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The Megantic Outlaw

The Musical Story of Donald Morrison

An adaptation based on the true story by Nicholas K. Pynes and Edward S.

Herkes

First performed at Theatre Lac Brome, Knowlton Quebec, September 1996, then July 1997

CAST who all play music in the American House Hotel Band

Donald Morrison	Our Hero
Marion MacKinnon,	His lady love
Murdo Morrison,	Doubling Major McAuley, Judge Dugas,
(Donald's father)	Jack Warren Court room Judge
Murdo Beaton:	Donald's best friend
Peter Matheson	Bar & General store owner doubles as Auctioneer, and Norman McAuley, Donald's friend from out west
Archie MacDonneil	Helps out around the Hotel bar Doubling: Lawyer James McLean, The Policeman & Jury foreman
Pete LeRoyer	Bounty hunter and trapper

Special Authors note: This musical adaptation of the Donald Morrison story, recounts the actual historical events as described in the Montreal Star of the 1880's. It is intended to be performed by an ensemble of contemporary musician/actors who are recounting the tale. There is no historical evidence that Donald Morrison was a musician, but all Scots are musical. The music used is indicated by the song titles. It can be freely adapted other than the Mexican song. For the Theatre Lac Brome production we placed all the action in a bar with costume changes and lights to indicate the other exterior scenes.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Ladies and Gentlemen would you please give a warm welcome
to
The American House Hotel Band.

Band launches into a lively jig an adaptation of **The Pitnacree Ferryman**

MATHESON as NARRATOR: Thank you. I would like to say for all the members of
the band what a pleasure it is to be here tonight. Vous savez, nous sommes pure laine,
mais le mouton vien de partout....We come from many different places, with many a tale to
tell, but we'd like to relate one in particular.

In the 19th century, Highland Scots, many from the island of Lewis, had settled the
west side of Lake Megantic in Quebec. Although burdened by debts from the cost of
passage and the purchase of land, they had managed to carve out a decent life. By the
1880's, the railroad had come, bringing a fresh wave of immigrants and what was the
best of new times was soon to become the worst of times. Money lenders and land
grabbers, the most powerful of whom, a certain Major McAuley, began to buy up
property and take over the region. Inflation and greed drove many of the settlers to
seasonal work and off their beloved farms. This is our story of that time.

*Play opens in bar with MATHESON reading newspaper and MURDO MORRISON sitting
and smoking.*

MATHESON: So what have we here in the news on the 22nd day of June 1883?
To Murdo Look you here, Murdo, says there's a Dominion Day grand annual
picnic and games at Isle Gros Bois, with a first class string band engaged for
the event.

MURDO: Aye, dominion is a favorite of the English.

MATHESON: ...and there is an advertisement for a Grand Fete National in Nashua,
New Hampshire. Now, why would they be celebrating it down there?
Time to
dust of the ol' flags, eh Archie? *laughs*

MURDO: Ony thin frae hame?

MATHESON: From home...Ah yes, The English parliament has commissioned an inquiry
into the highland clearances. Calling it the Napier Commission.

MARION: That should keep a good few folk busy.

MURDO: There was a man on Lewis, Peter, who always read the newspaper.

MATHESON: I'm sure it was a benefit to him.

MURDO: I could only speculate on that Peter, for he was banished.

MATHESON: For reading the newspaper?

MURDO: No, for having committed adultery.

MATHESON: Well now I better be careful then, mixing my women with the papers.

MARION: You would be better off with a woman. They're allthigither a better prospect.

MATHESON: Speaking of prospects. Have you heard from your wandering lad?

MARION: The last letter was from Texas saying he would be home for good before the year was out.

MURDO: Ha. Only a fool wo'd come back here. Ye'd be better off going out west.

MARION: You well know we have an agreement. He'll be back to take over the farm.

MURDO: Ha.

MURDO BEATON enters.

MATHESON: Murdo Beaton, if this is not the Laird of the Granite.

MARION: You've not been getting your marching orders from the quarries again have you?

BEATON: It wus the odour of Peter's dram calling me back and I'm in dire need of one.

MATHESON: You do look a little out of puff. Have a drop on the house.

BEATON: A gentleman you are, Peter Matheson. Have I not just walked the entire length of Lake Megantic.

MARION: What ever for, Murdo, have you no horse?

BEATON: I did that but he was a most fearsome beast a disagreeable animal. We had our last dispute at the border. He was only a mule pretending to be a horse.

MURDO: Ha, it w'd be the guid God's punishment. The quarries. Nae a place for a man. You should be home looking efter y'r father's coos.

BEATON: Are they lost? No mind, your good friend, old money bags McAuley will take care of them if they wonder too far.

MURDO: Ha! Ye'll fa oor your tongue yin o' these days Beaton. Awa' back doon thon hole you inhabit. It suits yer charecter.

BEATON: Well hello anyway Murdo....It's a hot day.

MURDO: Ha.

MATHESON: A little more refreshment?

MURDO: Ha! Refreshment? What wi'd be the occasion?

BEATON: Wi' me there's always an occasion. Is not that so Peter?

MATHESON: That it is, Murdo. Murdo here is just feeling a little dreary with his trouble and all.

MURDO: My trouble? A Morrison aiways keep's his heed up. Even wi Donald oot west, I have my other sons.

BEATON: Och the brothers. They'll have no truck with you at tall, at tall.

MURDO: We've seen oorsels through muckle worse than this on Lewis. A can deal wi' it mesel.

MARION: Oh, Murdo, you know very well you can not. Something has to be done. You will be out on the road and McAuley will have the farm.

MURDO: Och, Marion, you`re right. I've no luck wi' money at all, at all. No Gael ever has, it's oor curse. A burden toe carrey tae the grave.

MATHESON: Luck ha! If it was raining gold dust you'd be out there with a fork.

BEATON: *laughing* And a fine big one it would be too.

MURDO: Beaton, keep yer ain hand in your pocket. It's ne a place for you to be poking yur snoot in.

BEATON: Aye... you've done such a grand job Murdo. McAuley and the like are very well pleased. With all your money in his pocket. A fortunate fellow to have all these generous Lewis men in these parts.. I've a need for a coin or two to rattle myself. Perhaps you could see your way Murdo to move a little this way.

MATHESON: A more generous breed you couldn't meet.

MURDO: Generous aye a may be but am nae fool.

BEATON: *Laughs*

MURDO: Hud(hold) yer wheesht(breath) Murdo Beaton, you're a bleater and show yer elders a bit o' respect.

MATHESON: Amen to that. Let's not go knocking our heads. Have a dram, Murdo.

