

**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?



*(MARGARET appears. An incredibly pretty Scottish girl.)*

MARGARET. Ay?

CROFTER. Come here! We have a visitor.

*(MARGARET crosses to them, head lowered. She looks at HANNAY. Blushes.)*

MARGARET. Good evening, sir.

*(HANNAY sees how incredibly pretty she is. He smiles handsomely.)*

HANNAY. Good evening.

*(MARGARET blushes even more.)*

CROFTER. You could stay here if you wanted.

HANNAY. Well on second thoughts that'd be very kind.

CROFTER. Can you eat the herring?

HANNAY. I could murder half a dozen right now.

CROFTER. Can you sleep in a box bed?

HANNAY. I can try.

CROFTER. Two and six.

HANNAY. Done.

CROFTER. See to the gentleman and be quick about it.

HANNAY. Your daughter?

CROFTER. My wife!

HANNAY. Well done.

*(MARGARET and HANNAY look at each other. They look away.)*

CROFTER. Prepare the herring.

MARGARET. Ay.

CROFTER. I'll see to the coos.

HANNAY. Sorry?

CROFTER. I'll see to the coos!

HANNAY. *(still doesn't understand)* Right.

*(The CROFTER stomps off.)*

MARGARET. Will ye come in?

HANNAY. I'd love to.

### Scene Thirteen: Crofter's Cottage.

*(HANNAY looks around the miserable cottage. The moaning wind rattles the windows. MARGARET is overwhelmed with shyness. She points to the armchair.)*

MARGARET. There's your bed.

*(HANNAY looks at the armchair.)*

HANNAY. Marvellous.

MARGARET. Could ye sleep there d'ye think?

HANNAY. I could sleep anywhere right now.

*(MARGARET blushes.)*

MARGARET. Won't you sit down please whilst I go on with our supper?

HANNAY. Thank you.

*(He sits down. She busies herself with supper.)*

I say?

MARGARET. Yes?

HANNAY. You wouldn't have today's paper?

MARGARET. My husband has the paper.

HANNAY. Right.

*(MARGARET shyly lays the table. He watches her.)*

So erm – been in these parts long?

MARGARET. No. I'm from Glasgow.

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.

*(MARGARET catches her breath. Turns to him. Their eyes meet. A moment of stunned sexual longing.)*

MARGARET. You ought not to say that.

*(The CROFTER bursts in. He carries an evening newspaper.)*

CROFTER. Ought not to say WHAT!?

*(Romantic music cuts out.)*

*(HANNAY and MARGARET spring away.)*

HANNAY. Oh I was – er – just saying to your wife that I prefer living in the town to the country.

CROFTER. God made the country.

HANNAY. Certainly did!

CROFTER. Supper ready woman?

MARGARET. Almost.

CROFTER. Then hurry yeself!

*(The CROFTER throws the paper on the table. There is HANNAY'S photo on the front. HANNAY freezes.)*

HANNAY. Do you mind if I look at your paper?

CROFTER. Suit yourself.

HANNAY. Thank you.

*(HANNAY picks up the paper. Hides the photo. Reads the story as nonchalantly as possible. The CROFTER watches him suspiciously.)*

CROFTER. Ye did nae tell me your name.

HANNAY. Oh – um – Hammond.

CROFTER. Mr O' Hum Hammond.

HANNAY. No. Hammond!

MARGARET. Here we are.

*(She produces three herrings.)*

HANNAY. Splendid!

CROFTER. I'll say a blessing afore we begin.

HANNAY. Good idea!

*(They all sit round the table. Close their eyes.)*

CROFTER. Oh most mighty and unforgiving father. Sanctify these bounteous and undeserved mercies to us miserable sinners. Make us bow on bended knee, make us truly thankful for all –

*(HANNAY opens his eyes. Tries to read the paper again.)*

*MARGARET opens her eyes. Notices him reading.)*

– thy manifold blessings.

*(HANNAY notices her noticing him. Now she peeks at the paper. Sees the photo. Realises who he is. Her eyes flash with panic.)*



## 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.)*



*(wild canned applause)*

*(The old men nod at HANNAY who sits there smiling. He looks round for Captain McAlistair. Realises they mean him. Looks aghast. Realises there's nothing else for it. Approaches the lectern.)*

HANNAY. Well – ladies and gentlemen I must apologise for my...hesitation in addressing you but to tell you the simple truth, I'd entirely failed, while listening to the chairman's flattering description just now, to realise he was talking...about me.

*(canned laughter)*

Thank you. Thank you very much. Anyway when I...er...journeyed up to Scotland a few – days ago, travelling on the Highland Express over that magnificent structure the Forth Bridge –

*(Reveals his handcuff. Hastily hides it.)*

– I'd no idea that in a few days I should be addressing an important political meeting. But may I say from the bottom of my heart and the utmost sincerity how delighted and relieved I am to find myself in your presence at this moment.

*(Suddenly PAMELA enters. She waves at MCQUARRIE and DUNWOODY. HANNAY smiles at her.)*

Oh hello. Do take a seat. I'm just about to get to the best –

*(He recognizes her. She recognizes him.)*

Good heavens! Hello.

PAMELA. Hello.

*(They gaze at one another for a moment. Remembering that kiss. She snaps out of it. Runs out.)*

HANNAY. So – anyway, um – what was I saying? Ah yes – delighted. Not to say – relieved. Because so long as I stand on this platform I am delivered for the moment from the cares and anxieties that are always the lot of a man in my position. Anyway ladies and gentlemen as you know we're here tonight to – to – discuss erm

– what shall we discuss? I know – let's discuss er – how about – the herring trade? Or haddock perhaps? Or the idle rich! Not that I can talk about that because I'm not rich and I've never been idle.

*(canned laughter)*

HANNAY. *(cont.)* Thanks awfully. Well I've been pretty busy all my life really. Well actually not recently. Recently I've been in a bit of a slump to be honest. Catching myself in the lonely hours, full of damned – thoughts and what have you. Well not that recently. Recently, the last few days –

*(PAMELA re-appears. Whispers furiously to MESSRS D & MCQ. They leave the stage together. HANNAY carries on. He's rather getting into it.)*

– well the last day really, everything's gone a bit haywire frankly. Wouldn't say it's been easy. Pretty damned difficult actually. But the odd thing is – the odd thing is – you carry on! And it's pretty bracing when you do. Pulls a chap out of himself if you know what I mean. There he is. No idea what's happening. Who to trust. Where to turn. Whether it'll be worth it at the end of it all. But something – I don't know – stirs the old bones!

*(He grips the lectern.)*

Gets the old ticker pumping again! And there's no time to think. And your mind's singing. And your heart's racing. And you're meeting people. Real people! Doing the best they can! Yes! Doing the best they can in all the terrible situations the world throws at them! Suffering things *no man or woman ought to suffer!* And yet they carry on! They don't give up! They damn well keep going! And I'll tell you what else they do. They do the best they can for *other* people too! Whatever problems they've got, they damn well look after each other! Is that such an –

*(He remembers the professor's words.)*

– 'outmoded sentimental notion'? Is it!? Well is it? So look here –