

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 o' 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 WILAT!?

*(Romantic music cuts out.)*

*(HANNAY and MARGARET spring away.)*

HANNAY. Oh I was – er – just saying to your wife that I prefer living in the town to the country.

CROFTER. God made the country.

HANNAY. Certainly did!

CROFTER. Supper ready woman?

MARGARET. Almost.

CROFTER. Then hurry yerself!

*(The CROFTER throws the paper on the table. There is HANNAY'S photo on the front. HANNAY freezes.)*

HANNAY. Do you mind if I look at your paper?

CROFTER. Suit yourself.

HANNAY. Thank you.

*(HANNAY picks up the paper. Hides the photo. Reads the story as nonchalantly as possible. The CROFTER watches him suspiciously.)*

CROFTER. Ye did nae tell me your name.

HANNAY. Oh – um – Hammond.

CROFTER. Mr O' Hum Hammond.

HANNAY. No. Hammond!

MARGARET. Here we are.

*(She produces three herrings.)*

HANNAY. Splendid!

CROFTER. I'll say a blessing afore we begin.

HANNAY. Good idea!

*(They all sit round the table. Close their eyes.)*

CROFTER. Oh most mighty and unforgiving father. Sanctify these bounteous and undeserved mercies to us miserable sinners. Make us bow on bended knee, make us truly thankful for all –

*(HANNAY opens his eyes. Tries to read the paper again.)*

*(MARGARET opens her eyes. Notices him reading.)*

– thy manifold blessings.

*(HANNAY notices her noticing him. Now she peeks at the paper. Sees the photo. Realises who he is. Her eyes flash with panic.)*