLE, LIFTS PAGE OF LETTER, READS IN SILENCE, THEN ALOUD) My cousin makes his excuse for holding so dark a prospect to me but I would be truly sorry if any of you were of another opinion, as it exactly agrees with mine. Exactly, it agrees exactly... with mine. (HE STARES AT THE LETTER)

BAIRD: GETS UP AND WALKS FORWARDS, CIRCLES AND RETURNS TO STAND AT DOOR, THEN DOES THE SAME MANOEUVRE ONCE AGAIN.

HARDIE: IS SCRATCHING SOMETHING OUT; HE WRITES BRIEFLY AND STOPS, CHEWS THUMB NAIL, RESUMES ALOUD) Brothers and sisters, I hope you will be kind to our afflicted mother as I know my melancholy affair will sink deep in her tender heart, which already has been almost broke by the loss of our dear father and sisters and brothers who were hurried from this world; and now, by all appearances, your brother is going to be hurried away likewise, in the bloom of his youth. Therefore I hope you will lead a sober, honest and industrious life, serving God with all your heart and all your strength, and love your neighbour as you love yourself... ... (BREAKS OFF AND SIGHS - BUT THE SIGH ONLY SIGNIFIES THAT HE HAS BEEN WRITING FOR SOME TIME - HE FLEXES HIS BACK MUSCLES AND SHOULDERS, FLEXES HIS FINGERS, RUBS AT HIS WRISTS; HE CONTINUES WRITING IN SILENCE

BAIRD: WALKS DOWNSTAGE, TO THE END OF HIS CELL, DURING THE LAST BIT FROM HARDIE. WHEN HE ARRIVES HE GAZES UPWARDS AS IF AT A HIGH WINDOW. THEN HE GOES TO HIS BUNK AND KNEELS, DRAGS OUT HIS PAIL

FROM BENEATH AND PROCEEDS TO URINATE INTO IT.

HARDIE: STUDIES THE PAGE THEN ADDS) I hope some of you will not be long in writing to me. I have nothing more to add but remain your unfortunate son and brother, Andrew Hardie...

In these sad moments of severe distress
When sorrows threaten, and when dangers press
For my defence, behold what arms are given -
Firmness of soul, and confidence in Heaven.

PS. I hope the gentleman who examines this may give notice if all letters are now being given me. (PAUSE; READS IN SILENCE A MOMENT OR SO) I would also be very happy if any of you would come to Edinburgh and see me as this liberty should now be granted. But if this is not so then I hope the gentleman may give you notice thereto, by writing in this letter...

HE SQUINTS AT THE LAST BIT. HE CONSIDERS ADDING SOMETHING MORE. HE FOLDS HIS ARMS, RESTS HIS HEAD ON THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND HE RUBS AT HIS JAW A LITTLE AS IF HE HAS A SLIGHT TOOTHACHE. HE IS VERY TIRED. HE STARES OUT AND AROUND AUDIENCE; HIS LINE OF VISION SHOULD PASS ACROSS BAIRD AT SOME POINT. HE RUBS HIS EYES AND YAWNS.

BAIRD: REPLACES PAIL BENEATH BUNK AND WALKS TO THE DOOR, LEANS AGAINST IT. HE GRINS, LAUGHS BRIEFLY: HE STARTS TO TAKE A GIGANTIC STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF THE END OF THE CELL, AND TAKES MORE GIGANTIC STEPS UNTIL ARRIVAL, CHUCKLING AWAY AT HIMSELF. HE ABOUT-TURNS, BACK TO THE DOOR IN THE SAME STYLE, RETURNING IN SAME MANNERED FASHION, STILL CHUCKLING BUT NOW GOING SOMEWHAT SLOWER, AND HE COUNTS IN FRENCH) Un... deux...trois...quatre... (THIS TIME AS HE PASSES THE BUNK HE COLLAPSES ONTO IT, LAUGHING.

ONCE HIS BREATHING HAS BECOME MORE REGULAR HE LIES ON HIS BUNK, HANDS BENEATH HIS HEAD. HE REMAINS MOTIONLESS. AFTER A WHILE HE BEGINS TO SING QUIETLY:

They say ava and they gang awa
And they leave their lassies greeting 0
0 if I

BUT HE STOPS THERE, LAPSING INTO SILENCE. HE SHOWS NO EMOTION WHATSOEVER.

THIS SILENCE IS HELD FOR SOME TEN SECONDS: THEN LIGHTS DIM AND OUT.

Scene 2

STIRLING CASTLE DUNGEONS

LIGHTS: DIM.

SOUND: OF WATER DRIPPING, CONTINUOUS BUT NOT OVERPOWERING, AND ONLY AUDIBLE FROM WITHIN BAIRD'S CELL. THEN THE SOLID THUD OF A DOOR BEING SHUT FAST.

HARDIE, BAIRD, TAM SIMPSON AND THE TWO SOLDIERS ARE APPROACHING, THE PRISONERS IN CHAINS AS BEFORE BUT WITH A CHANGE OF UPPER CLOTHING. THE GAOLER HAS HIS BUNCH OF KEYS AND THE SOLDIERS CARRY MUSKETS WITH BAYONETS FIXED, BUT NOT AS THOUGH ENVISAGING AN ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

TAM SIMPSON CONTINUES ALONE TO UNLOCK DOOR TO THE CELL WHICH IS TO BE BAIRD'S. HE UNLOCKS DOOR) Mister Baird!

BAIRD: STEPS FORWARDS. HE EXCHANGES NODS WITH HARDIE. HE IS USHERED INSIDE BY TAM)

HARDIE: CALLS JUST AS THE DOOR IS BEING SHUT) Aw the best to ye Johnnie

BAIRD: Aye. And you. (HE STANDS WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR WHEN TAM HAS CLOSED IT. HE STARES AT THE INTERIOR THEN SHUTS HIS EYES)

TAM: ADDRESSES HARDIE AS THEY CONTINUE ALONG TO THE NEXT) That's some time to be coming back frae a trial

HARDIE: DOES NOT RESPOND. THE TWO SOLDIERS SEEM DISINTERESTED.
TAM: UNLOCKS CELL DOOR, USHERS HARDIE INSIDE AND LOCKS IT AFTER HIM

HARDIE: STANDS A MOMENT THEN TURNS AND FACES DOOR

BAIRD: MEANWHILE SITS DOWN ON HIS BUNK, VERY TIRED

TAM: TO SOLDIERS, AS THEY MAKE TO LEAVE) Radicals by God, two o'clock in the bloody morning!

1ST SOLDIER Yeh... (BOTH HE AND 2ND SOLDIER BEGIN UNFIXING THEIR BAYONETS)

TAM: Eh? (A GLANCE AT 2ND SOLDIER)

2ND SOLDIER: Mm, yeh...been a long day

TAM: You're no expecting that but, two o'clock in the morning, to get back frae a bloody trial.

1ST SOLDIER: Did ye say something about a drink my friend...?

TAM: GRINS, WINKS AT 2ND SOLDIER) Thirsty eh!

2ND SOLDIER: SMILES BUT THEN GIVES AN AMUSED GLANCE TO HIS COMRADE WHEN THE GAOLER IS NOT LOOKING

HARDIE AND BAIRD SURVEYING THEIR CELLS NOW. BAIRD IS LESS INTERESTED THAN HARDIE WHO WALKS THE LENGTH OF HIS, GAZING THIS WAY AND THAT; HE RUBS AT HIS JAW THEN RUBS AT HIS EYES, COVERS HIS FACE WITH BOTH HANDS.

BAIRD LEANS OVER TO PEER BENEATH THE BUNK AND SEES HIS PAIL; HE PULLS IT OUT AND LOOKS INSIDE, SEEING IT TO BE EMPTY, THEN HE PUSHES IT BACK. AND BECOMES AWARE OF THE WATER DRIPPING) Aw God. (HE STARES IN THE DIRECTION OF IT, GROANS)

HARDIE: BEGINS BREATHING LOUDLY AND REGULARLY. HE FLEXES HIS SHOULDERS. HE TURNS TO HIS BUNK, KNEELS TO SEE HIS PAIL BENEATH IT WHICH HE DRAGS OUT TO LOOK INSIDE. THEN HE SITS DOWN ON THE BUNK.

BAIRD: TIRED FRUSTRATION) Fucking dripping water... Whh! Tch. (RUBS AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK AND FLEXES HIS SHOULDERS. HE RAISES HIMSELF TO

STRETCH ALONG ON THE BUNK AND HE SIGHS) Aw dear... (HE CLOSES HIS EYES AND WITHIN SECONDS BEGINS SLEEPING)

HARDIE: LIES DOWN AND PULLS THE BLANKET UP TO HIS CHIN, MOVES ONTO HIS SIDE.

LIGHTS OUT

Scene 3

TAM: UNLOCKS THE DOOR OF HARDIE'S CELL. HE IS RETURNING HARDIE'S SLOPS PAIL

LIGHTS: BUT ONLY DIMLY ON BAIRD'S CELL. BAIRD IS SLEEPING ON HIS SIDE, FACING INTO THE WALL; AN EMPTY PORRIDGE BOWL IS ON THE FLOOR NEARBYE THE BUNK. HARDIE IS LYING ON HIS BUNK, READING A BOOK: HIS BIBLE IS ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE BOWL OF PORRIDGE WHICH SITS ON THE FLOOR.

TAM: ENTERS CELL, PUTS THE PAIL DOWN) Reading already by God, eh!

HARDIE: WITHOUT LIFTING HIS HEAD) The porridge was freezing cauld. And it was lumpy as well.

TAM: What... (LIFTING THE BOWL AND PEERING INTO IT)

HARDIE: I'm no wanting it.

TAM: Come on. You've got to eat.

HARDIE: PAUSE) Gie it to somebody needing it up the sterr

TAM: IRRITATED) There's naebody needing it up the sterr! (GLARES AT HIM) You dae too much grumping. Ye dae. (PAUSE). Look it's no my fault: it goes cauld by the time I get

doon here. The kitchen's miles away. (HARDIE IS NOT RESPONDING) It's no my fault. (PAUSE). You didn't eat yesterday either

HARDIE: AFTER A MOMENT) I'm no hungry.

TAM: Ach!

HARDIE: Is there any letters for me? (STILL NOT TAKING HIS GAZE FROM THE BOOK).

BRING THE LIGHTS IN BAIRD'S CELL UP TO THE EQUIVALENT OF THOSE IN HARDIE'S. BAIRD: HAS MOVED ONTO HIS BACK, HE HAS HIS EYES OPEN, HIS HANDS BENEATH HIS HEAD.

TAM: Naw. And neither there will be noo, no till eftir you all get sentenced.

HARDIE: What about something to write on then? Or is that still no allowed either. I thought they were supposed to be gieing ye stuff in for me?

TAM Who telt you that? There's nae point gieing ye stuff in for writing if your letters are stopped.

HARDIE: GRUNTS

TAM: ANGRILY) Aye well you go and tell their Lordships then eh! Ye dae enough damn blethering when ye want tae! (PAUSE) Are ye gonni eat this grub? (PAUSE) Aye well suit yoursel it's just you that suffers. (TURNS TO LEAVE, THEN GLANCES BACK AT HARDIE) They canni say it's my fault. God sake!

HARDIE: FIRMLY BUT WITHOUT RAISING HIS VOICE: HE GAZES AT THE GAOLER) I'd prefer ye no tae blaspheme Tam.

TAM: GLOWERING AT HIM) Aye much good it does ye! (MAKES TO EXIT WITH THE BOWL)

HARDIE: And what about exercising, have we no even to get a walk round the castle yard?

TAM: How dae I know! I just dae what I'm telt!

HARDIE: TURNS FROM HIM, RESUMES READING.

TAM: SHAKES HIS HEAD IN GREAT IRRITATION: OPENS CELL DOOR AND STEPS OUT, LOCKS AND BOLTS IT. HARDIE CONTINUES READING.

BAIRD: HEARS SOUND OF GAOLER'S KEYS AND GETS QUICKLY ONTO HIS FEET TO LISTEN AT DOOR, STAYS LISTENING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS UNTIL SURE NO ONE IS COMING TO HIS CELL. HE STOPS LISTENING AND LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR. THEN HE WHISPERS LOUDLY THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Will ye stoap up the fucking wattir! Eh! Will ye! (HE COVERS HIS EYES WITH HIS HANDS AND GROANS) Ohhhh Jesus, ohh Jesus, Jesus Christ

HARDIE: HAS READ SOMETHING HE LIKES VERY MUCH. HE GRINS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE BECOMES SERIOUS, HE STUDIES THE PAGE, FROWNS THEN SHUTS HIS EYES AS THOUGH TO MEMORISE A LINE OR TWO.

BAIRD: SITS DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS BACK RESTING AGAINST THE CELL DOOR. HE SPEAKS MATTER-OF-FACTLY) Ken I'm no gonni take this ye know. I'm no. I'm no gonni take it. I'm just no. I'm no. (HE SITS STARING AT HIS FEET: HE LEANS TO SCRATCH HIS ANKLE

HARDIE: CLOSES THE BIBLE, RISES, WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE CELL AND BACK, THEN FORWARDS AGAIN AND STANDS DOWNSTAGE

BAIRD: SPEAKS AS THOUGH RECITING A POEM) When I was a young boy my heart was so full. (FIVE SECOND PAUSE) When I was a young boy... (HE MASSAGES HIS FEET, HUMS A TUNE FOR A FEW MOMENTS - THE TUNE IS NOT INTELLIGIBLE)

HARDIE: KNEELS; FOLDS HIS ARMS, HEAD BOWED, EYES CLOSED AS IF PRAYING

BAIRD: BEGINS SINGING MIDWAY THROUGH THE SONG "THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW"

...there's bound to be a row.

There's bound to be a row, there's bound to be a row

I do all my life to please my wife but there's

/bound to be a row

She takes in a ludger, he's single bye the bye

And I've to make room for him and on the sofa lie
HE LAPSES INTO SILENCE, STARING AT HIS FEET.

HARDIE: NOW STRETCHES OUT ON THE FLOOR TO BEGIN DOING A SERIES OF PRESS-UPS, ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT. THEN HE LIES ON HIS FRONT, RECOVERING HIS BREATH.

LIGHTS DIM.

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY GAZES UPWARDS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE WATER DRIPPING. HE SPEAKS SLOWLY) They had the iron oan me ken stones of iron, laid on me, on ma chest... Imagine that, eh Rab! Hh... (SHAKE OF THE HEAD) Stones of iron oan ma chest... (AND HE WHISPERS) Fuck...! (EVENTUALLY HE STARTS FLEXING HIS NECK AND SHOULDERS)

HARDIE: RAISES HIMSELF AND DOES ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR PRESS-UPS, THEN GOES TO HIS BUNK AND LIES DOWN, HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD, GAZING AT THE CEILING.

BAIRD: GETS TO HIS FEET, SITS HEAVILY DOWN ON HIS BUNK, THEN HEARS A SOUND FROM OUTSIDE THE CELL. TAM IS ON HIS WAY THOUGH NOT YET IN VIEW.

TAM: ENTERS CARRYING A TRAY, BREAD AND WATER FOR TWO. HE PEERS IN THE KEEKHOLE OF BAIRD'S CELL DOOR. BAIRD HAS HEARD HIM COME AND IS WAITING. TAM UNBOLTS AND UNLOCKS DOOR, ENTERS WITH THE TRAY) Good day to ye John.

BAIRD: Aye Tam.

TAM: Hungry?

BAIRD: No bad... (DRINKS WATER) Good water. (HE LIFTS THE BREAD AND LOOKS AT IT, SNIFFS) Stale. (BITES A SMALL BIT AND CHEWS) Nae sign of the auld wummin coming back yet? Or young Bella?

TAM: It'd be the same breid if they were here or no.

BAIRD: Would it?

TAM: Aye. Anywey, Bella Condys got nothing to dae with the kitchen (TAKES A BOOK FROM HIS POCKET AND GIVES HIM IT) A book... (BAIRD: FROWNS AT TITLE AS THOUGH SLIGHT DIFFICULTY IN READING IT) One of the clergy left it for ye

BAIRD: NODS, OPENS BOOK AND READS ALOUD, WITHOUT ANY IRONY WHATSOEVER) Some thoughts on the worth of man... (HE GLANCES AT TAM WHO WATCHES NONCOMMITTALLY AS BAIRD READS FOR A MOMENT. THEN BAIRD LAYS THE BOOK DOWN) Nae news Tam?

TAM: Whit kinda news? (BAIRD: JUST LOOKS AT HIM) I've no been doon the toon for a couple a nights. (BAIRD STILL JUST LOOKS AT HIM) I dont get to hear everything ye know.

BAIRD: PAUSE. THEN HE NODS) How's the lads up the sterr?

TAM: Fine, far as I hear.

BAIRD: Are they getting letters?

TAM: Aw I wouldni think so, no if yous urni. (PAUSE) Truly, I dont. (INDICATES BOOK) If ye dont want the book I'll take it away

BAIRD: Och naw leave it wi me, ken for the time being

TAM: WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE CELL, PEERING THIS WAY AND THAT.

BAIRD: WATCHES HIM) Ye looking for something?

TAM: Naw.

BAIRD: NODS, LEAFS THROUGH PAGES OF THE BOOK, BUT THEN SHUTS IT AGAIN, AND HE SIGHS

TAM: GAZES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT BEFORE SPEAKING) Nae use in worrying about the Sentencing. You'll find oot soon enough.

BAIRD: IMMEDIATE IRRITATION) What? Find out what! (SHAKES HIS HEAD) God's truth Tam, I've known that since the sixth of fucking April.

TAM: STARES AT HIM)

BAIRD: Come on.

TAM: But ye canni know it for sure. (BAIRD: JUST LOOKING AT HIM) You've got to be able to hope for something.

BAIRD: Tam Tam...what's for breakfast...

TAM: ANGRILY) Ach! (STRIDES TO DOOR, COLLECTS TRAY AS HE GOES, NOW HALTS AND TURNS TO BAIRD) You'll be getting some visitors later

BAIRD: Visitors...

TAM: Some of the clergy're coming in... Nae doubt they'll be visiting down here. (BAIRD: DOES NOT RESPOND) Aye well you're aye moaning about folk getting to see ye!

