

HAGGIS MAKING

By

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HAGGIS MAKING

The curtain opens on a small community hall room in the Highlands of Scotland in the present day. A local community council meeting is taking place. Sitting around the room are three members of the council, Mrs Jones, Nancy and Paddy. At one end of the room, sitting at a teacher's desk is John Mackay, the chairman.

John Mackay is wearing a Hunters of Brora suit, immaculately dressed but somewhat out of place with his highly coloured crofter's face and spade-big hands.

Mrs Jones is a well-dressed English lady, married to the local factor. Unbeknown to us all, she has been receiving the romantic attentions of Paddy for some years.

Nancy is a gusty, opinionated Morningside émigré. From rags to riches using strategic marriages, she always forgets her heritage and chooses only to look back as far as her mansion in Morningside. Nancy is dressed with authority, not by mistake, as she seeks to impose her ideas of progress, or lack of it, on the local community.

Paddy is a wild old Irishman who moved to the North of Scotland with the textile industry. He is an immaculate gentleman with the vernacular of the great Erin poets. He too is immaculately dressed and an accomplished charmer - with more than just Mrs Jones. He is a peacemaker, always using his charm to still the waters. He spends most of the meeting ogling after Mrs Jones!

The community council meeting is drawing to a close in a bland room, scantily furnished and depressingly decorated. The hard chairs, teacher's desk, cheap pictures, children's drawings, public interest posters, a broken window and veneer-faded cabinets mirror the lack of pride in the community's principal asset. Only to each side of the room is there any indication of prosperity and optimism with two sofas, two coffee tables and two corner lamps. They are brought into the centre of the room for ceilidhs and ladies' coffee mornings.

Whilst the room is a contradiction, so too is community life in this Highland village where opposites uneasily live together, where tolerance and keeping one's head down does not mean mutual respect and harmony.

Life is, in this small village, a dichotomy of black and white where all shades of grey have had no place for many years.

It is in this cauldron of extremities that we join a farcical group seeking to represent the interests of their community at large.

Everyone:	That's not the way I see it. Simply not true! If I were in his shoes I'd show them a thing or two. Absolutely not. Over my dead body. I will not accept such a thing!
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Nancy:	<i>(Over everyone else's voice until she has grabbed the meeting's attention by slapping the table between each word)</i> I-don't-care-what-the-consequences-are-but-I-will.....
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John:	<i>(Trying to interrupt, with a soft voice, having to grow stronger and more pathetic)</i> Everyone please! Can we have a bit of order?
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Nancy:	John Mackay! I have not finished yet. As I was saying.....I-will-not-tolerate-spinelessness-dissension-duplicity-or-disloyalty-within-this-community-council! <i>(The room falls silent. She turns slowly and assuredly towards John)</i> Now John.
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John:	I don't think there's any need to talk like that Nancy. Everybody here must work together for the good of the community.
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Everyone:	<i>(Except Nancy nods their heads in agreement and makes parliamentary grunting noises)</i> Here...here. Yah.....Yah....
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Nancy:	Never mind the bl., the bl., the blasted community John! What about my garden. And the path at the front of the conservatory. Those people simply allow their dogs to wander everywhere. Why only yesterday, I returned from the Giro Bank and it was only after I'd walked across the new Axe-minster in the vestibule into my newly fitted kitchen that I realised I had ammm..
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Paddy:	I think they call it a sh...
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Mrs Jones:	Paddy!
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Paddy:	Yes
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Mrs Jones:	Language!
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Paddy:	My apologies. In dear old Mayo, when I was a boy, we called them...
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Nancy:	...dog's poooh...on the soles of my new De La Vache shoes from Jenners! Ghastly! <i>(Now almost in tears)</i> And we're doing nothing about it John. <i>(Dabbing her eyes with a tissue for sympathy and then looking slyly over the top for people's reaction)</i>
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Paddy:	Don't you be worrying yourself Nancy. I'm sure we can appeal to people's better nature if we write a letter to the Raggie. There always sniffing around for something smelly.
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(From the next room there is a moan).

Art:	Aaaah!
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(The room falls silent. Another moan).

Art:	Aaaah!
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(Then the sounds of a toilet flushing).

