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CHARACTERS
(If cast with 4 actors)

Richard Hannay
Annabella Schmidt/Pamela/Margaret
Clown 1
Clown 2

Hannay Monologue

ACT ONE

Overture

(The actors run on and take a bow. Then frantically pull on the set for scene one.)

(Lights change.)

Scene One. Hannay's Apartment. London.

(In the centre of the stage is a large armchair, a standard lamp and a table. On the table a half empty bottle of scotch and empty glass.)

(Seated in the armchair is RICHARD HANNAY. About forty. Attractive. Pencil moustache. He addresses the audience.)

HANNAY. London. 1935. August. I'd been back three months in the old country and frankly wondering why. The weather made me liverish, no exercise to speak of and the talk of the ordinary Englishman made me sick. I'd had enough of restaurants and parties and race meetings. No pal to go about with - which probably explains things. Hoppy Byng lost in the Canadian Treasury, Tommy Deloraine married off to a blonde heiress in Chicago, Chips Carruthers eaten by crocodiles in the Limpopo. Leaving me. Richard Hannay. Thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb. Back home. Which was no home at all if you want to know. Just a dull little rented flat in West One. Portland Place actually. And I was bored. No more than bored. Tired. Tired of the world and tired of - life, to be honest. So I called my broker. He wasn't in. Dropped into my

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club. Full of old colonial buffers. Had a scotch and soda, picked up an evening paper, put it back. Full of elections and wars and rumours of wars. And I thought – who the bloody hell cares frankly? What does it all matter? What happens to anyone? What happens to me? No-one'd miss me. I wouldn't miss me. I could quite easily just –

(He takes a slug of scotch. Knocks it back.)

And then I thought – wait a minute! Come on Hannay! Pull yourself together man!

Find something to do, you bloody fool! Something mindless and trivial. Something utterly pointless. Something –

(He has a brainwave.)

– I know! A West End show!¹ That should do the trick!

(He marches out.)

(Music: Mr. Memory Theme)

(Footlights come up)

1. If performing outside London, you could try 'I know! A visit to the theatre!' Or 'A trip to London's popular West End!'

Scene Two: Cockney Music Hall. London.

(Two men appear. We can call these the two CLOWNS. They play a COMPERE and MR MEMORY. They are in evening dress and dicky bows. Both have toothbrush moustaches.)

COMPERE. Thank you ladies and gentlemen. And now with your kind attention I have the immense honour and privilege to presentin' to you one of the most remarkable men ever in the whole world. Mr Memory!!!

(canned applause)

(MR MEMORY bows.)

Every day Mr Memory commits to memory fifty new facts and remembers every one of them! Facts from history and from geography, from newspapers and scientific books. In fact, more facts is in his brain than is possible to conceive!

(canned applause)

(HANNAY appears in a theatre box. Puffs at his pipe. He applauds with the audience.)

Settle down now please. I will also mention that before retirin' Mr Memory has kindly consented to leaving his entire brain to the British Museum for scientific purposes. Thank you.

(MEMORY bows.)

(canned applause)

MEMORY. Thankoo. I will now place myself in a state of mental readiness for this evenin's performance and clear my inner bein' of all exentrisic and supernu-
mary material.

(drum/roll)

(A woman appears next to HANNAY. She is beautiful and nervous in a plunging black 1930s evening gown. Her name is ANNABELLA SCHMIDT.)

Comper
MR. MEMORY

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mary material.

(drum roll)

(A woman appears next to HANNAY. She is beautiful and nervous in a plunging black 1930s evening gown. Her name is ANNABELLA SCHMIDT.)

ANNABELLA. Is this seat taken?

HANNAY. Not as far as I know.

(She sits. Takes out her program. Steals a glance at the audience. HANNAY is entranced.)

(Drum roll stops.)

COMPERE. Now then are you ready for the questions Mr. Memory?

MR MEMORY. Quite ready for the questions, thankoo.

COMPERE. Thankoo.

MR MEMORY. Thankoo.

COMPERE. Now then ladies and gents. First question please. Come on now please –

(Looks round the audience. Points at someone.)

Pardon, sir? What was that, sir? Who won the Cup in 1926?

(to MR MEMORY)

Who won the Cup in 1926?

