

HAMISH

ACT 1 SCENE 1

The set consists of a croft set in the Scottish Highlands. It should be immediately obvious that the building is several hundred years old, yet well maintained. It consists of a stone fireplace downstage right with a sofa and coffee table and possibly a chair and side table around it. Upstage right has an exit to a bedroom. On the upstage wall is the main entrance into the cottage and one or two windows. The upstage left side should hold a small kitchenette with a sink and table and chairs. There is an exit to the pantry downstage left beside the stove. As the curtain rises, the set is empty and dimly lit. We should hear a single bagpipe playing softly off in the distance. It is night and moonlight streams through the windows.

TOMAS enters. He is the proprietor of the cottage. He is a rather elderly man but still has a spring in his step. He is whistling "Scotland the Brave."

TOMAS *(burdened with luggage)* Here ye go then, better late than never! Mr. Grant, your home away from home.

GORDON *(Also carrying luggage. He is a handsome man in his thirties.)* Thanks again for sticking around. We didn't know how to get a hold of you when our flight was delayed.

TOMAS Ye're not ma first guests to be delayed. Bless the man who put a pub at the airport! Besides, it's the least I could do considering the direct descendant of the grand Hamish Grant is returning to his homeland! Aye, 'tis a proud day, sir.

GORDON Now, Tomas, remember...

TOMAS I am sorry about the car ride. The Highlands weren't meant for cars. I mean with all the hills and glens ye cannae be travelling the way of the crow. It can take a wee bitty time.

GORDON That's hardly your fault.

TOMAS Aye, but I think your wifey was a wee bitty surprised.

GORDON I beg your pardon?

KELLI enters quickly, she is a pretty lady in her thirties. She is in an obvious hurry.

KELLI *(as she enters quickly)* Excuse me, excuse me. Nice place, Tomas, just lovely.

She immediately exits to the bedroom.

Pause, both men watch the doorway.

(re-entering) Ah, pardon me. That's the bedroom.

TOMAS Aye, 'tis. I hope it fits your fancy.

KELLI *(trying to hold her composure)* Yes, yes, I'm sure it'll be just fine.

TOMAS Splendid.

KELLI But what I'm really curious to know is, where is the... *(searching for the word)* ah... ah...

TOMAS Loo?

KELLI Yes, the ah, loo.

TOMAS *(indicating door beside the stove)* It's out that way.

KELLI Behind the stove?

TOMAS Aye, and through the pantry.

KELLI *(under her breath as she goes)* No wonder they went to the New World, they couldn't find a bathroom in the old one.

She exits.

TOMAS *(to GORDON)* There's a natural spring just outside there. Besides, it helped to keep the plumbing close together. Ye've got to remember, when your great-great-great-great-grandda lived here there was nae plumbing. We added it thirty years back. We didnae want to go ripping apart the auld place so we just installed it all on that side.

GORDON Smart thinking.

TOMAS Aye, it happens to me every now and then, regardless of what the missus might say.

GORDON *(admiring the cottage)* It is a beautiful little place, Tomas, all the stone and woodwork.

TOMAS Aye, she may be old but she's solid. *(bangs on the wall, some dust falls from the rafters)* They dinnae build them like this anymore.

GORDON No I guess not.

TOMAS Your great-great-great-great-grandda built this himself. He chaved awa' over it in the spring and summer to get it done so his missus and the lads would have a roof over their heads come winter, 'cause there's nothing colder then a Highland winter.

GORDON You should try my boss's office sometime.

TOMAS What ye be saying?

GORDON Oh nothing. I know all about the cold winters, we come from Canada. You know, hockey, snowmobiles, igloos...

TOMAS Aye, but ye should be proud of what your great-grandda did here. It wasnae an easy task, ye know, building this here hoose in one year on top of everything else he did for this little community. Look here now, we have a portrait of him over the fireplace. Look at him, such confidence and strength. He was a grand man. *(pauses for an emotional moment, fighting back tears he blows his nose)* Ach, but what am I telling ye for, ye know all about it.

GORDON Well actually, no.

TOMAS Beg your pardon?

GORDON I don't know much about my history. I suppose that's why Kelli booked this trip. So I could learn.

TOMAS But you know about Hamish Grant?

GORDON Sorry, not a thing. My folks died when I was a baby and my great-uncle and aunt raised me.

TOMAS *(touches a portrait of St. Andrew, we assume for strength)* They must have told ye about the clan, your history.

