

# BRIGADOON

*Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner*  
*Music by Frederick Loewe*

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## Production Notes

*Brigadoon* was first presented by Cheryl Crawford at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, on March 13, 1947. The cast was as follows:

Tommy Albright, David Brooks	Charlie Dalrymple, Lee Sullivan
Jeff Douglas, George Keane	Maggie Anderson, Lidia Franklin
Archie Beaton, Elliott Sullivan	Mr. Lundie, William Hansen
Harry Beaton, James Mitchell	Sword Dancers, Roland Gaerard,
Fishmonger, Buntly Kelley	George Drake
Angus MacGuffie, Walter Scheff	Frank, John Paul
Sandy Dean, Hayes Gordon	Jane Ashton, Frances Charles
Andrew MacLaren, Edward Cullen	Begbies, James MacFadden,
Fiona MacLaren, Marion Bell	Arthur Horn
Jean MacLaren, Virginia Bosler	Stuart Dalrymple, Delbert Anderson
Meg Brockie, Pamela Britton	MacGregor, Earl Redding
	Townfolk of Brigadoon

Directed by Robert Lewis  
 Choreography by Agnes de Mille  
 Scenery by Oliver Smith  
 Costumes by David Folkes  
 Lighting by Peggy Clark  
 Orchestrations by Ted Royal  
 Musical Director: Franz Allers

### Act One

*Scene 1:* A forest in the Scottish Highlands.  
 About five on a May in the morning.  
*Interlude:* A road in the town of Brigadoon.  
 A few minutes later.

*Scene 2:* The square of Brigadoon—MacConnachy Square.  
 Later that morning.

*Scene 3:* The Brockie open shed.  
 Just past noon.

*Scene 4:* The MacLaren house.  
 Midafternoon.

*Scene 5:* Outside the house of Mr. Lundie.  
 Immediately following.

*Scene 6:* Outside the kirk of Brigadoon.  
 Dusk.

### Act Two

*Scene 1:* A forest inside Brigadoon.  
 Later that night.

*Scene 2:* On the way from the forest.  
 A few minutes later.

*Scene 3:* The glen.  
 Soon after.

*Scene 4:* A bar in New York City.  
 Four months later.  
*Scene 5:* The forest (same as Act One, Scene 1).  
 Three nights later.

## Musical Numbers

*Prologue*  
 Once in the Highlands

### Act One

*Scene 1:*  
 Brigadoon

*Scene 2:*  
 Down on MacConnachy Square  
 Waiting for My Dearie  
 I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean  
 Dance  
 The Heather on the Hill  
 Down on MacConnachy Square

*Scene 3:*  
 The Lone of My Life

*Scene 4:*  
 Jeannie's Packin' Up  
 Come to Me, Bend to Me  
 Dance  
 Almost Like Being in Love  
 Wedding Dance  
 Sword Dance

### Act Two

*Scene 1:*  
 The Chase

*Scene 2:*  
 There but for You Go I

*Scene 3:*  
 My Mother's Waddin' Day  
 Funeral Dance  
 From This Day On  
 Brigadoon

*Scene 4:*  
 Come to Me, Bend to Me  
 The Heather on the Hill  
 I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean  
 From This Day On  
 Down on MacConnachy Square  
*Scene 5:*  
 Finale

Chorus

Chorus

Sandy, Meg, and Townfolk  
 Fiona and Girls  
 Charlie and Townfolk  
 Maggie, Harry, and Dancers  
 Tommy and Fiona  
 Townfolk (Reprise)

Meg

Girls  
 Charlie  
 Jean and Dancers  
 Tommy and Fiona  
 Jean, Charlie, and Dancers  
 Harry and Dancers

Men of Brigadoon

Tommy

Meg and Townfolk  
 Maggie  
 Tommy and Fiona  
 Chorus (Reprise)

Fiona (Reprise)  
 Fiona (Reprise)  
 Charlie and Townfolk (Reprise)  
 Fiona and Tommy (Reprise)  
 Townfolk (Reprise)

♫

## PROLOGUE

Near the end of the overture, when the house curtain is up, the music fades down and a singing chorus is heard.

CHORUS:

Once in the Highlands, the Highlands of Scotland,  
Deep in the night on a murky barge;  
There in the Highlands, the Highlands of Scotland,  
Two weary hunters lost their way.

And this is what happened,  
The strange thing that happened  
To two weary hunters who lost their way.

(The music fades gradually out and the play begins.)

## ACT ONE

### SCENE 1

A forest in the Highlands of Scotland.  
About five in the morning.

The forest is dipped in the deep gray that comes between night and morning.  
As the scene progresses, the gray lightens in shade.

TOMMY ALBRIGHT and JEFF DOUGLAS are discovered on stage.

TOMMY is about thirty. He is of medium height, virile looking, with an attractive but sensitive face. He is dressed in tweeds.

JEFF is about the same age. He is retiring, and good-natured primarily because he doesn't care. He is in gray flannels and a tweed jacket.

At this moment, JEFF is seated on what appears to be a rucksack sort of affair. Next to him are lying two rifles. JEFF is looking at a map.

TOMMY: (Taking the map) Here! Let me see that map. (Points to a spot on the map) Here's Auchintoul.

JEFF: As I remember, that should be on the left, and I don't remember.

TOMMY: It is. (Points to another spot) And here's Braemore.

JEFF: Should be on the right.

TOMMY: It is. Now where the hell are we?

JEFF: What's in the middle?

TOMMY: Nothing.

JEFF: That's where we are.

TOMMY: In nothing?

JEFF: Yes. And for a fellow with my potentialities, this is an ideal location. We'll find our way out when the sun comes up.

TOMMY: (Putting the map in his pocket) A fine couple of game hunters we are. We come all the way over here from New York, and the first night out we get lost.

JEFF: Maybe we took the high road instead of the low road. (Taking a flask from his inside pocket) Would you like a drink?

TOMMY: No, thanks.

JEFF: Good. That leaves more for me. (He unscrews the top)

TOMMY: Didn't you tell me you were going to cut down on that stuff?

JEFF: Yes, I did. But I'm a terrible liar. Besides, it doesn't pay. I remember one time I was going with a wonderful girl and she used to plead with me and plead with me to give it up. So one day I did. Then we discovered we had nothing more to talk about so we broke up.

TOMMY: (Not really listening to him) There's something about this forest that gives me the feeling of being in a cathedral.

JEFF: If we were, I'd know where the exit was.

TOMMY: You don't believe in anything, do you?

JEFF: Of course I do.

TOMMY: Really? What?

JEFF: Practically anything I can understand, you know—anything that's real to me. Like things I can touch, taste, hear, see, smell, and . . . (Indicates the flask) . . . swallow. (He takes a swig)

TOMMY: What about the things you don't understand?

JEFF: I dismiss them.

TOMMY: That makes everything very easy, doesn't it?

JEFF: Comfortable is the word. (He puts the flask on the ground)

TOMMY: I envy you.

JEFF: Why?

TOMMY: You seem to be very satisfied.

JEFF: I am. Aren't you?

TOMMY: No, I'm not.

JEFF: That's the silliest thing I've ever heard. You've got a fine job and you're engaged to a fine girl, and you're lost in a fine forest. What more do you want? TOMMY: I don't know. But something seems wrong, especially about Jane and me. And that makes everything seem wrong. Look how I postpone getting married. I just can't get myself to that altar.

JEFF: I don't know what could be wrong about it. She's young, attractive, fits smack into your niche in life, and on top of that she loves you. And just the proper amount, too.

TOMMY: What's the proper amount?

JEFF: Enough to make you happy and not enough to embarrass your friends.

TOMMY: It looks ideal, doesn't it? But why don't I see it? I must be lacking somewhere.

JEFF: Now don't start talking yourself into an inferiority. You don't deserve it.

TOMMY: What do you mean?

JEFF: Well, most of my friends who have inferiority complexes are absolutely right. They're not as good as everyone else. But someone like you who . . .

(At this moment the distant hum of voices is heard offstage. They are humming "Brigadoon")

TOMMY: Wait a minute. (JEFF is silent) Do you hear that?

JEFF: Uh-huh!

TOMMY: Ssh!

(The offstage voices slowly, very slowly become more audible. They are heard under the following sequence.)

CHORUS:

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
Blooming under sable skies,  
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
There my heart forever lies.  
Let the world grow cold around us;  
Let the heavens cry above!  
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
In thy valley there'll be love.*

TOMMY: (Pointing out) Look over there!

JEFF: It looks like a village.

TOMMY: It is.

JEFF: But I thought you said there were no towns listed on the map around here.

TOMMY: I did. (Points) Look. See where that village is? There's a peculiar heavy fog all around it.

JEFF: And there's no other mist in the valley.

TOMMY: Only around that village. Let's walk over to it. It can't be very far from here. Come on!

(JEFF runs back for his flask and then moves to follow TOMMY off)

JEFF: Wait till Rand McNally hears about this!

Curtain

# INTERLUDE

The scene is a road in the town of Brigadoon. The gray of dawn is gradually changing into day. Figures are seen coming along the road. They are in simple Scottish peasant garb. Some are carrying baskets, some of them have jugs of ale on their shoulders, some have long sticks with meat and/or fish hanging from them. The music continues under.

MAN: (Entering—calling off)

*Come all to the square!*

GIRL:

*The market square!*

GIRL 2:

*The market fair!*

MAN 2: (Carrying meat)

*Salted meat I'm sellin' there!*

*At the fair, laddie!*

MAN 3:

*Come ye to the fair!*

MAN 4:

*Ale for sale or bawter there!*

*At the fair, laddie!*

(GIRL 3 joins him in this)

GIRL 4:

*Come all ye down!*

GIRL 5:

*Ye in the town!*

MAN:

*Come ye from the hills!*

MAN 5:

*Y'ool 'n' cloth I'm sellin' there!*  
*At the square, laddie!*

MAN:

*Come ye from the mills!*

GIRL:

*Come all ye there!*

GIRL 2:

*Come all ye there!*

MAN:

*Come ye to the fair!*

ALL:

*Come ye, all ye ev'rywhere  
To the fair!*

The Lights Dim Out

# SCENE 2

The Square of Brigadoon—MacConnachy Square.

Physically, this is an eighteenth-century-looking community. It was the custom in Scotland then for a fair to be held once a week. At these fairs the townsfolk engaged in mutual buying, selling, and bartering. This, then, is the activity of the moment. In the rear is a series of low huts. Painted high on the center hut is the name "MacConnachy Square." The buying, however, is done from a series of booths and carts. The booths are not unlike contest booths at our amusement parks. The carts are the usual thing but with a square rigging over which is hung the merchandise.

Downstage right is a milk and cream booth presided over by a middle-thirtied Scot named ANGUS MACGUFFIE. In front of the booth downstage right is a wooden bench. In the center upstage is a candy booth run by another young Scot, SANDY DEAN. Downstage left is a weaving cart covered with wools, plaids, and the like. This cart is operated by a kind-looking Scot about fifty, named ARCHIE BEATON. There is a straight wooden chair next to the cart. Standing next to it with a book under his arm is Archie's son, HARRY BEATON. HARRY is about twenty-four. He is a slender, extremely sensitive-looking lad.

The time is about nine in the morning.

Groups of three and four are filling the stage. Most of the women carry baskets. All are singing. As the song continues, the stage fills till it becomes a beehive of activity.

TOWNSFOLK: (Sing) ("Down on MacConnachy Square")

Come ye from the hills!  
Come ye from the mills!  
Come ye in the glen,  
Come ye, bairn,  
Come ye, men!  
Come ye from the loom!  
Come from pail an' broom!  
Hear ye ev'rywhere:  
Don't ye ken  
There's a fair

Down on MacConnachy Square?

(Through the bustle of the crowd a young lass, MAGGIE ANDERSON, skips flirtatiously near HARRY BEATON, trying to catch his eye. HARRY looks at her disdainfully and then sits on a stool next to his father's booth and opens his book. MAGGIE skips away into the crowd.

On the other side of the square ANGUS MACGUFFIE'S assistant, MEG BROCKIE, appears carrying jugs and milk pails. MEG is a brash, buxom girl in her mid-twenties)

MEG: (Sings)

I'm sellin' a bit o' milk an' cream.  
Come sip it an' ye will soon  
That this is the finest milk an' cream  
That ever came out a coon.  
Though finest it is, the price is small.  
With milk an' the cream, slack,  
There's naughtin to do but sell it all.  
The cow will make it back.

SANDY: (Sings)

Now all of ye come to Sandy here,  
Come over to Sandy's booth.  
I'm sellin' the sweetest candy here  
That ever shook loose a tooth.  
I eat it myself an' there's no doubt  
'Tis creamy an' good an' thick.  
So, laddies, I hope ye'll buy me out—  
'Tis makin' me kind o' sick.