MR MEMORY. Who won the cup in 1926? The Tottenham Hotspurs won the cup in 1926 defeatin' the Arsenal Gunners by Five goals to nil in the presence of His Majesty King George the Fifth. Am I right, sir?

COMPERE. Quite right, Mr. Memory!!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo!

(canned applause)

COMPERE. Thankoo. Next question please!

(Looks round the audience. Finds someone else.)

What was Napoleon's horse called?

(to MR MEMORY)

What was Napoleon's horse called?

MR MEMORY. What was Napoleon's horse called? Napoleon's horse was called Belerophon, what he rode for the final time at Waterloo, June 15th eighteen-fifteen! Am I right, sir?

COMPERE. Quite right, Mr Memory!!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo.

(canned applause)

COMPERE. Thankoo.

(points at new member of audience)

What was that sir? How old's Mae West? How old's Mae West, Mr. Memory?

MR MEMORY. Well, I know sir – but I never tell a lady's age!

(He finds this very amusing.)

(canned laughter)

COMPERE. Very good, Mr. Memory!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo.

COMPERE. Thankoo. Now then – a serious question please.

(HANNAY stands.)

HANNAY. I say!

COMPERE. Who was that? Yes, sir?

(ANNABELLA looks panicked. Hides behind her program.)

HANNAY. How far is Winnipeg from Montreal?

MR MEMORY. Ah! A gentleman from Canada! You're welcome sir!

(Audience applause. HANNAY waves. ANNABELLA hides.)

HANNAY. Thank you.

COMPERE. How far is Winnipeg from Montreal, Mr. Memory?

MR MEMORY. Winnipeg from Montreal sir? Winnipeg from Montreal? One thousand four hundred and fifty four miles. Am I right sir?

HANNAY. Quite right.

MR MEMORY. Thankoo sir!!!

COMPERE. Thankoo sir!

Hannay
Annabella

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Scene Three: Hannay's Flat. Night.

(We hear HANNAY's voice in the dark.)

HANNAY. Never can find the switch. Dammit!

(HANNAY pulls the switch on the standard lamp.)

(Lights up on HANNAY's armchair and table. Various ladders, sheets, paint pots revealed.)

ANNABELLA. Turn it off! Quickly!

(HANNAY turns off the light. Now the room is illuminated by street lighting coming through the window. Maybe a flashing neon hotel sign. She runs to the window. Looks out.)

ANNABELLA. Sheisse! *(looks at HANNAY)* Bleint!

HANNAY. Sorry?

ANNABELLA. Bleint!

HANNAY. Bleint?

ANNABELLA. Bleint! Bleint! Pull the bleint!!

HANNAY. Oh blind! Of course. Sorry. Blind. Yes.

(Pulls blind down. It snaps back. Pulls it down again. It snaps back. Pulls it down harder. It stays. He walks away. The blind snaps back. He pulls it, wrestles with it, jams it ferociously.)

HANNAY. Sorry about that.

ANNABELLA. Now the light Mr. Hannay!

HANNAY. Light. Right.

(He switches on the light. She marches to the drinks cabinet. Pours herself a drink. Downs it in one.)

Have a drink why don't you?

ANNABELLA. Thank you.

(Pours herself another. Downs it.)

For you?

HANNAY. Thank you.

(ANNABELLA pours another. Downs this one too.)

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay –

HANNAY. How do you know my name?

ANNABELLA. I saw it in the lobby.

HANNAY. Ah, yes.

(Telephone rings.)

HANNAY. Hello. There's the telephone.

ANNABELLA. Don't answer it, please!

HANNAY. Why not?

ANNABELLA. Because I think it is for me.

(HANNAY picks up the phone. It goes on ringing. An awkward moment for the actors.)

ANNABELLA. Please don't answer!!

(HANNAY drops the phone on its cradle. The ringing continues then stops.)

HANNAY. Now look here –

ANNABELLA. Yes?

HANNAY. Am I allowed to know your name?

ANNABELLA. You don't want to know my name.

HANNAY. Don't I?

ANNABELLA. Schmidt.

HANNAY. Schmidt?

ANNABELLA. Annabella Schmidt.

HANNAY. So what's the story Annabella Schmidt?

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay?

HANNAY. Yes?

