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SF PERUSALS

A Dram of Drummhicit

Arthur Kopit

and Anton Dudley

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

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A DRAM OF DRUMMHICIT was first produced by the La Jolla Playhouse, in San Diego, California on May 17, 2011. The production was directed by Christopher Ashley, with sets by David Zinn, costumes by David C. Woolard, lighting by Philip Rosenberg, sound by John Gromada, and projections by Tara Knight. The Production Stage Manager was Anjee Nero. The cast was as follows:

ROBERT BRUCE . . . . . Murphy Guyer
CHARLES PEARSE . . . . . Lucas Hall
WILLIAM ROSS . . . . . Alan Mandell
HARRY MORGAN . . . . . Joseph Culliton
MACKENZIE STEWART . . . . . Kelly AuCoin
FIONA . . . . . Polly Lee
OLD ANGUS . . . . . John Ahlin
FELICITY OLIPHANT . . . . . Kathryn Meisle
REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE . . . . . Larry Paulson
LITTLE NICK . . . . . Daniel Rubiano

CHARACTERS

REVEREND THOMAS HAGGLEHORNE – minister of a small parish church on Muckle Skerry

LITTLE NICK – his sexton (late teens to 20s)

ROBERT BRUCE – an American real estate mogul (50s)

CHARLES PEARSE – Robert Bruce's "fixer" (early to mid 30s)

HARRY MORGAN – a wealthy Edinburgh businessman (50s)

WILLIAM ROSS (a.k.a., Old Willy) **–** a resident of Muckle Skerry and business partner of Harry Morgan (70+)

MACKENZIE STEWART – owner of the only pub on Muckle Skerry (30s to 40s)

ANGUS MACLEOD (a.k.a., Old Angus) **–** a fisherman and frequenter of the pub (50s to 60s)

FIONA MACLEOD – the fisherman's daughter, works at the pub (early 20s)

FELICITY OLIPHANT – an anthropologist connected the British Museum (late 30s to 40s)

Various townsfolk

SETTING

The play takes place on Muckle Skerry, a small island somewhere in the Southern Hebrides, a few years back, when real estate investment still seemed like a good idea.

AUTHORS' NOTES

As far as we can tell, *A Dram of Drummhicit* is a romantic mystery/comedy/drama which touches on magic. This is why we never gave it a sub-title.

As a reader will soon discover, Muckle Skerry, the fictional Scottish island where this tale takes place, has many locales, including an old parish church, a charming local pub, a fisherman's hut (possibly haunted), an idyllic moor on the outskirts of town, and, looming down over the moor, a "forbidden hill." Clearly, literalism will get us nowhere.

And yet, like any play, if this story is to work, we must believe it all. Whatever lurks beneath the peaty soil of Muckle Skerry has to feel as real to us as it does to its inhabitants. Imagination is the key. This play is a journey to another world; judicious use of lights, sound, and minimal scenery – which together can *suggest* where we are rather than *tell* us where we are – are what will get us there.

– Arthur Kopit and Anton Dudley

Prologue

(Lights rise on a windswept, raid sodden island whose central monument is a lush green hill, the lower portion of which is visible in the background, the uppermost reaches out of sight.)

(Presently, we begin to hear people singing raucously, probably a traditional Scottish melody, lyrics in Gaelic – a classic "piobaireachd" or "big music" – accompanied by bagpipe.)

(Now the singers come into view. An odd celebration is clearly taking place as the celebrants' faces are all painted in bright colors and their bodies draped in vine leaves and flowers. Some seem to be wearing Druidic robes.)

(As they get closer, we also see that they are carrying someone aloft on their shoulders, which we'll come to know as the Green Man; a dark figure with carrot-red hair, its body decorated with garlands of wild flowers.)

(It begins to rain.)

(Undaunted, the celebrants head for town, a route that takes them past a small, lonely-looking parish church, where we notice a lone man watching through a window.)

(Some of the celebrants notice him as well, and wave.)

(The man does not wave back. Instead, he watches them pass from sight, song fading as they do.)

(The church glides forward, that man still at the window.)

(Then its walls swing open, and in we go.)

Scene 1

(Inside the church, that man we saw at the window, the **REVEREND THOMAS HAGGLEHORNE**, *late forties but aging rapidly, turns from the window and looks up.)*

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. *(looking up)* Really Lord, I mean it. Any parish but this one!

(sound of a car pulling up)

And I don't mean to press, but the sooner you can get me transferred, the better.

(He rushes to the door, takes a deep breath, then throws it open, huge smile on his face, as if nothing were wrong.)

Hello! Hello!

(sound of car doors shutting)

Come in, come in!

(Enter, in a rush, three **MEN**, *all drenched from rain. In the distance, a rumble of thunder can be heard.)*

(The first one in is the church sexton, a young man known as **LITTLE NICK**, *carrying an umbrella that's too small to protect anyone. Making matters worse, it's just blown inside out.)*

(The other two men are **HARRY MORGAN**, *around 50, an Edinburgh businessman who looks prosperous even when wet, and an American,* **CHARLES PEARSE**, *early 30s, instantly likable, with an unmistakable aura of authority, a feeling reinforced by the small, bulky aluminum briefcase he carries in his left hand. The moment they enter…)*

LITTLE NICK. My God, this fuckin' rain, it just don't let up. And then the fuckin' *wind*. And the *COWS!* I mean

there I am, drivin' back with these two when suddenly the wind is knockin' down all these cows, and one of 'em, I swear, is lifted straight up and flyin' straight toward the car!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Really!

LITTLE NICK. But luckily I swerved.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well that's good news.

LITTLE NICK. Not that I'm blamin' our tardiness on a cow!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. No-no, really, it's fine.

LITTLE NICK. Because that cow was nothin' compared to their *planes* comin' in! I mean they almost fuckin' crashed!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Yes, but what's important here is that they *didn't*. Did you?

HARRY MORGAN. What?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Crash.

HARRY MORGAN & **CHARLES**. *(together)* No.

LITTLE NICK. Yes but they *almost* did! I say if you gotta fly, do so in somethin' *big*, so if ya crash you've at least got some *support*.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. That is an excellent point.

