



PACIFIC OKINAWA PLAYERS PRESENTS



THE 39 STEPS

Adapted by Patrick Barlow
From the novel by John Buchan
From the movie by Alfred Hitchcock



DIRECTOR: Samantha Solmon
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Anne Rogers
STAGE MANAGER: Candace Porter
PRODUCER: Kat Steel

AUDITION PACKET

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Audition Details.....	2
Rehearsal & Performance Schedule.....	2
Casting Notes.....	2
Synopsis.....	3
Character Descriptions.....	3
Audition Preparation.....	4
Audition Sides.....	5-25



AUDITION DETAILS

- DATE:** Friday, February 20th at 6:00pm.
Callbacks will be Saturday, February 21st.
- LOCATION:** Kubasaki High School Auditorium on Camp Foster
(A map and detailed directions will be e-mailed to auditionees before auditions.)
- WHO:** Auditions are open to SOFA status individuals ages 17 and up.
- DETAILS:** Auditions will consist of cold readings from the script, as well as some workshop exercises. **Please dress comfortably.** (see pg 4)
- CONTACT:** pops.39steps@gmail.com

****If you have not done so, please fill out the [AUDITION FORM](#) to sign up for auditions.****

REHEARSAL & PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE

The First Rehearsal will be a read-through of the script on Wednesday, February 25th.

Rehearsals will typically be Mon-Thurs at 5:30-8:00pm, and some Saturdays (time TBD). They will mostly be held at Kubasaki High School on Camp Foster, the Camp Foster Community Center, and a few other locations to be determined. *(Please note that not all actors will necessarily be called to every rehearsal.)*

Performance dates are tentatively scheduled for April 17th, 18th, 19th & April 24th, 25th, 26th.

A FEW NOTES ON CASTING

- Roles are open to SOFA status individuals only.
- We are committed to diverse, inclusive casting for every role. We seek only the best performers for our productions without regard to disability, race, appearance, or any other basis—unless otherwise specifically indicated.
- While talent is the primary consideration when casting, level of commitment will also be a consideration for final casting choices.
- Everyone involved in this production is expected to become a **member of Pacific Okinawa Players** for our 25/26 season.
 - Full membership (17+) is \$15
 - Junior Membership (16 and under) is \$10
- Everyone cast in this production is expected to participate in **at least one Saturday Work Day**, in which we get together to work on different elements of the production: set build, scenic paint, props, costumes, etc. Dates and times of the work days will be added to the rehearsal schedule, with several weeks notice.





SYNOPSIS

Mix a Hitchcock masterpiece with a juicy spy novel, add a dash of Monty Python and you have *The 39 Steps*, a fast-paced whodunit for anyone who loves the magic of theatre! This two-time Tony and Drama Desk Award-winning treat is packed with nonstop laughs, over 150 zany characters (played by a ridiculously talented cast of four or more), an onstage plane crash, handcuffs, missing fingers, and some good old-fashioned romance! In *The 39 Steps*, a man with a boring life meets a woman with a thick accent who says she's a spy. When he takes her home, she is murdered. Soon, a mysterious organization called "The 39 Steps" is hot on the man's trail in a nationwide manhunt that climaxes in a death-defying finale! A riotous blend of virtuoso performances and wildly inventive stagecraft, *The 39 Steps* amounts to an unforgettable evening of pure pleasure!

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

(Ages noted in brackets are based more on how an actor reads on stage, as opposed to actual physical age.)

RICHARD HANNAY - (30s-40s) Hannay has just returned to England after living abroad and finds his life in London now dull and boring. He is a well educated, suave, dashing, debonaire, true english gentleman. Physical comedy. British Accent.

ANABELLA SCHMIDT - (20s-40s) a mysterious femme fatale and spy. Physical comedy. German or Russian accent.

MARGARET - (18-30s) a young, shy, naive Scottish woman who lives with her older husband in their farmer's cottage. Glasgow accent.

PAMELA - (20s-40s) a thoroughly independent and strong-willed Englishwoman. Pamela is witty, classy, and bold. Physical Comedy. English accent.

CLOWN 1 & 2 - (20s-50s) Plays a variety of characters—both male and female—throughout the play, sometimes changing characters quickly within one scene. Can be an actor of any gender. The roles require versatility, a reasonable stamina to perform fast-paced verbal and physical comedy, comedic timing, and love for silly accents – including, but not limited to: English, Scottish, Cockney, and German.

PLEASE NOTE: we may expand the **CLOWNS** to more than two actors or potentially double cast them. Also, the characters of **ANNABELLA, MARGARET, & PAMELA** are originally played by one actor, but we are considering casting them separately.





AUDITION PREPARATION

A note about the overall vibe and concept of this production: A Hitchcock thriller seen through a Monty Python-style lens, this is a farce where the audience is in on the joke of the actors trying to put on the play within the play. The accents may not all be amazing, the actors may seem ill-prepared, and props and cues may go wrong from time to time, but it's all intentional and part of the exaggerated parody style.