ANNABELLA. May I be very impertinent for a moment and ask for something to eat?

HANNAY. But of course. Would you care for some haddock?

ANNABELLA. Haddock would be wunderbar thank you.

HANNAY. Nothing like a spot of haddock. Now look here –

ANNABELLA. Yes?

HANNAY. It was you who fired that revolver in the theatre, wasn't it? It wasn't a great show but it wasn't that bad.

ANNABELLA. It was a diversion. There were two men in the theatre trying to shoot me.

HANNAY. You should be more careful in choosing your gentlemen friends.

ANNABELLA. No jokes Mr. Hannay, please!

HANNAY. Beautiful mysterious woman pursued by gunmen. Sounds like a spy story.

ANNABELLA. That's exactly what it is. Only I prefer the word 'agent' better.

HANNAY. 'Secret agent' I suppose? For which country?

ANNABELLA. I have no country.

HANNAY. Born in a balloon, eh?

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay please! I am being pursued by a very brilliant secret agent of a certain foreign power who is on the point of obtaining highly confidential information VITAL to your air defence. I tracked two of his men to that Music Hall. Unfortunately they recognised me.

HANNAY. Ever heard of a thing called persecution mania?

ANNABELLA. You don't believe me?

HANNAY. Frankly, I don't.

ANNABELLA. They are in the street this moment. Beneath your English lamp-post. Take a look why don't you? *But be careful!*

(HANNAY peers through the blind. The two clowns appear. They wear sinister trilbies under the single glare of a street light. HANNAY turns back.)

ANNABELLA. Now do you believe me?

(HANNAY peers through the blind again. The men are still there.)

HANNAY. You win.

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay, I'm going to tell you something which is not very healthy. It will mean either life. Or death. But if I tell you, then you are – *(She gazes at him.)* – involved!

(The sound of a 30s police car in the distance.)

HANNAY. Involved?

ANNABELLA. You wish to be – involved?

(HANNAY marches to the blind again. Peers through. The men are there, but slightly late. HANNAY sighs irritably. He turns back to ANNABELLA.)

HANNAY. Tell me!

ANNABELLA. Very well. Have you ever heard of the –

(She lowers her voice.)

– Thirty-Nine Steps?

HANNAY. What's that a pub?

ANNABELLA. Your English humour will not help Mr. Hannay! These men will stick at nothing. And I am the only person who can stop them. If they are not stopped, it is only a matter days, perhaps hours before the top secret and highly confidential information is out of the country. And when they've got it out of the country God help us all!

HANNAY. What about the police?

ANNABELLA. *(laughs harshly)* The police! They would not believe me any more than you did! With their boots and their whistles! It is up to us, Mr. Hannay! I tell you these men act quickly! You don't know how clever their chief is. I know him very well. He has a dozen names! He can look like a hundred people! But one thing he cannot disguise. This part –

(lifts her little finger)

– of his little finger is missing. So if ever you should meet a man with no top joint there –

(She gazes at him.)

– be very careful my friend.

HANNAY. I'll remember that.

(He gazes back.)

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay?

HANNAY. Richard.

ANNABELLA. Richard.

HANNAY. Yes?

Train Scene

Salesman 1

Salesman 2

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Scene Seven: Edinburgh Train. Day.

(THE COMPANY create the railway carriage.)

(The two clowns are now garrulous UNDERWEAR SALESMEN. They sway with the train.)

(Train sounds. Hoots and whistles.)

SALESMAN 1. Well for one thing they're much prettier than they were twenty years ago.

SALESMAN 2. More free.

SALESMAN 1. Free and easy.

(They share a wink. Wink at HANNAY. HANNAY shrinks under his hat.)

SALESMAN 2. Remember the old fashioned sort?

SALESMAN 1. All bones and no bends.

SALESMAN 2. My wife!

(They roar with laughter, wink at HANNAY. Train whistles.)

Look at this now!

(SALESMAN 2 delves into a small samples case and produces a 1940s white lacy suspender belt. They gaze at it in wonder. HANNAY gazes too.)

Our new streamlined model number one.

SALESMAN 1. A glory to behold. Anything to go with it?

SALESMAN 2. Look at this little beauty!

(He delves some more. Produces an exotic white lacy brassiere. HANNAY and the SALESMEN gaze mesmerised as it sways before them.)