GORDON No, they were from my mother's side and didn't know much of my father's family.

TOMAS returns to the picture, pulls it away from the wall to reveal a flask taped to the back. He thinks better of it, returns the picture.

TOMAS But you must have a relative on your father's side to teach you, a grandda, uncle...?

GORDON Nope, I'm the only one.

TOMAS Good heavens! Ye really are daft now, aren't ye? Lad, your family has one of the richest histories in all of the Highlands. I have ma work cut out for me, don't I?

GORDON No really, Tomas, it's not necessary. I'm just looking for some quiet relaxation.

TOMAS Awa wi' ye! We can't have ye leaving here as daft and blind as when ye arrived. You're the last of the line. You have to know!

GORDON I appreciate the offer, really I do, but it's not...

TOMAS (*realizing*) My God! Ye're the last Hamish Grant. It's sad to see such a grand family tradition lost.

GORDON What tradition?

TOMAS (*disgusted*) They named ye Gordon.

GORDON Yeah?

TOMAS Ye have nae other relatives?

GORDON That's right.

TOMAS Nae brothers?

GORDON I was an orphan, singular.

TOMAS Sad.

GORDON (*frustrated*) What?

TOMAS Your name.

GORDON What about my name?

TOMAS Since anyone can remember, yer line of the Clan Grant always named their first son Hamish in honour of the man who built this and protected this land. Your name's Gordon. That means sometime after your family went to the New World they lost the tradition. (*sits, disappointed*) 'Tis sad to think how mere miles can crumble simple family values.

GORDON I hate to say it but the tradition hasn't crumbled. Gordon is my middle name. First name's Hamish!

TOMAS (*lifting his leg*) Here, pull the other one.

GORDON Look, it's on my driver's licence.

He shows it to TOMAS.

TOMAS Nice photo!

GORDON Look at the name. *(sarcastic)* The tradition lives.

TOMAS Why do ye call yourself Gordon?

GORDON When my parents died, I went to live with my great-uncle and aunt. They never liked the name Hamish so they just called me by my middle name, Gordon.

TOMAS Ye should have protested!

GORDON How could I, I wasn't even four years old. It's kind of hard to build a protest sign when you can't spell.

TOMAS Ach, it's nae right.

GORDON They thought it was best. Hamish wasn't too popular of a name when I was growing up.

TOMAS The name Hamish is a thing to be proud of.

GORDON I suppose. But I think they were afraid that the other kids would pick on me. So they used Gordon instead.

TOMAS Get picked on because your name is Hamish Grant?

GORDON Yeah.

TOMAS Did it help?

GORDON Hell no. They changed my name to protect me and then dressed me like a dork. Yeah, big help! I looked like the interior of a '73 Chrysler Cordoba until I graduated. It was pathetic.

KELLI *(re-entering)* What's pathetic?

GORDON Oh nothing, dear, I was just telling Tomas about my past.

KELLI What's pathetic about your past, hon?

TOMAS I reckon ye two met after graduation.

KELLI That's right. My brother introduced us.

GORDON We work at the same firm.

KELLI That's right, and sixteen months later we were married. *(She hugs GORDON)* Think, honey, that was five years ago this very weekend.

GORDON *(unhappy to be here)* And half a world away. *(they kiss)*

TOMAS That's ma cue. When the lasses start getting frisky, 'tis time for me to run. It's a philosophy that kept me happily single for years.

GORDON I thought you were married.

TOMAS Aye.

KELLI What happened?

TOMAS She ran faster.

KELLI You're not going anywhere. You just sit right down there and relax. I'm going to go unpack. You fill Gordon in on all the local sights. I told you, I plan on seeing as much as I can in the next two weeks.

TOMAS I guess I could stay a wee bitty longer. If I time it right, when I get home, the old cheetah might be asleep. *(pause as TOMAS begins an obviously rehearsed shtick)* Dry... dry... Quite dry... It does seem a wee dry in here, don't ye think, Hamish?

KELLI Hamish? I haven't heard you called that since our wedding.

GORDON It's a long story, Kel. I'm sorry, Tomas, can I get you a glass of water?

Pause.

TOMAS *(grabbing GORDON by the arm)* Are ye sure ye've got Scottish blood in those veins?

GORDON What?

KELLI I think you'll find a bottle of Scotch in the small black bag, Gord. It's in the bedroom.

TOMAS *(patting GORDON on the head)* Now there'd be a smart lassie.

