

Jane:

Tommy, why didn't you write me? And why didn't you wire me that 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. But you didn't. I told our real estate agent you'd call him. Please do. I'm trying so hard to arrange everything for the wedding. Do you still want Jeff to stand up for you? (He nods.) It's just that he's so impossible these days. Everybody is bored to death with him. You've certainly been anti-social since you returned from Scotland. If you really *want* to avoid everybody, why don't we take the house our agent found? It's far away and right on top of a high, beautiful hill... (Tommy dazes off.) You have some nerve! After all this time I've waited for you and tried to be patient and put up with your idiotic whims and temperaments? I think you're going clean out of your mind! And if you think someone else is going to put up with your nonsense and disregard, you're raving mad! So think *that* over, Tommy Albright, when you're all alone!

Tommy:

How are you, Jeff? I've been up on a farm in New Hampshire since we got back from Scotland. You know, I wonder if I *want* to get married to Jane, Jeff. I'm in love with someone else, and I...*canna*...get over it. 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 anymore. I'm a few thousand miles away with...with her. Then I slowly drift 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... It's just easier to be alone. (Now Jeff has left, and Tommy's just broken up with his fiancé, Jane. He's on the phone.) Hello? Room 732 please! Jeff? Are you sober? I want to go back to Scotland. I said 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, do you hear, I *want* to go!

Harry:

Here, Mr. MacLaren. I've...I've brought your waistcoat. Please, don't ask me to take your hand. I know you're not meaning to be my enemy, but ye are. An' so is everyone else in this town! I couldna get through this day of seein' her marry someone else if I didna hate everybody. What else can I do? What could *anyone* do but hate when you realize your life doesna mean a damn?! I canna leave here... I'm trapped. I canna go to the University and make something of myself. And I canna have Jean. So there's nothing left to do but hate everythin', an' everybody, in this cursed town. Aye, I know. To the rest of you, tis a blessed place. Well, ye can keep it...and your pity. If anybody's going to pity me, let it be me...trapped forever without Jean in this...peasant village.

Meg:

My father and mother met in this shed. Ye see, she was a gypsy. 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. (smiles at him) You're a braw and handsome lad. I'd just hate to leave ye. Do ye have a wife? (No.) Aye, ye're a right winning lad. A right winning lad. Dinna ye see? I'm highly attracted to ye. An' when I look at ye lyin' on the cot I feel wee tadpoles jumpin' on my spine. (He looks repulsed.) Oh! Ye men are all alike! Ye're all brutes! I thought ye were interested in me an' that's why ye let me take ye here. Ye misled me! Ye're a lad. And I'm a lass. Ye're supposed to propose to me. Ay! I've had a great many heartbreaks!

Mr. Lundie:

What happened in Brigadoon was a miracle, an' most folk dinna believe in miracles. Miracles require faith, an' faith seems to be dead... Now this miracle happened...let's see...what's today? 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. They were indeed horrible, destructive women. I dinna suppose you have such women in your world? Oh, you pronounce it differently? Now, it didna matter that there were not *real* sorcerers, because ye and I know there is no such thing. But their influence was very real indeed. Our minister, Mr. Forsythe, began to wonder if there wasn't something 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. Then one day he came to me and told me that he'd decided to ask God for a miracle.

Jeff:

Maybe we took the high road instead of the low road, and that's why we're lost. (takes out a flask) Would you like a drink? No? Good. That leaves more for me. I know I told you I was going to cut down on this stuff, 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, and I'm happier. But you're not happy in love. I don't understand it. You've got a fine job and you're engaged to a fine girl, and you're lost in a fine forest. What more could you want in a girl? 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. Enough to make you happy and not enough to embarrass your friends. Now, don't start talking yourself into an inferiority complex. You don't deserve it. Most of my friends who have inferiority complexes are absolutely right; they're *not* as good as everyone else, but someone like you? Forget it!

Fiona:

No! Wait! Please. We dinna mean to act so strangely. We're jus' a wee bit taken aback. People dinna come to Brigadoon verra often... If ye've been walkin' all night, ye mus' be tired an' hungry. Winna ye like some foot to eat an' perhaps a place t' lie down afore ye start back for...the Americas? Oh! My name is Fiona MacLaren. How do ye do, sir? There's a little tavern on the next street where ye can get some food. (He asks her where the nearest phone might be.) A...phone? No, I dinna think we have a...phone. (Trying to distract him...) Ah! Here's Charlie, the merry bridegroom himself! Ay! He's marryin' my sister this evenin'. Charlie, this is Tommy Albright. He an' his friend, Jeff, jus' happened in a little while ago. Well, I mus' buy some claret an' ale for the weddin' supper tonight. Tommy, come with me an' ye can have a dram of ale, an' we'll toast to m'sister's happy marriage.