TOWNSFOLK: (Sing)

Come ye from the loom!  
Come from pail an' broom!  
Hear ye ev'rywhere:  
Don't ye ken  
There's a fair

Down on MacConnachy Square?

(Now the full chorus sings. Half sing the melody sung by SANDY and MEG. The rest sing the main theme)

HALF:

Come all ye down from in the hills,  
An' all of ye in the glen!  
Come all of ye down from in the mills,  
An' all of ye bairns an' men!  
Come all of ye from the weavin' loom!  
Come all of ye to the square!  
Come all of ye from your pail an' broom!  
Come all of ye to the fair!

HALF:

Come ye from the hills!  
Come ye from the mills!  
Come ye in the glen,  
Come ye, bairn,  
Come ye, men!

ALL THE TOWNSFOLK:

Come ye from the loom!  
Come from pail an' broom!  
Hear ye ev'rywhere:  
Don't ye ken  
There's a fair

Down on MacConnachy Square?

(At the conclusion, the TOWNSFOLK sing the chorus again. Now the stage empties a bit. The rest continue their shopping. A few shoppers gather around ARCHIE'S cart as ARCHIE calls:)

ARCHIE: Woollens! Come, Harry! Plaids! (To Harry) Come, Harry. Put down your book an' help your father. (HARRY looks up and sullenly closes the book) Ye may even get to like the weavin' business.

HARRY: (Rising and standing next to him) I'll never like the weavin' business, Father. An' ye know it well.

ARCHIE: Try, lad. Tell Angus MacGuffie we need some eggs. I'll give 'im enough wool for a pair of trousers for enough eggs for our dinner.

(HARRY, who has picked up a piece of cloth to show, throws it down and walks across the stage to ANGUS' milk and cream booth. ARCHIE addresses one of the women around the cart.

MR. ANDREW MACLAREN and his two daughters, FIONA and JEAN, enter up-stage left and move down toward ARCHIE'S cart. MR. MACLAREN is a hardy soul in his late fifties. He is a bit pompous and has a loud and gruff voice. FIONA is about twenty-two or -three. As we become acquainted with her we discover she is bright, has a gentle sense of humor, and is completely frank and direct, to a point that is often quite disarming. She is graceful and altogether lovely. JEAN is about eighteen. She is also attractive but obviously shy and diffident. She seldom stands alone. She is either clinging to her father or FIONA. As they make their way through the shoppers, they nod good morning, to which the TOWNSFOLK nod and bid them good morning in response. FIONA is carrying a basket, MR. MACLAREN a large piece of parchment)

ARCHIE: Good mornin' to ye, Mr. MacLaren.

MR. MACCLAREN: Good day, Archie. *(He stands for a moment looking over the parchment)*

ARCHIE: An' good mornin' to your two bonnie daughters.

FIONA: *(Beginning to rummage through the cloth on the cart)* Good mornin', Mr. Beaton.

JEAN: Good mornin', Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE: What would ye be lookin' for, Miss Fiona?

FIONA: A waistcoat for my father for the weddin'.

ARCHIE: *(He looks over at his son, HARRY)* Why, of course! Ye an' young Charlie Dalrymple are gettin' married this evenin', aren't ye, Miss Jean?

JEAN: *(Sighing)* Aye, Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE: Well, if ye had to choose someone other than my son, Harry, I'm glad 'tis a lad as fine as Charlie.

JEAN: Aye, Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE: Ye must be happy as a lark in the glen.

JEAN: Aye, Mr. Beaton.

FIONA: *(Smiling)* As ye see, Mr. Beaton, Jean is a wee big short of words today.

MR. MACCLAREN: *(Looking up from the parchment)* An' 'tis just as well ye dinna talk too much. When a lass gets married, she mus' get used to listenin' an' not talkin'.

ARCHIE: I dinna think Charlie'll have trouble with Miss Jean, here. She's a good maiden.

MR. MACCLAREN: Archie, all maidens are good. So then tell me where all the bad wives come from. *(He walks center. FIONA and JEAN go back to rummaging)* Friends! *(Everyone turns his attention to MR. MACCLAREN)* Mr. Lundie has written upon this parchment a few reminders. He asked me to hang it in the public square where ye all can see it. . . an' be reminded.

TOWNSFOLK: Aye!

MR. MACCLAREN: 'Tis is the second day of our blessing. An' this is to remind ye of the obligations we have so gratefully accepted.

TOWNSFOLK: Aye!

MR. MACCLAREN: An' so I shall hang it in the square . . . as I told Mr. Lundie I would.

*(He walks upstage and high on one of the huts takes the parchment. A few gather around and read it. He pauses and engages in quiet conversation as FIONA turns back to the cart)*

ARCHIE: *(Good-humoredly)* Your father likes to take charge o' things, doesn't he, Miss Fiona?

FIONA: *(Smiling)* Aye! Especially after everythin's been done. *(She picks up a swatch of cloth)* Would ye have a waistcoat of this that would fit 'im?

ARCHIE: I think so, Miss Fiona.

*(He starts to look through the cart. HARRY crosses back to the cart)*

JEAN: Hello, Harry.

HARRY: Hello, Jean.

JEAN: *(A little self-consciously)* How are ye today?

HARRY: How do ye expect me to be? This is your weddin' day, isn't it?  
JEAN: *(Putting her hand on HARRY'S arm)* I'm truly sorry, Harry.

HARRY: *(Pulling his arm away)* Well, dinna be. If anybody's goin' to pity me, let it be me; trapped forever without ye in this peasant village.

ARCHIE: What did Angus say, Harry?

HARRY: I forgot.

FIONA: Hello, Harry.

HARRY: Hello, Fiona. *(To JEAN)* It jus' isn't fair for Charlie Dalrymple to be weddin' ye, Jean. He got everythin': school in Edinburgh an' now ye. An' I got nothin'.

ARCHIE: Harry, take this material to the house an' see if there's a waistcoat of it there.

HARRY: *(indicating his father, who is holding out the material)* Nothin' but to be doin' this all my life.

ARCHIE: An' why dinna ye pay attention to Maggie Anderson? Ye know she has a yearnin' fer ye.

HARRY: Aye, Father! *(He exits left. JEAN turns to FIONA almost in tears)*

JEAN: Oh, Fiona, I feel so sorry for 'im.

FIONA: I know, darlin'.

JEAN: Mr. Beaton, ye dinna hate me for not lovin' Harry, do ye?

ARCHIE: No, Miss Jean. 'Tis not your fault. I sometimes think that the only woman that could have loved Harry an' helped 'im was his mother, rest her soul.

MR. MACCLAREN: *(Coming down)* Come, Jean. Ye stay with your father today. *(JEAN takes his arm)* An', Fiona, ye'll be certain to buy everythin' that's needed for the weddin' supper.

FIONA: I will, Father.

MR. MACCLAREN: Remember, jus' what's needed. My aim on this occasion is to be hospitable—not philanthropic. *(JEAN and MR. MACCLAREN exit up left)*

FIONA: *(Calling over to ARCHIE)* Ye'll send the waistcoat to the house, Mr. Beaton?

ARCHIE: Aye, Miss Fiona.

*(FIONA is heading toward the milk and cream booth)*

MEG: Good mornin', Fiona.

FIONA: Hello, Meg. A jug o' cream, please.

*(During the following MEG hands her the jug, FIONA puts it in her basket and hands MEG a coin)*

MEG: Mr. MacGuffie will be pleased 'tis a lass buyin' for a change.

FIONA: Why?

MEG: When the lads come shoppin', they look so braw I dinna like to ask 'em for money.

FIONA: But ye'll never make a profit doin' that!

MEG: Aye! But I make a lot o' friends. *(MEG starts leaving the booth and coming around to FIONA)* Is this for the weddin' tonight?

FIONA: Aye.

MEG: Fiona, when are ye goin' to think about marriage for yourself?

FIONA: Oh, when I find someone who makes me think of it.

MEG: An' ye've never found anyone up till now who made ye think of it?

FIONA: No. Ye see, I dinna want to jus' get married.

*(The music begins under)*

FIONA: I think ye should only do it when ye an' your lad want to stray together fiercely an' gettin' married is the only way ye can do it that's proper.

MEG: That's an unusual idea, Fiona.

(FIONA seats herself on a stool near the center and explains)

FIONA: (Sings "Waitin' for My Dearie")  
Many a lassie as everyone knows 'll  
Try to be married before twenty-five.  
So she'll agree to 'most any proposal,  
All be mas' be is a man an' alive.

I hold a dream an' there's no compromise;  
I know there's one certain laddie for me.  
One day he'll come walkin' o'er the horizon;  
But should he not, then an old maid I'll be.

Foolish ye may say.

Foolish I will stay.

Waitin' for my dearie

An' happy am I

To hold my heart till he comes strollin' by.

When he comes, my dearie,

One look an' I'll know

That he's the dearie I've been waitin' so.

Though I'll live forty lives

Till the day he arrives

I'll not ever, ever grieve.

For my hopes will be high

That he'll come strollin' by;

For ye see, I believe

That there's a laddie weary

An' wanderin' free

Who's waitin' for his dearie;

Me!

(EIGHT GIRLS have surrounded FIONA and now sing with her as she repeats the chorus)

GIRLS:

What do ye do while ye're waitin' around  
For your lad to come your way?

FIONA:

Well, when no one is lookin' ye kneel on the ground  
An' ye pray an' pray an' pray!

GIRLS:

But when lassies sit an' have no men,  
Oh, how long becomes the night!

FIONA:

But I fear the night is longer when  
The lad's not right.

Waitin' for my dearie

Is sweeter to me

Than wootin' my laddie on the lea.

FIONA and GIRLS:

Dreamin' of your dearie

An' idlin' the day

FIONA:

That's how I am an' how I'll ever stay.

Though I'll live forty lives

Till the day he arrives

I'll not ever, ever grieve.

For my hopes will be high

That he'll come strollin' by;

For ye see, I believe

That

FIONA and GIRLS:

There's a laddie weary

An' wanderin' free

Who's waitin' for his dearie;

FIONA:

Me!

(At the conclusion of the song the orchestra reaches a climax and then continues under softly for a few seconds as FIONA picks up her basket to get along. Then the music stops abruptly as TOMMY and JEFF enter from upstage left. They walk downstage center slowly looking at everyone and everything in amazement and curiosity. Everyone stares back at them. There is an awkward moment of silence. Then—)

TOMMY: Hello! (A few murmur a reserved hello in response)

JEFF: (After another pause) Could you tell us where we are?

ARCHIE: Of course we can tell ye. Ye're in Brigadoon.

TOMMY: Brigadoon?

ARCHIE: Aye.

TOMMY: That's funny. There's no town called Brigadoon on the map.

ARCHIE: I shouldna be surprised.

JEFF: You mean you know it isn't on the map?

ARCHIE: Aye.

JEFF: It's a little snobbish of you, don't you think?

TOMMY: Why isn't it on the map?

ARCHIE: For good an' sound reasons.

JEFF: (To MEG) What are you all dressed up for? Is this the day you take pictures for postcards?

MEG: We're not dressed up.

JEFF: You mean you always walk around with all these clothes on?

MEG: No!

TOMMY: (A little impatiently) Now come on. Somebody. What's going on here?

What is this?

MEG: We're havin' a fair.

TOMMY: Oh! (Seeing the cream booth) Is that milk you're selling there?

ANGUS: Aye.

TOMMY: Can I buy some? I'm thirsty. We've been walking all night.

ANGUS: I'll have to see your money first.

TOMMY: What?

(He stops, then shrugs and tosses ANGUS a coin. ANGUS takes it, and before TOMMY can move any nearer the booth, a group gathers quickly around ANGUS examining the coin. Exclamations of "Oh" and "Ah" and "Look at the date" and "Nineteen hundred and—" come from the group)

JEFF: (As he and TOMMY look at each other in amazement) What did you give him, a hunk of uranium?

TOMMY: Just a shilling. What a loony layout this is!

ANGUS: (Handing TOMMY the coin) 'Tis very interestin', sir, but it does me no good.

TOMMY: (A little irritated) What do you mean it does you no good? Sell me something and it will.

ANGUS: I'm sorry, but I canna sell you anythin'. However, if ye're thirsty I'll give ye some milk.

TOMMY: Never mind. I don't want any favors.

MEG: (To TOMMY) I see from the coin ye're from England.

TOMMY: No, we're from America.

MEG: Ye're Americans?

JEFF: (Takes TOMMY by the arm) I am. He's from Georgia. Come on, boy.

We're out of our element.

FIONA: (Coming to them quickly) No! Wait! Please! TOMMY and JEFF turn to her) We dinna mean to act so strangely. We're jus' a wee bit taken back.

People dinna come here very often.

