

## Scene Six: Hannay's Flat. Morning.

(MRS HIGGINS *the charlady enters.*)

START

— MRS HIGGINS. Mornin' Mr. 'annay! 'ow yer keepin'? What a lovely morning this morning it is this morning. What about this 'ere heat wave! Never seen nothing like it. People droppin like —

(Pulls dust-sheet off ANNABELLA. Freezes. Screams a blood-curdling silent Munch-like scream.) — END

(Segue into deafening train whistle.)

(Train music.)

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.)*

START

**CROFTER.** (*cont.*) And continually turn our loathsome hearts from wickedness –

(**HANNAY** looks back at her. Reassuring her with his eyes.)

(The **CROFTER** opens his eyes and sees them gazing earnestly at each other. He twitches madly and finishes grace.)

– beat our gluttonous thoughts and lash our lustful desires, as with a three-forked flailing stick, pressing our bestial noses to the grindstone and blinding our eyes to the tawdry beads and baubles of all worldly wicked things. Amen.

**HANNAY & MARGARET.** Amen.

**CROFTER.** Ach!

(*He jumps up.*)

I just remembered I forgot to – er – lock the barn. I'll go and – lock it! \_\_\_\_\_ **END**

**MARGARET.** Right ye are.

(*He goes out, whistling nonchalantly. Almost immediately his mad paranoiac eyes appear through the window. HANNAY and MARGARET do not notice him. They start miming earnestly and passionately to each other. HANNAY holds her hands. Begging her to believe him. The CROFTER watches aghast! His eyes flash and seethe.*)

## Scene Twenty Six: McGarrigle Hotel

(MR & MRS MCGARRIGLE *listen wide-eyed to the raging wind outside.*)

START

MRS MCGARRIGLE. It's a terrible Highland night, Willy!

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. All that rain and wind rushing down the glen! Wouldn't want to be out alone tonight!

MR MCGARRIGLE. No.

HANNAY. *(off)* Hellooo!

*(The MCGARRIGLES start.)*

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Did ye hear that?

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

HANNAY. *(off)* Hellooo!

MRS MCGARRIGLE. There it goes again!

*(HANNAY and PAMELA enter. She is even more soaking and bedraggled than ever.)*

Ach, ye poor dears! Look Willy. It's a young couple come outta the night! Come away in sir, come away in! Ach dear the poor young lassie's terrible wet! My poor wee dears!

HANNAY. Thanks awfully! We had an accident with our car a few miles back.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. *(with strong accent)* Have ye no luggage?

HANNAY. Sorry?

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Have ye no luggage?

*(HANNAY stares back blankly.)*

MR MCGARRIGLE. Have ye no luggage?

HANNAY. Oh yes! Of course! It's – in the car.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. In the car, of course. Anyway welcome to the McGarrigle Hotel. I am Mrs McGarrigle. This is my husband Willie McGarrigle.

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

END



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.)

START

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. \_\_\_\_\_ **END**

*(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")*

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...

**START**

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!??

*(The PROFESSOR waits excitedly. HANNAY thinks. The clock ticks in the corner. HANNAY decides.)*

**HANNAY.** Alright Professor. If you think I'm suitable material.

**PROFESSOR.** *(whoops delightedly)* Oh I do! I do, old sport. How unutterably splendid! I will tell Mrs. Jordan.

*(He cackles with pleasure. Runs to the door.)*

**HANNAY.** Oh. There's just one thing. Sorry.

**PROFESSOR.** Of course. Anything!

**HANNAY.** One little question.

**PROFESSOR.** Ask away!

**HANNAY.** Before I sign up.

**PROFESSOR.** Absolutely mein leibling.

**HANNAY.** What exactly is erm –

**PROFESSOR.** Yes yes yes?

**HANNAY.** – the Thirty-Nine Steps?

**PROFESSOR.** *The Thirty-Nine Steps!* The Thirty-Nine Steps – though I say it myself – is mein own brilliant idea! The very soul of the enterprise! The very –

*(He gasps. Realises HANNAY's ruse.)*

*But wait a minute!! Wait a minute!* You – you – think you can pull ze vool? Ach!! You thought you could join us and then –

**HANNAY.** Master race? *I despise you!!!*

*(The PROFESSOR staggers back clutching his chest.)*

**PROFESSOR.** Ach! You are as bad as she was! Anabella Schmidt! With all her outmoded sentimental notions. Her high-minded *DEMOKRATIKISCH BOVEN-SHEISSEDRIVVLE!* I thought for a moment you might – but no! No!! You – you – pathetic – pusilanimous – petty-minded –

**END**

*(He fires directly at HANNAY's heart.)*

*(HANNAY staggers. Realises he's been shot.)*