BAIRD: IRRITATION OBVIOUS, BUT NEVER RAISES HIS VOICE) Aye real visitors! Friends. That's who I was talking about - friends, or relations.

TAM: The clergy's good people.

BAIRD: I'm no wanting to get into any argy bargy wi you Tam. I dont, I just want a bit of peace, alright? A bit of fucking peace. so just away and get on with your work; ken your masters dont pey ye for blethering wi politicals.

TAM: EXITS AND SLAMS SHUT THE DOOR

BAIRD: GETS ONTO HIS FEET: THE INTERCHANGE HAS UPSET HIM A BIT. HE PACES DOWNSTAGE, EVENTUALLY SITS ON THE FLOOR. HE TURNS, LIFTS THE BOOK FROM THE BUNK AND GLANCES AT FIRST PAGES, THEN CHIPS IT BACK ONTO THE BUNK. HE LEANS AGAINST THE CELL DOOR

LIGHTS DIM, THEN OUT

SOUND OF A CLOCK CHIMING SOMEWHERE, THE WATER STILL DRIPPING

Scene 4

LIGHTS

HARDIE: IS KNEELING, URINATING INTO HIS BUCKET. HE RETURNS PAIL BENEATH THE BUNK AND LIFTS A BOOK, BUT CLOSES IT AND MOVES TO BEGIN A SERIES OF PRESS-UPS, OR SIMILAR EXERCISING.

BAIRD: RESTING ON THE BUNK, EYES OPEN, DEEP IN THOUGHT. OCCASIONALLY HE CHUCKLES. HE CLOSES HIS EYES BUT IS STILL REGISTERING AMUSEMENT. THEN HE SINGS THE FOLLOWING LINES FROM "THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW":

She takes in a ludger, he's single bye the bye
And I've to make room for him and on the sofa lie
it's the meat to he and to me the bones
and it doesn't seem right somehow

HE BECOMES SILENT, STARES AHEAD. HE SMILES SUDDENLY, SHAKES HIS HEAD: HE SIGHS) I'm no wanting things, I'm no needing them ken they're nothing to me, they're no anything, them, they're no anything. I'm in nae need. (SHRUGS)

HARDIE: HAS NOW STOPPED EXERCISING AND LIES ON THE FLOOR RECUPERATING

BAIRD: RISES AND WALKS DOWNSTAGE AND RETURNS, THEN BACK AND FORWARDS FOR A SPELL AND HE CHANTS THE LINES:

She takes in a ludger, he's single bye the bye
And I've to make room for him and on the sofa lie

HE CONTINUES PACING IN SILENCE. THEN WHEN HE ARRIVES BY THE DOOR HE HALTS AND LISTENS INTENTLY. THE MINISTERS CAN BE HEARD FROM AFAR, CHATTING TOGETHER. BAIRD QUICKLY GETS ONTO HIS BUNK, PULLS BLANKET UP TO HIS CHIN AND TURNS ONTO HIS SIDE, FEIGNING SLEEP

THREE MINISTERS APPEAR, ACCOMPANIED BY TAM. THEY WALK TO THE DOOR OF BAIRD'S CELL AND THERE THEY LISTEN AT THE KEEKHOLE. TAM UNLOCKS THE DOOR QUIETLY AND HE AND DR WRIGHT PEER INSIDE, SEEING BAIRD TO BE 'ASLEEP'. THEY RETURN OUTSIDE:

DR WRIGHT: Sleeping.

THE THREE MINISTERS GLANCE AT ONE ANOTHER

MR HEUGH: Let's leave him be

MR SMALL: If ye think so Mister Heugh.

MR HEUGH: I do. God knows any rest must be welcome

DR WRIGHT: Aye. (TAM: LOCKS UP)

BAIRD LIFTS HIS HEAD TO LISTEN FOR A FEW MOMENTS. HE COLLECTS HIS BOOK FROM THE FLOOR AT THE SIDE OF THE BUNK AND WILL LEAD FOR A SPELL: DURING THE SCENE IN HARDIE'S CELL WITH THE MINISTERS HE WILL RISE AND STROLL ABOUT. EVENTUALLY HE SETTLES TO READ WHILE RESTING ON HIS BUNK

TAM: INDICATES THE KEEKHOLE OF HARDIE'S CELL DOOR TO THE TRIO. MR SMALL IS THE ONE TO LOOK INSIDE.

MR SMALL: WHISPERS) He's lying flat on the floor...

HARDIE: HAS BEEN LYING ON THE FLOOR AFTER EXERCISING BUT WHEN HE HEARS THE KEY IN THE LOCK HE GETS QUICKLY TO HIS FEET, STANDS WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK IN A FORMAL ATTITUDE.

DR WRIGHT NODS IN REPLY TO MR SMALL, MR HEUGH DOES NOT RESPOND. THEN TAM USHERS THE MINISTERS INSIDE, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM, HE EXITS

DR WRIGHT: We're no disturbing ye eh lad, ken we're a wee bit late the night

HARDIE: Naw, it's fine

MR SMALL: GLANCES TO DR WRIGHT BEFORE SPEAKING) You were lying flat on the floor

HARDIE: Aye, I'd just been doing my exercises Mister Small. I was about to start reading

MR SMALL: I see (BUT NOT REALLY CONVINCED)

HARDIE: It helps me get to sleep

MR SMALL: Ah. (ALMOST AN ACCUSATION) So you're no sleeping then?

HARDIE: No always, naw

MR SMALL: Your mind's troubled? You're dwelling on your misfortunes?

HARDIE: PAUSE) I thank God for my misfortunes. I dae. (GLANCES AT THE OTHER TWO MINISTERS) Truly, I dae. (SMILES) Blest the dungeon - blest the dungeon which thus led to heaven.

DR WRIGHT: You mean that lad?

HARDIE: I'm feeling a lot easier since last I saw ye.

MR HEUGH: GRAVELY) You're prepared for the Sentencing then Andy?

HARDIE: Aye... (GESTURES AT HIS BUNK) Eh Doctor Wright... if you'll take a sit down

DR WRIGHT: I will lad, thank you. (SITS) Tam Simpson was saying you're no always eating

HARDIE: SHRUGS) I'm just no always that hungry.

DR WRIGHT: (STUDIES HIM A MOMENT) Aye well it's no a thing to be doing without, your food. (HIS ATTENTION DISTRACTED BY THE BOOK LYING NEARBY: HE PICKS IT UP AND BEGINS READING, ABSENTLY)

MR HEUGH: You'll hae a deal to contend with. You'll need to keep up your strength

HARDIE: God'll grant me the strength

MR SMALL: Amen tae that.

MR HEUGH: AFTER A PAUSE) How are ye for ink and writing materials?

HARDIE: SHRUGS) Letters have been cancelled till further notice...

MR HEUGH: Again! (GLANCES AT HIS COMPANIONS)

MR SMALL: IRONIC) It would seem to be the case Mister Heugh, aye. (THEN A GLANCE AT HARDIE) So the Sentencing isni preying on your mind then?

HARDIE: I just wish it was ower and done wi

MR SMALL: Mm..

MR HEUGH: Is there anything else ye're in need of?

HARDIE: PAUSE) There's the candles right enough I mean if they burn out... I sometimes wonder about that. Cause I'm no sleeping at the usual hours and if I wisni able to get reading...

MR HEUGH: Dont worry about it. The gaoler keeps his eye on that. We'll remind him though if it makes ye easier

DR WRIGHT: ABSENTLY) The light shineth in darkness.

HARDIE: Aye Doctor Wright. (THEN QUICKLY BUT RESPECTFULLY) Be nae candles without God but, surely... All things were made by him.

DR WRIGHT: FINISHES THE QUOTE WHILE LAYING DOWN THE BOOK) And without him was not anything made that was made.

HARDIE: Aye.

DR WRIGHT: APPROVINGLY) You're studying the scriptures

HARDIE: It's no a hardship Doctor Wright. I've aye been a reader anyway

MR HEUGH: TO DR WRIGHT) He used to attend the Mechanics Institute

DR WRIGHT: Is that right

HARDIE: Aye

MR HEUGH: TO HARDIE) You were saying to me about the star-gazing...? (TO DR WRIGHT) Some of them were gonn be going out on hikes.

HARDIE: We were getting the loan of a telescope

DR WRIGHT: The loan of a telescope...

HARDIE: They can capture merr than a hunner times the amount of light your eye can. Which means ye can see a hunner times merr into the sky, deeper I mean.

MR SMALL: Where were ye getting the loan of a telescope?

HARDIE: SHRUGS) The Institute I suppose

MR SMALL: The Institute, aye, and who would be taking charge of it?

HARDIE: Taking charge of it...?

DR WRIGHT: PATIENTLY) Ken what Mister Small's meaning there is how these telescopes are valuable instruments lad, it wouldni do to be treating them in a way that wasni serious

MR SMALL: I was also beginning to wonder about your web, if you'd ever fit in the time to do your work? (WITH A BRIEF GLANCE AT MR HEUGH THEN HE NODS AT DR WRIGHT)

HARDIE: STARES AT THE FLOOR

MR HEUGH: SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE TURNS SUDDENLY TO HARDIE) And have ye heard the news from Greenock?

MR SMALL: Mister Heugh...! We're no here to impart information to prisoners. (A LOOK TO DR WRIGHT)

MR HEUGH: GLANCES AT DR WRIGHT) Ach ye know how this sort of news travels Doctor Wright, it's as well coming frae us as Tam Simpson or auld Grannie Duncan!

MR SMALL: That's no an argument

DR WRIGHT: It isni Mister Heugh

MR HEUGH: But the word's everywhere. (AND TO HARDIE) There's been an incident doon at Greenock, between the townfolk and the military

HARDIE: What kinda incident?

MR HEUGH: Mind now these are early reports Andy but it seems to be fighting

DR WRIGHT: It's a bad business: there's nae good'll come of it

MR SMALL: A riot!

MR HEUGH: No quite the words I heard Mister Small. (THEN TO HARDIE) What they're saying in the toon is how a crowd are supposed to've stoned a company of soldiers. Stoned them. They were trying to cart a half dozen weavers aff to gaol.

HARDIE: What...?

MR SMALL: IMPATIENTLY) A mob attacked the military, that's what's happened. They attacked the military while they were going aboot their lawful business. The way matters are in the country the now I would hardly've thought it the sort of news to be spreading like this - you would think the affair delighted ye

MR HEUGH: QUICKLY) The affair doesni delight me minister, I just think Mister Hardie should be availed of the information

HARDIE: The townfolk fighting the soldiers - to set free the weavers?

MR HEUGH: That's what they're saying, aye.

HARDIE: EXCITED LAUGH

MR SMALL: IMPATIENT SIGH AND A LOOK TO DR WRIGHT) Aye Mister Heugh, a mob attacks a company of soldiers - fine grounds for amusement

DR WRIGHT: GRAVELY) Mister Heugh.

MR HEUGH: TO DR WRIGHT) The news is everywhere.

HARDIE: HAS PACED SLOWLY TO THE FAR END OF HIS CELL. HE STANDS THERE FOR SOME TIME, DEEP IN THOUGHT. HE RETURNS TO THE CELL DOOR, CONTINUES PACING FOR A SHORT WHILE. THE SOUND OF A CLOCK CHIMING SOMEWHERE, BUT VAGUELY. HE RUBS AT HIS FACE, HIS FRUSTRATION SHOWS, HIS CHAINS RATTLE. HE TURNS TO THE MINISTERS) They'll have had nae right to arrest them in the first place. It's aye the way of it but, it's how this government treat ordinary working men (HIS FISTS CLENCH)

MR SMALL: There can never be any excuse for arms Mister Hardie. True justice, true liberty, true religion; never a one required weapons of destruction

MR HEUGH: Ho!

MR SMALL: Aye Mister Heugh!

DR WRIGHT: CLEARS THROAT) Ken one side doesni hae the haud on truth Mister Heugh, let's not forget that

MR HEUGH: I'm hardly likely to Doctor Wright

MR SMALL: There are two sides to every story

MR HEUGH: BARELY CONTROLLING HIS ANNOYANCE) Thank's for reminding me. (TURNS ABRUPTLY) And there's never any call to open up wi muskets on a crowd of unarmed men. It fair does me sick to hear o it

MR SMALL: When?

MR HEUGH: When! There can be never be any justification for such action. And them responsible will answer for it - before God, if no in this world

DR WRIGHT: GLANCES FROM ONE COLLEAGUE TP THE OTHER

MR SMALL: Ye need not tell me about God, minister. (MR HEUGH: STANDS STARING AT HIM) Ye need not tell me about God

MR HEUGH: NOW ACCEPTS BY A NOD OF THE HEAD THAT HE IS IN THE WRONG

MR SMALL: We shall all come before Him

DR WRIGHT: Amen...

MR HEUGH: IS STILL EMOTIONAL FROM THE CONFRONTATION

MR SMALL: The laws of the land are the laws of the land

MR HEUGH: SPEAKS IN SITE OF HIMSELF) Bad laws!

MR SMALL: Laws.

HARDIE: Laws only count for them that've framed them, if you've no had any say in the framing of them then they've got nothing to dae with ye

MR SMALL: LOOKS AT HIM WITH THE UTMOST CONTEMPT. MR HEUGH WITNESSES HIM DOING SO AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST

DR WRIGHT: Eh ministers... (SHARPLY, AND THE OTHER TWO TAKE HEED. DR WRIGHT RISES FROM THE BUNK AND WALKS DOWNSTAGE AS THOUGH TO STRETCH HIS LEGS. HE STANDS A MOMENT, GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, THEN TO HARDIE) Have ye heard from your mother? (PAUSE) Eh?

HARDIE: EVENTUALLY) No for a while. Letters've aw been cancelled

DR WRIGHT: 0 aye, aye. (SUDDEN INTEREST) Your faimly attend Doctor Chalmers's services I'm telt.

HARDIE: QUIETLY) Aye

DR WRIGHT: Mm...

HARDIE: He's a great man.

DR WRIGHT: Aye...

MR SMALL: SHOULD CONVEY HE HAS NO PARTICULAR REGARD FOR EITHER DOCTOR CHALMERS (NOR HARDIE'S FAMILY)

HARDIE: His church is packed, people come frae aw over

DR WRIGHT: Mm.

MR HEUGH: So you'll no know how she's keeping then Andy?

HARDIE: My mother, naw, but she's alright as far as I've been telt. But I dont suppose I've been telt everything...

MR HEUGH: Naw, I dont suppose...

HARDIE: She's had a hard time of it, wi my feyther being deid these last few years. My granpa's went to stay with her for a wee bit

DR WRIGHT: Your granpa?

HARDIE: Aye

MR HEUGH: Is he a weaver as well?

HARDIE: Aye (SNIFFS; AND THIS IS AN AID TO DEFIANCE) Him and James Wilson were acquainted at ane time

MR SMALL: SHARPLY) Were they really...

MR HEUGH: EXASPERATION WITH HIS COLLEAGUE IS EVIDENT

HARDIE: TO MR HEUGH) He knew Thomas Muir as well Mister Heugh, back in the auld

days, they used to attend meetings the gether.

MR SMALL: Indeed.

HARDIE: Universal suffrage and annual parliament, the natural rights of all people, they were aye the thing.

MR SMALL: HAND RAISED IMMEDIATELY) No speechifying just now Mister Hardie, if ye please. (PAUSES. HIS GAZE TAKES IN MR HEUGH) There can never be any valid cause for the raising of arms

MR HEUGH: SHOWS IRRITATION AT THIS - BUT NOT NECESSARILY BECAUSE HE REJECTS THE POINT, HE IS MORE IRRITATED THAT IT SHOULD BE AIRED AT THIS TIME

DR WRIGHT: GENERALLY) The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God

HARDIE: Aye but surely that most cut both ways, surely that must cut both ways

MR SMALL: ENUNCIATES EVERY SYLLABLE) There exist legitimate and adequate sources for the upkeep of law and order within society Mister Hardie: sometimes they've got to be employed by the appropriate authorities, especially when there's folk bent on the flouting of them, as you yourself have got good reason to beware.

MR HEUGH: EXASPERATED AGAIN, TURNS AWAY

DR WRIGHT: PAUSE) Have you looked yet at James eh Andrew, in the New Testament, I'm thinking particular on the first chapters

MR HEUGH: WHILE STARING OFF) A hearer of the word and not a doer.

MR SMALL: GLANCES AT HIS BACK

DR WRIGHT: Chapter four, he that speaketh evil of his brother and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. And we are not judges, we are men, we are simple mortal beings

MR HEUGH: IS NODDING AGREEMENT: CONTINUES TRAIN OF THOUGHT

DIRECTLY TO HARDIE) James also talks about how the rich will weep and howl, and the way that they keep back a proper living wage from their labourers in the field.

HARDIE: NODS) I know

DR WRIGHT: GLANCES AT HIS WATCH ONCE AGAIN) We called in on John Baird earlier but he was sleeping and we thought it best no to wake him. (GLANCES AT THE MINISTERS)

MR SMALL: LOOKS AT HIS OWN FOB WATCH

DR WRIGHT: TO MR HEUGH) It is late...

MR HEUGH: NODS

HARDIE: I thank ye all for coming

DR WRIGHT: Not at all

HARDIE: Thanks but, all the same

MR SMALL: We have the obligation Mister Hardie, and we accede to it

MR HEUGH: God go with you for the Sentencing Andy

HARDIE: When he's with me who can be against me?

MR SMALL: Ye continue to admire his works?

HARDIE: With his own assistance Mister Small

DR WRIGHT: Long suffering and slow to anger..

HARDIE: He's my rock. (SMILES, A BIT PUZZLED)

MR SMALL: And pray. Pray. Continue to pray. The son of man himself died that we might live. We pray for ye. (HE STARES AT HARDIE

MR HEUGH: PLACES HIS HAND ON HARDIE'S SHOULDER) Keep your courage. The Lord'll sustain ye, through the coming ordeal Andy, he'll sustain ye, he'll look out for ye..

DR WRIGHT: Amen tae that

MR SMALL: STEPS TO DOOR AND CALLS:) Gaoler!

TAM APPEARS

BAIRD ALSO HEARS THE CALL AND THE GAOLER'S FOOTSTEPS AND HE GOES TO LISTEN AT THE CELL DOOR, THE BOOK IN HIS HAND.