TOMMY: I can understand why. You people stare at us as if we'd just dropped in from another world. (At this MEG begins to giggle. TOMMY looks at her)

Does that amuse you?

MEG: (Still giggling) Aye. Very much.

FIONA: Quiet, Meg.

JEFF: (Indicating MEG) Obviously the daughter of two first cousins.

FIONA: If ye've been walkin' all night, ye muns' be tired an' hungry. Winna ye like somethin' to eat an' perhaps a place to lie down afore ye start back?

TOMMY: That's very nice of you. Thank you.

FIONA: Good! Oh! (She holds out her hand to TOMMY) My name is Fiona Mac-

Laren.

TOMMY: (Taking her hand) Mine is Tommy Albright. (They look at each other for a moment) And this is Jeff Douglas.

FIONA: (Withdrawing her hand) How do ye do, sir?

MEG: (Enthusiastically) I'm Meg Brocton!

JEFF: I'm glad you're happy about it.

FIONA: There's a little tavern on the next street where ye can get some food.

MEG: (Quickly taking JEFF'S arm) I'll take ye to it.

TOMMY: Go ahead. I'll be along in a minute. I want to call the inn first. (He looks around him as JEFF and MEG start off left)

ARCHIE: (As they pass his cart) Is Miss Meg going to take care of ye, sir?

JEFF: I think so. Why?

ARCHIE: Well, I have some plaid trousers here, an' after ye leave the tavern if Miss Meg should take ye someplace to rest an' ye should happen to rip

your own on a thistle, I'd be more than pleased to replace them for ye.

JEFF: Thanks, old man, but I don't expect to get stuck.

ARCHIE: (Chuckling) Laddie, ye dinna know it, but ye're stuck now.

MEG: Ye tend to your sellin', Mr. Beaton.

(She and JEFF exit left. TOMMY, who has been roaming around, returns to FIONA)

TOMMY: What a place! Is there a phone around here?

FIONA: A phone?

TOMMY: Yes.

FIONA: I dinna think we have one.

TOMMY: No phone?

FIONA: No, sir.

TOMMY: Tell me. What's so strange about this place?

(CHARLIE DALRYMPLE enters onstage right. He is a sandy-haired youth in his early twenties. He greets the few around him as he comes on)

FIONA: Nothin', sir. Ye're the one who's . . .

ANGUS: (Calling onstage to CHARLIE) Charlie! Here's a bottle o' claret. Have a

dram o' good luck with me.

FIONA: Well, the merry bridegroom himself!

TOMMY: Bridegroom?

FIONA: Aye.

CHARLIE: Good mornin', darlin'. (Kisses her on the forehead)

FIONA: He's marryin' my sister this evenin'.

TOMMY: Oh.

CHARLIE: (To TOMMY) Good mornin', sir.

TOMMY: Good morning.

FIONA: Charlie, this is Tommy Albright. He jus' happened in a little while

ago.

CHARLIE: What? Oh! Why, of course. Welcome to ye, sir.

TOMMY: Thanks. Welcome to you.

(ANGUS walks around with a jug and a couple of glasses and hands one to CHARLIE)

ANGUS: Here's your dram, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Thank ye, Angus.

ANGUS: (To TOMMY) An' how about ye, sir? Some claret?

TOMMY: Thanks. (He takes the offered cup)

CHARLIE: I think I'll drink this one to Mr. Forsythe. I jus' hope he knows

how grateful I am to 'im for postponin' the miracle for me.

TOMMY: (To FIONA) The what?

FIONA: Ssh!

CHARLIE: An' may God bless me this evenin' as much as I would bless Him if

I were He an' He were Charles Dalrymple.



TOMMY: What did you say about postponin' a miracle?

CHARLIE: Oh! 'Tis a roast we have here.

FIONA: Take it down. I'll explain it to ye sometime.

TOMMY: (Drinks) Say, that's wonderful. (To ANGUS) May I have another?

ANGUS: That was a weddin' gesture, sir. From now on, 'tis for sale only.

FIONA: I mus' buy some claret for the supper. Come with me an' ye can have some more.

TOMMY: Fine.

(FIONA moves to exit right and TOMMY follows. ARCHIE calls to him)

ARCHIE: Woolens! Plaids!

(TOMMY and FIONA exit)

ANGUS: He's an odd lad, isn't he?

CHARLIE: Aye. He has a peculiar accent.

ANGUS: I wonder what American women mus' be like.

CHARLIE: I dinna wonder about women any more, Angus. I'm not allowed to.

ANGUS: Why, that's right, Charlie. Ye're through with the lasses for good, aren't ye?

(The music begins softly)

CHARLIE: (Sings "I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean")

*I used to be a rovin' lad.*

*A rovin' an' wanderin' life I had.*

*On any lass I'd frown*

*Who would try to tie me down,*

*But then one day I saw a maid*

*Who held out her hand an' I stayed an' stayed.*

*An' now, across the green,*

*I'll go home with bonnie Jean.*

CHARLIE and TOWNSFOLK:

*Go home, go home, go home with bonnie Jean!*

*Go home, go home, I'll go home with bonnie Jean!*

CHARLIE:

*I used to have a hundred friends;*

*But when ye are wedded the friendship ends.*

*They never come to call,*

*So farewell to one an' all.*

*Farewell to all the lads I knew;*

*I'll see them again when they're married too.*

*For soon, across the green,*

*I'll go home with bonnie Jean.*

CHARLIE and TOWNSFOLK:

*Go home, go home, go home with bonnie Jean!*

*Go home, go home, I'll go home with bonnie Jean!*

CHARLIE:

*In Aberdeen I used to know*

*A lass with an air an' her name was Jo;*

*An' ev'ry night at ten*

*I would meet her in the glen.*

*But now I'll not see her again;*

*Especially not in the glen at ten.*

*For now across the green,*

*I'll go home with bonnie Jean.*

CHARLIE and TOWNSFOLK:

*Go home, go home, go home with bonnie Jean!*

*Go home, go home, I'll go home with bonnie Jean!*

CHARLIE:

*Hello to married men I've known.*

*I'll soon have a wife an' leave yours alone,*

*A bonnie wife indeed,*

*An' she'll be all I'll ever need.*

*With bonnie Jean my days will fly,*

*An' love her I will till the day I die.*

*That's why, across the green,*

*I'll go home with bonnie Jean.*

CHARLIE and TOWNSFOLK:

*Go home, go home, go home with bonnie Jean!*

*Go home, go home, I'll go home with bonnie Jean!*

(The music reaches a climax and stops.

FIONA and TOMMY enter)

FIONA: Charlie, ye winna forget to come over this afternoon an' sign the fan-

ily Bible!

CHARLIE: No, I'll be over. (To TOMMY) I hope, sir, ye'll stay for the weddin' supper.

TOMMY:

Thanks, but I won't be here that long.

CHARLIE: 'Tis a pity.

FIONA: (as CHARLIE moves to go) What are ye goin' to do all day, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Rest, dearie, rest.

(CHARLIE exits. The stage begins to empty, leaving a few upstage who continue their shopping quietly. The attention falls on TOMMY and FIONA)

TOMMY: (Smiling) He's a nice kid.

FIONA: Aye. He is that.

TOMMY: It's wonderfully refreshing to see a fellow so enthusiastic about getting married.

FIONA: Is it so unusual?

TOMMY: I think it is. Look at me. I'm not bubbling over like Charlie. And

next month I'm facing the minister.

FIONA: Ye're gettin' married?

TOMMY: Yes.

FIONA: Yes.

FIONA: Oh!

TOMMY: Oh—what?

FIONA: I'm very surprised. Somehow ye dinna look like the sort of lad who

would want to settle down.

TOMMY: I didn't say that. I just said I was getting married.

FIONA: If ye feel that way, why are ye?

TOMMY: Because the girl wants to.

FIONA: Is that reason enough?

TOMMY: Sure. I don't know how it is in the Highlands, but in my neighborhood if you've been going with a woman for a while and she decides she wants to get married, you'd better agree right away and save yourself a lot of trouble.

FIONA: Why?

TOMMY: Because if you don't, she'll either torment you so you'll marry her for relief, or she'll be so sweet about it you'll feel guilty and your conscience will make you do it.

FIONA: I must say it dinna sound like ye love her very much.

TOMMY: It doesn't, does it?

FIONA: An' it also sounds like a very peculiar land ye come from.

TOMMY: Well, believe me, lass, this isn't the usual hamlet off the highway either. What was that business about Charlie and the man who postponed the miracle?

FIONA: Oh, that. (Thinks a moment) I'm sorry. I canna say.

TOMMY: But you said you'd tell me later.

FIONA: I know. But I canna say.

TOMMY: That's fine. You know, if I hang around this town very long I'll probably discover that everybody in it is slightly nutty. Is that possible?

FIONA: I canna say.

TOMMY: Why not?

FIONA: I dinna know what "nutty" means.

TOMMY: It means slightly insane.

FIONA: (Turning on him suddenly) Well, then I can assure ye we're all far from insane. We're a most blessed group of people. An' I never realize how fortunate we are until I meet someone from the outside—I mean, a stranger to Brigadoon. I dinna know anythin' about ye, but from the little ye've said I'm quite certain that everythin' ye think I think differently about, an' I'm also quite certain that what I think is much more . . . (She begins to calm down) . . . well . . . pleasant. An' now I'm sorry I said all that, but ye angered me when ye called us insane.

TOMMY: (Quite surprised and a bit sheepish at the outburst) Hey, you don't like me very much, do you?

FIONA: That's the odd part. I like ye very much. I jus' dinna like anythin' ye say.

TOMMY: (After a moment) Fiona . . .

FIONA: Aye?

TOMMY: If I stuck around here today, would you take me to the wedding this evening?

FIONA: Why do ye suddenly want to go?

TOMMY: (Imitating her) I canna say.

FIONA: Well, I'll take ye. An' I'll be highly pleased ye'll be there.

TOMMY: You will? Why?

FIONA: Because of what I jus' told ye. I like ye very much.

TOMMY: (Amused and a little bewildered) That's right. You did say that, didn't you?

FIONA: Now I'll show ye some place where ye can lie down an' rest.

TOMMY: What are you going to do?

FIONA: Gather some heather for the weddin'.

TOMMY: Where do you do that?

FIONA: On the hill—where the heather is.

TOMMY: May I go with you?

FIONA: No, I'll do it much faster alone.

TOMMY: (Coming close to her) I won't bother you. Really. Maybe I'm the one who's slightly nutty, but . . . (Fiona walks away from him. The music begins)

TOMMY: (Sings "The Heather On The Hill")

Can't we two go walkin' together,  
Out beyond the valley of trees,  
Our where there's a hillside of heather  
Curseyin' gently in the breeze?  
That's what I'd like to do,  
See the heather—but with you.

The mist of May is in the gloamin',  
And all the clouds are holdin' still,  
So take my hand and let's go roamin'  
Through the heather on the hill.

The mornin' dew is blinkin' yonder;  
There's lazy music in the rill;  
And all I want to do is wander  
Through the heather on the hill.

There may be other days as rich and rare,  
There may be other springs as full and fair,  
But they won't be the same—they'll come and go;  
For this I know:

That when the mist is in the gloamin',  
And all the clouds are holdin' still,  
If you're not there I won't go roamin'  
Through the heather on the hill;  
The heather on the hill.

(The music continues under)

FIONA: (A little disconcerted) Ye see. Ye can say nice things when ye want to.

TOMMY: It almost sounded like I was making love to you, didn't it?

FIONA: Oh! There's a difference between makin' love an' jus' bein' sentimental because ye're tired.

TOMMY: Is that what I'm being—sentimental because I'm tired?

FIONA: I believe so. But it's very agreeable.

(Sings)

The mist of May is in the gloamin',  
An' all the clouds are holdin' still,  
So take my hand an' we'll go roamin'  
Through the heather on the hill.

The mornin' dew is blinkin' yonder;  
There's lazy music in the rill;

An' 'tis a lovely time to wander  
Through the heather on the hill.

There may be other days as rich an' rare,  
There may be other springs as full an' fair.  
But they won't be the same—they'll come an' go.

TOMMY and FIONA:

For this I know:  
That when the mist is in the gloamin',  
And all the clouds are holdin' still,  
If you're not there I won't go roamin'  
Through the heather on the hill;  
The heather on the hill.

(The music stops and TOMMY and FIONA stand looking at each other. Then suddenly thunder is heard and the blink of lightning is seen in the distance. This is a signal for renewed activity on stage as the TOWNSFOLK start closing up the booths and carts. The music is heard under playing "Down on MacConnachy Square")

TOMMY: (Still staring at her) What's that?

FIONA: (Looking up at him) We have a storm here every now an' then.