LITTLE NICK. No, big planes is the ticket!

HARRY MORGAN. And from now on, we will try to fly in big ones only.

LITTLE NICK. There ya go!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. This has been very sound advice.

LITTLE NICK. But the worst of all –

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Nick, do us a favor, would you? Before you say another word, *think*. And then try not to.

*(***LITTLE NICK***, who was about to say more, stops and thinks. With great effort, he manages not to say it.)*

Mr. Morgan, good to see you again. I gather your flight was a bit turbulent.

HARRY MORGAN. We are here, let us just leave it at that.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Good. Yes. And you must be Charles. I've heard so much about you. The Reverend Thomas Hagglehorne, at your service.

(They shake hands. As they do, **REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *notices the aluminum case* **CHARLES** *is holding.)*

Nick, come on, take this from the man, what is wrong with you?

LITTLE NICK. I can't.

*(***REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *looks closer, and sees that the case is actually connected to* **CHARLES***' wrist by a chain. For the first time, we see the chain, too.)*

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Oh…yes. Right…is this all you brought?

LITTLE NICK. No, the rest of his stuff's still in the boot. I thought it best if we first ascertained where he was stayin', and then brought it there.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Yes. Good thinking, Nick. Actually, I'm not sure they've determined that as yet. We weren't expecting you for a few more days.

CHARLES. I know. Sorry about that. But in situations that demand my presence, such as this one here, Mr. Bruce likes me to arrive a few days ahead of schedule, believing that catching people off-guard provides a more accurate picture of what's actually going on. And sometimes that's true, and sometimes it's not, but that's what he likes, so that's what I do.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Makes perfect sense.

CHARLES. So where are the bodies now?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. In the back room.

LITTLE NICK. No they're not.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. That's right, no they're not. Nick moved 'em out last night.

LITTLE NICK. I thought it would be safer if we stored 'em in the cellar.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. That's 'cause in back there are all these windows, so it's not hard to get in if you're so inclined. And some people around here –

LITTLE NICK. Not just some.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. No, Nick's right, it's the whole bloody town. They want to put the bodies back in the ground, ya see. Where they were.

LITTLE NICK. And for fuckin' centuries, too!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Yes, well, in a manner of speaking.

LITTLE NICK. It's our sacred fuckin' duty!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Nick and I have differing views on this, but there is truth in what he says. Still, as a Christian, and a man of God, I consider it my godly duty to give these poor souls a proper Christian burial.

LITTLE NICK. But they are PRE-Christian! *PRE!* Why can you not understand that?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well I do. And they are indeed pre-Christian. But surely that was not their fault.

LITTLE NICK. That is not the fucking point!

CHARLES. I'm sorry, but could we hold this discussion off for just a bit? Obviously it's a crucial one. But just for now. Till we're up to speed on this.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. That's right. You listen t' him now. He's Mr. *Bruce's* man! And without him none o' this would be happening! *(to* **CHARLES***)* Am I not right?

CHARLES. Absolutely.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. So would you like some tea?

CHARLES. I'd love some, thank you

HARRY MORGAN. Me as well.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. If ya don't mind, Nick, get our guests some tea.

LITTLE NICK. Tea comin' up!

(exit, **LITTLE NICK***)*

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. The truth is – and please keep this t' yourselves – but from my particular perspective, it's nice to have a few folks here in the church, dead or not it at least helps fill the space.

*(***HARRY MORGAN** *and* **CHARLES** *stare at him, startled)*

LITTLE NICK. *(offstage)* WHAT KIND O' TEA?

CHARLES. Oh, any kind.

HARRY MORGAN. Same here!

CHARLES. Do people not come for services?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Not as a rule, no.

LITTLE NICK. WHAT ABOUT MILK?

CHARLES. No milk.

HARRY MORGAN. Nor for me!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. In fact, frankly, I can't recall anybody comin' even *once*. On the other hand, apparently no one came for my predecessors either. So this can't be my fault entirely… Actually, I misspoke just now. Yer friend, Mr. Ross, he's been comin' recently. Which makes me feel there may be some hope left.

CHARLES. I believe he was supposed to meet us here.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Oh yes! He sent word, he'll meet you at the pub. He's not been feelin' well of late.

LITTLE NICK. WHAT ABOUT CRACKERS?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. We've never had crackers here, Nick, you know that!

LITTLE NICK. I could run down to the pub.

CHARLES. It's fine.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. NO CRACKERS!

LITTLE NICK. NO CRACKERS COMIN' UP!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. So what else d'ya want to know?

CHARLES. How many bodies are there?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. As of this mornin' there was an even duzzen. Then it rained, and now there's twenty.

CHARLES. What's rain have to do with it?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well the rain affects the soil ya see. And when it gets all saturated, it kind o' pinches in and out they pop, sort o' like a pimple, only bigger. It's an alarmin' sight. I've seen one and it's enough fer a lifetime. I was just out strollin' on the heath when, pop, there it was, at me feet, this grotesque head with ginger red hair.

HARRY MORGAN. Was that the first?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Oh no, this was after. The first was by Ballater Bay. Your construction crew found that one while layin' in a new access road. Then their backhoe dug up some more, so that ended construction. They're all over the place. And people do find 'em from time to time, just never in quite this quantity. The ones that came in since mornin' were found by some woman from the British Museum, Felicity somethin'-or-other.

HARRY MORGAN. Oliphant.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. That's it. You've spoken to her, I guess.

CHARLES. We both have.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well it's a sweet name she has, but she is definitely no sweetie-pie. No, she is one tough nut.

CHARLES. I'll need to meet with her as soon as I can.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. And you will. She knows yer comin'. But, like all of us, was not expectin' you so soon. Speaking of which, I'm not sure what they have told you about accommodations, but the town doesn't have a proper hotel ya see. People don't come here as a rule. Though with this new golf course of yours, all that will definitely change.

CHARLES. Assuming we can get these bodies out.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well that goes without sayin'. Playin' golf with bodies poppin' up is not a desirable feature on any course, even one with a lot o' hazards.