GORDON Huh? *(realizing)* Oh yeah, of course, the Scotch. I'll get you a glass.

TOMAS *(shoving him to the bedroom)* Ye get the bottle, I'll get the glasses.

KELLI *(as she is picking up luggage)* It's so beautiful up here. It's just like I imagined it. All the hills, the cottage, even the air. It smells so... clean.

TOMAS *(as he spit-shines the glasses using a tea towel)* Wait till old MacGregor over there starts his fertilizing. It'll knock ye over. The only time he spreads it thicker is closing time at the pub.

KELLI Really?

TOMAS Ach, aye get a few drinks into him and he'll tell ye the way of the world. Hell, he had half of us believing the world was turning flat again. But you should be all right. It's past spreading time. *(pause)* In the fields that is. The pub is due in about an hour.

KELLI It is beautiful though. Just like a movie.

TOMAS Aye, our guests always expect to see Braveheart charging over the hill at any moment.

KELLI I can even hear bagpipes.

TOMAS gives her a quick look.

GORDON *(entering)* Yeah, I hear them too.

TOMAS *(quickly)* Oh that, 'tis naught.

KELLI Is there a, what do you call it, a ceilidh?

TOMAS No, 'tis... *(searching)*

GORDON Well it's a little late for a parade.

TOMAS No, 'tis someone practising.

KELLI Who, a neighbour?

TOMAS Aye, probably the MacGregor boy.

GORDON Kind of late to be practising, don't you think?

TOMAS No, no. Not for him. He's a wee bit of a nighthawk if you know what I mean. Play all night if they let him.

KELLI Really?

TOMAS Ach aye, it's naught to worry about. You'll soon get used to it. You won't even notice him.

KELLI I hope not. I love the sound. I'll listen for them every night.

TOMAS I dare say ye won't be disappointed, ma lady.

KELLI I'm going to get unpacked and get out of these clothes.

GORDON Would you like a hand, dear?

KELLI No, I'll be fine. You sit and learn about the area. I told you, I want to see it all.

She exits.

TOMAS *(intently examining the bottle of Scotch)* So, what would you like to know, lad?

GORDON *(deep in thought)* Pardon?

TOMAS *(intently examining bottle but does not open it)* Huh?

GORDON Pardon?

TOMAS Huh?

GORDON Pardon?

TOMAS About the area. What do ye want to know?

GORDON Oh, I don't know. Where's the nearest telephone or maybe a fax machine?

TOMAS Huh?

GORDON *(takes the bottle from him and sets it on the table)* Email! You must have email! You have a website. You must have the Internet.

TOMAS *(picking bottle back up)* Sorry, no. Ma laddie takes care of that Internet stuff. He stays in Inverness. I cannae be bothered with that computer nonsense.

GORDON Damn!

TOMAS We have a telephone up at the hoose.

GORDON Well that's better than nothing.

TOMAS Nae really.

GORDON What do you mean?

TOMAS It's nae better than nothing.

GORDON *(confused)* Huh?

TOMAS It's nae better than nothing. 'Tis nothing.

GORDON What?

TOMAS Nothing. I pick up the receiver and nothing. Dead.

GORDON Your phone is dead?

TOMAS Aye.

GORDON When will it be fixed?

TOMAS When I call the service.

Gordon When you call them? You mean you haven't called them!

TOMAS How the hell am I suppose to call them? My phone's dead!

GORDON *(pause)* Ahh, yes. *(takes Scotch from him)* I give up.

TOMAS *(following him, focused on bottle)* It's a hell of a predicament when ye think about it.

GORDON How long's it been dead?

TOMAS Since October.

GORDON Last October?!

TOMAS Aye. I imagine the bastards will want ma first-born with a side of chips to fix the damned thing.

GORDON How in the world do you conduct business without a telephone? You're on the Internet for crying out loud. *(sets bottle on table)*

TOMAS *(picks up bottle and offers it to GORDON to open)* I told ye, ma laddie takes care of the Internet stuff. He takes the bookings and everything and then every Saturday morning he rings the MacGregors over there, and I get all the information I need. He does the rest.

GORDON *(doesn't take bottle)* But, my God, how do you live without a telephone?

TOMAS *(thinking)* You would think quietly, wouldn't ye? But no.

GORDON No?

TOMAS Hell no! When we had a telephone the old roadrunner would speak to her sisters in Glasgow three times a week. Now that she dinnae have them to speak to... *(pause)* Have ya ever felt your ears go numb?