(TOMMY leans forward as if to kiss her, but she draws away from him)

FIONA: I'll get my basket and we'll be off.

(FIONA crosses to get her basket and returns to TOMMY. Arm in arm, rather dreamily, they walk slowly off. Around them, in contrast, the TOWNSFOLK are rushing to escape the rain. A group huddles under an umbrella and sings)

TOWNSFOLK:

Go back to the hills!  
Go back to the mills!

(Suddenly as the thunder was heard, so suddenly does the sky brighten and the sun shine through. They come out from under the umbrella, and they all start setting up their booths again)

TOWNSFOLK:

Come ye in the glen!  
Come ye, bairn,  
Come ye, men!

Come ye from the loom!  
Come from puil an' broom!  
Come ye everywhere!  
'Tis the end  
Of the fair  
Down on MacConnachy Square.

Curtain

### SCENE 3

The Broockie open shed. It is a small inset in the center of the stage with the countryside painted on the surrounding drop. There is a rather peculiar-looking

cot upstage, peculiar in that it looks like a rectangular mound. It is draped to the floor. Downstage there is a simple, wooden armless rocking chair.

Just past noon.

JEFF and MEG are discovered on stage. JEFF is standing looking straight out in front of him. MEG is standing near him.

JEFF: It's a very picturesque view of the glen.

MEG: Thank ye.

JEFF: What for?

MEG: Why, for likin' where I've brought ye. It makes me very happy.

JEFF: You get happy very easily, don't you?

MEG: Aye.

JEFF: (After giving her a quizzical look) I haven't been in an open shed like this since I was a boy; which at this point seems a good two thousand years ago.

MEG: Ye mean ye're tired?

JEFF: Aye, lassie. I'm tired. That's why you brought me here, isn't it? So I could take a nap.

MEG: I shouldna think a long walk would fatigue a young lad like ye.

JEFF: A young lad?

MEG: Aye! Ye're very young.

JEFF: That is either a deliberate lie or wishful thinking. I am ancient, decrepit, and disintegrating rapidly.

MEG: Aye! (JEFF walks up and sits on the cot. It is hard. He tries to bounce but it doesn't give)

JEFF: What's under here—a rock garden?

MEG: My father used to sleep on it.

JEFF: That was his second mistake.

MEG: He an' my mother met in this shed. Ye see, my mother was a gypsy.

An' one day she was walking past this shed an' she saw my father asleep on the cot. She liked his looks an' she was a wee bit tired anyhow, so she took off her shoes, sat in the rockin' chair, an' waited for 'im to wake up. An' it wasn't long after that that I was born.

JEFF: That's one of the sweetest bedtime stories I've ever heard. (He lies back)

MEG: Ye're sure ye're comfortable?

JEFF: Very.

(MEG comes over and stares down at him. There is a moment of silence. Then JEFF looks up and sees her)

JEFF: Thank you very much. You've been more than kind. And now if you want to round out your generosity, buzz off.

MEG: (Staring down at him) Ye're a braw an' handsome lad.

JEFF: (Still reclining) You should see me when I'm rested. I'm almost robust.

MEG: I jus' hate to leave ye.

JEFF: You'd better. When I sleep I make all sorts of odd noises.

MEG: Who told ye? Do ye have a wife?

JEFF: (Raising himself on his elbows) No, but I was engaged once.

MEG: (Quickly) What happened to the lass ye were engaged to?

JEFF: She fell in love with a Russian.

MEG: A Russian?

JEFF: Yes.

MEG: Russia is in Europe, isn't it?

JEFF: Yes.

MEG: Russia is in Europe, isn't it?

JEFF: Yes, more and more.

MEG: (Mystified) Oh!

JEFF: It's not far from here. You just cross the Channel and turn left. (He lies back)

MEG: (Staring at him for a moment) Aye, ye're a winnin' lad. A right winnin' lad.

JEFF: (Sitting up and swinging his feet over the side) Now, look, lass. I'm not sure what you're after; but I don't want to. I want to go to sleep.

MEG: But dinna ye see? I'm highly attracted to ye.

JEFF: Thank you very much. When I wake up we'll discuss the whole problem. And believe me, you have a problem.

MEG: Ah! when I look at ye lying on the cot I feel little tadpoles jumpin' on my spine.

JEFF: That's about as repulsive an idea as I've heard in years. You know, if sex were a hobby you'd be a collector's item.

MEG: But I've been waitin' so long . . .

JEFF: (Firmly but politely) Go!

MEG: (Rising and walking away) Oh, ye men are all alike!

JEFF: I should certainly hope so.

MEG: Ye're all brutes. Ye get what ye want from a lass an' then 'tis farewell.

JEFF: Get what I want? I can't even get you to go away.

MEG: That's what I'm referin' to. I thought ye were interested in me an' that's why ye let me take ye here! Ye misled me!

JEFF: You certainly have one hell of an imagination. Can you think of one good reason why I, a strange man, should be interested in you, a strange woman, and at this hour of the day?

MEG: Of course I can. Because ye're a lad an' I'm a lass.

JEFF: With that philosophy, you must have had a provocative career. (The music begins under)

MEG: Aye, I've had a great many heartbreaks.

JEFF: I don't doubt it at all. (He sits back on the cot)

MEG: (Sings "The Love of My Life")

*At sixteen years I was blue an' sad.*

*Then Father said I should find a lad.*

*So I set out to become a wife,*

*An' found the real love of my life.*

*His name it was Chris an' the last was MacGill.*

*I met him one night pickin' flowers on the hill.*

*He had lots of charm an' a certain kind o' touch,*

*An' a certain kind of eagerness that pleased me very much.*

*So there 'neath the moon, where romance often springs,*

*I gave him my heart—and a few other things.*

*I don't know how long that I stayed up on the hill,*

*But the moon had disappeared an' so had Christopher MacGill.*

*So I went home an' I thought I'd die;*

*Till Father said: Make another try.*

*So out I went to become a wife,*

*An' found the real love of my life.*

He came from the Lowlands, the Lowlands said he;  
I saw him an' knew he was perfect for me.

Just one thing that puzzled me an' it always will,  
Was he told me he had heard about me from his friend MacGill.

We quick fell in love an' went down by the creek;

The next day he said he'd be back in a week.

An' I thought he would, for now how was I to know

That of all the Lowland laddies there was never one as low!

I told my Father the awful truth.

He said: What difference? Ye've got your youth.

So out I went, mad to be a wife.

An' found the real love of my life.

Oh, he was a poet, a rhymer was he.

He read me some verse he had written for me.

He said they would move me, these poems from his pen;

An' how right he was, because they moved me right into the glen.

We stayed till the dawn came an' lighted the sky.

Then I shook his hand an' I bid him good-by.

I never went back, for what I had heard was true:

That a poet only writes about the things he cannot do.

My Pa said: Look out for men who think

Ye'll be more certain with men who drink.

So out I went to become a wife,

An' found the real love of my life.

Oh, he was a soldier, a fine Highland son.

He told me about all the battles he'd won.

He wusied his time tellin' me about his night,

For one look at him decided me to not put up a fight.

We skirmished for hours that night in the glen,

An' I found the sword has more might than the pen.

But when I was drowsin' I snored to my dismay,

An' he thought it was a bugle an' got up and marched away.

Now Pa said: Daughter, there must be one,

Someone who's true or too old to run.

So I'm still lookin' to be a wife.

An' find the real love of my life.

(The music reaches a climax, stops, and then begins the same melody over again. MEG turns around to JEFF. She walks over and looks down at him. He is obviously asleep. She pushes him a bit but he doesn't stir. She stands looking at him for a moment, then walks downstage a bit, takes off her shoes, sits in the rocking chair, and begins to rock with a smile on her face)

Curtain

#### SCENE 4

The MacLaren house. It is a sparsely furnished living room. Off right center on the rear wall is a large window through which can be seen the surrounding coun-

trusside. Next to the window center is the front door. Downstage left is a door presumably leading to another room. The door is raised and there are two steps leading up to it. Upstage right is another door leading to another room. Upstage left against the wall is a rectangular, wooden table with a few chairs placed against it. Downstage right is a large, open, wooden crate, almost like a crude trunk. There are fixtures for candles on the wall.

About four in the afternoon.

The music is playing and several girls are lined up across the stage from the door left to the packing crate. They are passing bits of feminine Scottish clothing from the room left, down the line, to the girl next to the crate, who then deposits said bits in the crate. In other words, they are packing the hard way. As they pass, they sing.

GIRLS:

*Jennie's packin' up!  
Jennie's movin' out!  
Jennie's packin' up!  
Jennie's movin' out!  
Pack all her clothes;  
Tonight away she goes!  
Jennie's packin' up!  
Jennie's movin' out!  
Jennie's packin' up!  
Jennie's movin' out!  
The town all knows  
Tonight away she goes!  
What with all the clothes,  
All the these an' those,  
Why do ye suppose  
Jennie never froze?  
Hankies for her nose!  
Ribbons for her brows!  
Cotton for her hose!  
Slippers for her toes!  
Pack all her clothes,  
Tonight away she goes!*

(They continue packing till CHARLIE appears at the door)

CHARLIE: Hy!

GIRLS: Charlie!

CHARLIE: (Entering) Aye! Charles MacPherson Dalrymple! Tonight the founder of a new clan. Where's Jean?

GIRL: Upstairs.

(CHARLIE moves to door left. MR. MACCLAREN enters from the right carrying a large Bible)

MR. MACCLAREN: Aye, now, Charlie, ye're not supposed to see Jennie afore the wedding. It brings bad luck.

CHARLIE: Really, sir?

MR. MACCLAREN: My quill is at my desk in the other room. Here is the Bible. Take it an' sign it right under the name of my dear departed wife.

(CHARLIE takes the Bible and exits right as HARRY BEATON is seen coming up the road. There is a knock at the door)

MR. MACCLAREN: Come in.

(The door opens and HARRY enters carrying a waistcoat. He hands it to MR. MACCLAREN)

HARRY: Here, Mr. Macclaren. I've . . . I've brought your waistcoat. (He hands it to MR. MACCLAREN)

MR. MACCLAREN: Thank ye, Harry. 'Tis good to see ye. (He holds out his hand for HARRY to shake. HARRY stands for a moment looking over the room, then looks at MR. MACCLAREN'S outstretched hand, doesn't take it, and turns to go) Wait a minute, lad.

HARRY: (Turning back) What for?

MR. MACCLAREN: Why dinna ye take my hand? I'm not your enemy.

HARRY: Ye . . . ye may not mean to be, but ye are. An' so is everybody in this town! (He moves again to go)

MR. MACCLAREN: (Holding him lightly by the arm) What is it, lad? Why do ye hate everybody?

HARRY: (Not bitterly at first, but almost pathetically) I couldna get through this day of sein' her marry someone else if I dinna. What can I do? What could anyone do but hate when ye realize your life dinna mean a damn? I canna leave here . . . I canna go to the university an' make somethin' of myself . . . an' I canna have Jean. So there's nothin' left to do but hate ev-erythin' an' everybody in this cursed town.

MR. MACCLAREN: Ye'll never find any peace by harin', lad. It only shuts ye off more from the world. An' this is only a cursed town if ye make it so. To the rest of us, this is a blessed place.

HARRY: Well, ye can keep it.

(He exits. CHARLIE returns from the room right carrying the Bible. As he speaks, he leaves it open on top of the crate)

CHARLIE: Well, all done! Who was that?

MR. MACCLAREN: (Simply) My waistcoat came.

CHARLIE: Oh!

JEAN: (Offstage) Charlie, please go away. I want to come out.

MR. MACCLAREN: Dinna obey her, lad. Ye'll spoil her.

(He exits right. CHARLIE turns to go and then pauses under the balcony and calls up to JEAN)

CHARLIE: Jennie!

(The music starts under)

JEAN: (Offstage) Charlie, are ye still there?

CHARLIE: (Sings "Come to Me, Bend to Me")

*Because they told me  
I can't behold ye  
Till wedding music starts playin',  
To ease my longin'  
There's nothing wrong in  
Me standin' out here an' sayin':*

*Come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!  
Darlin', my darlin', tis all I can say.*

*Just come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!  
Gie me your lips an' don't take them away!*

JEAN: (A little more pleadingly) Charlie, please go away.

CHARLIE: (He crosses to the steps, puts one foot on them, and sings softly.)

*Come, dearie, near me  
So ye can hear me,  
Pue got to whisper this softly.  
For though I'm burnin'  
To shout my yearnin',  
The words come trippin' off me.*

*Come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!  
Darlin', my darlin', 'tis all I can say.*

*Just come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!  
Gie me your lips an' don't take them away!*

JEAN: (Almost pathetic now) Charlie, please go away. (He starts for the door)

CHARLIE: (Through the window)  
*Gie me your lips an' don't take them away!*

(He exits down the road. JEAN enters and looks around to make certain he's gone. The music continues. There is a dance between JEAN and the girls. At the conclusion, the girls exit out the door. As JEAN is about to exit left, TOMMY and FIONA are seen coming past the window and then entering the house. They are laughing and talking. FIONA is carrying an armful of heather)

FIONA: Aren't ye goin' to greet our guests?

