

"THE WOLF"

A Melodrama of the Hudson Bay Country  
in Three Acts.

Date: 1908

By Eugene Walter

From the Marks Brothers collection  
at the Perth Museum, Perth Ontario

Acting Edition prepared, spring 2000

© David Jacklin

394 Keays Rd. R. R. 1,

Balderson, ON

K0G 1A0

All rights reserved

## EDITOR'S NOTES

Melodrama has gotten a bad rap over the century since it was the principal staple of entertainment in North America. Why so? Well, largely due to movies. When the silent movies first appeared, one of the first impulses movie-makers had was to translate popular entertainment to the screen. If you take an unmodified stage work and stick it directly in front of a camera, it's going to look stilted, overdone and just plain bad. Add some sound to the silent flicks, and melodrama is suddenly synonymous with everything bad about acting.

In truth, melodrama was (and still is) a viable, distinct dramatic form. Done well, it is engrossing, exciting and always entertaining. Yes, the characters are stock types, but they are not *stereotypes*. Yes, the plots are simplistic, but then, so is any successful plot. Yes, the shows are generally "slight", not of great literary value, but then, so is nearly everything else.

Melodrama does not have any pretensions to "literary value". It does not try to change the mind and life of its audience. If it has a function beyond immediate entertainment, it is to affirm in the audience those beliefs they already have, to make them feel better about their life situation, and to send them back out into the "real" world with some added strength to continue the struggle. I can find nothing to criticize in that.

This acting edition differs from the Archive manuscript in a number of areas. First, a couple of words and images that carry much too severe connotation in the 21st century have been replaced with ones which today will, I think, have an emotional impact equivalent to that which the originals did in the 19th century. Secondly, I have done some grammatical, punctuation and spelling correction – the original I worked from is in manuscript and has never been edited with that in mind. Thirdly, I inserted any revisions and technical or music cues that had been pencilled into the manuscript into the text proper. Fourthly, I moved some stage directions to places on the page where their intent was, to my mind, clearer than the original. Lastly, I couldn't help it; I had fun with *McTavish*, writing in what his accent may have been played as and adding a couple of irresistible jokes. These shows were, after all, pot boilers – they changed as they were played and as new ideas occurred to the performers. I think I have the right to have some fun, too.

My thanks to Susan McNichol and the Board of the Perth Museum for access to the Marks Brothers Archive at the Museum. I took one of the manuscripts from the Archive with me to a talk on play writing I was asked to give at the National Library in Ottawa; one of the questions asked after the talk was "Just how do you expect to smuggle that national treasure out of the National Library?" We don't quite realize that the Marks Brothers Archive is just that: a national treasure.

David Jacklin, February 3, 2000

## The Wolf Re-Discovered!

Addendum, 2003

Since October 2000, BarnDoor Productions has mounted two versions of **The Wolf** in Perth, Ontario. We had been unable to find any information on the show or on its author, whoever he may have been. Now, thanks to the Internet, we have recently found a lot of information about **The Wolf** and about many other of the scripts in the Marks Brothers archive.

It was written by one *Eugene Walter*. The Broadway production of **The Wolf** opened at the Bijou Theatre, New York, April 18, 1908 and ran 81 performances, a very respectable run for the time. It was produced by Messrs. *Lee and J. J. Shubert*, the top Broadway producers of that time, with scenic design by *H. Robert Law*. The opening night cast was: *Sheridan Block, Ida Conquest, William Courtenay, Thomas Findlay, Walter Hale, and George Probert*. Interestingly, *Ida Conquest* was in the first Broadway production of **The Tyranny of Tears** (another show in the Marks Brothers archive), nine years earlier.

In 1922, **The Wolf** became the first play ever to be specially adapted as a radio drama, by an actor by the name of Edward H. Smith, for station WGY in Schenectady, New York. The three act drama was cut down to exactly forty minutes by focussing on the action of the second act, adding just enough of the material from the first and third acts to make the story comprehensible. Playwright Eugene Walter insisted that the presentation be given with a full cast, and Smith selected several of his colleagues from "The Masque" theatre company to play the roles: Viola Karwowska, Frank Finch, James S. B. Mullarkey (almost certainly a pseudonym), Henry Miller, and Smith himself. The play aired in September 1922, and the station received more than two thousand letters from within a five-hundred mile radius. One letter from Pittsfield, Massachusetts claimed that the screams of the character "Hilda" were so real, that a policeman overhearing the program thru a window burst into the writer's home to stop the "assault." The "WGY Players" continued to present radio drama throughout the 1920s and are credited with the earliest known attempt at television drama in the U.S. – a production of "The Queen's Messenger" presented with the Baird/Jenkins "mechanical" TV process in 1928.

*Eugene Walter* was born November 27, 1874 at Cleveland, OH, USA and died September 26, 1941 at Hollywood, CA, USA. He had some 15 Broadway credits as a producer, writer and director, and, as he died in Hollywood, presumably a career in movies as well. His first Broadway show was **Paid In Full**, which opened in February of 1908 and was still running when **The Wolf** opened a few months later, a not insignificant achievement. His last Broadway show was **Come Angel Band** in 1936. He was obviously a significant writer in his day, and professionalism of **The Wolf** shows it.

More and more information is coming to light about the plays in the Marks Brothers archive, and their quality is being affirmed with each new revelation.

David Jacklin  
September 2, 2003

This acting edition of **The Wolf** was given its first public performance October 13, 2000, by BarnDoor Productions, at the Perth Theatre Project's Studio Theatre, Perth, Ontario, with the following credits:

*Directed and designed by David Jacklin*

*Costumes by Jeanne Jenner*

*Front of House, Janice Jacklin, Susan McDougall, Dennis Hoffman*

*Painting assistance from Cheryl Piraino and John Piraino*

The Players

Andrew McTavish, A Scotch settler . . . . . Alan Jones

Hilda McTavish, His daughter . . . . . Tegan Healey

Batiste Le Grand, A Hudson Bay trader . . . . . Richard Pitcher

William MacDonald, An American engineer. . . . . Emrys Davis

George Huntley, His assistant . . . . . Casey Kenny

Jules Beaubien, A young French Canadian . . . . . Jude Farmer

**The Wolf** was written by Eugene Walter, b. Nov 27, 1874 Cleveland, OH, USA - d. Sep 26, 1941 Hollywood, CA, USA. Under Canadian law, the original is definitely in public domain. This acting edition is an original adaptation of the MS. and, as such, *is* under copyright.

## C A S T

Jules Beaubien	A young French Canadian
Andrew McTavish	A Scotch settler
Hilda McTavish	His daughter
Batiste Le Grand	A Hudson Bay trader and Northwestern Nomad
William MacDonald	An American engineer
George Huntley	His assistant.

## S Y N O P S I S

### ACT 1.

In front of McTavish home, on the banks of the Wind River, Northwest Territories, Canada.  
Morning.

### ACT 2.

Interior of McTavish home. The same afternoon.

### Act 3.

At the Portage of Little Bear River. The same night.

Scene ; – Canadian Woods, during Indian Summer.  
Time ; – The Present. (*Ed. Note: about 1905*)

**The Wolf**  
Prelude

*(MUSIC CUE: Always Leave Them Laughing short intro)*

*(The MC [MacDonald] enters to DR of stage, separated from the set)*

**MC:** Good evening to you all. My name is *(insert name of actor)*. It's wonderful to see you out this day at the The Marks Brother Melodrama to see our fine play, **The Wolf**. The Marks Brothers knew how to pick their plays and **The Wolf** is a dandy. It's got a hero (hurray!), a heroine (ah!), a villain (boo!), and lots of the kind of entertainment that made the Marks Brothers "The Canadian Kings of Repertoire". We promise you some laughs, some songs, some sighs, some cheers, some boos -- and we trust that you'll have as good a time watching it as we will performing it for you.

Now, I see that many of you are looking at my hat. I admit that it's an unusual one. In fact, there's quite a story that goes along with this hat, and, if you like, I'll tell it to you, now.

*(MUSIC CUE: Where Did You Get That Hat?)*

NOW, HOW I CAME TO GET THIS HAT IS VERY STRANGE AND FUNNY.  
GRANDFATHER DIED AND LEFT TO ME HIS PROPERTY AND MONEY.  
AND WHEN THE WILL IT WAS READ OUT,  
THEY TOLD ME STRAIGHT AND FLAT  
IF I WOULD HAVE HIS MONEY I MUST ALWAYS WEAR HIS HAT.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TILE?  
AIN'T IT A NOBBY ONE AND QUITE THE PROPER STYLE?  
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE, JUST THE SAME AS THAT.  
WHERE E'ER I GO, THEY SHOUT "HELLO!  
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

IF I GO TO THE OP'RA HOUSE, IN THE OP'RA SEASON,  
THERE'S SOMEONE SURE TO SHOUT AT ME, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST  
REASON.

IF I GO TO A "CHOWDER CLUB" TO HAVE A JOLLY SPREE.  
THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE PARTY WHO IS SURE TO SHOUT AT ME:

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TILE?  
AIN'T IT A NOBBY ONE AND QUITE THE PROPER STYLE?  
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE, JUST THE SAME AS THAT."  
WHERE E'ER I GO, THEY SHOUT "HELLO!  
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TILE?  
AIN'T IT A NOBBY ONE AND QUITE THE PROPER STYLE?  
I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE, JUST THE SAME AS THAT."

WHERE E'ER I GO, THEY SHOUT "HELLO!"

*(The MC has a prolonged laughing fit)*

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

Thank you. I'm fond of this hat, but I won't be wearing it in this show, today. Let me introduce the show for you. **The Wolf** is a melodrama (so you can cheer and boo if you like), set in the Hudson Bay country, on this homestead on the banks of the Wind River.

*(MUSIC CUE: The Themes)*

It's the home of Andrew McTavish (*enter McTavish, who bows*), a crusty old Scot they call the Madman of the North. You'll find out why. Along with him, lives his beautiful daughter, Hilda. (*Enter Hilda, who bows*) She's the heroine of the piece (*ah!*), and isn't she sweet? (*Ah!*) Also staying at the homestead is Huntley (*enter Huntley, who bows*), a young fellow with a heart of gold, but not much else. Huntley works for a company who are building a railroad up here in the North, a company led by MacDonald, an American engineer (*boo!*). MacDonald is my favourite character in the piece, because I play him. (*He bows*). Just coming out now (*enter Batiste, who bows*) is Batiste, Big Batiste – Batiste Le Grand, who has a heart as big as he is. (*ray!*) And finally, there is Jules Beaubien, (*enter Jules, who bows*) who is strong, forthright, courageous and good. (*Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*) Those are our players and this is the scene. But before we begin, we want to want to make sure we're all in a happy mood, and we can't think of a better way than inviting you to sing along with us on a wonderful old favourite. Look in your programme and you'll find the words to sing along.

*(MUSIC CUE: Sweet Rosie O'Grady)*

JUST DOWN AROUND THE CORNER ON THE STREET WHERE I RESIDE,  
THERE LIVES THE SWEETEST LITTLE GIRL THAT I HAVE EVER SPIED.  
HER NAME IS ROSE O'GRADY AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU  
THAT SHE'S THE SWEETEST LITTLE ROSE, THE GARDEN EVER GREW!

Come, join in now!

COMPANY: SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, MY DEAR LITTLE ROSE.  
SHE'S MY STEADY LADY, MOST EVERYONE KNOWS.  
AND WHEN WE ARE MARRIED, HOW HAPPY WE'LL BE.  
I LOVE SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, AND ROSIE O'GRADY LOVES ME.

I NEVER SHALL FORGET THE DAY SHE PROMISED TO ME MINE  
AS WE SAT TELLING LOVE TALES IN THE GOLDEN SUMMER TIME.  
'T WAS ON HER FINGER THEN I PLACED A SMALL ENGAGEMENT RING,

WHILE IN THE TREES, THE LITTLE BIRDS  
THIS SONG THEY SEEMED TO SING:

MC: Let's hear it!

COMPANY: SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, MY DEAR LITTLE ROSE.  
SHE'S MY STEADY LADY, MOST EVERYONE KNOWS.  
AND WHEN WE ARE MARRIED, HOW HAPPY WE'LL BE.  
I LOVE SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, AND ROSIE O'GRADY LOVES ME.

MC: I'm sure you can do better than that! Let's hear you!

COMPANY: SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, MY DEAR LITTLE ROSE.  
SHE'S MY STEADY LADY, MOST EVERYONE KNOWS.  
AND WHEN WE ARE MARRIED, HOW HAPPY WE'LL BE.  
I LOVE SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, AND ROSIE O'GRADY LOVES ME.  
I LOVE SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY, AND ROSIE O'GRADY LOVES ME.

*(The rest of the cast exit)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen: The Wolf.

*(He exits; lights down)*



A C T 1.

Scene ;-- In front of McTavish home on the banks of the Wind River.

