

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.

Scene Thirteen: Crofter's Cottage.

(HANNAY looks around the miserable cottage. The moaning wind rattles the windows. MARGARET is overwhelmed with shyness. She points to the armchair.)

MARGARET. There's your bed.

(HANNAY looks at the armchair.)

HANNAY. Marvellous.

MARGARET. Could ye sleep there d'ye think?

HANNAY. I could sleep anywhere right now.

(MARGARET blushes.)

MARGARET. Won't you sit down please whilst I go on with our supper?

HANNAY. Thank you.

(He sits down. She busies herself with supper.)

I say?

MARGARET. Yes?

HANNAY. You wouldn't have today's paper?

MARGARET. My husband has the paper.

HANNAY. Right.

(MARGARET shyly lays the table. He watches her.)

So erm – been in these parts long?

MARGARET. No. I'm from Glasgow.

HANNAY. Glasgow?

MARGARET. D'ye ever see it?

HANNAY. No I never did.

MARGARET. Oh ye should. Ye should see Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night with all its fine shops and the trams and the lights. And the cinema palaces and the crowds.

(a faraway look)

It's Saturday night tonight.

HANNAY. Well I've never been to Glasgow but I've been to Edinburgh and Montreal. And London.

MARGARET. London!

HANNAY. I could tell you all about London at supper.

MARGARET. (*suddenly entranced*) Could ye?

HANNAY. Certainly could.

MARGARET. (*face clouds*) No. John would nae approve o' that I doubt!

HANNAY. John?

MARGARET. My husband. He says it's best not to think of such places and all the wickedness that goes on there.

HANNAY. Or – I could tell you now.

MARGARET. Now?

(*He gazes at her.*)

HANNAY. If you wanted.

MARGARET. Aye.

(*She gazes back.*)

Ye could.

(*Romantic music*)

HANNAY. What would you like to know?

MARGARET. Is it true that all the ladies paint their toe-nails?

HANNAY. Some of them.

MARGARET. And put rouge and lipsticks on their faces?

HANNAY. They do yes.

MARGARET. Do London ladies look beautiful?

HANNAY. They wouldn't if you were beside them.

(*MARGARET catches her breath. Turns to him. Their eyes meet. A moment of stunned sexual longing.*)

MARGARET. You ought not to say that.

(*The CROFTER bursts in. He carries an evening newspaper.*)

CROFTER. Ought not to say WHAT!?

(*Romantic music cuts out.*)

(*HANNAY and MARGARET spring away.*)