MURDO: I won't thank you, Peter. A'm a Rechabite noo. Not a drop o' the craitur will cross ma lips. I haven't tasted wan drop o stimulants since Easter. There be nae mar O' thon for me. Moderation in all things is what I'm efter.

BEATON: A teetotaller? A modern calamity. All the more for us.

MURDO: And as for you, young Beaton, your birth was a calamity. Yer pair mother and faither. When I think o them a say a prayer for their misfortune. Drink's the devils work

BEATON: And fine thirsty work it is.

MATHESON: It's still the thing for a nasty cold. Medicinal purposes. You'll be getting desparate dour athoot it.

MURDO: *coughing* Medicinal says you?

BEATON: What a wonderfully convenient and licensed premise. Let's be slippy then, I'm still as dry as dust. Now it's a grand baur I'm after.

MATHESON: You'll be well on your way to a disfigurement this evening.
To MARION And you've got a healthy blush on your cheeks, Marion MacKinnon.

MARION: Thank you, Peter, but I've soon got to be gettin along home.

MATHESON: You're the only woman about the place. The loss will be tragic.

MARION: Is that so? Archie is taking me home in his trap. What time is it?

BEATON: I have no watch myself. Why waste your money on knowing the right time. Although I hear McAuley has a fine watch. On a big gold chain to match.
Not short of a dollar or two is McAuley.

MURDO: *Gets upset by this.* I'm still man enough to lay ya oot, Beaton.

BEATON: Pawk ma hown, you old gizzard.

MURDO goes for BEATON.

MATHESON: Leave it out, Murdo, you'll be starting another 45 if you keep it up.

MARION: Well said, Peter. Have a drop. Loosen the collar. It's a grand pant you're about. *She picks up the bean bag.* Let's have a round before I go. A rhyme, a dance or a song.

They toss around bean bag (traditional game) while ARCHIE plays the harmonica.

ARCHIE stops playing when the bean bag lands in BEATON'S hands.

Murdo BEATON: There once was a man in Megantic
Whose farm was driving him frantic.
His corn grew as high as a dead horses' eye
But his spirit was forever romantic.

MURDO: Ha.

They continue with Rhyme Dance or Song until Donald steps into scene catching the bag. He is wearing a large Texas Hat and carries saddlebags.

DONALD: Hee haa! Howdy strangers I hear this town is in need of a sheriff.

BEATON: Stone the crows! Donal Morrison or is it no Buffalo Bill Cody him sel.

DONALD and BEATON embrace.

DONALD: *to MATHESON* I see you don't need **me** for a ceilidh.

MATHESON: Got up like that, Donal, it's a hoedown. *DONALD does a little cowboy dance.*

BEATON: Well we definately have an occasion now.

MATHESON pours drinks for everyone. DONALD turns to MURDO.

DONALD: Hello father. Fit for the day? You are looking well.

MURDO: Very well, Ha me goo ma (Game ball Donal game ball)

DONALD: Well that's just grand. And how is it with ma?

MURDO: Glay va, glay va. Everything's just grand.

DONALD: Aye well, mother's letters tell me otherwise.

MURDO: Och, well, ye mother is althegither of a nervous deesposition. Ach well maybe we better leave that alain for noo. Your friends are waiting.

DONALD: Well it's grand to see you. *He turns to MARION, kneels.* Do you have a care for one as humble as I?

MARION: Not a one.

DONALD: My poor heart is broken.

MARION: Would you not get off your knees and start your dancing.

DONALD: *Handing her a present , a scarf* Seven years on a horse and a week on a train and one sight of you is enough to take the aches out of a man's bones.

MARION: *flirtatiously* Are you getting fresh with me Donald Morrison.

DONALD: That I am, all the way to the altar.

MARION: The will be no churching for me. A plain I do will do. If your capable. But sing me a song for now.

DONALD: If that's all it takes, I'm willing and capable.

MARION: We'll have to do see about that.

BEATON: Give us a song then Donald. Sing us blin. *He hands Donald a guitar.*

DONALD: Well here's a little thing I would sing the cows asleep with in El Paso, I learned it from an old Mexican vaquero.

MATHESON: El Paso, man, what nature of a place is that?

DONALD: Texas, Peter, Texas. Not too many gentleman, but the cows seem to like it. It's a fine place to be. There's no government as yet, so the burdens a man has are his own.

Y Volvere Old Mexican love song

Canta: Lucero

Amor, adios.
No se puede continuar, ya la magia terminó
y ahora tengo que marchar.

Será mejor,
seguir nuestra soledad; si hoy el cielo se cubrió
quizás mañana brille el sol

*And I'll be back
like a bird that flies to its nest
I'll be back to stay
Within the peace you always give me*

Y Volveré
Y a tus brazos yo caeré, las estrellas brillarán
Y nuestro amor renacerá, renacerá.

MATHESON: *getting drinks* That's a fine song Donal, A drop of the craitur.

BEATON: Matheson's finest, quite the dab hand at the still is Peter.

MARION: It may be trouble that's brought you back, Donald Morrison, but I'm glad you are. The senorita's kept you in fine trim did they?

DONALD: Only the kind with horns. Trouble I can handle, but you now....

MARION: Oh I think you'll be able to deal with this as well, if I'm any judge. It's a troubling time for upstanding folks, it's good to have you back.

DONALD: I'd almost forgotten just how beautiful it is here come summer. Soon the farm will be ours and we'll settle down. Once I've ironed out the problems with my father.

MARION: You know your father. He's got a hole in his pocket. Your mother's at her wits end and she's running out of thread.

DONALD: What of the money I've sent back these past years?

MARION: With all the loans from Montreal, and now Major McAuley, they will be out on the road soon if it's not straightened out.

DONALD: I'll take care of it the legal and modern way. I've a fair lump of cash with me and once I get the farm working the rest'll take care of itself.

MARION: I hope your right.

DONALD: Don't fret. You'll see. I'll deal wi McAuley.

BEATON: To hell with all of this. It's a ceilidh we're having. Have a drop of this.

MARION: You've not forgotten how to dance, have you, Donal?

DONALD: I've tripped a tarantella or two with a senorita or three.

MARION: Come then I'll remind you how.

BEATON: I thought you were leaving?

MARION: I think I'll stay a wee bit longer.

A Waltz for the scene change, an adaptation of **Ketty Teroll**

Scene 2 Lawyer McAuley's Office

Major McAuley with Pete LeRoyer

McAULEY: Ah is that what you say now Pete. I'll have to keep an eye out for him.
knock on door You'd better be off. *takes out big pocket watch*

McAULEY: Yes, come in. *DONALD enters.* Good day sir what can I do for you?

