

Down At the Highland Mills Mall

Scene: Lights up CS, where the town of Brigadoon is slowly emerging from that infamous mist. The townspeople, still in their wonderfully folksy eighteenth/early-nineteenth-century garb, wander in, rubbing their eyes, yawning, greeting one another, and of course singing the ever-popular...

Townsfolk (singing): Brigadoon, Brigadoon, Blooming under sable skies...
Brigadoon, Brigadoon, there my heart forever lies...
Let the world grow cold around us; let the --

Tommy and Fiona enter arm in arm, looking every bit the starcrossed lovers they are. All of a sudden, though, **Tommy** breaks away, addressing **Fiona** (and the other **Townspeople**) with a confused expression on his face.

Tommy: Um, I don't mean to sound like a stupid newbie, but why do you people sing that blasted tune every morning? I mean, it's pretty and all the first couple times, but...

The **Entire Town** turns to glare at **Tommy**, who reddens.

Tommy: What'd I say?

Mr. Lundie (thrilled at the opportunity to explain another bit of village lore): That “blasted tune”, Mr. Albright, is keepin' this town from vanishin' into thin air. When Mr. Forsythe and I were a-plannin' the miracle, we decided that God needed ta look down on Brigadoon and hear our worship loud and clear. So we adapted the High School Fight Song into our own personal hymn. We were the curlin' champions of Seventeen-Forty, don't yeh know!

Fiona (saccherine-yet-sincere as always): Wasn't that nice o' them?

Mr. Lundie (serious, addressing Tommy): So if yeh value yer life an' yer love, laddie, ye'd best sing along. Ye're one of us now.

Fiona (yearning): Yeh do still love me, Tommy, dinna yeh?

Tommy retreats backward toward **Fiona**, tense and uneasy but resigned to his fate.

Tommy (singing along with Townspeople): world grow cold around us,
Let the heavens cry above...
Brigadoon, Brigadoon
In thy valley, there'll be looooooove!

Suddenly, the formerly-cheerful **Brigadoonians** react as one to something the audience cannot see. Expressions vary from shock to astonishment to flat-out terror. No one appears as frightened as one **Ms. Jeannie Dalrymple-nee-MacLaren**, who clings passionately to her paramour **Charlie**.

Jean: Wha – what is it?

Charlie: I dinna know, Jeannie...in all my years at University, I've never seen anythin' like it!

Tommy, formerly as frightened as the others, now heaves a huge sigh of relief as the mists of Brigadoon lift completely – and lights come up on the entire stage. Tommy falls down laughing. **Fiona** rushes to his side, concerned.

Fiona: No! Whatever this fearsome vision is, it's driven him mad!

Tommy (still recovering from his fits of laughter): Relax, guys! It's just a mall!!

Townspeople: A WHAT?,Huh?, etc.

Indeed, the blessed hamlet of Brigadoon has entered the next century as the centerpiece to an enormous shopping mall. They're positioned in the center of a rotunda roughly the size of, well...a small town, where you'd expect a "Santa's Village"-type fixture to be set up in a modern mall. **Salespeople** wander past on the way to open the stores and begin their workday. A few wander in pushing kiosks. A smattering of early-bird **Shoppers**, most of the blue-haired/mallwalker variety, trickle in as the mall opens for business. Some folks stop and stare with curiosity at the old-fashioned village that's just materialized, but their interest is, for the most part, fleeting. After all, these world-weary modern Scots have seen it all. Besides, most of them are on the clock!

As **the Mallfolk** go about their business, the **following** is **sung** to the tune of the **Vendors' Calls/MacConnachy Square** unless otherwise specified.

Salesperson #1 (sleaze personified, slick suit, slicked hair, probably a cell phone rep): Come ye to the mall!

Shopper #1: The Highland Mall!

Tommy (explaining to the Brigadoon Townspeople): Suburban sprawl!

Kiosk Vendor #1 (Hip-hopper): Rocks 'n' Bling I'm sellin', ya'll, at the mall, laddie!

