

THE GLACE BAY MINERS' MUSEUM

A Play

by Wendy Lill

(based on the novel by Sheldon Currie)

Rehearsal script - Neptune 1997

Production History: The Glace Bay Miners' Museum was first co-produced by Eastern Front Theatre and Ship's Company Theatre in August, 1995 at Ships Company Theatre in Passboro Nova Scotia and subsequently at The Dunn Theatre in Halifax in September. The cast was:

MARGARET
GRANDPA
CATHERINE
IAN
NEIL

Mary Colin-Chisolm
Peter Elliott
Niki Lipman
Ross Manson
Hugh Thompson

Director
Set Design
Lighting Design
Costume Design
Music

Mary Vingoe
Stephen Britton Osler
Michael Fuller
Gay Hauser
Ian McKinnon, Jeff Panting of
Rawlins Cross
Paul Cram
Johanne Pomrenski

Additional Music
Stage Manager

A shortened version of The Glace Bay Miners' Museum was produced for CBC Radio in 1991, directed by Paula Danckert.

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"Margaret, are you grieving?....."

from Spring and Fall
by Gerald Manley Hopkins

CHARACTERS:

Margaret MacNeil
Catherine MacNeil
Ian MacNeil
Grandpa
Neil Currie

SETTING:

Glace Bay Cape Breton.

The Glace Bay Miners' Museum is a memory play.

LX 1 (PRESET UP) _____ → GO
BEFORE GIVING HOUSE TO F.O.H.

STANDBY.

LX: HOUSE TO V2 (8c)
HOUSE OUT (5c)
LX 2 (PRESET OUT) COMPLETE
LX 3 (SCENE UP - SL REVOLVES)

SQ: 1, 2

ASM: ACTORS (MARGARET + NEIL)
ACTOR GO (MARGARET)
ACTOR SET (MARGARET ON SL REVOLVES)

SQ 1, STOPWATCH → GO
HOUSE GIVEN FROM F.O.H.

HOUSE TO 1/2 → GO
2 SECONDS INTO SQ 1

HOUSE OUT → GO
10 SECONDS INTO SQ 1.

LX 2 (PRESET OUT) → GO
15 SECONDS INTO SQ 1

MARGARET → GO
LX 2 COMPLETE (B.O. ON STAGE)

LX 3, SQ 2 → GO
MARGARET SET.

(LX 3 10s)

ACT ONE

A house on the ocean near Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island. There is the sound of waves slapping softly at the shore. Margaret is looking out the window over the ocean. She begins singing a Gaelic air.

MARGARET Suilean dubha dubha dubh
Suilean dubh aig m'eudail
Suilean dubha dubha dubh
Cuin' a thig thu cheilidh.....

Margaret switches to a bawdy Cape Breton ditty.

MARGARET Balls to yer partner back against the wall
If you can't get shagged on Saturday night
You'll never get shagged at all!

She stops singing and goes over to a table and picks up a teapot.

MARGARET

Here is the teapot from the house at Reserve. Here is the teapot that steeped the tea that went down the hatch and warmed the guts of all the poor buggers that went down the hole at the Glace Bay mines. God bless them all. And over there, are their cans and their lamps, their boots and the likes... More in the other room. And while you're in there take a minute to stop at the window and look out - If it weren't for that little stretch of water out there you could see right clear over to the Isle of Sky. That's what Neil used to say. Just take a look around. Don't be shy. There's lots to see. Look and ye shall see.

STANDBY
HX 4, 5, 6, 7.
SQ: 2A, 3, 3A.
4.

The first time I ever saw the bugger, I thought to myself, him as big as he is, me as small as I felt, if he was astraddle on the road, naked, I could walk under him without a hair touching. That's what I thought. I was sitting alone at the White Rose Cafe, wishing my girlfriend Marie would come by but knowing she wouldn't. None of the boys would sit with me and none of the girls either cause the boys wouldn't. For one thing I had a runny nose. If a boy walked home with me, they'd say things like "I see you're taking out snot-face these days. Don't forget to kiss her on the back of her head."

The other reason no one would sit with me was because I screwed a couple of boys when I was little. I didn't know you weren't supposed to and I didn't REALLY screw either of them 'cause they didn't know how to do it and it was too late before I could tell them, although, God knows, I knew little enough myself of the little there is to know. They didn't walk home with me after. Neither one. But they told everybody I was a whore. So I was not only a

~~HX 4 SQ 2A+3~~
LINES
HX 5 SQ 3A
M STEPS OFF SL REVOLVE
HX 6
M ABOUT TO X SL

WXI : Lose SL REVOLV
BRIGHTEN CAFE.

whore, but a snot-nosed whore. Marie was the only one who didn't care about any of that stuff and when she wasn't around to talk to I spent a lot of time staring at my little hands. ↑

SQ 4
LWE.

The sounds of the White Rose Cafe begin. Dishes clacking, voices, silverware. Margaret is now 21. It is 1947.

WAITRESS (offstage) Two chips and eggs, over easy...coffee...

MARGARET So, I was sitting alone in the last booth at the White Rose Cafe right by the kitchen and the washroom when this giant of a man with a box in his hand came bearing down the aisle looking left and right and he kept on coming til he got to my booth and saw there was nobody there but me with my lovely long hair. ↑ When he stood there holding his box, before he said anything, I thought to myself I wish he'd pick me up and put me in his shirt pocket.

NEIL Can I put this here on your table?

MARGARET Suit yourself.

NEIL Can I sit down, then?

MARGARET Suit yourself again.

NEIL All right, I will.

Neil places the box on the table, eases himself into the booth. He lays his hands out in front of him. Margaret squirms about, trying to avoid his gaze and his knees beneath the table.

NEIL That your knee?

MARGARET Yeh. Where d'you think I keep them when I'm sitting down?

Neil laughs.

NEIL Do you want something?

MARGARET I already had something.

NEIL Would you like something else?

MARGARET I don't have any more money.

STANDBY

SQ: 5, 3B.

NEIL I'd like to buy you a bite to eat if you don't mind.

MARGARET Why?

NEIL You still look like you're a bit hungry. What do you want?

MARGARET I'll have a cup of tea and an order of chips.

NEIL I'll have the same.

Neil looks around.

MARGARET She's out back having a smoke.

When Neil turns to get the attention of the waitress, Margaret grabs the metal napkin dispenser and inspects her face, wipes some dirt from her cheek and tries to tidy her hair.

50.5
LINE
NEIL (calls) Two orders of chips and tea please. ↗

Then he turns back and looks at Margaret.

WAITRESS (hollers order out offstage) Two orders of chips and tea for snot-nose and her friend.

50.38
N STAYS SINGING
Margaret embarrassed, tries coughing to mask the waitress's remark. Neil has had a few to drink. He begins singing a low Gaelic song then breaks off.

NEIL You like that song?

MARGARET (offhand) It's all right.

Margaret jumps up, comes back with the food. She lays out the plates and the tea, nervously. Neil watches her.

MARGARET Pass me that ketchup. Please.

Neil passes it.

MARGARET Thank you. Will you pass the sugar too. Please.

Neil passes it, still watching her. Margaret stirs her tea.

MARGARET So why are you looking at me? Haven't you ever seen a girl with a runny nose before?

NEIL Not since my sister. Makes me feel right at home. She's got the red hair oo. Maybe they go together.

MARGARET Is that so?

Margaret watches in wonder as he throws back his head and laughs. Then he looks back at her.

NEIL Yeh. That's so. So what do you think?

MARGARET I think you're the biggest son of a bitch I ever saw.

NEIL Know what I think?

MARGARET What?

NEIL I think you're the smallest son of a bitch I ever saw. And all of this rain, what do you think of that?

MARGARET I don't mind it. Kind of like it.

NEIL And the fog?

MARGARET That too. It's kind of cozy.

NEIL Yes it is. Do you come here often?

MARGARET Every week at this same exact time. After I finish cleaning MacDonald's house.

NEIL And what's your name?

MARGARET Margaret MacNeil.

NEIL Well now, Miss MacNeil, it's been a pleasure meeting you. Perhaps we'll meet again.

MARGARET Suit yourself.

NEIL I will. My name is Neil Currie.

Neil gets up to leave. Margaret doesn't want him to.

MARGARET So what have you got in that big ugly box?

NEIL Well have a look.

Neil opens the box and proudly inspects the parts of a set of bagpipes. Margaret stares at them.

MARGARET What in God's earth is that?

NEIL (amazed) You've never seen bagpipes before!

MARGARET Sure I have.

NEIL Then what are these? (He holds up the pipes)

MARGARET A bunch of brown sticks.

NEIL And this?

MARGARET It's a stupid looking plaid bag!

NEIL You've never clapped your eyes on bagpipes! I can tell by that stunned look on your face!

MARGARET Drop dead!

NEIL You name's Margaret MacNeil and you've never seen a set of pipes!

MARGARET And I sure haven't missed them...so get out of here and leave me in alone!

NEIL Oh I don't know.

Neil begins to assemble his bagpipes.

MARGARET What the hell are you doing?

NEIL I'm putting it all together and then I'm going to play you a tune.

MARGARET (looks around uneasily) I don't know about that mister[↑]

Neil starts up the beginning snarls and squeals of the bagpipes. MARGARET covers her ears. Neil starts to play.

STANDBY

SQ: 6, 7.

SQ 6

N HIT ABOUT TO HIT BAGPIPES

OWNER (O.S) Get that goddamn fiddle out of here!

NEIL (protests) Just a minute!

OWNER (O.S) No minute! Get out of here! Get out! Get out! Get out!

Neil puts down the pipes, rolls up his sleeves to get ready to fight. Margaret jumps up.

MARGARET I wouldn't do it. He's big.

NEIL I'm ready! [↑]

NEIL bounds off in the direction of the kitchen. The SOUND of a struggle ensues.

OWNER (O.S) And don't come back!

NEIL comes hurtling through the air towards Margaret, lands in front of her.

MARGARET You silly bugger. Are you hurt?

NEIL My ears hurt and my pride's hurt. (hollers towards the kitchen) That's no way to treat a war hero!

MARGARET (helping him up) Some hero.

NEIL (mutter) "One thing I thought a Chinaman would never have the nerve to do is criticize another man's music!

MARGARET That's not music. That's what a cat sounds like when he gets his tail caught in the screen door.

NEIL That's no way for a MacNeil to be talking.

MARGARET Serve's you right. Try standing up.

NEIL If I wasn't drunk, I'd go back in there and get the shit kicked out of me again.

MARGARET Where do you live?

NEIL I have a room down on Brookside.

MARGARET Want me to walk you down?

SQ 7

N EXITED THRU
SR DOOR

NX8: TRANSLATION
2C.

NX9: SHACK ↑
DIM.
3C

STANDBY

LX: 8, 9

NEIL Where do you live?

MARGARET Reserve.

NEIL You live with your father and mother?

MARGARET I live with my mother and grandfather. My father got killed in the pit. I gotta go. I need to get home before bingo. And my brother Ian too.

NEIL In a company house?

MARGARET In a two room shack my father built that you can't even turn around in. He said he had to work in the goddamn company mine but he didn't have to live in a goddamn company house with god-only-knows who in the next half.

NEIL Your father was right.

MARGARET My mom said he was too mean to pay the rent. But only when he wasn't around to hear it. Then he got killed.

NEIL I'll see you home. Sober me up. Perhaps you could make us some tea.

MARGARET Well if you promise to keep that thing in the box. ↗

SQ: 8, 9
SR+SL REVOLVES
(CLOCKWISE)

STRIKE CAFE
DOOR

LX 8 SQ 8
LINE

Margaret and Neil exit.

~~SR+SL REVOLVES CAFE DOOR~~
~~M+N OFF SR REVOLVE EXITING SR~~

LX 9 SQ 9
REVOLVES COMPLETE

Lights up on The Shack.

IAN sits at the kitchen table reading the Glace Bay Gazette Steel Worker and Miner's News, his boots and can in front of him. GRANDPA is playing darts, just missing CATHERINE as she walks by. Catherine is always straightening, always cleaning, obviously bothered by the PRESENCE of these two other beings in her space.

CATHERINE Where is that girl? Probably in a fight with somebody. I asked her to get me some thread and buttons. Where in the hell is she? Move you boots. Move your can. I'm trying to make tea for your grandpa before I get out of here.

Ian moves his boots but not his can.

CATHERINE And move that too! Why doesn't your grand and glorious union get you lockers to put all your stuff in?

IAN We have more important things to think about.

CATHERINE Is that so?

Grandpa scribbles something in his notebook, bangs his slipper on the table, shoves the notebook out into the air to no one in particular.