DONALD:: Good day, Major McAuley, I'm Donald Morrison of Red Hill.

McAULEY: Ah, yes, Mister Morrison, come in come in. I'd heard of your return.
Now isn't this fortuitous. I've just picked up a little piece by auction, out by
Gould. You'll be wanting a place to settle? I'd say it's the perfect
spot.

DONALD: That's very kind of you but I've no need of that. I'm here to look after my
father's affairs.

McAULEY: Yes yes, Murdo Morrison, a fine man. How can I help?

DONALD: Well, I've looked at my father's papers and something doesn't seem quite
right.

McAULEY: Well, you not being a business man, I'm sure you could be easily confused by
it. Tell me what's the problem and we'll try and set it clear.

DONALD: That would be most helpful. It is a bit confusing, the money owed. By my
calculation, with the money I've been sending back, the mortgage

debt should have been settled by now.

McAULEY: Yes but the mortgage wasn't the only debt, there were other loans.

DONALD: That is where the problem lies. I'm sure it is just an oversight, Major McAuley.

McAULEY: An oversight?

DONALD: The original loans from Montreal which you assumed, were at a far lower rate, then what you have been charging my father.

McAULEY: These things happen in the world of business, I assure you it was not intentional. It was such a long time ago. I'll check over my records

DONALD: Yes, that would be the thing to do, Major McAuley. As I say an oversight.

McAULEY: Maybe I should talk to your father again and try to put him clear on what is documented.

DONALD: Oh, you'll get nowhere there, a document is dutch to him. His word is what he stands by.

McAULEY: Perhaps his memory is not good, I should have another word with him.

DONALD: Aye, but my memory is fine, and so is that of my mother.

McAULEY: Listen, Mr. Morrison...Donald, I'm prepared to make you a fair offer for the land.

DONALD: That might suit me... once we have settled on what is actually owed.

McAULEY looks in his record book.

McAULEY: Ah yes, here it is...Murdo Morrison. Can we settle on say ah \$700?

DONALD: Near enough to what I figure. Here's \$700. It took a lot of hard days and long cold nights in the saddle to earn this, so I would appreciate a receipt.

McAULEY: *Gives a receipt.* Certainly, Mr. Morrison. I hope you'll consider my offer. Here you are. If there is anything more I can do for you, feel free to come in anytime.

DONALD: I'll do that, Major McAuley. Good day to you.

McAULEY: Good day, Mr. Morrison.

They shake hands and DONALD exits. LeROYER re-enters.

McAULEY: LeRoyer, did you hear all of that? Damned highlander. He won't be rid of me that easily will he now?

LeROYER: Célui-là pourrait causer des problemes.

McAULEY: Could he now? Mr Morrison seems to think that that's the only debt.

LeROYER: Y a d'autres dettes?

McAULEY: There's always be more debts, LeRoyer. Murdo Morrison is always looking for a little easy money. I'll be careful with that son of his, he's a great favorite here. I understand if I go against him I might be facing all of those miserable Highlanders. Maybe he thinks he's Bonnie Prince Charlie.

LeROYER: J' tu pensais écossais.

McAULEY: I'm a businessman LeRoyer not living in the past like that rabble. Drinking and carousing. The railroad is here. There is money to be made. I'll have that land, damn it It's the only parcel I don't own at that end of town, and I expect to make a nice profit on it soon. Keep an eye on him, but step carefully.

Working song **Bratach Bana**

Scene 3 In a field at work *DONALD with a shovel, MARION and BEATON are lounging.*

BEATON: It's a lovely class of rock your producing here, Donald. A fine rock cultivator you are laddie. You should come to Vermont and work on the granite. At least you'd have a coin or two to rattle in your pocket.

DONALD: Aye laddie, and a fine pair we mon be. What do you think, Marion, could you be a quarrier's wife?

MARION: At least I'd be a wife and you wouldn't be talking to lawyers.

DONALD: Its not the lawyers that's a worry to me. There is another fox among the hens.

BEATON: Oh aye?

DONALD: Aye, and an old one at that.

BEATON: I smell the work of a hielan man.

DONALD: Not as hielan as all that. One Murdo Morrison by name.

BEATON: Been a bit of a divil has he. The rechabite.

DONALD: Aye all his talk of no luck with money and not being up with the legal shenanigans. He has been leading me a merrier dance than any McAuley.

BEATON: It's no a safe bet to be gaelic these days. You'd be better off in a German Band.
I think it would be good to own a judge if you're going to court.
McAuley has a few maybe you can borrow one of his. The man's head must rattle deciding which one to choose.

DONALD: That's a bit beyond my pocket. But it's the Sherbrooke court I've been to and he has not much say there.

MURDO: Aye, that's as may be, and gold is in them there rocks.

MARION: They're as hard as the ones in his head. Murdo tell this man he's a fool.

BEATON: Donald, you're a fool.

DONALD: What?

BEATON: It's bad luck to contradict a lady.

MARION: Thank you, Murdo.

BEATON: Now you'll have to tell me why our poor boy here is a fool.

MARION: He took the advice of a lawyer.

DONALD: And it was good advice. It was the only way. I've been sweating on this lump of land for a year and nine months now and I want more to show for it than the rocks in me pockets and the holes in me shoes.

BEATON: Fine agricultural rocks they are. Let's load up a wagon or two and run them into market.

Rocks in the land rocks in my head
Work all day just to end up in bed

MARION: You've been too long in the quarries.

BEATON: Look around you every one else is going. How many Scot farmers are left on the hills? The only thing growing here is in the money lenders pockets. What are you still doing here Donald?

DONALD: I just want to finish this money business with my father. Get what is rightfully mine, and start afresh.

MARION: I thought we'd planned to settle here, on this farm?

DONALD: We'll be settled, but not on this place or any other place connected to my father. I only wanted to make a wee but n' bheinn (ben) for my parents to live in.

BEATON: I'll drink to that Donald , a wee but in bed.

DONALD: I even offered a few sheep and a cow, but my mother was not satisfied. I've got a court action, forcing my father to pay me \$900. Which I think is a fair price for my labours.

MARION: But your father doesn't have any money.

DONALD: Then I will force it to sale by auction.

BEATON: A court is no place for a respectable Scot like you. Lawyers?
MURDO MORRISON Morrison enters waving papers. Look lively he's the old goat now. And he looks as mad as Cumberland on Drum Mossie.

MURDO: It's a black day when a man's own son tries to steal his farm.