CHARLES. I'm sure we'll be able to take care of it.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. I'm sure ya will too. HOW'S THE TEA CUMMIN' BY THE WAY?

LITTLE NICK. OKAY!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Water doesn't boil fast here.

LITTLE NICK. HAVE YOU WARNED 'EM YET?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. About…

LITTLE NICK. THE FLAVOR!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Oh yes, good idea. Frankly, the water here has got a bit of a *crunchy* feel. It's from the peat ya see, which infuses the water with a sort of mossy aftertaste. Plus somethin' else, which probably has to do with these Bog People bein' such an integral part of the saturated mix. Some people like the taste. And some don't.

CHARLES. I think maybe we'll skip the tea.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. SKIP THE TEA!

LITTLE NICK. CANCELING TEA!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. So, would you like to see the bodies?

CHARLES. That's why we're here.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Right-o. Nick, go get the keys to the cellar, I'll go find a candle. There's no light down there. But candlelight should be sufficient.

(exit, **REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *and* **LITTLE NICK***)*

CHARLES. If Ross is not at the pub when we arrive, I want you to go get him.

HARRY MORGAN. He'll be there.

CHARLES. He'd better be. Ross should've known about all this. He *lives* here, for Chrissake!

HARRY MORGAN. Not full-time.

CHARLES. But full enough. This is inexcusable. You brought Mr. Bruce in on this, Harry. He *trusted* you. Do you know what that means?

HARRY MORGAN. Of course.

CHARLES. Actually, I don't think you do. Mr. Bruce is invested in this project, Harry, not just financially, but emotionally. *Emotionally.*

HARRY MORGAN. I understand.

CHARLES. Again, I don't think you do, so please don't say that if you don't. As for this little problem here, I will handle it. What I am *concerned* about is what this suggests about our Scottish partnership, which includes Mr. Ross. This is *your* team, Harry.

HARRY MORGAN. I will take care if it.

CHARLES. I know you will.

*(***REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *reappears with a candle.)*

Now. Let's go see those bodies…

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Before we do, I think we should prepare you. They are of course mummies, and a bit startling when one sees 'em for the first time.

LITTLE NICK. Or the second.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Or indeed any time.

LITTLE NICK. Very startling indeed.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. And that's not just because they are so perfectly preserved, though they are. But because…*well…*

LITTLE NICK. Because they all have nooses around their necks.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. And we're not sure what that means.

(And with that, the **REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *and* **LITTLE NICK** *lead the two men down a corridor, candle lighting the way. Vague sound of thunder is in the distance.)*

Scene 2

(The Pub. At rise, **CHARLES** *is at a table with* **FELICITY OLIPHANT***, an archaeologist connected to the British Museum, and dressed for serious trekking. Both are drinking beer.)*

(As they do, activity goes on quietly behind them. Some kind of secret celebration is being organized, and the pub master, **MACKENZIE STEWART***, is the leader.)*

(Helping serve drinks is **FIONA MACLEOD***, a waitress in her early 20s with fiery red hair. Among the others in the pub is her father,* **ANGUS MACLEOD***, known to all as* **OLD ANGUS***.)*

FELICITY. Generally, they're referred to as bog bodies, or bog people. The reason they look the way they do is from the tannins in the soil. And because there's no oxygen in the bog, they don't decompose. Which is what makes them so valuable. I mean, we know so little about the Iron Age, so when something like this comes along –

*(***HARRY MORGAN** *rushes in from another room.)*

HARRY MORGAN. *(to* **FELICITY***)* Excuse me. *(to* **CHARLES***)* Ross isn't here. *(back to* **FELICITY***)* Sorry. Harry Morgan. We talked when all this…

FELICITY. Oh yes! Pleased to meet you.

HARRY MORGAN. What would you like me to do?

CHARLES. Find him.

HARRY MORGAN. Right. *(***HARRY MORGAN** *thinks a moment. Then he gets an idea.)* Nice to meet you. *(He rushes out of the pub.)*

CHARLES. Sorry. You were saying…

FELICITY. Well! …just that when something like this occurs, it's like a kind of window has just opened, and suddenly one can see into a world that would otherwise be completely obscure. Who were these people? We don't really know.

CHARLES. Yes, well just so long as we get them out.

FELICITY. Ah, yes, but to where?

CHARLES. How about the British Museum?

FELICITY. Well that would indeed be wonderful…except –

CHARLES. It would cost a lot. No, I'm sure. And I have been officially authorized by Mr. Bruce to pay whatever it takes to get them from here to there.

FELICITY. …well that is quite an offer.

CHARLES. And if it requires building a new wing to house them, Mr. Bruce is willing to do that as well.

FELICITY. Well this is an extremely interesting piece of news. I'll need to think that over.

CHARLES. Of course. Just try not to take too long. We've got a bit of a schedule problem here.

*(***FIONA** *stops by the table.)*

FIONA. Have you decided yet?

CHARLES. What?

FIONA. The menu. What you'd like to eat.

CHARLES. Ah. Yes. I think I'll try the "wood-smoked haddock."

FIONA. We're out of haddock.

CHARLES. What about the cod?

FIONA. Out of cod.

CHARLES. Mackerel?

FIONA. No mackerel.

CHARLES. Well have you got *any* fish?

FIONA. *(shouting to an old man at the bar)* DAD, DIDDYA CATCH ANY FISH TODAY?

OLD ANGUS. NO FISH TODAY!

FIONA. No fish today.

OLD ANGUS. BUT I DID CATCH SOME EELS OVER BY GILSENNY BAY, AND IF YOU'D LIKE I COULD SPARE ONE OR TWO!

CHARLES. I think not.

FIONA. NO THANKS, DAD!

OLD ANGUS. ANYTIME!

FIONA. How about some haggis?

CHARLES. I'm not a big fan of haggis.

FIONA. Well then ya wouldn't like this.

CHARLES. What's left?

FIONA. Mutton.

CHARLES. I'll try the mutton.

FIONA. And would ya like that with bashed neeps or champit tatties?

CHARLES. I have no idea what you just said.