THE MINISTERS WALK AHEAD OF TAM, GLANCING AT BAIRD'S CELL DOOR WHEN THEY PASS IT. AS THEY VANISH FROM VIEW MR SMALL CAN BE HEARD SPEAKING, WHAT HE SAYS IS NOT INTELLIGIBLE.

BAIRD IS STILL BY HIS DOOR AS IF STRAINING TO HEAR

HARDIE: STARES UP AT THE HIGH WINDOW, THEN HIS HEAD DROOPS, HIS EYES SHUT.

THERE ARE NO SOUNDS NOW, EXCEPT FOR THE BREATHING OF THE PRISONERS AND THE WATER DRIPPING.

LIGHTS DIM.

BAIRD: TURNS AT ONCE AND HE STARES DOWNSTAGE. HE TURNS AGAIN TO LISTEN BY THE CELL DOOR.

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 5

LIGHTS: DIMLY IN BAIRD'S CELL ONLY. HARDIE WILL SLEEP THROUGHOUT

THIS SCENE

BELLA CONDY: IS STANDING MOTIONLESS IN BAIRD'S CELL. SHE IS GAZING AT HIM AS HE LIES ASLEEP BENEATH HIS BLANKET. HE NOW TURNS OVER ONTO HIS SIDE.

BELLA: WHISPERS) Johnnie. Johnnie.

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY OPENS HIS EYES, RAISES HIS HEAD, SEES HER. HIS SURPRISE IS EVIDENT BUT VERY MUTED) Bella? (SHE IS SMILING) Bella?

BELLA: How are ye Johnnie?

BAIRD: A BIT HOARSELY) I'm fine. How are you? How was your auntie?

BELLA: Oh she was awright. She's aye awright - auld besom that she is. (BAIRD RUBS HIS EYES) You're looking tired.

BAIRD: I am tired. It's a queer thing, ye sit about doing nothing aw day... When did ye come back?

BELLA SMILES) Yesterday morning

BAIRD: Did ye. (HE IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF HIMSELF AND SWIFTLY CHECKS THAT THE BLANKET IS COVERING HIS DECENCY)

BELLA: Ye're sleeping though eh

BAIRD: Aye, God, I canni stop. (TAILS OFF) You're looking well yourself Bella... (NODS HIS HEAD FORMALLY) I mean Miss Condy...

BELLA: Tch!

BAIRD: CHUCKLES) Well ye are a Miss ken are ye no!

BELLA: Tch.

BAIRD: LAUGHS AGAIN) Well ye are! Unless ye got merrit while ye were away supposed

tae be seeing that auld auntie of yours! Here, will ye turn your head a minute while I get out of the bunk. (BELLA DOES SO AND BAIRD SWINGS HIMSELF OUT, ADJUSTING HIS TROUSERS) A gentleman shouldni receive a lady in his bed! (HE GRINS. HE COUGHS BRIEFLY)

BELLA: Oh shut up you. And where's the gentleman anyway, I dont see ane!

BAIRD: JUST LAUGHS QUIETLY. THERE IS A GAP NOW IN THE CONVERSATION WHICH COULD BECOME AWKWARD. EVENTUALLY HE SPEAKS) It's good to see ye Bella. (BELLA: GAZES AT HIM)

BAIRD: So how are ye? How's your uncle's tumshies!

BELLA: Oh his tumshies're fine except for these thievin sheep getting in the field and eating them - it sends him daft! he goes rushing about with a big stick belting them.

BAIRD: CHUCKLES) Ach he shouldni go belting them, poor auld sheep, they're just dumb beasts.

BELLA: Oh they're no so dumb. They're no! (SHE SMILES BUT THE SMILE SOON GOES. SHE IS AWARE OF BAIRD GAZING AT HER AND BECOMES SELF CONSCIOUS, SHE ADJUSTS HER CLOTHING AS A REFLEX ACTION)

BAIRD: TURNS FROM HER. HE WALKS A STEP OR TWO, SIGHS, RUBS HIS FOREHEAD. HE GAZES AT HER AND SMILES, AND SPEAKS A MOMENT LATER) I never really knew the wummin in my faimly very well. I didni. I was just away too long. (ABSENTLY) So ye dont know how to act, wi wummin I mean ken it makes ye aw fingers and thumbs and, ach, knees and elbows, it makes ye aw sort of - jaggy.

BELLA: Jaggy!

BAIRD: Well ye just... Dont laugh at me Bella

BELLA: I'm no

BAIRD: SHRUGS) Ye jist dont know the wey ye've to behave ken what ye're supposed to dae, if you're in a particlar eh sort of company. I mind during the war there we were down near the border of Belgium and we had to go tae (STOPS ABRUPTLY AND FROWNS) You dont

want to hear about this.

BELLA: I dae

BAIRD: Naw, ye dont

BELLA: I dae Johnnie, I like hearing stories when ye tell them

BAIRD: No that yin ye dont, it's just bloody boring. (THEN ABSENTLY BUT WITH IRONY) I'm just getting a bit auld, ken? Doatty... I'm getting doatty... (HE SMILES BRIEFLY. BELLA JUST GAZES AT HIM. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS FROM HER)

BELLA: Dont be so hard on yoursel, it's nae good.

BAIRD: PAUSE) Ye been in to see any of the Condorret boys, ken wee Eck?

BELLA: SHAKES HER HEAD) I'll no get the chance, I've only got the few minutes spare. (GLANCES AT THE DOOR) There was a man into Stirling yesterday wanting to visit Andy

BAIRD: Was there?

BELLA: They wouldni let him of course. Poor fella, he wasni even able to stey the night, he had his work to go to in the morning. It's Glasgow he steys.

BAIRD: Did ye find out what his name was?

BELLA: Naw

BAIRD: Ye sure noo Bella?

BELLA: I'd a minded. (BAIRD NODS) Coming aw that way for nothing... It seems like they're hauding back, the authorities...

BAIRD: Aye - for George the Fournicator to get sent the divided parts o us! - so's he can stick them on the palace spikes tae amuse the court. Maybe that's treason an aw Bella eh - just speaking out. Better gie Sidmouth a shout. (BELLA: IS UPSET BY THIS) Bella...dont take it hard like this, dont... (BELLA GLANCES AWAY, HER HAND TO HER BROW) Bella.. (SHE HALF TURNS TO FACE HIM AGAIN. THEY GAZE AT EACH OTHER)

BAIRD: IS FIRST TO DROP HIS GAZE. HE TURNS, WALKS DOWNSTAGE, STARES UP AT THE HIGH WINDOW. HE TURNS TO FACE HER AGAIN It is a pity but, ken wi him coming aw that wey, Andy's visitor, no tae get let in, him having to go aw the wey hame again.

BELLA: I know.

BAIRD: I hope he didni have to walk it

BELLA: Poor Andy. And his lassie as well...she must be taking it bad

BAIRD: Aye

BELLA: A visitor would have been good for him. (SHAKES HEAD)

BAIRD: Is he alright?

BELLA: I've no had the chance to see him yet and I'm no sure if I will noo or no...there's jist so much to dae ower in the hospital.

BAIRD: PAUSE) He's a good man Andy.

BELLA: SHARP LOOK AT HIM) So are you

BAIRD: Aye but he's eh... Me and him are different, ken? We were never acquainted neither, no tae the night in question. The authorities seem to think we wur cause we baith fought against Napoleon! But we didni. I never knew any of them frae Glasgow. Nane of us did, us frae the village. (SUDDEN SMILE) Ah they were a good bunch but, the lot of them; they marched and they fought like a damn regiment! That was whit the officer-in-charge of the Hussars says for his testimony at the Trial. And it wis good of him. He was a real soldier him, he didni have to say it, he didni... (TURNS HIS HEAD FROM HER AND IS IMMEDIATELY CLOSE TO TEARS, HIS HAND TO HIS EYES ETC.) What's the weather like? Hard tae tell in this place, aye so bloody damp!

BELLA: Are ye alright?

BAIRD: Aye. (ATTEMPTED IRONY) Is the sun shining that bright wey?

BELLA: It's been hot.

BAIRD: Has it! And what's been happening? Anything? (BELLA: DOES NOT RESPOND)
Eh Bella?

BELLA: What like?

BAIRD: I dont know - you're supposed to tell me! (BELLA REMAINS SILENT AND HE LAUGHS BRIEFLY) You'd never get a job for Sidmouth or them, first thing a spy has to dae is tae listen and look at whit's going on roundabout. And if it isni going the wey ye want it ye jist go bloody oot and dae it yoursel!

That wis the wey of it wi us more or less. Ken? We were aw kidded on, thousands of us! (GRINS) I'm no jist meaning us in here! They made goats out of us, the government. Goats! (GRINS. SHAKES HIS HEAD)

BELLA: ANGRILY) Dont be saying that, dont. (BAIRD: STARES AT HER. BELLA IS VERY UPSET) Jist dont be saying that

BAIRD: PASSES HIS HAND OVER HIS FOREHEAD, THEN HE STARES AT HER AGAIN

BELLA: Oh Johnnie.

BAIRD IS UNABLE TO SPEAK

BELLA: A WEE BIT MORE URGENCY NOW) Johnnie

BAIRD: STARING AT HER

LIGHTS OUT

Scene 6

LIGHTS: DIM.

BOTH MEN ARE SLEEPING. THEN BAIRD AWAKENS AND AFTER A MOMENT HE RISES AND WALKS TO STAND GAZING UPWARDS AT THE HIGH WINDOW FOR A

TIME.

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 7

SOUND OF KETTLE DRUMS FADE IN EVENTUALLY; THEN THE VAGUE BUSTLING NOISES OF A FAIRLY CROWDED COURTROOM

THE COURTROOM

LIGHTS AND SILENCE:

HARDIE AND BAIRD STAND AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STAGE, FACING AT AN ANGLE AWAY FROM EACH OTHER. DOWNSTAGE FROM THEM STAND THE TWO SOLDIERS IN AN AGGRESSIVE POSTURE, MUSKETS HELD AT THE READY WITH BAYONETS FIXED: THEY STARE AT AUDIENCE. USHER STANDS AT ATTENTION BY THE ENTRANCE

LORD PRESIDENT: ENTERS. HE WALKS TO CENTRE STAGE AND STANDS DOWNSTAGE FROM HARDIE AND BAIRD, BUT NOT AS FAR SO AS THE TWO SOLDIERS.

USHER: CALLS) Pray silence for the Lord President

LORD PRESIDENT: READS THE NAMES OF THE TWENTY TWO PRISONERS FROM A SCROLL, ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE: Andrew Hardie, John Baird, Jem Cleland, Thomas MacCulloch; Benjamin Moir, Alan Murchie, Alexander Latimer; Alexander Johnstone, Andrew White, David Thomson, James Wright; William Clackson, Thomas Pink or Pike; Robert Gray, Alexander Hart, John Barr, William Smith; Thomas MacFarlane, John Anderston, William Crawford, John MacMillan, Andrew Dawson.

SOUND OF MUTTERING IN COURT: QUELLED WHEN THE USHER WALKS

FORWARDS A PACE AND GLANCES FROM SIDE TO SIDE. HE RETURNS

LORD PRESIDENT: CONTINUING) You present a melancholy spectacle. Two and twenty subjects of this country who have forfeited their lives to justice; a spectacle I believe unexampled in this country, such at least I never witnessed and trust in God never shall again. The crime of which you are convicted is the crime of High Treason, a crime the highest known to law, and the highest, I may say, which can be known to a reflecting mind.

At the same time I am well aware that from the delusion practised against you, and from the principles some of you have imbibed, you may view this in a different light, that you may consider yourselves not as victims of justice but as martyrs for liberty.

Repentance alone is not sufficient. Remember that you also have to appear before God who is possessed of not only infinite mercy but of inflexible justice; and that both must be satisfied by us miserable sinners.

It remains for me to pronounce against one and all of you the last awful sentence of the law.

BOTH THE SOLDIERS AND THE USHER BRACE THEMSELVES

LORD PRESIDENT: STARES AT BOTH PRISONERS) In regard to you Andrew Hardie and John Baird, I can hold out little or no hope of mercy. You were selected for trial as the leaders of that band in which you were associated. You were convicted after a full and fair trial, and it is utterly impossible to suppose, considering the convulsions into which this country was thrown, that the Crown must not feel the necessity of making some terrible example.

The sentence of the law is that you, and each and everyone of you, be taken to the place from whence you came, and that you be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck until you are dead, and afterwards

SUDDEN OUTBREAK OF MUTTERING IN THE COURT, A WOMAN'S CRY IS HEARD DISTINCTLY

LORD PRESIDENT: ACKNOWLEDGES THIS ONLY BY A SIDEWAYS GLANCE TO WHERE HER CRY CAME FROM. AND HE CONTINUES AT ONCE:

and afterwards your head severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters to be disposed of as His Majesty may direct - and may God - in His infinite goodness, have mercy on your souls.

WOMAN: CAN BE HEARD MOANING BRIEFLY

LORD PRESIDENT: NOW RELAXES A LITTLE FOR THE CONCLUDING REMARKS)

I must add that it is apparent there existed in April last a dangerous conspiracy which extended

over five Scottish counties, a thing unparalleled in the manufacturing districts. Under the pretence of reformation and redress of grievances the April rising was aimed at subverting the constitution and Government of the country by law established. There can surely be no question of the great and abominable crimes undoubtedly intended by the Radicals. I may add that whatever little petty grievances or whatever the trifling alterations to the constitution sought by them, the constitution remains without fear of contradiction, the best, the wisest, and the freest, that the sun ever saw. God save the King.

USHER: God save the King! (THE SOLDIERS AGAIN BRACE THEMSELVES

LORD PRESIDENT: STANDS GAZING AT THE AUDIENCE FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS AND WALKS OFF, FOLLOWED BY HARDIE AND BAIRD, WITH THE TWO SOLDIERS FOLLOWING AT THE REAR. LASTLY COMES THE USHER. NOW FADE IN THE SOUND OF THE KETTLE DRUM

LIGHTS: WAIT FOR A FEW MOMENTS WITH THE STAGE EMPTY, BEFORE THE OUT.

SOUND OF THE KETTLE DRUM CONTINUES FOR A TIME

Scene 8

LIGHTS: DIMLY IN HARDIE'S CELL. HE LIES ON HIS BUNK READING THE BIBLE [THE 51ST PSALM]. BAIRD IS MEANWHILE ASLEEP ON HIS SIDE.

HARDIE: READS ALOUD IN A BREATHELESS MANNER, OCCASIONALLY CLOSING HIS EYES AS IF ATTEMPTING TO MEMORISE THE LINES:

After thy-loving kindness, Lord have mercy upon me:
For thy compassions great, blot out all mine iniquity
Me cleanse from sin, and thoroughly wash from mine

/iniquity.

For my transgressions I confess; my sin I ever see.
'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd, in thy

/sight done this ill;

That when thou speak'st thou may'st be just, and

/clear in judging still.

Behold, I in iniquity was form'd the womb within;
My mother also me conceiv'd in guiltiness and sin
Behold, thou in the inward parts with truth delighted

/art;

And wisdom thou shalt make me know within the hidden

/part.

Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me...

PAUSE: HE STARES AT THE TEXT, FROWNS) ...with hyssop sprinkle me. Hyssop. Hyssop... (AND HE CHANGES THE VOWEL SOUND OF THE 'Y' AS IN 'HILL' WITH THE 'Y' AS IN 'HIGH' ON THE THIRD USEAGE OF THE TERM. HE CONTINUES TO GAZE AT THE TEXT FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. HE LAYS THE BIBLE ON THE FLOOR AND SITS FOR A MOMENT, THEN BOWS HIS HEAD AND SHUTS HIS EYES; AND HE SPEAKS AS IN PRAYER:

For my transgressions I confess; my sin I ever see. Against thee only have I sinn'd, pray God forgive me, Andrew Hardie, Amen.

HE STRETCHES OUT, TUGS THE BLANKET OVER HIMSELF, THEN RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD. HE TRIES TO SLEEP BUT CANNOT SETTLE: HE TURNS ONTO HIS OTHER SIDE AND STARTS MUTTERING UNINTELLIGIBLY FOR A SHORT PERIOD. THEN HE LIES ON HIS BACK, MOTIONLESS, STILL WITH THE BLANKET OVER HIS HEAD. MOMENTS LATER HE THROWS THE BLANKET OFF AND GETS OUT THE BUNK AND ONTO HIS FEET. HE EMBARKS ON A SERIES OF PRESS-UPS. EVENTUALLY HE STOPS AND LIES FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR

BAIRD: RISES FROM HIS BUNK WHILE HARDIE IS DOING THE 51ST PSALM AND HE SITS ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS LEGS CROSSED, STARING BLANKLY. AFTER SEVERAL MOMENTS HE RISES TO HIS FEET, HE IS ACHING, MOVES HIS LEGS AND ARMS ACCORDINGLY: HE RUBS AT HIS EYES THEN COVERS HIS FACE AND MAKES A YAWNING NOISE THAT BECOMES A GROAN: AND HE SPEAKS - QUIETLY AT FIRST BUT IT SOON BECOMES IMBUED WITH THAT BREATHLESS URGENCY OF THE OPENING ADDRESS OF ACT 1, AND HE PACES SLOWLY...

BAIRD: I canni take this. I'm no gonni. I'm no gonni, ken cause I canni, I canni, Christ Jesus (HIS HEAD GOES BACK AND HE LOOKS UPWARDS, SIGHS LOUDLY, REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE. HE CLOSES HIS EYES) Oh God, our father, please forgive me, I'm a miserable sinner, I'm without any hope; I've no to see the hills again and walk doon the field ower the back on a Sunday morning, I've no tae...I've no... Please forgive me. Oh God. HE CLASPS HIS HANDS UP NEAR HIS MOUTH, EYES CLOSED. AND THEN HE

RETURNS TO SIT DOWN ON THE FLOOR IN THE FORMER CROSS-LEGGED POSTURE BUT HIS LEGS BECOME CRAMPED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AND HE STRETCHES HIS LEGS OUT, HIS HEAD HANGS, HIS UPPER TRUNK LOLLING FORWARDS

HE SHIFTS POSITION. HE STARTS HIS BREATHLESS WHISTLING OF 'KEMPY'S HAT'. BUT HE STOPS IT A MOMENT LATER AND HUNCHES OVER AGAIN.

LIGHTS OUT.