DONALD: Calm yourself father we have been over this. I wouldn't call it stealing, asking for what is rightfully mine.

MURDO: Black affronted is what I am. By ma oun son. Patrick Sellars wid be prood o ye.

DONALD: It was the only legal device left to me.

MURDO: Device? For what does a man need devices for?

DONALD: It is obvious that a man's word is not sufficient here. It's for the best that I take over the farm. As I've tried to explain, you haven't paid me. I want my money.

I offered to settle for \$400.

MURDO: Listen here, I'll gie you \$100, for your expenses back West.

DONALD: Don't insult me. We will settle this in court.

MURDO: No court has ever helped a highlander.

BEATON: No, but they have suspended a few.

DONALD: Fashin' yourself will do no good. I have to think of what is best for me and Marion. She's been waiting long enough.

MURDO: Hell will freeze ower afore ye get this ferm frae me.. *He leaves.*

BEATON: It's thirsty work watching you Donald., let's be off and have a jar.

MARION: We'll join you later.

BEATON: Then I'm off. Cherrio. *BEATON leaves.*

MARION: Listen here, Donald Morrison. It's all very well your taking control of your destiny but all I can see is you digging yourself in deeper.

DONALD: I just need a little more time.

MARION: I've waited enough. What of us? What of our life together? Going against your family is sure to bring more trouble.

DONALD: Father has not been fair to me. I don't know that he's deliberately been cheating me, but I want things settled. Taking it to auction is the only way.

MARION: I hope your right.

DONALD: Trust me, it'll be over soon and we can be wed.

Love Song **Cross the Wide Atlantic**

Ah me I must mourn
My true love is more
Through coldly foresaken
Its you I adore.

And if you would return
Then I'd make you my bride
For I'd cross the wide Atlantic

To be by your side

On the morning we parted
How sad the farewell
Her words they were fair
But thoughts none I could tell

To watch there your lover
As they waltz round the floor
Brings tears to these eyes
That may see you no more.

Scene 4. Auction of the Morrison family farm

DONALD: Good morning, Sheriff.

BEATON: Not a bit of a drop in rank to be holding an auctioneers position is it now?

BOWEN: We wouldn't want to have any trouble now would we.

BEATON: It's only an auction. What trouble would there be?

DONALD: My lawyer, Mr. MacLean, here will handle my business.

MacLEAN: Good day Sheriff and how are you? Fine day for an auction.

BEATON: And not a drop of refreshment to be had. Surely the occasion calls for it.
Helps to loosen the purse strings, eh Sheriff?

BOWEN: Maybe at a Highland auction. But we're in Canada *Major McAuley enters*

DONALD: Isn't this the pleasure. Are your pockets full, Mr. McAuley?

McAULEY: Good day, Sheriff. Mr. MacLean.

McLEAN: *nods* Major McAuley.

McAULEY: Morrison. My pockets are always a burden.

BEATON: I'd be happy to relieve you of such a terrible worry..

DONALD: Well, let's get to it then, Sheriff.

BOWEN: Come gentleman let's have you now. The property of Murdo Morrison of

Red Hill, all lands, buildings, and equipment valued at \$1,500 with outstanding loans of \$900, owed to one Donald Morrison. Let the bidding begin.

MacLEAN: Two hundred dollars.

McAULEY: One thousand dollars.

DONALD: What is he up to?

MacLEAN: Don't worry the money goes to you.

BOWEN: Any more bids?

MacLEAN: One thousand one hundred dollars.

BOWEN: Do I have any more bids? Major McAuley? Sold to Donald Morrison.

DONALD: I never thought I'd see the day. You'll have my check in three days.

BOWEN: I'm sorry that is not good enough the terms now are cash on the barrel.

DONALD: What do you mean Sheriff? We have an agreement.

BOWEN: Not any more. The agreement has been withdrawn.

DONALD: Tell him he can't do that, McLean.

McLEAN: Oh, come now, sheriff.

BOWEN: I'm running this auction. Cash on the Barrel.

McAULEY: I have my cashiers check right here.

DONALD: Fine, I'll take my \$900 right now.

McAULEY: Well, Morrison, there seems to be a bit of a problem. I have here, Sheriff, a court injunction challenging the legality of debts owed to Mr. Morrison.

DONALD: What's this?

McLEAN: Donald I didn't expect this.

BOWEN: This looks perfectly legal. I am afraid Mr. Morrison I will have to withhold the proceeds of the sale until this matter is settled.

McAULEY: I want your parents and personal belongings out in 48 hours. The farm is mine.

DONALD: Over my dead body. That farm will never be yours.

McAULEY: It's already mine signed sealed and delivered. Isn't that so Sheriff.

DONALD: You can't let him get away with this thievery, McLean.

BOWEN: Major McAuley has the right and any more trouble from you sir and I will throw you in jail.

DONALD: Never, never. I'll not rest until I get it back, you scoundrels.

McLEAN: Calm yersel Donald, *to others* He's fair hoddin doon these days.
to DONALD They won't get away with this We'll get it back in court.

DONALD: To hell with the law, and to hell with the lot of you.

BEATON: Easy , easy now Donald, don't fash yourself. We'd best be out of it for now.

DONALD storms out in a black rage. BEATON follows..

BOWEN: Another nice piece of business, Aye Mr. McAuley? Mr. McLean.
Refreshment?

Jai Tant Dansé Tradiation French Canadian folk song

Scene 5 In the hotel bar a month later

BEATON and DONALD stroll in.

MARION: Isn't this a fine thing. You finally came back. Has your little stay in Montreal calmed you down?

MATHESON: Donald, Murdo, have a dram. You was fair teskit after the auction.

DONALD: Aye, I was a fair poltalloch terrier. But I'm a gentleman now.

MATHESON: It's a donkey's age since I was last in Montreal. The newspaper makes it sound like quite the metropolis now.

BEATON: The licensed premises in Montreal would put yours to shame Peter.

MATHESON: I'm particular to my quiet little corner here, but if a discriminating gentleman, such as yourself, can show me how to improve things.....

BEATON: For one the ladies serving the beer are a whole lot better looking than you are.

MATHESON: You are not trying to tell me that any decent woman would look twice at you.

DONALD: The ladies were fair falling over at his feet.

MATHESON: He should maybe look for one that is sober.

BEATON: A temperate female can be an awful burden and a terrible irritation.

(nonsense song)

She's my Perry Werry Werry Werry winkle

My Jeelie and my Jam

My fairy and canary

She's my Bonnie wee but lamb

She's my Bonnie we buncha sorricks

My laughing cockatoo

And I am maggie cocka vengie cocka doodle do.