SALESMAN 1. Now that's a sight for sore eyes!

SALESMAN 2. You can say that again! The Two Wonders of the Modern World!

SALESMAN 1. Tell you what? Bring 'em back when they're filled.

(The SALESMEN explode with laughter. Wink at HANNAY.)

SALESMAN 2. Get it?

SALESMAN 1. Get it?

SALESMAN 2. When they're filled!

SALESMAN 1. When they're filled!

SALESMAN 2. Don't be shy!

SALESMAN 1. Don't be shy!

(HANNAY manages a chuckle.)

SALESMAN 2. That's the spirit!

SALESMAN 1. That's the spirit!

SALESMAN 2. Where are we now?

(SALESMAN 1 looks out of the window. He rapidly reads three passing signs.)

SALESMAN 1. Halifax... Durham... Berwick-Upon-Tweed...

(He sits back in his seat, produces a packet of biscuits.)

Biscuit?

SALESMAN 2. Much obliged.

SALESMAN 1. *(to Hannay)* Biscuit?

HANNAY. No, thank you.

SALESMAN 1. Suit yourself.

(The SALESMEN chomp their biscuits in unison. They watch HANNAY and grin broadly. Train whistles and stopping noises.)

SALESMAN 1. Here we are. Edinburgh Town.

SALESMAN 2. That was quick!

(The train halts. They all lurch.)

(Bagpipe Music: "Scotland the Brave")

Scene Eight: Edinburgh Station. Day.

SALESMAN 1. Wonder what won the two o'clock at Windsor.

SALESMAN 2. I'll get a paper.

SALESMAN 1. I'll go to the lavatory.

(They get up. Squeeze round each other.)

SALESMAN 1. Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry.

SALESMAN 2. Sorry. Sorry.

HANNAY. Sorry.

(SALESMAN 1 exits. SALESMAN 2 sticks his head out of the window. Whistles through his teeth. SALESMAN 1 immediately back on as a PAPERBOY in a flat cap.)

PAPERBOY. Evenin paper! Latest news! Evenin paper!
Latest -

SALESMAN 2. Evenin paper please?

PAPERBOY. Evening paper sir? Thankoo sir!

(gives him a paper)

SALESMAN 2. *(gives him a penny)* Thankoo.

PAPERBOY. Evenin paper! Latest news! Evenin paper!
Latest -

(Exits. Immediately back on as SALESMAN 1)

SALESMAN 1. Excuse me. *(Squeezes past.)* Sorry. Sorry.

SALESMAN 2. Sorry. Sorry.

HANNAY. Sorry.

(SALESMAN 1 sits down. He greets SALESMAN 2.)

SALESMAN 2. Hello!

SALESMAN 1. Hello!

SALESMAN 2. *(opens paper)* Good Lord!

SALESMAN 1. What is it?

SALESMAN 2. Been a woman murdered in a fashionable
West End flat!

(HANNAY freezes.)

SALESMAN 1. All these sex dramas. Don't appeal to me!
What won?

SALESMAN 2. What won what?

SALESMAN 1. The two O'clock at Windsor.

SALESMAN 2. Two O'clock at Windsor?

(Turns paper over. They read the back. HANNAY peers at the front.)

Bachelor Boy.

SALESMAN 1. Good.

SALESMAN 2. At seven-to-four on.

SALESMAN 1. Not so good.

(SALESMAN 2 back to front page. HANNAY sits back quickly.)

SALESMAN 2. Anyway where was we? Ah yes. *(reads)* Stabbed in the back she was. Portland Mansions. Portland Place.

SALESMAN 1. By the BBC? That's the place to put someone to sleep!

(They laugh uproariously. Wink at HANNAY.)

What was she like? One of the usual?

SALESMAN 2. *(reads)* Well-dressed woman about thirty-five.
(looks up) Terrible!

SALESMAN 1. Terrible!

(They look at HANNAY.)

HANNAY. Terrible!

SALESMAN 2. *(reads)* The tenant Richard Hannay is missing.

SALESMAN 1. You do surprise me!

SALESMAN 2. Approximately thirty-seven. Dark wavy hair.
Piercing blue eyes. Pencil moustache.

(HANNAY hides his moustache with his hat.)

