

Scene Twelve : Crofter's Cottage. Outside.

(CLOWN 1 *appears. He is JOHN McTYTE an ancient and surly Scottish crofter. He peers into the mist. HANNAY appears. The crofter twitches with suspicion.*)

HANNAY. Hello there.

CROFTER. Can I help ye?

HANNAY. Yes I'm um looking for work.

CROFTER. What kind of work?

HANNAY. I'm an itinerant labourer.

CROFTER. Ye'll find nothing in this vicinity.

HANNAY. Are there no –

(significantly)

– big houses round here?

CROFTER. No big houses.

HANNAY. So what's that big house?

CROFTER. What big house?

HANNAY. *(points)* That big house?

CROFTER. Oh that big house.

HANNAY. Isn't that a big house?

CROFTER. That is a big house.

HANNAY. So whose...hoose is that then?

CROFTER. A professor I believe. Professor Jordan. *(twitching)* An Englishman.

HANNAY. An Englishman? It wouldn't be called –

(He takes out the enormous and unruly map. It is even bigger than before. He battles with it. The CROFTER watches.)

– Alt na Shellach, would it?

CROFTER. It would.

HANNAY. Right! Well – thanks very much. I'll try there.
Cheerio.

CROFTER. Ye won't tonight!

HANNAY. Won't I?

CROFTER. It's fourteen miles. The other side of the loch.

HANNAY. No really! I'm sure I'll be –

CROFTER. Margaret!

(MARGARET *appears. An incredibly pretty Scottish girl.*)

MARGARET. Ay?

CROFTER. Come here! We have a visitor.

(MARGARET *crosses to them, head lowered. She looks at HANNAY, blushes.*)

MARGARET. Good evening, sir.

(HANNAY *sees how incredibly pretty she is. He smiles handsomely.*)

HANNAY. Good evening.

(MARGARET *blushes even more.*)

CROFTER. You could stay here if you wanted.

HANNAY. Well on second thoughts that'd be very kind.

CROFTER. Can you eat the herring?

HANNAY. I could murder half a dozen right now.

CROFTER. Can you sleep in a box bed?

HANNAY. I can try.

CROFTER. Two and six.

HANNAY. Done.

CROFTER. See to the gentleman and be quick about it.

HANNAY. Your daughter?

CROFTER. My wife!

HANNAY. Well done.

(MARGARET *and HANNAY look at each other. They look away.*)

CROFTER. Prepare the herring.

MARGARET. Ay.

CROFTER. I'll see to the coos.

HANNAY. Sorry?

CROFTER. I'll see to the coos!

HANNAY. (*still doesn't understand*) Right.

(*The CROFTER stomps off.*)

MARGARET. Will ye come in?

HANNAY. I'd love to.