



STRAVAIGING

By Dave Patton

A SMITH SCRIPT

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STRAVAIGING

A MONOLOGUE

BY DAVE PATTON

CHARACTERS

Name 1: Man or woman aged around mid fifties

Scene

An old stone ruin on Scotland's North West coast.

A middle aged man or woman rests against the wall.

Stravaiging

Scene 1

A MIDDLE AGED MAN OR WOMAN HAS BEEN STRAVAIGING (AMBLING) ALONG SCOTLAND'S WEST COAST AND STOPS TO REST, EAT LUNCH AND REMINISCE OF A PREVIOUS VISIT MANY YEARS AGO WITH CHILDREN AND DOG.

There was a place, a special place, a magical place, or so it seemed to us at the time.

Roughly hewn Granite stones, sparkling in the late summer sun, formed the simple walls and gables, with any remnants of a roof being long lost to the weather and neglect, so that if, on your wanderings, you were to come across this ruin, you would consider it a fine place to shelter for a while; set as it was above the Machair on the curve of the small sandy cove.

You would perhaps think to sit against its Westerly wall while a warm breeze shifts the white coral sand along the shoreline before whispering its way up across the Marram grass to where you'd rest in the late afternoon haze.

You'd probably have your stout boots and strong woollen socks nestled between your pale, puckered feet, as the warmth from the wall would ease the chaffing from your backpack as you take your rest from stravaiging along this isolated coast.