(Moments later, Art walks in. A tomboy intellectual, conceivably gay! She dresses like a man with a smart shirt, immaculately worn jeans and adorned Dr Martin boots. She carries a filofax. She was born and bred in the local community and has returned after having achieved educational and intellectual greatness in Edinburgh).

(She moves slowly from the bathroom door to her chair. She tries to sit down and get comfortable by using a cushion – which she cannot find – so she rolls up her jacket to sit on).

Art:	Oh Oh <i>(in obvious pain)</i> . I should not have eaten McSour's curry last night. He had Venison Vindaloo and Kildonan Korma. I had the Cheviot Chat with the lentils and Pishwari Nam! Aagh!
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John:	That'll teach you, you fool. If the lord wanted you to eat curry he'd a bred you in Saharanpur, not Sutherland. Pishwari Nam – Cheviot Chat! No wonder yer guts are rotten. And what a smell you've brought in here – you could a snapped it off before you left that toilet. Pity help anyone else who'll need to visit the night.
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Art:	And you'd know wouldn't you? You who has travelled the world and seen the seven wonders? Huh! You've only travelled as far as Inverness. And that was only once to the pictures to see Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Typical tuechter.
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Paddy:	A truly great film. I remember ...
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Nancy:	John Mackay! Are we going to finish this meeting tonight or tomorrow night?
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John:	<i>(Clearing his throat and trying to re assert some authority)</i> . Ach, yes. Now to the final item on the agenda. The Haggis factory. Now as you know, the Highland Council have objected to planning for the factory.....
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Mrs Jones:	Bravo.
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Nancy:	Quite right too.
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John: <i>(waiting)</i> ladies – please. The Highland Council have objected in principle to outline planning for the factory on the grounds of noise and visual pollution....
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Mrs Jones:	But what about the smell? I even feel sick when I have to cook one of those Haggis things for Mr Jones's head keepers on Burns night. It's thoroughly disgusting! But as the wife of the factor of such an immense estate, I am duty bound to cook the blessed thing.
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Art:	Nothing wrong with a sheep's stomach boiled with its vital organs and oatmeal. Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face Great chieftain o' the pudding-race! Aboon them a' ye tak your place Panich, tripe or thairm: Well are ye wordy o' a grace As long's my arm.
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Paddy:	Here Art – I hope de Haggis doesn't give yi de runs like the Cheviot Chat!
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Art:	<i>(standing up and groaning and tip-toeing about)</i> No it doesn't! <i>(now preparing to have her say)</i>
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Mrs Jones:	Well I can't eat the stuff. And Mr Jones only eats it once a year to keep the natives happy. Then he drinks that – terrible – terrible – spirit that was sent from hell by Satan himself – <i>(screwing up her face and almost spitting)</i> whisky! He then gets sick and awfully, awfully amorous like a Cocker Spaniel in season. I just hit him on the head with the bible, tell him he'll need a bucket in the morning, and send him to the guest room. By
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	midnight he's retching into the ornamental blue potty I bought in Harrods when I passed my personal assistant exams.
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Paddy:	<i>(touching Mrs Jones' arm)</i> . So it's an antique then! You poor thing. It's the mixing you see. Whisky and the toffs! Tis like the grape and the grain. The grape for the gentry and the grain for.....
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Mrs Jones:	And as for that factory! It was a non-starter from the beginning. A million haggissii a year? I ask you.
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Nancy:	Yes Mrs Jones. You're quite right. And that chimney. It was massive. <i>(using her hands to describe it)</i> . And you know I don't like big things like that sticking up in front of my eyes when I'm trimming my honeysuckle! It puts me right off – one never knows what one might snip off with one's eyes watering so!
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Art:	<i>(Art has been pacing up and down whilst giving this speech)</i> . Just listen to you all. All you think about is yourselves. What about the twenty people the factory would employ? And the market for local sheep producers? You yourself John Mackay stand to benefit most from this! You should be ashamed of yourself. And you Nancy, "I don't like the big chimney". Tell that to the likes of Jock Simpson who's just lost his job at the Mill. Or you, Mrs Jones "I don't like the smell of haggis". Maybe you should go back to where you came from. People have been eating haggis for centuries here. If it was up to all of you there'd be nobody here – just retired people like yourselves from the South. But what about the young people? If there's nothing for them here, they'll leave; and will be lost to the community forever. Then what?
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Nancy:	<i>(she gets up and walks over to Art – tripping over Arts bag on the way)</i> . For goodness sake. Young people! All they do is take drink and drugs and have...ehm...inter-thingy...ehm...course, so course...and cause trouble. This community would be better off without them.
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Mrs Jones:	I think Nancy's right and
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Paddy:	Now listen, I don't think this is
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Everyone:	<i>(talking and arguing and pushing and prodding each other whilst John Mackay sits with his head in his hands)</i> .
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John:	<i>(He takes his pipe out of his jacket, followed by his tobacco and a half bottle. He begins filling his pipe and then sets everything down before standing up)</i> Please! Please! Everyone – order – order! <i>(Then in a startling moment of authority – screams)</i> .
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	SHUT-UP! Just shut-up and sit-down!
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Nancy:	How dare you talk to me like – sorry us – like that. You sit-down!
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John:	<i>(Sitting down).</i> Sorry Nancy. Its just that.....
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Everyone:	<i>(settles back into their seats).</i>
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Paddy:	Sorry John...
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John:	Art – as you know, the Highland Council have made their decision and there's nothing anyone can do about that to change it! Especially – this community council.
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Art:	What's the point of being a community council then? Its time we stood up and did something about it. Then we
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Nancy:	Yes, yes Art. Its talk like that that has encouraged those weirdoes, those extremists, to justify their actions. Its nothing short of stupidity. You know those Brothers of the Goolies or
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Paddy:	Gaeldom my dear.
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Nancy:	That's right – Brothers of Gaeldom. B.O.G! Bog Trotters, that's what they are. Taking the law into their own hands. If I could get my hands on them I'd show them a thing or too.
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Paddy:	Perhaps we should send you to Baghdad!
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John:	Yes, yes – I can just imagine it!
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Art:	Or Afghanistan – I can see it now – Nancy Smith brushes Kofi Anan aside in bid to stop dogs crapping in Kabul!
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John:	Now, now, <i>(laughing)</i> , let's move on. Can we please draw the meeting to a close?
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Art:	But we haven't discussed the Haggis making!
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John:	As I've explained....
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	<i>(music starts playing)</i> Now, what's that!
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Art:	That'll be Willie the Note.
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Nancy:	What an awful noise. Is that some sort of organ? It must be some size to make a noise like that?
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(Art leaves the room to get Willie the Note)