MARION: So did you do anything other than drink?

DONALD: Aye, I found a good lawyer and he says the superior court will rule for me.

MATHESON: Now why is that?

DONALD: My father has been paying interest on more money than he ever received. I'll get my money through the court. But for now I'm back to cash in on the end of season crop.

silence

MARION: So you haven't been by the farm.

DONALD: I'm not ready to face it, we came straight here.

MARION: Donal, someone burned down your barn.

DONALD: What?

MARION: They blame you and there is a warrant out in your name.

BEATON: Not while he's in court trying to get the farm back?

MATHESON: You know McAuley moved in the Duquettes, and someone shot through the window just missing the Madame.

DONALD: If it was me I woulda grazed her arse with a bullet. The Duquettes are in cahoots with McAuley.

BEATON: Aye you'd think they were related.

DONALD: They'd best not cut any hay on that farm.

MARION: McAuley also claims you stole timber from the land.

DONALD: Stole? I cut those trees for telegraph poles myself. Before the auction.

BEATON: The varmint up to his old tricks again by the sound of it.

MATHESON: McAuley has the judge and sheriff in his pocket, and you're an awful irritation to him. He's gone and sworn in Jack Warren as a deputy and he's out for your hide.

BEATON: The American rum runner? I've never seen that man sober. How did he get to be a deputy?

MATHESON: Bowen deputized him. He's been behind the Hotel blasting away at old bottles.

BEATON: Empty ones I hope.

DONALD: The only bottle he can hit is at the end of his mouth.

MATHESON: Well he's wearing a six shooter on his hip, parading around town as if he was the bees knees..

BEATON: It's all to daft to think on. Forget it all. It does not bear considering. Drink's on me.

JACK WARREN enters, obviously drunk.

WARREN: A shot of rum bartender.

MATHESON: You'd best better going home to have a wee rest, Jack.

WARREN: Keep your advice Matheson and set one up.

MATHESON: You being a deputy and all now Jack I don't know.

WARREN: That's right and we wouldn't want trouble now would we. *Recognizing DONALD, steps back.* Well well, who do we have here?

BEATON: And who might this be?

DONALD: Why if it isn't Wyatt Earp himself. I hear you've been looking for me.
laughter

WARREN: Laugh all you want. Morrison, I'm taking you in.

DONALD: By the looks of it, the only one being taken in is you.

BEATON: You're a big enough fool as it is, Warren, you're not made for this job. Let's have dram and forget it.

DONALD: That's right, Jack. Sit yourself down. I'll buy you one. Serve him up, will you, Peter.

WARREN: You can forget the drink there's more important doings.

BEATON: What could be more important than a drink?

MARION: This could be trouble, let's slip away Donal.

DONALD: He'd be a fool to try anything on his own.

WARREN: You're coming with me, Morrison.

DONALD: Easy now, Jack. I've no dispute with you, McAulay's put you up to this.

WARREN: This here badge says I'm the law and this here warrant has your name on it and I can guarantee you're gonna go quietly , very quietly (*laughs*)

MATHESON: Jack, you'd best forget about it and move along.

WARREN: Stay out of this, he's coming with me.

BEATON: The poor soul he has no fear. He must be an Irishman.

DONALD: I don't want any trouble, but I'd be a fool to be going with you. Move along.

WARREN: I'm not giving you a choice Morrison.

DONALD: Take my advice and go play your sheriff game somewhere else. I have no argument with you. My argument is with McAuley and that will be settled by a judge.

WARREN: The only judge you'll be facing will be playing a harp. Time's up.

DONALD: I'm a slow man to anger, Warren, but you're starting to irritate me.

WARREN: Separating your head from your shoulders will be more than an irritation.

DONALD: It will be better for all, stand clear.

WARREN: The only one gonna be standing after this, is me.

DONALD: You're no match for me, stand clear.

WARREN pulls out his gun. DONALD shoots him dead.

(Instrumental scene change music) **La Complainte du Folkloriste**

Scene 6 Out in the woods

DONALD and MARION arrive on stage, laughing. DONALD is wearing a woman's outfit with his face covered.

MARION: I think it's safe now.

DONALD: That was close. Your charms worked again and I'm glad the constable had his eye on you.

MARION: He certainly had more on his mind than the Megantic outlaw

DONALD: He would have gotten quite a surprise if he tried to search me.

MARION: Well, we better keep moving.

DONALD: Lets rest a wee bit. My poor aching bones.... living in that cave with the hermit Lemieux will give me rheumatism. And all for what... shooting a man in self defense. A poor sod he was.

MARION: Not a soul showed up for his planting. Now the whole district is up in arms over it. The police are everywhere, it's getting very dangerous. It frightens me, Donald. Maybe we should get away from here.

DONALD: Not until I can safely walk into a court room. I want my rights.

MARION: Your rights? What good will your rights be with a bullet in the back?

DONALD: Here we are, and here we'll stay. Besides there's not a one in the settlements against me. And the police have no gumption.

MARION: We take far too many chances Donald. It's no longer one grand tirravee. How long do you think we'll, be able to avoid them. And now that bounty hunter of McAuley's, LeRoy, is on your tail.

DONALD: He'll end up like Warren if he should try anything.

MARION: Listen to yourself. You're a decent man, not a gun totin' Billy the Kid.

DONALD: Ayen you're right. There is not a day gone by that I haven't thought about that poor soul Warren. What was I supposed to do?

MARION: Oh my poor Donald. What's to become of you?

DONALD: Oh my wee darling defence committee. It's not been all bad, it's fair put a blush in your cheeks.

MARION: Don't you try and charm me Donald Morrison. Winter's coming we'll have to find you a nice warm nest.

DONALD: *sings* If I were a Blackbird I'd whistle and sing

MARION: I'd clip your wings.

DONALD: *sings* And in the top rigging my true love I'd wing.

MARION: Do be serious, will you now? There are more police and I hear Pinkertons are on their way.

DONALD: More police? The first lot were so green the cows were following them about thinking they were grass.

MARION: *laughs* Be serious.

DONALD: Alright. Marion McKinnon, do you want to spend the rest of your life with a man who runs away from his troubles?

NORMAN: *from off stage* Hands up Morrison I arrest you in the name of the law.

DONALD: I know that voice. *NORMAN McAULEY enters.* Norman McAuley, a

policeman you'd never make. This is just grand. You haven't changed much. When there is food around you appear.

NORMAN: Grand it is. I get into Calgary and whose ugly mug is all over the papers?

DONALD: Aye, the Rob Roy of Megantic.