JEAN: Greetin'! Fiona, where have ye been? Ye know I canna dress without ye.

FIONA: (Putting the heather on the table) Ye mean 'tis time for ye to dress?

JEAN: Aye! So, come! (She exits left)

FIONA: Ye see, I knew we were out far too long.

TOMMY: I know, but I'm not sorry.

FIONA: Wait for me. I shan't be but a few minutes. (She starts to exit left)

TOMMY: Fiona!

(FIONA stops and turns. He crosses and without saying a word takes her in his arms and kisses her. She exits left. Then JEFF is seen coming to the window. He looks in)

JEFF: Good morning, laddie.

TOMMY: Hi! Where've you been?

JEFF: (Looking around appraisingly) This is very nice. You should have seen the apartment I got—complete with a built-in lassic.

TOMMY: Come on in. (JEFF enters. He is sporting a new pair of trousers. Not brilliant plaid, but obviously new) What kind of a day did you . . . ? (He looks at the trousers) What the hell happened to you?

JEFF: Thistles.

TOMMY: What?

JEFF: Never mind. It's a professional secret. Mine will be ready before we leave. (He takes one of the chairs from against the table, moves it out in the room a bit, and sits down) And another thing, disregard all that rubbish about Scottish frugality. Their generosity is overpowering.

TOMMY: Well, how do you feel?

JEFF: (As if the thought just dawned on him) Surprisingly well! How about you?

TOMMY: (With incredible enthusiasm) I never felt better in my life!

JEFF: (Eyning him with sudden interest) You, too?

TOMMY: (Sings "Almost Like Being in Love")

*Maybe the sun gave me the power,  
For I could swim Loch Lomond  
And be home in*

*Half an hour.*

*Maybe the air gave me the drive,  
For I'm all aglow and alive!*

*What a day this has been!*

*What a rare mood I'm in!*

*Why, it's . . . almost like being in love!*

*There's a smile on my face*

*For the whole human race!*

*Why, it's . . . almost like being in love!*

*All the music of life seems to be*

*Like a bell that is ringing for me!*

*And from the way that I feel*

*When that bell starts to peal,*

*I could swear I was falling.*

*I could swear I was falling.*

*It's almost like being in love.*

*When we walked up the brae*

FIONA: (Enters singing)

*Not a word did we say.*

*It was . . . almost like being in love.*

*(She walks over to him)*

*But your arm linked in mine*

*Made the world kind o' fine.*

TOMMY:

*It was . . . almost like being in love.*

FIONA:

*All the music of life seems to be*

TOMMY:

*Like a bell that is ringing for me!*

FIONA and TOMMY:

*And from the way that I feel  
When that bell starts to peal,*

FIONA:

*I would swear I was falling.*

TOMMY:

*I could swear I was falling.*

FIONA and TOMMY:

*It's almost like being in love!*

(The music stops)

FIONA: Hand me that bundle of heather, Tommy?

TOMMY: Right, darling.

JEFF: Darling? (TOMMY crosses and hands it to her)

FIONA: Thank ye, dearie. (She takes it and exits)

JEFF: (Rising) Well, when do we start back?

TOMMY: (Crossing to the trunk) There's no hurry. Let's stay for the wedding.

After all, how often do you . . .

(He stops himself as his eyes fall on the open Bible that is lying on the crate. He picks it up and looks at it. He looks at JEFF quickly in bewilderment and then looks back at the Bible again)

JEFF: What's the matter?

TOMMY: I must be a little touched. Listen to this. "Married: Elizabeth Lang to Andrew MacLaren, July second, 1719."

JEFF: What's so amazing? People used to get married then.

TOMMY: Wait a minute! (Reading) "Children: Fiona, born October tenth, 1722, Jean, born April eighth, 1728."

JEFF: Well?

TOMMY: (Tense) But Fiona is twenty-four, and she's got a sister six years younger named Jean.

JEFF: Well?

TOMMY: But those are the two sisters in this Bible.

JEFF: Ridiculous. They're probably just named after them.

TOMMY: Jean's getting married today. Did you know that?

JEFF: Yes . . .

TOMMY: Do you know the name of the guy she's marrying?

JEFF: They told me at the tavern. Someone named Dalrymple.

TOMMY: Well, get this. (Reading) "Married: Jean MacLaren to Charles MacPherson Dalrymple, May twenty-fourth, 1746." (Neither says a word for a moment) Now what do you say?

JEFF: Congratulations!

TOMMY: Wait! (Piecing it together) No Brigadoon on the map. No phones in the whole town. Thanks to Mr. Dumfiddle for doing something about a miracle. And three or four other things that I passed over when I was out with Fiona this afternoon.

JEFF: That's perthyroil! I was with never heard of Haig and Haig.

TOMMY: What do you make of it?

JEFF: I don't know.

TOMMY: I don't understand it. I'm beginning to feel a little like a damn fool.

JEFF: What are you getting so worked up about? If it makes them happy to disregard two hundred years of human bingbang, let 'em.

TOMMY: But I've just spent the most wonderful day of my life, and now I run into something like this. It doesn't make sense to me.

JEFF: It does to me. It just means that barry people relax you.

TOMMY: She is not. She can't be! (Calls off) Fiona! (To JEFF) There must be a logical explanation. Even logical enough for you.

JEFF: They don't have to explain anything to me. I don't care.

TOMMY: (Calls) Fiona!

FIONA: (Entering) What, Tommy?

TOMMY: Come here.

FIONA: Tommy, what is it?

TOMMY: (Showing her the Bible) Is this your name here in this Bible?

FIONA: Aye! An' why . . . ? (She stops herself. Then, thoughtfully) Oh!

JEFF: Someone seems to have loused up your books.

TOMMY: Well, come on. What does it all mean? Is there any explanation or isn't there?

FIONA: Aye, there is. But I canna tell ye.

TOMMY: Well, is there anybody who can? I'd like to know.

FIONA: Ye must talk with the dominie.

TOMMY: The who?

FIONA: Our schoolmaster, Mr. Lundie.

TOMMY: Where does he live?

JEFF: Down the road, in a tree.

FIONA: He doesn't live in a tree, Mr. Douglas. Mr. Lundie is a great man. (To TOMMY) All right, Tommy, I'll take ye to 'im. I hadna wanted to 'cause I was hopin' we could have this day together.

TOMMY: What's that got to do with it?

FIONA: 'Tis goin' to be so hard for ye to believe what ye'll hear. Ye'll think there is somethin' wrong with us an' ye'll leave. I know it.

TOMMY: Maybe I will and maybe I won't. Come on, Jeff.

JEFF: Is it informal, or should I wear my three-cornered hat?

TOMMY: Come on, I said!

(The music swells as they start for the door)

Curtain

## SCENE 5

Outside the house of MR. LUNDIE.

Immediately following.

MR. LUNDIE is seated on the porch reading. MR. LUNDIE is a quaint Scottish schoolmaster in his late fifties. Though his eyes have a genuine kindness and his manner is entirely benign, he speaks with little trace of emotion. He wears metal-framed glasses.

FIONA, TOMMY, and JEFF enter and walk toward the house.

FIONA: Good day, Mr. Lundie.

MR. LUNDIE: (Rising) Why, hello, Fiona. What a pleasant surprise!

FIONA: Mr. Lundie, I'd like ye to meet Mr. Tommy Albright and Mr. Jeff Douglas.

MR. LUNDIE: (Holding out his hand) Good afternoon, gentlemen. (He studies them both carefully)

TOMMY: (Trying to be polite) How do you do, sir? (He shakes his hand)

JEFF: (Also taking his hand) Good afternoon.

MR. LUNDIE: (After a moment of looking at them) Where do ye gentlemen come from?

TOMMY: We're from New York.

MR. LUNDIE: (As if to himself but saying it distinctly) We're from New York.

JEFF: Uh-huh!

TOMMY: Yes, New York.

MR. LUNDIE: (Simply) I heard ye.

FIONA: Mr. Lundie, I was wonderin' if ye'd be good enough to tell these gentlemen about Brigadoon. They've heard an' seen a good deal an' they're very perplexed indeed.

TOMMY: Perplexed is right.

FIONA: I would very much like him, I mean them, to know.

MR. LUNDIE: (Stating his echo) I would very much like him, I mean them, to know.

FIONA: Aye, sir.

MR. LUNDIE: (After a moment) Winna ye be scared, gentlemen?

TOMMY: Thank you. (They all do)

MR. LUNDIE: Are ye stayin', Fiona?

FIONA: If I may, sir, I'd love to hear it all again.

TOMMY: From what I gather, nobody can talk about anything around here but you. Is that right?

MR. LUNDIE: No, that's wrong. Mr. Forsythe could have told ye.

TOMMY: Forsythe, I've heard about him. But I didn't meet him.

MR. LUNDIE: Likely not. I think he's dead.

JEFF: That would stand in the way, I suppose.

MR. LUNDIE: Let me warn ye afore I begin that what I'm goin' to tell ye ye winna believe.

TOMMY: It's all right. I've already been warned. Why won't I believe it?

MR. LUNDIE: Because what happened in Brigadoon was a miracle an' most folk dinna believe in miracles. Miracles require faith, an' faith seems to be as dead as . . . er . . .

JEFF: Mr. Forsythe?

MR. LUNDIE: Aye. Now, if an outsider who chanced to come to Brigadoon were to hear the tale from the lips of someone in the town, he'd think the lass or lad was daft. An' that would lead to many unpleasant an' humiliatin' things for the poor lass or laddie. Now, wouldna it?

TOMMY: I suppose so.

MR. LUNDIE: I suppose so. So, only I can talk about the miracle to strangers.

JEFF: (With a touch of sarcasm) And you don't imagine anybody would think you're crazy?

MR. LUNDIE: Ye might very well. But it winna hurt me. I'd jus' pity ye. Now, this miracle happened . . . let's see . . . what's today?

FIONA: Friday.

MR. LUNDIE: Friday. That means it happened exactly two hundred years ago. Two hundred years ago the Highlands of Scotland were plagued with witches, wicked sorcerers who were takin' the Scottish folk away from the teachin's of God an' puttin' the devil in their souls. They were indeed horrible destructive women. I dinna suppose ye have such women in your world.

TOMMY: Witches?

JEFF: Yes, we still have them. We pronounce it differently.

MR. LUNDIE: Uh-huh! It dinna matter they were not *real* sorcerers, because ye

an' I know there is no such thing. But their influence was very real indeed. Now, here in Brigadoon we had an old minister of the kirk named Mr. Forsythe. An' a good man he was.

FIONA: The kindest man in Scotland.

MR. LUNDIE: I believe he was. No man ever loved his parish as did Mr. Forsythe. But he was growin' old, an' it grieved him that one day soon he would leave all those so dear to him. But most of all, he worried about the witches. They hadna visited Brigadoon yet, but he knew there was a band of them comin' our way. So he began to wonder if there wasn't somethin' he could do to protect the folk of his parish not only from them, but from all the evils that might come to Brigadoon from the outside world after he died.

FIONA: What a kind man!

MR. LUNDIE: He spent days walkin' through the glen, thinkin'. An' if ye had passed his house any hour of the night, ye would have seen the candles lit an' Mr. Forsythe sittin' in his chair, thinkin'. Then one day he came to me an' told me he had decided to ask God for a miracle.

FIONA: (Touching her eye) This part is so nice I cry thinkin' about it.

MR. LUNDIE: He consulted with me about it because he knew I had a highly logical mind, an' he figured as long as he was goin' to ask for a miracle, it might as well be a well-organized miracle. So for many days I walked through the glen with him, an' for many nights I sat with him by candle-light. Finally Mr. Forsythe decided what he was goin' to pray for. An' on an early Wednesday morn, right after midnight, Mr. Forsythe went out to a hill beyond Brigadoon an' made his prayer to God. There in the hush of a sleepin' world, he asked God that night to make Brigadoon an' all the people in it vanish into the Highland mist. Vanish, but not for always. It would all return jus' as it was for one day every hundred years. The people would go on leadin' their customary lives; but each day when they awakened it would be a hundred years later. An' when we awoke the next day, it was a hundred years later.

TOMMY: (Half whispering) My God!

MR. LUNDIE: Ye see, in this way Mr. Forsythe figured there would be no change in the lives of the people. They jus' wouldna be in any century long enough to be touched by it.

TOMMY: (Quite shaken) You mean . . . you mean you go to bed at night and when you get up the next day it's a hundred years later?