Salesperson #2 (Cell phone rep's coworker): Come ye to the mall!

Salesperson #3 (Androgynous Hot Topic type, vaguely male, deadpan/apathetic): Emo fashions sellin', ya'll, at the mall, laddie...

Salesperson #4 (Androgynous Hot Topic type, vaguely female, slightly perkier): Emo music's sellin', ya'll, at the mall, laddi....ie!

Shopper #2: Come all ye down!

Shopper #3 (#2's friend/sister/daughter/mother): Just buy! Don't frown!

Shopper #4: Come, ye, from the road!

Salesperson #5 (snooty-looking guy with beret and remarkably clean apron): Pricey

chocolates three feet tall, at the mall, laddie!

Salesperson #6 (beautician, greedily): Come, ye, spend a load!

Shopper #5: Come take a crawl...

Shopper #6: Through Highland Mall!

Salesperson #1 and #2: Come ye to the mall!

All Salespeople, Kiosk Vendors and Shoppers (closing in, if unintentionally, toward the poor Brigadooners): Come, ye, all ye, great and small, to the mall...

Come, ye, to the mall!

Walk, ye, down the hall!

Shop, ye, at the gap!

Buy some jeans!

Here's a map!

Get yer fancy shoes!

Buy yer daily news!

Clothes for spring an' fall!

Here you can buy it all...

Down at the Highland Mills Mall!

Lights Upstage, in shades of red and hot pink, highlight a storefront called “**Luscious Lili's Lingerie**”. It appears to sell undergarments, more “Frederick's of Hollywood” than “Victoria's Secret”. In front stands **Luscious Lili** herself. She is a tall, voluptuous siren in a short skirt, high heels and low-cut blouse with enough buttons undone to reveal a trace of cleavage-enhancing bra. **She** sings. As she does, more and more men – **shoppers, salesmen**, and suitably-enticed **Brigadooners** – gather around her, all but clawing and drooling.

Luscious Lili: Now everyone come to Lili's here!

Come here an' check out my shop!

I'm selling the finest silk brassieres

One look an' the men will drop!

I wear 'em myself an' there's no doubt

They draw blokes from bum to toff

So lassies, come quick an' buy me out --

I canna fend all them off!

Meg, naturally delighted, runs over to buy a few bras and flirt with all the **menfolk**. **Lili** is impressed by **Meg's** corsetry. Some **other Brigadoon Women** head into the shop. **Tommy** even convinces **Fiona** to pick out a few things.

Salesperson #6 plus two other beauticians: Cut an' dye galore!

Plus French manicure!

Do yer hair an' nail!

Don't ye ken? There's a sale!

Another group of **Shoppers (Brigadoon and Modern Shoppers)** run over to the **salon area**.

Shopper #7: I'll take red for sure!

Shopper #8: Gimme a pedicure!

Shopper #9: Make my hair real tall!

Other Shoppers/Brigadooners (singing counter): Oh dye my hair, oh give me bright red hair!
Oh paint my toes to match it if you dare!
Oh, raise my coiffure, make it stand up tall!

Kiosk Vendor #1 and a few other **Kiosk Vendors** beckon to the few remaining **Brigadoon Holdouts** huddled in their “village” at the rotunda's center.

Kiosk Vendors (Criss-crossing the stage with their wares): Come all ye there,
Ye in the square!

Kiosk Vendor #2 (Dead Sea Creations; Heavy put-on “Israeli accent”): Come see my stall!

Kiosk Vendor #3 (“Have your photo on a tee-shirt, card, etc.” booth): Explore the mall!

All Salespeople, Shoppers and rapidly-assimilating Brigadooners: Spend your dough!
Have a ball!
Down at the Highland Mills Mall!

Mr. Lundie stands back, horrified at the actions of his people. He tries to gain their attention,
But his words mostly fall upon deaf ears.

Mr. Lundie: My friends! My friends! This is not what Mr. Forsythe would have wanted at all!
Dinna yeh see? This place is a trap set by the devil himself! Remember, Greed is one of the
Seven Deadly Sins! Resist, good folk!