HANNAY. Excuse me?

SALESMEN. Yes?

HANNAY. Might I have a look at your paper?

Hannay
Professor

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Scene Eighteen: The Professor's Study.

(HANNAY waits. Looks around. Tentatively opens the door.)

(Music starts.)

(Shadows dance. He closes the door.)

(Music stops.)

(tries again)

(Music starts.)

(Shadows dance. He closes the door.)

(Music stops.)

(a last tiny look)

(Music starts.)

(Shadows dance. He closes the door.)

(Music stops.)

(a voice from behind him:)

VOICE. Mr. Hammond?

(HANNAY swings round. PROFESSOR JORDAN is seated in an armchair.)

PROFESSOR. So sorry to have kept you.

HANNAY. It's quite alright.

PROFESSOR. So you're from Annabella Schmidt?

HANNAY. I am yes.

PROFESSOR. Do you have any news?

HANNAY. She's been murdered!

PROFESSOR. *Murdered!?* Oh dear, yes, of course. The Portland Mansions affair. Quite dreadful. And now the police are after you.

HANNAY. They are rather!

PROFESSOR. Well don't worry about them. I managed to put them off the scent. They'll be far away by now.

HANNAY. Thanks awfully.

PROFESSOR. (*smiling kindly*) Not at all old chap.

HANNAY. I didn't do it!

PROFESSOR. Of course you didn't do it Mr. – Mr. Hannay. I suppose it's safe to call you by your real name now?

HANNAY. Quite safe.

PROFESSOR. Jolly good. But tell me – why did you come all the way to Scotland to tell me about it?

HANNAY. Because I believe she was trying to tell you about some secret top secret air ministry...secret and she was killed by a foreign agent who was interested too.

PROFESSOR. Really? Well I'm so glad you told me! And risking your life into the bargain! How can I ever thank you?

(HANNAY smiles modestly. Then presses on urgently.)

HANNAY. The thing is professor, she was looking for something!

PROFESSOR. Yes?

HANNAY. Something called –

PROFESSOR. Go on.

HANNAY. The Thirty-Nine Steps! If we can find out what the Thirty-Nine Steps are then –

(The professor stands. Still smiling.)

PROFESSOR. So – let me get this quite clear – oh I'm so sorry – you must be exhausted! Do take a seat Mr. Hannay.

(He stands. Proffers him his own armchair. HANNAY sits rather awkwardly. The PROFESSOR smiles.)

PROFESSOR. Better?

HANNAY. Thank you.

PROFESSOR. So did she tell you what this foreign agent looked like?

HANNAY. There wasn't time. Oh! There was one thing. Part of his little finger was missing.

PROFESSOR. Which little finger?

HANNAY. This one I think.

(holds up a little finger)

PROFESSOR. Are you sure it wasn't – this one?

(He holds up his own little finger. It is cut off at the knuckle.)

HANNAY. I'm not sure. I think –

(The professor pulls out a gun. HANNAY gasps!)

PROFESSOR. Mr. Hannay – I'm afraid I've been guilty of leading you down the garden path. Or should I say – up. I never can remember.

HANNAY. It seems to be the wrong garden alright.

PROFESSOR. Yes. I'm afraid it does. Mr. Hannay, you've forced me into a very difficult position. You see I live here as a respectable citizen. My very best friend is the Sheriff of the County. You must realise my whole existence could be jeopardised if it became known that I was not – how shall I say – not what I seem. You see there's my wife and daughter to think of. But what makes it doubly important that I simply can't let you go is that I'm just about to convey some very vital information out of the country. Oh yes, I've got it alright. I'm afraid poor Annabella would have been far too late. So it seems there is only one option, Mr Hannay.

(He cocks the gun, aims point blank at HANNAY.)

(MRS JORDAN walks in.)

(Jitterbug music.)

(She takes in the gun. Doesn't flick an eyelid.)

MRS JORDAN. I shall be serving lunch directly, dear. The Sheriff has to go at three. Will Mr Hammond be staying?

PROFESSOR. I don't think so dear.

(MRS JORDAN smiles and leaves.)

(Music stops.)

PROFESSOR. Unless of course you decide to join us.

(Lights a cigarette in a black holder.)

HANNAY. For lunch?