CATHERINE See what your grandfather wants.

Ian gets up and takes the scribbler, reads.

IAN "Where is my tea?"

CATHERINE Don't get your shirt in a knot. I'm doing my best. Your father told me he'd build me a pantry but he never got around to it. "Too busy talking to the demerara." And Charlie Dave would've done it but before he could put his mind to it, Maggie June came along and had him building shelves in their own little square yard of space. So, I never got my pantry. It would have been nice to have it in time for the wake. I remember every woman there trying to cram in here to see what my kitchen looked like. It was their big chance to finally get a look at one of the shacks. Straining like a bunch of piglets to get past their men and into my kitchen to see what I could possibly have in here. But I held my head high. It was clean. It served the purpose. The wife of the mine manager, Mrs. MacDougall herself, said you should have had it at the hall dear as if to say to spare you the embarrassment - but I wasn't embarrassed. I shot right back at her - "It does the job. It was good enough for him to live in and it's good enough for him to be dead in."

Grandma waves his scribbler about.

CATHERINE What now?

Ian takes the notebook, reads.

IAN "Did you pay the light bill?"

LXII: ADD STACK (SUMP).
SWAP.

STANDBY

LX: 10

VISUAL

CATHERINE

Yes, I paid it. I took my little pot of gold down to the office and paid it. And then their men...I'm convinced not one of them went to the toilet before he came. They had to use the outhouses of all our neighbours. They said they didn't mind but those that didn't have them sitting over old bootleg pits were worried they were going to get overfull. The honey man must have had quite the week of work after that wake.

↳ Grandpa writes something else, hands it to Ian.

IAN

(reads) "Then turn on some lights."

LX 10
CATHERINE turns on a light ↗

CATHERINE

Is there anything else I can do for your highness?

Grandpa scribbles something, hands it to Ian.

IAN

"Your dress is ripped under the arm."

CATHERINE

Well! Thank you for telling me. I'm waiting for Margaret to bring me some thread so I can fix it. Where is she? I'm going to miss the first card.

IAN

She probably went into the movie to get out of the rain.

CATHERINE

Well why don't you go see if you can find her?

IAN

And what if I find her? She won't come home with me. Probably make a big scene in the movie theatre. I don't need that.

CATHERINE

He doesn't need that. I'll fix it when I can.

Grandpa hands Catherine his notebook, she reads.

CATHERINE

(reads) "You don't have to holler at me. I'm not deaf."

I know you're not deaf. (Catherine throws up her hands in exasperation) How do I live in this place with the lot of you - him scribbling at me, her sliding around out there like a stray cat. And then there's you... with your head screwed on backwards.

IAN

What do you mean?

CATHERINE

I cleaned the MacDougall's house yesterday. Minnie was sick so I did it for her as well as my own. Well it's quite the place. Were you ever in it?

I bet the kitchen's as big as your Union hall. With an electric stove and an electric fridge and an electric toaster and an electric clock humming away - everything hums. And shiny. Everything is so shiny. How in God's name can you keep anything shiny?

IAN It's upwind from the pit.

CATHERINE I guess so. Everything matches everything else. The kitchen curtains are made of the same material as the over mitts and the tea-cozy. And while I was taking all of that in, I walked your heartthrob Peggy and wouldn't you know, she wearing a dress of the same stuff. What do you make of it?

IAN I don't know. Maybe they got a big bolt of the stuff from the co-op.

CATHERINE That stuff didn't come from any co-op store. The colours are too bright. Minnie says it came from Montreal and that it costs a fortune.

IAN (getting up) I gotta go mom.

CATHERINE And do you think you would be able to afford the likes of that for her highness Peggy with what you make in the pit? Well you can't. Even if your union gets the raise - which it won't.

IAN We'll get the raise.

CATHERINE Even so it wouldn't be enough to buy what she's got.

IAN (irritated) For the love of Jesus, who's talking about buying bolts of cloth?

CATHERINE Who's taking out the mine manager's daughter?

IAN I walked her home from the dance. That's all.

CATHERINE You were down at Dominion beach with her all day Saturday. Margaret told me.

IAN Margaret's a snitch.

CATHERINE You're either taking out the mine manager's daughter or you're thick with the union. You're either one or the other. Where is your head?

Margaret and Neil enter, soaking wet. Catherine is visibly impressed with Neil's size and stature. Ian notices.

CATHERINE (sarcastic) Well thank you for coming!

MARGARET I'm not late. It's only two minutes to eight.

CATHERINE You got my thread?

MARGARET Oh God! I knew I forgot something!

CATHERINE What did I expect?

MARGARET I'm sorry.

CATHERINE Well sure you're sorry. And who's this you dragged in out of the rain?

MARGARET This is Neil, Neil Currie.

NEIL How do you do.

CATHERINE Where'd you find him?

MARGARET In the Bay.

CATHERINE He looks a bit rough.

MARGARET He got in a fight. I'm gonna clean him up.

CATHERINE You from the Bay?

NEIL No, I just came.

CATHERINE Where from?

NEIL St. Andrew's Channel.

CATHERINE Never heard of it. You working in the pit? You look like you could use a shovel.

NEIL I was. I started but they fired me.

IAN Why'd they fire you?

NEIL Well I wouldn't talk English to the foreman.

CATHERINE You an Eyetalian?

NEIL No, I was using the Gaelic. Like our Ancestors.

IAN I heard about that.

NEIL What did you hear?

IAN Just yesterday, up at #10. I heard there was a guy down in Lingan bellowing at the top of his lungs. The word was he'd snapped..

NEIL I was the sanest one there.

IAN (studying him) Well I don't imagine you need to talk English to dig coal. If that's all it was about, I'll bring it up at the union meeting tonight.

NEIL Don't bother. I was going to quit anyway.

IAN How come?

NEIL I got no use for it.

IAN Is that so?

NEIL That's so. Burrowing underground is a good job for worms.

IAN Is that so?

NEIL And unions just to trick poor suckers into thinking they got some say in things.

IAN Then why 'd you bother going down to begin with?

NEIL Why'd you take your first drink? All your buddies were doing it. And I needed the money. I just got back from overseas.

CATHERINE (new respect) You're a vet.

NEIL That's right.

CATHERINE Well it's a bloody disgrace. We sent you off to fight for a new world, a new heaven, a new earth and you're back and your choice is the pit or relief.

NEIL I won't take relief.

CATHERINE Get this man some tea Margie. And get him a pair of your father's pants.

MARGARET You might as well keep them. They don't fit anyone else around here.

CATHERINE Well, I'm going to bingo. Come on Ian or you'll be late for your meeting.

Catherine gestures towards Grandpa who has fallen asleep.

CATHERINE Don't forget your ancestor over there Margie. I thumped him about an hour ago.

MARGARET Okay mom. Hope you win it.

CATHERINE Me too.

Catherine and Ian leave. Margaret gets a wet cloth, starts wiping Neil's face.

NEIL Ouch!

MARGARET Serves you right.

Neil tries to pull her close to him. She pulls away.

MARGARET If you kept your hands to yourself, you wouldn't get in so much trouble.

NEIL I know that. Wouldn't have as much fun either.

Neil looks over at the sleeping Grandpa.

NEIL What's the matter with him? Why do you have to thump him?

MARGARET He's got something wrong with his lungs. Every hour or two he can't breathe and we have to pound him on the back.

Neil picks up one of Grandpa's scribblers from the table, opens it.

NEIL (reads) Thump my back. Dinner. Beer. Water. Piss Pot. Ask the priest to come. Time to go now father. I have to get me thump. No, Ian'll do it."

NY 11 - add Bedroom
3¢

NY: 12 add more
stock LK
1¢

NY 13 - lose Bedroom
3¢

MARGARET

He doesn't talk. He used to talk but it hurt him to talk after he came home from the hospital with his lung problem so he just quit doing it. I don't know if it got better or not because he never tried again; same as he quit walking after he got out of breath once from it. He took to writing notes. I gotta go change my clothes.

LX 11
M off SL REVOLVE

Margaret exits. Light up on the tiny room next to the kitchen which Margaret shares with her mother. She goes to the mirror, slaps on some of her mother's powder and lipstick, a brush through her hair.

NEIL

So does the poor old fellow just sit here all day?

MARGARET

No, he chases the girls down on Dominion beach. Of course he just sits there!

NEIL

Does he ever go out?

MARGARET

No. He hates sun. That's why the curtains are closed. After working in the pit so long, it hurt his eyes. He mostly just sleeps like the old tomcat.

NEIL

(softly, looking at the sleeping old man) No wonder. Look at this place.

STANDBY
LX: 12

LX 12
N opens Curtains

Neil goes and opens up the windows. Light pours in. Grandpa snorts, goes back to sleep.

NEIL

Well old man, I guess you're it eh? This is where we got to.

MARGARET

(calls out) What are you talking about?

NEIL

Oh nothing. I'm just talking to myself.

Neil looks closely at Grandpa's scribbles.

NEIL

Do you know that under all his scribbles are...it looks like someone's written a diary...some of it's in Gaelic. Looks like he's just written right over them.

MARGARET

(calls out) That's probably what he did. They must have been his mother's. When he stopped talking, he probably just hauled them out.

NEIL

I wouldn't mind reading them some time.

MARGARET

(calls out) Help yourself. We use them for under hot plates and for fly swatters.

STANDBY
LX: 13
SQ: 10

SQ 10
N ARE GOING TO HIT BAGPIPE

LX 13
M OFF SL REVOLVE

Neil opens his bagpipe case and starts assembling his bagpipes. Margaret yanks off her dress and begins digging around in a drawer for something prettier. She picks out a dress, shakes out the wrinkles. Neil begins to play. Grandpa startles, starts to wake. Margaret, with her dress half on, comes running out.

MARGARET Are you out of your brain? I told you to leave that thing in the box.

She sticks her fingers over the bagpipe holes.

NEIL What are you doing?

MARGARET I'm plugging up the holes. You're making too much noise.

NEIL Your dress is falling off.

Margaret, embarrassed, finishes doing up her dress. She notices grandpa is awake. His breathing is heavy, laboured.

MARGARET You woke him up!

NEIL So? It's time everybody woke up!

Margaret goes over to Grandpa, rearranges his blanket.

MARGARET Grandpa? You alright? Want your thump?

Grandpa shakes his head, scribbles in notebook.

NEIL What does he want?

MARGARET Probably wants you to clear right out.

Margaret looks at the notebook.

MARGARET Well, Christ in harness!

Grandpa thumps his slipper in disapproval.

→ MARGARET I know I know, watch my tongue. .

NEIL What did he write?

MARGARET (reads) "Tell him to play some more"

STANDBY
SQ: 11

Neil laughs, goes over to Grandpa and bows.

SQ 11

N ARM GOING UP

NEIL I would be honoured to sir. ↑

TO HIT BAGPIPE

Neil plays a short happy tune. Grandpa's head bobs along with it.

NEIL So what does that sound like?

MARGARET Two happy hens fighting over a bean.

NEIL (to Grandpa) Do you like that?

Grandpa nods.

NEIL Do you know that tune?

Grandpa hesitates then nods again.

NEIL I thought you would.

Neil starts to play again, this time a gentle soothing tune. Grandpa slowly falls off to sleep again. Margaret relaxes in a chair against the wall, her toes tapping. She closes her eyes, her body relaxing, her knees falling open. Neil stops playing and comes over and leans down and kisses her. Margaret puts her two feet up on his chest and tries to push him away but nothing happens. They remain there, his chest against her feet, Neil looking up her leg.

NEIL Did you know you got a hole in your underwear?

MARGARET Frig off.

NEIL What's the matter with you?

MARGARET With me? Just because you play that thing doesn't mean you can jump me.

NEIL Well why not? You looked like you were ready.

Neil runs his hand down Margaret's leg. Margaret jumps up and away from him.

MARGARET Frig off!

NEIL Fair enough. I won't jump you 'til we're married.

MARGARET Married? Who'd marry you? You're nothing but a god-damn Currie.

NEIL (laughs) And why wouldn't you marry a god-damn Currie?

MARGARET Because they come into your house, play a few snarls on their pipes and they think you'll marry them for that.

NEIL I'll tell you what. I'll play for you every night until you think you're ready. I'll even make you a song of your own.

MARGARET What kind of song?

NEIL I don't know. We'll wait and see what I can make. I got to know more about you first.

MARGARET I want a song in English that a person can understand so I'll be sure what it's saying.

NEIL Fair enough. I'll make you two. One to sing and one to guess at. What would you like for the singing one?

MARGARET How should I know?

NEIL Well, what's the happiest thing in your life or the saddest.

