

The Macallan

'The Share'

Viral

Open on the recognisable flowing letters of '*The*'.

Slowly the word '**Share**' fades up underneath - set in the face of Macallan.

Fade through...

Sitting in a circle we see a rather eclectic gathering of Angels, some large, some small, wearing everything from biker's jackets to DJ's. The only thing that indicates they have anything in common, are their wings.

The only one without wings is a rather diminutive man who sits studying a clipboard - he is their councilor.

Suddenly he looks up and smiles.

Counc: Okay... today we joined by someone we all know...

Gabriel stands and smiles, the others nod knowingly.

Counc: Gabe... you're here. It's been a long road; you want to tell us about it?

Gabriel looks at the councilor and then at the other Angels who all have an expectant expression on their faces.

The councilor leans forward in his chair, his eyes urging him to continue.

Gabe: My name is Gabriel...

He pauses, then with a look on his face as if he cannot contain himself any longer, he blurts out

Gabe: and I love The Macallan!

At this the room erupts as the other Angels leap to their feet cheering, whistling, and clapping both their hands and their wings. They then start to hug each other, and shake Gabriel's hand – all except the councilor who just shakes his head as if to say that was not what he was meant to say.

Finally the councilor produces a loud hailer and orders the Angels to sit down and behave.

Counc: I know most of you look upon the Macallan distillery as your spiritual home from home, but come on guys...25%... that's it... not a drop more... you know the rules.

The angels snigger amongst themselves.

Mike: We're entitled to our share. It's a perk.

Uriel: It goes with the job.

The councilor rolls his eyes as if ha has heard it all before.

Counc: Yes the 'Angels share', blah blah golden promise, blah blah finest cut. Yes I know all about that. The point is though you're not supposed to take from just one whisky. Leave some for the humans.

Some mutters something about monkeys and navels and the councilor frowns disapprovingly. Gabriel looks the councilor in the eye.

Gabe: Lads I think we have a non-believer on our hands.

Uriel: He's never tasted the Macallan

A hush descends. Gabriel nods to the other angels, takes the hand of the councilor and then they all disappear.

We then go down to the cask room at the distillery and see the Angels standing round the councilor glass in hand waiting for the councilor to taste some of the whisky.

He takes a sip, nods appreciatively. Gabriel pats him on the back

Counc: Sod the monkeys

Chorus: Sod the Monkeys!

They all toast.

Fade to white. Dissolve up an ethereal looking bottle of The Macallan

V/O: One thing the Angels don't want to share.

