

Scene Twenty Six: McGarrigle Hotel

(MR & MRS MCGARRIGLE *listen wide-eyed to the raging wind outside.*)

MRS MCGARRIGLE. It's a terrible Highland night, Willy!

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. All that rain and wind rushing down the glen! Wouldn't want to be out alone tonight!

MR MCGARRIGLE. No.

HANNAY. *(off)* Hellooo!

(The MCGARRIGLES start.)

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Did ye hear that?

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

HANNAY. *(off)* Hellooo!

MRS MCGARRIGLE. There it goes again!

(HANNAY and PAMELA enter. She is even more soaking and bedraggled than ever.)

Ach, ye poor dears! Look Willy. It's a young couple come outta the night! Come away in sir, come away in! Ach dear the poor young lassie's terrible wet! My poor wee dears!

HANNAY. Thanks awfully! We had an accident with our car a few miles back.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. *(with strong accent)* Have ye no luggage?

HANNAY. Sorry?

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Have ye no luggage?

(HANNAY stares back blankly.)

MR MCGARRIGLE. Have ye no luggage?

HANNAY. Oh yes! Of course! It's – in the car.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. In the car, of course. Anyway welcome to the McGarrigle Hotel. I am Mrs McGarrigle. This is my husband Willie McGarrigle.

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

HANNAY. How do you do. Anyway –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. You can be certain that at the McGarrigle Hotel a warm McGarrigle welcome awaits ye.

HANNAY. Thank you. As I was –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Isn't that right, Willie?

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

HANNAY. Marvellous. Anyway –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Despite it being off-season.

HANNAY. Yes. Um we'd like to stay the night if you could accommodate us.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Ach well! Let us see. Let us see. Let us see.

(peers at book)

Well – we've just the one bedroom left. With the – er – one bed in it.

(She beams cheekily. PAMELA freezes.)

But ye'll not be minding that?

HANNAY. No no. Quite the reverse!

MRS MCGARRIGLE. You are man and wife I suppose?

HANNAY. Oh yes.

(nudges PAMELA)

PAMELA. Er...yes.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. *(beaming)* I thought ye were! I thought ye were! If ye would ne mind registering please? Willie the book.

MR MCGARRIGLE. Ay!

(MR MCGARRIGLE opens the Guest Book.)

HANNAY. Thank you.

(He tries to write in the register but realises his right hand is chained to PAMELA's left.)

Ah! Um, can't actually write with my right hand. Got a bit er –

MR MCGARRIGLE. Bruised?

HANNAY. Sorry?

MR MCGARRIGLE. Cranking the car?

HANNAY. Cranking the car! Quite right! Tell you what? Why don't you sign my darling? The sooner you get used to writing your new name the better. Remember what it is?

PAMELA. No.

HANNAY. Yes I think you do actually, don't you darling?

(He presses the stem of his pipe into her back. PAMELA flinches.)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hopkinson –

(PAMELA writes. MR & MRS MCGARRIGLE beam away as she does so.)

– Hollyhocks – *(he thinks)* – Hammersmith – *(he thinks)*
– Hampshire.

(PAMELA finishes.)

HANNAY. Well done darling.

MRS. MCGARRIGLE. And there we are!

HANNAY. So anyway I think we'll be – er –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. *(very fast)* Will ye be needing yer suppers?

HANNAY. Sorry?

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Will ye be needing yer suppers?

(awkward pause)

MR MCGARRIGLE. Will you be needing your suppers!

HANNAY. Oh yes! Splendid. Thank you. If you could send up a large whisky and soda and a few sandwiches. Oh and a glass of milk.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Of course of course! Ach the young doves. Would you care to follow me to your room now please?

HANNAY. Certainly. Darling?

(PAMELA resists. HANNAY pokes the pipe into her back. Together they follow the MCGARRIGLES.)