FELICITY. Take the bashed neeps.

CHARLES. I'll go with the neeps.

FIONA. Bashed neeps it is!

(She leaves.)

CHARLES. Tell me about the nooses.

FELICITY. Oh yes. That is an eerie touch. No one's quite sure what it signifies. But I think it's part of some pagan ritual, most likely involving sacrifice. And *yet*…

How do you hang someone in a bog? It's too dense, gravity doesn't work the same. You don't drop down, you sink *slowly*, like passing from consciousness into a dream, if you see what I mean. No, those ropes wouldn't have worked if all they wanted was to kill these people. No-no, something else was going on. But *what?*

CHARLES. We're planning to build a golf course here.

FELICITY. I know. That could be a bit problematic now. I mean, there you are, in a sand-trap, and you see what you think is your ball, buried just a bit, so you take your swing, *and*…

CHARLES. Yes, thank you.

FELICITY. Not a happy thought.

CHARLES. No.

FELICITY. So you need to get the bodies out. Well I can certainly identify with that. To getting the bodies out!

CHARLES. To getting the bodies out!

(They clink glasses and are about to drink when **MACKENZIE STEWART** *raises a champagne bottle.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. We can do better than beer! Fiona my sweet, bring out the other bottles. French champagne. Genuine! And not something we normally imbibe in but we do today thanks to the largesse of Mr. Robert Bruce, who is gifting us with not only a four-star champion-level golf course, which this island desperately needs…

(cheers from the throng)

…and his illustrious name to go with it, but has also sent us this man here as his personal representative. MR. CHARLES PEARSE, stand up please and accept our gratitude, and a rousin' Muckle Skerry cheer.

ALL. *Slàinte mhor! Slàinte gu soírraidh!*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Mr. Pearse, a few words if you would.

CHARLES. Well first, let me thank you all for your great hospitality.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Don't thank us for that yet. We're still tryin' to find you a proper place to stay.

CHARLES. If necessary I'll just stay here in this wonderful pub.

MACKENZIE STEWART. As many have, though seldom by choice. No, we can do better than that. I mean, we're not *totally* primitive here! So! Mr. Pearse, if you would…

CHARLES. Thank you. Well, to start with, I bring you Mr. Bruce's fondest wishes. As you probably already know, though some may not, Mr. Bruce visited here many years ago.

MACKENZIE STEWART. When he was a student!

CHARLES. That's correct.

SOMEONE IN THE PUB. In Glasgow!

MACKENZIE STEWART. No, Edinburgh! University o' Edinburgh! "Junior year abroad!" Am I right?

CHARLES. Absolutely right.

MACKENZIE STEWART. We know it all.

CHARLES. So then why am I telling you this?

MACKENZIE STEWART. Because we want to hear it from *American* lips. For all we know, maybe *you* don't have it right.

CHARLES. Well probably I don't.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well then we will correct you. Proceed.

CHARLES. Well it was indeed his junior year abroad.

MACKENZIE STEWART. From where, what school? NAME THE SCHOOL!

CHARLES. Princeton.

MACKENZIE STEWART. That's correct. He was a Princetonian Tiger. Economics major. Wore a lot of orange, people say.

CHARLES. Sounds correct.

MACKENZIE STEWART. *Is* correct!

CHARLES. So one day, not sure how, he heard about this little island here.

MACKENZIE STEWART. He heard about it 'cause there's no other place like it, and sooner or later, word spreads!

CHARLES. Well that may be it.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Of course that's it.

CHARLES. So he borrowed his roommate's car.

MACKENZIE STEWART. And that roommate's name *was*…

CHARLES. Harry Morgan.

MACKENZIE STEWART. HARRY MORGAN! CORRECT AGAIN! And what kind o' car was it that Harry had?

CHARLES. I don't know.

MACKENZIE STEWART. It was a Morgan.

CHARLES. And was that because…

MACKENZIE STEWART. His family owned the fucking company.

CHARLES. Well now I know something else. So! Young Robert borrowed Harry Morgan's *Morgan*, and drove here. And though he spent only one day here –

MACKENZIE STEWART. ONLY ONE DAY HERE!

ALL THE OTHERS. ONLY ONE DAY HERE!

CHARLES. – that one day was for him not only the most wonderful, but *still* the only truly perfect day of his life.

MACKENZIE STEWART. I'll bet he was with a woman!

CHARLES. I suspect he was.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Of course he was. And I'll bet I know where they went when they got here.

CHARLES. He said it was a hill.

MACKENZIE STEWART. *We know the one! (to the others in the pub)* Don't we fellas?

VARIOUS MEN. WE DO INDEED!

CHARLES. And so, thanks to that one memorable visit, many years later, when Harry Morgan, who was now in real estate, came to him with a proposal for developing a major golf course on that very island, Mr. Bruce instantly said –

MACKENZIE STEWART. COUNT ME IN!

CHARLES. His very words.

ALL. COUNT ME IN!

MACKENZIE STEWART. To Robert the Bruce!

ALL. TO ROBERT THE BRUCE!

CHARLES. Whoa-whoa-whoa! He's not Robert the Bruce.

MACKENZIE STEWART. What d'ya mean?

CHARLES. I mean he's *Robert* Bruce. Not Robert *the* Bruce. Actually, I'm not even sure he's Scottish.

MACKENZIE STEWART. What's that got to do with it? Anyone named Robert Bruce is Scottish, and that's the end of it, and if ya don't agree you can get out now, and take yer bloody golf course with ya.

CHARLES. Well then I agree.

MACKENZIE STEWART. There ya go! *HE'S ONE OF US NOW!*

ALL . *HE'S ONE OF US NOW!*

MACKENZIE STEWART. And ya know what? Since he's now truly one o' us, that means he's a *real* man, and I say fuck this bubbling French shite. He deserves a MAN'S drink!

ALL. A *MAN'S* DRINK!

MACKENZIE STEWART. Fiona?

FIONA. Gettin' it.

MACKENZIE STEWART. You're about to make contact with what we are famous for! Our very own single-malt!

FIONA. *(returning with a bottle)* Here it is!