NORMAN: Rob Roy is it? A rogue and a reiver was he.....This is quite the pickle you have yourself in. There are more police around here than flies on a dead buffalo. Every law man from here to Montreal is on your tail. Megantic looks like an army camp.

DONALD: Aye, it's grand fun, but I've got two tricks for everyone of their's. *Spins guns*

NORMAN: Fun? The vultures are gathering. That's why I'm here. I think it would be best to get yourself out of it. I have a spare horse with me. Just set yourself in the saddle and we'll be in Vermont by nightfall.

MARION: He'll not run.

NORMAN: Whose going to come after him? A few hours in the saddle and it will all be forgotten. We'll be in Montana in a fortnight.

DONALD: And what about Marion and my parents?

NORMAN: You'll be better able to help them from out there. If you hang around here longer it will be from the end of a rope.

MARION: And what will he do out there? They'd only come after him. \$3,000.00 is an awfully tempting reward.

NORMAN: It's just as tempting here as there.

DONALD: There's not a man in this district who would turn me in.

NORMAN: The big chiefs are after you now. If you don't get it in the back, they'll string you up.

DONALD: Not without a trial.

NORMAN: The authorities have brought me here. They asked me to convince you to go. Doesn't matter where, just get out of it. They'll forget all about you.

DONALD: You can tell the authorities, when my story is told, I'll clear my name and walk away a free man.

NORMAN: Boy you've gone soft in the head since you've been back. The Chief Justice of Quebec himself is going to come down and get you. He's not going to shake your hand and say all is forgiven. Get out of it laddie, while you still can.

MARION: He hasn't come this far to throw it all away by running.

DONALD: Marion's right. I'm not going to walk away. I want what's right. Is that too much to ask?

NORMAN: Aye laddie it is. You've rubbed their noses in it and for that, you're done, no matter what.

DONALD: I've arranged to meet with this man Spanyol, a reporter from the Montreal Star. Once the story's in the papers, I'll win this thing you'll see.

NORMAN: You're a pair of pig headed old souls, and always will be.

MARION: Aye, that we are. Let's be off and have a dram and you can tell us all the news from the great wide open spaces.

DONALD: We'll catch up to you. I want to have a few words with Marion.

NORMAN: Fair enough I'll see you later. There will be one waiting for you.

NORMAN exits.

DONALD: Norman could be right. Maybe we should go with him and start afresh. I'm beginning to think I'm nothing but a curse.

MARION: Then you'll go without me and that's definite even if I end up being a spinster. So what is it to be?

DONALD: Marion, if I've anything left in me you'll be no spinster.

MARION: I like the sound of that, music to my ears.

Funery

The air is clear, the day is fine
And swiftly, swiftly flows the time
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from funery

We must up and haste away

We must up and haste away
We must up and haste away
Farewell, Farewell to Funery

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Funery

CHORUS

But I must leave these happy vales
See how they fill the spreading sails
Adieu, adieu my native dales
Farewell, Farewell to Funery

CHORUS

Scene 7 In the Hotel bar

Matheson, Murdo Beaton, Marion, Donald. Policeman is drunk and getting drunker

MATHESON: *reading newspaper*

Here's Spanyaart's story. Says here Detectives from Three Rivers, and a detachment from the militia are all on their way. *To Donald* You're an embarrassment to the authorities, making them even more determined to catch you. A \$3,000 reward?

BEATON: You'd think you'd be worth more than that by now?

DONALD : No matter what the price no-one will give me up. But it's losing it's sense of fun.

BEATON: You should have gone west with Norman.

MARION: We're going to see this through and settle down here.

Policeman falls on Piano.

MURDO: I don't know for why, me being an honest Christian gentleman, that the presence of the Law should be making me nervous.

MATHESON: Och, it's only a poor laddie from Montreal. They've been running around chasing a shadow these past few months. They are as much in need of a good drop of the creutair as anyone.

MURDO: I hope it's only American spirits your serving them.

MATHESON: You'll be in need of a wee drop your sel.

DONALD: So, only one Policeman today? What's the occasion? It's so peaceful here even the cats are nervous.

MATHESON: *bringing drinks over to table* There was a rumour our boy here was seen on the street in Gould, so they all went a charging off there.

BEATON: Poor sods. I hope the residents of Gould are not too put off by their visit.

DONALD: I trust you have been treating them well Peter? *As BEATON turns away, DONALD takes BEATON's drink, pours it into his own glass.*

MATHESON: Aye, I've treated them well. It's always fun to part a policeman from his money.

BEATON: *noticing his empty glass* By all the saints, do you have to shoot someone to get a decent drop?

MATHESON: *Brings over a whole bottle.* I'll give a you a barrel of the best if you would put a hole in your tongue.

POLICEMAN: If you'd only give up this Morrison, we could all go home to our beds. I'll be glad to see the back of this place and that infernal language you all speak.

DONALD: Ay it's a great great mystery this Morrison. The more your looking for him, the less you are catching him.

POLICEMAN: If we only knew what he really looks like. There are more descriptions of him then there are trees in Quebec. Besides you all look alike and speak that gibberish.

MARION: I've never set eyes on him myself, but they say he is an awfully ugly fish.

DONALD: No, no, Marion, I hear he is a very good looking man.

MARION: If he is, I would like to meet him.

POLICEMAN: And so would we. But I'd rather be in my bed in Montreal.

DONALD: Have another dram. I'm sure you'll get your chance. To Donald Morrison may he rot in hell.

All toast

POLICEMAN: *taking a chair and turning to BEATON* And who might you be? The Megantic outlaw by any chance. Not much change of that eh. *laughs*

BEATON: Take it easy laddie. I'm just off the train to look for him myself.

DONALD: It's a mystery this Morrison. A great great mystery.

POLICEMAN: To my mind he's flown the coop.

BEATON: Would you be inferring that he is a chicken.

POLICEMAN makes chicken noises.

DONALD: That's a lovely tune could you not play something a little livelier?

Policeman makes livelier chicken noises.

BEATON: It's an awfully thirsty thing music. Here, have another dram.

POLICEMAN: That's very kind of you. I must say, you're a very civil lot you Scots.

MATHESON: Aye. You know the papers are having a good laugh at the police trying to catch this Megantic outlaw.

POLICEMAN: No one would dare laugh at me. *stumbling*

BEATON: Would you credit it. Must be awfully thirsty work. Here have an other dram.

MATHESON: It says here, the right honorable Aimie C. Dugas, Chief Justice of all Quebec has been appointed to take over the manhunt. He's coming down with hundreds of militia.