PROFESSOR. Very good, Mr. Hannay. You see you're just the kind of man we need. Sharp. Intelligent. Cold-blooded. Ruthless. When the war comes these will be the exact qualities we need.

HANNAY. War?

PROFESSOR. Oh yes! We'll have quite a show of it.

HANNAY. And what if I don't believe in those qualities?

PROFESSOR. What other qualities are there?

HANNAY. Well...human qualities.

PROFESSOR. *Human* qualities! What human qualities?

HANNAY. Loyalty, selflessness, sacrifice...

(pause)

...love...

PROFESSOR. *(He laughs a cruel laugh.)* Love!? Oh please Mr. Hannay! When have you ever *loved* anyone? It's not in your nature, old sport. Never has been, has it? You have no heart, do you Hannay! But you know this.

(HANNAY sits shocked. How does the professor know his deepest fears?)

So sad, isn't it? No one to love. No one to care for. No home to go to.

(The professor comes close to HANNAY, pinned in the armchair. Blows smoke into his face.)

But there is you see. There is – *our home!*

HANNAY. Our home?

PROFESSOR. That is the only place you will find 'love' old chum. Where you really and truly belong.

(We notice a German accent subtly emerging from the professor's cultured British tones. HANNAY stares in horror as the truth starts to dawn.)

Oh we will give you love, Hannay. And in return? You will love us!! The master race. On our great unstoppable march. Commanded eternally by destiny itself!! Well old sport? What do you say?? Will you join us? Hannay!??

Hannay
Pamela

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Scene Twenty-Five: The Dark Moors.

(HANNAY appears with PAMELA. They are handcuffed together as they cross the dark moors. He is pulling her after him.)

HANNAY. Come on!

(PAMELA sinks in a bog.)

PAMELA. I'm stuck! I can't move!

HANNAY. Yes you can!

(HANNAY pulls at her handcuff. Pulls her out.)

PAMELA. Ow!!!

(calls out)

Help!

HANNAY. *(pushes his hidden pipe into her ribs again)* Listen! One more peep out of you, I'll shoot you first and myself after. I mean it! Now come on!

PAMELA. Now I'm in a puddle!

HANNAY. So you are.

(He pulls her out. She shrieks.)

PAMELA. I'm soaked through!

HANNAY. I never said it'd be easy Pamela, my dear.

(takes deep breath)

Smell that heather! Makes you glad to be alive doesn't it!

PAMELA. Lovely, yes.

HANNAY. Come on!

(He pulls her after him.)

PAMELA. Will you stop doing that!

(He starts to whistle Mr. Memory Theme.)

And do stop whistling! Look what are you doing all this for? You can't possibly escape! What chance have you got, tied to me?

HANNAY. Keep that question for your husband if I were you.

PAMELA. I don't have a husband!

HANNAY. Lucky him! Come along!

(whistles again)

What IS that tune! Right. Under this stile.

PAMELA. Ow!

(He drags her under a stile. She gets jammed. He comes tries to help. She gets more jammed. Now he gets jammed. They become entwined. All the while they banter away.)

HANNAY. We seem a little stuck.

PAMELA. Is that so?

HANNAY. Hang on.

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. If you go – then if I go – no that doesn't work – wait a minute – let's start again –

PAMELA. I say what is the use of all this?

(HANNAY pulls. PAMELA squeaks.)

Ow!

(HANNAY whistles.)

And please stop whistling! Those policemen will get you as soon as it's light you know, as soon as daybreak dawns.

HANNAY. They're not policemen.

PAMELA. Oh really? So when did you find that out?

HANNAY. You found it out yourself. I'd never have known that was the wrong road to Inverary! They were taking us to their boss with the little finger missing and God help either of us if we meet him!

PAMELA. So you're still sticking to your penny novelette spy story!

(They are now completely entwined. He rounds on her.)

HANNAY. Listen!

PAMELA. Ow!

HANNAY. There are twenty million women in this island and I've got to be chained to you! I'll say it one more time. There's a dangerous conspiracy against this island and we're the only people who can stop it!

PAMELA. The gallant knight to the rescue!

HANNAY. Alright then you're alone on a desolate moor in the dark, manacled to a plain common murderer who stabbed an innocent defenceless woman four days ago and can't wait to get you off his hands! If that's the situation you'd prefer then have it my girl and welcome!