MACKENZIE STEWART. We'll start you out with just a little bit. Just a dram. Open please.

*(***FIONA** *opens the bottle.)*

And if you would now pour…

(She pours.)

And now we'll all take some…

(She pours them all a dram.)

To our new friend and honorary citizen of this fair town of Wormit, on the incomparable island of Muckle Skerry, we offer you a dram of Drummhicit!

CHARLES. Drum-*what?*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Drummhicit.

CHARLES. Drummhicit?

MACKENZIE STEWART. No, Drummhicit.

CHARLES. Drummhicit.

MACKENZIE STEWART. That's it.

CHARLES. DRUMMHICIT!

MACKENZIE STEWART. Ya just lost it.

CHARLES. Drummhicit.

MACKENZIE STEWART. There ya go!

(Note: To our ears, all these pronunciations should sound exactly the same.)

ALL. DRUMMHICIT!

(But before **CHARLES** *can drink,* **MACKENZIE STEWART** *stops him.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. This little drink does require a chaser though. Have ya tasted our famous crunchy water yet?

CHARLES. No.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Get him some crunchy water. It's the perfect match. Without it, it's a bit of a challenge, though some do fancy it that way. The peppery, beyond smoky taste is the closest thing to eating a campfire that you'll ever do.

*(***FIONA** *brings out a bottle of Muckle Skerry Crunchy Water.)*

We sell the water too. It's what you'd call a "specialty item." In fact, this and Drummhicit are our prime sources of income. Fishing used to be, but not lately. Still, it don't matter 'cause when that course is built, people will be comin' here in droves and payin' top dollar too, 'cause how many golf courses can you play on with bodies poppin' up?

CHARLES. …I'm not sure that's the way we want to go.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well we'll leave this t' you. We're not the experts. We just know a good game when we see one. Anyway, to Mr. Pearse!

ALL. MR. PEARSE!

(And now **CHARLES** *drinks.)*

CHARLES. OH MY GOD! Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God… *(etc.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Quick, give him the crunchy water!

(They give the poor suffering man some crunchy water. He drinks it quickly. If anything it's even worse.)

CHARLES. *Oh my God…*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Some people like it, some don't.

CHARLES. *(barely able to speak)* This is unbelievable.

MACKENZIE STEWART. It's an acquired taste.

(enter, practically on the run, the **REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE***,* **LITTLE NICK** *just behind him)*

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. All right, which o' you heathens did it? Which? Let's have it! 'Cause this is not right!

MACKENZIE STEWART. I don't know what you're talking about.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Sure ya do. There's a Bog Body missin'! Nick and I just did a head-count. And there were footsteps leading from our cellar door through the mud straight to here.

MACKENZIE STEWART. What would we do with a Bog Body?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. How should I know? I only know not one o' you ever comes to church, and I think it's 'cause you're all pagans, the lot o' you! So what have ya done with that poor soul? Out with it! What's that over there?

MACKENZIE STEWART. What?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Behind that curtain. This wasn't here the other day. What's a curtain doin' in a pub?

(He yanks the curtain open. Behind it is an upright, extremely spooky looking bog body with blackened skin and ginger red hair, a noose around its neck, its arms splayed to the side, and being used as a coat rack.)

MACKENZIE STEWART. How the hell did this get here?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. How indeed.

MACKENZIE STEWART. I mean that's just bloody disgustin'!

OLD ANGUS. And in a *pub* yet!

FIONA. Some people have no respect!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. What's that in back?

MACKENZIE STEWART. What're you talkin' about?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. In back. Behind this one. There's someone standin' there.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Why would someone do that?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. No idea. Nick, move this one aside, would you?

*(***LITTLE NICK** *goes to move the Bog Body aside. In so doing, he sees what's behind it, and stops short.)*

LITTLE NICK. You sure you wanna do this?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Of course I'm sure.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Fellas! Come, give the lad a hand. I'll help too. Little team-work. That's the way…

*(***MACKENZIE STEWART** *and others leap into action. In the blur of activity,* **MACKENZIE STEWART** *manages to slip a greatcoat off the Bog-Body-As-Coat-Rack and drape it over what we now see is a* second *Bog Body, thus obscuring its body but not its head, which is festooned with leaves and flowers. We vaguely recognize the body as the one we saw being brought down the hill.)*

(Note that there is also a noose around its neck, with a red rose adorning the noose's knot.)

It's a bit cold in here, so we thought it best to keep 'm covered.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Did you?

MACKENZIE STEWART. On the other hand, maybe he'd be better off in back, near the oven. Fellas?

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. No, no. Please. I'm curious. Remove the coat, would you?

*(***MACKENZIE STEWART** *lowers the coat half way)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. How's that?

(Even the body's top half is spectacular, being wrapped from leathery head on down in vine leaves.)

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Lovely. Now the rest.

*(***MACKENZIE STEWART** *removes the coat entirely, thereby revealing a prodigious phallus made from a tree branch bursting with flowers.)*

Oh my God…

MACKENZIE STEWART. I know. Can you believe it? The ol' man has sprouted!

OLD ANGUS. It must be spring!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Right. Where'd you get this one?

MACKENZIE STEWART. No idea.

SOMEONE ELSE. I think he just walked in.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Really? Funny, to me he looks like the one I saw you all carrying down the hill before.

MACKENZIE STEWART. So he does. You're right. Now I remember. That's it.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Right. Listen up. I want these two poor souls taken out o' here and put back where they rightfully belong, by which I mean the church.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Unfortunately, though we are all Scots, and therefore brave, I am not sure we're brave enough to enter a place like that.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well one or more o' you were brave enough to break in and get that one out, and from the tracks on the ground and the mud on your shoes I'm guessing it was you, Mackenzie Stewart.

MACKENZIE STEWART. We had a desperate need of a coat rack.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. And this one?

MACKENZIE STEWART. It's important to welcome spring in a vegetatively appropriate way, which, in our collective wisdom, we believed this was.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Well it's not.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well ya see we didn't know that.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Maybe if ya went t' church now and then ya would.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well now that's an interestin' idea. But frankly it feels a bit too radical.