MURDO: Hundreds of militia. That's thirsty work. At least you won't feel so lonely with a herd of your friends dropping by. Have another dram.

POLICEMAN: We could do with the help. If you Scot bastards stop hiding him it would be better for everybody. He's nothing but a common criminal and a bleedin murderer.

DONALD: Now there is no need for profanities, there is a lady present. Degas you say. And what kind of a man might he be.

POLICEMAN: Dugas...

BEATON: With a name like that he's no highlander.

POLICEMAN: ...He's a hanging judge. *collapses on table.*

MATHESON: Dugas is the Chief Justice of Quebec. The only reason he's here is to get you and he'd prefer you feet first.

DONALD: If he's Chief Justice he'd have to be a fair man. Once he hears about that drunk American Warren and McAuley's dirty doings no fair man will find me guilty.

BEATON: You're a fool if you think that. The west is waiting. That's where you should be.

MARION: We're not leaving.

Policeman tries to get up, then passes out on the floor.

BEATON: If you happen to make the acquaintance of this judge, bring a bottle of the best with you. I see it has a very salutary effect on authority. *laughter all around.*

Lights change MATHESON: *reading a newspaper alone*

Judge Dugas proclaims martial law in Megantic. Every road & byway of Megantic has been sealed, with all movement restricted. He'll have the outlaw in irons before the first snow. *out to audience, narrative* Or so they thought, Christmas came and went and still they didn't have him. Easter was approaching and an increasingly desperate Dugas played his final card. If he couldn't catch Donald he would arrest the entire county if need be. The jail in Sherbrooke began to fill up and it had the desired effect...Judge Dugas finally met his tormentor.

Scene 8 Donald & the Judge meeting in a rural secluded schoolhouse

Judge Dugas, blindfolded, is lead in by Beaton

BEATON: The honourable Aimée C. Dugas...

DONALD: Good day Judge.

DUGAS: Is this necessary Morrison? I take it that you are Morrison?

DONALD: Blind justice, it is kinda appropriate don't you think so?

DUGAS: Voyons Morrison. Surely you know Justice isn't always blind. *BEATON removes the blindfold*: So, this is the ghost everyone has been chasing.

DONALD: It's a delight and honour to meet you. It was very gracious of you to come. Now here are my terms.

DUGAS: I'm very glad to meet you but there are no terms Morrison, only that you give yourself up.

DONALD: I have no wish to appear disrespectful judge, but it will be easier if you just set and listen. You know I could have disappeared forever, and no one around here would ever have set eyes upon me again. But that's not what I want. I'm no savage. Warren's death was self defence and there are twenty people who were there and will say so in court.

DUGAS: You could have given yourself up months ago, if as you say, you are innocent. To me, these are the actions of a guilty man.

DONALD: If I were to have given myself up to Warren I'd be looking up at the daisies right now.

DUGAS: Look Morrison, this lawlessness must come to an end. I believe in the law.

DONALD: The law? Your men have menaced my parents, arrested friends and stolen my personal letters. I want everything returned and guarantees that all the charges against my family and friends be dropped. I'll take my chances in court on the affair with Warren. Drop the charges of trespass, mischief, and theft. Agree Judge and we can see an end to it.

DUGAS: Bien voyons donc, Morrison. I can not.....

DONALD: No you look here. With all your militia and your police, you still can't catch me.

DUGAS: So far you have had it your way. But now I am here, and with a lot more help. I've got 32 more warrants, which I will execute. Without these, friends, to help you, you know it is just a matter of time.

DONALD: I've been treated unjustly and I want my name cleared.

DUGAS: The only authority I have, is to bring you in unconditionally. It would be in the best interests of everyone if you would just, surrender yourself. Now, I have met with the New Caledonia Society.

DONALD: I am well aware of the society's offer. And if need be, I will avail myself of

their help.

DUGAS: Then you know they are very anxious to end this. We will hand over the reward money to them. They will hire you good lawyers. Agree, and I will guarantee safe passage.

DONALD: If you forget the nonsense with McAuley, the mischief and trespassing, I'm willing to give myself up and stand trial for just the main charge. But I want all of this in the Montreal papers.

DUGAS: What the press does has nothing to do with me. I can only give my assurance that you will come to no harm and that you will be given a fair trial.

DONALD: Given all that has happened, how can I trust anyone in authority?

DUGAS: I can only give my word as a gentleman sir.

DONALD: Sorry Judge.

DUGAS: Ecoutez Morrison. Easter is the end of the week. I will call off my men and trust you will see reason by Monday. If you give yourself up I will release your friends and drop the lesser charges.

DONALD: Guarantee safe conduct until Monday next, and we will have an end to it.

JUDGE: Very good Morrison, until Monday next.

Music la MAIREAD NAN CUIREAD

Scene 9. In the Hotel bar

MATHESON: So now, Murdo, has the deal been done? We were having such fun. With all the militia and police packing up.... the business will suffer.

BEATON: Aye and I'm sure there will be ladies passing an unpleasant morning. I have no idea what the man is thinking. He's a fool to give himself up. They'll crucify him, and for what, his good name.

MARION: We haven't come this far just to turn tail?

MATHESON: That's just the class of gentleman he is. Justice is what he wants but I am of the opinion that it will be the same as all the other justices we've endured. Och whatever man, will soften the plot wi a dram.

MURDO: Aye, man's best friend. He'll be here soon. A drop o the craiteur. Slainte.

MATHESON: Slainte, and to hell with the Law.

MURDO: Hear's tae us wha's like us
Guy few an they're a died.

MATHESON: Amen to that.

MARION: I'll not hear that talk. We can only hope after a honest court hears the tale,
we'll be arm and arm.

BEATON: Heaven forbid, you'll not get me in a church.

MATHESON: I thought you were found in one. Surely a singular event in your life Beaton.

MURDO: You'd better mind that tongue of yours Mr. Matheson. You'd be well
improved for the lack o' it

MATHESON: There's only one who'd be improved by that.

MARION: Aye, the entire English race. Especially those in uniform.

MURDO: Aye right Me neck is fair stiff from ducking them. Oh, but it's been a lark.
There's been more rozzers around than on a King's visit, and they
never once got near enough for a sniff.

MARION: Authority has a awful long snout but little of a sense of smell.

MURDO: Enough now, your putting me off my dram, all this talk of the English .

MARION: It's the French he's been dealing with. It's a wonder they've havn't had the
gumption to get up and get rid of all the English.

MATHESON: Marion McKinnon, there's Fenian blood in you for sure. You'd start a
rebellion in Upper Canada with those ideas.

