

HANNAY. Glasgow?

MARGARET. D'ye ever see it?

HANNAY. No I never did.

MARGARET. Oh ye should. Ye should see Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night with all its fine shops and the trams and the lights. And the cinema palaces and the crowds.

(a faraway look)

It's Saturday night tonight.

HANNAY. Well I've never been to Glasgow but I've been to Edinburgh and Montreal. And London.

MARGARET. London!

HANNAY. I could tell you all about London at supper.

MARGARET. *(suddenly entranced)* Could ye?

HANNAY. Certainly could.

MARGARET. *(face clouds)* No. John would nae approve o' that I doubt!

HANNAY. John?

MARGARET. My husband. He says it's best not to think of such places and all

the wickedness that goes on there.
HANNAY. Or – I could tell you now.
MARGARET. Now?

(He gazes at her.)

HANNAY. If you wanted.
MARGARET. Aye.

(She gazes back.)

Ye could.

(Romantic music)

HANNAY. What would you like to know?
MARGARET. Is it true that all the ladies
paint their toe-nails?
HANNAY. Some of them.
MARGARET. And put rouge and lipsticks
on their faces?
HANNAY. They do yes.
MARGARET. Do London ladies look
beautiful?
HANNAY. They wouldn't if you were
beside them.
