

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. Xes DL  
to stool near ACRHIE's booth)

Well, dinna be. If anybody's goin' to pity me, let it be me; trapped forever without ye in this...

(Sits facing JEAN)

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's got everythin'; school in Edinburgh an' now ye. An' I got nothin'.

ARCHIE

Harry, here, 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.

(HE rises takes material,  
turns and Xes toward R)

ARCHIE

An' why dinna ye pay attention to Maggie Anderson. Ye know she has a yearnin' for ye.



MR. MacLAREN

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. MacLAREN's outstretched hand,  
doesn't take it and turns to go)  
Wait a minute, lad.

HARRY

(Turning back)  
What for?

MR. MacLAREN

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  
everyone else in this town!  
(HE moves again to go)

MR. MacLAREN

(Holding HIM lightly by the arm)  
What is it, lad? Why do ye go about hating everybody?

HARRY

(Not bitterly at first, but  
almost pathetically)  
I couldna get through this day of seein' 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 everythin' an' everybody  
in this cursed town!

MR. MacLAREN

Ye'll never find any peace by hatin', 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 R carrying the Bible.  
As HE speaks, HE leaves it open  
on top of the crate)

CHARLIE

Well, all done!  
(Puts Bible on crate)  
Who was that?