MARION: The Caledonia Society has offered to hire one of the countries best lawyers
a Mr. Greenshields.

MATHESON: Isn't he the man who defended Louis Riel.

BEATON: And look what happened to him.

MARION: Aye but he's not Louis Riel. Greenshields is confident he'll get off.

BEATON: I don't trust any of them.

MATHESON: Neither do I.

MURDO: It's a heaviness that's on my heart. Myself the cause o' it a!

DONALD enters.

MATHESON: Hurroo hurroo, Speak of the devil

BEATON: What ever you are thinking man? Don't be making deals with the lower
orders. A couple of drams Matheson's best, and you'll see the light. We'll
hide you away until St. Peter himself comes for you. They'll give it up
you'll see.

MATHESON: Murdo Beaton, I never thought I'd see the day when you'd be talking sense.

DONALD: It will take more than a couple of drams to sort this one out. No matter what
I do I'll dissappoint someone.

BEATON: Aye, Donald, don't be daft man, we'll get you and Marion away tonight.
They'll never find you south of the border.

MARION: These are your friends Donald, and I know they mean well....

DONALD: Marion's right. There'd be no life for us. Half the defense committee is in jail
and I couldn't betray them. The Society has promised the best lawyers in the
country.

BEATON: Caledonia Society what class of people are they? Drink their whiskey with
water. Not real Scots at all at all. They'll crucify you, put you in jail.
You're not made for prison. Make a life somewhere else.

DONALD: I've considered it long and hard. *To MARION* But no, we've got our dreams
and a man that gives up on his dreams is not worth having. I'll not
run. Don't fear for me. The Society's lawyers are good men they will not let me
down.

BEATON: It's not that, that I'm afraid of. There are some that are neither lawyers nor
police.

DONALD: I can watch my back. Don't worry.

MURDO: Son, are you mad?

DONALD: It's over Pa.

MURDO: If I could take your place I would

DONALD: If it's to be my last night of freedom we'll make the best of it. It'll be a Ceilidh like none other.

BEATON: Well now, if this is to be your last night as a free man let's make it an occasion.

MARION: Let's have a dance and a song

MATHESON: I've got one for you.

Donald McGilvery

Donald's gone up the hill hard and hungry
Donald's come down the hill wild and angry
Donald will clear, the gonk's nest cleverly
Here's to King James, and Donald MacGillavry
Come like a weighbank, Donald MacGillavry
Come like a weighband, Donald MacGillavry
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly
Off with the counterfeit, Donald MacGillavry

Donald's run o'er the hill, but his tether man
As he were wed, or stang'd wi an ether man
When he comes back, there's some will look merrily
Here's to King James and Donald MacGillavry
Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry
Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry
Pack on your back, and elward sue cleverly
Gie them full measure, my Donald MacGillavry

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery
Donald has dinner wi banes and beggary
Better it were for Whigg and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald MacGillavry
Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry
Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry
Dash about, in and out, thimble them cleverly
Here's to King James and Donald MacGillavry

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness

Whigging and prigging and a newfangleness
They maune be gaine, he winna be bank it, man
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll take it, man
Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry
Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry
Beat them, and bore them and linked them cleverly
Up with King James and Donald MacGillavry

Donald was mummit wi muds and mokenby
Donald was blinded in beads a properly
Aves ran high, but making were raithing man
Lord how Donald is flying and fretting man
Come like a devil, Donald MacGillavry
Come like a devil, Donald MacGillavry
Skelp them and scared that proved say unbutherly
Up with King James and Donald MacGillavry

DONALD bids farewell and slips out Lights change at end of song. Shadows, silhouette of LeROYER and DONALD.

DONALD: Stand clear LeRoyer. I'm turning myself in.

LeROYER: Not when I can collect 3,000 piastres.

Gun shots

LeROYER: There will be no more cowboy playing for you Morrison.

Scene 10 Court room *Lights up on Donald, foreman and Judge.*

JUDGE: Has the jury come to it's decision on the charge of manslaughter, in the shooting of Deputy Warren?

FOREMAN: We have your honour, but with a strong recommendation of clemency.

JUDGE: I am not interested in your recommendations, Mr. Foreman. If you have a decision then let us hear it.

FOREMAN: We feel it is a clear cut case of self defence

JUDGE: There can be no self defence when a sworn officer of the law is involved. I've already made that clear. Now, for heavens sake man, what is the verdict?

FOREMAN: With all due respect your honour we are all agreed that the boy should serve

no time in jail, he has suffered enough

JUDGE: For goodness sakes man, that is my business. Did he or did he not shoot
Deputy Warren?

FOREMAN: Yes but...

JUDGE: Then what is the verdict?

FOREMAN: You give us no choice but to find him guilty, but with a ---

JUDGE: The prisoner will rise

FOREMAN: But...

JUDGE: ... the foreman will sit! Does the prisoner have anything to say before
sentence is passed? (*pause*) Donald Morrison you have been convicted of
manslaughter of an officer of the law. I have no choice but to sentence you to
hard labour, of a term of no less than 18 years. *Blackout.*

Solo fiddle Traditional P-brack taken from the Patrick McDonald Collection (1784)

Scene 11 A cell in the Jail

MARION: Donald you have to eat something. A little food will perk you up...
Donald...Donald listen to me, you have to listen. You're going to get
pardoned, it's over, but now you must eat. Please Donald, don't give up. It's all
going to be over soon.

DONALD: There is no point, it's only more lies. LeRoy should have finished me off
when he had the chance.

MARION: You're talking like an old beaten highlander for all that. Don't give up on me
now. Greenshields is in Ottawa this very moment. They're certain to give
you pardon. It's probably on it's way as we speak. Please Donald if only for me,
your must try.

DONALD: Let me be in peace. I have only one friend now, let me sleep.

Lighting change. MATHESON as narrator enters.

MATHESON as NARRATOR: Donald would not appeal that Sherbrooke court house
sentence. To him the battle was lost. His dignity crushed. Born to the
freedom of the open country, Donald could not survive in captivity. Refusing
all sustenance, he eventually starved himself to ill health. He succumbed

at the Royal Victoria Hospital in June 1894 just hours after his pardon came from Ottawa. He's buried alongside his mother and father, where you can still see flowers on his grave today.

Lighting change. Marion steps into the light.

(adaptation of traditional burial service)

MARION: Cuirim an deasalt
Am freasdal athar

Cuirim an deasalt
Am freasdal Mic.

Cuirim an deasalt
Am freasdal Spioraid.

Let's have one more dram and a dance for Donald. Reprise of opening gig.