PAMELA. I'm not afraid of you!

(She sneezes.)

Atchoo!

HANNAY. Bless you.

PAMELA. Thank you.

HANNAY. Pleasure.

(For a second they are very close. They gaze at one another. They wonder what to do. He pulls her through the stile and wrenches her up. PAMELA squeals.)

PAMELA. OW!! You're horrible!!! You just don't care do you! You just walk into my life and look at me! I'm cold and I'm wet and I'm miserable and my wrist hurts and I didn't do anything to hurt you! You're utterly horrid and beastly and heartless! You don't care about anything except your pompous, selfish, horrible, heartless self!

(The wind rages. HANNAY looks at her. She looks at him.)

HANNAY. Yes well, that's the kind of man I am, I'm afraid.

PAMELA. Well, God help your wife, that's all I can say!

HANNAY. Yes, God help her!

(They stand miserably chained together in the wind.)

(Scottish pipe music)

(A flickering neon-lit sign rather majestically flies in through the mist. "THE MCGARRIGLE HOTEL - A Warm Welcome Awaits Ye!")

(The "O" on "HOTEL" has fused.)

(Through the dry ice CLOWN 2 in kilt and Highland garb mimes the bagpipes.)

(On the other side CLOWN 1 appears as MRS MCGARRIGLE, pushing on the Hotel reception desk.)

(CLOWN 2 puts down his bagpipes and joins her as MR. MCGARRIGLE.)

Hannay
Pamela

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THE 39 STEPS

HANNAY. Here.

PAMELA. Thank you.

HANNAY. Would you like your milk now?

PAMELA. Thank you.

(He gives it to her. She drinks her milk. He drinks his whisky.)

HANNAY. Warmer now?

PAMELA. Yes thanks.

(They stand looking at the fire.)

HANNAY. Well come along.

(He leads her to the bed. She follows compliantly for a moment. Then stops suddenly.)

PAMELA. What are you doing!!?

HANNAY. Going to bed.

PAMELA. Certainly not! I am not lying on that bed!

HANNAY. So long as you're chained to me, you lie where I lie. Sorry.

(PAMELA looks round the room. Realises there's nowhere else. Sighs loudly and clambers on to the bed, pulling him after her. They lie down awkwardly.)

PAMELA. I want you to know I hate you!

HANNAY. Right.

(She tries to turn away from him. The handcuffs pull her back.)

PAMELA. Ow!

(Grudgingly she lies on her side facing him. She closes her eyes. Tries to sleep.)

(HANNAY starts humming again.)

(PAMELA opens her eyes crossly.)

PAMELA. Will you stop doing that!

HANNAY. There I go again! I wish I could get that damn tune out of my head. I wonder where I heard it?

(yawns loudly)

THE 39 STEPS

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HANNAY. D'you know when I last slept in a bed? Saturday night. Whenever that was. Then I only got a couple of hours.

PAMELA. What woke you? Dreams? I imagine murderers have terrible dreams.

HANNAY. Oh I used to. I used to wake up in the middle of the night screaming. Thinking the police were after me. Funny that! You see when I first took to a life of crime, I was quite squeamish about it. A most sensitive child.

(yawns)

PAMELA. You do surprise me.

HANNAY. But I soon got hardened. Before long I was an out and out villain. Wanted on three continents.

(He yawns again. He starts to snore. PAMELA surreptitiously pulls their chained wrists towards her. He wakes.)

Just think in years to come, you'll be able to take your grandchildren to Madame Tussauds and point me out.

PAMELA. Which section?

HANNAY. Inveterate, unreformable no-hopers. Wedded to a life of crime. That's me, Pamela my darling. And the sad story of my life. Poor little orphan boy who never had a chance. Irredeemable. Irreclaimable.

(yawns)

Utterly horrid and beastly.

(She gazes at him. He mutters away with closed eyes.)

I'd get away from me as quick as you can if I was you.

(yawns)

Oh no, you can't, can you.?

(yawns)

Oh well...

(He snores loudly. She gazes down at him tenderly for a moment. Then pulls herself together. Begins to twist on her handcuff. Painfully jiggling, she inches the handcuff over her wrist. At last she wrenches it off. She lays