John:	<i>(winding-up meeting)</i> Poor Art. Since she's been away in the university and got all that strange ideas she's been a bit queer. Anyway, now that she's gone I think that that is all the business concluded for this night. I'd like to thank you all for coming and
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Nancy:	And since it is our last meeting of this session everyone, we've arranged tea and scones if anyone would like. Mrs Jones, off you go and get the teas!
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Mrs Jones:	Yes Nancy. <i>(off she totters)</i>
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Paddy:	<i>(following in hot pursuit)</i> Allow me to help you Mrs Jones.
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(John and Nancy move to one side of stage – up front!)

Art:	<i>(coming in with Willie the Note).</i> Its only Willie the Note. I asked him to come along to have a few tunes for our last night.
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(Art and Willie the Note begin setting-up the musical gear and pottering about at the rear. Art has a guitar and Willie the Note has an accordion. Willie the Note is a soft boy, dressed in leather and denim with some studs. He will, on first impressions, have the appearance of a stereotyped gay. It is for this reason that Art associates herself with him; but she will stare reality in the face later on when Willie the Note reveals that our petty stereotyping is way off the mark).

(As Art and Willie the Note set up at the rear of the stage, John and Nancy begin whispering at the front).

Nancy:	Now you listen to me John Mackay. <i>(pointing and eventually grabbing him by his lapel)</i> . There is absolutely no way that I am going to allow that factory to be built. It's inconceivable!
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John:	Yes Nancy but
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Nancy:	No buts my dear John. You'll make sure it is stopped. And what's more you'll get those idiots – the Big Trotter chappies – off the streets.
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John:	But...I....
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Nancy:	John Mackay (<i>pulling him close</i>) you'll do exactly as I say or if not (<i>she makes a scissors cutting motion with her fingers across his crotch</i>) you're poor wife will find out about you and Mr Ireland through there's wife! Good enough for him, but as for your dear Lilly..... (<i>she turns away to speak to Art and Willie the Note leaving John in shock</i>).
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Nancy:	Good evening? I was listening to you before you came in Willie, it sounded Rather unusual!
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(*Paddy and Mrs Jones re-enter with a tray of tea and scones and another tray of glasses, a jug of water and a bottle of malt whisky*).