Scene 9

LIGHTS ON AS THEY WERE IN SCENE 8

BAIRD: SITS IN SAME POSTURE. HARDIE: IS NOW ASLEEP ON HIS BUNK BENEATH THE BLANKET

TAM: ENTERS EVENTUALLY, RETURNING BAIRD'S SLOPS' PAIL AND COLLECTING FOOD-BOWL. HE PEERS IN THE KEEKHOLE, UNLOCKS THE DOOR AND ENTERS THE CELL. HE STARES AT BAIRD. HE SEES THE HALF EATEN FOOD IN THE BOWL, STEPS CLOSER TO HIM) Johnnie! (WHEN BAIRD STILL DOES NOT RESPOND TAM GRASPS HIM BY THE SHOULDER. BAIRD NOW GLANCES SHARPLY AT HIM AND HE JERKS BACK. TAM IS CLEARLY RELIEVED:

TAM: Christ man what ye doing! (BAIRD DOES NOT REPLY BUT TURNS AWAY FROM HIM) Christ sake!

BAIRD: SLIGHT IRRITATION) What is it?

TAM: I thought there was something up wi ye!

BAIRD: Something up wi me...

TAM: Sitting there like...a dont know what. Whh, ye shouldni go about pitting the fear o death into folk like that - I thought something had happened.

BAIRD: VEILED SARCASM) Did ye. (TAM: CATCHES THE TONE AND AFTER A

MOMENT BAIRD SHUTS HIS EYES, THEN HE OPENS THEM AND CONTINUES) And the military opening up wi the muskets doon at Greenock in retaliation... There's another ane up for Sidmouth and Castlereagh, nine folk killed - murdered. Naebody telt me that ken how come naebody telt me that! (AND HE GLANCES AT TAM)

TAM: I dont get to hear everything. (PAUSE) I dont...

BAIRD: Och, fuck. (SHAKES HEAD SLOWLY) Nine deid Tam; ken ordinary working folk, just ordinary working folk. It's nae good...it's just nae good...

TAM: They were attacking the military!

BAIRD: Och...

TAM: They were (BAIRD: FROWNS AT HIM) I'm telling ye . Truly. (PAUSE) The soldiers were trying to escort their prisoners and then bam! a mob bloody appears from naewherr and starts attacking them. The soldiers were trying to protect no just thirsels cause a lot of the stanes were hitting inti the prisoners as well. The mob wurni even caring, they were out for blood, it was a rabble, a riot, they were rioting, right out of control, the military had nae choice

BAIRD: INTERRUPTING ANGRILY) I dont want to hear ye. I dont want to hear ye, your lies, aw they lies, I'm sick of aw they lies - go away, just go away, ken back to your masters; go away back to your masters. Lies, just lies.

TAM: TAKEN ABACK) It's no lies Johnnie it's what I heard, I'm telling ye true

BAIRD: You're telling me true! You're no telling me true. Ken you're no telling me nothing that's true! Nothing! You're just nothing! (TIRED CONTEMPT) You're no a man

TAM: You've got nae right to say that to me.

BAIRD: PAUSES, THEN TURNS TO HIM) Aye I have, I've got the right. (HE STARES AT TAM FOR A MOMENT OR TWO) I have got the right. So's Andy, and the big smiddy; aye and Billy Clackson, Tommy Pike, auld Sandy Hart and the wee lad ken aw of us, the hale fucking twenty two - even the ither anes, the anes that ran away - we've all got the right, that's the ane thing we have got wi the fucking likes of you. (HE GAZES AT TAM) The likes of you Tam, aw standing back and watching ken it gies me a pain in the belly. (TAM: JUST STARING AT HIM; AND BAIRD ANGRILY SLAPS HIMSELF ON THE CHEST:

I'm a soldier. Dont you talk to me about opening fire on a crowd of unarmed folk with nothing bar a pile of fucking stanes, dont you fucking talk to me like that; you dont know, you dont know, I fought the fucking french, real fighting men - fucking Napoleon's men! I'm a real soldier! (PAUSES) Away ye go; noo; away ye go. (TAM: STILL JUST STARES AT HIM) Go Tam, away ye go. I dont want tae talk to ye. Nane of yez, I dont want to talk to nane of yez. Never again, yir fucking lies. (HE TURNS AWAY)

TAM: CONTINUES TO STARE AT HIM, BEFORE MAKING HIS EXIT FROM THE CELL, WITH THE PLATE AND THE HALF EATEN FOOD.

BAIRD: ONCE THE CELL DOOR IS LOCKED HIS HEAD DROOPS, SHOULDERS HUNCH, HE STARES AT THE FLOOR, FOR *SEVERAL SECONDS*. THEN HE REMEMBERS SOMETHING AND BEGINS CHUCKLING, IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. HE SOON STOPS IT. BUT HE BEGINS IT AGAIN. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, THEN HE GRINS) My God...! (SHAKES HEAD AND LAUGHS QUIETLY.) I didni even see it either! I didni! I didni even see it! (SHAKING HIS HEAD AND CHUCKLING) Ken I didni even fucking notice! (LAUGHING AT HIMSELF QUIETLY)

LIGHTS FADE:

Scene 10

LIGHTS DIM

BAIRD IS STANDING BY HIS CELL DOOR, LEANING AGAINST IT AS IF HE IS SLEEPING STANDING UP. HARDIE IS LYING ON THE FLOOR IN THE FOETAL POSITION. HIS SLOPS' PAIL IS OUT BY THE CELL DOOR.

SOUND OF RATS SCUFFLING. THEN AT SOME POINT A MAN WILL SCREAM, BUT VERY DISTANT AND NEITHER HARDIE NOR BAIRD RESPONDS.

LIGHTS OUT AFTER SEVERAL MOMENTS.

Scene 11

LIGHTS

BAIRD: IS SITTING CROSS LEGGED ON THE FLOOR.

HARDIE IS READING HIS BIBLE. HE PAUSES AND GAZES AT THE CEILING, RUBS AT HIS JAW, THEN SPEAKS SLOWLY [nb EXODUS 29, VERSE 2]) And he made the e'-phod of gold, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. And they did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, with cunning work. (FROWNS AND CONTINUES) And the curious girdle of his e'-phod, that was upon it, was of the same, according to the work thereof... (FROWNS. CHEWS AT HIS THUMBNAIL)

BAIRD: HIS HEAD DROOPS, HIS EYES CLOSE.

HARDIE: AGAIN READS, ENUNCIATING EVERY SYLLABLE) And they wrought onyx stones inclosed in ouches of gold, graven, as signets are graven, with the names of the children of Israel... (AND PRONOUNCES THE PENULTIMATE VOWEL TO RHYME WITH 'EYE', THEN PUZZLED FROWN AGAIN AND HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND LEAVES THE BIBLE ON THE BUNK, WALKS DOWNSTAGE. THEN A SUDDEN NOISE FROM OUTSIDE AND HE IS STARTLED, ALMOST GUILTY: TAM IS UNLOCKING THE DOOR. GRANNIE DUNCAN IS WITH HIM, THE TRAY WITH TWO BOWLS OF PORRIDGE

TAM: Morning Andy

GRANNIE DUNCAN: HANDING THE BOWL TO HIM) Eat it while it's hot noo lad

HARDIE: LOOKS CURIOUSLY AT HER) Missis Duncan... (HE TAKES THE BOWL BY MISTAKE, THEN REALISES IT) Eh I'm no eating this morning - eh Tam I'm no eating this morning (HOLDING THE BOWL TO HIM)

GRANNIE DUNCAN: Aye well ye'd better cause there might be nane the morra!

TAM: She's back making the porridge hersel now Andy

GRANNIE DUNCAN: So ye'd better eat it. And while it's hot tae, nothing like a good bowl of hot porridge to fill a man. Come on now eat it up! Never know what's in store for us.

HARDIE: LOOKS AT HER) I dae but Missis Duncan.

GRANNIE DUNCAN: Naw ye dont son naw ye dont, ken naebody does.

HARDIE: SMILES, BUT FIRMLY) I dae

GRANNIE DUNCAN: GLANCES AT TAM) I just have to think on mysel, laid up the past few weeks and looking fit to drap aw the gether. Who'd've thought I'd ever find mysel back working again! But here I am. Here I am.

HARDIE: SHAKES HIS HEAD AT THE BOWL OF PORRIDGE AND ATTEMPTS TO HAND IT TO TAM BUT GRANNIE DUNCAN WAVES IT AWAY) I'm no wanting anything the day Missis, sorry, if you've taken trouble

GRANNIE DUNCAN: Naw son you've got to - ken and you've no tae bolt it, it's bad for the bowels to bolt it; you must jist take your time, take your time, and then ye'll get the benefit. (PAUSE) And I'll jist ston here and see that ye dae. (TAM: GROANS) Ah well you can jist go about your business Tammas Simpson, I knew your mother

TAM: So what ye knew my mother, so what!

GRANNIE DUNCAN: Just you go and gie that in to the other lad. And I'll see to this yin. (GIVES HIM A DUNT IN THE RIBS)

TAM: IRRITATED MOVEMENT AWAY FROM HER, SHAKES HIS HEAD. BUT GRANNIE DUNCAN GIVES HIM A FLY WINK,IMPLYING THAT SHE'LL GET HARDIE TO EAT IF LEFT ALONE. HE NODS SLIGHTLY AND AFTER A BRIEF GLANCE AT HARDIE HE EXITS WITH THE OTHER BOWL, LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, AND MAKES HIS WAY ALONG AND INTO BAIRD'S CELL.

BAIRD: HAS STILL BEEN SITTING ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR OF THE CELL. WHEN HE HEARS TAM HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND WALKS TO THE END OF THE CELL AND TURNS TO WATCH THE DOOR OPEN, AND TAM ENTER.

TAM: Morning Johnnie. (BAIRD: IGNORES HIM) It's fair bright outside this morning.

(STROLLS DOWNSTAGE, GAZES UP AT THE HIGH WINDOW. HE GLANCES AT BAIRD) Touch of damp though... (BAIRD: TURNS FROM HIM) But warm mind you, still warm. (HE GAZES AT BAIRD. EVENTUALLY HE JUST LEAVES. WHEN THE DOOR IS SHUT BAIRD WALKS TO COLLECT HIS BOWL OF PORRIDGE AND HE BEGINS EATING QUITE NORMALLY

MEANWHILE GRANNIE DUNCAN TURNS TO HARDIE IMMEDIATELY TAM LEAVES THE CELL. HARDIE MAKES TO SPEAK BUT GRANNIE DUNCAN SILENCES HIM:

GRANNIE DUNCAN: FINGER TO HER MOUTH) Wheesht son a minute. Now you'll no be eating your porritch the morn's morn so you'll better be eating it this ane

HARDIE: But Missis Duncan...

GRANNIE DUNCAN: INTERRUPTING) Grannie Duncan ye call me Grannie Duncan, that's my name, noo listen quick, you'll be writing to your people the night cause the letters're gonni be back. He's no a bad man Tammas Simpson though that bit ower keen tae serve them as have the power. They tell him no tae say a word and the poor man does jist that and if they went and telt him to cry tae the moon he'd away and dae that tae, poor cratur that he is. Noo you sit down and write away to your heart's content the night, eftir he's brung ye the materials which he'll be daeing this eftirnin ken though he disni know it yet I was telt roon the kitchen... :

There'll be nae need to write to please they God-fearing men that opens your private words to your ain folk and then tears up your private words to your ain folk if they dont meet wi what they deem proper and fitting for ye to be saying. When you sit doon the night tae write, you write free, ye hear? You write free. Noo yir porritch'll come cauld and thick the morra and you dont eat it, ye jist lea it alane, and when Tammas Simpson isni here ye turn it oot aff the bowl and then stick your private letter in; and ance that's done ye pit the cauld porritch back oan top. Noo ye understand, eh? Shh... (URGENCY NOW: THE SOUND OF TAM LOCKING BAIRD'S CELL DOOR)

HARDIE: Aye, but who's the letter tae go tae I mean

GRANNIE DUNCAN: FINGER TO HER LIPS, INTERRUPTS HIM) Wheesht noo, there's good people in Stirling... (KEEPS FINGER TO LIPS A MOMENT.)

HARDIE: SITS QUICKLY DOWN, AND IS EATING AT ONCE

TAM: ENTERS. HE IS SUSPICIOUS, BUT THE SENSE THAT HE IS ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS OF THIS OLD LADY ANYWAY. HE NOTES THAT HARDIE IS EATING

GRANNIE DUNCAN: WINKS AT TAM. TAM NODS) I think we could just let him eat it in peace...

TAM: Course.

HARDIE: CONTINUES EATING QUITE HUNGRILY ONCE THEY HAVE GONE FROM THE CELL.

GRANNIE DUNCAN WALKS AHEAD OF TAM, WIPING HER HANDS ON HER PEENIE.

BAIRD: HEARS THEM GO: HE HAS FINISHED EATING: HIS BOWL IS ON THE FLOOR. HE RISES, WALKS TO THE END OF THE CELL, STRETCHES AND YAWNS, SCRATCHES HIMSELF, GAZES UPWARDS AT THE HIGH WINDOW. HE YAWNS AGAIN. HE STARTS TO HUM A SLOW MELODY. BUT THEN HE CUTS IT OFF IN A BOUT OF DRY COUGHING

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 12

LIGHTS:

HARDIE: LIES ON HIS BACK, ,EXERCISING, RAISING HIS LEGS ALTERNATELY, THEN SIMULTANEOUSLY

BAIRD: IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR. HE IS HUMMING A TUNE AND TRACING SHAPES IN THE STRAW ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS RIGHT FOREFINGER. HE STOPS AND LISTENS, THEN MUTTERS) Sounded like something, something, thought it was gonni be something, like whit, I dont know, how dae I know, I dont know - hh, I dont know... canni see through walls, eh how am I supposed to see through walls... (HE RESUMES TRACING ON THE FLOOR, AND BEGINS HUMMING A TUNE AGAIN.

THEN HE DEFINITELY HEARS SOMETHING AND GETS SWIFTLY TO HIS FEET AND GOES TO HIS DOOR AND LISTENS THERE:

THE THREE MINISTERS ARE PRECEDED IN BY TAM. THEY ARE COMING TO BAIRD'S CELL.

HARDIE: ALSO HEARS THEM AND STOPS EXERCISING AND SITS UP. HE MAKES CERTAIN HIS CELL IS NOT THEIR DESTINATION, BEFORE LYING OUTSTRETCHED ON THE FLOOR, HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HIS HEAD. HE STARES AT THE CEILING.

TAM UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR AND CALLS INSIDE) Visitors!

BAIRD: STEPS BACK, WAITING. HE FOLDS HIS ARMS WHEN THE TRIO ENTER.

TAM: PULLS SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AND EXITS

DR WRIGHT: Good day tae ye Mister Baird

MR HEUGH: John. (SAID AS A GREETING)

MR SMALL: Good day

BAIRD: UNFOLDS HIS ARMS AND TURNS FROM THEM, FACES AWAY

DR WRIGHT: PAUSE) How are ye keeping lad?

MR HEUGH: PAUSE) Are ye sleeping?

MR SMALL: PAUSE. MURMURS) Silence... (DR WRIGHT NODS)

DR WRIGHT: Are ye resting?

WHEN BAIRD DOES NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THIS MR SMALL SIGHS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IMPATIENTLY

MR HEUGH: We've put two or three books in wi the men and they'll be passed on to yoursel and Andrew in a day or so

MR SMALL: AFTER ANOTHER SILENCE, TURNS HIS HEAD SHARPLY: WHISPERS)

This is arrogance...!

MR HEUGH: You'll see I've marked passages I think'll be of special interest to ye

DR WRIGHT: SIGNIFICANT LOOK TO MR HEUGH BEFORE SPEAKING) You're not at peace John Baird...

MR HEUGH: Aye

BAIRD: WHILE FACING AWAY FROM THEM LOWERS HIMSELF DOWN AND SITS ON HIS HUNKERS, HIS KNEES RAISED, STARING OFF FROM THEM

DR WRIGHT: RAISED EYEBROWS TO MR HEUGH) Mmm...

MR SMALL: ASIDE) This is the second time now I'll remind you Mister Heugh, it's not natural behaviour

MR HEUGH: STEPS FORWARDS) We called on Alexander Hart earlier, his head wounds have healed ye know; he sends his regards to ye. And Benny Moir is sending his to ye as well

BAIRD: CLOSES HIS EYES, RESTS HIS CHIN ON THE PALM OF HIS HAND

MR SMALL: TO DR WRIGHT) He goes too far!

MR HEUGH: The man's troubled

MR SMALL: He's got a tongue in his heid! (GLANCES AT DR WRIGHT) He gives us no respect at all.

DR WRIGHT: NODS) I'm in agreement with ye Mister Small, I must confess. (WAGS HIS RIGHT FOREFINGER) You give us no respect John Baird, neither us nor the cloth we wear, acting as ye do. We've come out of our way to be here.

MR SMALL: To show you how by the grace of God you can come to terms with death.

MR HEUGH: It lies in your own hands, John, the Saviour suffered death at the hands of men that our sins might be forgiven us, forgiven us by the Lord but, not by other men, by the Lord God, His Father, who art in heaven.

DR WRIGHT: The gospel has a two fold property; it is the saviour of life unto life for those who embrace it - but of death unto death for those who reject it. If we dont abide by it for salvation, then shall it fall upon us for our everlasting destruction.

MR SMALL: Amen.

BAIRD: MAKES NO MOVEMENT. THE MINISTERS GLANCE AT EACH OTHER

MR SMALL: Your crimes Mister Baird, they're maybe praying on your mind?

MR HEUGH: IRRITATION) Mister Small!

MR SMALL: Penitence is surely a worthy objective Mister Heugh, the man is after all under sentence of death. (PAUSE) He has been justly convicted on two counts of High Treason

MR HEUGH: Please keep your opinions to yoursel

MR SMALL: Opinions is it? Opinions - I was under the misapprehension I was stating fact. Forgive me minister, I must have been imagining things when I saw you sitting two rows to the front of me at the Trial. (TURNS FROM HIM TO BAIRD) The man Wilson, James Wilson, you must be aware he's now professing atheism; that he has actually burned a bible - burned a bible Mister Baird

MR HEUGH: BREAKING IN ON THE LAST PHRASE) Absolute hearsay! You go too far

MR SMALL: It has been said on authority

MR HEUGH: And denied on authority. Why Doctor Wright it was yourself telled me Doctor Chalmers had denounced this publicly, calling it the most scandalous rumour

DR WRIGHT: Aye, that is what I heard

MR SMALL: Doctor Chalmers's defence of the radicals is well known... (TO MR HEUGH) Mister Heugh, please, I too would agree that certain measures are maybe overdue but - but this past twelvemonth...! The pulpit is surely the place where a minister demonstrates Christianity, not his individual political affiliations. They're after all a private affair, not something to be thrusting upon other folk!