*(Stage left, we see a log cabin, extending OFF; the porch extends toward RC; in the front (onstage) wall of the house, a window upstage, a door downstage with a small bench between them. A tree with a circular bench around it is R; a rough chair is DRC; a rough wooden bench is below the cabin, DL; a large water pail between the chair and DL bench; and a wolf skin hanging off the D corner of the porch roof.; US is a cut wood drop with openings L and R and behind that a river landscape drop)*

*(Music: Rhapsody In Ragtime; 48 bars)*

*(At rise ;- McTavish discovered seated in chair L. smoking long-stemmed pipe. Batiste seated on seat a tree R. Pause.)*

McTavish: And did ye say she died, mon?

*(Pause; Batiste slowly draws hunting knife from belt, cuts tobacco, fills pipe. McTavish looks at him, rises, crosses ULC, looks OFF; Pause; Batiste strikes match, lights pipe; McTavish turns, crosses DLC)*

Did ye hear me, mon? Did ye say she died?

Batiste: *(smoking)* Oui. *(does not look at McTavish)*

McTavish: Went oot in thay snow and wa' frozen?

Batiste: *(as before)* Oui.

McTavish: And did ye love her, mon?

Batiste: Oui.

McTavish: And if she hadnae died, ma'be ye would have tak'n her for your wife?

Batiste: Oui.

McTavish: And she was a half breed?

Batiste: Oui.

McTavish: And wi' a child be 'nother mon?

Batiste: Oui.

McTavish: Fie, mon, hae ye no knowledge of wimmen?

Batiste: *(half grunts)* Not much, I t'ink.

McTavish: Ye're right. *(crosses to chair L)* And what did ye say her nam' were?

Batiste: Annette.

McTavish: An' did she love you, mon?

Batiste: I t'ink so, oui.

McTavish: *(sits chair LC)* Ye're a fool, mon. Ye're better off wi'oot her. *(picks up small axe and examines edge)* It's a gude thing she died – the wanton.

Batiste: *(rises, crosses C)* Wait one little minute, Monsieur McTavish. Some day, maybe, I ask you to take that back.

McTavish: Bah! Ye're a fool.

Batiste: No, no, listen. I find out dis Annette, she sister to Jules Beaubein.

McTavish: How, mon? This Annette, sister to Jules?

Batiste: Oui – two mother, but one father. This man, the father of Jules – he go on business to the Nipissing country and he meet dis woman. She half Indian, half French. He love her and he say to her “I love you and I take you away to my part of the country” – and she love him and she say “No priest here and . . .”

McTavish: I know, mon, there was nary a priest nor did she want one. She enjoyed herself wie this mon – it's the woman's way, Batiste.

*(Music: Annette's Theme; 48 bars)*

Batiste: No, no, listen. By'm'by, come a child, just one little bit of a girl, and when she open her great big eyes, the mother, she die and some one, they take the baby home and her father come every little while and he name her Annette.

McTavish: Ha!

Batiste: Den Annette she grow up, she so beautiful, so good.

McTavish: *(growls)* Ugh!

Batiste: And den I find out she sister to Jules – one father, but two mothers.

McTavish: Ay, mon, half sister.

Batiste: Oui – and I love Annette – I want to make her my wife, but I say not so den. I go to the Nort' for de big Hudson Bay Comp'ny. I stay away one year – den I come back. *(pause)* Annette, she dead. *(sobs)*

McTavish: Weel, mon, we must a' dee.

Batiste: Listen, Monsieur McTavish. While I away, Annette, she meet a man, an American. He say to her, “Annette, I love you”. He lied to her – he promise to marry her and take her back to his country, the United States. Annette, she so good, she know no ill. She believe him, Monsieur McTavish. Den he leave her. She find she deceived and she die.

McTavish: And a gude thing, Batiste. A gude thing for ye. Women are the de'il – they're all alike – they all hae black hearts.

Batiste: No, no.

McTavish: I say yes, din I ken? I had one of m'ain.

Batiste: *(after pause)* By'm'by, Jules father, he die and he say to Jules “You care for Annette” and Jules go to Nipissing country for Annette an' he fin' her dead. Den Jules heart and the heart of Batiste who is speaking to you now, they grow cold, ver' cold. *(pause)* We do not know the man or where he come from, but maybe some day we find him, and Jules and Batiste, dey kill him. *(pause)* You un'erstan'? *(cross R)*

McTavish: Bah! Ye're a fool to wast' yer time a-worryin' about a woman and a mon ye'll ne'er meet. Ye'd better burthen yer soul thinkin' of gold.

Batiste: No, no.

McTavish: It wa' the woman's wish – it always is – and because it was, she sinned – and there cam' a child an' because they wouldn'ae hae her 'roond, which was right, she kilt hersel' – and a gude thing she did. *(rise, puts chair back by house)*

Batiste: Ah, Monsieur McTavish, you make one big mistake.

McTavish: H'm! *(pause)* Wimmen are nae gude. They're a' bad.

*(MUSIC: Hilda's THEME: enter Hilda from house, picks up pail LC, starts ULC; Batiste starts to take pail from her)*

*(harshly)* Batiste. *(Batiste stops)* I gie ye the freedom of ma hoose – ye let ma

daughter alone. *(pause)* It is Hilda's business tae fetch water. Wimmen are nae gude except tae work. Hilda.

Hilda: Yes, father.

McTavish: Dinna forget ye are ma daughter, although ye are like yer worthless mither. Do yer work cheerfully, and try tae merit the gude will o' Gode. Gang awa'.

*(he points OFF UL; Hilda exits quickly; music out)*

Batiste: Ah, Monsieur McTavish, they call you the mad man of the Nort' – and they are right.

McTavish; Ye're a French fool. Because I bring up my child and save her from being like her worthless mither, they say I am mad.

Batiste: Ah, Monsieur McTavish, you are one very bad father.

McTavish: Bah! Ye were speaking of yeer Annette. Do ye ken Hilda? That were her mither's nam', too. I married her in Halifax – she were a Swede and she had yellow hair, too. She was puir and she had nae friends, and I married her tae ke'p her off thay streets. I did nae “love her” – there is nae sich thing – but I was a gude mon tae her fer a' that – and the least she could do was tae gie me a son, but did she? No. That tow-head wi' the pail was my Christmas present and still I was a gude mon tae her. Then she “fell in love” and ran awa' – wi' a Frenchman, and left me *that* tae bring oop. *(points over shoulder UL)* an' I cam' up here wi' her, tae try and save her soul frae damnation an' I've taught her tae be cheerful and obedient, according to the laws o' Gode *(he rises and pause)* and the Presbyterian Kirke. *(crosses L)* Here, she is awa' frae the temptations. Here, she talks ainly tae those I choose for her tae talk tae – even if they are only fools of Frenchmen.

Batiste: *(starts)* Eh?

*(Hilda enters UL with a pail of water)*

McTavish: An' I'm no' apologizing tae ye fer th' remark.

*(Hilda crosses slowly centre as if pail was heavy; puts pail down LC; Batiste starts as if to help her; McTavish stops him)*

No. *(points to the house)* Hilda.

Hilda: Yes, father. *(Music: Hilda's Theme short; she picks up the pail and exits into the house L)*

*(Batiste crosses R; shrugs shoulders)*

Batiste: Ah, Monsieur McTavish, you are one bad “mon”, I t'ink.

McTavish: And ye're a fool, like all Frenchmen. *(Batiste glares)* An' I'm no' apologizin'!

Batiste: *(shrugs shoulders)* May be, perhaps some day, Hilda fool you. *(laughs)* Some day perhaps you say “Take up the pail”, and she say “No.”

McTavish: Eh? What, mon?

Batiste: Some day, perhaps, Jules Beaubien, he fool you. *(Music: Jules Theme short)*

McTavish: *(sneers)* What, a Frenchman fool me? *(laughs)* Ye mak' me laugh.

Batiste: Some day, perhaps, you not laugh. H'm! Maybe, some day, Hilda will “fall in love” with some good man, and some good man, maybe, he fall in love with Hilda. *(shrugs shoulders)* I ask you what you do den, eh?

McTavish: Then, he'll marry her accordin' to the laws of Gode *(same business)* an' the Presbyterian Kirke, or I'll strangle the life oot of him.

Batiste: *(shrugs shoulders)* We see, maybe. I go now.

McTavish: H'm! Hae ye nowt more foolish tae say?

Batiste: *(he considers for a moment)* I say all. I go find my friend, Jules Beaubien.

McTavish: *(cheerfully)* Aye, mon, and bring him back wi' ye. I like him – he always mak's me laugh; there are few who can do that. He has a humour aboot him, has Jules, if he is a Frenchman. *(Batiste begins to glare)* An' I'm no' apologizin'!

Batiste: Au revoir. *(Music: Batiste's Theme short)*

McTavish: Gude day.

*(Batiste exits R2; McTavish sits on seat around tree R, lights pipe; calls)*

Hilda. *(pause, calls loudly)* Hilda!

*(Hilda enters from the house)*

Hilda: *(timidly)* Yes, father.

McTavish: Come here. *(Hilda crosses C)* Sit ye doon. *(she sits on stage C, facing McTavish; he looks at her a moment in silence, smokes)* Ach, girl, it's a shame ye have that yellow hair. Yer mither had it afore ye and she was nae gude.

Hilda: *(timidly)* Yes, father.

McTavish: *(after a pause)* And did ye see Mr. MacDonald and that young mon?

Hilda: Yes, father.

McTavish: And did ye ask them wha' I tol' ye?

Hilda: Yes, father.

McTavish: *(snappishly)* Yes, father, yes, father, yes, father! Have ye naithin' else tae say in yer empty heed? Yes, father! It's easy tae see yer a Swede. The Scotch talk.

Hilda: What would you have me say?

McTavish: *(rises, annoyed)* What would I ha' ye say? If I tol' ye wha' tae say, there'd be nae need o' askin' ye! *(sits)* Well, well, wha' did they say, if ye can fin' words tae speak, wi' your Scandinavian tongue. Wha' did ye learn?

Hilda: I did not learn much from Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Huntley, but Jules told me . . .

McTavish: I dinna car' wha' Jules tol' ye! *(pause)* Wha' did he tell ye?

Hilda: He said Mr. MacDonald was a great engineer, who was going to build a big railroad up yonder in the Arbeta country. *(Music: MacDonald's Theme)*

McTavish: *(laughs)* The Arbeta country! Ha, ha, ha! *(pause)* Wha' else?

Hilda: And that Mr. Huntley worked for him.

McTavish: Worked for him! I didn'ae think the young jackanapes *worked* for anybody. *(pause)* Go on.

Hilda: He said Mr. MacDonald was a great man and that when the railroad was finished, it would pull the winter crop to Montreal.

McTavish: *(laughs)* Ha, ha, ha! Winter crop! What of, girl? Ice?

Hilda: No, wheat, Jules said.

McTavish: Jules must have been drunk.

Hilda: I could not learn anything from Mr. MacDonald, but he was very kind to me.

McTavish: Oh, he was? That's yer yellow hair, again.

Hilda: *(eagerly)* But, oh, father, he told me all about his country – about the great houses – the millions of people and the ladies – and he showed me a book full of pictures of beautiful ladies – *(rises)* and I forgot to ask him about his business here – he was so gentle with me.

*(McTavish rises quickly, take Hilda by the arm)*

McTavish: *(harshly)* Tak' care! Tak' care how ye lure Mr. MacDonald tae his destruction, wi' yer yellow hair. He's a gude mon, is Mr. MacDonald and ye are tae have nae interference wi' 'is business. Ye hear?

Hilda: Yes, father.

McTavish: *(pushes her L)* Noo, intae the hoose wi' ye – and pray Gode and the Presbyterian Kirke tae forgive ye fer no' being Scots. *(pushes Hilda roughly; she exits; pause; looks after her in disgust)* An' I think that same Gode was mighty careless when he turned oot Swedes.

*(MUSIC; HUNTLEY'S THEME; enter Huntley LUE, carries tripod with surveyor's instruments; stands tripod UC; looks at McTavish; laughs)*

Huntley: Hullo, Santa Claus! How's everything?

McTavish: *(angry)* Santa Claus! Young mon, you be mair carefu' wi' yer remarks.

Huntley: *(crosses to tree R)* All right, Sir Walter Scott.

McTavish: *(angry)* Show mair respect tae yer elders, ye young jackanapes.

Huntley: Yes, Robert Bruce.

McTavish: *(angry)* Ye empty heeded fool! If ye give me any mair of yer impudence, I'll chastise ye. *(clenches fist angrily and makes motion toward Huntley)*

Huntley: If you do, Bonnie Prince Charlie, I'll make you get a hair cut.

McTavish: *(angry)* Ach, ye brat! You are IN-corrigeable. *(cross ULC)*

Huntley: *(crosses RC sits bench by tree)* Wrong again. I am IN Canada.

*(McTavish makes motion as though to attack Huntley, who laughs; McTavish stops, tries to speak, crosses UC)*

McTavish: *(shaking finger at Huntley)* Bah!

Huntley: *(shaking finger at McTavish)* Bah!

McTavish: *(finger business again; louder)* BAH!

Huntley: *(holding up two fingers)* That's two bah's for you.

McTavish: I'll speak tae Mr. MacDonald aboot ye. He'll put an end tae yer impudence, ye – ye – young fool. *(exits ULE, angry)*

Huntley: *(laughs; crossing L)* Happy individual, that.