(*They begin serving tea and a dram for everyone*).

(*Willie the Note and Art begin to tune up whilst Nancy grabs Mrs Jones by the arm, dragging her to the front of the stage*).

Nancy:	What an awful noise! I can't here myself think. They call that music?
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Mrs Jones:	I don't think they've started yet Nancy!
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Nancy:	Nonsense! Anyway, I've spoken to John and I think everything is under control. They'll be no more Bog Trotters or Haggis making in this village so long as I'm
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(*BOG burst in. Two men. Both in boiler suits and black trainers, gloves, one wearing a balaclava, the second with tights over his head. The first, Donald, with the balaclava, bursts in from stage left through the side door. Donald is in his thirties, mis-educated, radical and violent. The second, Dougal, with the tights, bursts in from stage right through the door leading to the bathroom. Dougal is Donald's uncle, in his mid-fifties and not blessed with brains*).

Donald:	(<i>An erstwhile IRA obsessive, with a bomb in his hand and an obvious bad attitude!</i>)
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	<p>Everybody stand absolutely still.</p> <p><i>(Art moves)</i></p> <p>Don't move or I'll wrap that guitar around your neck.</p> <p><i>(Nancy sneezes)</i></p> <p>You! Old lady. Don't move!</p>
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Nancy:	But I
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Donald:	<p><i>(Pointing the shotgun at her)</i></p> <p>Are you tired of living you old battle-axe?</p>
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Nancy:	Now wait a minute young man
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Donald:	<p><i>(rushing over and grabbing her by the arm and shaking her)</i></p> <p>Shut-up!</p> <p><i>(pointing at Paddy)</i></p> <p>You! Keep her quiet or she gets it!</p>
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Paddy:	Easier said than done sir!
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Nancy:	And what do you mean by that?
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John:	Come on Nancy – calm down now.
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Dougal:	<p><i>(Pushing everyone into corner at front stage left)</i></p> <p><i>(He then backs off and trips over one of the chairs, drops his gun, starts thrashing about and starts screaming)</i></p> <p><i>(Everyone ducks!!!)</i></p> <p><i>(He jumps up and begins, agedly, performing some self-defence moves)</i></p> <p>Aah! Aah!</p>
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Donald:	Operative Charlie. <i>(no change)</i> <i>(scream)</i> Operative Charlie!! <i>(He slaps him around the head)</i>
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Dougal:	Yes sir.
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Donald:	<p>Pull yourself together man! Everything is under control.</p> <p><i>(Dougal gets up and sorts himself out)</i></p> <p>Now read out our statement.</p>
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Dougal:	<p><i>(Clears throat and deliberates for some time)</i> We are the Brotherhood of Gaeldom. We demand the right to control our own destiny and ...?? Ex... ex....</p> <p><i>(pointing out word to Donald)</i></p>
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Donald:	Existentialise
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Dougal:	<p><i>(stammering)</i> existentialise our dream of a Highland utopia. We therefore hereby today, take our first step to freedom by overturning the recent council planning decision, depriving indigenous young men and women from the right to work at Haggis Making.</p> <p>We shall do this by holding you ransom. The right to Haggis Making shall be</p> <p><i>(again stammering) (pointing to Donald)</i></p>
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Donald:	Prima facie, de facto.
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Dougal:	<p>...shall be prime father, day factor.... cost of your liberty.</p> <p><i>(big smile) (hands on hips) (drops gun!)</i></p> <p><i>(Everyone ducks again)</i></p> <p><i>(He scrambles about and picks it up, pulling himself together again)</i></p>
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Donald:	Any questions?
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Nancy:	<p><i>(looking at John)</i></p> <p>Well say something John!</p>
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John:	<p>Now boys. Look here. As you know, I'm John Mackay. I've been crofting up at Slighan for over twenty years. Now there's no need for all this hassle. Look, there's a dram over there: go on and have one, put your guns down and let's have a chat.</p>
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Donald:	<p>Shut-up you traitor!</p> <p><i>(he lets of a shot from his gun)</i></p> <p>White settlers, apathetic Highlanders, traitor Gaels, yer all the same. This place is dying because of you people!</p> <p><i>(he takes the bomb from the case and puts it at the front of the stage)</i></p> <p><i>(he sets the bomb by reeling out wire from the bomb to off stage right)</i></p> <p>If anyone tries to get in the front door and trips this wire – we all go. If any of you try to escape, I trip it – and we all go.</p> <p>Understand?</p> <p>Now Operative Charlie - tie them all up.</p>
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(Dougal and Donald tie them all up, except Willie the Note. They tie Nancy and Art together and Mrs Jones and Paddy together. John is tied up on his own).

