

Archie Beaton

ARCHIE: Woolens! Plaids! Come, Harry. Put down your book an' help your father. Ye may even get to like the weavin' business.

HARRY: I'll never like the weavin' business, Father. An' ye know it well.

ARCHIE: Try, lad. Tell Angus MacGuffie we need some eggs. I'll give 'im enough wool for a pair of trousers for enough eggs for our dinner. An' why dinna ye pay attention to Maggie Anderson? Ye know she has a yearnin' for ye.

Good mornin' to ye Mr. MacLaren.

MR. MacLAREN: Good day, Archie.

ARCHIE: An good mornin' to your two bonnie daughters.

FIONA: Good mornin' Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE: What would ye be lookin' for, Miss Fiona?

FIONA: A waistcoat for my father for the weddin'.

ARCHIE: Why, of course! Ye an' young Charlie Dalrymple are getting' married this evenin', aren't ye, Miss Jean?

JEAN: Aye, Mr. Beaton.

ARCHIE: Well, if ye had to choose someone other than my son Harry, I'm glad 'tis a lad as fine as Charlie.

JEAN: Mr. Beaton, ye dinna hate me for not lovin' Harry, do ye?

ARCHIE: No, Miss Jean. 'Tis not your fault. I sometimes think that the only woman that could have loved Harry an' helped 'im was his mother, rest her soul.