*(MUSIC HILDA's THEME: enter Hilda from house; has three small pieces of washing in hand)*

Hullo, Hilda.

Hilda: Hullo, Mr. Huntley. *(crosses by tree R)*

Huntley: Hilda, what is the best bet for breakfast? *(Hilda is about to speak)* Hold on, don't tell me, I know.

Hilda: Do you?

Huntley: Sure. Pork and beans to win, biscuits to place and coffee to show. *(laughs)*

Hilda: *(hangs up piece of washing on line behind tree)* What does all that mean, Mr. Huntley?

Huntley: Don't ask me, Hilda. That cost me too much study to give it all away for nothing.

Hilda: *(hanging washing)* Oh!

Huntley: *(sits in chair LC)* Just been talking to your father.

Hilda: *(interested)* Yes?

Huntley: He's just gone out in the woods to bite a tree in two. *(Hilda nearly laughs but stops)* What a cheerful creature he is.

Hilda: He is not very happy.

Huntley: Happy? That fellow wouldn't be happy if his life was at stake. Whenever he thinks he's going to be happy, he gets mad with himself.

Hilda: Father is rather harsh.



Huntley: Harsh? (*laughs*) Well, rather. The settlers call him a madman, but I think he's nothing but a big four flush. (*pause*) Say, Hilda, why don't you call him?

Hilda: Call him. What?

Huntley: Why for the way he treats you. The way he abuses you.

Hilda: Oh, he never struck me.

Huntley: Not in the face, maybe, but at the heart, I guess. Tell me about yourself, Hilda. Things don't seem just right. It don't seem as if you could be the daughter of that old blunderbuss.

Hilda: (*nearly laughs but stops; earnestly*) But I am; you know I am.

Huntley: I suppose so. Of course, it ain't none of my business, but since I've been knocking about here with MacDonald, I couldn't help noticing some things – and I don't think you are getting a square deal, and then Jules told me some things –

Hilda: (*eagerly*) Do you like Jules?

Huntley: You bet I do. He's a good fellow.

Hilda: You mean, even if he is Fr. . .

Huntley: I haven't any prejudice against Frenchmen, and Jules can run for my money.

Hilda: I'm glad you like Jules.

Huntley: (*after a pause*) Say, do you like me?

Hilda: Indeed I do.

Huntley: Gee, that's good. There ain't many girls that do. (*pause*) Say, why do you stand for this?

Hilda: What?

Huntley: The way your father talks about you and your mother.

Hilda: My mother. (*sadly; crosses, sits LC*)

Huntley: Yes. Jules told me the story. How she came to Halifax without a cent in her bank roll – how she didn't have a friend, couldn't even speak the language. How she married this old geezer. How she was pretty . . . just like you. Then you came, looking just like her, and how mad it made him, and how he raised the devil with her until she ran

away. How she died.

Hilda: *(sadly)* Poor mother.

Huntley: Hilda, I know I don't stack up very high, and perhaps I've got a yellow streak somewhere in my make up, but I'd go through hell for you, and so would Jules.

Hilda: Mr. Huntley, do you think my mother was such a bad woman because she did as she did?

Huntley: You bet I don't. Some people go wrong just because they like it, and some are driven to it just as you drive your dogs in the winter – and somehow I've got a sort of feeling that those that are driven and do wrong, stand just as good a chance in heaven as those who don't.

Hilda: *(rises; takes his hand)* Oh, thank you, Mr. Huntley. You are the only one, except Jules, who ever spoke to me like that. *(Huntley is still holding her hand)* And I love my mother and her memory. *(crosses URC sadly)*

Huntley: *(after pause)* I suppose you do. *(crosses UL; pause)* Isn't dinner ever going to be ready? You know I'm strong on that eating business.

Hilda: It will soon be ready and I'm going to do my best.

Huntley: Then, I'll wash up. *(crosses to door of house)* and try and think I'm in the United States. *(exits into house; Hilda looks after him, then starts to hang clothes ; MUSIC MACDONALD'S THEME)*

*(Enter MacDonald quietly ULE; carries rifle; crosses DLC)*

MacDonald: Hullo, Hilda. *(crosses L; puts gun against house)*

Hilda; *(by tree R)* Ah, Mr. MacDonald, I am glad to see you back.

MacDonald: And I am glad to be back, little girl. *(crosses C)* What have you been doing all morning?

Hilda: *(clasps hands)* I have been dreaming (*MUSIC: HILDA'S THEME*) – dreaming of what you said to me yesterday, about taking me away from here – away to the beautiful country from which you came – away from my father and from the pines, and the gloomy barrens. *(pause)* You meant it, didn't you? You mean every word?

MacDonald: Every word.

Hilda: And why are you so kind – why do you want to take me away?

MacDonald: Because, little girl, I have seen how unhappy you are, and – (*crosses to tree beside Hilda*) because I love you. (*pause*) Do you know what love is?

Hilda: (*shakes head*) No. (*slowly*) But, it must be very beautiful. Do people have it up here in the woods the same as they do in your country?

MacDonald: People have it just the same everywhere, little girl. The birds have it, the wolves have it – it comes to all.

Hilda: What is it like? How does it feel?

MacDonald: As I feel toward you, Hilda. The feeling to have you with me and always with me. There is something grips you here – (*puts hand to breast*) – something that almost hurts. Do you feel like that, Hilda?

Hilda: (*slowly*) I do not know. (*pause*) I only know that I have been so unhappy, so miserable.

MacDonald: (*passionately*) Poor little girl – you have never had any kindness in your life and you need kindness, Hilda.

Hilda: (*quickly*) Oh, yes, I have had kindness. Jules has been kind to me. He has come here every summer for three years and he has made me laugh. Oh, Jules is good, don't you think so?

MacDonald: Oh, yes, Jules is good. You think considerable of him?

Hilda: (*simply*) Oh, yes.

MacDonald: (*crosses to her*) Do you love him?

Hilda: (*slowly*) I do not know what that is. No one ever spoke of love to me until you did, last night.

MacDonald: And you will go away with me – when I go?

Hilda: (*slowly*) You mean to marry me?

MacDonald: Just that.

Hilda: (*MUSIC: ANNETTE'S THEME; crosses L*) I do not know. (*rises slowly, crosses C*)

MacDonald: Why?

Hilda: I do not know. I must go. (*pause*) Yes, I must go.

*(she exits into the house; MacDonald looks after her, laughs; MUSIC: JULES' THEME short; enter Jules ULE; quickly crosses to C)*

Jules: Ah, Monsieur MacDonald! *(crosses to him)* Have you been working very hard today?

MacDonald: I never work too hard. Where do you come from?

Jules: *(laughs)* From Heaven. I am the fairy king you read about in your books. I am here, there, everywhere I am wanted.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* You are wanted everywhere you beggar. I like to have you about myself.

Jules: Merci. *(crosses L; pause)* It is very lonely.

MacDonald: Lonely?

Jules: I mean for you.

MacDonald: And why not you?

Jules: Oh, we have the forests, the rivers –

MacDonald: Yes?

Jules: The larches full of fish.

MacDonald: Yes?

Jules: Three meals a day and a good night's sleep.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* And you are satisfied? Jules, I have been all over the world.

Jules: Well, I have myself been to Montréal, Québec, Buffalo. What more can a man want?

MacDonald: *(laughs)* You are not half as smart as I gave you credit for.

Jules: *(laughs)* Take care, Monsieur MacDonald. In Canada, I am considered one very smart man. *(crosses R)*

MacDonald: Well, being considered smart in Canada will not carry you far.

Jules: I am satisfied. I have money – plenty. My father left me much. I could go to France or America, – *(sits on bench by tree)* – but I prefer my own country. *(stretches out on seat, head on hand)* Still I admit there is one objection.

MacDonald: Which is?

Jules: No ladies.

MacDonald: Ah, yes.

Jules: Ah, Monsieur MacDonald, you like the ladies very much, I think.

MacDonald: Immensely. *(pause)* The lack of them never troubled me much. I generally manage to find them somewhere. For instance, there is one over here.

Jules: *(starts)* Eh?

MacDonald: I said there was one over here.

Jules: *(after a pause)* But she is so young.

MacDonald: She is eighteen.

Jules: And she is, what you call, so innocent.

MacDonald: That's why she is so interesting. When a woman ceases to be innocent, she ceases to be interesting.

Jules: You like her very much?

MacDonald: Yes. Do you?

Jules: *(slowly)* Oh, yes. *(rises)* I will tell you a little secret.

MacDonald: *(rises)* Yes?

Jules: You have been making love to Hilda.

MacDonald: So have you.

Jules: Did she tell you so?

MacDonald: Oh no, but I know you, Jules. You couldn't get along without making love any more than I could. A man must have a little relaxation, eh? *(slaps Jules on back)*

Jules: Oh, yes. How are you getting on?

MacDonald: None of your business.

Jules: That's right, too. *(pause)* You have a wife in the States, Monsieur MacDonald.

MacDonald: *(quickly)* Yes, and a family. I – *(checks himself, sits in chair LC)* What of that?

Jules: Nothing to me, I suppose. With you, it is out of sight, out of mind. To a traveling man, a woman or two in other places does not count. It is only a few promises.  
*(crosses to tree, sits)*

MacDonald: *(after pause, extends hands before him, clasps them together between knees)* Are we rivals here?

Jules; *(imitates hand business)* None of your business.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Well, if we are, you wouldn't be the first Frenchman I've been up against and got the best of it.

Jules: In France?

MacDonald: No, in Canada – up in the Nipissing country.

Jules: *(starts)* Ah!

MacDonald: And, ah, Jules, she was a beauty! She was a mixture of French and Ojibway. She called herself – *(Jules rises eagerly; MacDonald stops)* – I forget the name. *(Jules disappointed)* I figured out she was about three quarters French. I was bottled up in the country and I won her out, but afterwards she talked priest and marriage so strongly, I had to get away.

Jules: And you left her?

MacDonald: Of course. What else was there to do? Besides, she told me there was trouble coming.

Jules: You mean?

MacDonald: Yes, just that. I build railroads and why shouldn't I have a little pleasure? But I didn't want a quarter breed Ojibway in my family, so I quit. Afterwards somebody told me, I forgot who, that she died, poor devil.

Jules; *(controls emotion)* And the rival, was he French, too?

MacDonald: I never saw him. He was somewhere up in the North woods, I believe. I always thought he was a gloomy individual like your man, what's his name? *(MUSIC: B's)*

Jules; Batiste?

MacDonald: Yes, like Batiste.

Jules: *(crosses C)* And do you think it was the right thing to do to leave this poor girl to suffer alone?

MacDonald: Why, of course. Don't you?

Jules: *(slowly)* I don't know. I will think it over and some day I will tell you.

MacDonald: *(laughs uneasily)* Well, don't be so serious about it. *(rises, puts chair back by house)*

Jules: *(lightly, crossing R)* Serious? They say I am never serious.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* That's right, Jules, and some day when you get civilized and come to my country, I am sure we shall be great friends.

Jules: You do not think I am civilized, now?

MacDonald: Of course. *(laughs)* Montreal, Quebec, Buffalo, what more can a man want?

Jules: Also Niagara Falls.

MacDonald: Ah, yes, and perhaps if you live long enough, you may even get to Toronto. *(crosses L)*

Jules: And perhaps, if you live long enough, you may get to the United States.

MacDonald: *(stops)* What do you mean by that?

Jules: *(crosses C)* Oh, nothing, only this is a wild country, and even you, or I, are liable to die at any time.

MacDonald: Not I. I refuse to have any such gloomy thoughts. I propose to live for many years yet. And you?

Jules: C'est bien. *(pause)* And we are rivals, eh?

MacDonald: Well, you may consider me that way, but I don't consider you, so.

Jules: No?

MacDonald: No.

Jules: We shall see.

MacDonald: All right. We won't quarrel. After all, it's only a joke.

Jules: Yes, only a joke.

MacDonald: *(takes off coat)* I must get ready for dinner. Coming in?

Jules: Presently. Au revoir.

MacDonald: So long. *(laughs, enters house)*

Jules: *(crosses to door; clenches hand; angry)* Sacré.

*(MUSIC; enter McTavish ULE; sees Jules; crosses to him LC)*

McTavish: Ach, Jules, my mon, I'm glad tae see ye.

Jules: *(shaking hands)* Ah, Monsieur McTavish.

McTavish: *(looks cautiously)* Is that devil gone?

Jules: Who do you mean?

McTavish: That young jackanapes who works wi' Mr. MacDonald?

Jules: Oh, Monsieur Huntley?

McTavish: I'll no' call him tha' – the empty-headed fool.

Jules: What has he done?

McTavish: He has nae respect for his elders. He calls me Santa Claus, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, and King Jamie, and makes game of my hair. What will I do to him – what will I do to him? He near mak's me mad wi' his impertinence.

Jules: Why, when he talks to you, answer him back.

McTavish: I canna answer him back, but my fingers itch tae tak' him by the throat and strangle him.

Jules: The next time, you say something against his country and that will make him as mad as yourself.

McTavish: A gude idea, a gude idea, Jules! *(thinks)* The next time, I will say to him, “Doon wi' the president!”

Jules: *(laughs)* Good. That will do nicely.