Donald:	<i>(To Nancy)</i> OK gorgeous. See how you like been tied up with lover girl here.
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Nancy:	Oh no...
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Donald:	<i>(To Mrs Jones – who smiles a bigger and bigger smile but remains silent before putting her head on Paddy’s shoulder)</i> And you, you old witch. See how you like being tied up with Mr Mayo here...
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(Willie the Note remains untied and very uneasy)

Donald:	Operative Charlie. Tie him up.
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Dougal:	Not him. He played at my
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Donald:	...Sshh!! Tie him up!! I don’t care what he did. He’s playing at his own funeral if you don’t tie him up. Do it Operative Charlie!
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(Dougal moves back and forth, pacing uncomfortably and humming and haaing)

Donald:	<i>(screams)</i> Do it!!
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Dougal:	Och Donald.....
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(Everyone looks up in amazement)

(Donald goes over to Dougal and grabs him by the nose, leading him around like a pig. Dougal squeals)

Donald:	You fool. <i>(he points to Willie the Note)</i> Get out of here! And remember, no phone calls, no police, nothing. If you do, they all go <i>(pinging the trip wire with his other hand)</i> <i>(As Willie the Note makes for the front steps, Donald shouts at him..)</i> Mind the trip wire music boy! <i>(he lets Dougal go, who bends down in pain)</i> <i>(Donald kicks him in the butt and he goes flying onto Nancy's lap)</i>
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Nancy:	<i>(screams) Aaaaaaah!! (and tries to put her head on John Mackay's lap)</i>
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(Willie the Note has gone down the front steps and when all is quiet the stage lights dim and the front of house spot light shows him creeping to the back of the hall to make a phone call on his cell phone)

Willie the Note:	Hello. Aye! Is that the Police! Yes. I'd like to report a kidnapping. Aye it is. Oh Moira – how's yourself. Grand. I was playing on Saturday.... I tonight at the council meeting. Oh yes! Yes! Crickey! There's been a kidnapping. The Brotherhood of Gaeldom people – aye the Bog Trotters – have gone and held the council meeting to ransom. No! I have not been drinking.
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	Well maybe a wee swifter after my tea. Only the one mind it Aye! I'll wait at the front door. Hurry now – they've a bomb.
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(Lights back up on stage. Donald goes to pick up Dougal's gun and give it back to him)

(He goes and checks that everyone is tied up properly and when he leans over Mrs Jones)

Mrs Jones:	Donald Maclean. I knew it was you. I'd recognise that aftershave anywhere! And that voice – so distinctive.....
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Nancy:	And the name helped!
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Mrs Jones:	You should be ashamed of yourself – wait until I tell your mother.
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Nancy:	Take off that stupid balaclava and let us get.....
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(Donald pulls off his balaclava and throws it at Dougal)

Donald:	You fool <i>(taking a swiping kick at him and falling over another chair)</i> <i>(He picks himself up, gathers himself together, moves over to Mrs Jones and grabs her by the chin)</i> Now my dear Mrs Jones – or shall we call you Felicity - you won't be telling my mother anything! Will you? Not if you don't want Mr Jones to find out about lover boy here. <i>(he grabs Paddy by the ear)</i>
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Paddy:	<i>(screaming)</i> aah! Holy mother of ...
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Mrs Jones:	Language Patrick!
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Paddy:	Oh sorry dear pumpkin.
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Art:	<i>(starting to laugh)</i> Pumpkin! <i>(everyone begins to laugh)</i>
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Donald:	Aye – I'm sure Mr Jones would love to find out what the two of you were up to when you were waiting for the kettle to boil through there – huh! Myself and Dougal sneaked past you without a bother in the world.
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Paddy:	How dare you sir!
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Donald:	How dare you sir! It wasn't the kettle that was boiling over and filling the kitchen with steam – it was you, you randy old pair of dogs!
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(John Mackay has now become more confident hearing that his lover's husband has been having a fling with the factor's wife)