MR HEUGH: I would prefer to continue this elsewhere

DR WRIGHT: Aye Mister Small

MR SMALL: I only point out

DR WRIGHT: SILENCES HIM BY A SWIFT MOVEMENT OF THE HEAD WHICH ALSO SIGNIFIES THEY SHOULD MAKE AN EXIT

MR HEUGH: AFTER A PAUSE, TO BAIRD) If you have the faith it wont be misplaced - John...it wont be misplaced.

BAIRD: DOES NOT RESPOND.

MR SMALL: TO DR WRIGHT) The gaoler says he doesnt speak to anybody

DR WRIGHT: LOOKS AT BAIRD AND SHAKES HIS HEAD) You only make matters more trying for yourseld lad. But I say to ye this: dont leave it all to the last. They that forsake the Almighty shall be consumed. You must make the effort before it is too late. Have faith in him who died for us all. Through his blood salvation shall be yours. (SIGNALS ABRUPTLY TO MR HEUGH TO CALL ON THE GAOLER)

MR HEUGH: Gaoler!

TAM: FROM OUTSIDE) Aye.. (HE COMES TO UNLOCK DOOR

MR SMALL: TO BAIRD) May the Lord give ye peace

DR WRIGHT: Amen tae that

MR HEUGH: TO BAIRD) There is no want of willingness in God, you must put all of your trust in Him. Nothing is beyond hope.

BAIRD: STARES AWAY FROM THEM.

EXIT THE MINISTERS.

BAIRD GLANCES AT THE DOOR ONCE IT IS BEING LOCKED UP BY TAM, THEN CONTINUES JUST SITTING WHERE HE IS, GAZING INTO SPACE

LIGHTS OUT

Scene 13

SOUND OF A CLOCK CHIMING: 2 O'CLOCK

LIGHTS

BAIRD IS ASLEEP, LYING ON HIS SIDE UPON THE FLOOR

HARDIE HAS EMBARKED UPON THE WRITING OF 'THE PRIVATE LETTER', HIS ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BONNYMUIR. HE READS IN SILENCE, THEN ALOUD)

First August, 1820. My dear friends, the following is a whole account of our proceedings to and at the Battle of Bonnymuir etcetera. I hope you will overlook any repetition of sentiment, and the manner and style in which it is written, and consider that while I was writing it I was always in fear of being discovered. I would willingly write another copy to make some improvements in the writing but I am afraid they will suspect me by getting so much paper. Let it suffice to say that it contains nothing but the truth...

HE GETS TO HIS FEET HOLDING THE PAGE AND WALKS A FEW MOMENTS, AND RESUMES ALOUD WHILE STANDING:

On the 4th day of April we arrived at Germiston where we found a number of men in arms; and after some delay spent waiting for others to arrive from Anderston and other places, a man I did not know gave notice where we were to go and also the nature of the affair. Everything was going beyond our most sanguine hopes; he told us that England was all in arms from London downwards and that there were no soldiers to oppose our Cause betwixt there and Edinburgh. The whole country was ready to receive us!

We were to proceed to Condorret at once and be joined there by the others. There was no one among us to take charge. The men themselves appointed me to do this and I formed them into regular order, front and rear rank, sizing them accordingly and likewise numbering them the same as a guard. My reason for doing so: we were all strangers to one another and thus if anything were wanted might answer to our numbers. When we arrived at Condorret I found

Mister Baird's house. He was expecting a party of two hundred well armed men coming, all old soldiers, instead of which he got only us. And then we found instead of the fifty or sixty Condorret men promised we could get only five or six, though had we been more from Glasgow it would perhaps have been otherwise.

BAIRD: SITS UP

HARDIE: IS NOW ADDRESSING AUDIENCE DIRECTLY) Yet in consequence of this great disappointment we were not discouraged but did proceed on in most orderly manner, our first halt at Castlecarry Bridge where we got half a bottle of porter and a penny's-worth of bread each man. Our instructions were to go beyond Bonnybridge to meet with reinforcements from Stra'ven and Rutherglen and other places. We went through an aqueduct bridge about a mile onto the moor, and sat down on top of the hill, and rested about an hour, when the Cavalry made their appearance.

BAIRD: NOW GETS ONTO HIS FEET, CASUALLY: HE STROLLS AND HALTS NOT SO FAR DOWNSTAGE AS HARDIE, WHERE HE WILL STAND AS RELAXED AS POSSIBLE WHILE HARDIE CONTINUES:

HARDIE: I proposed forming a square but Mister Baird said it was better to go under cover of a dyke not far distant. We immediately ran down the hill cheering and took up position. There was a slap in the dyke there which we quickly filled up with pikemen. The Cavalry had fired a shot or two to frighten us, for they afterwards told us they did not expect us to face them. Their officer called on us to lay down what arms we had but this was not agreed to and they made an attack at the slap and got through but were kept at bay on the inside and repulsed. They then stood back, rendering our pikes unserviceable. The officer called again on us to surrender and he would do us no harm, which some of our men took for granted and they threw down their arms and ran. But those were instantly pursued and some wounded in a most shocking manner: and it was truly unbecoming the character of a British soldier to wound or try to kill any man when he had it in his power to take him prisoner, and when they had no arms to make any defence. (HE FROWNS, STARES AT THE AUDIENCE. BAIRD CONTINUES TO GAZE AROUND AT THEM ALSO. HARDIE CONTINUES, HIS DISGUST AND ANGER QUITE APPARENT)

Wounded in a most shocking manner, though they had no arms to defend... (PAUSES, SHAKES HIS HEAD)

BAIRD: NOW SEEMS TO HAVE LOST INTEREST IN THE PROCEEDINGS AND HE STARTS TO WHISTLE TUNELESSLY, AND HE TURNS HIS BACK ON THE

AUDIENCE, GOES TO REST ON HIS BUNK. HE LIES WITH HIS HANDS BENEATH HIS HEAD, STARING UPWARDS.

HARDIE: After we were all brought together by the military we were taken off the moor and our wounded put into a cart - one dreadfully so - in four places I think in the head, and shot through the arm. Another old man with a frightful gash on the face - so much so that his jawbone was seen perfectly distinct. And another sabred badly on the head, and two others left for dead in the field...

BAIRD: SUDDENLY SMOTHERS A LAUGH AND THEN ONCE MORE, AND THIS TIME IT BECOMES A FIT OF COUGHING, WHICH HE GETS UNDER CONTROL; AND HE SITS NOW, ON THE EDGE OF THE BUNK GAZING AT THE AUDIENCE

HARDIE: There were several others wounded but I will not say any more about them, as I suppose you have heard the particulars long before this. (PAUSE) The Officer of the Hussars asked who our Captain was, and was his name Baird, and made it evident that some person had given them information.

We were then taken to Stirling Castle and put into one room, and being uncommonly tired it was not long before the most of us buried all our cares in a sound sleep. Mister Baird and I went to bed together but he was taken away from us shortly after and put into a dungeon, and had about 4 or 5 stones of iron put upon him. After a day or two we were all examined and on being asked why I was in arms, I told them I went out with the intention to recover my rights; they then asked me what rights I wanted. I said annual Parliaments and Election by ballot.

Question: what reason had you to expect those? Answer: because I think Government ought to grant whatever the majority of the nation requested, and if they had paid attention to the people's lawful petitions, the nation would not be in the state it at present was - but this last part they did not think proper to put down. When I told them so they looked at one another but said nothing.

They then told me every single thing that had happened, all that had been transacted... (FROWNS) Everything. We had been deluded away. We had been deluded away. (HE LOWERS THE PAPER AND AFTER A MOMENT GOES TO SIT, HE CONTINUES WRITING)

BAIRD: MEANWHILE, MIDWAY THROUGH THE LAST PARAGRAPH, STRETCHES OUT ON THE BUNK, TUGS THE BLANKET OVER HIMSELF

SOUND OF CLOCK CHIMING

BAIRD: IS RESTLESS, TOO WIDE AWAKE TO SLEEP. HE PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD: HE BEGINS SINGING THE FIRST LINES OF A SLOW BALLAD BUT STOPS ABRUPTLY)

HARDIE: BEGINS READING THE LAST OF THE LETTER ALOUD. HE GLANCES AT THE CELL DOOR BEFORE CONTINUING. HE SPEAKS IN A HURRY TO BEGIN WITH, THEN SETTLES INTO A MORE REGULAR ADDRESS) As the short time allowed me is now drawing to a close I shall not give my thoughts on the Trial but shall confine myself to a few other observations. You will be curious to know what views I now entertain of those principles which induced me to take up arms.

My suffering Countrymen! As I am within view of being hurried into the presence of my Almighty Judge I remain under the firm conviction that **I die a Martyr in the Cause of truth and Justice, and in the hope that you will soon succeed in the Cause which I took up arms to defend:**

and I protest as a dying man that although we were outwitted and betrayed it was done with all good intention, and I may safely speak for the whole of those that are here in the Castle, that they are in the same mind and all remain firm to the cause. I shall not now speak at length on the scaffold as I am a little quick in temper as I have found with some clergy who visited some long time back, when one introduced the subject of the French Revolution and tried to point out the fatal effects arising from it. I was completely nettled and much the worse for the visit. Neither do I think it proper for a person so near to eternity to enter upon these matters. However, I may speak a few words. Farewell. May God send you a speedy deliverance from your oppressions is the earnest prayer of

Yours,

Andrew Hardie.

HE RE-READS THE LAST SECTION TO HIMSELF AND THEN HE WRITES A COUPLE OF SENTENCES ON A DIFFERENT SLIP OF PAPER [nb THE SAME LINES THAT ARE WRITTEN IN **BOLD ABOVE.**] AND HE LOOKS AROUND THE CELL BEFORE LIFTING HIS BIBLE FROM THE FLOOR BY THE BUNK: HE INSERTS THIS LITTLE SLIP OF PAPER INSIDE. HE LEAVES THE REST OF THE LONG AND PRIVATE LETTER LYING WHERE IT IS AND HE SITS DOWN ON THE BUNK, GAZING AT IT. HE FLEXES HIS NECK AND SHOULDER MUSCLES: HE IS EXTREMELY TIRED BUT AT THIS POINT UNABLE TO RELAX HIS MIND.

LIGHTS DIM

BAIRD: RISES DURING THE LAST MINUTE OR SO AND STROLLS DOWNSTAGE LOOKING UPWARDS TO THE HIGH WINDOW, THEN HIS GAZE ROAMS AROUND

AUDIENCE.

HARDIE: NOW LIES DOWN, TUGS THE BLANKET OVER HIMSELF AND TRIES TO GET TO SLEEP. SOON HE RISES, AND DRAGS OUT THE SLOPS' PAIL, KNEELS FOR A PISS...

LIGHTS OUT

Scene 14

LIGHTS:

BELLA IS VISITING HARDIE. BAIRD STANDS LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR OF HIS CELL. ON TOP OF THE BARREL IN HARDIE'S CELL LIES THE FOLDED PAGE OF A LETTER HE HAS BEEN WRITING

HARDIE: (QUITE EXCITED) See Bella she had telt me to wait till the porridge went cauld and hardened up into a lump, like a scone, so's I could just flip it oot and stick the letter in at the bottom. (PAUSE. SHAKES HIS HEAD) It worked perfect. I mean it... (SHAKES HIS HEAD) ...it was just, I dont know, it was just...it was just so... (HE AND BELLA LAUGH, NOT TOO LOUDLY) And I handed the official letter tae Tam, cause I thought I'd better write ane, an ordinary ane, an extra sheet like, so's the authorities widni get the wind up - Tam himsel, he woulda known, he would've got suspicious. He's no that daft

BELLA: Poor Tam. (HARDIE: FROWNS AT HER) Oh I just mean he's a poor sowel

HARDIE: RUBS HIS FOREHEAD, CHEWS AT HIS THUMBNAIL. HE WALKS A PACE, SHAKES HIS HEAD) It was the only wey Bella

BELLA: I know that Andy

HARDIE: But you're right, I didni like doing it to him. He's just a man. But they open all our letters and examine them and they dont pass them on. They've been doing it ever since we got took. And people have got to know what happened, instead of all they lies that are getting spread. It's thanks to that auld wummin the truth'll get known, that brave auld wummin...

(HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD brave auld wummin...

BELLA: I hope she'll be careful though they're so awful strict

HARDIE: STARES AT HER

BAIRD: SITS SLOWLY DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR, HIS BACK TO THE DOOR OF HIS CELL

BELLA: Taking chances like that, she's ower seventy ye know Andy

HARDIE: VERY SLOWLY) Aye... I had to write it but... I had to write it...to get the facts out...so folk'll know. (BELLA: NODS. HE GOES AND SITS ON THE BUNK)

BELLA: You're awful white looking

HARDIE: VERY ABSENTLY) I'm eh...eh...

BELLA: Are ye no feeling well? (HARDIE: GAZES AT HER) Andy... You're awful white looking.

HARDIE: NODS) I'm awright

BELLA: The men were asking for ye. Ye know they're awful fond of ye

HARDIE: SMILES) The men...?

BELLA: Aye. Uch they're in fine spirit now, since they got telt the news. Even big Jem the smiddy - you'd think he was aone of them, instead of... He's been put into solitary now, the same as you and Johnnie. He seems better but. It's a queer thing

HARDIE: Aye

BELLA: Willie Crawford says yous've no to gie up hope either, wi them being commuted there's aye got to be a chance for you, especially noo with that petition, they say everybody's pitting their names tae it - even some of the authorities. (HER GAZE DROPS; SHE IS NOT CONVINCING.

HARDIE: Aye. (BUT ALSO UNCONVINCING) How's Johnnie Bella?

BELLA: Oh, quiet he's quiet... (HARDIE: CONTINUES GAZING AT HER AND EVENTUALLY SHE GESTURES AT THE LETTER ON THE BARREL) Did I interrupt ye writing another letter?

HARDIE: SHRUGS) My relations, aye, I've got hunners of them. D'you want to read it?

BELLA: Och no. You're lucky having so many folk

HARDIE: In some weys aye in some weys naw. (RISES FROM THE BUNK ABRUPTLY AND LIFTS A BOOK FROM BENEATH IT, LEAFS THROUGH IT AND FINDS THE REFERENCE) About relations Bella, listen to this:

O look not with pity's melting softness
That alone can shake my fortitude...

(GRINS) See. Pity's melting softness, that's what shakes the fortitude. D'ye know what I mean?

BELLA IS ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT HE CUTS RIGHT ACROSS HER:

Listen to this bit - where he's talking about being in solitary, cause that's where he was Bella, Doctor Dodds, the man that wrote it, he was in solitary the same as me and Johnnie - listen: Here I tower triumphant, beyond the reach of mortal hand to shake. And this bit, this bit was... (SMILES TO HIMSELF)...this bit was mysel: Be thy first business here to search thy heart, and probe the deep corruption of the mind. Eh! Some of them dont know, the ministers, they just dont know. (LAUGHS BRIEFLY) Blest the dungeon which thus led to heaven! No kidding ye Bella, blest the dungeon!

BELLA: Aye Andy I can see how it means what it means to ye

HARDIE: CUTTING ACROSS HER AGAIN) Meditation is solitude's fair child. (GLANCES AT HER, SHAKES HIS HEAD) Sometimes I feel as if I'm the luckiest man in the world. None of it matters ye see, none of it. And this is a thing only one man in a million gets to find out. And because of that, sometimes, ye feel like you're ordained. No as if I mean like as if you're ordained in... What I mean is everything happens because it happens, because God has willed it. Evil men are as heaven's instruments!

Sometimes Bella I just wish I could get out of this place, to tell folk. I feel it aw inside me ye see and sometimes I canni get to sleep because of it, for thinking about it, and I'm wanting to jump up and shout, jump up and shout. (LAUGHS BRIEFLY AND THEN NOTICES THAT SHE IS LOOKING AT HIM AND HE BECOMES SELF CONSCIOUS

IN THE OTHER CELL BAIRD IS STILL STANDING LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 15

LIGHTS: DIMLY IN BAIRD'S CELL WHERE MR HEUGH STANDS; HE HAS BEEN SPEAKING TO BAIRD. BAIRD IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR SOMEWHERE, TURNED AWAY FROM HIM, HIS KNEES RAISED AND ARMS ENCIRCLING THEM.

IN THE OTHER CELL HARDIE IS STUDYING THE PAGE OF A LETTER HE IS COMPOSING. HE LIFTS A BOOK AND LEAFS THROUGH IT. THEN HE SLAPS HIMSELF TWICE ON THE FOREHEAD - BERATING HIMSELF FOR SOMETHING - PUTS DOWN THE BOOK. RESUMES WRITING THE LETTER FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THEN STUDIES IT AND READS ALOUD:

Although I am to be taken away in the bloom of life, and to suffer an unnatural death, this gives me very little concern knowing that he who gave me this life, can take it when it seemeth good for him to do so; and ever blessed be his holy name, he takes but what he gave.

STOPS AND CRUMPLES THE PAGE AND FLINGS IT AWAY, SMACKS HIMSELF ON THE HEAD AGAIN, SHUTS HIS EYES, BREATHING DEEPLY

MR HEUGH: BEGINS TO SPEAKS MIDWAY THROUGH HARDIE'S LAST PIECE OF LETTER-READING: HE DOES SO IN A LOW VOICE BUT ONE THAT IS ALWAYS URGENT. HE IS CONTINUING A TRAIN OF THOUGHT) But if so John then you have to say it... God knows what's in your heart, I dont, but I feel as if I've got some understanding. True faith comes from within us, from within each and every one of us. You, with the help of the Lord, are your own agent.

WALKS A PACE AND SIGHS) This world is a transient thing. There can be no faith in it, not in man, in man alone. (GLANCES AT HIM) Jesus says we shall be betrayed both by parents and brethern, by kinsfolk and by friends. And that some of us shall be caused to be put to death. Aye there are good men, of course there are. And you've been fortunate to know some, as I have. The men who marched with you had faith in you and it was justified by you.