MR. LUNDIE: Aye.

TOMMY: Then every day is a hundred years later?

MR. LUNDIE: Aye.

JEFF: What happened to the minister?

MR. LUNDIE: We never saw him again. Ye see, he realized that to ask for such a miracle, some sacrifice would have to be made, an' he wanted to be the one to make it. Now, what would be the greatest sacrifice he could offer? It was to be separated afore his time from the ones he loved. So that's why he went out to a hill *beyond* Brigadoon. Were the miracle granted, he would never see Brigadoon again.

TOMMY: And all this happened two hundred years ago.

MR. LUNDIE: Aye, lad. Which, ye see, is only two days ago to us. He had in-



tended to ask for the miracle on Tuesday. But Charlie Dalrymple was in school in Edinburgh an' was not expected back till Tuesday late. Mr. Forsythe, not wantin' anythin' to go wrong with the wedding, postponed prayin' till Charlie got back.

FIONA: Wasn't that sweet of him?

TOMMY: Let me ask you something. Suppose somebody around here gets fed up and wants to leave. Then what?

MR. LUNDIE: Oh, he canna leave.

JEFF: You mean I've got to stay here now?

MR. LUNDIE: No, no, lad. But accordin' to Mr. Forsythe's contract with God, if anyone of Brigadoon leaves, the enchantment is broken for all.

TOMMY: And . . . ?

MR. LUNDIE: That night when the people go to sleep, Brigadoon will disappear forever.

TOMMY: (After a moment) Look, I'm not saying I believe all this, but just for argument's sake, suppose a stranger like . . . well . . . me came to Brigadoon and wanted to stay. Could he?

MR. LUNDIE: Aye, he could. Mr. Forsythe provided for that.

JEFF: He didn't miss a trick, did he?

MR. LUNDIE: No, lad, he dinna. A stranger can stay if he loves someone here—not just Brigadoon, mind ye—but someone in Brigadoon enough to want to give up everythin' an' stay with that person. Which is how it should be. 'Cause after all, lad, if ye love someone deeply, anythin' is possible.

FIONA: I think I like that part the best.

MR. LUNDIE: Shouldna ye be thinkin' about changin' for the wedding?

FIONA: (Jumping up) Aye, I had. (To TOMMY, a little tearfully) Tommy, will I see ye later?

TOMMY: (Looks at her a moment, then pauses, then) Yes, I'll be there.

FIONA: (Expressively) Thank ye, Tommy.

TOMMY: I think I want to stick around and see if this place evaporates like you say.

FIONA: I mus' hurry now. Good-by, Mr. Lundie. (She exits)

MR. LUNDIE: She's a dear lass.

TOMMY: I'm finding that out. Tell me, Mr. Lundie, you're all perfectly happy living here in this little town?

(A distant choir is heard)

MR. LUNDIE: Of course, lad. After all, sunshine can peep through a small hole.

TOMMY: But at night when you go to sleep, what's it like?

MR. LUNDIE: Well, for me, 'tis like bein' carried on shadowy arms to some far-off cloud an' there I float till mornin'. An' yet, sometimes I think I hear strange voices.

TOMMY: Voices?

MR. LUNDIE: Aye. They say no words I can remember. But they're voices filled with a fearful longin', an' often they seem to be callin' me back. I've pondered it when I'm awake; an' I think—I have a feelin' I'm hearin' the outside world. There mus' be lots of folk out there who'd like a Brigadoon.

(The choir swells and then chimes are heard)

MR. LUNDIE: Oh! 'Tis the wedding time.

(The chimes and choir grow louder. TOMMY and JEFF in mixed awe and bewilderment rise and move slowly to leave)

Curtain

# SCENE 6

Outside the kirk of Brigadoon. On the left veiling toward center is the facade of the kirk. There are practical steps leading up to it. The kirkyard would seem to be in the middle of some ancient Gothic ruins.

Dusk of that day.

Music is playing a rousing theme representing the meeting of the clans. In the center is standing a group of Macclarens all dressed in their family plaid. One by one the clans arrive, marching in proudly and taking their places around the kirkyard. As they enter the leader of each group announces the name of the family to the Macclarens. Among those represented are the Macleods, the MacGuffies, the Dalrymples, and the Beatoons. When they are all present, the Macclarens announce themselves, bow courteously to their guests, and stand back. MR. LUNDIE appears and stands before the kirk. As the others see him they become suddenly still as MR. LUNDIE says:

MR. LUNDIE: There's goin' to be a wedding.

(The music of "Brigadoon" is played softly under. CHARLIE and his best man enter and stand left of MR. LUNDIE. Simultaneously with CHARLIE'S entrance, FIONA appears dressed in her wedding finery and stands in the clearing not far from MR. LUNDIE. TOMMY and JEFF enter quietly from the side and stand at the edge of the crowd. Now MR. MACLAREN and JEAN enter from the kirk, and JEAN, after first giving her wedding bouquet to FIONA, takes her place on MR. LUNDIE'S right)

MR. LUNDIE: (We have no minister in Brigadoon now. In most villages this would be a calamitous thing. But we know 'tis a blessing. When there is no minister present it is perfectly proper accordin' to the laws of Scotland for two people to be wed by sincere mutual consent. There need be nothin' in writin'. All that's necessary is the promise of love as long as ye both are on earth. (He pauses for a moment) Go ahead, lad.

CHARLIE: (Awkwardly, as he slips a ring on JEAN'S finger) I shall love ye till I die. An' I'll make all effort to be a good husband to ye.

JEAN: An' . . . an' so much will I try . . . to be a fine . . . an' . . . an' lovin' wife.

(They look at each other uncomfortably)

MR. LUNDIE: Well, kiss her, lad. (They kiss gingerly) Mr. Forsythe, I know, would have liked to be here. But if ye'll both be good an' true to each other, then ye canna help but live in the grace of God. An' Mr. Forsythe could have asked no more than that.

CHARLIE: (After a slight pause) Are we married now, Mr. Lundie?

MR. LUNDIE: Are we married now, Mr. Lundie? Aye, lad. Ye're married.

(The TOWNSFOLK gather quickly around them, shaking hands, kissing, etc. All done quietly, of course. FIONA crosses quickly down to TOMMY at left. TOMMY has been so completely moved by the ceremony that it almost looks as if a tear had come to his eye. When FIONA comes to him, she is almost in tears herself and comes right into his arms)

FIONA: It was a nice wedding, wasn't it?

(Suddenly the wedding music starts and CHARLIE and JEAN begin the wedding dance. Everybody joins in and TOMMY is circled. He steps back with FIONA to watch.)

The wedding dance is interrupted then by the appearance of HARRY BEATON, who comes holding two swords high. He places them on the ground and the music changes to the tempo of a Sword Dance. HARRY dances this, and then turns to ask JEAN to dance, which she does. They twirl, then HARRY suddenly stops and kisses her violently. The crowd parts and JEAN is seen lying on the floor sobbing with HARRY hovering over her. She slowly rises and runs to CHARLIE. A fight starts between HARRY and one of the men. HARRY picks up the sword with one hand and pulls his dirk from his stocking with the other and moves around toward the crowd menacingly. TOMMY comes forward with a shawl wrapped around his arm, and as one of the men knocks the sword from HARRY'S hand, TOMMY successfully wrenches the dirk from him and knocks HARRY on the ground. TOMMY kicks the dirk away, and as he goes quickly to pick it up, FIONA runs to him)

FIONA: Tommy! Tommy! (TOMMY, his eyes fixed on HARRY, doesn't turn to reply to her. HARRY slowly rises and looks over at JEAN)

HARRY: All I've done is to want ye too much. (He walks slowly to the side of the stage and then suddenly turns back to the crowd. They all hold their positions as if not knowing what he is going to do next) I'm leavin' Brigadoon an' 'tis the end of all of us. The miracle's over!

(He runs off. There is a sudden stunned moment. Then everyone realizes the import of his leaving and springs into action. Cries of "we mus' stop 'im" fill the stage. All the men surge forward to run after him, including TOMMY, who motions to JEFF to follow)

Curtain

## ACT TWO

### SCENE 1

A forest near the borders of Brigadoon. By now the sun has fallen and a mist beclouds the dark woody green of the forest.

This scene is the chase through the forest of the men of Brigadoon after HARRY BEATON. Under it all a strong pulsating rhythm is played in the orchestra. Offstage an all-male chorus intermittently sings. The action on stage other than the one or two singing soloists is done entirely in pantomime.

Immediately following.  
HARRY BEATON runs on, stops in the center, and looks from side to side wildly as if he doesn't know which way to go. The chorus is heard softly.

CHORUS: (Sings)

Harry Beaton!

(HARRY looks around him hysterically)

CHORUS:

Harry Beaton!

(He looks again and then runs off right. The chorus sings again, growing louder and louder until it reaches full voice. As it sings, a few men run on from the left and in pantomime divide themselves up and take off in different directions)

CHORUS:

Run an' get 'im!  
Run an' get 'im!  
Run, ye men, or ye  
will never see  
another mornin'!

Go an' stop 'im!  
Go an' stop 'im!  
Run, ye Highland men,  
or ye won't ken  
another day!

(SANDY, STUART DALRYMPLE, a member of Charlie's family, ANGUS, and two or three others enter swiftly from the left. They pause in the center and look around. The music continues under)

ANGUS: (Sings)

Beaton sure came this way,  
An' we canna be too far behind 'im, laddie.

(To one of the men)

Ye, there, head for the brue!  
Keep your eye ope' or ye winna find 'im, laddie!  
(The man exits off right)

STUART DALRYMPLE: (Sings)

I'll go down to the creek,  
An', by God, if I see 'im I'll throw 'im in it!  
(He exits swiftly)

ANGUS: (To SANDY)

Search the hill to the peak!  
(To the rest)

Find 'im, lads, or tomorrow will never, never come!

(All exit off right. The chorus sings again. More men enter and illustrate the chase in pantomime)

CHORUS:

Run an' get 'im!  
Run an' get 'im!  
Run an' get 'im now  
or ye won't plough  
another meadow!

Go an' stop 'im!  
Go an' stop 'im!  
Run, ye Highland men,  
or ye won't ken  
another day!

(TOMMY and JEFF enter from the left)

*198 & Ten Great Musicals of the American Theatre*

TOMMY: Let's separate. You go right and I'll go left. He can't be too far from here.

(Sings)

*If he comes into sight  
Hold him fast! Many lives are depending on it!  
This must not end tonight!*

*They must know that tomorrow is really gonna come!*

(TOMMY exits downstage right. JEFF upstage right. Chorus and pantomime again)

CHORUS:

*Run an' get 'im!  
Run an' get 'im!  
Spread your human net  
but don't forget  
that time's agin' ye!*

*Go an' stop 'im!*

*Go an' stop 'im!*

*Run, ye Highland men,  
or ye won't ken  
another day!*

*Run an' get 'im!*

*Run an' get 'im!*

(At this point there is a sudden discord in the orchestra and then silence. It lasts a few seconds. The music begins under. SANDY, STUART, TOMMY, ANGUS, and the others enter from the right. SANDY and ANGUS are dragging the body of HARRY BEATON. ANGUS kneels down over the body, looks up at the others, and sings.)

ANGUS:

*Lads, say a prayer, I'm afraid Harry Beaton is dead!*

TOMMY: (Looking down)

*Looks like he fell on a rock and it crushed in his head.*

STUART:

*Nobody wanted for Harry to be smitten down!*

*All that we wished was to keep 'im from leavin' the town.*

ANGUS:

*Look ye, I understand!*

*There's no sense for us all to be sad about it!*

*This was clear God's own hand,*

*An' we all should be grateful an' glad about it!*

STUART: (Pleadingly)

*Though it may be very true what the lad here has said,  
Don't tell the rest till tomorrow that Harry is dead!*

*They'll find he's dead tomorrow!*

*Tell them all is right!*

*There should be no more sorrow*

*On this wedding night!*

*Brigadoon & 199*

ALL: (Speaking, and nodding understandingly) Aye!

(SANDY and ANGUS pick HARRY up and all start off left as the chorus sings)

CHORUS:

*Thanks to heaven!  
Thanks to heaven!  
Thank the powers that be,  
ye all will see  
another mornin'!*

*Thanks to heaven!*

*Thanks to heaven!*

*Thank an' thank again,*

*ye'll ken*

*another day!*

Blackout

SCENE 2

On the way from the forest. A few minutes later. FIONA, a girl, and then four of the girls enter left.

FIONA: I thought I heard a cry from over there! (Indicates off right)

(MR. MACLAREN, ANGUS, and five of the men enter from the right. There is a moment of silence, then FIONA goes fearfully to her father)

FIONA: Well, Father?

MR. MACLAREN: 'Tis all right now. He was stopped.

