

East Lindsey audio trail - Woodhall Spa: Tanya Akrofi

The Woodhall Witch

CAST LIST:

Mary: Her voice is like warm honey, she speaks slowly, with intention, as though she has all the time in the world. There is a smile under her words and something kind on the edge of her tone.

Margaret: She is curious, almost falling over her words. She starts out eager but settles into a childlike nighttime fear.

MARY

There are those that say she never was.
There are those that say she is everywhere...here in Woodhall.

MARGARET

But where would she have come from?

MARY

Oh, she has always been

MARGARET

Was it she, who fooled old Parkinson into believing
there was coal when then was none?

MARY

Oh aye!

MARGARET

Was it she told Thomas Hotchkin that the
spring had sprung?

MARY

Can't say for certain, but I wouldn't be surprised
if t'was. They say she left her axe and her dagger
and a barrow to be found. There's them that say
she danced the guildhall to life, enthralling all

who dared to stare. They say she is everywhere
...in Woodhall

MARGARET

But where would she live? Where can we find her?

MARY

There's none that are sure, but my old Nana swore
that once when she was but a bairn of 4, she slipped out
of bed and out the door, down Tor-O-Moor Road,
along to the tower an there she's certain she heard a cackling
so cold it chilled her bones

MARGARET

Was it the witch?

MARY

There's those that say yes and those are the one's
who know Woodhall Spa is no accident town.

MARGARET

No accident? And what of those who say otherwise?

MARY

Oh no, they're wrong. She gave permission. She could've
scared them away; those men with their ideas of mines
and hotels and riches bubbling up from East Lindsey soil.

MARGARET

(slight giggle)

Just on the edge of The Wolds, a fair walk to Skeg
and Boston on our back

MARY

And here the whole time, she ran with the Imp,
Shuck by her side, gathering lovers like yarrow,
fen violets and mistletoe. Keeping peace in the woods
for the fairy folk and the tiddy ones. Oh but she gave
permission, to those men with their hopes and plans.
She helped plant the seeds, grew this this town up like
trees. Mixed cheer and goodwill in the soil, lets it flow
Throughout the town.

MARGARET

Did they ever say thank you, those men with their machines?

MARY

She doesn't need their thanks. The townsfolk
getting on is all the concern she keeps.
Her memory is long, far older than them, those forgetful men.
She was here long before anyone was paying attention.
And she'll be here long after they're all gone.
You can be sure of that!

MARGARET

Oh the way you speak of her, makes me skittish. All nervous like.
Am I right to be frightened?

MARY

Don't be afraid. She'll not do you no harm. Oh no!
Shh shush, there now. Calm yourself. Calm your pretty little head pet.
I'll not do you any harm.