Lundie is hit by a **Cheesecake Factory** chocolate cheesecake thrown by **Sandy Dean**.

Sandy Dean: Ah, Mr. Lundie. Yeh should really learn to lighten up!

Kiosk Vendor #2 (back to the song): Smooth skin creams and facial sal', at the mall, laddie!

Salespeople and Kiosk Vendors: Come down here, y'all!

Kiosk Vendor #3: Put yer baby on a ball, at the mall, laddie!

A **Plumber with tool belt and plunger** runs in.

Plumber: I'm here to fix the bathroom stall, at the mall, laddie!

The **Salespeople, Kiosk vendors** and **Modern Shoppers** point **Plumber** in the right direction.
He gives the thumbs-up and rushes off the unclog the toilets.

Salespeople, Vendors and Modern Shoppers: Right down that hall!
Here at the mall!
Come ye, to the mall, to the mall!

Lights up on **Barnes and Noble**. **All the Brigadooners** gasp – for not only are books a remaining technology from their era, but in front of the store, acting as sales rep, is none other than a **Harry Beaton**, dressed in clothes which are modern, if somewhat gothy.

Harry: I have all o' the bestsellers here,
They made the New York Times' list
From King's newest literary scare
To Steele's romantic trysts
Want music and games? I've got them here!
And stuff for your wee ones, too!
The only thing I don't have is beer
We only sell Starbucks brew!

To punctuate this last line, **Harry** holds up a cup of **Starbucks** coffee.

Archie Beaton runs up and wraps **Harry** in a joyous embrace. **Harry** responds in kind, genuinely glad to see his father. He still has angst, but life beyond Brigadoon has tempered it somewhat.

Harry: Dad!!

Archie (in happy tears): My boy!! I thought yeh were dead!!

Harry (addressing all the shocked Brigadoonians): I was dead! Thank God someone found my rotting corpse just outside the valley and cryogenically froze me. Then a few weeks ago non-fairytale village-time, a genius at the University of Edinburgh invented a simple reanimation process. It's amazing, the technology they have today!

Archie: I love yeh, son, even if this is the last time I'll ever see yeh.

Harry: Actually, I wouldn't be so sure about that, Dad. They're working on a radical life-extension process now, too!

Archie: Oh?

Harry: Yeah! But while you're here today, why not do a bit o' shoppin', eh dad? The ol' Beaton bank account has collected a LOT of interest over the years. Ye're rich! (he addresses all the **Brigadooners**) Ye're ALL stinkin' rich!

Brigadooners: A Miracle!! Huzzah!!

The **Brigadooners** let loose, throwing coins around and rushing from shop to shop. Even **Mr. Lundie** finally relents and rushes into **Barnes and Noble**, his curiosity and thirst for knowledge getting the better of him.

All Girls: All of ye come an' buy yer scarves

An' come here an' buy yer jewels!
Come here an' buy some knockoff art
An' all yer electric tools!
Come over an' buy yer magic tricks
Right over at that guy's stall
Go right over there for Lego bricks
Shop all of ye at the mall!
Come an' get some food
Rings that know yer mood!

All Men: Come an' buy yer scarves
Buy some knockoff art!
Pull some magic tricks!
Build with some
Lego bricks!
Oh get yer food,
Come get yer tasty food!
An' super-psychic rings
That know yer mood!

As **the Ensemble** is going into the finale, **Maggie Anderson** approaches **Harry**. **She** now has spiked hair, a lip ring, at least one tattoo, and a practiced snarl-smirk hybrid.

Maggie: So, Harry, will yeh marry me now?

Harry: NO. (Sighs, relenting somewhat) Maybe next century, okay?

Maggie dejectedly re-joins the ensemble, doing an updated version of the Funeral Dance.

Ensemble (singing, with a big finish): Come, ye, great and small!
Spend yer dough!
Have a ball!
Down at the Highland Mills Maaaaaaaaaall!!!

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