John:	Now boys. As chairman of the Community Council, clerk of the grazing committee and of course, local correspondent for the Raggie, I don't have to remind you that
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Donald:	Shut-up! Let him have it Dougal. I've never liked him since he tethered his pig to the eighteenth tee on the golf course – ever since then my balls have smelt funny!
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(Dougal shoves the barrel of his gun into John's chest)

Art:	For God's sake John, calm down. This is serious. Keep quiet. <i>(now addressing Donald)</i> Donald this is pointless. We've all tried to over-turn the council but they won't listen. At the end of the day if the local people won't stand together as one - and resist peacefully - then there's no chance. No-one is to blame but ourselves. These people <i>(pointing to Nancy, Mrs Jones and Paddy)</i> have as much right to be here as you and I. But they don't have the responsibility and the duty to protect our culture and look after our community – we do. Yet! Look at them – they are the voice of the community because local people think it's uncool, or big-headed, or stupid to stand up and be counted.
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Dougal:	And what do you think we're <i>(emphasising with self appreciation)</i> doing? We're standing up for our rights like the generations before us!
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Nancy:	Hah! Like that gay boy from Italy who marched to Derby and decided to come home – ha ha ha.
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Dougal:	<i>(lunging towards her and sticking his face in hers)</i> You old cow – I ought to -
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Nancy:	Dougal Macdonald! I just knew it was you – what with that false Sean Connery voice of yours – and <i>(pointing and then pulling at the tights)</i> these frills and my initials on those stockings – you fool. You stupid old fool!
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(Dougal reels back – completely disorientated)

Nancy:	I thought it was you I saw prowling around my garden last night. And my stockings gone this morning. We'll I've got a shock for you my boy. I hung them on the gate last night to dry after watching Billy Connolly – because I laughed so much I peed myself – but I had no hot water so they're not clean.
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Dougal:	Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! <i>(Dougal runs about the stage trying to pull the tights off. Eventually he gets Donald to pull them off, only after putting on his gloves)</i> Donald – pull them off – pull them off – Aaaaaaah! <i>(Then Dougal walks slowly over to Nancy, picks her up, after untying her and takes her to the centre of the stage where he starts shaking her and then knocks her glasses off.)</i> You – stupid – old – cow – I'll – teach – you.
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Nancy:	<i>(gets on her hands and knees and starts feeling for her glasses – she gets precariously close to the bomb trip wire - she is weeping quietly)</i>
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(As order is restored, the lights go down on stage and come up out front as the Sergeant, the WPC and Willie the Note sneak to the front of the stage).

(The Sergeant is originally from the Western Isles. He is canny, prudent, incompetent and determined to keep his copy-book clean as he nears his imminent retrial).

(The WPC is career mad; and will do anything to advance herself, including using her undoubted beauty and sexuality).

Sergeant:	<i>(to Willie the Note, nervously)</i> Tell me again now Willie. Who exactly is in there?
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Willie The Note (WTN):	Well there's John Mackay, Nancy, Mrs Jones
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Sergeant:	Nancy!
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WTN:	Aye
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Sergeant:	Oh no. <i>(groans)</i> That's trouble. It's the SAS you'll be needing not me.
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WTN:	I'm afraid so. Nancy, Mrs Jones, Paddy Doyle, Art McLang; and the two Bog Trotters.
WPC:	And you think they are <i>(taking out her note book)</i> Donald Maclean and Dougal Macdonald.
WTN:	Aye – I think so.
Sergeant:	Mmm! Mmm!
WTN:	What are you going to do?
Sergeant:	Mmm.
WPC:	Well Sergeant? <i>(after long pause)</i>
Sergeant:	Mmm. Well. It's a very delicate and tricky situation. Made the more difficult by tin knickers herself.
WPC:	Who?
WTN:	Nancy Smith.
WPC:	Oh! Her!
Sergeant:	Mmm. Her.
WPC:	I say we storm in there, call their bluff, apprehend them, read them their rights, free the council, take Maclean and Macdonald down to the station book them, detain them and have a report to the PF before midnight.
Sergeant:	Mmm. And the PF will be....?
WPC:	The Procurator Fiscal of course.
WTN:	You don't hang about do you?
WPC:	<i>(sticking out her chest and hitching up her skirt)</i> I like a bit of action and I usually get my man.
WTN:	I'm sure you do.