OLD ANGUS. Don't forget the fish.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Thank you, Angus. Right you are. The fish! That's another reason.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. For what?

ONE OF THE OTHERS. Makin' us a Green Man.

OLD ANGUS. Have ya noticed any fish lately? No you have not.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well the Green Man has power!

OLD ANGUS. That he does.

MACKENZIE STEWART. And fish can feel it!

OLD ANGUS. That they can.

MACKENZIE STEWART. First clear day, you set this chap up by the water's edge, tie a string to his whatchmacallit – doesn't even need a worm, just a string! – and watch those fish start jumping.

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Right.

*(***LITTLE NICK** *finds a wheelbarrow in a side room)*

LITTLE NICK. We can use this!

REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE. Thank you, Nick. Now if some of you would please prop those two fellas up in here, my loyal sexton and I will take care o' this ourselves, thank you very much. Mr. Pearse, I can't imagine what you must be thinkin', but I for one am mightily embarrassed.

(Led by **MACKENZIE STEWART***, they prop the two Bog People into the wheelbarrow. Exit,* **REVEREND HAGGLEHORNE** *and* **LITTLE NICK** *pushing the wheelbarrow, those two Bog People looking like some grotesque variation of zombie royalty.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Well that sure was a downer.

ONE OF THE OTHERS. Now where do we hang our coats?

MACKENZIE STEWART. You know what? Fuck the coats! We'll figure it out. DRINKS FOR ALL! We've got t' get back t' feelin' good again! Mr. Pearse, why don't ya help cheer us up even more and give us a hint of what's comin' down the pike from Mr. Robert the Bruce and his consortium of golf fanatics. Fer example: we know the general plan. But how exactly will the course be laid out?

CHARLES. Actually, we're still working on that.

MACKENZIE STEWART. Fair enough. Golf courses are tricky to design, we all know that. But how will it be *promoted?* That's somethin' people have been askin' me of late.

CHARLES. Right. Good question. Well initially we'll be stressing the island's proximity to Glasgow.

MACKENZIE STEWART. *What* proximity?

CHARLES. Approximately three and a half hours by car, I believe.

ONE OF THE OTHERS. In yer *dreams!*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Ya can't get here from Glasgow in under six!

SOMEONE ELSE. And then only if yer lucky!

CHARLES. Right. No-no, I understand. No, I'm talking about when the *bridge* is built.

MACKENZIE STEWART. *What* bridge?

OLD ANGUS. Old Willy said 'nothin' 'bout no fuckin' bridge.

CHARLES. Well you certainly can't expect a *ferry* to get all those people here.

MACKENZIE STEWART. SOMEONE GET OLD WILLY!

CHARLES. I believe Mr. Morgan has just gone for him.

(A general hubbub now breaks out.)

VARIOUS VOICES. *(voices overlapping)* Did Old Willy ever say anything to you about a bridge? / Not a word! / What will happen to our ferry? / I love that ferry! *(etc.)*

CHARLES. *(simultaneously)* All right, all right, calm down, calm down. WILL EVERYBODY PLEASE CALM DOWN!?

(They calm down.)

Obviously there's some confusion here. In your contracts…

MACKENZIE STEWART. *What* contracts?

CHARLES. The ones you signed.

OLD ANGUS. I signed no contract. Who here signed a contract?

ONE OF THE OTHERS. Not I!

SOMEONE ELSE. Not I!

A THIRD PERSON. Not I!

CHARLES. All right. How about a *"document"?*

OLD ANGUS. Well yes maybe a *document…*

CHARLES. Okay, well, *that document* –

OLD ANGUS. – was no fuckin' *contract*, let me tell you!

MACKENZIE STEWART. It was like one piece o' paper.

OLD ANGUS. And not even a full page at that.

ONE OF THE OTHERS. Mine was just a paragraph!

CHARLES. Right. Well clearly there's been a mix-up here.

OLD ANGUS. To say the least!

CHARLES. Right. Let me ask you something…

MACKENZIE STEWART. Actually, before you do, I think maybe we need to confer. Excuse us, would you?

*(***MACKENZIE STEWART** *leads everyone into an adjoining room, everyone muttering as they go.* **CHARLES** *stares after them, shaken. Only he and* **FELICITY** *remain.)*

CHARLES. What do *you* make of this?

FELICITY. Not sure. But it doesn't look promising.

CHARLES. Certainly does not.

*(***CHARLES***'s briefcase starts to ring.)*

Oh God…

*(***CHARLES** *opens his briefcase, revealing an elaborate, multi-part telecommunications system.)*

FELICITY. Is that a *phone?*

CHARLES. Phone uhhhh…*system.* Satellite.

(It's a lot to set up. The phone keeps ringing.)

FELICITY. …Don't they make them *smaller?*

CHARLES. Yes, absolutely. But not nearly as powerful. This one can reach…well, *anywhere*…assuming there's a clear patch of sky. *Mr. Bruce?* Just a tiny opening will do…

FELICITY. Well it is Scotland, after all.

CHARLES. I tried to tell him that. *Mr. Bruce?*

(He waits a moment more, then hangs up, glumly puts the gear back into the case. Shuts the case. Stares out.)

FELICITY. What happens if he can't reach you?

CHARLES. It's not good.

FELICITY. Well if it's any help, there's a payphone just outside. In fact I may even have some…Yes!

(She starts pulling out fistfuls of coins.)

CHARLES. You come prepared.

FELICITY. I try to be.

CHARLES. *(scooping up the coins)* And it's…

FELICITY. Just outside.

*(***CHARLES** *walks out of the pub and into the rain and the night. She watches him go.)*

(Then she notices the Green Man's rose on the floor, and picks it up. Stares at it.)

(The rumble of thunder is in the distance.)

Scene 3

(Moments later, outside the pub, side of building, **CHARLES** *in a phone booth, on the phone. Note that a path runs past the booth and the pub, leading toward a distant hill.)*

(On another side of the stage, in a shaft of light, we see **ROBERT BRUCE***, on his end of the line.)*

(Note that the double slashes represent points of interruption.)