MARGARET They're both the same. My brother. Not the one living here now. He's just someone to put up with along with everything else. I mean my older brother Charlie Dave.

NEIL What do you like about him?

MARGARET He used to fight for me, wouldn't let anybody call me names. He could clean anybody's clock in Reserve.

NEIL Where's he now?

MARGARET He got killed in the pit with my father.

NEIL How old was he?

MARGARET 16.

NEIL Jesus! He couldn't have been in the pit very long.

LX 14. TRANSITION
2c

LX 15 - SITACU - DAWN
7c

MARGARET Not even a year. He started working with my grandfather just before he quit for his lungs. Then he started with my father. Then he got killed.

NEIL Tell me more about him.

MARGARET Why should I?

NEIL 'Cause I'm gonna write a song about him.

MARGARET He was good in school but he got married so he had to go to work. He didn't even have a chance to see their baby.

NEIL What happened to his wife?

MARGARET What do you think happened to her? Nothing! She had the baby. A sweet baby. He's eight now. They live up in the Rows. In a company house. With her mother and her sister. It's time for you to clear out. I'm tired of your questions and your racket. (Margaret blows her nose) My mother knew it was going to happen.

NEIL How did she know?

MARGARET Women know! They just know. Now pack up your sticks and leave.

NEIL Okay I'll go. But I'll be back again and I'll play to you every night 'til you're ready.

MARGARET I won't hold my breath.

Neil kisses Margaret lightly on the lips. Then leaves.

MARGARET (to audience) But I did hold my breath and I near died a happiness!

The next morning. Dawn. A roster calls. The sound of bagpipes begins in the distance, coming closer. Catherine and Margaret are asleep in the bedroom. Ian is in the daybed and Grandpa in his chair. They all begin to stir.

CATHERINE What in hell...

IAN (semi-sleep) What's happening? Has the roof caved in?

STANDBY
HX: 14, 15,
SQ: 12, 13, 14
auto: 14A

HX 14 SQ 12
LINE
SQ 13
M IN BED (SL)

HX 15 SQ 14 amb 14A
3 BEATS AFTER
ABOVE CALLED

Catherine gets up, opens the curtain. First light shines in.

CATHERINE For the love of God. Will you look at that.

Ian grabs his pants.

IAN What is it? What time is it?

He joins her at the window.

IAN Jesus Christ!

CATHERINE Even the chickens are diving for cover. And he's got a string of kids running after him like he was the pied piper.

MARGARET And he's heading this way!

CATHERINE He must be nuts.

IAN Well he's not coming in here at this hour or any hour.

MARGARET And who are you to say?

IAN I pay the bills here.

MARGARET Oh yeah? Big deal, big talk, big head. You don't pay all the bills.

IAN That's right - you two pay for the tea.

CATHERINE Will you listen to that thing. He's making enough noise to raise the dead. I haven't heard those things since...

Catherine turns, looks around.

CATHERINE Will you look at this place!

Grandpa starts to bang his slipper in excitement. Catherine starts straightening things.

IAN What's the matter with it?

MARGARET Where's my hairbrush?

IAN Why do you want your hairbrush?

STANDBY

LX: 16

K+16

C ENTERS BEDROOM

MARGARET You never know. (Jokingly) He might ask me to get married.

IAN (snorts derisively) Why would he want to marry a dog?

MARGARET Well I'd rather be a dog than a dog's arsehole which is what you are.

CATHERINE Stop it you two.

MARGARET Where is my hairbrush?

IAN A total stranger arrives at six in the morning playing the bagpipes and you're all...

Grandpa bangs his slipper, points in the direction of her hairbrush. Margaret goes over and kisses him, grabs her hairbrush. Ian sees the excitement in his grandfather's eyes.

IAN Oh for the love of God. You'd think the Messiah himself was about to arrive.

The sound of the bagpipes arrive at the door then stop. There's a knock. They all stand looking at it.

MARGARET He's here.

CATHERINE Well answer it.

Margaret opens it.

MARGARET Hello.

NEIL Good morning Margaret. I've come for a visit.

Neil pulls a bouquet of flowers from his pack, hands them to Catherine.

NEIL Some flowers for you Mrs. MacNeil.

Catherine takes the flowers, speechless.

NEIL You look lovely this morning, Margaret.

MARGARET Thank you.

NEIL And good morning to you too, Ian.

Then Neil goes over and takes off his cap to Grandpa, shakes his hand.

NEIL And to you sir. A good morning.

Grandpa waves his scribbler about eagerly.

NEIL (reads) "Do you know Guma slan to na ferriv chy harish achun?"

MARGARET What's that?

NEIL It's "My Blessings To The Men Who Went Across The Sea."
(to Grandpa) Yes I do and I'll be glad to play that for you...if you'll pay me back with a story.

Grandpa hesitates, then nods.

IAN So what do your parents do up there in that place... St. Andrew's Channel?

NEIL They're farmers.

IAN Is that so? What kind of farm?

NEIL They grow vegetables. They raise cattle.

MARGARET Sounds like something you'd like Ian. You're so fond of animals. He's been dragging poor animals home since he was this high. The weirder the better. Salamanders, turtles, snakes, bugs. I came in once and caught him kissing a mouse. Charlie Dave was out playing hockey and he was in here kissing mice.

IAN Oh stop your yapping.

MARGARET Mr. Kiss-a-mouse.

IAN Yap, yap, yap!

MARGARET The next time I see Peggy I'm going to tell her you like kissing mice too.

CATHERINE Tea Margaret, tea!

IAN So why didn't you go back there when the war ended?

NEIL I wanted to but there wasn't any land left. I had seven brother and two sisters.

IAN The boys all farmers.

NEIL Nope. One of them's a teacher. One of them's a doctor.

IAN A doctor?

Ian would have loved to have been a doctor.

NEIL Three of us were mucking about in the war.

IAN Three of you fought in the war?

NEIL Two of us didn't come back.

MARGARET Jesus!

CATHERINE Your poor mother. War is worse than the mines.

MARGARET The war'd be over before Ian even got to it. He's got to know everything first.

CATHERINE Stop it Margie.

MARGARET And he's not a fighter anyways.

IAN Would you shut your mouth.

MARGARET Charlie Dave jumped at the chance of a fight. He woulda been there in a second if he could.

CATHERINE Oh for the love of God.

MARGARET Charlie Dave loved it when someone stole my mitts. Then he'd wade in and beat the shit right out of them. But not our Ian. He's a mouse kissing mama's boy.

IAN And you're a snot-nosed whore!

NEIL Wait a minute! You can't call her that!

IAN And you can get out of my house!

Ian and Neil's fists go up and they start circling each other.

CATHERINE Now look what you've done.

MARGARET Isn't it exciting?

CATHERINE You nitwit.

MARGARET Come on mom. When was the last excitement we had around here?

CATHERINE I guess the wake.

Grandpa bangs his shoe on the table, shoves a notebook at Margaret.

MARGARET What?

She reads, then grudgingly steps between Ian and Neil.

MARGARET Grandpa's got a story for you.

Grandpa bangs his slipper again.

MARGARET (reluctantly) Do you want to hear it?

NEIL Yes, I do.

MARGARET There was this fellow worked in the pit named Spider MacDougall who only wanted to do two thing in life - work in the pit and snare rabbits. Until one day, Madeline Boyd caught up with him on his trapline and taught him how to do something else. After they'd done it, he told her that he'd never heard of it before except with rabbits and dogs. They had fifteen kids after that.

NEIL What happened to him?

MARGARET Spider got so sick of the pit he went funny one night and burned down the Company store. They threw him in jail where he died.

NEIL That's a sad story.

MARGARET That's a true story.

KX17: TRANSITION +
DSL SPECIAL

KX18: LOSS DSL SPECIAL
ADD. BENCH - NIGHT
COLL

1c

Neil puts down his fists. He nods to Grandpa.

NEIL Thank you. (then turns to Ian) Look, I don't want to fight Ian. Not with you. You seem like a smart fella. You obviously think a lot. I just want to visit here. I want to hear your grandfather's stories. I want to read his scribblers. Let's not use our fists on each other. It's a waste of energy. Is it a deal?

IAN (puts down his fists) It's a deal.

NEIL D'you play cards?

IAN Yeh.

NEIL Do you drink rum?

IAN Yeh.

Neil pulls out a flask, passes it to Ian.

IAN It's six in the morning.

NEIL D'you care?

IAN No. ↑

They clear the table, sit down and start playing cards.

MARGARET (to audience) Then after that, he came back and came back and came back and there was nothing but noise. My mother took to going out every night as soon as she saw the sight of his hat coming over the hill. He'd play songs and I'd tell stories from grandpa and if Ian was around, I'd raze him about Peggy then we'd walk over to the pit and drop him off then go over to the wharf and watch the seagulls swooping and screeching like little air planes. That was what I liked. The water. The sound of the waves. Neil would laugh and say to me, there's hope for you yet.

Sounds of the sea.

NEIL ~~THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET.~~
Why are you so hard on your brother?

MARGARET Dunno. 'Cause he just stands there and takes it. It's none of your business.

STANDBY
LX: 17, 18
SQ: 15, 15A, 15B.

LX 17, SQ 15
LINE
SQ 15A
ASM X DSL
LX SQ 15 B
C OFF SL REVOLVE
LINE

LX 18

NEIL And why does your mom play bingo all the time?

MARGARET I guess she likes it eh? Why do you drink rum all the time?

NEIL (laughs) I guess I like it eh? How do women know that their men are going to die?

MARGARET Jesus! Will you ease up. We've come to enjoy the evening.

NEIL You're right Let's just skip rocks and smell the fishy air.

MARGARET The dogs were howling three nights in a row at the full moon. Those goddamn dogs, once one starts, they all start. That was the first thing that tipped her off.

NEIL (scornful) She knew because of the dogs barking?

MARGARET That's not all. It was in the cards..

NEIL (snorts derisively) In the cards?

MARGARET I was up at the underground manager's house helping mom with the housework the night it happened and I had a game of auction forty five with the girls - me and Marie against Dot and Peggy.

NEIL (sarcastic) And you saw it in the cards!

MARGARET I didn't see it right away. First I thought I was lucky. All them shovels. The five, the king, the queen, the jack and the ten of spades but then I remembered what my mother always said.

NEIL What was that?

MARGARET Spades are death. Shovels dig the hole. The only thing can save you is a heart. A heart can block four shovels. Only hearts desire can conquer, even death. I needed the ace of hearts. So I threw in my ten and dealt myself the card off the top - I couldn't believe my eyes.

NEIL Well?

MARGARET It was the ace of spades. And then the sirens started to wail.

NEIL Oh come on!

MARGARET It was in the cards!

NEIL That's just a bunch of malarkey!

MARGARET Then why are your eyes popping out like a scared rabbits?

NEIL Lets not talk about it anymore.

MARGARET (miffed) Fine. We'll just lie down here in the grass and look at the stars.

They lie silently for awhile.

MARGARET What was it like over there in France?

NEIL Lots of pretty girls. Lots of cheap wine. I had the time of my life.

MARGARET How come you went berserk that day down in the shaft?

NEIL (sitting up) I don't want to talk about that either.

MARGARET What about your brothers who didn't make it back? Were you together?

NEIL Yeah.

MARGARET Do you want to tell me about it?

NEIL No. (Pause) One minute they were smelling the air beside me and the next minute they weren't. (I don't want to talk about it)

MARGARET My mother even told him not to go down that day. It was the last day of work before vacation. She told him if he spent that day in the garden and the next two weeks in the garden, instead of that day in the pit and the next two weeks drinking, then he'd have more money at the end of it, and vegetables to boot. And not rumsick at the end of it if not dead.

NEIL Sounds like a man after my own heart.

MARGARET I could hear the tears coming up in her throat. "If you don't go to the pit today, you won't get kilt in it, and I'll buy you the moonshine myself." That's what she said. " I'd rather have you dead drunk than dead." He was standing there beside Charlie Dave. Just standing there with his lunch can under his arm and a smirk on his face. And he laughed his big laugh and said, "you're my sweet little gyroch."

KXLA TRANSITION
26

LX 20. STAKE NIGHT
36

NEIL (laughs) His sweet little pain in the arse.

MARGARET Is that what that means? She thought it was a pet name.

NEIL It is in a way. It's like a cow that gives a whole bucketful of beautiful creamy milk morning and night but every time with the last spurt, she puts her shitty hoof in it. What happened then?

MARGARET Then the two of them pursed their lips and lifted their hands like in a little wave, and they went out the door, and out the world altogether.

NEIL Go on.