Sergeant:	Now now Constable. Calm down. Let us not do anything too precipitous. Much as you might want to get at it, there are ways and means of seeking relief here – for the hostages – without storming in, truncheons blazing!
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(The WPC sidles up to the Serg and thrusts her chest into his face. She takes of her jacket, turns around and asks him to help her with her belt!)

(She is wearing all sorts of combat gear – cans, sticks, chains, etc, etc).

WPC:	Oh Sergeant – could you please tighten up my belt – I can feel it slipping slowly down and all of these chains make it so heavy! <i>(As Serg fiddles nervously with the belt, WPC shakes her hair from a bun all over his face).</i> Oh thank you Sergeant. <i>(She puts her hand on his upper arm/shoulder)</i> Sergeant, I really think <i>(sexy voice)</i> we should go for it.
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Sergeant:	Do you?
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WPC:	Oh yes!
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Sergeant:	What right here?
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WPC:	Oh yes – right here and right now.
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Sergeant:	<i>(taking off his hat and tie).</i> All right! I'll just get comfortable – if you're sure.
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WPC:	Oh yes! I'll have to get comfortable too, to make sure I can hang from the rhone pipe!
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Sergeant:	What?!!!!
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WPC:	Yes – and you can talk to them with you big hailer whilst I surprise them from behind.
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Sergeant:	What?!!!
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WPC:	Yes – and Willie can come with me round the back and give me a leg over – the wall!
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Sergeant:	What?!!! Oh yes, yes. I see. I see. Very well Constable <i>(getting professional again)</i> <i>(he puts his hat back on).</i> Off you two go then and I'll wait for a moment or two before I make contact
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	with the Bog Trotters.
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(Lights go back up dimly on stage). (Everyone is sleepy). (Nancy is still looking for her glasses).

Donald:	<i>(Getting up and grabbing the guitar)</i> <i>(He sits at front of stage and sings a song about not losing the heart of the Highlands and his lost love). (Lights on him).</i> <i>(When he finishes, the lights go up on stage and on the Sergeant).</i>
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Sergeant:	This is the Northern Constabulary. The hall is surrounded. There is no way out of there. Do the sensible thing and come out with your hands up. A peaceful settlement will bode well with the sheriff!! <i>(He then turns to the audience and whispers..)</i> So long as it's not Ewan Stewart – God rest his soul.
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(Inside everyone grows excited. Donald and Dougal panic).

Dougal:	Oh Donald, what are we going to do now?
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Donald:	Nothing. Keep quiet and sit tight. That's old Sergeant Gillies. He's a few pennies short of the pound anyway. He's probably out there on his own – old fool – he'll be after having a few snifters at the Ben and then all wrong thinking about that hot thing he's working with.
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Art:	I wouldn't be so sure Donald. What if Willie the Note called Inverness and got the whole squad out – marksmen, dogs – there's probably helicopters on their way. You've had it. Wise up Donald – cool your jets man – give yourself up before you get us all hurt.
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Donald:	Shut-up you – you – you – le.....
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Mrs Jones:	Donald Maclean – mind your language. Be a good boy now and do what the police say.
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Dougal:	Aah Donald – this is freaking me out man. Police dogs! – nante fallage – it's doing my head in!
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Sergeant:	You have five minutes to throw your weapons outside and then come out with your hands up.
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Donald:	<i>(shouting out)</i> . We're not coming out. If you make one move – we're all going up – bang! – we have a bomb in here and we're not moving until we get the Haggis Making sorted.
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Sergeant:	This is your last chance gentlemen.
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(Suddenly there is a scream from WPC; a crash and then a groan from Willie the Note).