CHARLES. Hello?

ROBERT BRUCE. Pearse! There you are, what the fuck, Alice had you on speed dial // for the last two hours.

CHARLES. Mr. Bruce, can you hear me?

ROBERT BRUCE. Pearse?

CHARLES. Mr. Bruce, it's CHARLES, can // you hear me?

ROBERT BRUCE. I know, fuck yes, I can hear you.

CHARLES. Wait, wait there's a delay, // a few second delay. So –

ROBERT BRUCE. I'm here. I can hear you.

CHARLES. Don't talk if you hear blank space, all right? *(pause)* Um, …Mr. Bruce? …*Hello?*

ROBERT BRUCE. I heard blank space so I bit my fucking tongue.

CHARLES. Oh, no, sorry sir, I was just letting you know about the // delay.

ROBERT BRUCE. So how's it going? Have we resumed construction yet?

CHARLES. Well I've only been here a few // hours now so it's still a bit early in the game.

ROBERT BRUCE. Because I want this thing moving forward.

CHARLES. Sir, wait for my answer, // all right?

ROBERT BRUCE. *Delay?* I'm not waiting a fucking second longer.

CHARLES. Yes, sir. There's this delay you see, in the phone line, and so –

ROBERT BRUCE. *What* delay? This is not the kind of news I was expecting.

CHARLES. No, sir. And // if you would just hear me out –

ROBERT BRUCE. I sent you there to get things *moving!*

CHARLES. Yes, sir. And I will. But first I // need to ascertain exactly –

ROBERT BRUCE. Because I want this on a *fast*-track!

CHARLES. Yes, sir. And it will be.

ROBERT BRUCE. I think something's wrong with this connection.

CHARLES. That could be. // It's just something that –

ROBERT BRUCE. And by the way, what have you done with all those fucking *corpses?*

CHARLES. Actually I'm still in the // process of analyzing –

ROBERT BRUCE. I hope you've gotten rid of them by now.

CHARLES. Well not exactly, no.

ROBERT BRUCE. Well then get rid of them.

CHARLES. Yes. Well. I think the idea of you donating a *wing* shows a lot of promise.

ROBERT BRUCE. What the fuck are you talking about?

CHARLES. To the British Museum. You know, to *house* them all. // Sir, we went over this.

ROBERT BRUCE. *House?*

CHARLES. Store, display, all those, you know, // *bodies.*

ROBERT BRUCE. Oh yes! "The Robert Bruce Collection of Shit Found in the Ground Wing." // I like that name.

CHARLES. Yes, well actually I told her you wouldn't even need to take credit. // So I'm not –

ROBERT BRUCE. Wouldn't *what?*

CHARLES. Take *credit.*

ROBERT BRUCE. I don't understand. // I can't hear you. *Pearse?*

CHARLES. Dammit. Sir, are you there? Because I seem to be running out of coins. Sir, I'm sorry, can // you hear me?

ROBERT BRUCE. *Coins?*

CHARLES. Yes sir, because // the satellite phone –

(As he talks, he locates a few more coins and deposits them.)

ROBERT BRUCE. Are you at a fucking *payphone?*

CHARLES. Yes, sir. The satellite doesn't work with all these // clouds.

ROBERT BRUCE. What?

CHARLES. Clouds! Too many // *clouds!*

ROBERT BRUCE. So then call me from your hotel! *Clouds?*

CHARLES. There *are* no hotels. // This is a very small –

ROBERT BRUCE. No *hotels?*

CHARLES. No, sir. // As I said, this is a very small –

ROBERT BRUCE. Well then we'll just have to *build* some, won't we?

CHARLES. Yes sir, but we can't build them // by *tomorrow.*

ROBERT BRUCE. 'Cause we need hotels.

CHARLES. Yes, sir, and we will get them, but // right now –

ROBERT BRUCE. So have we resumed construction yet?

CHARLES. Sir, I am about to run out of coins, and I don't want to cut you off.

(sound of the payphone, beeping)

ROBERT BRUCE. What's that sound?

CHARLES. The phone, asking for more coins, // which I do not have.

ROBERT BRUCE. Well then use your credit card!

CHARLES. It doesn't *take* credit cards! It's an old fashioned // payphone.

ROBERT BRUCE. What kind of hotel doesn't take credit cards?

CHARLES. Sir, how about I call you back when I // have more coins, and some actual news?

ROBERT BRUCE. Because I don't have patience for this. I have sunk twenty million into this goddam fucking golf course, so let's get it moving! You're supposed to *fix* things, not slow them down.

(As he talks, the eerie sound of a woman singing something in Gaelic is heard, which **CHARLES** *notices but* **ROBERT BRUCE** *of course does not.)*

*(***CHARLES** *looks toward the singing, startled)*

…do you hear me, Pearse? …*Pearse?*

(An old **WASHERWOMAN** *now emerges from the path that leads past the pub. She is the one who's singing. She carries a washboard, and a man's distinctive shirt.)*

*(***CHARLES** *watches, incredulous, as she passes by, seemingly oblivious of both him and the rain, and heads up the hill.)*

Pearse! Are you there? …Pearse, speak to me.

CHARLES. *(eyes still on the* **WASHERWOMAN***)* Sir, I'm afraid I'm out of coins now.

ROBERT BRUCE. *Pearse?*

CHARLES. If you can hear me, I'll call back when I know more.

(He hangs up and stares after the old woman.)

ROBERT BRUCE. Pearse? Something tells me you're holding out on me…*Pearse?*…

(Lights off on **ROBERT BRUCE**.*)*

(Enter **MACKENZIE STEWART***, from the front of the pub.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Ah, there y'are! Mr. Morgan has found Mr. Ross. They're waiting for ya upstairs in my office. I thought ya might be wantin' some privacy for this…*Mr. Pearse?*

CHARLES. What? …Oh, yes. Good.

(He leads **CHARLES** *off,* **CHARLES** *still gazing off in the direction the* **WASHERWOMAN** *was heading, which is up the hill.)*

(Distant rumble of thunder is heard.)