MARGARET What do you mean, go on. They are dead! D.E.A.D! Dead. There isn't anymore. Ma changed after that. All she does now is talk about the wake and go to bingo. I hate talking about the dead.

NEIL Then why do you do it all the time?

MARGARET Because you keep asking me! Why do you want to know all of this?

NEIL 'Cause I'm going to marry you. I'm going to be part of the family.

MARGARET In a pigs eye! I'll be living in that shack with my mother til the end of time!

NEIL You'll be living with me.

MARGARET Don't talk nonsense.

Neil starts kissing her neck.

NEIL Alright. We won't talk at all ↗

Neil pushes her down on the grass and they start necking.

The Shack. Grandpa is playing darts. Catherine is looking out the window.

CATHERINE Where is that girl? It's way past midnight.

Grandpa reaches for a dart. This brings on a coughing spell. Catherine gives him a thump.

STANDBY
LX: 19, 20.
SQ: 17 auto 16,
18.

LX 19 SQ 17 auto 16
LINE

LX 20 SQ 18
C SEATED AT SL CHAIR

KX 21: OUTSIDE STACK
DAYTIME
8C

CATHERINE Are you alright now?

Grandpa nods.

CATHERINE What am I gonna do with that girl?

Grandpa hands her a dart. She throws it, then gets the other darts and starts to play.

CATHERINE Mr. Neil Currie. Mr. Cock of the Walk with his bloody bagpipes!
But she's so stunned. She's got about as much sense as a turnip.

Grandpa has written something, hands her a scribbler. Catherine reads.

CATHERINE "And you had more?"

Grandpa throws the last dart. Catherine smiles.

CATHERINE You won, you old geezer[↑]

Outside the shack. Neil is reading the diaries. Margaret is around and about. Catherine walks out with a basket of laundry.

NEIL Listen to this. "1745, hardly half of them left alive. Nineteen hundred ten and four, half in the pit and half in the war." Your great-grandmother Morag MacNeil was a bit of a poet.

CATHERINE She was a snarly old woman who never liked anybody, especially me.

NEIL And why was that?

CATHERINE 'Cause I snatched her favourite grandson out from under her nose. She used to sit in the window of her house spying on my every move.

NEIL It says here "Catherine Chisolm..." (He looks up) I guess that was you eh?
"Catherine Chisolm is the liveliest spunkiest creature to ever grace our house. She is like May after March. She is a jewel of a girl for our Angus."

CATHERINE (astounded) Where does it say that?

NEIL Right here.

CATHERINE Let me see that!

Catherine takes the scribbler, looks.

CATHERINE Well I'll be damned. (Reads) "A jewel of a girl for our Angus." Well I'll be damned! Who would have thought? (reads) "That lively lass is out there any minute she can grab riding around on her bike, playing peggy with those three dear children...":

MARGARET I remember that. You used to be a lot of fun.

CATHERINE Well I was hardly more than a kid myself. I wasn't about to sit around in the house all day listening to the old women. I hated being cooped up inside. So when did she write that?

NEIL (reads) "July 8, 1931. Sunny."

MARGARET Ian couldn't hold the bat without smacking someone.

CATHERINE Sports was not one of Ian's strengths. Isn't that incredible? And all those years, I thought that she thought...(shakes her head) Well, I'd better get going or I'll miss my bingo.

NEIL I thought you hated being cooped up inside.

CATHERINE I do.

NEIL Then why are you going off to sit in a smoky bingo hall. Why don't we have a game?

CATHERINE Of what?

NEIL Peggy.

CATHERINE I'm too old for that.

NEIL That "lively lass, "that spunky creature."

CATHERINE That was almost, that was more than twenty years ago. I'm an old bag now.

NEIL Tell that to the men downtown on Water Street. Don't tell me you don't catch them looking at you.

CATHERINE Well they're all blind and half dead. They got pretty low standards.

NEIL I bet Morag must have liked your sense of humour too.

CATHERINE I'm too old to play peggy.

NEIL No you're not.

MARGARET C'mon mom.

CATHERINE I don't play games.

NEIL (To Margaret) Go get your brother

CATHERINE This is foolish!

Neil makes the circle out in the dirty with his boot. Margaret goes in the shack, interrupts Ian reading the newspaper.

IAN What? What do you want?

MARGARET We're going to play a game, egghead. C'mon.

IAN What do you mean? A game?

MARGARET A game. We're going to have some fun.

IAN Jesus.

Grandpa grabs Ian's sleeve as he walks by.

MARGARET He wants to come. (Calls out to Neil) We need help with Grandpa.

Neil comes in.

IAN What the hell are we doing?

NEIL We're going to play a game of peggy.

MARGARET He wants to come.

NEIL You can be the cheering section.

MARGARET Some cheering section.

NEIL: GRAB A SIDE IAN . WHAT ? YOU GOT A PIANO TIED TO YOUR ARSE
Neil and Ian carry Grandpa in his chair outside and put him down. Neil pulls a picket from the fence.

MARGARET Give it to me, I'll start. Practice round. Pitch it to me.

IAN I don't want to play.

MARGARET You're pitiful Ian.

IAN Oh give me the goddamned thing.

Ian pitches it. Margaret bats it. Ian tries to catch it and misses.

MARGARET Butter fingers.

IAN Snot-nose.

CATHERINE Stop it you two.

MARGARET Hope you know how to hold your own Peggy better than that.

CATHERINE You stop that. It's none of your business Margie. My turn.

Catherine gets up to bat and she blossoms. The years fall away. She hits it. Grandpa claps, maybe even whistles.

CATHERINE I hit it! I hit it!

NEIL Jeez you are good!

MARGARET Way to go mom!

NEIL It's your turn now Ian.

IAN I don't wanna play this.

CATHERINE Come on. Take a shot.

LX 22: TRANSITION
2c

LY 23 SHACK NIGHT
TIME.
3c

Reluctantly, Ian takes the picket.

MARGARET This'll be a laugh.

NEIL Let him concentrate.

MARGARET Look at him. Pitiful. He can't fight. He can't sing. He can't hardly even hold a picket!

IAN Trap up.

MARGARET Charlie Dave used to hit it clear over the outhouse.

Ian is getting more agitated.

MARGARET What in the name of God does Peggy MacDougall see in you?

NEIL Maybe she likes him for who he is and not for who he is not.

MARGARET Well I guess that makes some sense but what the hell does it mean?

NEIL It means that it's not his fault that he's alive and someone else is dead.

Neil pitches the peggy to Ian. He hits it. Margaret tries to catch it but fumbles it.

IAN (surprised) I hit it!

MARGARET Well so you did. (A new recognition here.) Good shot Ian. ↑

A half hour later. Ian and Neil carry Grandpa back into the shack. Catherine sinks into her chair, exhausted.

CATHERINE I'll pay for this in the morning.

NEIL It'll be worth it.

CATHERINE I haven't shaken things up like that since I was your age.

MARGARET What did you do then?

CATHERINE Well, I'd go dancing down the bay, chase the boys...

MARGARET Go on!

STANDBY
IX: 22, 23.
SQ: 19A, 19B

IX 22 SQ 19A
ALL CHEER
IX 23 SQ 19B
C US OF TABLE.

CATHERINE I did. What do you think? I was born old. I'm going to bed.

MARGARET Stay and have a hot one.

CATHERINE Just a little one. Might do some good.

Margaret gets up and pours some rum and hot water into a cup for her mother. Grandpa bangs his slipper, hands her a notebook on the way by.

MARGARET (reads) "Tell him about George Stepenak and Fergus MacLeod."

NEIL Let's hear it.

MARGARET I don't know that one.

Margaret looks over at Ian.

MARGARET Why don't you tell them, Ian. You worked with those guys.

IAN Oh, that was years ago...

MARGARET So?

IAN I don't remember.

MARGARET Ian couldn't tell a story to save his....

Grandpa cuts her off by banging his slipper. He gives the nod to Ian.

IAN So....there was this fella named George Stepenak and he was a Pole as you can tell by the name ...I'm no good at telling stories.

Grandpa bangs his slipper again.

NEIL Ah, give 'er a try.

IAN WHO ^{ALRIGHT WELL FERGUS HALLIBOY WAS AN OLD SCOTCHY FELLA} OK. He used to bring ~~garlic in his can, and his can would stink~~ and his breath would stink. ^{COUNTRY CHEESE IN HIS CAN, YOU KNOW THE} WORMY KIND, AND HIS CAN WOULD STINK, THE WHOLE ^{PIT WOULD STINK}

NEIL Go on.

IAN So, the men used to tease him all the time which ^{ONLY} made him cross and then one day ~~Fergus~~ ^{GEORGE STEPENAK} said "George, what in the name of Jesus have you got in that can?" " Shit," ~~George~~ ^{FERGUS} said. And then I hear ~~Fergus~~ ^{FERGUS} say "I know that, but what did you put on it to make it smell so bad."

They all laugh. Ian is surprised and pleased with himself.

LY 24 - M special
DSE
3c

MARGARET Not bad. (turns to Catherine) Mom, why don't you tell us about when you met dad.

CATHERINE That's ancient history. No one wants to hear that..

Grandpa bangs his slipper on the table, nods his head.

NEIL You're wrong Catherine.

CATHERINE Well, it was kind of... I was...no he was....well it's not really very...

IAN Well spit it out!

CATHERINE (finally dives in)
I met your father at the wake of Minnie's Uncle Joe Archie in the Bay. I was sneaking a smoke behind the outhouse. Your father knew I was there, he was two sheets to the wind, showing off for me, playing horseshoes and when the priest came up to tell him to stop, he said "I'll stop playing horseshoes if you'll stop squeezing the girls as they go by Joe Archie to pay their last respects. That probably offends him more than what I'm doing!" And when we were married two weeks later, you can bet, it wasn't that priest who tied the knot. We were in too much of a hurry for priests anyway. We went to a Justice of the Peace in Sydney. Can you imagine it? Nobody ever did the likes of that. The Priest gave a sermon on it the next Sunday. When we came out of his office after the ceremony, there was a parade going by with a band of pipers. That was the last time I heard the bagpipes played. Til now. When we got home, somebody told Angus the priest was going to excommunicate him for what he'd done. And you know what Angus did? He marched right down to the Glebe House and when the Father opened the door, Angus said "You're too late. I excommunicated myself last week. And he did. Never went back there 'til the funeral. (Holds up her glass) Cheers Angus. I think I'll have another one of those hot ones. (Catherine laughs)

STANDBY
LX: 24, 25
SQ: 20

NEIL You've got a beautiful laugh, Catherine MacNeill.

Neil reaches for his pipes.

IAN You're not going to play those things inside!

NEIL: A FELLA JUST MIGHT
Neil begins to play a reel with his bagpipes.

MARGARET: GO ON IAN, BLOW THEM
JUST OUT OF YOUR EARS.

SQ 20
AS N ACH GOING ↑ TO BAGPIPE.

LX 24
AS M MOVES TO STAND FROM SE REVOLVER

LYAS - SHACK UP.

HC

KX 25,
LINE

MARGARET (to audience) It was like the whole family was coming out of hibernation after a long sleep. The music was sweetening us up and firing us up. The rum would come out and the cards would come out and they'd take the world apart and put it back together on Sunday afternoons.

Ian clears the table and brings out a deck of cards. The flask of rum comes out. It's two weeks later.

IAN The only hope, Neil-know-all-Currie, for the miners in Cape Breton is to get a strong union.

NEIL Bullshit!

IAN If my father and brother had a strong union, they wouldn't have died in that deathtrap.

NEIL Your father and brother should have stayed on the surface of the world to begin with.

IAN Well they didn't and it's too late for that talk and it's STILL a deathtrap cause the company doesn't think they have to pay any attention to us. We need a strong union to fight against those bullies.

NEIL Good men don't burrow in the ground like worms!

IAN That's what men here do. Good men!

NEIL Good men till the earth.

IAN Women have gardens here. Lots of women have gardens.

NEIL Good men stand tall, they're king of their own hills. They don't crawl around tunnels for a company or a country that doesn't give a damn about them.

IAN You're full of shit.

CATHERINE You're both full of shit. The last man who had any sense was your father's second cousin who left here thirty years ago and went to Boston and he's at least got buckles on his shoes.

NEIL The pit is death.

IAN Why do you say that? Look at me. I'm not dead.

NEIL I could feel it in my bones, the one time I went down there. It was the wrong place to be. I felt the same thing when I had my nose in the dirt staring through the sights of a gun over there in France. I saw death there and that's the truth.

IAN You got your head up your arse and you're facing backwards and that's the truth.

NEIL There is no future down there.

IAN There has to be a future.

NEIL See your grandfather? That's the future.

