

FIONA

A waistcoat for my father for the weddin'.

ARCHIE

Why, of course! Ye an' young Charlie Dalrymple are gettin' married this evenin', aren't ye, Miss Jean?

(HARRY exits R)

JEAN

(Sighing)

Ay, Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE

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

JEAN

Ay, Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE

Ye mus' be happy as a lark in the glen.

JEAN

Ay, Mr. Beaton.

FIONA

(Smiling)

As ye see, Mr. Beaton, Jean is a wee bit short of words today.

JEAN

Father says I shouldna talk too much. He says when I speak I sound so happy that he finds it annoyin'.

ARCHIE

Is that what ye said, Mr. MacLaren?

MR. MacLAREN

Ah I did, Archie, besides when a lass gets married...she mus' get used to listenin' and not talking...

ARCHIE

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

MR. MacLAREN

Archie, all maidens are good. So then tell me where all the bad wives come from.

(HE walks C, up to platform.

FIONA and JEAN go back to rummaging)

Friends!

(Comes up to rock platform UC.



HARRY enters SR1. EVERYONE turns  
his attention to MR. MacLAREN)

Mr. Lundie has written upon this parchment a few  
reminders.

(Shows parchment)

He asked me to hang it in the public square where ye  
all can see it...an' be reminded.

TOWNSFOLK

Ay!

MR. MacLAREN

This is the second day of our blessing. An' this is  
to remind ye of the the obligations we have so greatly  
accepted.

TOWNSFOLK

Ay!

(ALL start to disperse)

MR. MacLAREN

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

(HE walks USR and tacks the parchment  
on side of hut high up right back. A  
few gather around and read it. HE  
pauses and engages in quiet conversation  
with citizens as FIONA turns back to  
ARCHIE's booth)

ARCHIE

(Good-humoredly, to FIONA)

Your father likes to take charge o' things, doesn't he,  
Miss Fiona!

(HARRY crosses below stool,  
SC, to JEAN)

FIONA

(Smiling)

Ay! Expecially after everything'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 thru stock in the booth)

JEAN

(Turning around)

Hello, Harry.