BAIRD: SHIFTS HIS POSITION A LITTLE.

MR HEUGH: But it was. As was the faith you yourself placed in them. But faith in man John faith in man - by its very nature imperfect, coming as it does from an imperfect thing, because that's what man is, an imperfect thing. Faith in God is so totally distinct from that, because it is perfect, it comes from God, it is of God... And therefore must be perfect.

HE STOPS SPEAKING AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY. THREE SECONDS LATER THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON AND HE WILL CONTINUE AS THOUGH NO INTERRUPTION HAD OCCURRED

MR HEUGH: ...you yourself placed in them. But faith in man John faith in man - by its very nature imperfect, coming as it does from an imperfect thing, because that's what man is, an imperfect thing. Faith in God is so totally distinct from that, because it is perfect, it comes from God, it is of God... And therefore must be perfect.

BAIRD: STARES AT HIM

HARDIE: IS REACHING FOR A BOOK, FLICKING OVER THE PAGES

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 16

SOUND OF A DOOR THUDDING SHUT. BAIRD IS BEING ESCORTED TO ANOTHER CELL BY 2ND GAOLER AND TWO SOLDIERS WHO CARRY MUSKETS AND FIXED BAYONETS, BUT NOT AS IF EXPECTING TROUBLE.

LIGHTS: THE NEW DOUBLE CELL. BAIRD'S CHAINS DRAG. HE WALKS SLOWLY, HEAD BOWED. 2ND GAOLER UNLOCKS THE DOOR

BAIRD: ENTERS. HE GROANS AS THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM AND STANDS WITH HIS BACK AGAINST IT. HE CLOSES HIS EYES. 2ND GAOLER AND THE TWO SOLDIERS EXIT TO GET HARDIE.

SOUND OF A DOOR THUDDING SHUT OFFSTAGE AGAIN. EVENTUALLY 2ND

GAOLER REAPPEARS, FOLLOWED BY HARDIE THEN THE TWO SOLDIERS. HARDIE WALKS MORE EASILY THAN BAIRD, HIS HEAD IS NOT BOWED - BUT THIS DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO SHOULD NOT BE MADE TOO MUCH OF.

BAIRD HEARS THE GROUP APPROACH. HE NOW NOTICES THAT THIS CELL HAS TWO BUNKS. HE STARES BACK TO THE DOOR THEN STEPS AWAY FROM IT WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF 2ND GAOLER'S KEYS.

HARDIE: STEPS INSIDE) Johnnie!

2ND GAOLER: LOCKS THE DOOR AND EXITS WITH THE TWO SOLDIERS WHO BEGIN UNFIXING BAYONETS

HARDIE: LAUGHS) It is you eftir aw!

THEY SHAKE HANDS WITH CHEERY ENTHUSIASM. BUT BAIRD'S LAUGH BECOMES A COUGHING FIT

BAIRD: My throat feels like it's been scraped oot - Christ man I'm croaking! (LOWERS HIMSELF TO SIT ON BUNK)

HARDIE: CHUCKLING) What about the rest o the lads though eh! Is that no great news about them getting their sentence commuted?

BAIRD: Aye, it is

HARDIE: And big Jem as well, eftir him being telt he wisni... (WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE CELL AND BACK) Great great news, I mean it was expected, but all the same, when it happens... (NODS IN EMPHASIS) Eh Johnnie?

BAIRD: Aye

HARDIE: You could never've took it for granted

BAIRD: Not at all

HARDIE: PACING) The wey they went on and on aboot making examples oot o us at the trial. (GLANCING ABOUT AT THE NEW SURROUNDINGS)

BAIRD: WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT OR TWO) Would ye stop that marching about ken you're making me nervous - I've no seen such exercise for months! My ain legs man I can hardly feel them. I thought I was gonni fall doon when they were escorting me here

HARDIE: Ah!

BAIRD: Truly, it's like my whole body was numbing up

HARDIE: NODS. HE PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD, STRETCHES) I've been keeping myself fit.

BAIRD: I can see that, aye

HARDIE: It's the only way. Watch this! (HE DOES A FALL STRAIGHT DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR, AND IMMEDIATELY BEGINS A SERIES OF PRESS-UPS.

BAIRD: God! (LAUGHING) Cut it oot cut it oot!

HARDIE CONTINUES FOR ANOTHER TWO THEN COLLAPSES, BREATHING HARSHLY, LAUGHING AT THE SAME TIME

BAIRD: Are ye deid?

HARDIE: GETTING TO HIS FEET EVENTUALLY) Doesni do to let them think they're beating us. Got to stay right. Come on! Aff your bunk and have a turn at it

BAIRD: No me

HARDIE: Ah come on! (MAKES AS IF TO PULL HIM UP ONTO THE FLOOR)

BAIRD: HAND RAISED TO STOP HIM) Too tired

HARDIE: Too tired, how can ye be too tired? Ye've been doing nothing for the past five month!

BAIRD: Ken maybe later on

HARDIE: Ah!

BAIRD: I just feel like a lie doon the now...

HARDIE: GAZES AT HIM, AND NODS. HE SITS DOWN ON HIS BUNK)

BAIRD: GLANCING ABOUT) No a bad place this eh, feels warm. Last yin I had was damp ken hell of a cauld at night sometimes, was yours?

HARDIE: It was a bit, aye. (PAUSE) Ye stopped talking to folk Johnnie eh? Bella was telling me.

BAIRD: I spoke to her

HARDIE: Naebody else but?

BAIRD: SHRUGS. HE NOTES HARDIE AWAITS FURTHER COMMENT) Uch I just couldni be bothered with it Andy. I'm... (SHAKING HEAD TO COMPLETE SENTENCE

HARDIE: What?

BAIRD: Och...just...I'm no sure - tired...(SHRUGS)

HARDIE: AFTER A PAUSE) You dont like the clergy that's come in?

BAIRD: Ach Andy, it disni matter. (PAUSE. GLANCING AT HIM) No much, I suppose, naw, I canni say I dae.

HARDIE: NODS) No even Mister Heugh? (BAIRD: SIGHS, NEGATIVELY) I thought he'd been fair, a decent kind of a man.

BAIRD: Mm

HARDIE: Ye dont think so?

BAIRD: WEARILY) Uch Andy I'm no too bothered talking about it ken if ye want to know the truth (SIGHS. STRETCHES OUT ON BUNK)

HARDIE: LOOKS ACROSS AT HIM FOR A SPELL) Ye go to church regular yoursel but Johnnie - at hame I mean?

BAIRD: NODS) O aye, aye, I do, aye. (PAUSE) Ye hear what they were saying about auld Purly Wilson? Burning bibles...

HARDIE: He is a freethinker but

BAIRD: Aye, maybe

HARDIE: Dae you think he's an atheist?

BAIRD: I couldni tell ye, really - the ane thing I dae know though Andy I wouldni believe a word o what somebody like thon Mister Small tells me, ken?

HARDIE: Aye

BAIRD: YAWNS) Anyhow, I thought your grandfeyther knew auld Purly?

HARDIE: That's a long time ago but, thirty years at least

BAIRD: SETTLING HIMSELF OUT ON THE BUNK NOW) There's a boy I knew frae Stra'ven ken and he would go to auld Purly's house a lot. I went twice mysel - and I'd've went merr. They held meetings there, they had discussions.

HARDIE: FROWNS) The Stra'ven men were supposed to be meeting us up by Bonnymuir

BAIRD: Uch aye Andy but that was what thon spy telt us! Nane of what he says can be taken like it was true.

HARDIE: I know that.

BAIRD: COUGHS DRILY BEFORE CONTINUING) I met Robert Hamilton there, at Purly's hoose... (GLANCES AT HARDIE BUT HARDIE JUST SHRUGS) Robert Hamilton - he was one of the provisional government committee (PAUSE) like mysel

HARDIE: JUST GAZES AT HIM

BAIRD: AFTER A MOMENT PULLS THE BLANKET UP OVER HIMSELF) I was telling ye about auld Purly's house ken just it was full o books and papers, periodical journals and the

rest o it. They would read out bits here and there and then discuss them. Often enough the talk would go on aw night long And then there was your fucking shift to go to in the morn!

HARDIE: RELISHING THE IDEA) Sounds fine

BAIRD: It was, you'd've liked it well. (PAUSE) Ken though it's bad Andy eh what they're daeing to Purly - man o his age, he must be near sixty five. (SHAKES HEAD) Ken and then ye hear the likes o thon Small, no fit to sit at the same table wi him, but gieing out aw his lies... Makes ye wonder what they'll be saying about us, if that's what they're saying about Purly...

HARDIE: YAWNS. HE DRAWS THE BLANKET OVER HIMSELF

BAIRD: Eh? I'm saying I wonder what sort of lies they'll be telling about us? That we're atheists maybe

HARDIE: Atheists?

BAIRD: Maybe they'll say we're burning bibles.

HARDIE STARES ACROSS AT HIM

BAIRD: LYING WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD, STARING AT THE CEILING, HE SMILES) Or that we're flinging stanes at ministers! Or that we've aw taken to eating bairns for wur supper!

HARDIE: CHUCKLES AFTER A MOMENT) Their spies will be talking but. You're right. It hadni occurred to me. They'll be oot spreading their scandal. (ALMOST TALKING TO HIMSELF) And folk'll be listening tae it, taking it aw in, letting themsels get tricked. Ye wonder...

BAIRD: SIGHS

HARDIE: Ye just wonder...

NO RESPONSE AT ALL FROM BAIRD WHO APPEARS TO BE SLEEPING

HARDIE: EVENTUALLY MOVES ONTO HIS SIDE. BUT AFTER A TIME HE RAISES HIMSELF ONTO ONE ELBOW AND GAZES ACROSS AT BAIRD AS IF TO

ASCERTAIN WHETHER OR NO HE IS ASLEEP; THEN HE TAKES OUT HIS BIBLE, OPENING IT ENTIRELY AT RANDOM.

HE STARTS TO READ THIS RANDOM VERSE ALOUD, ENUNCIATING EVERY SYLLABLE BUT STOPS SOON. HE TURNS SOME MORE PAGES. HE CONTINUES READING IN SILENCE FOR A FEW MORE MOMENTS THEN GETS UP FROM THE BUNK QUITE SUDDENLY AND SLAPS HIS BROW WITH A FRUSTRATED GROAN, AND HE WALKS TO THE END OF THE CELL AND STANDS STILL. BUT HE IS VERY TENSE. HE SEEMS TO BE STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY, EYES SHUT TIGHTLY AND HIS TEETH CLENCHED, HIS FINGERS FLEXING NOW BUNCHING INTO FISTS.

THEN HE RELAXES, HIS HEAD HANGING, HIS BREATHING COMES SLOWLY; HE WALKS TO THE CELL DOOR AND BACK AGAIN. HE RETURNS TO SIT DOWN ON THE BUNK, HIS HAND AT HIS FOREHEAD, COVERING HIS EYES

BAIRD: GAZES AT HIM

HARDIE: NOTICES AFTER A MOMENT) Ye been sleeping?

BAIRD: A wee bit

HARDIE: SUDDEN ANIMATION) Heh Johnnie d'ye know Luke? That great bit in Chapter 15 where the boy goes away and lives a bad life?

BAIRD: The prodigal son?

HARDIE: Aye. That's right. (ALMOST AS IF THE CONNECTION HAD NOT REGISTERED WITH HIM BEFOREHAND) Aye. It's a great bit innit! Ye see I aye found it hard. I mean I've been hearing it for years, but without truly understanding it. I used to aye feel sorry for the big brother, him that steys at hame and does his duty, then aw he gets is a row!

BAIRD: LAUGHS

HARDIE: Naw but so he does. The young brother goes off to sow his wild oats and the auld yin steys at hame to do his duty by the faimly, and then what happens but the boy comes back and his feyther puts out the fatted calf. (BAIRD: CHUCKLING) And the big brother's upset, he's upset, he's into a huff...

BAIRD: Aye, I mind, he'll no go to the feast

HARDIE: That's right

BAIRD: It's a moral

HARDIE: Aye I know but as well as that, again, you've got just the idea of this one sinner getting returned to the fold, coming back to his feyther eftir being away frae him so long, in the way that sinners return to God, even at the eleventh hour - eh Johnnie can I read it!

BAIRD: PAUSE) Aye, course

HARDIE: QUICKLY TURNS TO THE PAGE, AND HE WALKS A PACE OR TWO, SPEAKING WHILE HE DOES SO) His father spies him in the distance and rushes out and kisses him and... (NOW READS) And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

BAIRD: SOFTLY) Aye.

HARDIE: SMILES) And then further on where he tells the big brother... (AND READS) Son, thou art ever with me. Ever! (GRINS) Ever and always. He's never got any reason to worry at all, he should just be glad of somebody else getting led back into the fold.

And that's it because God takes greater pleasure in one sinner being redeemed than aw the rest of the righteous arriving up in heaven - and how no! because they're aye with him anyway, they're never away - it's nothing against them, it's just that he knows they're coming! (CLOSING BIBLE) I used to think it was something against them, I used to think the sinner was the best, but he isni, he's no the best at aw, he's no anything, he's just the same, except he's been lost, who art now found. (SHRUGS)

I'm the eldest in my faimly. Relations Johnnie I've got hunners of them, wee brothers and sisters and cousins, nieces and nephews. What about yoursel?

BAIRD: I've got three sisters, two brothers - you met ane of them, Rab, at Condorret, mind? him that telt us aw tae stoap hame and forget about marching tae Carron! 21(CHUCKLES) He aye had a good heid on his shoodirs the same man. A good brother tae. With me and him the roles are a bit the opposite frae the prodigal ken it was aye me that went a-roving wi him the wee brother steying at hame.

HARDIE: CHUCKLES) Ye call being in the army seven year 'a-roving! (RETURNING TO SIT ON THE BUNK)

BAIRD: LAUGHS) Aye, well said!

HARDIE: The 95th you were in?

BAIRD: The Rifle Brigade, aye

HARDIE: Did ye like it?

BAIRD: Eh, I'm no that certain that I didni, in some weys, I suppose - what about yoursel?

HARDIE: A wee bit. (FROWNS) No being under fire

BAIRD: Aye ken being a soldier'd be great if it wisni for the fucking fighting!

HARDIE: NOW LIES ON BUNK, RESTING ON HIS ELBOWS. A PAUSE BEFORE HE SPEAKS) Were ye never merrit Johnnie?

BAIRD: Nah no me

HARDIE: No me either. I have a lassie but. Her name's Margaret, Margaret McKeigh - Maggie. (GLANCES ACROSS) She's fine, fine. We hadni says about getting merrit but... but we baith knew, we knew.

Black hair she's got, she wears it done up the back, in a kind of bow. (CHUCKLES) It looks good so it does. Her neck, it shows her neck off, she's got a really fine looking neck. That sounds daft, does it?

BAIRD: Naw.

HARDIE: SMILING) I dont know what it is; it's maybe it's like a bird, ye know the neck o a bird? the wey it slopes...? (DOES THE HAND MOVEMENTS IN ILLUSTRATION)

BAIRD: SMILING) Aye

HARDIE: I met her brother afore I met her. (PAUSE) I wisni her first, her first boy. He died. He had a bad chist. Just young tae it was a shame. The two of them... It disni bother me...

(GLANCES ACROSS) Maggie having a lad afore me, it disni bother me.

BAIRD: Uch naw for God sake

HARDIE: Naw but I think it would some people, I think they would think maybe it means ye wurni her true love. I dont see it that wey but. The boy that died, I see him just as a...just as a boy that's deid

BAIRD: PAUSE) Is she aulder than ye?

HARDIE: Naw, younger

BAIRD: NODS, CONTINUES AFTER A MOMENT OR TWO) Cause there was a wummin I went wi...back in the army days. I met her doon on the coast - I mean right doon ken in England, no far frae Plymouth. She was aulder than me a fair bit. She had two bairns, a wee boy and a wee lassie. I was supposed to go back ance the war finished...

HARDIE: WAITING FOR HIM TO CONTINUE, SEES HE IS NOT GOING TO) Tell us

BAIRD: SHRUGS) Uch naw

HARDIE: Come on

BAIRD: SHRUGS) Just - I aye wondered if I was a feyther by her Andy see I used to stey wi her quite reglar. Ken they didni mind much at the camp. She worked on a fairm and I skipped oot tae her eftir hours. I used to meet her outside the barn - aw the women workers were kept in a barn the gether. They kept their bairns there wi them as well... Middle of summer it was, hot nights; sticky, you aye felt like going for a swim, even eftir midnight. We did tae, quite a few times. It was something special, ken? Truly. Something special...

(A FEW MOMENTS PAUSE) Nah, I wouldni be speaking right if I says I had a hatred o my time in the army.

And eftir it was aw over and done wi, when we aw came hame: nae work, nae hoose, nae food, nae nothing - I would like to've gone fucking back ken straight back in.

As well as that, my feet'd got the itch. I hated being hame, stuck there at that bloody web! Whh! Tell ye something man it used to get me so's I thought o doing something unlawful and getting took for it, just to get transported, to get sent overseas - right away aw the gether! Van Dieman's Island. Van Dieman's Island. Even the name, I'd go there for the name alone!

Mind you if I had've got took - wi my luck - they'd've fucking hanged me! (CHUCKLES. THEN SUDDENLY SERIOUS) God's truth Andy see if they were to commute my sentence

I'd really thank them. I'd... What! I must be getting soft in the heid - thank them! Dear God I'd get right down on my bended knees, my bended knees, I'd get right down on my bended knees!

HARDIE: MAKES NO RESPONSE AT ALL TO THIS. BOTH MEN NOW CONTINUE RESTING ON THE BUNKS, STARING INTO SPACE.

BAIRD: COVERS HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS, BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT. HE GLANCES ACROSS) The British soldier Andy, for the past twenty year we've been destroying liberty wherever we find it, right across Europe - Italy, France, Germany, Spain - sticking tyrants into power. Ye wouldni credit it, wherever we find freedom we fucking destroy it. Just fucking goats so we ur, a herd o fucking goats!