IAN Well he's there, isn't he? Don't knock my grandfather.

NEIL I'm not knocking your grandfather. I love your grandfather. But he can't breathe, he can't talk, he can't walk. You know the only thing he's got? Some old songs in his head that he can hardly remember, that your father hardly knew and you don't know at all. Came here and lost everything but their goddamned shovels. Lost their music, their songs, their tongues.

IAN Too bad you wouldn't lose yours. (throws him the flask) Have a drink and shut up.

NEIL I will not shut up. However, I will have a drink.

IAN The only way to be strong is to be organized. We have to be strong as they are and then they'll negotiate. Now Neil, is that right or wrong?

NEIL They'll send in the army.

IAN Who?

NEIL The government. They'll turn the boys against each other, the bastards. That's what they always do.

IAN How do you know that's what they always do. You only been here two months.

NEIL We've been here for a long long time, John.

NY 26. - hose all
Add Bedroom.
3c

IAN My name's not John.

NEIL Well now, John is English for Ian. I thought you might like it better. A union leader maybe should have a good English name.

IAN I don't think I need you to tell me my name. I can remember my own name.

NEIL Well what else do you remember John? Do you remember 1745?

IAN I guess nobody remembers 1745 eh.

NEIL Go and read your grandfather's scribbles John. He remembers. His blood was spilled there, on the ground, and our blood was spilled there, spilled on the ground. He remembers. (he opens up a scribbler, pounds on it) Look at this! (reads) "1745, hardly half of them alive; nineteen hundred ten and forty four, half in the pit, half in the war." Look it's all there! Read it.

IAN I don't have time to read ancient history. I'm working my arse off right here and now and that is enough.

NEIL Well if you don't have time to read it then go and put your ear on your grandpa's chest, and listen to his lungs singing, and maybe it will tickle your memory.
(to Margaret) And what do you think little mouse?

MARGARET (taking the bottle from him) I think that the square on the long side of a triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

Neil laughs with delight. Margaret leaves the room. Neil reaches over and retrieves the bottle.

NEIL I don't think anybody could have put it any better. So why don't we just play cards and have another drink?

Bedroom: Catherine is lying in bed. Margaret enters and Catherine watches her brushing her hair and undress

CATHERINE That man'll never live in a company house. You'll be moving out of one shack and into another.

MARGARET I can stand it.

1422
35

CATHERINE You can stand it. You can stand it. And is he going to work? Maybe Ian can get him to look up at No. 10. He can work with Ian. Is that what you want? He's a rebel. He's a troublemaker.

MARGARET I can stand it.

CATHERINE You'll end up in another place just like this cause he's the way he is. And you're going to be the one who suffers.

MARGARET I can stand it mom.

CATHERINE Oh you can can you? They can die together, and you can stand it. And you can live in your shack alone. Stand it then.

MARGARET (Climbing into bed) We're different.

CATHERINE Sure.

MARGARET I'm not you mom!

CATHERINE Then who are you?

MARGARET (fierce) Well I won't be you.

CATHERINE You're young and stupid.

MARGARET I'm glad of it.

CATHERINE Don't ever say I didn't warn you.

MARGARET I'll never say it!

CATHERINE If you let love in, you'll get hurt. That's what happens.

MARGARET You said a heart could block four shovels.

CATHERINE I was wrong. The spades overtake the hearts Margie. They always do. Think about it Margie! I'm warning you.

Margaret rolls over in bed, her back to her mother.

MARGARET I'll think about it. ↗

STANDBY
LX: 27

LX: 27
LIVE

Time passes. The men are into hard drinking.

NEIL Nothing left. Nothing. Only thing you can do different from a pit pony is drink rum and play forty five. Of course you got your... (Ian is embarrassed) Come on, I've seen you down there in the sand dunes necking with Peggy. Nothing to be ashamed of.

IAN (drunk) You go to hell. Why don't you get the hell out of here and go to mass.

NEIL I might just do that. I'd rather listen to the music than you're drunken ramblings... and pray for your soul at the same time.

IAN My soul's alright. It's got a union card.

Neil spits his drink out.

NEIL And you think that'll protect you, you idiot.

IAN I'll put more faith in it than your bloody bagpipes. You're nothing but a freak Neil Currie. You're not a farmer, you're not a miner. You're can't do nothing but make a whole lot of noise.

NEIL Unless you know your history and your music, you don't know that the way things are is not necessarily the way things have to be.

IAN That's why we need a union.

NEIL That's why you need to know where ya came from. You got roots deeper than those pits; you weren't born into them, you were born to beautiful rolling fields. We were farmers and we were sailors...

IAN And you're a pain in the arse.

NEIL You don't understand what I'm talking about.

IAN And that's the God's truth for you, Neil. Now why don't you go on the couch and have a lay down.

Neil stumbles to the couch and lies down.

STANDBY
LX: 28, 29
SQ: 22, 23,
WAVES IN

WX 28 - TRANSITION
BLUE TOP LY

WX 29 - BENCH
OUTSIDE

NEIL I have one final question for you John.
IAN What is it?
NEIL Why were you kissing that mouse?
IAN I wasn't kissing it. I was counting its teeth and that's the God's truth.
NEIL That's a good story John. You stick to it.

X 28 SQ 22
LINE

X 29 SQ 23 WAVES IN
AS M JOINS N DS

Neil is standing looking out at the ocean. The sound of seagulls screaming, wind, water. Margaret joins him.

NEIL I have your song for you, Mariead.
The song about your brother. Would you like to hear it.

MARGARET Is it in English? Will I understand it?

NEIL I think so.

MARGARET All right then. Sing it.

NEIL (sings)
My brother was a miner.
His name was Charlie David,
He spent his young life laughing,
And digging out his grave.

Charlie Dave was big
Charlie Dave was strong,
Charlie Dave was two feet wide
And almost six feet long.

When Charlie David was sixteen
He learned to chew and spit
And one day with grandpa
To work down in the pit

When Charlie David was sixteen
He met his Maggie June
One day shift week they met at eight
On back shift week at noon.

When Charlie David was sixteen
He said to June "Let's wed"
Maggie June was so surprised
She fell right out of bed

When Charlie David was sixteen
They had a little boy
Maggie June was not surprised
Charlie danced for joy.

(chorus)

When Charlie David was sixteen
The roof fell on his head
His laughing mouth is full of coal
Charlie Dave is dead.

There is silence.

NEIL Margaret?

MARGARET (sniffing) It's lovely. It's almost as lovely
as Charlie Dave himself.

NEIL Good. Then it's settled. Let's lay him to rest. We've talked enough about
death. Let's get on with our life.

MARGARET Alright.

NEIL Do you like it here?

MARGARET I love it. I'd like to be here forever....

NEIL Then you will.

MARGARET What?

STANDBY.

LX: 30, 31,

HOUSE ↑, 32

SQ: WAVES OUT,
26

ASM: ACTOR CLEAR
(M+N+G)

KX30 - M SPECIAL
- 1 COUNT

LX31: LOSE M
Special
2c

KX 32 Preset up.

NEIL This land right here that we're standing on. I bought this yesterday with the pittance I got when I left the army. I'm going to build you a house, right here on the cliff, with the ocean boiling and spuming below. What do you think?

MARGARET I think I 'm ready Neil Currie! I 'm going to marry you, Neil Currie!

Neil lets out a shriek of happiness, He grabs her and twirls her around, then they kiss. Then he lets go of her and stamps his feet on the ground.

X 30 SQ WAVES OUT
LINE

NEIL Right here Margaret! We're going to make our stand right here! ↗

The light changes on Margaret. Neil moves away and she is back in the present.

X 31 SQ 216
LINE

MARGARET Right here. ↗

HOUSE UP
ACTOR CLEAR

ACT TWO:

X 32
HOUSE 3/4 UP.

Margaret is standing in her house, amongst her artifacts. She holds up a handful of notebooks.

MARGARET
fear

(reads) "This won't be written great for I am written it most in English for none will be able to read it in the Gallick for I can see how things are going."

These are my great grandmother's scribbles. I finally found the time to read them... the ones I used for putting under hot plates and fly swatters. Morag MacKinnon. Mabou-born and raised. Left with her Donald and the fiddlers and the pipers and the dancers, any that could walk at all and sober. Took the music with them and went to take jobs in the mines. It sounds like she was an awful terror. One day, when she came into the kitchen, the men were drinking and talking about giving up the only land they had left so they could make more money in the mines. So she grabbed the bottle and poured it into the slop pail with the morning piss. And they just sat there like gawks watching as she slapped the whole thing down on the table, piss splashing all over - "if you want to make pigs of yourself, here's the clear thing for it." Guts I'd say that took. Delicious guts. Morag. My father's father's mother. Always raging. I vowed if I could even be half as lively as her....

STANDBY

KX: HOUSE TO 1/2.
HOUSE OUT
LX 33' W COMPLETE
34.

SQ: 28, 29

ASH: ACTORS (FULL CAST EXCEPT FAN)
ACTOR GO
ACTOR SET.

KX 33.

KX 34 - m special DSL

Dim in shack - COOL

3C

SQ 28, STOPWATCH. → GO.
HOUSE GIVEN FROM F.O.H.

HOUSE TO Y2 → GO.
2 SECONDS INTO SQ 28.

HOUSE OUT → GO.
10 SECONDS INTO SQ 28.

KX 33 (PRESET OUT) → GO.
15 SECONDS INTO SQ 28.

ACTORS → GO.
KX 33. COMPLETE (B.O.)

KX 34 SQ 29. → GO.
ACTORS SET

LX 35 - SHACK UP

LOSE DSL SPECIAL

12

NEIL This land right here that we're standing on. I bought this yesterday with the pittance I got when I left the army. I'm going to build you a house, right here on the cliff, with the ocean boiling and spuming below. What do you think?

MARGARET I think I'm ready Neil Currie! I'm going to marry you, Neil Currie!

Neil lets out a shriek of happiness, He grabs her and twirls her around, then they kiss. Then he lets go of her and stamps his feet on the ground.

NEIL Right here Margaret! We're going to make our stand right here!

The light changes on Margaret. Neil moves away and she is back in the present.

MARGARET Right here.

ACT TWO:

Margaret is standing in her house, amongst her artifacts. She holds up a handful of notebooks.

MARGARET (reads) "This won't be written great for I am written it most in English for none will be able to read it in the Gallick for I can see how things are going."

These are my great grandmother's scribbles. I finally found the time to read them...the ones I used for putting under hot plates and fly swatters. Morag MacKinnon. Mabou-born and raised. Left with her Donald and the fiddlers and the pipers and the dancers, any that could walk at all and sober. Took the music with them and went to take jobs in the mines.

It sounds like she ^{is} was an awful terror. One day, when she came into the kitchen, the men were drinking and talking about giving up the only land they had left so they could make more money in the mines. So she grabbed the bottle and poured it into the slop pail with the morning piss. And they just sat there like gawks watching as she slapped the whole thing down on the table, piss splashing all over -"if you want to make pigs of yourself, here's the clear thing for it."

Guts I'd say that took. Delicious guts. Morag. My father's father's mother. Always raging. I vowed if I could even be half as lively ^{as her}....

Lights up on the SHACK. Neil is pouring over a pile of scribblers. Catherine is stepping around him cleaning. Grandpa is napping. Margaret walks in with a basket of vegetables from the garden. Throws it all over the area which Catherine just cleared.

MARGARET Turnips for dinner!

CATHERINE I just wiped that!

MARGARET Why'd you bother?

CATHERINE Because I don't like living in a pigsty.

MARGARET There are no pigs here mother. I wish there were. We could use a ham right now.

NEIL (holds up a notebook) Read this Margaret.

MARGARET I don't have time. I've got to make dinner...for my husband!

CATHERINE Why don't you take some of your husband's clutter into your husband's bedroom.

MARGARET Sure!

NEIL Then listen to this. (reads) "The silly arses, they think the job is like the land that it just stays there. They're all too stunned to know that the job is like the music - it's like water in the woods. It's only there til it's gone. Show up one day for work and the washhouse door is locked." Now that's the truth. The truth lies there.

CATHERINE Well move it please cause I want to set the table.

NEIL 70 years ago, your great grandmother knew that. And it's still the truth today.

CATHERINE It may be the truth but it's the JOB that puts the food on the table, not that pitiful excuse for a garden out there, nor that pile of scribblers that you're pouring over all day.

NEIL That's short thinking Catherine.

CATHERINE That's realistic thinking. Just one potato each Margie. Those have to stretch a long way now that we've got one more mouth to feed - and a large one at that!

Margaret comes over and kisses Neil.

MARGARET There's more where that one came from.