(The women sigh "Thank God" and "Thank heaven" and run to the men)

FIONA: (To her father) Was he hurt bad?

(ARCHIE BEATON enters left)

MR. MACLAREN: No, dearie. Jus' scratched a bit. There's no need for grievin' now. We mus' go on with the weddin' supper!

(ARCHIE goes quickly to MR. MACLAREN. FIONA leaves him and moves across toward the right as if searching. When she reaches the extreme right, she waits and keeps looking off)

ARCHIE: He dinna get away, Mr. MacLaren?

MR. MACLAREN: No, Archie.

ARCHIE: Then where is my son? I want to see 'im! I thank God ye stopped

'im from his terrible intention, but I want to see 'im.

MR. MACLAREN: He's all right, Archie. He's in good hands. 'Tis better he be

left alone for a while. Come join us for a bit o' supper.

ARCHIE: I'm too ashamed for 'im, Mr. MacLaren. I canna join ye. (He moves toward the right)

MR. MACLAREN: But, Archie . . . ! (But ARCHIE exits right. MR. MACLAREN turns to the others) Come, everybody. Back to the glen for some food an' ale. The alarm is over!

(They all start moving to exit left. FIONA turns to ANGUS)

FIONA: Angus! Have ye seen Tommy?

ANGUS: The American? Why, no, I dinna think he came back with us.

FIONA: Oh, dear.

(She turns and looks off right again. By this time most of the people have exited. MR. MACLAREN calls over to her)

MR. MACLAREN: Come, Fiona.

(HE exits. FIONA turns and starts to cross the stage, then stops and looks back as TOMMY enters)

TOMMY: Fiona!

FIONA: (Running to him) Tommy! I thought ye might have gone.

TOMMY: No, I didn't go. I couldn't.

FIONA: An' ye're all right?

TOMMY: Of course I'm all right.

FIONA: I'd have died if anythin' had happened to ye. (Going into his arms) I love ye so.

TOMMY: You . . . ?

FIONA: Aye!

TOMMY: But how can you be sure of that after one day?

FIONA: I dinna know. 'Tis jus' when a lass falls in or out of love she knows it right away.

TOMMY: I wish it were that clear to me.

FIONA: Why?

TOMMY: Because I have the peculiar sensation I'm hearing my own secret being told.

FIONA: Ye mean—ye think ye're in love with me?

TOMMY: Think? What good does thinking do? If I thought about it, it wouldn't make any more sense than the miracle. (The music starts under) But what I feel is something else.

FIONA: What do ye feel, then, Tommy?

TOMMY: (Sings "There but for You Go I")

*This is hard to say,*

*but as I wandered through the lea*

*I felt for just a fleeting moment*

*that I suddenly was free*

*of being lonely;*

*then I closed my eyes and saw*

*the very reason why.*

*I saw a man with his head bowed low.*

*His heart had no place to go.*

*I looked and I thought to myself with a sigh:*

*There but for you go I.*

*I saw a man walking by the sea.*

*Alone with the tide was he.*

*I looked and I thought as I watched him go by:*

*There but for you go I.*

*Lonely men around me,*

*Trying not to cry.*

*Till the day you found me*

*There among them was I.*

*I saw a man who had never known*

*A love that was all his own.*

*I thought as I thanked all the stars in the sky:*

*There but for you go I.*

(The music continues)

FIONA: (Holding him close) Oh, Tommy! Tommy, darlin'!

TOMMY: I love you, Fiona. I guess that's all there is to it.

FIONA: I've wanted to hear ye say it. Even though it be at the last minute like this.

TOMMY: (Holding her away from him) The last minute?

FIONA: Aye. Soon now 'tis the end of our day.

TOMMY: And then you . . . you . . . ? (He motions with his hand. FIONA nods)

But, Fiona, I can't leave you. Not now I can't. (Pauses—then with hesitant excitement) Didn't Lunde say someone could stay if he loved someone enough?

FIONA: Aye.

TOMMY: Well, that's for me! Where do I go? Who do I talk to? Where do I get a passport to disappear?

FIONA: (In his arms again) Tommy! Tommy! (They kiss)

TOMMY: I don't want to be without you ever again. I'd be afraid to be.

(Sings)

*I saw a man who had never known*

*A love that was all his own.*

*I thought as I thanked all the stars in the sky:*

*There but for you go I.*

(The music swells)

Curtain

# SCENE 3

The glen. A short while later.

The wedding supper is on! There is music under as the scene begins. CHARLIE and JEAN are upstage on a rock. The TOWNSFOLK are engaged in a Country Dance. After a reasonable amount of time of this sort of thing, the people stand back and MEG appears.

MEG: (Sings "My Mother's Weddin' Day")

*Now if ye think this weddin' day went just a bit awiss,*

*Then I will tell ye 'bout a weddin' far more daff-diggie this.*

*The lad involved turned out to be no other but my pa,*

*An' by the strangest bit o' luck, the woman was my ma!*

MacGregor, MacKenna, MacGowen, MacGratu,

MacVitie, MacNeil, an' MacRae;

Aye, all of the folk in the village were there

At my mother's weddin' day.

For Pa had asked his friend MacPhee,

An' Mac had come with May MacGee,

An' May invited ninety-three

To my mother's weddin' day.

Then up the road came Ed MacKeen

With half the town of Aberdeen.

# CHORUS:

*Aye, ev'ryone was on the scene*

*At her mother's weddin' day.*

MEG:

*At quarter to five everybody was there,  
A-waitin' around in the room.  
MacVicker, MacDougall, MacDuff, an' MacCoy,  
Everybody but the groom.  
An' as the hours turtled by  
The men got feelin' kind o' dry  
An' thought they'd take a nip o' rye  
While a-waitin' for the groom.  
An' while the men were dippin' in  
The ladies started on the gin.*

CHORUS:

*An' soon the room began to spin  
At her mother's weddin' day.*

MEG:

*Then all of a sudden the liquor was gone;  
The gin an' the whiskey an' all.  
An' all of a sudden the weddin' affair  
Had become a bonnie brawl.  
For Pete MacGraw an' Joe MacPhee  
Began to fight for May MacGee,  
While May MacGee an' Sam MacKee  
Were a-wooin' in the hall.  
So cold an' stiff was John MacVay  
They used 'im for a servin' tray.*

CHORUS:

*For ev'ryone was blithe an' gay  
At her mother's weddin' day.*

MEG:

*MacDuff an' MacVine were playin' a game  
An' usin' MacCoy for the ball.  
MacKenna was eatin' the bridal bouquet  
An' MacNeil hung on the wall.  
When finally my father came,  
His eyes were red, his nose aflame;  
He dinna even know his name;  
He was drunkest of them all.  
The people were lyin' all over the room,  
A-lookin' as if they were dead.  
But Mother uncovered the minister quick,  
An' she told 'im: Go ahead.  
So Pa kneeled down on Bill MacRae,  
An' Mother kneeled on Jack MacKay;  
The preacher stood on John MacVay;  
An' that's how my ma was wed.  
It was a sight beyond compare.  
I ought to know, for I was there.*

MEG and CHORUS:

*There never was a day as rare  
As my (her) mother's weddin' day!*

*(The music comes to a stop and then begins again. The people prepare themselves to go back into the Country Dance. As they are doing so, CHARLIE and JEAN steal silently off, waving good-by to a few as they go. MEG exits after her song. The TOWNSFOLK start to dance again, but by now they are all a wee bit tight, and so the dance is done in that spirit.)*

*Then, suddenly the dance is interrupted by the sound of the pipes. Two BAGPIPERS enter followed by ARCHIE BEATON, who is carrying the body of HARRY. Everyone starts back in horror.*

*The BAGPIPERS play a funeral dirge and a funeral takes place. During the funeral JEFF enters quietly and stands watching in a group on stage left and TOMMY enters and stands in a group stage right. At the end of the ceremony, HARRY'S body is carried off and all the TOWNSFOLK exit. TOMMY and JEFF then turn and discover each other)*

JEFF: Hi!

TOMMY: Jeff, I'm not going back with you!

JEFF: Just for the record, what are you talking about?

TOMMY: I'm staying here!

JEFF: You're pulling my bonnie leg, aren't you?

TOMMY: No! I've never been more serious in my life. I tell you, Jeff, in one day I feel more a part of her and all this than I ever felt about Jane or anybody or anything back home.

JEFF: My dear boy, that's because it is one day. But don't you realize if you stay here it's for always?

TOMMY: I know.

JEFF: And do you know how long always is around here? It's one hell of a long time.

TOMMY: I know.

JEFF: This can't be a trial marriage, because you can't change your mind after trying it out for six or seven hundred years.

TOMMY: I won't ever want to.

JEFF: You're absolutely positive that there'll never come a time when you'll miss your family, your friends, the life you belong to? How can you know that now?

TOMMY: Because—well, here's where I know you'll think I'm crazy—because I believe in her. And what's more, I believe in this place.

JEFF: You do not. You just want to. This Highland voodoo town makes no more sense to you than it does to me. So how can you believe in it when you don't understand it? When you leave here, in a few weeks or even a few days you'll forget all about it. You won't feel a thing. That's the way a dream is.

TOMMY: What do you mean—dream?

JEFF: That's what this is: a dream. Why, even now you're not really moved by it. You just think you are.

TOMMY: How do you know?

JEFF: Because I do. (Pauses a moment) Did you see that funeral here a moment ago?

TOMMY: Yes. Why?

JEFF: I'm responsible for it.

TOMMY: What do you mean?

JEFF: Harry Beaton. I killed him.

TOMMY: You did what?

JEFF: I killed him. Accidentally, of course, but nevertheless I killed him. Out in the forest tonight I suddenly saw him rushing past me from behind a bush. Without even thinking what I was doing, I struck out my foot and down he went. And I heard his head hit a rock with a very nasty thud.

TOMMY: My God, Jeff. I'm so sorry.

JEFF: What in the world for?

TOMMY: You must feel half dead inside.

JEFF: On the contrary, I don't feel a thing.

TOMMY: You actually don't feel anything?

JEFF: Nothing. Except like going home.

TOMMY: But why don't you?

JEFF: Because this is a dream. A good one for you and a bad one for . . .

TOMMY: Wait a minute, will you?

JEFF: You see, I've confused you, haven't I?

TOMMY: Yes, you have.

JEFF: And if you really believe as much as you think you do, I couldn't do that.

(MR. LUNDIE and FIONA enter from the right)

JEFF: I'll wait for you outside the town. (He exits left)

FIONA: Tommy, what did he mean by that?

MR. LUNDIE: Fiona tells me ye want to stay, lad.

FIONA: Tommy, what is it?

TOMMY: It's no good, Fiona. I'm leaving. And it isn't because I don't love you.

I think I do. But I guess I don't trust my own feelings.

FIONA: Ye mean ye're not sure ye can accept everything?

TOMMY: That's about it.

MR. LUNDIE: Ye better hurry, Fiona. There's not much time left. (He turns to exit and then stops) Dinna feel ashamed of yourself, Tommy. 'Tis the hardest thing in the world to give up everything; even though 'tis usually the only way to get everything. (He exits left. The music begins under)

TOMMY: Do you understand at all?

FIONA: (Looks at him, then sings)

*Dinna ye know, Tommy,*

*That ye're all I'm leavin' for?*

*So how can ye go, Tommy,*

*When I'll need ye more and more?*

TOMMY: (Kindly) No, Fiona. You won't remember that way. And neither will I.

(Sings "From This Day On")  
*You and the world we knew*  
*Will glow till my life is through;*  
*For you're part of me*  
*From this day on.*

And

*Someday if I should love,*  
*It's you I'll be dreaming of;*  
*For you're all I'll see*  
*From this day on.*

*These hurried hours were all the life we could share.*  
*Still I will go with not a tear, just a prayer*  
*That*

*When we are far apart*

*You'll find something from your heart*

*Has gone! Gone with me*

*From this day on.*

(The music continues)

(He speaks) You see? We mustn't be sorry about anything.

FIONA: I'm not. In fact, I shouldna be surprised if I'll be less lonely now than I was afore ye came. I think real loneliness is not bein' in love in vain, but not bein' in love at all.

TOMMY: But it'll fade in time.

FIONA: No. It wina do that.

(Sings)

*Through all the years to come*

*An' through all the tears to come*

*I know I'll be yours*

*From this day on.*

(The lights begin to dim and the chorus is heard singing offstage)

CHORUS:

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,*

*Blooming under sable skies.*

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,*

*There my heart forever lies.*

*Let the world grow cold around us;*

*Let the heavens cry above!*

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,*

*In the valley there'll be love.*

(The song grows softer and softer. Over the fading song and dimming lights and the mist that slowly seems to be engulfing the glen, TOMMY and FIONA speak)

FIONA: Oh, Tommy! 'Tis the end of our day!