Like this time as well, getting taken in by a handful o judases... (COVERS HIS FACE FOR A MOMENT, THEN ANGRY FRUSTRATION AND SMASHES HIS RIGHT FIST TWICE ON THE PALM OF HIS LEFT HAND) I should've fucking known but I should've. I should've fucking known. And when yous turned up - twenty handit! Twenty! Man we were expecting two hunner! Two hunner: aw ex-soldiers! What a fucking laugh thon turned out to be!

HARDIE: CLEARS HIS THROAT) It disni matter

BAIRD: I dont mean the lads were bad either cause they wurni. They just - they wurni soldiers, ken? You served Andy, you know what I'm talking about

HARDIE: SHAKES HEAD) It disni matter; none of it

BAIRD: SARCASTIC) Six thousand men landing frae Paris, Kinloch of Kinloch and the French. And Marshall MacDonald. Ye hear about him? How he was supposed to be coming tae! Marshall MacDonald! I shoulda known, he must be near ages wi Granny Duncan. (SHAKES HEAD) My brother Rab tae he was suspicious frae the start. Even before yous turned up, it was that yin King, the spy, mind him? There was something just no right about him, he was maybe too nervous...

HARDIE: None of it matters.

BAIRD: He couldni sit at peace ken he kept jumping about and going to the door...couldni look ye in the aye

HARDIE: PAUSE. IRONIC CHUCKLE. PAUSE) My grandfeyther says I shouldni have went either. But ye know how? The rain. He says it was an omen, the worst rain he'd seen for forty year

BAIRD: The rain!

HARDIE: Naw but from that Sunday we first saw the Proclamation tacked up doon by the Cross it never stopped, a downpour, merr or less right through till eftir we'd got to Bonnymuir - five days solid, sheets of rain, just sheets of rain. (LAPSING INTO SILENCE)

BAIRD: SIGHS AFTER A WHILE, PUTS HAND OVER HIS FACE, AND GROANS) Aw Rab Rab... Aye been the same, back since we were bairns the gether

HARDIE: GAZING UPWARDS) Never seen anything like it! Five days, solid...just sheets o it

BAIRD: Hoping something would come along... But what was there could come along, nothing, there was nothing, I should've known that ken I should've known... What in God's name did I hang about for, aw this while, there was nothing tae haud me back, I shoulda packed the bags and went... (SLOWLY SHAKING HEAD, GLANCES ACROSS NOW TO HARDIE WHO LISTENS TO HIM) Christ man if I could get oot o here I'd never go hame. Condorret! Naw, no me, never, never again. (SHUTS EYES, TEETH CLENCHED)

HARDIE: SMILES BRIEFLY) Liberty isni worth having if it's no worth dying for... (PAUSE) We swear to return home in triumph, or not return home at all...

BAIRD: CHUCKLES, EYES STILL SHUT

HARDIE: QUITE LOUDLY) Equality exists in the bible and must exist in the state

BAIRD: LAUGHS AND CLENCHES RIGHT FIST) Scotland free or a desert

HARDIE: LOUDLY) Whenever an aristocracy exists so too does oppression and misery

BAIRD: SHOUTS) Freedom or slavery

HARDIE: SHOUTS) Privilege of birth overrides justice and truth. The right of the people to resist oppression must always exist

BAIRD: LAUGHING) You know aw the best anes

HARDIE: ALSO LAUGHING) A man's a man for aw that

BAIRD: For aw that an aw that

HARDIE: Wee sleekit coorin timorous beastie!

BOTH MEN NOW APPROACHING HYSTERICIS

LIGHTS OUT

THEIR LAUGHTER CONTINUES FOR A FEW MOMENTS: FADE ON IT

Scene 17

LIGHTS: DIM

HARDIE: SLEEPS ON HIS BUNK, TURNED TO THE SIDE AWAY FROM BAIRD WHO IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR, DRAWING SHAPES IN THE STRAW, HUMMING AN UNINTELLIGIBLE TUNE

TWO AUTHORITIES: ENTER AND APPROACH THE DOOR OF THE CELL, AND THEY STARE IN THROUGH THE KEEKHOLE. BAIRD STOPS WHAT HE IS DOING AND STARES AT THE KEEKHOLE. TWO AUTHORITIES SOON EXIT.

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY TILTS SIDEWAYS AND ALLOWS HIMSELF TO FALL ONTO THE FLOOR, AND HE LIES LIKE THIS, WIDE AWAKE, STILL HUMMING THE UNINTELLIGIBLE TUNE. THEN HE STOPS IT AND COMES IN ON THE FOLLOWING VERSE BEFORE THE CHORUS OF "RISING OF THE MOON". HE SINGS QUIETLY AND SLOWLY:

for the pikes must be together
at the rising of the moon.

At the rising of the moon
At the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together
at the rising of the moon.

HE BREAKS OFF, STILL LYING SIDEWAYS ON THE FLOOR, EYES OPEN AND WIDE AWAKE.

SOUND OF A CLOCK CHIMING THE HOUR FIVE.

BAIRD: SPEAKS WHEN THE ECHO HAS DIED) Cinque

LIGHTS: OUT

Scene 18

LIGHTS: DIM

HARDIE: SEATED ON THE FLOOR, DOWNSTAGE, HIS BIBLE LIES CLOSE TO HIM; HE IS LISTENING TO BAIRD WHO IS STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE CELL DOOR

BAIRD: IN THE MIDST OF NARRATION) My maw's cousin that was. Her man and his neighbour had a boat ken quite a big yin I seem to mind though I'm no sure the actual size o it. Used to catch wur supper out the water. Big cod and a wad of mackerel mainly it was: the mackerel we hud fur breakfast but for during the day it was the cod we et.

Me and my brothers used to go oot with them at the crack of dawn. My uncle - that's whit we cawed him - him and his neighbour took us hail, rain or shine.

Silence everywhere, that's what I mind, the sound of the water lapping against the side of the boat. We let the lines dangle over the edge.

They aye took us tae the same spot. Ken tae start wi. It was right across near to Bute. That's on the nor-western side but the wey it is sometimes when you're fishing, ye look up and find you've been drifting...

CHUCKLES) Then back to the house and we'd fill wur bellies, then away trekking round the shore, playing for miles along the coast, swimming tae - I mind this great big palace of a place, I dont know whose it would've been; auld Argyll himsel I dare say, it was built like a castle and on three sides surrounded by a right fucking thick forest, the other side facing doon ower big bushes and rhododendrons, doon to the water's edge; us hiding frae the keepers - they'd've fucking shot us ken bairns or no - if they coulda catched us! Ah they'd never've catched us

though, no ance we hit the shore man we could sprint ower the tap of the rocks and the stanes like we wur a perra wild beasts, wi never a foot wrang... (LAUGHS)

PAUSE.

HARDIE: HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS DROOP: DIFFICULT TO TELL WHETHER HE HAS DOZED OFF

BAIRD: AFTER SEVERAL MOMENTS REVERIE) Aye, I suppose, I suppose she was a noisy wummin... (GRINS) But I aye liked that. Ken and I liked her singing tae. I learned her some o oor songs. She had this English voice, a right English voice, ye know the wey some of them ur Andy - oi oi oi, oi oi oi - that was the wey it was, her voice. But I liked it, I liked hearing her. Cause I'm a dour kind of filla in a wey I suppose I have to admit, so huvvin a cheery wummin like Annie, my God though it was fine. She'll be thirty seven or merr noo. And the bairn, ten year auld near enough. Ten.

HARDIE IS STILL IN FORMER POSTURE

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY, CONTINUING FROM ANOTHER REVERIE) And he took his belt tae us. Tae me I should say - I was aye unlucky that wey, he never seemed to catch anybody else - I was nae good at dodging ye see. (CHUCKLES) One of the sisters tae, she was just a wee lassie at the time but I mind how she would try and catch haud o the auld yin's erms while he was ladling into me.

Then that first time I came hame and he saw me for a soldier - ho! he looks me up and doon. Aye, he says, you're a bit big for the belt noo. Aye feyther, I says, I could still pit ye on your back but.

I believe ye could feyther, I says. (SHAKES HEAD, SMILES) Wi maw deid though it didni maitter anymerr. That was the thing ye see, eftir she passed on the fire went oot him, it just went oot him. And that was a funny thing for me tae see cause I wouldni've thought it possible. See him noo, sits on his cherr by the grate aw day, sterring at nothing. Eighty year auld... (STARES AT THE FLOOR) Ach the faimly'll take care of him, they'll see him fine

HARDIE: NOW LOOKS UP AT BAIRD, WAITING FOR HIM TO CONTINUE, BUT INSTEAD OF DOING SO BAIRD TURNS AND FROWNS AT HIS BUNK THEN LIES DOWN. HARDIE RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE FLOOR AND HE DRAWS SHAPES THERE WITH HIS FINGER. THEN HE REACHES FOR HIS BIBLE AND BEGINS TO READ

BAIRD: DRAWS THE BLANKET UP TO HIS CHIN, HE LIES STARING AT THE CEILING, WIDE AWAKE

LIGHTS: FADE OUT

Scene 19

SOUND OF 2ND GAOLER'S KEY IN THE LOCK SIMULTANEOUS TO LIGHTS ON FULLY.

HARDIE STANDS DOWNSTAGE WHILE BAIRD SITS ON HIS BUNK, KNEES DRAWN UP, RESTING HIS ELBOWS ON THEM. BOTH AWAITING THE VISITORS: THE THREE MINISTERS.

DURING THE SCENE EACH OF THE TRIO, AND ALSO HARDIE, WILL OCCASIONALLY GLANCE AT BAIRD AS THOUGH TO INCLUDE HIM IN THE CONVERSATION. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE DIRECTED BAIRD IGNORES THEM AND GAZES AT HIS FEET

MR SMALL: Good evening to ye

DR WRIGHT: Good evening (HE SEEMS QUITE TIRED)

MR HEUGH: Good evening Andy, John

HARDIE: Good evening.

MR HEUGH: How are ye?

HARDIE: Alright

MR HEUGH: The company, for ye both, it must make a difference?

HARDIE: It does, aye. (TO DR WRIGHT, INDICATING THE BUNK) Would ye rest yourself Doctor Wright.

DR WRIGHT: Eh I'll no lad, no the night, thanks aw the same.

MR SMALL: Your friend here Mister Hardie, we were given to understand he'd regained the use of his tongue. (HARDIE: FROWNS AT HIM) We were advised he had found his voice. (SHAKES HIS HEAD, GLANCES AT DR WRIGHT AND THEY BOTH LOOK TO BAIRD)

MR HEUGH: TO HARDIE) And are yous managing to rest at all?

HARDIE: PAUSE) I thank God for the relief he affords us

MR SMALL: And continue to do so. True rest canni be found outwith the arms of the Lord

DR WRIGHT: Mr Small speaks truly lad. (ADDRESSES THEM BOTH) Yous must pray and pray and pray again. And when yous're aching, when your limbs are greeting out at ye for rest, ye just get down on your knees and ye start praying again. Yous must give thanks to God for sending his only begotten Son down to us, through whom alone we can be saved, by the shedding of his own pure blood. Yous must pray. And yous must repent.

MR SMALL: And dont think ye can leave it to the last. Ye must fight to reconcile yoursels wi God now, now!

MR HEUGH: God himsel will grant ye strength for the battle though. He will. Have faith in him, for he wont let ye down. (GLANCES AT BAIRD) He wont let ye down

DR WRIGHT: John Baird, God will grant ye baith the strength if ye but open yirsel to him. But ye must allow him to succeed, ye must allow him to strengthen your purpose

MR HEUGH: Have faith in him John, as Andy here has. If in nothing else you must have faith in him. Even at this late hour

MR SMALL: Repent. Both of ye. Ye must repent

HARDIE STANDS WITH HEAD AND SHOULDERS BOWED. BAIRD IS STARING AT HIS FEET AGAIN, KNEES DRAWN UP, ELBOWS RESTING ON THEM

MR SMALL: BRIEF SHAKE OF THE HEAD WHILE LOOKING AT BAIRD) Ex uno disce omnes!

MR HEUGH: Mister Small... (GLANCES FROM DR WRIGHT AND BACK) Please keep your remarks to yourself, the man is ...

MR SMALL: In limine mortis Mister Heugh, aye, well then, let him be ever mindful of it - let them both be ever mindful of it

BAIRD LOOKS AT MR SMALL FOR A MOMENT, THEN BACK TO HIS FEET AGAIN.
DR WRIGHT: Ye baith have less than one week in which to make your peace with God. (GLANCES AT MR HEUGH) This canni be gainsaid, it has got to be impressed upon them, the enormity of their predicament.

MR SMALL: TO DR WRIGHT) At times they seem as if they're no even aware of it!

DR WRIGHT: DOES NOT RESPOND TO MR SMALL THOUGH HE HAS HEARD HIS COMMENT. HE ADDRESSES THE PRISONERS) Dont hide the truth frae yoursels, you've got to face up to it, for only then will ye find comfort. Ye must seek your peace in God through the blood of his only begotten son.

MR SMALL: There's less than one week! Less than one week! Think on it, think on what it means

DR WRIGHT: Not till man submits to Christ, Not till he puts away all confidence in himself but in him, can he hope to serve the Lord God.

MR SMALL: He whose affections are set upon the world is living in the delusion of idolatry.

MR HEUGH: Where do we get our faith but by the hearing of the word?

HARDIE: Aye but surely men come to God in different ways?

DR WRIGHT: That's as maybe but in the end there is only the one way, the one true way

MR HEUGH: NODS) The routes are many and diverse through which we discover faith, routes we might well seek to regard as our own invention but what remains unalterable is the fact of that faith. It is one thing, it comes through God and Christ Jesus. True faith is one thing and one thing only, it is perfect.

MR SMALL: WAGGING HIS FINGER AT BAIRD) There's no hiding from him. He knows all within us. If we pretend to faith God knows and rightly chastiseth. We can justify oursels to oursels and to others; but God alone knoweth our hearts. That which is highly esteemed

among men is abomination in the sight of God. Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abused...

PAUSE, THEN LIGHTS OUT

THREE SECOND PAUSE AND LIGHTS ON

MR SMALL: WAGGING HIS FINGER AT BAIRD) There's no hiding from him. He knows all within us. If we pretend to faith God knows and rightly chastiseth. We can justify ourselves to ourselves and to others; but God alone knoweth our hearts. That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abused...

BAIRD: STARES AT MR SMALL

HARDIE: FINISHING OFF THE QUOTATION) and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

BAIRD: GLANCES AT HARDIE

MR SMALL: TO HARDIE) Aye. And consider it well. The both o ye. He that exalteth himself, that sets himself and his kind up to subvert the constitution and Government of the country by law established

BAIRD: SLOWLY COVERS HIS EYES WITH ONE HAND, IN AN UNDEMONSTRATIVE WAY, BUT IT IS ENOUGH TO STOP MR SMALL TALKING THEN HE REACHES TO DRAW OUT HIS PAIL, AND WITH HIS BACK TO THE COMPANY AND TO THE AUDIENCE, HE URINATES.

MR SMALL SIGHS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD. HARDIE WEARILY PUTS A HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD. MR HEUGH SIGHS, SHAKES HIS HEAD. DR WRIGHT JUST STARES AT BAIRD

BAIRD: FINISHES, ADJUSTS HIS CLOTHING WHILE KNEELING, HIS BACK TO THE OTHERS. HE REPLACES PAIL, HE LIES DOWN ON THE BUNK, HANDS BENEATH HIS HEAD, GAZING UPWARDS

HARDIE: WALKS TO THE OTHER END OF CELL AND STARES AT THE FLOOR.

DR WRIGHT: John Baird. Ye're a sorry sight... (A GLANCE AT MR SMALL:

MR SMALL: GOES TO THE CELL DOOR, THUMPS IT ONCE) Gaoler!

DR WRIGHT: NODS. CONTEMPTUOUS) A sorry sight (WALKS TO STAND BY MR SMALL BY THE CELL DOOR, THEN IT OPENS AND THEY EXIT.

MR HEUGH: URGENTLY) It does ye no good John, no good whatsoever, ye canni drive everything out, ye canni suffocate your own mind. I'm disappointed in ye, ye just allow them...by your actions...ye just allow them... (THE GAOLER AWAITS HIM AND HE BREAKS OFF, HE EXITS AT ONCE, AND THE CELL DOOR THUDS SHUT:

BAIRD: CLOSSES HIS EYES AND BEGINS CHUCKLING QUIETLY. BUT HE SOON STOPS IT AND REMAINS SILENT. THEN HE RAISES HIMSELF TO CALL TO HARDIE) Never seen such a quick leave-taking in aw my born days - eh! See the faces! (BRIEF LAUGH. BUT HARDIE IS NOT RESPONDING)

Ach. I had nae choice! What was I supposed to do? Eh? What's up wi ye? Something wrang? Eh?

They've got nothing to dae wi me! Nothing. Ye hear me! State-paid clergy, they've never had nothing to dae wi us, wi liberty, nothing! Aye the very opposite. So dont look tae me!

What right have they got to tell us to repent? I've nothing to repent for ken nothing. I've done nothing I'm ashamed of. On the one hand you say everything we done was for justice, freedom and truth - for aw that we believe in and haud sacred - the next thing ye turn roon and start to repent. Repent! For what? These...people - coming in here! Coming in here... (BECOMING INCOHERENT

HARDIE STANDS STEADILY, FROWNING

BAIRD: Hear me, they sent James Lapsie into auld Purly's prison cell

HARDIE: I know that

BAIRD: CONTEMPTUOUS) The Reverend James Lapsie frae Campsie - him that spied against Thomas Muir back in the auld days ken that's your clergy for ye, trotting along to do their maisters' bidding ken berating Purly to repent, repent! But what is it they've been truly seeking? - a confession! a fucking confession, that's what Lapsie's been sent in eftir, a confession, on behalf of his lords and maisters, Sidmouth and Castlereagh, the whole damn shebang o them! Cause how? Cause they're wanting rid o Habeas Corpus ken that's how, they're wanting rid o it, they're wanting to be able to suppress us wioot the fucking inconvenience o it

being borne witness tae in public.

BOTH STAND GAZING AT EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN BAIRD CONTINUES:

Are ye ashamed of how we're here? Eh? Is that how you're wanting tae repent your crimes? Repent your crimes. Aye Andy, that's the thing, that's what they're looking for: and a fine piece it'll make for Colonel Hunter and his Glasgow Herald. (HIS CONTEMPT PALPABLE) Radicals repent of their wicked ways. Radicals confess of their crimes. O, whit crimes? Oh! The ones that they undoubtedly intended tae commit!