McTavish: I'll do it. When I see the young jackanapes, I'll cry oot, “Doon wi' the President; Gode save the King!” *(chuckles)* Ye have a gude heed on ye, Jules – *(pause)* for a Frenchman. I canna help thinkin' that somewhere in yer ancestors, there must hae bin a strain of Scotch.



Jules: *(laughs and taps McTavish on breast)* And soda. *(crosses R)*

McTavish: Aye, lad, an' that's another thing that proves it, ye can stan' yer liquor almost as weel as I can m'sel'.

Jules: *(raises hands)* No, no.

McTavish: Oh, yes, ye can, ye can, lad, and that's some'at no Frenchman can do. I'm gang in the noo to see that young brat and mak' him mad. *(laughs; crosses L)*

Jules: Ah, Monsieur McTavish.

McTavish: *(turning)* What be it, lad?

Jules: *(crosses C)* Monsieur McTavish, I have been coming here for one – two – three years, have I not?

McTavish: Yes, lad, an' welcome ye've bin.

Jules: And, Monsieur McTavish, you and I have sat up all night, to see the sun rise over the pines, there.

McTavish: That we have, lad, an' ye took yer liquor like a Scotchman.

Jules: And, Monsieur McTavish, two years ago, you told me about your wife and Hilda.

McTavish: *(soberly)* Aye, lad, an' I tol' ye that she was nae gude, an' that Hilda has her same hair, an' the same curse stamped upon her, an' that maybe her heart is as black.

Jules: That we cannot tell. And, you told me you brought Hilda up here to keep her away from temptation, where she could not see anyone but those you chose for her to see.

McTavish: Ay, lad, that I did.

Jules: But, these Americans, McTavish – Mr. MacDonald and Huntley – they are here. Is there no danger, McTavish?

McTavish: *(MUSIC)* When her wicked mither ran awa' and left me Hilda tae bring oop, I was a gude father tae her, and did my best tae bring her oop in thay ways of Gode *(business)* and the Presbyterian Kirke – though it is many years since I prayed to Gode in his holy hoose. But, noo, Hilda be eighteen and it's high time she was able tae tak' care of hersel'.

McTavish: But if something were to happen, what then?

McTavish: Then I should know that the sin was in her and that she would follow her wanton

mither, and I would wash my hands of her, for it would be my duty to mysel' and the Kirke.

Jules: But, the man – McTavish, the man – what of him?

McTavish: *(after pause)* I dinna know what would become of him, after he had been lured to his destruction by the yellow-haired wanton.

*(Jules turns aside; Huntley enters from house L; stops; sings)*

Huntley: “The Campbells are coming, ha, ha, ha, ha.” Hullo, King Jamie, how's Mary, Queen of Scots?

*(pause; McTavish looks at Jules, who nods)*

McTavish: *(slowly crosses C facing Huntley; looks at him savagely for a moment, then shouts)* Doon wi' the King! Long live the President!

*(sees his mistake, gasps; Jules laughs aside; Huntley laughs loudly, strikes McTavish on back; McTavish angry)*

Huntley: Hurrah for the Irish! You're all right, Bobby Burns. *(strikes McTavish on back)* To hell with the Germans – God save the Swedes.

*(McTavish tries to speak, shakes fist at Huntley who laughs; McTavish pushes Huntley aside, rushes into house angrily; Huntley laughs)*

I don't know what I should do for something to laugh at, while we are waiting for the rest of the party to arrive, if it wasn't for that old man. He certainly is a bird. *(laughs)*

Jules: The people here call him the mad man of the North.

Huntley: Well, he certainly is nutty on the woman question, all right.

Jules: The wife ran away and left him some time –

Huntley: Yes, I know, you told me all about that before. Do you blame her? *(sits in chair C)* Just imagine me living with such a woman as he is a man. Ugh. *(shudders)* If ever I got up against such a proposition, I'd beat it, if I had to elope with the family cat.

Jules: I don't know whether he cared for her or not, but the people here think it drove him mad, that's why they call him the mad man of the North.

Huntley: Oh, he's bugs all right, there's no doubt about that. I don't know as I ought to plague him so, but I can't stand for the way he treats that girl.

Jules: You like her very much, eh?

Huntley: Sure. *(pause)* Of course, I ain't in love or anything like that –

Jules: No?

Huntley: No, 'cause I've cut out all that sort of thing. As a lady killer, I am certainly a pronounced failure. Classically speaking, I'm a dub. *(pause)* How are you?

Jules: Me?

Huntley: Yes. How do you get on with the ladies? Do you succeed in making them fall in love with you?

Jules: I am afraid not. No one was ever in love with me – no girl, I mean. Of course, my man Batiste Le Grand, he loves me in his dog-like way. *(pause)* No, I am alone, even more so than you are.

Huntley: Gee, if we get enough of us together, we'll have quite a party. *(pause)* I'm afraid we shall have to give MacDonald the credit.

Jules: Why, MacDonald?

Huntley: Because he is unquestionably the one great success in the love making business.

Jules: *(smiles)* Yes?

Huntley: Yes. Honestly, Jules, he's had so many girls that he could give us all one, and then have a lot left.

Jules: What kind of girls?

Huntley: Oh, all kinds. I don't think he stops at height, creed or colour. *(pause)* I think he's making eyes at Hilda now, but if he does, I think I'll tell him to quit.

Jules: Did you ever tell him to quit before?

Huntley: No. You see, I didn't care in New York – those city girls don't appeal to me. But, if he tried the game with an innocent girl like Hilda, who has been roared to a standstill by her father – when he wins her sympathies and then tries to take advantage of it, I think he ought to be told to stop, don't you?

Jules: *(crosses C in front of Huntley)* You are a good man, Mr. Huntley. Listen. He will not succeed with Hilda. Jules Beaubien, the one speaking to you now, tells you that he may win her sympathies, but – *(slowly)* he will never take advantage.

Huntley: *(rises, extends hand)* I understand. *(Jules shakes hand)* And, in case of a rumpus, count me in. *(crosses L)*

*(MUSIC: HILDA'S THEME; enter Hilda from house; she has pitcher in one hand, magazine in the other; puts pitcher on bench by door)*

Hilda: Why, hello, Jules.

Jules: Hello, Hilda.

Huntley: *(awkward pause)* Well, Yumping Yiminy, isn't dinner ready yet?

Hilda: *(crosses C)* I've just come from the kitchen and it's most ready.

Huntley: Good. *(crosses to door)* It beats hell how hungry I get doing nothing. *(exits into house)*

Hilda: Ah, Jules, when did you come?

Jules: Just now. I have been for a walk to the pine bluff and back.

Hilda: It was a long walk.

Jules: But, I enjoyed it. I want to take advantage of this weather. It is the last warm spell – the last of our Indian summer.

Hilda: *(MUSIC ; sadly)* And, then will come that awful cold – and for days and weeks and months, we shall be shut up in the house – and there will be no sun – nothing but gloom, and no sound but the sighing of the pines, and the crack of the frost, and the cry of the stray wolf as he scratches at the door for food. The nights will be so long, and all the time my father will be looking at me and telling me my hair is yellow and my heart is black. *(sobs)* Oh, I can't stand it. *(crosses L)* I can't stand it – I can't stand it. *(leans head against side of house)*

Jules: Don't, Hilda. *(crosses C)* There is a fitness to all things – all roads lead to something better. To the good, all things are good. To the bad, all things are bad – and you are good, Hilda. I know it. Your soul is not black; it is white.

Hilda: *(takes his hand)* You say “mon ami” means “my friend”. Teach me to say “my one friend” and I will say it always to you.

Jules: Mon seul ami.

Hilda: *(repeats)* Mon seul ami. *(MUSIC ENDS)*

Jules: *(points to magazine)* What is that?

Hilda: A book Mr. MacDonald gave me.

Jules: *(extends hand)* Let me see it.

Hilda: *(gives it slowly)* Only for a moment. *(Jules crosses C, looks at magazine)* I have read it through twice and I think it is the most beautiful thing – more beautiful than “The Lady of the Lake”.

Jules: What would you think, Hilda, if you saw the news stand in Montréal and Québec where they have hundreds of these.

Hilda: *(slowly)* I think I should die. *(sigh)*

Jules: *(smiles, looks at book, crosses to seat at tree)* The pictures are very pretty.

Hilda: *(crosses C)* Those are actresses.

Jules: I see.

Hilda: Mr. MacDonald knows most all of them himself.

Jules: *(dryly)* No doubt.

Hilda: *(slowly)* What a wonderful man he is.

Jules: You like him very much?

Hilda: *(after a pause)* I do not know. Sometimes I do and sometimes I am half afraid. *(pause)* But, oh, Jules, he tells me such beautiful stories about his country – the great buildings – the people – and the ladies – and he has shown me pictures of trains that run on one of his railroads, and, oh, Jules, how I have always longed to hear these things and no one has ever troubled to tell me, but him. *(sits on seat by tree)*

Jules: Perhaps it is not well to tell one of a country they may never see.

Hilda: *(slowly)* Perhaps it is not, but, Jules, how I have longed to see something beyond the pines and the lonely barrens. *(pause)* But, Jules, you do not have to live here – with all the cold and ice and loneliness – you have money. You told me your father had left you much – you could go where you like. Why do you stay away from everything, Jules? *(MUSIC)*

Jules: Hilda, a man's heart takes him where it wills, and mine is here. I am a French Canadian – for six generations, we have reared our children close to nature. Our lullaby at night has been the sighing of the pines – our morning greeting, the songs of the birds in the wood. The cold, the snow, the dogs, the sled, are all part of my heart. The forests speak to me in confidence. The sandy barrens challenge me to battle with

them. I could not live elsewhere, Hilda – my life is here. (*MUSIC ends*)

Hilda: (*slowly*) Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I should feel that way too. If father were only kind.

McTavish: (*in house; calls*) Hilda.

Hilda: (*rises quickly; crosses C*) Yes, father.

McTavish: (*in house; harshly*) Hilda, come here.

Hilda: (*crosses quickly to house; pause*) But he is not kind and he never will be. (*looks back at Jules sadly; exits*)

Jules: (*crosses to door of house; looks after her*) Ma cherie.

*(enter Batiste, slowly, R2, smoking pipe; see Jules; stops; puts pipe in pocket of coat; crosses slowly to Jules, touches him on arm; without turning Jules grasps his hand; MUSIC: ANNETTE'S THEME)*

Batiste!

Batiste: Oui.

Jules: You remember Annette?

Batiste: Oui.

Jules: We have not spoken her name for two years.

Batiste: Oui.

Jules: But we have not forgotten the man, nor our oath?

Batiste: Non. Non!

Jules: I think I have found him.

Batiste: (*eagerly*) Ah!

Jules: MacDonald, I think he is the man.

Batiste: (*angrily*) Sacré! (*starts towards house; Jules stops him*)

Jules: Wait, Batiste. This is my business.

Batiste: *(earnestly)* No, mine.

Jules: No, mine, I say. If MacDonald is the man, he is trying the same game here with Hilda. Mine must be the first chance. Annette was my sister and I love Hilda. Mine, must be the hand to punish.

Batiste: Ugh!

Jules: But if I do not make one *grand* big success, you do the rest. *(pause)* You understand?

Batiste: *(passionately)* Kill him?

Jules: *(slowly)* Yes.

Batiste: *(slowly)* I understand. I do it.

Jules: Good.

Hilda: *(off L)* Dinner is ready, Jules.

McTavish: *(off L)* Aye, lad, come in.

Jules: *(shakes Batiste's hand)* Remember, Batiste.

Batiste: *(slowly)* I remember, Jules.

*(Jules exits into house; Batiste watches him off, then crosses C; takes off his cap, gets on knees, makes sign of the cross, clasps hands, and speaks earnestly)*

Oh, Mon Dieu, please, let Batiste kill this man.

C U R T A I N

The Wolf  
After Intermission 1

*(MUSIC CUE: Always Leaving Them Laughing short)*

*(Enter the MC)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen! Are you all back? Our scene has changed to the interior of Mr. McTavish's cabin. It seems peaceful enough, but what might be going on in such a setting? You'll know soon. First, though, we have a very special treat for you, as Miss *(insert name of actor playing Hilda)* had agreed to sing a special song for you. She has searched around and found a beautiful French Canadian song that is especially appropriate for today's show.

*(MUSIC CUE: The Young Voyageur)*

I give you, Miss *(insert name of actor playing Hilda)*.

HILDA: FROM THE WILDS OF THE NORTH COMES A YOUNG VOYAGEUR,  
WITH HIS BUOYANT CANOE WELL LADEN WITH FUR  
GLADSOME AND FREE, LITTLE CARES HE  
FOR THERE'S JOY IN THE HEART  
OF THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR.

THERE'S A SONG ON THE LIPS, OF THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR,  
AND HIS VOICE, SOUNDING FAR, SETS THE FOREST ASTIR.  
GLADSOME AND FREE, LITTLE CARES HE  
FOR THERE'S JOY IN THE HEART  
OF THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR.