NEIL (to Catherine) Morag MacNeil had ten children living in a space not much bigger than this.

CATHERINE And I should get comfort from that?

NEIL Well, maybe encouragement and maybe even courage.

CATHERINE Well I don't.

MARGARET Sit down mom and take a load off your feet.

Catherine picks up the newspaper, scans the front page.

CATHERINE There are no jobs on the entire island it says here. Why put that in the paper? That's not news. We all know that. And I see we've just elected CCF'er to Parliament. A socialist. Where are our heads?

MARGARET Maybe we need a change.

CATHERINE (Throws papers aside) The papers just put me in a foul mood.

MARGARET Well we don't want that.

Catherine takes a letter from her apron pocket.

CATHERINE The time has finally come to read my letter from your father's second cousin Roddie in Boston. I've let it age a couple of months. I guess I might as well get to it. See if there's any pressing news.

Catherine opens the letter, reads.

CATHERINE "Dear Catherine; Has it really been a year since last we corresponded?"

MARGARET That's how he starts every letter.

My dear Catherine has it really been a year since we
CATHERINE ~~Thank heavens it has.~~ (reads) "I trust you are all as well as can be expected."
has + corresponded J Given what he considers the pitiful state of our lives, but instead..."given the
uncertain nature of modern life."

MARGARET What in God's earth is uncertain about putting buckles on patent-leather shoes all day?

CATHERINE "And that you are managing as well as can be expected since your terrible loss."

MARGARET Why doesn't he ever say their names?

CATHERINE "We've been blessed with another good year." Here they come....all their biggers and brand news. "We bought a brand new car to replace our old one which you may remember was a Ford Deluxe which we drove up to the funeral.

MARGARET We crammed every kid in the village in to it while he wasn't looking.

CATHERINE I remember him turning up his nose at every car that came up the road. "Now how old is that ka anyways?"

MARGARET And old Sadie Gillis would answer with a smirk, "oh well, she's old enough now, isn't she? She certainly issss." That's the way the old Scotchy people talked.

CATHERINE She sort of hissed like a tiny snake. (reads on) "This car has a bigger engine and a bigger wheelbase and a bigger glove compartment and a bigger steering wheel..."

NEIL Sounds to me like he wishes he had a bigger...

Margie slaps him with a towel, he grabs her, pulls her down.

CATHERINE ...and a bigger seating capacity to meet the needs of our growing family."

Catherine looks over at Margie and Neil horsing around.

CATHERINE Well bully for you Roddie.

MARGARET What else does he say?

CATHERINE (reads on) "And although I resisted as long as I could, Betty finally got her way with a brand new bathroom, brand new sink, brand new flooring, brand new bathtub and most important of all, a spanking bright brand new toilet, which sits on what can only be described as a bit of a pedestal in the middle of the room."

NEIL God's teeth.

Margaret giggles.

CATHERINE "Betty absolutely loves it."

MARGARET She fell in love with a toilet.

NEIL Maybe she's never sat on anything else.

Margie giggles.

CATHERINE Don't knock a toilet Margie. It's nothing to snicker at.

Catherine throws the letter aside.

CATHERINE I'm not even going to finish it. It just makes me..sour. I don't want to hear another word.

MARGARET Oh come on mom.

NEIL There have always been people like that - they're little inside so they have to talk big.

CATHERINE Still.

MARGARET Finish it. He went to the trouble to write it. The least you can do is finish it.

CATHERINE I don't want to.

MARGARET Then I'll finish it. (she takes the letter from Catherine, continues reading)
"We were delighted to hear that your sweet young daughter Margaret finally found a man to marry and regret that we could not make it to the wedding."

CATHERINE Not that anyone asked you.

MARGARET "We now how you have struggled and suffered over the years and hope that things will now look up for you with another breadwinner in the family. That's all for now. I'll write again soon."

Margaret puts the letter down. The mood has changed. She took looks subdued.

MARGARET What an arse.

CATHERINE What does he know about struggling and suffering?

Neil starts tuning his bagpipes.

MARGARET Do you have to do that now?

NEIL Yes, I do.

MARGARET (short) Well do it in the shed or the outhouse.

NEIL I will not.

MARGARET Sometimes I feel I married the both of you.

NEIL Well better than me and a toilet.

MARGARET I don't know. I'm sure a toilet brings some joy.

Ian walks in, tired, sits down, exhausted, stunned, black. They all watch him.

NEIL Up from the deep for another whiff of air.

Neil hands him the flask of rum, he takes a swig, closes his eyes.

NEIL Can't your union do anything about all that soot John that lands on your clothes?

IAN I'm not in the mood for your cracks tonight.

NEIL Why not?

MARGARET (teasing) Did Peggy stand you up before your shift?

IAN Not funny.

CATHERINE ^R What is it?

IAN We're all getting cut back two shifts a week.

CATHERINE They can't do that.

Neil lets out another loud discordant blast on the pipes.

IAN They're doing it.

CATHERINE We can't pay the bills now.

Margaret reaches into the pot and takes out two potatoes.

MARGARET We'll manage.

IAN MacDougall says they don't need as much coal now that the war is over. Factories aren't producing.

NEIL That's the truth. Don't need to make as many bombs to kill people.

IAN So they're squeezing the wages down.

NEIL The bastards! "Show up for work one day and the washhouse door is locked."

IAN I've got a union meeting tonight. We have to talk about strategy.

MARGARET (repeats) We'll manage. We always do. I've got a story. Did you hear about Johnny and Angie loading in 24, the roof so low they had to take pancakes in their cans?

Neil continues to tune his bagpipes.

CATHERINE Outside with that.

NEIL I'm warming up for the Ceilidh tonight.

CATHERINE Well that'll do us a lot of good. More money for rum.

MARGARET Mother!

CATHERINE Well?

NEIL It will bring in a little. As much as they can pay.

CATHERINE Milk money. Maybe. What's the value in that?

NEIL It will bring a smile and a tear and a memory to the people listening Catherine, and I can only hope there is value to that in heaven.

CATHERINE Oh for God's sake! What's that worth?

MARGARET He works whenever he can. He's travelled from one end of this island to the other to find work. But there is none. Even the paper says it. Half the island is on relief!

CATHERINE Well why isn't he on relief? He's fought for it. That's the least they can do for him. If it wasn't for his goddamned pride...

NEIL I won't take relief.

MARGARET (jumps in) Why don't you play that tune about the two hens fighting over a bean. Cheer us up.

CATHERINE I don't want to hear any more of that noise in this house. It gets in my way. We can't afford to be singing and dancing.

Grandpa thumps his shoe in disapproval.

CATHERINE Don't try to shut me up. Someone's got to say what needs to be said. You've all gone off half-cocked. Look at poor Ian sitting there, half dead from exhaustion. He's been working underground since he was 15 years old. He's already stooped over from feeding us. And he doesn't have his own room anymore. Look at him. He never talks, he never says what's on his mind unless he's two sheets to the wind and then it's all just union nonsense.

MARGARET Stop it mom.

CATHERINE Speak up Ian. What have you got to say about that?

IAN How about some peace and quiet?

CATHERINE Speak up for yourself Ian. How can you not mind? Three men in the house, one can't talk or won't, the other can't stop talking or squawking. Three men, one pay. What do you think of that.

LX 36 TRANSITION
2E

LX 37 SHACK UP - NIGHT
3E

They all look to Ian. Margaret holds her breath.

IAN I don't mind mom.

CATHERINE You don't mind. You don't mind?

IAN No, as a matter of fact, I don't.

CATHERINE Why not?

IAN Because that's the way he sees it. You've got to believe in something. I believe in the union but I gotta admit we're not making much headway right now. I'm not sure what he believes in but he sure as hell believes it hard. (turns to Neil) Hey, I forgot to tell you. I saw a truck pull up at the Co-op. They might be looking for a hand.

Neil gets up quickly and leaves. Margaret looks over at her brother with love in her eyes.

Night. Neil comes stumbling in, good and drunk, singing. Margaret is sleeping. She hears him stumbling in, gets up and helps him.

MARGARET Shhhh... You drunken fool! Shhhh...

NEIL Don't shush me up Margaret.

MARGARET I will. Or you'll wake everyone.

NEIL Well wake em all and let's have a party.

MARGARET Get your boots off. Get to bed.

NEIL Do you love me Maricad?

MARGARET A little. ~~Get your boots off.~~

NEIL D'you wish you had a toilet to sit on and a great big car.

MARGARET Don't be foolish.

WX 38 - 11 special DSL

3

NEIL I can't give you those things.

MARGARET That's not what I want.

NEIL I want to give you a house by the ocean cause you're a little seadog...I can tell. That's where you want your nose...sniffing the salt air.

MARGARET And you will. We'll build that house.

NEIL Where's the pride Mairead?

MARGARET What?

NEIL Where's the pride?

MARGARET Shut your yap and get to bed.

NEIL Know what I did tonight from one til four in the morning?

MARGARET No, but I guess I'm gonna hear about it.

NEIL

STANDBY.
 LX: 38, 39
 SQ: WAVES IN,
 33, 3A, 33B, 33C

I unpacked a whole truck to get the six boxes of supplies going to the Glace Bay Co-op, then I loaded it up again. Then 'cause some goddamn idiot had forgotten about two pitiful boxes of toilet paper at the very back I had to unload the whyole damned thing again. And I got yelled at by a mean-mouthed excuse for a man, 'cause I was too slow...too slow!. I coulda pounded him but I didn't 'cause I needed the two dollars. Where's the pride? There's got to be pride in the work just like there's pride in the music. That's one thing you can say about Ian. He's got a man's job. He knows he's not a worm even though he is a worming around in the ground. The money is in the pit.

MARGARET

Oh shut up. You made two bucks. That'll buy food and shingles. Stop feeling sorry for yourself.

NEIL

Maybe he's right. Maybe I am some kind of a freak who just makes noise.

MARGARET

(strokes his hair) Go to sleep. ↑

LX 38
 AS M moves to XDSL

Neil starts to snore. Margaret pulls herself out from under Neil's weight, then stands up.

LX 3Q BEACH UP
DAYTIME
26

NOSE. DSL SPECIAL
ADD MUSEUM
SPECIAL

WAVES IN
LINE.

MARGARET

(to audience) But it wasn't always like that. There were times away from the shack when we'd get down to the water. We'd start at one end of the beach, the Dominion side and walk along the breaking waves in our bare feet across to the Lingan side and cross the bridge there and sometimes we'd find Ian and Peggy sneaking some time together and we'd throw sand on top of them then haul them along with us but more often it would just be Ian who'd come so they could get in a bit more squabbling time in and if lobster was in season, we'd buy some and borrow a pot from a fisherman and cook 'em up and eat them right there and drink beer... God, you talk about good.

KX 39
LINE.

NEIL

Your union's got about as much clout as a wet mop in a rainstorm.

IAN

Piss off! What do you think we should do? Go back to the country?

NEIL

It's too late for that.

IAN

We could start a farm in the backyard. We got at least fifty square feet, we'll grow all our own vegetables, and keep a cow and a pig and a couple of beef cattle and some chickens and for money to buy beer and pay the light bill, we'll rent you and your pipes out to concerts!

SQ 33
LINE.

NEIL

I like the sound of that!

The sound of people yelling. They all stop, look at something ahead, their eyes wide.

SQ 33A
LINE.

NEIL

There's something happening up ahead.

MARGARET

(to audience) There was a whale stranded half on shore and half in the water and there were two fishing boats straining with all their might to tug it out to sea with ropes. And there was a bunch of drunken galoots on top the poor brute, dancing on it, trying to punch holes in its sides.

SQ 33B
LINE.

IAN

Look at those bastards, look at what they're doing!

Neil holds onto Ian's arm.

NEIL

Steady, Ian. It's too late. The whale's dead.

IAN

You don't know that.

NEIL

Look at it!

IAN

Let me go!

NEIL There's gotta be ten of them, you silly bugger! You can't beat your way through that bunch.

IAN Well I'm gonna try

Ian breaks free. Neil has no choice but to follow.

MARGARET (to audience) I watched them run down the beach and then wade into the middle of those bloody brawling fools.. I don't think even Charlie Dave could of made a dent in that bunch.. There were arms and fists and feet and oaths flying 'til the air was black and blue but maybe it satisfied the bullies bloodlust because after they finished beating the pulp out of Ian and Neil, they gave up on the poor stranded beast and left it alone. Then the Mounties came - too late as usual - and everyone hurried off so they wouldn't be part of a police report. That is everyone but the whale who was still waiting for high tide.

Neil and Ian enter, bloody but walking.

IAN You alright?

NEIL Yeah. You?

IAN Yeah.