GORDON Oh, she can't be all that bad.

TOMAS Can't be all that bad? Lad, it took her a week and a half to figure out that the phone was dead!

GORDON This is just great!

TOMAS What are you complaining about? Ye havenae even met her yet. I'm married to her. *(offers bottle)*

GORDON *(taking bottle)* What?

TOMAS *(crosses and sits alone on sofa)* Listen, Hamish, things work a wee bitty different up here. 'Tis a much quieter and simpler lifestyle than ye got in your big cities. We take the time to stop and smell the heather. It's nae that hustle and bustle way ye live. Always racing from one place t'other not really gettin' anywhere and never stopping to enjoy yersel along the way.

GORDON *(sets bottle on table and crosses to sofa)* So what you're telling me is that I'm stuck here in the Scottish Highlands with no chance of contacting the outside world.

TOMAS *(extends hand expecting a glass of Scotch, there is none)* I could be wrong, but I'm sensing that ye don't want to be here.

GORDON Really! Am I that transparent! *(pause)* I'm sorry, Tomas, it's just that I was working on a huge case back home and I'm anxious that it goes all right.

TOMAS Is there no one else that can deal with it?

GORDON I guess, it's just...

TOMAS *(picks up bottle and offers it again to GORDON)* Then let it be, lad. If ye're thinking about work, how do ye expect to enjoy your vacation?

GORDON I don't.

TOMAS Ye don't? This is the trip of a lifetime! Ye've come home to your family's croft. It's a chance to relive the past.

GORDON I don't know anything about my past.

TOMAS *(shoving bottle into GORDON's chest)* Than take the time to learn.

GORDON *(sets bottle down on table)* I'm not interested in my family's past. It's history. It doesn't affect me now. It's irrelevant.

TOMAS Irrelevant!?

GORDON I'm sorry, Tomas. It's just... I don't know. I don't even know why Kelli booked this trip. I guess she thought I needed a vacation.

TOMAS *(following with the bottle and a glass)* I cannae say I disagree.

GORDON Maybe it's the jet lag, I don't know.

TOMAS 'Tis fine, Hamish, get some rest. I think ye'll see things different in the morning.

Disappointed TOMAS sets the bottle on the table, kisses his fingers, and touches the unopened bottle.

Nothing clears the mind like the crisp morning air of the Highlands.

KELLI enters. She is now wearing a sweater and pyjama pants.

KELLI I sure hope that's true.

GORDON Honey, there you are. How's the unpacking going? Let me help.

KELLI It can wait. I'm on vacation. I didn't travel halfway around the world just so I could race in there and unpack. I was beginning to feel like my mother. I just want to put my feet up and relax. *(sits on sofa)*

TOMAS Now there's a lass who knows how to enjoy her vacation. Are ye taking notes, lad? *(hopeful)* Now quine can I get ye a wee dram?

KELLI No, no thank you, Tomas, I'm fine for the moment.

TOMAS all but collapses with disappointment and frustration.

GORDON Are you sure, honey?

KELLI No really, I'm fine. Now, Gordon, what have you learned about the area?

GORDON Well, not much. I'm afraid that I was telling Tomas how I really didn't want to...

TOMAS *(quickly)* Lets see now, I told the lad about hiking the monroe over by Mac Dougall's Ridge.

GORDON Huh?

TOMAS Aye, 'tis the best view of the area. I also told him about the tours of the loch. What else, Hamish?

GORDON Well, ahh...

TOMAS Ach aye, I forgot. The Gathering.

KELLI The what?

GORDON The what?

TOMAS The Gathering... of the clan. You mean the two of ye don't know anything about it? That's why I thought ye were here, for the Gathering.

KELLI I'm sorry, we have no idea what you're talking about.

TOMAS By heavens! Ye two travelled all the way from Canada to be here without knowing this weekend is the annual Gathering of the Clan Grant.

GORDON What the hell's a Gathering?

TOMAS Ye'll know soon enough, lad. I intend to make sure of it personally. But for now I should be going, let ye two settle in.

KELLI Oh Tomas, do you have to?

TOMAS I think it best, ye manny here could use some rest. Besides, the old gabbing gazelle should be asleep by now. That means some quiet time with my pretty little lady.

KELLI You're not having an affair?!

TOMAS If ye count drooling over the weather girl on the telly an affair, then aye. Now, you'll find all the linen you need in the bedroom and there are more towels on the shelf in the loo.

KELLI Thank you.