WEARILY) Ah the cant Andy, aw the cant, and the lies, aw the lies; lies, lies and merr lies - frae the judases

HARDIE: A PAUSE BEFORE HE SPEAKS) Nobody forces them to come. They huvni been 'sent' in in the wey you mean. I dont believe it. I know what you're saying. And I know as well about what they're doing to auld Purly in Glasgow. (TURNS ABRUPTLY) But that doesni make aw clergymen the same. You've never heard the likes o Doctor Chalmers Johnnie he's stood up there on the pulpit and he's spoke about reform - he's defended the radicals, he's spoke oot in our favour. Manys the time. And I've heard him. I've been there mysel and heard him wi my ain ears

BAIRD: WIPES HIS BROW, AGITATEDLY

HARDIE: He has, truly

BAIRD: NODS

HARDIE: They come a great wey here. I'm no gonni say anything aboot Mister Small. I'm no gonni. But... Mister Heugh's helped me; it's him put us in books and gave us talk these past long weeks and months; if it wisni for that... Being able to read, just being able to read... I dont know what'd've happened wiout it, what I would've done I think I'd've went daft - daft, I think I'd've went daft, wiout seeing the Word, if I hudni been able to see the Word.

I'm no repenting for marching. I'm no ashamed of nothing we done. It's just that we're aw sinners. All of us. We're sinners. And I canni get away frae that, it's no a thing I'm able to deny, that I'm a sinner. Cause that's the wey we are, aw of us, we're aw sinners

BAIRD: NODS

HARDIE: We are. The ministers as well, they're nothing special. Everybody's a sinner. Everybody. We're born into it. And Jesus saves us. It's only through his grace that we even get

the chance o repentance. Without him there'd be nothing at all. He took our sins on his own head. Through his blood the whole sinful world is saved.

BAIRD: QUIETLY) I know that

HARDIE: It's only through him we see it isni all a waste of time. All this world Johnnie it's nothing, just a cheat; born out of sin and in sin till it comes to God. Ye can see it, ye look about and ye can see it. Transient. It's a cheat, it's just a cheat. One minute you're free and you're alive you're free and you're alive, you think you're free and alive. And then you're deid. You're deid. I canni...get away frae that. (GAZING AT BAIRD) I'm no repenting for marching. I was wanting to fight for what's right. I'd aye dae it. I've aye done it...

BAIRD: I know that

HARDIE STANDS WITH ONE HAND TO HIS BROW

LIGHTS: OUT ON THE TWO MEN STARING AT EACH OTHER

Scene 20

LIGHTS

HARDIE: CLOSSES THE BIBLE AND TAKES A LETTER HE HAS BEEN WRITING FROM THE FLOOR BENEATH HIS BUNK. HE RETURNS TO SIT ON A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FLOOR. HE STOPS WRITING AND READS IN SILENCE FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THEN HE RISES AND WALKS A PACE. HE READS ALOUD, IN A QUITE SUBDUED FASHION) My dear and loving Margaret, Before this arrives at your hand I will be made immortal and will be, I trust, singing praises to God and the Lamb, amongst the spirits of just men made perfect, through the atoning blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, whose all-sufficient merits are infinitely unbounded.

BAIRD: AT THIS POINT OPENS HIS EYES BUT LIES AS STILL AS HE CAN, AS THOUGH TAKNG CARE NOT TO REVEAL HE IS NOW AWAKE AND HEARING THE LETTER READ

HARDIE: I hope you will not take it as a dishonour that your unfortunate lover died for his suffering and insulted country. I know you are possessed of nobler ideas than that. I took up arms not to rob or plunder, but for the restoration of these rights for which our forefathers bled and which we have allowed shamefully to be wrested from us and I trust the innocent blood that is soon to be shed will awaken my countrymen from that lethargy which has so overcrowded them.

But this is not a very pleasing subject to you, so I will leave it, and direct your attention to matters of more importance. We are, one and all of us, lost and miserable sinners and have to stand before a great and just God who is infinite and pure, and who cannot look upon sin but with the utmost abhorrence; it is only through the blood of a crucified Saviour that we can expect mercy at this awful tribunal.

I will be under the necessity of laying down my pen now, as this must very soon go out. You will give my dying love to your father and mother, James and Agnes, Mrs Connell and Jean Buchanan. I hope you will call frequently on my distressed and afflicted mother. Farewell my dear Margaret, may God attend you still, and all your soul with consolation fill, is the sincere wish of your most affectionate and constant lover while on earth. Andrew Hardie.

HE SCANS THE PAGES A BIT UNCERTAINLY THEN HE RELAXES, TAKES THE LETTER AND LAYS IT ON THE BED. HE RETURNS TO SIT DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS BIBLE, OPENS IT AND BEGINS READING AT RANDOM. THEN HE SHUTS IT AND LAYS IT ON THE FLOOR. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AND CLASPS HIS HANDS AS THOUGH IN PRAYER. THEN HE RELAXES THE POSTURE AND SITS WITH HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS DROOPING, AS THOUGH EXHAUSTED

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY RAISES HIMSELF UP ONTO HIS ELBOWS. HE SPEAKS SOFTLY) Ye dont get hardly any sounds here Andy, have ye noticed that, it's so awful quiet. That last cell I was ye used to hear aw kinds of noise, rats scrabbling roonaboot, and through the night ken you'd aye hear screaming

HARDIE: COVERS HIS FACE WITH BOTH HANDS; HE COULD WELL BE CRYING BUT HE MAKES NO SOUND OTHER THAN THAT HIS BREATHING IS A BIT LOUDER THAN USUAL

BAIRD: Did auld Granny Duncan tell ye that story about the lions? (NO RESPONSE FROM HARDIE , AND HE CONTINUES) It's no anything really, just some auld King of Scotland that steyed in the castle used to keep lions down here, it was kept as a place for beasts o the jungle - ken I think ye can smell it a wee bit dae you? (NO RESPONSE)

HARDIE: TAKES HIS HANDS FROM FACE) How are they no gieing us visitors, they should

be gieing us visitors. There's folk coming to see us and they're no letting them in. My grandfeyther coming aw that wey and maybe other folk tae

BAIRD: Aye

HARDIE: They should be gieing us visitors, how're they no gieing us visitors. (PAUSE) Eh? Ye think even Bella I mean how come she's no even getting to come? Ye think she'd be here. (PAUSE) Eh?

BAIRD: STILL NOT RESPONDING

HARDIE: SITTING ROUND TO FACE HIM) Eh? Eh Johnnie? (PAUSE, GETS UP FROM THE FLOOR)

BAIRD: CLEARS HIS THROAT) Sometimes you're better aff wioot visitors Andy. Ye dont ayewis want to be seeing folk...

HARDIE: ABSENTLY) I'll have to write to them aw, tae everybody. (FROWNING) It's a duty, it's incumbent upon me.

BAIRD: Ye dont have to write to everybody, no if ye dont want tae

HARDIE: Aye but I've got to tell them (PACING), they've got tae know how I am, the wey I am, the wey things are - I dont want them putting theirsels to concern about me. And nae merr petitions or that, it's pointless, better look to God and no waste their time. And they've to stop hoping the sentence'll get commuted, there's nae time for it. (STOPS PACING) It disni matter anyway, none of it, none of it at aw. It's through him they'll get their peace. They've no to worry about me - about us - we'll be wi him. It doesni matter that they mangle wur body cause they canni mangle wur soul. He gave us our being; we are subject unto him; and he can call us to his glorious presence whenever he sees it meet. The ministers are right in that wey. However painful our trials and afflictions may be we are assured he worketh to reconcile these whom he loveth to himsel

BAIRD: Aye

HARDIE: And we dae come to him in our own wey. They're wrang therr. They've maybe no worked it out

BAIRD: They've no had tae

HARDIE: We are at all times under sentence of death. (PACING AGAIN) Even when we're in the midst of life, when we think we're free to dae whatever we like, we're no, for God takes when he thinks fit, just like he gives. He gives and he takes whenever he thinks fit, and who are we to question. We accept and we understand. It's just like aw the wee weans that get cut down before they've had the chance o living properly. Take my ain faimly, my maw, her six wee yins that died, just fell sick and died, afore even they'd really a chance of life. That's how me! (SURPRISED SMILE: STOPS PACING) Blest the dungeon which thus led to heaven. (SUDDEN FROWN) I mean being able to make my peace through the Saviour... There's no many granted the privilege. Eh Johnnie, the baith o us, eh, there's no many granted the privilege, trully, when ye think about it

BAIRD: Aye

HARDIE: How vain are all the hopes of man. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

BAIRD: GAZING AT THE CEILING

HARDIE: Dust we are and unto dust we must return. (HE RETURNS TO SIT ON THE BED, STARES AT THE FLOOR.)

BAIRD: EVENTUALLY CALLS TO HIM) You were saying about the stars earlier on Andy... (PAUSE) Eh Andy...

HARDIE: What...

BAIRD: Getting oot among the hills, ken away frae Glasgow.

HARDIE: Aye... (GLANCES AT BAIRD)

BAIRD: PAUSE) Naw, jist...ye want a bit o life now and again, the peace and quiet's aw very well, but ye need a bit o life. Condorret was aye deid ye see, unless somebody was maybe getting merrit or something. Naw, I think Glasgow mighta suited me better. Or Paisley, I aye had a wee fancy for trying Paisley. Some good folk there, plenty o talk

HARDIE: I thought ye were fed up wi talk, I thought ye were wanting away aw the gether. Van Dieman's Island, what about Van Dieman's Island?

BAIRD: Aw tae hell wi Van Dieman's Island.

HARDIE: SMILING) That was whit ye telt me...

BAIRD: Did I? Aye, suppose I did - but ye shouldni believe what I tell ye Andy. I'm notorious. Ye should talk to Rab about that. Ye never know what I'm doing - neither do I mysel ken I dont even know mysel, what I'm doing. That's aye been my problem. Rab's different. So are you, you're different.

HARDIE: Naw I'm no

BAIRD: But ye are, ken, ye are, ye're better than me

HARDIE: IRRITATED) Ach Johnnie that's daft talk, come on

BAIRD: SHAKES HEAD) I knew it back when you came that night. One of the chief reasons how I went I think, I didni want to let ye doon... (FROWNS)

HARDIE: SIGHS. HE DOES NOT LIKE HEARING THIS

BAIRD: When I saw you standing oot in yon downpour, drenched tae the fucking skin - Christ yiz looked in a bad wey! (CHUCKLES BRIEFLY, THEN SERIOUS) But then you sized them into rank. Ye did! And then marched them - ye marched them! (CHUCKLES)
That was how I knew ye had done your time in the army. And eftir listening tae Rab aw night it was a sight for sore eyes, ken it wis, truly. I really felt, ach, proud, proud!

HARDIE: I was the only soldier apart frae a couple of the auld yins right enough, that was how they had wantit me to take command. I was glad to haun it ower tae you but. Ah Johnnie they were good though, the lads. eh!

BAIRD: Aye they were good. Mind the Lieutenant at the Trial? Says he wouldni've known we wurni a regiment. A regiment by God! (CHUCKLES) Aye - the only honest man in the court so he was. And tae think I nearly fucking killed him! Did I tell ye that?

HARDIE: Naw

BAIRD: Ken when he rode oot yon time and asked us tae surrender. Mind? Wee Benny telt him tae fuck off! (BRIEF LAUGH) When he was riding back though, that was when I aimed

at him; I had him deid tae, in my sights. It was the correct course to take. But I couldni pull the trigger. I couldni. (GLANCES OVER AT HARDIE WHO IS NONCOMMITAL) I couldni. (SHAKES HIS HEAD) Soldiers! They dont even know what they're fighting for

HARDIE: Ye canni blame them

BAIRD: Aye ye can. There's too much been happening. They're killing their ain people, and well they know it

HARDIE: Och aye but Johnnie it's no like that at the time, no when you're there and it's happening roonabout ye

PAUSE

BAIRD: Ye canni make sense o it

HARDIE: What?

BAIRD: Nothing. (SIGHS) A few days afore we got pit in the gether I tell ye man I was away wi it, I hardly mind any o it at aw, any part o it - lying oan that bunk listening to the wattir drip doon the waws, and the rats scuffling away in the coarnir, that poor cratur screaming aw the time, it wis horrible; I was in a state; I dont know - ken? It wisni even like a nightmare it was as if I was away somewherr else in my fucking heid, away at some place inside it and I was just looking oot, the outside bits of my heid were shielding me from what was going oan, like it was a cave and therr wis me trapped inside - naw! no trapped, it wisni like that, I was just fucking inside, out of it aw, from what was going on roonabout ken if maybe Tam or the auld wummin was in gieing me a bit of food man I've no had yon feeling afore, that I can mind, no even frae being a bairn
and I've often thought nothing happens to ye but that it happened tae ye when ye were wee, in some wey or another. But no like this, that being alone by yirsel man I've never had any feeling like it, ken I dont think anybody'd understaun less they'd fucking had it thirsel, eh? (GLANCES ACROSS FOR A RESPONSE)

HARDIE: NODS

BAIRD: Did you feel that Andy?

HARDIE: PAUSE) A bit

BAIRD: I asked Bella about the screaming, if she knew who it was, cause in a queer wey it didni strike me that it was a person daeing it, I just thought it was like (SHRUGS) just a scream, frae naewherr

HARDIE: AFTER A MOMENT) Who wis it?

BAIRD: A bankrupt, just a fucking bankrupt. (CHUCKLES) God's truth!

HARDIE: A DEEP SIGH) Aw Johnnie I'm no finding it easy when ye blaspheme, I know ye're no meaning it, but I'm no finding it easy, wi some o the things ye say, I'm awful sorry. (GAZES AT BAIRD) Wi respect tae ye and dont be offended

BAIRD: STUNNED. HE LIES OUTSTRETCHED, STARES AT CEILING

HARDIE: I'm awful sorry

BAIRD: Aw... (PUTS HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD)

HARDIE: Dont be offended. Eh Johnnie?

BAIRD: AFTER A MOMENT) Naw

BOTH MEN LIE GAZING AT THE CEILING

HARDIE: Hey Johnnie, I wrote some lines out frae Doctor Dodd, d'ye want to hear them? (GLANCES ACROSS BUT BAIRD IS NOT RESPONDING) Eh?

BAIRD: AFTER A MOMENT) Aye

HARDIE: GETS HIS PAPERS FROM BENEATH THE BUNK AND RIFLES THROUGH THEM, FOR THE PAGE, AND HE WALKS DOWNSTAGE, TALKING AS HE GOES:

Be thy first business here to search thy heart

And probe the deep corruptions of the mind

BRIEF LAUGH) I used to think o him a lot Johnnie, lying in his dungeon doon in London. Never less alone than when alone. That was what he says about solitary; Never less alone than when alone. (SMILES, AND THEN HE READS, FACING BACK TO BAIRD WHO CONTINUES TO LIE GAZING AT THE CEILING:

Cheerfully my friend oh! look not thus
With Pity's melting softness! That alone
Can shake my fortitude. All is not lost.
Lo! I have gain'd, on this important day,
A victory consummate over myself
And o'er this life a victory. On this my
Birthright to Eternity - I've gained
Dismissal from a world, where for a while,
Like you, like all, a pilgrim passing poor,
A traveller, a stranger, I have

LIGHTS: OUT ABRUPTLY MID SENTENCE

Scene 21

LIGHTS: DIMLY. BOTH MEN ARE IN THEIR BUNKS, UNDER THE BLANKET.

BAIRD: AS THOUGH IN MIDST OF CONVERSATION) I dae like a piece of fish but - ken?

HARDIE: So do I.

BAIRD: Aye but man, I should never a telt thon wummin I liked the herring, it was a mistake I regretit for the next six month. (BOTH MEN CHUCKLE) See it wis the bones caused the scunner first, I just kept seeing my haun go up to my mouth, picking them out ane by ane, laying them oan the plate, then the knife going back up wi the next bit, then going back doon and the haun going up for the bones, picking them oot and laying them doon, the whole thing ken horrible, bones, fish and knife; bones, fish and knife - and then sometimes your fingers bump into your lips, ye ever had that?

HARDIE: LAUGHS ABRUPTLY. THEN BAIRD ALSO LAUGHS, BUT MORE SUBDUED.

BAIRD: GETS OUT ONTO HIS FEET AND STRETCHES. HE STROLLS DOWNSTAGE, LOWERS HIMSELF TO SIT DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND BEGINS DRAWING SHAPES IN THE STRAW, WHISTLING TO HIMSELF. EVENTUALLY HE STARTS TO SING

UNDER HIS BREATH, (UNINTELLIGBLY) STILL DRAWING THE SHAPES IN THE STRAW. HE STOPS AFTER A TIME; HE STARES AT THE FLOOR.

HARDIE: OPENS HIS EYES: BEGINS SPEAKING, STILL STARING UPWARDS: He gives it sense. I couldni imagine how it would be without him it would just be a nonsense, it would be a nonsense, wiout him, it couldni be borne, nane o it, it couldni

BAIRD: SOFTLY) Aye

HARDIE: That's how ye know it's a cheat, the injustice, the suffering, ye'd go daft if ye sat doon and just thought about it aw, the wey things are.

BAIRD: QUIETLY) They've never gave us nothing wioot it being wrested from them, never. We've aye had to fight. Every bit o progress, it's had to get tore aff them, they'd have gave us nothing if we'd left it to them - nothing.

HARDIE: LIES STARING AT THE CEILING

BAIRD: AFTER A WHILE) Andy...about Bella...it was me, I telt the gaoler no tae let her come. It wis nothin to dae wi the authorities. It was me. Ye see it was getting so I didni think mysel able to bear it, if she did come, I couldni have stood it at aw, ken, I couldni've

HARDIE: EVENTUALLY MURMURS) Aye... (HIS EYES CLOSE)

BAIRD: She's that young. She shouldni be here, no in this place. What they daeing letting her here, for suchlike work, us having tae see her, in this place

PAUSE

BAIRD: SOFTLY) Hey Andy. (LOOKS ACROSS TO SEE HARDIE'S EYES ARE SHUT) Andy, ye sleeping? (NO RESPONSE)

LIGHTS: 5 SECOND PAUSE AND THEN OUT

THE END