NEIL You goddamn idiot. I should have let you kill yourself.

IAN Well then why didn't you?

NEIL I got my pride eh.

IAN Well Jesus Neil, didn't you see what they were doing?

NEIL I'm not blind. I saw what was going on but it wasn't our business.

IAN How would you like someone spittin in your face?

NEIL For Christ sake, it's only a goddamned whale.

IAN Sure it's only a goddamned whale and I'm only a goddamned coal miner.

NEIL What's that supposed to mean?

IAN It was just trying to save it's life and when it needed a bit of help, a bunch of bullies come along and try punching holes in it, spit on it and piss all over it. You gotta help out. We knocked them off at least didn't we?

NEIL Just about killed ourselves

IAN But we didn't, did we?

NEIL The friggin thing's had it. Look at it. He's not going anywhere.

IAN You don't know that for sure. You don't know what it's made of, what kind of will it's got to live...or how strong those fishermens' lines are. If the fishermen can pull him off with their ropes when the tide comes in, who knows, it might have a chance yet. Those bastards spit in its face but that whale still got pride.

NEIL A friggin whale's pride.

IAN Yeh. A friggin whale's pride. It's struggling along too eh, just like the rest of us. You just can't give up. You can't just sit by. We helped him out and maybe now he's got a chance.

NEIL Maybe he does and maybe he doesn't.

IAN Well one thing I know for sure - if you don't work at it, if you don't fight for it, it ain't gonna happen. That's what the union's all about.

NEIL Well maybe you're right about the union...but the best thing would be if you didn't work in the pit at all.

IAN The thing of it, Mr. Know -It- All- Neil Currie...what did you say? Did you say that I'm right about union?

NEIL Yes, I did say that Ian.

IAN Well wonder of wonders. And you called me Ian.

NEIL Yes, I did.

IAN Well God Almighty.

NEIL I guess you spent so much time nosing through the earth you wore your nose down short that now you can see beyond the end of it.

WX 40 - TRANSITION
2 E

WX 41 - SHACK UP.
AFTER NOON.
3 E

IAN I can?

NEIL Yep. You got a good head, you got a brave heart and you got a short nose, and your great grandmother Morag would've been proud of you. She was all in favour of people whose eyes are longer than their noses.

Ian seems to grow taller as Neil talks.

IAN Say that again - about being right about the union.

NEIL But she wasn't crazy about the rumbottle. She'd a thought piss would've been a better drink for the likes of us!

IAN Come on, say it again.

NEIL Oh for God's sakes.

IAN Just say that part about me being right about the union.

NEIL Give it up.

IAN Just say it. Slowly.

NEIL You're right about the union,

Ian lets out a 'Yip' of delight and the two of them walk off wrestling.

STANDBY
LX: 40, 41
SQ: 35, WAVES OUT

LX 40 SQ 35 WAVES OUT
I JUMPS W 504

LX 41
END OF SQ 35

The Shack. A month later. Grandpa is sitting in his chair. He attempts to rise, obviously trying for something out of reach. Painfully, he drags himself across the daybed and grasps two soup cans. He begins methodically lifting them up and down, trying to build his muscles. This brings on a coughing fit. Neil enters, carrying laundry. He rushes to Grandpa, pounds his back.

NEIL Are you alright now? (Sees soup cans) What the hell were you doing?

Neil starts hanging laundry on the backs of chairs. Glum. Grandpa scribbles something in his notebook and hands it to Neil.

NEIL (reads) "Call the undertaker. Neil Currie's passed away."

Neil laughs.

NEIL Do I look that bad?

Grandpa nods.

NEIL I'm sorry. I'm not very good company for you.

Grandpa writes something.

NEIL (reads) "I'm no hell either."

Neil looks at Grandpa, laughs.

NEIL At least with you I don't have to fight to get a word in edgewise.

Grandpa nods. Neil looks at him for a while.

NEIL Why did you stop talking?

Grandpa stares off.

NEIL Would you like me to sing you something?

Grandpa nods. Neil starts singing The Isle of Skye. While he does this, Grandpa writes something in his notebook. By the time Neil finishes, Grandpa has nodded off to sleep. Neil takes the notebook and reads it.

NEIL (reads) "The doctors said there was nothing wrong with my lungs. He was a liar. But no one wanted to hear what I had to say." (to the sleeping man)
So you stopped talking. Nobody wants to hear what I have to say either.
I sleep in my wife's mothers shack and I hardly make enough to buy the tea.

Neil puts a blanket over Grandpa's chest.

NEIL Well at least I take care of you. I give you your thump every hour.

Neil gets out his flask, takes a drink, goes back to woodworking. Margaret and Catherine and Ian enter. The women are tired, they drop their bags. Margaret looks over at Neil, he keeps his head down. There are two pillows lying on a kitchen chair. Catherine stares at them, then moves them out of the way.

CATHERINE Well, it's good to be home. To the things I'm used to. When I work up at the MacDougall's or the MacGregor's I miss the pillows on the kitchen chairs. I miss the underwear draped over my one decent sitting chair.

Margaret tries to find a place for the pillows and her underwear. She is sick of her mother's cracks. She looks over at Neil, who is ignoring her.

CATHERINE I see we've got a new leak in the roof. Oh well, I guess I should be glad I've got a roof over my head at all these days. Wipe your nose, Margie, it's dripping like a tap.

Margaret takes out a handkerchief and wipes it.

CATHERINE You peel the potatoes. And try not to whittle them down to nothing like you did last night. And don't boil the daylights out of them either. I'll try to squeeze another meal out of this scrawny little chicken for the five of us.

Margaret gets out some potatoes, starts slamming them into the pot. Ian drops his stuff. He opens a little bag and pulls out a new tie. He examines it proudly. Then he pulls out some paper, sits down at the kitchen table, starts writing.

CATHERINE And what's all this?

IAN I'm working on a talk I'm gonna give at the union hall tonight. I'm the new secretary treasurer for District 26.

CATHERINE Will that bring more money into the house?

IAN It's not a paying position mom. It's an honour.

CATHERINE Oh.(to Margie) Don't leave the lid off of the oil. I can never find it.

IAN Did you know that the old Sydney and Dominion collieries pay two completely different wage scales for exactly the same kind of operation?

CATHERINE Which is lower?

IAN Ours.

CATHERINE Figures.

IAN And that the contract mining rates are 7% lower that they were in '26 in terms of real money.

CATHERINE There was no money anywhere in '26. Just turnips and weak tea. Don't talk to me about '26.

Catherine takes exception to the new location where Margaret has put the pillows and blanket.

CATHERINE And don't leave them there! I'll just trip over them on my way to the outhouse.

MARGARET Well where should I put it? Should I hang it from the roof?

CATHERINE Could you? That might help.

MARGARET (short) No, I can not!

IAN We want a pension plan for all miners over 65. Only a quarter of them get any kind of pension at all and that just depends on whether you sucked up to the company enough.

CATHERINE (looks over at grandpa) He sure didn't and look what he got. Nothing! They didn't even give him the time of day.

IAN And we want to get rid of the company doctors 'cause they just say what the company wants to hear.

Neil looks up and over at the sleeping old man then back down at his carving. Neil takes another drink from his flask. Margaret watches, steaming.

CATHERINE Speaking of the doctor, I cleaned over there today. She's got shelves for this and shelves for that...If Charlie Dave were here...

MARGARET (sharp) Well he's not.

CATHERINE (taken aback) Well I know he's not. I was just going to say that if he were, he'd be able to rig up some kind of shelves to put all that stuff on. I don't know where he got so handy. He sure didn't get it from his father and he sure didn't pass it along to his brother. Now if I had a kitchen like that -

MARGARET Well you don't!

CATHERINE I know I don't. What's wrong with you today?

Margaret shakes her head.

IAN Now all I need to do is get everyone talking about this stuff. There's a lot of them have their noses so close to the rock face, they can't see for nothing.

Margaret tries to stuff the pillows into a drawer. Catherine picks up some clothes.

CATHERINE And while you're at it, could you get these out of sight.

MARGARET No, I cannot! There is no where to put it.

CATHERINE Don't pout. You're not ten years old.

MARGARET That's right. I am not ten years old. I am a grown woman. A married woman. I don't have to listen to my mother bossing me around from dawn til dusk!

NEIL (looks up) Steady Margaret.

MARGARET No, I won't be steady! All you do is sit around and drink all day and play those damns things. I'm sick of it! I don't want to live here any more. I want to be on our own land. I want to live with my husband in my own place. Where's my house?

Margaret storms out. *followed by Catherine w 2 pillow + underwear*

~~Later.~~ The shack. ~~Neil and Ian are playing cards.~~ *after Margaret + Catherine are gone*

IAN There's a job opened up in # 10. I could get you in.

Neil says nothing.

IAN Whatdiya say?

Neil says nothing.

IAN What happened to you that day down there when you were roaring around like a stuck bull?

NEIL I've told you what I think about the pit and it's the God's truth.

IAN I know it is...but I wanna know about that day.

NEIL (after a pause) I was down there a mile below the earth digging away at the coal face trying not to think about where I was and what I was doing... and then all of a sudden my light went out. Ever happen to you?

WX 42 TRANSITION
2

WX 43 - BEACH UP.
3

LX 44 TRANSITION
2

LX 45 - SHACK UP
3

IAN Yeah.

NEIL I was scared shitless. I've never been so scared in my life - not over there in the war, not anywhere, And then this song came into my head, something I'd heard the old people sing, in Gaelic, and it started pouring out of me...and it kept getting louder and louder... And the foreman came roaring up and told me to shut up but I wouldn't...I couldn't...and maybe everyone thought I was crazy but it helped me. It was like a light guiding me. As soon as we got back up top, I quit, just a second before he fired me. (long pause) You ever get scared down there?

STANDBY
 LX: 42, 43, 44
 45
 SQ: 36 auto WAVES IN
 37 auto WAVES OUT

IAN Christ, all the time.

NEIL You do?

IAN Margaret used to have to walk me to work back shift when I started cause I was so scared of the dark. (laughs) That was one of the reasons I started going with girls...I couldn't have my sister walking me to work forever.

NEIL Well I'll be damned.

IAN I don't know this for sure, but maybe everyone feels the same way. I could use some help for a while Neil. You could work right beside me. The union needs good men.

LX 42 SQ 36 auto WAVES IN
 135K DPT LING

LX 43
 M steps off SL REVOLVE

The ocean. Margaret is on their land. Neil joins her.

MARGARET I'm sorry I said those things.

NEIL What you said cleared the air. (Looking out) You know Mariead, if it weren't for that bit of water out there, you could walk right up on the shore of the Isle of Skye. (after a pause) I'm going to go underground and help Ian.

Margaret raises her hand in protest.

LX 44 SQ 37 auto WAVES OUT

NEIL I'll be a miner until I can put a roof over our head and a down payment on ten sheep.

He kisses her.

LX 45
 M X to SL DOOR

The shack. Margaret is reading the paper. Grandpa is napping with a couple of soup cans lying in his lap. Catherine enters.

MARGARET (reading from paper) It says here that this is the first time since 1917 the miners have entered wage negotiations armed with a strike mandate. A strike! Imagine that.

CATHERINE I don't want to.

MARGARET They're trying to get some better conditions down there mom.

CATHERINE That'll be the day.

MARGARET I wish I was at that strike meeting.

CATHERINE I wish I was at bingo. At least there I have a hope in hell of winning.

Catherine tries to ease the soup cans out of Grandpa's lap.

CATHERINE I'll take these back Mr. Charles Atlas if you don't mind.

Grandpa wakes up and grabs hold of the cans again. They struggle with them. She gives in.

CATHERINE Maybe I'll get my shelves built yet.

Ian and Neil enter. Catherine pulls out some cards, starts playing nervously. Margaret and Grandpa look up expectantly.

MARGARET Well? How 'd it go?

NEIL Well, I thought the union executive made pretty good sense. Including your brother here. He knows his stuff. We could sure use \$2.50 more a day. It would get me out of that hole faster. I think it's time to bust their arses.

MARGARET That's 'cause you love a fight!

NEIL (turns to Ian) You've been pretty quiet all the way home. What is it? Cat got your tongue?

IAN (cautious) If we're going out, we'll need somebody to talk to the women, to explain how much better off we'd be if we stick together.

NEIL Margaret can do that. Maybe get Peggy to help her (laughs) That would be a sight wouldn't it? The mine manager's daughter organizing the miners wives!

MARGARET You think I'm gonna talk to every coal miner's wife in Reserve?

IAN No, it would have to be all the collieries. We'd have to get the wives from every colliery to backing their men.