Scene 4

*(***MACKENZIE STEWART***'s office on the second floor of the pub. The room has two doors, one leading to the main staircase and the pub below, the other to a back entrance.)*

(It also contains a desk, coal-burning fireplace, unlit at the moment, an old couch with **CHARLES***'s luggage stacked nearby, and several chairs, one occupied by* **WILLIAM ROSS***, 60s, shivering badly despite the wool cap pulled down over his head, several scarves around his neck, and multiple layers of thick sweaters wrapped around his body.* **HARRY MORGAN** *stands nearby, briefcase in hand.)*

HARRY MORGAN. What if I get you some water?

ROSS. *(teeth chattering)* I hate this water. Like drinkin' fffffuckin' grrrravel.

HARRY MORGAN. What about aspirin?

ROSS. I took a ffffistful before we left. I shouldn't be out at all, ya know! I should be home under a ton o' blankets, like ya found me. Are you sure there's no window open? 'Cause I swear I can feel a ffffuckin' drrrraft.

HARRY MORGAN. *(mimicking* **ROSS***)* 'Cause you're in fffffuckin' Sssscotland! Here, put this on.

(He grabs a blanket from the couch and wraps it around **ROSS***.)*

ROSS. How about the rug?

HARRY MORGAN. On top of *this?*

ROSS. Why not? Snug as a bug!

HARRY MORGAN. I am not wrapping you in a goddam rug.

ROSS. The way I feel, it'll be my coffin next.

HARRY MORGAN. Fine, here, take my jacket.

ROSS. Thank you. You're a good man, Harry Morgan. Ya really are.

*(***HARRY MORGAN** *puts his jacket around* **ROSS***.)*

ROSS. *(cont.)* Despite what people say.

*(***HARRY MORGAN** *sighs. The back door opens and* **MACKENZIE STEWART** *enters with* **CHARLES**. *Wind blows in with them. Rain too.)*

This bloody climate'll be the death o' me yet.

HARRY MORGAN. Charles Pearse, William Ross. He was at home.

ROSS. Too sick to get out of bed, but I did for you. Pleased to make yer acquaintance, Mr. Pearse. Mackenzie, be a sweetheart and light the fffire, would ya?

MACKENZIE STEWART. Fire comin' up!

ROSS. This bloody climate'll be the death o' me yet.

MACKENZIE STEWART. *(to* **CHARLES***, as he lights the fire)* By the way, this is where you'll be stayin'. As you can see, your luggage has been brought up. It's not the Ritz, I know…

CHARLES. It'll do fine.

(The fire is now lit.)

MACKENZIE STEWART. There, that should help. I'll be just downstairs in the pub. Holler if ya need anythin'.

(Exit **MACKENZIE STEWART**. *The moment he's gone,* **CHARLES** *turns and glares at* **ROSS**.*)*

ROSS. …Somethin' tells me you're wwwaitin' for me t' ssspeak.

CHARLES. Don't you think you should?

ROSS. Well, yes, given the circumstances. So let me begin by sayin' that if I have somehow been the cause of any awkwardness or confusion I do hereby apologize.

CHARLES. Why didn't you tell us about those bodies?

ROSS. Ah. That.

CHARLES. Yes, that. And don't tell me you didn't know, because you *had* to; you *live* here.

ROSS. Right, yes, *but* –

CHARLES. Not full-time, no, I understand. But certainly long enough to know what's what. Which is why you were made the POINT man on this goddam project!

HARRY MORGAN. Tell 'm!

ROSS. Right, yes, well, you see unfortunately I didn't realize there were so *many*.

CHARLES. How many bodies did you *think* there were?

ROSS. I don't know. One, maybe two.

CHARLES. Now to *me* – and perhaps this is just me – but to *me*, even *two* would seem too many. What do you think, Harry?

HARRY MORGAN. I agree.

CHARLES. So why didn't you tell us this?

ROSS. It didn't occur to me.

CHARLES. Didn't *occur* to you?

ROSS. These things are all *over* Scotland!

CHARLES. But surely not in numbers like this.

ROSS. No! And that's what I didn't realize. No one did! And if I'd so much as suspected there were so many, I would have told you instantly! But NO one knew! And if you don't believe me, I brought the engineers' report. It's in my bag. Where is the damn thing?

CHARLES. It's all right. I believe you.

HARRY MORGAN. So what do we do?

CHARLES. Well obviously we need to get rid of them.

ROSS. That museum woman! What about her?

HARRY MORGAN. Did she seem interested?

CHARLES. She did.

HARRY MORGAN. Well this is good.

CHARLES. Except the townsfolk want them all put back in the ground, which does not help our cause.

ROSS. I wouldn't take that too seriously.

CHARLES. Really.

ROSS. No, they're just sayin' that.

CHARLES. Why would they do that?

ROSS. To get a better deal. These people are not dummies. They know what's at stake.

CHARLES. Well now that's interesting. Because actually I'm not sure they do.

ROSS. …well of course they do.

CHARLES. I don't think so. So why don't we find out? Be right back.

(exit **CHARLES***, through the door that leads to the pub)*

(awkward silence)

(finally…)

ROSS. Actually, I think I could use a whiskey around now. Would you mind? I believe he keeps it in that cabinet there. But not that Drummhicit shite. *That's all I need…*

*(***HARRY MORGAN** *goes to the cabinet.)*

HARRY MORGAN. Laphroaig?

ROSS. Too peaty.

HARRY MORGAN. Glenkinchie?

ROSS. Too grassy.

HARRY MORGAN. Well that's it then…except for a bottle of rum.

ROSS. What kind?

HARRY MORGAN. Can't read the name but there's a picture of a pirate on the label.

ROSS. Sounds like just the ticket.

HARRY MORGAN. One glass of rum comin' up.

*(***CHARLES** *re-enters with* **MACKENZIE STEWART***.)*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Gentlemen!

ROSS. Forget the rum.

CHARLES. So. Mackenzie, earlier today, I was talking to all of you about our *plans…*

MACKENZIE STEWART. Oh yes…

CHARLES. And I mentioned a *bridge.*

MACKENZIE STEWART. So you did.

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