I HAVE GIVEN MY HEART TO MY YOUNG VOYAGEUR  
WITH A SONG ON HIS LIPS AND A HEART THAT'S SO PURE  
GLADSOME AND FREE, LITTLE CARES HE  
FOR THERE'S JOY IN THE HEART  
OF THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR.

YES, THERE'S LOVE IN MY HEART  
FOR MY YOUNG VOYAGEUR.

*(Hilda bows and exits)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, act two.

*(He exits; lights down)*



Act 2.

Scene; — interior of McTavish home. The same afternoon.

*(the set shows the interior of a rough log cabin. SL is the main door with an exterior backing offstage; DSL is a small hanging hat rack; two wooden chairs are DLC and UR; a large square table with drawings on it is just R of C, with more chairs around it; UC is a wooden dresser; slightly D of that is a small table with maps; two windows are L and R in the US wall; the SL window is a practical; under the window is a small wooden bench with a similar one DL near the hat rack; DR is an interior door with a bedroom backing behind it; just above that is a large stone fireplace; the walls are hung with animal skins)*

*(Music)*

*(At rise; – MacDonald discovered reading at back; pause; closes books, throws it on table; crosses URC; takes off coat; puts it on chair UR; picks up map from small table UC; crosses D; sits C of table C; looks at map; pause; Music: HILDA'S THEME; Hilda crosses from R passing window in flat; enters DL; pauses LC as she sees MacDonald; then moves quickly cross stage to DR; starts to exit; MacDonald looks up; sees her; calls)*

MacDonald: Hilda.

Hilda: *(stops)* Yes?

MacDonald: Where are you going?

Hilda: To my room.

MacDonald: Come here, I want to speak to you. *(Hilda crosses unwillingly to chair R of table C; MacDonald looks at her)* Have you considered what I said to you this morning?

Hilda: Yes.

MacDonald: Carefully?

Hilda: *(slowly)* Yes, carefully.

MacDonald: And, you will go?

Hilda: I don't know.

MacDonald: What do you mean – you don't know?

Hilda: Just that - I don't know.

MacDonald: You want to go, don't you?

Hilda: *(eagerly)* Oh, yes, I want to go.

MacDonald: And, you're not afraid of me, are you?

Hilda: *(quickly)* Oh no, I am not afraid of you.

MacDonald: Then why do you hesitate?

Hilda: *(simply)* I cannot tell – I just don't know, that's all.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Oh!

Hilda: *(after a pause)* Do you intend to go soon?

MacDonald: Very soon.

Hilda: How?

MacDonald: How?

Hilda: Yes, how? *(she sits)*

MacDonald: *(half laugh)* I do not understand what you mean by “how”.

Hilda: *(slowly)* Do you mean to run away in the night – you and I – and have people talk?

MacDonald: I –

Hilda: 'Cause that's what my mother did and people talked and are talking still. Is that how you mean to go?

MacDonald: And if it were?

Hilda: I wouldn't go. (MacDonald disappointed) If all my life is to be passed here, I will try and be as happy as I can, but I will not go away so my father can say I was wicked and my heart was black.

MacDonald: And if he says all right?

Hilda: *(shakes head)* He will not say all right.

MacDonald: but if he does, you will go with me?

Hilda: *(slowly)* Still, I do not know. *(MacDonald annoyed; after pause)* But whether I go or stay, my father must know all.

MacDonald: And so he shall. I will speak to him today.

Hilda: You will?

MacDonald: Yes, I think I can persuade him that it is best for you – best for him, best for me, to let you go – but whatever I do, you must not ask him about it.

Hilda: *(sadly)* He never lets me ask him anything.

MacDonald: Then it is settled and I will see him at once, and here's my hand on it. *(offers hand; after slight hesitancy, Hilda puts hand in his; MacDonald tries to draw Hilda toward him to kiss her; Hilda withdraws hand and exits quickly R as if half-alarmed, half-shy; MacDonald looks after her, laughs softly, then resumes study of map)*

*(Music: HUNTLEY'S THEME; Huntley passes window in flat; enter L; crosses DLC)*

Huntley: Hullo, governor.

MacDonald: *(without looking up)* Hullo, Huntley

Huntley: *(puts hat on rack L)* What are you doing, governor?

MacDonald: Studying this map.

Huntley: *(sits in chair L)* Oh.

MacDonald: By the way, Anderson and the rest of our surveying party will be here tomorrow or the next day and you can go with them when they go South and continue the line to Bear Creek.

Huntley: And about you?

MacDonald: *(carelessly)* Oh, you can leave me here.

Huntley: What are you going to do here?

MacDonald: That's my business.

Huntley: Oh! *(pause)* I suppose you know your own business.

MacDonald: I think so.

Huntley: And, I have never interfered in your business.

MacDonald: Then don't begin.

Huntley: Still I think –

MacDonald: You said you never interfered in my business – and we'll leave it right there.

Huntley: *(rises)* All right, if that's the way you want it.

MacDonald: *(decidedly)* That's just the way I want.

Huntley: *(after a pause)* Governor, I've been working for you for five years.

MacDonald: So long?

Huntley: *(sits in chair L)* Um-hmm.

MacDonald: *(rises and crosses UC)* And you are still young.

Huntley: You've always trailed me along with you. I suppose because I've always been bright and cheerful.

MacDonald: Perhaps. *(picks up large book from table UC)*

Huntley: I don't know how much value I've been to you. Somehow I don't think very much, when it comes to engineering. I'm something of a dub, ain't I?

MacDonald: *(crosses DC)* Well, you never scintillated a great deal. But I've always liked you, George. You've always had the habit of minding your own business. That's a rare virtue, my boy. Few people possess it. It's your one great asset. *(pats Huntley on shoulder)* Don't lose it. *(crosses up to table C)*

Huntley: That's the trouble.

MacDonald: What?

Huntley: It's slipping.

MacDonald: *(sits C of table)* What's slipping?

Huntley: *(half laughing)* My asset.

MacDonald: Indeed!

Huntley: *(rises)* Yes. *(crossing up to chair L of table C)* I have a kind of intuitive feeling that

I'm going to interfere in somebody business.

MacDonald: Yes? Whose?

Huntley: Yours.

MacDonald: Oh. *(pause)* Remember, George, you are working for me.

Huntley: I know, I've figured it all up – the job and what it's going to cost, and everything. *(pause)* And I'm afraid I'm going to lose my asset.

MacDonald: And what's the cause?

Huntley: The girl – Hilda.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Oh, in love, eh?

Huntley: No, in earnest.

MacDonald: Don't be a fool, George. I don't want to see you go wrong. Several people, bigger men than you, have tried to interfere in my business and lived to regret it. I've always had a way of getting whatever I went after and I propose to get what I want all my life – *(pause)* – so don't you interfere.

Huntley: *(sits in chair L of table)* I'm afraid I can't help it.

MacDonald: No?

Huntley: No. *(pause)* I never interfered with you before – I never cared much for your rowdy parties in New York – with your choice associates, for somehow I seemed to have in me, a touch of decency that always entered a protest when I tried to be rotten. *(pause; MacDonald looks over book)* I suppose it was the teachings of my, calling a halt when I began back sliding.

MacDonald: *(without looking up)* Is this a sermon?

Huntley: *(crosses to second chair behind table C; sits)* No, a tip.

MacDonald: *(pushing book away)* Well, let's have it.

Huntley: You've been making love to Hilda here. I know you've been successful with women always, and I didn't seem to care before, but somehow, this seems different. I tell you, you're trying something that isn't right, and I warn you, you can't get away with it.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Oh, so you're going to be a hero, eh?

Huntley: No, I'm just going to try and be a man, that's all.

MacDonald: I see, you're going to be the brave little boy who comes in at the right moment and says "Unhand that girl, villain!"

Huntley: No, not me.

MacDonald: Who, then?

Huntley: Jules Beaubien.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Oh, and what can he do, pray?

Huntley: Wipe you out of existence with as little compunction as I would break a straw.  
*(motions breaking straw)*

MacDonald: Oh, you think so, do you?

Huntley: I am sure of it.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Well, don't worry about me, boy. You just continue to stick to your asset and you'll find it grows more valuable every year.

Huntley: *(rises)* Well, remember I warned you.

MacDonald: Which I appreciate very much. I'll take care of the Frenchman all right. He and I are in the same boat, so far, that's all, and I've got a little the advantage of him.

Huntley: And one other thing – if it comes to a show down, I've declared myself with the Frenchman, job or no job – and that's flat. *(strikes table with hand; crosses L)*

MacDonald: I see – you're a sentimental fool.

Huntley: Well, that's better than a damn fool – so let it go at that.

*(McTavish enters R, crosses to mantle R)*

McTavish: Ach, Mr. MacDonald, hae ye everything ye want?

MacDonald: Yes, thank you.

Huntley: Ach, there's me auld friend, again.

McTavish: *(angry)* Leave m' hoose, ye young jackanapes.

Huntley: At once. *(takes hat from rack L; crosses U)* Back again at supper time, little one.

McTavish: Mr. MacDonald, I wull nae stan' fer thay impertinence o' that young mon.

MacDonald: *(rises)* Huntley, you'll have to cut this out. *(crosses UR)*

Huntley: All right, Governor. *(to McTavish)* Ta, ta. *(at DL, sings Scotch dialect)* "I'll tak' the hee rood and ye'll tak' the low rood an' I'll be Sco'lan' afore ye!" *(laughs; exits)*

*(McTavish turns angrily to MacDonald, who puts on coat UR)*

McTavish: MacDonald, I respect ye, sir, and I respect yer position, but I canna stan' thay impudence o' that young jackanapes and if it dinna stop, I shall hae tae ask ye an' a' yer par-r-rty tae leave ma hoose.

MacDonald: I will see that the annoyance ceases, Mr. McTavish.

McTavish: Ye're a gude mon, Mr. MacDonald, and I'll tak' yer word fer it. I wullnae be mad' game of, afore ma ain flesh and blood, worthless though she be. *(starts to exit R)*

MacDonald: *(crossing DLC)* Wait a moment, Mr. McTavish. I want to talk a little business with you.

McTavish: Business? What is it, lad?

MacDonald: I have a proposition that will make you a lot of money.

McTavish: *(crosses to R of table C)* A lot of money? That's gude, lad. I hae some money the noo, but where's the mon that dinna want mair? *(sits R of table C)*

*(MacDonald takes a small map from table UC, puts it before McTavish)*

MacDonald: Do you see this?

McTavish: *(looks at map)* Aye.

MacDonald: Do you know what it is?

McTavish: *(looks at map)* Aye. *(pause)* Wha' is it?

MacDonald: A map.

McTavish: Aye, lad, I ken it be a map, but thay world is large and there be muckle a map.

MacDonald: This is the plan of the railroad that is going to be built up here.

McTavish: *(disappointed)* Oh.

MacDonald: I know you don't have much faith in it.

McTavish: It's a fool's dream, lad.

MacDonald: Scarcely, unless you consider me a fool.

McTavish: No' I. Ye're a smart mon, Mr. MacDonald, an' if ye say so, I believe ye.

MacDonald: (*pointing to map*) This spot here is the Little Bear River Junction. Do you know the place?

McTavish: Aye, lad, as weel as I know mysel'. Ma'be better.

MacDonald: How better?

McTavish: Because the lan' may change, but the Scotch ne'er. That's where they differ frae thay Swedes.

MacDonald: You don't like Swedes?

McTavish: Nay. I no like 'em wi' their yellow hair – no more than I like the porcupine wi' his stinging quills. I hae one in ma ain family.

MacDonald: A porcupine?

McTavish: Nay, a Swede. Gae on wi' yer business.

MacDonald: (*sits at table C*) No matter what you think, the railroad is sure to be built as far North as that point. (*points on map*) The money is ready, the plans are made – it may be one, two or three years – perhaps four, but it is sure to come.

McTavish: Ye speak as if ye meant it, lad.

MacDonald: And so I do.

McTavish: Weel?

MacDonald: (*points on map*) Can you get possession of that land there and file a deed?

McTavish: I do not know how.

MacDonald: If I should show you how, will you do it?

McTavish: For why, lad?

MacDonald: Because it will make you a rich man. (*cross to mantle*) It is not worth a dollar a square



mile, now, but when the railroad is built, it will be immensely valuable.

McTavish: *(interested)* Ah . . .

MacDonald: *(cross DLC)* I expect this to make a fortune and to show how I appreciate your hospitality and kindness, I'll let you in on the deal. It will make you a rich man.

McTavish: *(rises)* How muckle, lad? How muckle?

MacDonald: Oh, a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

McTavish: *(gasps; sits)* Twa hundre' thousand dollars.

MacDonald: That much at least, perhaps more. Will you accept?

McTavish: *(after a pause)* I will. It's my doo'y as a Scotchman to Gode *(business)* and the Presbyterian Kirke.

MacDonald: Well, we'll it consider it settled, then.

McTavish: *(rises)* Ye're a gude mon, Mr. MacDonald. I'm muckle obliged tae ye. *(starts to door)*

MacDonald: Mr. McTavish. *(McTavish stops)* There's one more thing.

McTavish: What be it, lad?

MacDonald: *(slowly)* I want to speak to you about Hilda.

