

lost in scotland

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Lauren sits at a small table with a microphone (in the small mic stand). Rob sits on top of two blocks. There will be two glasses and scotch from Rob's birthday scotch.

LS: You start

RN: I am going to misremember this on purpose.

LS: Tell it as you can.

RN: This, this is about being in Scotland. At the end of a park, lush. At the base of an ancient castle's wall. At café.

LS: A Scottish lass...

RN: Yes. Brown hair, delicate fingers, fine features, Scottish accent--the slightest sibilance as she spoke.

LS: Almost a lisp.

RN: Like a lisp. I think. I think. There was a distance between our tables, like you to me. Her hair was curlier than yours. I'd like to think she was descended from duchess. Having tea with her grandmother.

LS: The duchess.

RN: Maybe. Specifically it was a sunnyrainy day.

LS: Sunnyrainy. Hmm. Okay. Sing. Sing it as you can, Rob.

RN: *(sings)* It was a sunnyrainy day

In Edinburgh

It was a sunnyrainy day

In Edinburgh

You were elegant and primal

I'll call you the duchess

But nobody knows 'cause I didn't really talk to you.

I was walking down the street

this was later after the café

I saw. you. again

you were walking with your granny

And I thought to myself this is the 2nd time today

I better say something before you walk walk walk away

During the song a two neos dance/process out; one with a bottle of scotch, the other with glasses. Rob & Lauren each get a glass and each glass is filled with the scotch. The scotching neos leave.

LS: Mmhhmmm. You let her

RN: Walk walk walk away. Then I saw her later a 3rd time.

LS: No, you did not.

RN: I saw her again in the distance. Heading into the chapel. On the hill. Near the giant sleeping cannons.

LS: No.

RN: I misremember some of it.

LS: You did.

RN: I told you I would. It is good that way.

LS: Really.

RN: Makes me

LS: Stronger? Foggier? Wiser? (*she throws in some other things?*) A better something or other.

RN: Sure something. (*drinks & then sings*) Oh the small chapel, the cannon fast asleep sunnyrainy Scottish day!

LS: I do not know you that well, but I will say that you are delusional.

RN: I like the memory. Like that. (*he drinks*)

LS: You have a thing with that. Your memories. How you remember them. And singing things out.

RN: Perhaps, this play helps. (*he drinks*)

LS: You are delusional!

RN: Okay, she wasn't a duchess, but in scotch filtered evenings, I have re-pictured the rings on her fingers and the blues in her eyes

LS: And that

RN: That's okay...it's fine...drink your scotch.

LS: You drink your scotch.

RN: It's fine-er. (*climbing down*)

Lauren stands, reaching out the scotch to Rob. They clink or cheers or something and either she downs hers or he takes it or she tosses it on him. Her call. Then

LS: (*sings*) One sun sun

RN & LS: (*sing*) sunnyrainy day

CURTAIN