MARGARET Well I'll do it but I don't know how.

CATHERINE You're all talking like it's a picnic you're organizing. Its not. A strike is hell. I know. (nods to Grandpa) So does he.

NEIL Do you think we can get all the collieries?

IAN I think we can. All of them in District 26.

NEIL But you're nervous. What is it?

IAN I asked Peggy to sound out her father on a strike.

NEIL Well I guess we know what he'd say.

IAN He used to be a miner. He's not a bad guy. He might be telling the truth.

NEIL So what did he tell her?

IAN ~~That hell would freeze over before the company touched its profits.... and in the meantime, the miners' families could starve...~~
It's the Americans. They won't back us up.

CATHERINE ~~And they will.~~
Fella from the

NEIL But the ~~UMW will back us up.~~ They said so. *they would*

IAN MacDougall says they ~~say they will~~ but they won't.

NEIL How the hell does he know that?

IAN In the last election in Cape Breton, the miners elected a socialist to the federal government.

MARGARET So it's a free country..

IAN To an American, a socialist is a communist. The UMW is an American union. The union can't be seen in the States as supporting communism. The minute the word 'communist' is used, and it will be used as soon as the word 'strike' is used, he says

that the American leaders will let go of the Glace Bay miners like a red hot poker.

CATHERINE Well that settles it. Forget the whole thing.

NEIL Is that all? What else?

IAN MacDougall told her there are some good jobs coming up which he thought the two of us would be just right for. Surface jobs. Good pay and chance for advancement. But if we were seen as instigators of the strike, we wouldn't have a hope in hell of getting them after the dust settled.

NEIL The son of a bitch is trying to buy us off.

CATHERINE Take them. For God's sake, take the jobs. Forget the strike. MacDougall's already said that the decks stacked against you.

NEIL We don't know if he's right. He may be just trying to spook us.

IAN Is that what you think Neil?

CATHERINE Why don't you ask what I think? If you're so interested in stories, why don't you ask what I think!

NEIL What do you think Catherine?

CATHERINE I remember standing on the hill above Lingan beach with my three children - Margaret was in my arms, watching my grandfather and my father and my husband and 3000 miners take a strike vote in front of a bonfire. They were so full of themselves, so sure that they were right, that they would win. But they didn't.

IAN But they were right.

CATHERINE I remember no food and no money and children dying of disease cause our water was filthy. I remember company thugs setting fires to houses and police running over people with their horses...and in the end, they only got back a fraction of what we'd lost. And now, I have one less son and a dead husband and a father-in-law who can't talk. You can't win against them.

They are all silent.

IAN There's another thing.

NEIL What's that?

66

STAND BY.

LX: 46, 47, 48, 49, 50.

SQ: 38, 38A.
WAVES IN, 39.

WAVES OUT

SL REVOLVE

(SHACK TO
MUSEUM)

LX 46 TRANSITION
2c

LX 47 - M special
DSR
3c

LX 48 - MUSEUM UP
3c

LX 49 - LOS B M
SPECIAL DSR
1c

LX 50 - M special
DSL
3c

IAN Peggy said if we go on strike, I shouldn't count on her being there when it's over.

Neil turns to Grandpa.

NEIL What do you think Grandpa? If you were still in the pit what would you do?

Everyone waits. Grandpa finally scribbles a note, pushes it towards Neil.

NEIL (reads) "I'd fight again. If you don't fight for what you believe, you are a worm!"

Margaret

(to the Audience) I helped out during the strike. People who wouldn't even give me the time of day when I walked by welcomed me into their homes cause I was Ian's sister or I was Neil Currie's wife. And a lot of the older ones even remembered the role my great grandmother Morag played in the last great strike - hauling out endless stores of vegetables which she'd wrapped in paper in her cellar and gave to the children in exchange for their learning some Gaelic. Being Morag MacNeil's great granddaughter, I had about as much roots as a scraggly little bush could have in this God-forsaken windy place.

Margaret is remembering music.

MARGARET And 'cause nobody was working, all the singers and fiddlers and dancers had time on their hands and they'd go around giving free concerts, or they'd charge a little and give the money to the relief fund. Neil was in seventh heaven. This was what life was supposed to be. But the best thing of all about the strike was that it gave Neil time to finish the house.

NEIL Here it is Mariead. Your house on the ocean. This is where we'll make our stand.

Neil watches Margaret takes a deep breath, then she lets out a triumphant whoop.

NEIL You're like a perfectly tuned set of pipes You always make the right sound. It comes from deep inside you. You'll be alright Mariead. You'll always do the right thing. I love you Margaret MacNeil.

MARGARET I love you Neil Currie.

He kisses her. Neil moves off.

IX 46 SQ38
C AT WINDOW US OF SL REVOLVE
SL REVOLVE
4 BEATS AFTER ABOVE CALLED
IX 47 SQ38A
SL REVOLVE COMPLETE

IX 48
WAVES IN

IX 49
M whoops

IX 50 SQ39
LINE

KX 51 - LOSE SPECIAL
DSL
3C ADD ESTIM
SITAC

MARGARET

STANDBY
WX: 51
SQ: 40, WAVES OUT,
41

(to Audience)

Of course everything MacDougall said came true. Peggy took up with a clerk at the credit union as soon as we hit the bricks. Once the strike got going, it seemed to drop out of the hands of the miners completely. The big meetings all took place in Montreal. Nobody knew what was going on, but when it finally ended, we were no better off than before. Instead of the \$2.50 that we asked for, the union made a deal for a dollar a day I think it was but even that didn't amount to anything because they only got the raise if they put out more coal than before the strike, which was nearly impossible. But the worst of it was, if there hadn't been a strike and MacDougall kept his word, Ian and Neil might have been working on the surface instead of in the pit. As it was, they were both killed the same minute.

LX 51 SQ 40 WAVES OUT
LINE

The sound of a mine whistle.

SQ 41
AFT. 3rd BLAST.

Margaret moves into the shack and starts collecting up things; the cards, the rum bottle, the tea-pot, the notebooks. She carries these to the new house during this monologue.

MARGARET

I was up to Reserve keeping house for my mother when I heard the whistle. I heard the dogs howling for two nights before so soon's I heard the whistle, I took off for the pit. They were both just being taken up when I got there. They had them in the half ton truck with blankets over them. I told them to take them to my mothers where they lay one of them on mama's bed and one on the couch in the kitchen. Then I told them to get out. I knew what to get. I helped Charlie Dave keep a dead frog for two years when he was going to school. I went to the Medical Hall and got two gallons of the stuff. Cost me a lot. I got back as fast as I could, but it wasn't quick enough. I locked the house before I left so nobody could get in. Mama was visiting her sister in Bras'd Or and I didn't know when she'd be back. When I got back, there was a bunch around the door. I told them to fuck off. I was busy. To make matters worse my grandfather was left alone all that time. He died. He choked. But before he did, he wrote this. (Margaret picks up a notebook)

MARGARET

(reads) "It's kind of comical if it wasn't so sad, there's our Margaret married to the only one you'd think wouldn't work in the pit but there he is working in it anyway and him working with Ian, if the two of them get killed...what will the poor girl do?"

STANDBY
WX: 52
SQ: 42

Margaret looks up from the notebook. She starts to unpack crates with jars in them, setting them on shelves as she talks.

LX 52 - add Museum.
3

LX 53. add: M special
DSL
3

LX 54 - Fill out the
Museum
Lose M special
DSL.
3

HX 52 SQ 42 MARGARET

STANDBY

LX: 53.54.

SQ: 43, WAVES IN

LX 53 SQ 43
LINE

LX 54 WAVES IN
LINE

I took his lungs. It wasn't so much the lungs themselves, though, I think they were a good thing to take, though they don't keep too well, especially the condition he was in, as just something to remind me of the doctor who told him he couldn't get compensation because he was fit to work.

Then I took Neil's lungs because I thought of them connected to his pipes and they show, compared to grandfather's, what lungs should look like. And I took his tongue since he always said he was the only one around still had one. I took his fingers too, because he played the pipes with them

I didn't know what to take from Ian so I took his dick since Neil always said that it was his substitute for religion to keep him from being a pit pony when he wasn't drinking rum or playing forty-five. I had each thing in its own pickle jar. I put them all in the tin suitcase with the scribblers and the deck of cards and the half empty quart of black death they left after last Sunday's drinking and arguing, got Neil's bagpipes and took it all over to my friend Marie's next door for safe keeping.

They came in a police car and I didn't give them a chance to even get out of the car. I jumped right into the back seat like it was a taxi I was waiting for. I just said right in and said "Sydney River please."

Sydney River, if you're not from around here is the cookie jar where they put rotten tomatoes so they won't spoil the barrel. So they put me in til they forgot about me; then when they remembered me they forgot what they put me in for. So they let me go.

Margaret's House by the Ocean: Margaret is standing looking out the window, suitcase on the floor beside her. Catherine enters. The place is now filled with Margaret's artifacts. They look at each other.

MARGARET Hello mom.

CATHERINE Hello, Margie.

Margaret takes a deep breath.

MARGARET Oh the air smells like heaven here, doesn't it?

CATHERINE I guess.

MARGARET You look good. The house looks good. Thank you for keeping it so nice for me til I got back.

CATHERINE I didn't mind. It's a bit big for me though. Alone.

MARGARET You can stay here and live with me mother, if you like.

1255
34

Catherine gives her daughter a little kiss.

CATHERINE Thanks anyway. But I'm not feeling too good. I think I'll go back to Reserve.

MARGARET So stay. I'll look after you.

CATHERINE Yes, you'll look after me. You'll look after me. And what if I drop dead during the night?

MARGARET If you drop dead during the night, you're dead. Dead in Glace Bay is the same as being dead in Reserve.

CATHERINE Yes. And you'll look after me dead, too, I imagine. You'll look after me. What'll you do? Cut off my tits and put them in bottles.

MARGARET Mother, your tits don't mean a thing to me.

Catherine picks up her suitcase, opens door and leaves.

MARGARET (calls after her) Have you got everything?

CATHERINE (calls back) If I've forgotten anything, pickle it.

MARGARET Okay.

CATHERINE Keep it for a souvenir!

MARGARET Okay!

Margaret shuts the door.

MARGARET (to audience) I was sorry after that I said what I said. I wouldn't have minded having one of her tits. After all, if it wasn't for them, we'd have all died of thirst before we had our chance to get killed.

The strains of 'MacPherson's Lament' begin and grow throughout the rest of Margaret's memories.

MARGARET Marie came over with the suitcase and we had a cup of tea and she helped me set things up. We had to make shelves for the jars. Everything else can go on tables and chairs or hang on the wall or from the ceiling as you can see.

STANDBY.

LX: 55, 56, 57,
58, 59, 60, 61
62, 63, HOUSE ↑
64
SQ: 44, WAVES OUT
44A

ASM: 2nd Curtain
Call

~~LX 55 SQ 44 WAVES OUT~~

LY 56 DSL special
4c

LY 57 OS chair
4c

LY 58 IAN SPEC
4c

LY 59 - G - spec
4c

LY 60 - SPECIAL
DSL
4c

LY 61 - hose all.
but special
DSL
2c
auto

LY 62 - hose all
2c.

LY 63 Curtain Call

LY 64 - Preset up.

Marie is very artistic, she knows how to put things around. I'm the cook. We give tea and scones free to anyone who comes. You're the first I guess not too many people know about it yet. But it will pick up. These things take time.

LX 56
LINE

A light comes up on Neil in memory.

1 LX 57
LINE

NEIL

I think you're the smallest son of a bitch I ever seen. I love you Margaret MacNeil.

A light comes up on Catherine.

LX 58
LINE

CATHERINE

That man will never live in a company house. And he can work with Ian. They can die together. And you can live in your shack alone. Stand it then

Another light comes up on Ian.

LX 59

IAN

It's only a goddamned whale and I'm only a goddamned coal miner. But one thing I know for sure, if you don't work at it, if you don't fight for it, it ain't gonna happen.

Another light.

NEIL

Go and read your grandfather's scribbles. He remembers. His blood was spilled there, on the ground, and our blood was spilled there, on the ground. He remembers.

LX 60
M about to STEP OFF
SL REVOLVE

MARGARET

It's important to remember. Because we sort of are what we remember. And when you leave, take a walk out to the cliff. Take a good look.

Light on Neil.

NEIL

You know Mariead, if it wasn't for that bit of water out there, you could walk right up on the shore of the Isle of Sky.

The bagpipes comes up.

auto 62
LX 61 SQ 44A

MARGARET

Just an ocean away. Just one good spit away

LX 63 (Curtain Call)
B.O.

THE END

HOUSE UP LX 64