McTavish: *(starts)* Aboo' Hilda? *(MacDonald nods)* Wha' hae ye tae say about the gal, Mr. MacDonald? If she has been misbehavin' hersel', dinna ye try tae defend her. *(sits R of table)* Let me hear all of it.

MacDonald: *(C; after a pause)* What are your plans for Hilda, Mr. McTavish?

McTavish: I hae nae plans fer her, Mr. MacDonald. She be a sore subject wi' me, sir. E'er since she cam' frae mither, she has bin burthen tae ma soul. I hae tried ma best tae sav' her soul frae damnation, but noo she be eighteen, and I am throo. The de'il may tak' her the noo, most any time he wishes. *(smokes)*

MacDonald: *(after a pause)* I know just exactly how you feel about it, for although I am an American, my mother was Scotch.

McTavish: *(pleased)* Aye, mon, that be gude. Ye're too smar' a mon no' tae be some Scotch. *(smokes)*

MacDonald: *(crosses C)* My mother is very religious. In fact, she is just such a woman as you are a

man.

McTavish: *(self-satisfied)* Then she must be Scotch.

MacDonald: I have no brothers or sisters, and, although I had plenty of opportunity, I never married.

McTavish: H'm! It's a sensible heed ye hae on yer shoulders. *(smokes)*

MacDonald: My mother is therefore rather lonely and it would afford her the greatest pleasure to save a soul like Hilda's from destruction.

McTavish: Eh?

MacDonald: Then, why not let me take Hilda to my mother? It would make her happier, and it would be safer for Hilda. *(pause; McTavish does not reply)* When this railroad is finished, it will bring many men here, and Hilda would meet them – she could not help it – or you would be obliged to move up further North and leave this house where you have lived for so many years.

McTavish: *(sadly)* Aye, mon, ye're right.

MacDonald: Then why not simplify the matter by allowing me to take Hilda with me? My mother would devote the rest of her life to saving Hilda. You have done your duty by the girl and my mother would gladly finish the work you have so nobly begun.

McTavish: Then she must be a gude woman. So was m' ain mither. There are some gude women, bu' no' many.

MacDonald: When the railroad is finished, you will have plenty of money, and you visit us in New York and see Hilda, and then – yes, and then you could go home to Scotland.

McTavish: *(after a pause; MacDonald watches closely)* Haim tae Sco'lan'. How I've dreamt of seein' m' ain country afore I dee – dreamt of it a' thay long, lonely winter nights an', in'ae summer, thay pines hae sung her dear sweet ballads. I've closed ma eyes and seen again the heelan's, wi' the sheep and thay heather. Ma heart was near tae breakin' fer a sicht o' ma ain bonny land – Sco'land. *(wipes a tear)* Mon, thay thought of it is a' that has kept me alive a' these long weary years.

MacDonald: *(after pause)* Then you will let her go – you will let me take Hilda to my mother?

McTavish: *(rises)* Be careful, mon, be careful lest ye receive a wanton 'neath yer roof.

MacDonald: I will chance that, thanks you to your teaching, Mr. McTavish, Hilda is a good girl.

McTavish: Aye, mon, but she may have her mither's sin.

MacDonald: No, no.

McTavish: Weel, if yer gude mither will tak' her . . .

*(Jules an Batiste appear at window L in F; Jules motions Batiste away; Batiste goes L; Jules listens at window; he is smoking a cigarette)*

MacDonald: *(eagerly)* She will.

McTavish: An', ye swear tae watch o'er her and bring her oop accordin' tae thay laws of Gode and the Presbyterian Kirke?

MacDonald: I will.

McTavish: And ye keep her awa' frae a' thay temptations that ruint her wicked mither?

MacDonald: I will.

McTavish: Ye swear it?

MacDonald: I do. I will protect her from all harm – and there's my hand upon it. *(offers hand)*

McTavish: Ach, Mr. MacDonald, ye've ta'en a great load frae ma mind. *(he shakes MacDonalds' hand)* I'll send the girl tae ye an' ye can speak tae her yersel'. *(crosses R)* An' dinna ye be too easy wi' her, lest she mistak' her dooty tae yer gude mither . . . and the Presbyterian Kirke. *(starts to go)*

MacDonald: *(sniffs)* Someone is smoking a cigarette.

Jules: It is I, Mr. MacDonald.

*(MacDonald and McTavish turn; MacDonald annoyed; McTavish crosses up eagerly)*

McTavish: Aye, Jules, mon, is it ye?

Jules: Oui.

McTavish: And did ye hear?

Jules: Beacoup.

McTavish: *(enthusiastically)* And did ye hear – that Mr. MacDonald is going 'ae tak' Hilda tae his gude mither who is Scotch, and she is going 'ae bring her oop, according tae thay Kirk? An', he is going 'ae mak' me rich, and mak' it possible for me tae see ma ain

Sco'lan' again, and ma folks afore I dee? Ach, he is a gude mon, is Mr. MacDonald (*MacDonald raise his hand in protest*) Ach, but ye are, and a wise one, too. (*comes DR*) I'll send thay gal tae ye at once.

MacDonald: All right. I'll be here.

*(McTavish exits through door DR; MacDonald crosses DR, back to audience, faces Jules, who returns his stare; Jules smokes, quietly; pause)*

Jules: *(quietly)* Well?

MacDonald: Won't you come in?

Jules: Yes.

*(Jules leaves window; MacDonald throws back coat; looks at revolvers on hip; enter Jules DL; he crosses to table C; throws hat on table; pause)*

MacDonald: You were listening.

Jules: That is true.

MacDonald: *(sits R of table C)* In my country we call that eavesdropping.

Jules: *(stands C of table)* It would be the same by any other name.

MacDonald: Do you think it was right to listen?

Jules: Yes. You have said all is fair in love and war.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Oh, we are still rivals, eh?

Jules: *(quietly)* Of course.

MacDonald: After what you heard?

Jules: You lied to the old man.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* No, not lied – only repeated what you said to another person.

Jules: What do you intend to do with Hilda when you take her away?

MacDonald: What would you do?

Jules: That's my business.

MacDonald: It is mine also.

Jules: Perhaps that is true, also. But you will not succeed.

MacDonald: No? And what will prevent me?

Jules: *(sits on table)* Suppose I tell the old man you have lied to him, that you do not intend to take the girl to your mother?

MacDonald: But you won't do that.

Jules: Why not?

MacDonald: Because I know you, Jules, and I'm like you – you will struggle for the girl like a man – you will stand on your feet and fight.

Jules: Good. *(rises)* I will stand on my feet and fight. *(crosses LC)*

MacDonald: *(amused)* You will still fight?

Jules: *(significantly)* I am always ready to fight. *(cross down C)*

*(MacDonald rises, annoyed, looks at Jules, crosses C beside him, picks up end of Jules's necktie)*

MacDonald: I hope you are not going to get nasty about this, Beaubien?

Jules: *(same business with MacDonald's necktie)* I do not know what you mean by “nasty”.

MacDonald: Huntley was talking to me this morning.

Jules: Nonsense. Huntley talks much to everybody.

MacDonald: He said you would wipe me out of existence – that you said so.

Jules: I did not say so, so you see he has no right to make such a remark.

MacDonald: *(after pause)* Good! You have acted fair with me, now I will act fair with you.

Jules: *(suspicious)* What do you mean?

MacDonald: I will send the girl to you. You may speak to her first – you shall make love to her in your own way, and afterward, I will do the same, in my way. If she prefers you, I will step down and out. *(laughs)* But I tell you candidly, I don't think you have a chance.

Jules: *(quietly)* Yet, I will take that chance.

MacDonald: All right, I will send her to you. *(crosses to door R; looks back at Jules; laughs; exits)*

Jules: *(crosses quickly ULC; calls)* Batiste, Batiste!

*(enter Batiste, quickly, DL; has rifle in hand; crosses LC by Jules)*

Jules: *(quickly)* Is the canoe ready?

Batiste: Oui.

Jules: Blankets and plenty of food?

Batiste: Oui.

Jules: Good. Be ready to start at any time – at a moment.

Batiste: Oui, I un'stand.

Jules: MacDonald is going to take the girl away.

Batiste: *(cocks rifle)* Sacré!

Jules: But he will not do it. I, Jules Beaubien, and you Batiste Le Grand, will prevent it.

Batiste: Oui. I will kill him.

Jules: Perhaps, but not yet. Keep your rifle always ready, but do not fire until I tell you.  
*(crosses RC)*

Batiste: Oui. *(crosses D; leans on rifle)*

Jules: No, wait outside, by the window. Be ready when Jules calls.

Batiste: *(crosses ULC)* Oui. *(crosses to door, turns; lifts rifle)* I ready to kill him, soon as I can.

*(Batiste exits DL; Jules crosses R, slowly; Huntley appears at window L)*

Huntley: Hullo, Jules.

Jules: *(turns)* Hullo, Huntley.

*(Huntley enters DL)*

Huntley: Seen MacDonald?

Jules: Yes.

Huntley: Speak to him?

Jules: Oui. Beacoup.

Huntley: Well?

Jules: He is going to try to take Hilda away.

Huntley: Well?

Jules: He will not do so.

Huntley: Good. Well, you know what I told you.

Jules: What was that?

Huntley: That in case of a rumpus, I'm with you.

Jules: With me? I do not understand.

Huntley: Why, if you vamoose, I trail.

Jules: You mean it?

Huntley: You bet.

Jules: Good. I shall be glad to have you. If I need you, I will call.

Huntley: Call away. I don't care for the job, anyway. Going to keep me up here all winter – if he fires me, at least I'll go back to God's country. *(sits on bench L)*

McTavish: *(entering R)* Jules, mon, hae ye seen Hilda? I canna find and I wan' her tae speak tae Mr. MacDonald.

Jules: I have not seen her, Mr. McTavish.

Huntley: *(laughs)* Well, back again, little one? *(McTavish starts angrily and stutters)* Speak up, little one, you're among friends.

McTavish: *(angrily)* Have a care, ye brat. *(crosses to RC)* I – I – I – *(he is fit to burst)*

Huntley: *(crossing toward McTavish)* I beg your pardon, Mr. McTavish.

McTavish: *(astonished)* What's that?

Huntley: I beg your – *(chokes)* – pardon.

McTavish: Weel, it's aboot time, ye young jackanapes. Ye got some sense in yer empty heed.  
*(turns away)*

Huntley: My apology is accepted.

McTavish: *(crossing to Jules)* If ye see Hilda, lad, tell her I be waiting for her, will ye?

Jules: Yes, Mr. McTavish.

McTavish: *(crossing R)* Thank ye.

Huntley: *(crossing C)* One moment, Mr. McTavish.

McTavish: Well, what be it ye want?

Huntley: *(quickly)* Pull doon yeer kilt!

*(McTavish, startled, makes motion of pulling down his kilt; realizes he isn't wearing one; stops; shakes fist at Huntley, exits angrily R; Huntley laughs; Hilda appears at window in flat L)*

Oh, Hilda, your father was looking for you.

Hilda: I was looking for him, too. *(leaves window; enters DL)*

Jules: Hilda, I am glad you came. I wanted to speak to you.

Hilda: Yes, Jules? *(crosses C)*

Jules: Hilda, you and I are much alike.

Hilda: Are we, Jules?

Jules: Yes. We are both of the North, and we do not care for the country beyond the pines and the barrens, do we?

Hilda: Oh, yes, I do. All my life, I have wanted to see other people. I like everyone except father. Somehow, in my dreams, he was always driven away, and for the last two or three years, the strangest feelings have come over me. *(crosses C, then R)* I have wanted to be something different. *(cross R of table C)* A great desire has come to me.

Jules: *(UC)* There is but one great desire, Hilda, and that is love



Hilda: Oh, tell me about it! *(sits R)* Does everyone have love?

Jules: Everyone has it in the spring, when the ice breaks in the rivers and the pink flowers peek through the crust of the snow, then all the world is full of love. The birds, the ducks and the geese are clamorous in their romances – the wolf kills, night and day, to feed the mother of his cubs – the bull moose bellows in the pride of his fatherhood – and that is the love that was intended, that man should have, but it is not always so.

Hilda: I, too, have felt that way – when the wolf pack has passed the door. I have seen father kill one and when I have seen the dead wolf torn to pieces by the others, I have felt that I could even be one of them, to be free – free to live as I choose. Was that the great desire, Jules?

Jules: Yes.

Hilda: Has the great desire ever come to you, Jules?

Jules: *(sits on R edge of table C)* Yes, Hilda, it has come to me as to all men. It has come to me far up in the North where the red rim of the sun at noon time was the only message from the Southland – and because it did come, and I knew that somewhere a mate was waiting for me, I could curl myself up in my blankets, with my dogs, and sleep peacefully.

Hilda: It must be beautiful to love.

Jules: Yes, Hilda, but all love is not good. There is also a bad love.

Hilda: How can love be bad, Jules?

Jules: Because men are not always honest in their love, and then they lie and deceive. *(pause)* I have not always been good, and it is because I have been bad and know it, that I now want always to be good. *(pause)* I had a sister once.

Hilda: A sister? Why, Jules, I did not know that.

Jules: And she died. Her name was Annette.

Hilda: I did not know that, either.

