

(The two old men plonk him in the chair, neaten his hair and straighten his tie. HANNAY sits. No idea where he is or what he's doing.)

(DUNWOODY grasps the lectern, beams at the audience.)

(canned applause)

DUNWOODY. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now my extreme pleasure to call upon our ever popular chairman Mr. McQuarrie to say a few choice words about this evening's illustrious special guest speaker! Mr. McQuarrie if you would please.

(canned applause)

(MCQUARRIE grasps the lectern. Proceeds to address the audience but entirely inaudibly.)

MCQUARRIE. Thankee yes...thankee...well Ladies and Gentlemen there's no need for me to tell ye of our special guest speaker's many and remarkable –

DUNWOODY. Mr McQuarrie, sir.

MCQUARRIE. Ay?

DUNWOODY. Speak up, sir.

MCQUARRIE. Speak up?

DUNWOODY. Speak up. Ay.

MCQUARRIE. Speak up. Ay.

(Carries on at exactly the same level of inaudibility. The audience might pick up the odd word but that's all.)

– special guest speaker's many and remarkable qualities. His brilliant record as soldier, statesman, pioneer and poet speaks for itself. He is now one of the most foremost figures in the diplomatic and political world in the great city of London and the perfect gentleman to tell ye in no uncertain terms how important it is for this constituency at this crucial by-election that our candidate should be returned by an adequate majority. So without further ado let me call upon our illustrious guest speaker for this evening – Captain Rob Roy McAlister! END

START

ACT TWO

(Overture)

Scene Nineteen: Sheriff's Office.

(CLOWN 2 has his feet up on the table and is laughing loudly. He is the SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY. Another man has his back to us.)

SHERIFF. Cigarette cases. Pocket watches. Spectacle holders. Ha ha ha! But never a hymn book Mr. Hannay!

(The other man turns. We see it is RICHARD HANNAY. Miraculously recovered. And laughing too.)

START — Who'd a'thought a hymn book could stop —

(Holds up a silver bullet. Throws it to him.)

— a bullet! Still, I'm not surprised. Some of those hymns are terrible hard to get through.

(They both laugh again.)

And to think I was drinking the villain's champagne only half an hour before!

HANNAY. Right!

SHERIFF. I canna barely believe it. Tea, Mr Hannay?

HANNAY. No thank you.

SHERIFF. Calling himself a professor! Whereas all along he was a —

HANNAY. A spy!

SHERIFF. A spy! Well it's a lesson to us all! Pretty slick sleuthing for an amateur Mr. Hannay!

HANNAY. Thank you.

SHERIFF. Sure about the tea?

HANNAY. Quite sure, thank you! Look here, sheriff, I don't want to rush you or anything but oughtn't we be taking steps? This is serious you know. If it weren't, you don't suppose I'd put myself in your hands with a murder charge hanging over me?

SHERIFF. Ach! Never heed the murder Mr. Hannay! I don't doubt you'll be able to convince Scotland Yard of your innocence as easily as you've convinced me. All I need is a short statement to forward to the proper authority. I've someone coming from the police station next door to take it down. Biscuit? **END**

HANNAY. No biscuit thank you!

SHERIFF. Nice Garibaldi?

HANNAY. Listen, sheriff, there's no time to be lost! He's got the information! And it's absolutely vital to the safety of –

(**CLOWN 1** *bursts through the door as the* **CHIEF INSPECTOR.**)

INSPECTOR. Are you wishing to see me, sheriff?

SHERIFF. Indeed I am, Chief Inspector! Do you think I enjoy playing for time with a **MURDERER!!!**

HANNAY. **MURDERER???**

CHIEF INSPECTOR. **MURDERER!!!**

SHERIFF. Richard Hannay, you are under arrest! On the charge of wilful murder of a woman unknown in Portland Mansions London on Tuesday last. Take him to the county gaol!

HANNAY. You heard my story! It's true! Every word of it!

SHERIFF. Listen, Hannay! We're not such imbeciles in Scotland as some smart Londoners may think! I don't believe your cock-and-bull story about the professor! Why he's my best friend in the district!

(*picks up phone*)

Get me Professor Jordan!

HANNAY. If the professor didn't shoot me – where did this bullet come from?

CLOWNS 1 & 2
AS SALESMEN 1 & 2

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")