Donald:	What the....?
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Dougal:	What was that?
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Nancy:	My glasses?
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Paddy:	You've had it boys.
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John:	C'mon boys – c'mon boys. We'll speak up for you in court if you give up.
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Mrs Jones:	Please..
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Nancy:	My glasses... <i>(whimpering)</i>
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Donald:	<i>(screams)</i> No!
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(Another giggle and a crash from the back)

Dougal:	Aah! Their coming in the back way! We're done for. <i>(Dougal starts running about frantically and trips on Nancy's foot. His gun goes off and Donald ducks but its too late – a puff of smoke from the roof is followed by a smash and the light falls on Donald's head knocking him out).</i> Oh no! <i>(He steps back in bewilderment)</i> <i>(He trips on Nancy, falls back and bangs his head on the floor).</i>
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Art:	Nancy!! Get him!
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Nancy:	Where?
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Art:	Go left! Watch the wire!
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John:	Watch the wire!
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Nancy:	What wire?
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John:	You stupid old cow – watch the wire!!
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Nancy:	John Mackay – that’s it – wait till I get my glasses on.
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Art:	Left Nancy.
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(She reaches Dougal)

Art:	Now lie on top of him!
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Nancy:	No oh no!
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Art:	Yes Nancy – lie on top of him.
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Paddy:	Go on girl – you know you want to.
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Nancy:	Oh Lord. <i>(she lies on top of him)</i>
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Sergeant:	We’re coming in!! <i>(he bursts in the door – front of stage – and trips on the wire)</i> Don’t move – everyone stay still. Right – put your hands up
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John:	They’ve been taken care off man.
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Sergeant:	Oh! <i>(looking around)</i> Put your hands down. And where’s WPC Slack?
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Art:	Who?
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Sergeant:	Constable Slack? <i>(loudly)</i>
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WPC:	<i>(from kitchen)</i> . Yes Sergeant!
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Sergeant:	Well-done Constable – operation successful. Come out.
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WPC:	Just coming Serg.
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Sergeant:	Now Constable!
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WPC:	Ok. <i>(she gingerly walks in with WTN – both of them dishevelled from a passionate session in the kitchen).</i>
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Sergeant:	Constable!
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Art:	Willie!
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(The Sergeant picks up the glasses and hands them to Nancy).

Sergeant:	I take it these are yours Nancy!
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(at this point – Donald stirs and moans and sits up. He spots the wire).

Donald:	The bomb – the wire – the wire’s been tripped!!! Throw it out the window! Throw it!!
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Sergeant:	Where? – where?
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Art:	On the floor – look.
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John:	Throw it!
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Everyone:	Throw it – Sergeant throw it!
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(the Sergeant stupidly looks around).

(Nancy crawls off Dougal to the bomb, grabs it and throws it into the audience).

Donald:	Thank the Lord.
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John:	It was only a fake anyway.
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Donald:	<i>(Crawling over to Nancy)</i> Well-done Nancy.
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Nancy:	Well done – <i>(starting to cry)</i>wait till I’ve finished with you young man. And this reprobate here
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BANG!!!! *(flashing lights).*

(The lights go out – screaming – confetti begins to fall from the roof onto the audience).

(When the lights go up, Nancy and Donald are sitting forlornly at the front of the stage. Everyone else is at the back holding onto each other)

(All of them have black faces and hair in a mess).

Nancy:	Oh Donald – I didn't think you'd do it. I didn't know you felt so strongly... about the Haggis Making.
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(Donald reaches up onto the table and gets the bottle of whiskey and a glass. He pours whiskey into the glass and hands it to her. As she holds the glass, he taps it with the bottle)

Donald:	Cheers.
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(Donald takes a swig of whiskey)

(Nancy starts crying)

(Donald puts his arm around her shoulder)

Donald:	Well there's one thing for sure. <i>(He takes a swig of whiskey)</i> Things will never be the same around here again. Slainte Mhath <i>(He takes another swig of whiskey)</i>
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(Nancy now begins to sob uncontrollably as she realises that not only has her world fallen apart; but that she almost died if it were not for her having thrown the bomb away; and saved everyone's life in the process)

(Willie plays a slow air and the curtains close)