Jules: A man came to her – he was not of her country, and he did not speak her tongue, but she loved him.

Hilda: And, was it good for her to love?

Jules: No, Hilda, it was not good – for the man was not worthy of her love, but Annette was a good mate. But, there was no priest and no marriage and the church says there must

be marriage. Then the man ran away and left her. *(pause)* Then by an' by, according to the laws of nature, there came a child, and because there was no marriage, Annette went out and killed herself, that the child might die with her.

Hilda: Poor Annette. Poor Jules.

*(Jules crosses LC; pause, affected; then crosses C)*

Jules: Hilda, promise me, if ever there comes into your life a man who is a stranger to your land and who does not speak your tongue, you will remember the laws of God and the church.

Hilda: *(cross C)* Why, that is as it must be, Jules. I promise.

*(McTavish appears at window L)*

Jules: *(cross R)* I am content.

*(McTavish enters DL)*

McTavish: *(crossing LC)* Hilda, girl, where hae ye bin? I hae bin looking fer ye.

Hilda: *(C)* Father, I –

McTavish: Nay, ne'er mind thy excuse. They're lies, nae doot. Jules, mon, did ye tell her about Mr. MacDonald?

*(Hilda looks at Jules in surprise)*

Jules: I did not.

McTavish: Ye hav'nae spoken tae her?

Jules: I have said much – *(looks at Hilda)* – but I did not mention his name.

McTavish: Then it be high time she learned about it. Come here, girl.

*(McTavish extends his hands; Hilda slowly crosses to him, puts her hand in McTavish's; Jules crosses to window L)*

Girl, e'er since yer wicked mither left ye tae me tae bring oop, I hae tried tae do ma duty by ye – but noo ye be eighteen, in the sam' year – *(pause)* – yer mither went oot tae her sin, and noo ye must look arter yersel'. Mr. MacDonald will speak tae ye. *(Hilda starts)* An' ye listen tae wha' he says wi' respect and obedience, fer it be yer father's wish. *(crosses ULC; calls)* Mr. MacDonald. *(crosses UR)* Mr. MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald.

MacDonald: *(off R)* Well?

McTavish: Where are ye, mon?

MacDonald: *(off R)* Here I am.

McTavish: Come here, mon.

*(enter MacDonald from door R; crosses RC)*

MacDonald: What is it?

McTavish: There she is, mon. *(points to Hilda L)* I hae said nowt tae her – ye tell her in yer ain way what ye will do fer her. Come, Jules, lad, we will leave them together. *(crosses to DR)*

Jules: *(crosses DR)* That is my wish. *(exit McTavish R; Jules starts to follow)*

MacDonald: Oh, Jules.

Jules: *(stops)* Well?

MacDonald: *(sneer)* Where do you stand now?

Jules: *(quickly)* I will stand on my feet – *(pause)* – to fight. *(exits DR)*

MacDonald: *(to Hilda L)* Hilda, are you afraid of me?

Hilda: Oh, no.

MacDonald: *(R)* Then why so silent?

Hilda: I was thinking. *(pause; crosses LC)* Mr. MacDonald, do you believe in Indian signs?

MacDonald: Do you mean superstitions?

Hilda: I suppose I might call them that. *(sits L of table C)*

MacDonald: I don't know. Do you?

Hilda: I fear so. When I was a little girl, I had a nurse. She was an Ojibway – and she was very wise, for she was a medicine woman among her people, and she told me many things. Did you hear the wolves last night?

MacDonald: *(laughs)* Yes, they woke me up.

Hilda: They passed the house in a pack and they never form in packs except when the winter is very cold and food scarce, but in Indian summer, it is a sign that before the sun rises twice, that a man will die and they will come back for a taste of his blood.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* And, does that frighten you?

Hilda: Something does – perhaps it is that.

MacDonald: I wouldn't let it. It is but an idle tale. *(pause)* Hilda, I have spoken to your father. *(crosses to C of table)*

Hilda: You told him all?

MacDonald: Yes, I told him that I loved you – that I wanted to marry you and take you to my mother, and he agreed. *(pause)* Do you love me, Hilda?

Hilda: *(slowly)* I do not know. I do not think so.

MacDonald: *(starts angrily)* Do you know more of love than you did before? *(looks angrily DR)*

Hilda: I know that there is a good love and a bad love. Which is the love you have for me, Mr. MacDonald?

MacDonald: *(passionately)* It is the good love, Hilda. *(Hilda rises)* Have I not told you that I want to marry you and take you away to my own country – to my mother?

Hilda: *(moves C)* Yes, I know, but –

MacDonald: I love you, Hilda. I want you. I want to possess you, alone, alone. *(crosses and seizes Hilda in his arms)* I love you, I love you. *(kisses her; Hilda struggles; he kisses her again)*

Hilda: *(struggling)* No, no. *(struggle; breaks away)* No, it is not a good love – you lie, you lie. *(crosses R)*

MacDonald: *(following C)* No, I tell the truth.

Hilda: *(half-hysterical)* No, no, you do not. It is not a good love – it is a bad love. You hate me, and my father hates me. He says my heart is black. It is not, but you would make it so, but you cannot do it, you cannot do it. You cannot do it.

MacDonald: *(crosses to her)* You shall be mine. *(Hilda retreats behind table)*

Hilda: No, no.

MacDonald: Your father gave you to me. *(crosses UC; Hilda L of table C)* You shall come to me

whether you wish it or not.

Hilda: Take care, Mr. MacDonald. Remember the wolf pack.

MacDonald: Bah!

Hilda: Beware lest you be the man who dies.

MacDonald: Bah! (*tries to seize her; Hilda crosses L*)

Hilda: No, no, no.

(*enter McTavish DR*)

McTavish: What be it?

MacDonald: She will not go.

McTavish: What?

MacDonald: She is in love with this Frenchman and intends to run away with him.

Hilda: (*imploringly*) Father.

McTavish: Is it true? Ye refuse tae go wi' Mr. MacDonald?

Hilda: I cannot, father.

McTavish: (*angry*) An' ye would disgrace me wi' this Frenchman. Ach, it is wha' I feared. It is that mither's curse. It be her sin in ye. That Batiste – he said there'd come a time when ye'd refuse to pick oop the pail – when ye'd say 'no' tae yer father.

Hilda: What?

McTavish: I tell ye, this isn'ae that time. Ye'll gang awa' wi' Mr. MacDonald. Ye'll do it. Ye'll pick oop the pail.

Hilda: (*pause; head down; quietly*) No.

McTavish: What's that ye say?

Hilda: (*pause; looks up; stronger*) No.

McTavish: (*furious*) Ye ill-begotten bairn. Ye're nae flesh nor blood o' mine. I suspected it afore noo.

Hilda: *(extends hands)* Father.

McTavish: Ye are the spawn o' some o' her lovers.

Hilda: *(shrinks)* Father! Father!

*(enter Jules R; crosses ULC)*

McTavish: Dinna call me father, ye wanton. I am nowt tae thee. I warned ye if ye ever forgot yer duty to Gode and the Kirke, I'd stop ye if I had tae kill ye wi' ma ain hands – an' I'll dae it noo!

*(he starts for Hilda; Jules comes DLC, in front of Hilda, who shrinks L)*

Jules: Stop, Mr. McTavish.

McTavish: *(furious)* Jules, mon, ye are interferin' in family affairs.

Jules: I will not let you do this thing.

MacDonald: *(angry)* You see, I told you. It was a Frenchman for the mother; it will be a Frenchman for the girl.

McTavish: No, damn me, no. Stand aside, Jules.

Jules: No. Stop man; you are mad. Do you think he will take Hilda to his mother? He means her but ill. He has a wife in the States.

MacDonald: It is a lie.

Jules: It is the truth.

McTavish: Ye lie. Ye French dog. Stand aside.

Jules: No.

MacDonald: Will you stand for this, Mr. McTavish?

Jules: *(to MacDonald)* You hound! You wolf! You snap at the heels of good women.

MacDonald: *(crosses DC)* You lie.

Jules: Annette.

MacDonald: *(starts)* What?

Jules: Annette – the poor girl you betrayed and deserted up country – was my sister.

MacDonald: *(laughs)* I should have know you'd be the brother of a dirty half breed.

Jules: *(quietly)* I will take Hilda away to safety, then I will come back and kill you.

MacDonald: *(angry)* You shall not take her.

McTavish: Mr. MacDonald, this is my business.

MacDonald: No, it is mine, now. *(to Jules)* You'll come back and get me? I will get you before you start.

McTavish: Hilda, come here.

*(Hilda shrinks away from him; Jules hold out his hand to her)*

MacDonald: *(angry)* McTavish, do you want the girl?

McTavish: Yes. Hilda, come here.

Jules: Hilda, to them or me?

Hilda: *(crosses to Jules)* To you, Jules.

Jules: *(puts his arm about her)* Come then. *(crosses UL; calls)* Batiste!

MacDonald: *(rushes UC)* You shall not take her.

Jules: I think I shall. Batiste!

MacDonald: To hell with Batiste. You can't get away with this –

Jules: We shall see. *(puts Hilda by him DL)*

MacDonald: McTavish. *(McTavish runs URC)* He will never marry her – he is taking her to shame – just as she deserves.

Jules: You cur!

*(Jules springs at MacDonald; strikes him in face, then back to Hilda)*

MacDonald: *(falls back toward the window UL)* Damn you! I'll kill you for that! *(draws revolver)*

*(Batiste appears in window, with rifle levelled; presses the muzzle against MacDonald's temple; Jules and Hilda L; McTavish R; all*

*freeze)*

Batiste: Jules, I'm ready to fire when you tell me.

CURTAIN



The Wolf  
After Intermission 2

*(MUSIC CUE: Always Leaving Them Laughing short)*

*(Enter the MC)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome back again! Things are certainly exciting at this point. How do you like me, so far? *(Hopefully, they boo)* Thank you, so much. Our scene has changed again, and we're now some miles away from the homestead, at the junction of the Little Bear River, near dusk.

We won't keep you long away from the play, but we've one more song for your enjoyment. Mr. McTavish would like to sing for you a song that was a favourite in his youth, back when he still liked Swedes. Mr. *(insert name of actor playing McTavish)*.

*(MUSIC CUE: Annie Laurie)*

McTAVISH: MAX'ELLTON BRAES ARE BONNY, WHERE EARLY FA'S THE DEW,  
AN' IT'S THERE THAT ANNIE LAURIE GI'ED ME HER PROMISE TRUE.  
GI'ED ME HER PROMISE TRUE  
WHICH NE'ER FORGOT SHALL BE.  
AN' FOR BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE,  
I'D LAY ME DOON AND DEE.

HER BROW IS LIKE THE SNAWDRIFT; HER THROAT IS LIKE THE SWAN.  
HER FACE IT IS THE FAIREST THAT E'ER THE SUN SHONE ON.  
THAT E'ER THE SUN SHONE ON,  
AN' DARK BLUE IS HER E'E.  
AN' FOR BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE,  
I'D LAY ME DOON AND DEE.

LIKE A DEW ON THE GOWAN LYIN' IS THE FA' O' HER FAIRY FEET.  
AN' LIKE WIND IN SUMMER SIGHIN', HER VOICE IS LOW AN' SWEET.  
HER VOICE IS LOW AND SWEET  
AN' SHE'S A' THE WORLD TAE ME!  
AN' FOR BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE,  
I'D LAY ME DOON AND DEE.

AN' FOR BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE,  
I'D LAY ME DOON AND DEE.

*(McTavish exits, weeping for Scotland)*

MC: And now, Act Three of . . . The Wolf.

*(He exits; lights down)*

A C T 3.

Scene ; – The portage of Little Bear River.

*(A forest clearing; wings L and R depict dense forest with overhanging branches and foliage; a river embankment comes across the stage from DL and merges ULC with a drop depicting a forest landscape with a waterfall and mountains; R a run extends from UR to URC, representing a path down to the river embankment; foliage masking D of run and along embankment; a large log lies DRC)*

*(Music: Asa's Death? The Death of the Ais, Mendelsohn)*

*(At Rise; – Huntley and Jules discovered C in act of bringing canoe down run C; they put the canoe in river L; Jules crosses UC; calls; Huntley sits on stage L, exhausted)*

Jules: *(calling)* Hullo, Hilda!

Hilda: *(off R; calling)* Hullo, Jules.

*(pause; Hilda appears on run C; passes rifle and paddle to Jules; enters; sits on bottom of run C; Jules puts rifle and paddle in canoe, crosses back C)*

Huntley: Ain't it most time to be moving again?

Jules: *(lying down CL)* Pretty soon.

Huntley: Don't wait on my account.

Jules: You are very tired.

Huntley: *(sarcastically)* Oh no, but I was thinking of our long trip to Montreal, and wondering if we were going to strike any more mountains as steep as that one, there. *(points R)*

Jules: What mountain?

Huntley: That one. *(points again)*

Jules: Oh, that. That's not a mountain.

Huntley: It's not?

Jules: No, in Canada, that's a just a big hill. The mountains, they come later.

Huntley: Oh.

Jules: *(laughs)* Cheer up, the worst is over for you.

Huntley: For me? And how about you?

Jules: I have much to do yet.