What to expect at Auditions & Callbacks: Auditions will consist of cold readings from the script. While colloquially referred to as "cold readings" we will truly be doing closer to "warm" readings. We will assign you with an audition side and scene partner(s), then send you out of the room to have a short time to go over the scene, before calling you back to the stage to perform it. Then we will repeat with different sides and scene partners. Please make use of this short rehearsal time at auditions to come up with a dynamic scene with strong character choices and movement! This show is highly comedic, physical, and extremely silly in nature - so please make big, BOLD choices! Most actors will play multiple characters, so bring something new and different to each time you read. Don't be afraid to let go, try new things, and most of all...have fun with it! And don't forget that we, as the audition panel, are rooting for you! Please dress comfortably and ready to move.

How to best prepare for Auditions & Callbacks: Attached at the end of this document are some of the sides we will have you read at auditions. Please familiarize yourself with the sides, but there is no need to memorize. (Please note this packet does not contain all of the audition materials. You may be asked to read from a scene that is not included in this document.) It is also encouraged to read and familiarize yourself with the play. A copy of the script can be sent out via request - contact us at pops.39steps@gmail.com to request a copy.

We are beyond excited to put together this hilarious, dynamic, and thrilling production—and are absolutely thrilled that you are interested in going on this journey with us! We wish you the best of luck - break a leg and all that jazz. If you have any questions or concerns, please don't hesitate to reach out to us!

We can't wait to see you at auditions!

- **The 39 Steps Production Team**



ACT ONE

Overture

~~(The actors run on and take a bow. Then frantically
pull on the set for scene 1.)~~

~~(Lights change.)~~

— Start —

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 man 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

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)

— End —

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.

— Start —

(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 theatrical puff 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 exentinsic and supernu-ary material.

(drum roll)

~~(A woman appears next to HANNAY. She is beautiful
...
...
... ANNABELLA SCHMIDT)~~

~~UNIDENTIFIED MALE VOICE~~

~~STANDARD NEWS COMMENTARY~~

~~(She sits. Takes out her program. Stabs a glance at the
commentary. STOPS IT.)~~

(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.)

— End —

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!

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. Start 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 — **End** — involved!

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

HANNAY. Involved?

Scene Seven: Edinburgh Train. Day.

— Start —

*(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")

— End —

Scene Twelve : Crofter's Cottage. Outside.

— Start —

(CLOWN 1 appears. He is JOHN McTYTE an ancient and surly Scottish crofter. He peers into the mist. HANNAY appears. The crofter twitches with suspicion.)

HANNAY. Hello there.

CROFTER. Can I help ye?

HANNAY. Yes I'm um looking for work.

CROFTER. What kind of work?

HANNAY. I'm an itinerant labourer.

CROFTER. Ye'll find nothing in this vicinity.

HANNAY. Are there no –

(significantly)

– big houses round here?

CROFTER. No big houses.

HANNAY. So what's that big house?

CROFTER. What big house?

HANNAY. (points) That big house?

CROFTER. Oh that big house.

HANNAY. Isn't that a big house?

CROFTER. That is a big house.

HANNAY. So whose...hoose is that then?

CROFTER. A professor I believe. Professor Jordan. (twitching) An Englishman.

HANNAY. An Englishman? It wouldn't be called –

(He takes out the enormous and unruly map. It is even bigger than before. He battles with it. The CROFTER watches.)

– Alt na Shellach, would it?

CROFTER. It would.

HANNAY. Right! Well – thanks very much. I'll try there.
Cheerio.

CROFTER. Ye won't tonight!

HANNAY. Won't I?

CROFTER. It's fourteen miles. The other side of the loch.

HANNAY. No really! I'm sure I'll be –

CROFTER. Margaret!

(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.

— End —

Scene Thirteen: Crofter's Cottage.

— Start —

(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.)

— End —

CROFTER. Ought not to say WHAT!?

(Romantic music cuts out.)

(HANNAY and MARGARET spring away.)

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.)

— Start —

(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 — **End** —)*

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.)

Scene Twenty-Five: The Dark Moors.

— Start —

(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.)

End

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)

Scene Twenty Six: McGarrigle Hotel

— Start —

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

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.

HANNAY. How do you do. Anyway –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. You can be certain that at the McGarrigle Hotel a warm McGarrigle welcome awaits ye.

HANNAY. Thank you. As I was –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Isn't that right, Willie?

MR MCGARRIGLE. Aye.

HANNAY. Marvellous. Anyway –

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Despite it being off-season.

HANNAY. Yes. Um we'd like to stay the night if you could accommodate us.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. Ach well! Let us see. Let us see. Let us see.

(peers at book)

Well – we've just the one bedroom left. With the – er – one bed in it.

(She beams cheekily. PAMELA freezes.)

But ye'll not be minding that?

HANNAY. No no. Quite the reverse!

MRS MCGARRIGLE. You are man and wife I suppose?

HANNAY. Oh yes.

(nudges PAMELA)

PAMELA. Er...yes.

MRS MCGARRIGLE. *(beaming)* I thought ye were! I thought ye were! If ye would ne mind registering please? Willie the book.

MR MCGARRIGLE. Ay!

(MR MCGARRIGLE opens the Guest Book.)

HANNAY. Thank you.

(He tries to write in the register but realises his right hand is chained to PAMELA's left.) — End —

Ah! Um, can't actually write with my right hand. Got a bit er –

MR MCGARRIGLE. Bruised?