TOMMY: I'm sorry, Fiona. To stay I had to have no fears and no doubts. And . . . well . . . (He puts his arms around her) . . . good-by.

(They kiss. The voices are quite soft now. The lights are becoming softer as she becomes cloudy in the darkening mist)

FIONA: Good-by, Tommy . . . An' dinna forget . . . any day . . . any night . . . that always an' always . . . I love ye . . . I love ye . . . I love ye . . . I love ye . . . I love ye . . .

(Darkness! Silence! Then for but a moment, the lights come up a bit. FIONA is

no longer there. The hazy distant view of the houses is gone. The stage is filled with a misty gray-yellow light. TOMMY looks at it for a moment. Then he turns and exits slowly right)

Curtain

SCENE 4

A bar in New York City. This is a small inset placed downstage right. It is like the end of an elliptical-shaped bar so that one gets the feeling the rest of the bar is offstage right. There are two or three stools in front. The rest of the stage is blacked out.

Late afternoon, four months later.

A piano is heard offstage playing "cocktail music." It fades as the scene begins. JEFF is seated on a stool. Although not incoherent, he is quite obviously "picketed." Behind the bar stands Frank, the bartender, looking like a bartender. JEFF: (Taking a sip from a glass) Ugh! What is this, Frank? D.D.T.?

FRANK: The usual, bourbon.

JEFF: Why do you say "the usual?" Have I been drinking it long?

FRANK: Continuously since you got back from Scotland four months ago.

JEFF: Well, I just decided I don't like it. It's not near as good as the whisky Mother used to make. Give me some gin.

FRANK: What'll you have with it, sir?

JEFF: A little bourbon.

FRANK: Yes, sir.

JEFF: (Shakes his watch) What time is it, Frank? I think my watch has stopped.

FRANK: (Looking at his wrist watch) Six-ten, sir.

JEFF: Hmph! I'd better be getting home. (FRANK hands him his drink) Give me another one to take with me, Frank. I like to drink port to port.

FRANK: (Fixing it) It's just about time for Miss Ashton to call, sir.

JEFF: Who?

FRANK: Jane Ashton, Mr. Albright's fiancée. Don't tell me you don't remember her?

JEFF: All right, I won't. What about her?

FRANK: Well, just about this time every day she either calls or comes in or both, looking for Mr. Albright.

JEFF: She does, eh?

(FRANK takes out a cigarette, JEFF lights it, then takes it out of his mouth and smokes it)

FRANK: Yes, sir. From what I gather, she can't find him.

JEFF: I'm glad you warned me. I'll drink up and get out of here.

FRANK: Don't you like Miss Ashton, sir?

JEFF: Oh, very much. But not when she's stalking Mr. Albright. (He drinks)

I tell you, Frank, scratch the surface of any woman . . . and she'll enjoy it.

FRANK: But where is Mr. Albright, sir?

JEFF: I don't know, Frank. He quit his job about a month ago, picked up his parcels, and vanished like . . . Brigadoon.

FRANK: Like who?

JEFF: That was the name of my brother who ran away. (TOMMY enters)

TOMMY: Hi!

FRANK: Hello, Mr. Albright.

JEFF: (Going to him) Tommy! My old friend Tommy. (He throws his arms around TOMMY)

TOMMY: How are you, Jeff?

JEFF: (To FRANK) It's my old friend Tommy. He's back.

TOMMY: Hello, Frank.

JEFF: Where've you been all month, Tommy?

TOMMY: Up on a farm in New Hampshire.

JEFF: A farm. Messing around in all that dirty dirt and everything. What were you doing there?

TOMMY: Enjoying myself. A tye and soda, please, Frank.

JEFF: Well, if that's what you like, when you get married why don't you buy one?

TOMMY: I wonder if I want to get married, Jeff.

JEFF: Why?

TOMMY: Because, my dear tank, I'm in love with someone else. And I "can't" get over it.

JEFF: Oh!

TOMMY: And the trouble is, because I can't be with her I can't be with anyone else. That's why I went away. So many things remind me of her. When I'm with people and they're talking to me, they might say one little word that opens the door to a memory for me and suddenly I don't hear them talking anymore. I'm a few thousand miles away with . . . well, you know. Then slowly I come back to the conversation, they ask me a question and I don't know what the hell they're talking about, I haven't heard a word.

JEFF: You must be fascinating company.

TOMMY: When I'm alone, it's easier.

(JANE ASHTON enters. She is in her late twenties, chic, very attractive, though perhaps a little severe)

JANE: Tommy!

(Both men rise and she walks past JEFF into TOMMY'S arms)

TOMMY: Hello, Jane.

JANE: What a wonderful surprise!

JEFF: Hello, Jane.

JANE: When did you get back?

JEFF: Hello, Jeff.

TOMMY: A little while ago.

JEFF: How are you, Jane?

JANE: (Ignoring him) I've been worried half to death about you.

JEFF: Fine, Jeff, how are you?

JANE: Let me look at you.

JEFF: I've had a little cold, but other than that . . .

JANE: I must say you do look well.

TOMMY: So do you.

JEFF: Well, I don't want to ear and run. I think I'll go up to my room and have a drink.

TOMMY: I'll see you, Jeff.

JANE: (Half turning) Hello.

JEFF: Good-by! Put it on the bill, Frank.

FRANK: Your bill, sir, is awfully high.

JEFF: So am I. (He exits)

JANE: Tommy, why didn't you write me?

TOMMY: Nothing to say, I guess. Drink?

JANE: Old Fashioned, please. (FRANK gets busy) And why didn't you write me you were coming in? After all, darling, I did think the minute you'd get in town you'd call me . . . or come to me . . . or in fact, why didn't you . . .

(The instant she says the words "come to me," FIONA'S voice is heard onstage singing. TOMMY turns from the bar and looks off dreamily. The lights come up behind the bar revealing FIONA against a misty Scottish background. As FIONA sings, JANE continues talking, but in pantomime. Her mouth is moving, but no sound is forthcoming. She takes her cocktail from FRANK and says something to him. But no words are heard. Then she returns to TOMMY. Occasionally as her mouth is moving he nods to her)

FIONA: (Sings)

*Come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!*

*Dartin', my dartin', 'tis all I can say.*

*Just come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day!*

*Gie me your lips an' don't take them away.*

(She exits and the lights dim completely out. The music fades out and the lights come up at the bar. We hear JANE speaking. The first part of her sentence is barely audible and then she reaches full speaking voice)

JANE: . . . (and I didn't think) you'd want to do that, would you?

TOMMY: Oh! Why—er—maybe.

JANE: You mean you'd even consider it?

TOMMY: What?

JANE: Commuting from sixty miles out of New York?

TOMMY: Oh, no! I don't want to do that.

JANE: I didn't think so. And I told Mr. Jackson.

TOMMY: Who?

JANE: Herbert Jackson.

TOMMY: (As if he knows) Oh! (Then—) Who's he?

JANE: I just told you. He's the real estate man I've been working with. I told him you'd call him.

TOMMY: I can hardly wait.

JANE: Please do. I'm trying so hard to arrange everything. Do you still want Jeff to stand up for you?

TOMMY: Yes, if he can. Why?

JANE: Nothing. It's just that he's so impossible these days. Everybody is bored to death with him.

TOMMY: I'm not interested in everybody, especially the everybody we know.

JANE: You've certainly been antisocial since you returned from Scotland. If you really want to avoid everybody, why don't we take Mr. Jackson's house? It's far away and right on the top of a high, beautiful hill . . .

(Same business again. FIONA is heard, then seen singing. Only this time she is nearer)

FIONA: (Sings)

*. . . Through the heather on the hill.*

*But when the mist is in the glamin',*

*And all the clouds are holdin' still,*

*If ye're not here I won't go roamin'*

*Through the heather on the hill;*

*The heather on the . . .*

(TOMMY turns sharply to JANE. The moment he speaks, the half lights come up at the bar and blackout on the full stage)

TOMMY: No, Jane! No!

JANE: No, what?

TOMMY: I can't go through with it! There's going to be no wedding next month.

JANE: Do you mean you're postponing it again?

TOMMY: No, I am not postponing it. I'm calling it off for good!

JANE: Calling it off!

TOMMY: I can't do it! Ever.

JANE: You have a nerve! After all this time I've waited for you and tried to be patient and put up with your idiotic whims and temperament?

TOMMY: I'm sorry. It's not your fault. You've been wonderfully kind to me. But something strange happened a few months ago that I can't explain, and now I don't fit here any more.

JANE: I think you're going clean out of your mind. But I refuse to stand here and argue with you in this bar! Let's go home and . . .

(Same business. CHARLIE and several of the TOWNSFOLK are seen all around behind him as the lights come slowly up on them)

CHARLIE and TOWNSFOLK: (Sing)

*Go home, go home, go home with bonnie Jean!*

*Go home, go home, I'll go home with bonnie Jean!*

(The music continues and they seem to be walking away from him into the night. We hear JANE say)

JANE: And if you think anyone else is going to put up with your nonsense, you're raving mad. So think that over, Mr. Albright, when you're all alone!

(She exits. TOMMY stands and looks out front. FIONA appears again, this time very near him)

FIONA: I think real loneliness is not bein' in love in vain, but not bein' in love at all.

TOMMY: You understood, Fiona—I didn't.

FIONA: (Sings "From This Day On")

*You walkin' through the heather*

*When we were there together,*

*That's all I'll see*

*From this day on.*

TOMMY: You were right. It never faded.

(Sings)

*These hurried hours were all the life we could share.*



*Still I will go with not a tear, just a prayer  
That—*

FIONA:

*I through all the years to come  
Am through all the tears to come*

FIONA and TOMMY:

*I know I'll be yours  
From this day on.*

*(She begins to walk back as the chorus is heard upstage singing)*

CHORUS:

*Come ye from the hills!  
Come ye from the mills!  
Come ye in the glen!  
Come ye, bairn,  
Come ye, men! . . .*

*(They reach full voice. Bagpipers are heard. It all swells and swells as TOMMY turns to the bar and hurriedly picks up the telephone. Then:)*

TOMMY: *(On the phone—over chorus) Hello? Room 732, please! . . . Jeff? Are you sober? . . . I want to go back to Scotland . . . Never mind what for! . . . Do you want to come with me? . . . Well, get plane reservations right away! . . . I know it isn't there, but I want to see where it was . . . Who cares if it doesn't make sense? . . . I want to go . . . (The voices are fortissimo) I want to go, do you hear? . . . I want to go!*

Blackout

# SCENE 5

*The forest. This is the same as Act One, Scene 1. Three nights later, TOMMY and JEFF walk on from the right. They look around them for a moment in silence.*

TOMMY: *It's unbelievable! Awful and unbelievable!*

JEFF: *(Quite drunk) What is awful and unbelievable?*

TOMMY: *To think that somewhere out there—between the mist and the stars—there's somebody I want so terribly. She's not dead. She's only asleep. And yet I'll never see her again.*

JEFF: *Did you come all the way over here just to say that? You could have told me that on the phone in New York for a nickel.*

TOMMY: *No. I'll tell you why. She became so alive to me that I had to come back and see for myself that the place really wasn't here.*

JEFF: *It didn't work that way for me. It's so much like a dream now that I'd have to work hard to convince myself it happened at all.*

TOMMY: *There's the big difference between us.*

JEFF: *Tell me about it.*

TOMMY: *I found that sometimes what you believe in becomes more real to you than all the things you can explain away or understand. (He looks around for a moment) God! Why do people have to lose things to find out what they mean?*

JEFF: *Well, take a last look and let's start walking. I got lost around here once.*

*(He turns to move to exit, when suddenly singing is heard softly in the distance. It is the chorus singing)*

CHORUS:

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
Blooming under sable skies.  
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
There my heart forever lies,  
Let the world grow cold around us;  
Let the heavens cry above!  
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,  
In thy valley there'll be love!*

*(The singing continues under the following sequence. When it first starts, TOMMY and JEFF look at each other in bewilderment. Then suddenly MR. LUNDIE appears from the left. He is very sleepy. He walks half over to TOMMY, then stops and peers at him)*

MR. LUNDIE: *Tommy, lad! Ye! My, my! Ye mus' really love her! Ye woke me up! (TOMMY and JEFF just stare at him in astonishment) Come, lad. (He holds out his hand. TOMMY walks toward it as one in a trance) Ye shouldna be too surprised, lad. I told ye when ye love someone deeply anything is possible. (They start to walk off right. MR. LUNDIE stops and looks up at him) Even miracles.*

*(Just before they exit, TOMMY turns and looks back at JEFF, who stands looking at them in bewilderment. The chorus swells and TOMMY and MR. LUNDIE exit)*

Curtain

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