Huntley: *(after a pause)* I don't think much of this hero business.

Jules: Why not?

Huntley: Look at me now. My sympathies, or a glance at the eyes of a pretty girl in trouble, have led me into making a monkey of myself.

Jules: How so?

Huntley: Here I am without a job.

Jules: That's true.

Huntley: And, I haven't any money.

Jules: That's easily arranged.

Huntley: I haven't even got a hat. *(Jules laughs)* Where's that old pack horse?

Jules: He's coming. *(calls)* Hullo, Batiste!

Batiste: *(off R)* Hullo, Jules!

Jules: Here he is now.

*(Jules rises; crosses up run C; Huntley rises; crosses C; Hilda comes DRC; Batiste appears at the head of the run; passes knapsack to Jules who passes it to Huntley, who takes it to canoe; Batiste gives bundle to Jules who puts it LC; enter Batiste carrying pack and blankets; crosses L; Huntley crosses by Hilda; sits on run)*

Batiste: *(aside to Jules)* I just saw MacDonald.

Jules: Where?

Batiste: At top of run – in canoe.

Jules: How far away?

Batiste: About one mile.

Jules: A mile! And, the current against him. He cannot get here before sundown -- and in

the dark, he cannot find the trail. You must get Hilda and Huntley away.

Batiste: He gonna kill you.

Jules: Perhaps.

Batiste: *(pleadingly)* You go. I stay.

Jules: No.

Batiste: Please let Batiste stay.

Jules: No. I stay. *(Batiste starts to argue)* I stay. *(crosses C)*

Hilda: I am so sorry, Mr Huntley.

Huntley: About what? My looks?

Hilda: No, sorry you lost your job helping me.

Jules: *(at log R)* His job can be arranged all right.

Hilda: And you made an enemy of Mr. MacDonald, too.

Huntley: Never mind about that, Hilda. *(Hilda staggers; Huntley, alarmed, catches her)* You are ill.

Hilda: No, no.

Jules: *(crosses R of Hilda)* You have had a hard day. Batiste, some water. *(cross LC; Batiste gives can of water; Jules crosses to Hilda; gives her a drink)* You must lie down and rest awhile. The blankets, Batiste.

*(Batiste spreads blanket in front of log R; Jules puts knapsack R on blanket; Jules extends hand to Hilda)*

Hilda: Oh, I can go myself. I am not so weak as that. *(crosses to log)*

Jules: Lie down and rest, even if you cannot sleep.

*(Hilda lies down, head on knapsack; Jules covers her with another blanket)*

Huntley: Try and pound your ear for a little while. We men have much to talk about. This is a serious matter, eh, Jules?

Jules: Not very serious, but still we have much to say.

Huntley: *(pointing to Batiste building fire behind log)* He's almost human. He actually knows

how to light a fire.

Jules: *(soberly)* You must not make fun of Batiste. True, he has not many brains, but he has one great big heart.

Huntley: Oh, he's all right, but he never put those clothes on himself.

Jules: No?

Huntley: No, they just dropped on him.

Jules: *(cross UC on run)* You always laugh, Huntley. We have much to say. *(crosses DLC)* Come, Batiste.

*(Huntley sits C; Jules CL; Batiste crosses; sits L)*

Jules: *(takes paper from breast pocket)* Here, you take this. *(gives paper to Huntley)* When I learned something this morning, I thought it was wise to write it.

Huntley: *(looks at paper; starts)* Your will! Nice pleasant little paper to hand a fellow.

Jules: One never knows what may happen.

Huntley: I guess that's right, all right. *(folding paper)*

Jules: Have you read it?

Huntley: No, but I guess it's all right. *(puts paper in pants pocket)*

Jules: Then listen. This is for you, Batiste.

Batiste: *(nods head)* I listen.

Jules: You will take the canoe down the river and wait for me at the portage. You will wait for me until noon tomorrow. If Jules does not join you, then you will come back to – *(pause)* – look for me. You understand?

Batiste: I understand.

Jules: If you find me – you will finish the work. You will kill MacDonald.

Batiste: *(coolly)* I think I will kill him.

Huntley: I don't like to be mixed up in all this killing people. I don't like to see MacDonald get it this way. In my counting, a punch in the nose would settle all this.

Jules: You do not understand. Listen. When Batiste comes back, you will go on to Montréal with Hilda – present that paper to the Bank of Montréal – give Hilda all I have and

see that she is well taken care of.

Huntley: And, if Batiste doesn't come back?

Batiste: *(takes Huntley's face in one huge hand)* I think I will come back.

Jules: *(puts hand on Huntley's shoulder)* You will do this for me, my friend?

Huntley: *(rises)* Sure. I don't know how I'll stack up as a guardian, but I'll do the best I can.

*(Jules and Batiste rise; Jules takes Huntley's hand)*

Jules: Thank you.

Huntley: I've known MacDonald for a long time, and though I think he's dead wrong in this case, we must give him the credit for not being a coward. And, I'll give you a tip. Keep your eyes open for MacDonald.

Jules: I shall always be on the lookout.

Batiste: I understand.

Jules: That's all, then. We all know –

Huntley: Yes, and now, let's be going on. I shan't feel easy until we get out of here.

Jules: I have something to say to Hilda, first.

Huntley: I understand. *(pause)* Alone, I suppose?

Jules: Yes, alone.

Huntley: All right. *(crosses to canoe)* Come on, Batiste, let's beat it. *(Huntley crosses L to canoe; Batiste starts to follow him)*

Jules: Batiste!

Batiste: *(stops)* Oui?

Jules: *(points off R)* The sun. I have but little time.

*(Batiste goes slowly URC; Huntley exits L2; Jules comes down to L of Hilda)*

Are you asleep, Hilda?

Hilda: *(rises on elbows)* No, I did not sleep.

Jules: But you feel better?

Hilda: *(rises)* Oh, much better. I was only a little faint. It has been a hard day.

Jules: It has been a wonderful day. *(pause)* You're not sorry you came?

Hilda: No, Jules, I am glad – so glad, and it's because of the great desire – *(hands to breast)*

Jules: The great desire, Hilda?

Hilda: Yes. *(pause)* It is right that I should tell you –

Jules: I am your friend, Hilda. I have always been your friend. It is right to tell me everything.

Hilda: Then it is right that I should tell you that I love you. *(pause)* You are sure it is not wrong for me to tell you I love you?

Jules: No, Hilda, for I love you, too. I have loved you ever since I first came to your father's house and saw you, and I have come these one, two, three years and loved you more, but I have waited to tell you until you could understand, and you do understand, now, don't you?

Hilda: *(slowly)* Yes, Jules – I think I understood when you spoke to me today. Then the great desire came to me and I knew. *(pause)* It is a terrible thing to leave my father like this, but I have known ever since I was a little girl that one day I should do this. *(pause)* And, now I've done it. *(pause)* Where are we going, Jules?

Jules: You are going to Montréal.

Hilda: *(delighted)* To Montreal? Is it far?

Jules: It is a long trail, but it will not take long, for soon you will strike the railroad. You have never seen a railroad. It is a wonderful thing.

Hilda: *(clasps hands)* And we shall go to Montreal on the railroad?

Jules: Yes. You will go with Batiste and Monsieur Huntley.

Hilda: *(quickly)* And you Jules, where will you go?

Jules: Maybe I shall be with you.

Hilda: Maybe? Why do you not go with us sure? Somehow, I thought you would never leave me again, but you would be with me always.

Jules: And, I never want to leave you, Hilda.

Hilda: Then come with us.

Jules: I cannot go just now. *(he looks off R, then back to her)* I must stay.

Hilda: *(pause)* I know why you stay – and I will stay, too.

Jules: *(starts)* You know, Hilda?

Hilda: Yes, and because of the great desire that has come to me, I shall not leave you.  
*(pause)* For I love you. *(crosses; puts arms around Jules's neck; he puts arm about Hilda)*

Jules: And I love you, Hilda, but I have many things to do here, yet.

Hilda: What have you to do?

Jules: Well, you see, we came away in such a hurry I did –

Hilda: *(alarmed)* You cannot deceive me. I know why you stay. It is because of MacDonald.

Jules: No.

Hilda: It is that, I know. Oh, do not stay. Do not meet him, he will kill you.

Jules: I do not think so, but even so, I must stay.

Hilda: *(clings to him)* No, no, I will not leave you.

Jules: Listen, Hilda. I hate to leave you – *(lights slowly down as sun sets)* – but it must be so. *(pause; Hilda sobs)* You will go with Batiste. I will join you tomorrow at noon at the Junction of the Little Bear River. *(pause)* If I am alive.

Hilda: *(alarmed)* If you are alive! No, no, I will not go.

Jules: There will be a priest there and I will make you my wife. Now listen, Hilda, listen – you will go – I must remain for I have a sacred duty to perform. I will meet you at the river tomorrow, and we will go away – to happiness. *(pause; Hilda sobs)* And, if I do not come – *(Hilda sobs)* – always remember I shall be waiting on the bank of another river where there is no sorrow, no complaining, and where the only father is a good father – a father of love and kindness.

Hilda: No, no, Jules. I cannot let you go. I cannot let you go.

Jules: *(soothes her)* And, when you come, you will find me waiting to take you in my arms – for I love you. *(bends head; kisses her; pause)* And, now you must go. *(Hilda sobs)* Batiste!



Batiste: *(UR)* Oui.

Jules: It is time. *(puts Hilda from him; she tries to speak; extends arms)* It must be so, Hilda.

*(Batiste crosses slowly to L of Hilda; lights way down; red glow from campfire)*

Batiste: Come, mamzelle. *(drags Hilda L; Huntley comes from L2; takes Hilda's arm; whispers to her; Hilda sobs)* Come, mamzelle. *(Huntley and Batiste lead Hilda L; Jules turns aside R)* Come, mamzelle. *(leads her to L end and exits L2, Hilda sobbing loudly)*

*(Jules turns; looks after them; crosses up; runs C; listens; crosses down C; takes dipper; crosses to LC; dips water from river; listens; pause; then sound of clicking of rifle; Jules starts; lights very dim by this time)*

Jules: *(hoarsely)* MacDonald. *(pause)* The fire.

*(Jules runs quickly C; throws contents of dipper on fire; all lights out; McDonald fires from top of run; Jules falls in front of log R; pause; McDonald comes slowly down run; stand for a moment in C; listens; then crosses slowly to Jules, listens, bends over him; Jules springs up; they grapple; business of struggle about stage in dark; gun falls; knife fight; both fall twice during struggle – once over log R and once on foot of run C)*

MacDonald: *(groans)* Your knife, damn you. I'll make you eat it.

*(they struggle; a shot OFF; MacDonald falls, Jules on top of him; pause; then Jules lights match; bends over MacDonald, so that light falls on both their faces; MacDonald dead; Jules throws match away; rises)*

Jules: *(calls)* Batiste!

*(pause; then Batiste steps on stage)*

Batiste: Oui!

Jules: *(delighted)* Ha-hah!

CURTAIN

The Wolf  
Valé

*(Music: BOWS; after bows, MC steps forward)*

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, we want to thank you for coming to play along with us, today. We trust you had as much fun as we did, and we invite you back to the Marks Brother Melodrama another day, as we step back into the past with the Marks Brothers, the Canadian Kings of Repertoire, Canada's First Family of Theatre, who tried to, in George M. Cohan's words, "Always Leave 'Em Laughing When You Say Good bye."

*(Music Cue: Always Leave 'Em Laughing)*

The Company: MY DAD WOULD NEVER PREACH TO ME.  
IN FACT, HE'D NEVER TEACH TO ME  
THE DIFFERENT THINGS THAT I SHOULD KNOW  
WHEN I'D BE HERE OR THERE.  
HE SAID, "MY SON, GO ON ALONE. YOU HAVE IDEAS OF YOUR OWN.  
YOU'LL NEVER LOSE IF YOU WILL USE THE OTHERS FAIR AND SQUARE."  
  
THAT'S JUST AS FAR AS HE'D ADVISE UNTIL ONE DAY TO MY SURPRISE,  
I WENT TO TELL HIM I WAS GOING IN OTHER LANDS TO LIVE,  
AND, AS I WENT TO SAY GOODBYE, HE SAW A TEAR DROP IN MY EYE.  
HE SAID, "MY LAD, WELL THAT'S TOO BAD, TAKE THIS ADVICE FROM ME.  
  
ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING,  
WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE.  
NEVER LINGER LONG ABOUT  
OR ELSE YOU'LL WEAR YOUR WELCOME OUT.  
WHEN YOU MEET A FELLOW  
WITH A TEAR DIMMED EYE,  
YOU CAN LEAVE HIM LAUGHING IF YOU TRY.  
  
WHEN HE TELLS HIS TROUBLES,  
INTERUPT HIM WITH A JOKE.  
TELL HIM ONE HE'S NEVER HEARD AND  
HE'LL DECLARE THAT "IT'S A BIRD!"  
WHEN HE'S GIGLING GOOD YOU KNOW  
THAT'S THE TIME TO TURN AND GO.  
ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING,  
WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE.

*(They start to exit and come back)*

ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING,  
WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE.

*(Exit; lights down; house up)*