

ACT ONE
Scene 3

SCENE:

THE BROCKIE 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 US L of C, peculiar in that it looks like a rectangular mound. It is draped to the floor. DS R of C there is a simple, wooden arm rocking chair.

TIME:

Just past noon.

AT RISE:

JEFF and MEG are discovered on stage. JEFF is standing looking straight out in front of HIM. MEG is seated on cot. Curtains open medium fast. Scene change music out for dialogue.

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

Ay.

JEFF

(Comes front R of C.

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

(Rise - Yes to JEFF)

Ye mean ye're tired?

JEFF

'Ay, 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

Ay! Ye're very young.

JEFF

That is either a deliberate lie or wishful thinking.

(Yes to cot, front of MEG)

I am ancient, decrepit and disintegrating rapidly.

MEG

Ay?

(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.

JEFF

Uh-huh!

MEG

An' one day she was walkin' past this shed and 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 - bumps head again)

MEG

(Sits on cot)
Ye're sure ye're comfortable?

JEFF

Very.

(MEG leans over and stares down at
HIM. There is a moment of silence.
Then JEFF looks up and sees HER)

JEFF (Continued)

Thank you very much.

(Pause)

You've been more than kind.

(Sits up)

And now if you want to round out your generosity, buzz
off.

MEG

(Slapping JEFF)
Ye're a braw an' handsome lad.

JEFF

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?

(Rise)

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.

(Staying up)

MEG

A Russian?

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 on HIS side)

MEG

(Again slaps JEFF)

Ay, ye're a winnin' lad. A right winnin' lad.

JEFF

(Jumping up)

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.

(Sits - turns away quickly to avoid
another slap and wags finger at MEG)

MEG

An' when I look at ye lyin' on the cot I feel little
tadpoles jumpin' on my spine.

JEFF

(Sits up)

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 referrin' 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.

MEG
Ay, I've had a great many heartbreaks.

(The music begins under)

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

/97 "THE LOVE OF MY LIFE"

MEG
(Sings)
AT SIXTEEN YEARS I WAS BLUE AND SAD.
THEN FATHER SAID I SHOULD FIND A LAD.
SO I SET OUT TO BECOME A WIFE,