GORDON Yes, thank you. I'm sure we'll be fine.

TOMAS Just remember, if ye need anything we're just up in the main hoose.

GORDON We'll be all right. You go and enjoy the weather report.

TOMAS *(as he opens the door, the bagpipes outside become louder)* Aye, lad, I intend to. *(quietly to GORDON)* You should see the size of her...

KELLI He's still practising.

TOMAS *(nervous)* What's that, lassie?

KELLI The piper, he's still practising.

TOMAS Aye, aye he is.

GORDON But it's almost midnight. When does he stop?

TOMAS I wouldnae imagine he'd go much longer. He tends to stop around midnight.

GORDON I sure hope so. It sounds like someone wringing out a cat.

TOMAS Wringing out a cat? Are ye sure ye're a true Scots, lad?

GORDON Sorry.

TOMAS A true Scot is proud when he hears the pipes. He feels the fire in his belly grow. He stands a little taller, holds his head high and is willin to face anyone who dares dishonour his land and the pipes.

GORDON Hey, hey, hey! I said I was sorry. I'm just tired, that's all.

TOMAS *(slapping GORDON on the shoulder)* 'Tis all right, lad, I understand. Consider that lesson number one on how to be a Highlander. Ye get your rest and I'll come see ye the morn'. The good Lord took six days to create the world and I suspect I'll need double that to make a Highlander out a ye!

KELLI Could we talk to this MacGregor boy tomorrow and see if he could cut his practising a little shorter?

TOMAS *(thinking quickly)* I dinna think ye want to be doing that.

KELLI Why not?

TOMAS The MacGregors are a wee bit... well... let's just say, it's best we leave well enough alone. Good night now.

KELLI Good night and thanks again.

GORDON Yes, thanks for everything.

TOMAS Dennae mention it. Get some rest, Hamish.

TOMAS exits.

KELLI *(giggling)* Hamish, it sounds so cute.

GORDON *(pouring himself a glass of Scotch)* Yeah, cute like a moose in heat.

KELLI No really, I like it. Why don't you use it?

GORDON Well for starters I'd have to change all my business cards. Besides, how many corporate lawyers do you know called Hamish?

KELLI *(hugging him)* You could be the first. You already said you were going to be the best. If you're the best, you can call yourself whatever you want.

GORDON In that case when I'm the best, I'll call myself rich!

KELLI Rich Grant?

GORDON *(following her to the couch)* Okay then, how about Moneybags Grant or Wealthy Grant, or even Extremely Wealthy Grant. Oh I like the sound of that one. Hey maybe High on the Hog Grant...

KELLI quickly turns and kisses him passionately and they fall back onto the couch.

GORDON Talking about money makes you horny too, huh?

KELLI No, it just seems to be the only way to get you to stop talking about work lately.

GORDON I just want to do well, for our sake. So we can have the finer things in life.

KELLI When are you going to learn that there are more important things in life than "the finer things"?

GORDON When someone shows me what could possibly be more important than living the high life.

KELLI I know of one thing that's more important than money.

GORDON Nothing is more important than money.

KELLI Family.

GORDON Family?

KELLI Yes, family.

GORDON Kel, you are my family. Until you I had none.

KELLI You had your uncle and aunt.

GORDON It's not the same.

KELLI Sure it is, family is what you make it.

GORDON And I made you my family. Therefore that makes you the most important thing. So what do you say we go into that bedroom there and I show you just how important you are.

KELLI You're changing the subject.

GORDON *(moving in for a kiss)* I know. It's amazing how a high-priced lawyer can steer a conversation.

KELLI You're not high-priced yet.

GORDON *(while nibbling her neck)* But someday I will be. Consider this practise. Now are you going to go quietly or am I going to have to start talking about work again?

KELLI *(teasing)* Well I don't know... Hamish...

During this GORDON is tickling KELLI and playfully chasing her into the bedroom, she can kiss him between each reference.

GORDON All right then, you asked for it. Legal contracts!

KELLI Hamish!

GORDON Power lunches!

KELLI Hamish!

GORDON Board meetings!

KELLI Hamish!

GORDON Corner offices!

KELLI Hamish!

GORDON Water coolers!

KELLI Hamish!

GORDON *(spoken with KELLI's next line)* Clients! Desks! Paycheques!

KELLI Hamish! Hamish! Hamish!

She exits into the bedroom.

He delivers his final blow as only her arm is seen coming out of the doorway, pulling him in. He flicks the light switch when he goes.

