

Mr. Lundie

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

FIONA: Aye , sir.

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. 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. I dinna suppose ye have such women in your world.

TOMMY: Witches?

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

MR. LUNDIE: Now here in Brigadoon we had an old minister of the kirk named Mr. Forsythe. 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. Finally, 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 return jus' as it were for one day every hundred years. An' when we awoke the next day, it was a hundred years later.

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

MR. LUNDIE: Aye.

JEFF: What happened to the minister?

MR. LUNDIE: We ne'er saw him again.

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

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 'til 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. O, there must be lots of folk out there, searchin' for a Brigadoon.