GORDON PAPER CLIPS!

The stage is now empty. During the last banter the bagpipes should slowly fade out so it's only now the audience realizes they are gone. After a moment, HAMISH, a large Scotsman, enters from the front door. He pauses, then snaps his fingers to turn the lights back on. He is dressed in old traditional Scottish garb complete with a great kilt. He appears to be in his fifties. He has the air about him that in his younger years he was a giant among men, a fierce and weathered warrior. He's carrying a set of bagpipes. He notices the Scotch on the table and slowly waves his arm, causing the bedroom door to open. He looks in, waves his arm back, causing the door to close. He looks tired as he sets his bagpipes down on the table and picks up the bottle of Scotch.

HAMISH Humf. (examining bottle)

He drinks from the bottle and spits it out.

He silently walks the room, examining what's changed since the guests have arrived. He pauses at the portrait over the fireplace. He examines the portrait for a moment then imitates the pose. He pauses, looks at his belly then back to the portrait. He sucks in his belly.

Aye.

He makes his way to the pantry door and exits, presumably to visit the washroom. As he goes he sings.

As the sun has gone to rest...

The stage is empty for a moment.

KELLI enters from the bedroom and quickly crosses to the bathroom with her hand over her mouth.

KELLI I'm sorry, maybe it's the plane ride or something I ate.

GORDON appears in the doorway with nothing but a blanket wrapped around him.

GORDON Hey, I know I've gained a bit of weight, but don't you think you're overreacting?

KELLI I'm sorry! I can't help it! *(She's gone out to the bathroom.)*

GORDON Well that's killed the mood! *(looking at his crotch)* Sorry, Mr. Wiggles, back to sleep. *(He exits to the bedroom.)*

HAMISH *(entering quickly from the bathroom)* Christ, lass, the least ye could do is knock! What makes ye think I want to look at that! Ken the hell's the world coming to?

He crosses to the fireplace with the bottle. GORDON enters from the bedroom. He is now dressed in pyjama pants and a T-shirt. He does not see HAMISH.

GORDON *(yelling out to pantry)* Hon, you okay? Hon? *(crosses to pantry door)* Look, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do? *(He exits through the pantry.)*

HAMISH *(sitting)* Dinnae go there, lad. If there's one thing I've learned over the years it's dinnae be bothering a lass when she's going about what she's going about.

GORDON *(entering backwards from pantry)* I'm sorry, honey, I was just trying to help.

HAMISH Ah, the younger generation, they never mind.

GORDON *(startled, hearing the stranger's voice)* What?!

HAMISH *(calmly)* Hello.

GORDON screams, the man jumps from the sofa.

(looking around) What is it, lad?

GORDON Who the hell are you?

HAMISH *(looking around)* Who?

GORDON You!

HAMISH *(still looking)* Who you?

GORDON You who?

HAMISH Where's who?

GORDON You who, that's who?

HAMISH Fit who, lad?

GORDON *(grabbing a butter knife from the drawer)* Enough of the Dr. Seuss. Tell me who you are!

HAMISH Doctor who?

GORDON Don't start again.

HAMISH Start fit?

GORDON Look, what do you want?

HAMISH For the love of God, lad, who are ya blethering at?

GORDON You, the one holding my bottle of Scotch.

HAMISH *(realizing he's still holding the Scotch)* Ah shite!

He quickly puts the bottle behind his back and begins whistling, trying to be nonchalant.

GORDON What's going on here?

HAMISH Bollocks! *(talking to the picture over the fireplace)* Fit's done is done, I mecht as well ha' some fun wit' it, noo. *(to GORDON as he advances towards him)* So ye see the bottle, do ye? A bitty eerie, isn't it?

GORDON *(retreating from the advance)* What?

HAMISH 'Tis eerie the way it just floats there, isn't it?

GORDON Stay back!

HAMISH 'Tis a bottle of whisky whooshing through the air. Look oot, it's going to get ye.

He makes roaring airplane sounds as if the bottle's attacking GORDON.

GORDON *(after much high-pitched screaming)* Listen, mister, I don't know who you are and what your story is with the Scotch but I've just about had enough. So why don't you set the bottle down and get the hell out!

HAMISH I'm nae goin' anywhere. 'Tis my hoose. Look oot for the magic flying bottle! Boogie, boogie, boo!

GORDON *(screams)* Oh I see. You've been at the pub tonight, haven't ya?

HAMISH Fit?