

Side #1: HANNAY and PAMELA/ANNABELLA/MARGARET

Please use British accents ONLY. The director will let you know if they want to see you use any other accents. However, ANNABELLA should be prepared to use a German accent if asked.

Both HANNAY and ANNABELLA in this scene should be using a heightened style of acting popular in noir films of the 1930s and 40s. HANNAY is suave and generally calm throughout this scene. Conversely, ANNABELLA should be played with a dangerous edge, despite her worldly and sophisticated nature.

All stage directions should be mimed, but not significantly unless directed otherwise. Make bold choices and use all of your physicality.

HANNAY. Never can find the switch. Dammit! *(HANNAY pulls the switch.)*

ANNABELLA. Turn it off! Quickly! *(HANNAY turns off the light. 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.)*

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. 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 defense. I tracked two of his men to that Music Hall. Unfortunately they recognized 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. HANNAY turns back.*)

ANNABELLA. Now do you believe me? (*HANNAY peers through the blind again.*)

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!

HANNAY. Involved?

ANNABELLA. You wish to be – involved? (*HANNAY marches to the blind again. Peers through. 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 humor 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 hooks her little finger into his.*)– be very careful my friend.

HANNAY. I'll remember that. (*She gazes at him. He gazes back.*)

ANNABELLA. Mr. Hannay?

HANNAY. Richard.

ANNABELLA. Richard.

HANNAY. Yes?

ANNABELLA. May I stay the night please? (*electricity between them*)

HANNAY. Of course. You can – sleep in my bed.

ANNABELLA. Thank you.

HANNAY. I'll get a shakedown on the armchair.

ANNABELLA. (*raises an eyebrow*) As you wish. And one more thing

HANNAY. Your haddock?

ANNABELLA. Mein haddock? (*She laughs.*) I have rather lost the taste for haddock. No! I need

HANNAY: Yes?

ANNABELLA. A map of Scotland.

HANNAY. Scotland?

ANNABELLA. There's a man in Scotland who I must visit next if anything is to be done. An Englishman. He lives in a (*looks around her*)— big house

HANNAY. A big house?

ANNABELLA. At a place called Alt-na-shellach.

HANNAY. I beg your pardon?

ANNABELLA. Alt-na-shell-ach!

HANNAY. Alt-na-shell-ach. And the Thirty Nine Steps.

ANNABELLA. Bring it to my room.

HANNAY. Certainly.

ANNABELLA. Good night Richard. (*Turns seductively away. HANNAY gazes after her.*)

HANNAY. Goodnight Annabella!

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

EMCEE. Quite right, Mr. Memory!!

MR. MEMORY. Thankoo. (*canned applause*)

EMCEE. 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*)

EMCEE. Very good, Mr. Memory!

MR. MEMORY. Thankoo.

EMCEE. Thankoo. Now then – a serious question please. (*points at new member of audience*) How far is Winnipeg from Montreal, Mr. Memory?

MR. MEMORY. Winnipeg from Montreal sir? Winnipeg from Montreal? (*searches his memory*) One thousand four hundred and fifty four miles. Am I right sir? (*Awaits answer*) Thankoo sir!!!

EMCEE. Thankoo sir! And the next question please!

(*A gunshot rings out from the audience. Canned audience pandemonium.*)

EMCEE. Calm down, Ladies and Gents! Calm down PLEASE! Calm down PLEASE!!!!

(*MR. MEMORY is in shock. He runs up and down the stage.*)

MR. MEMORY. What was Napoleon's horse called? Winnipeg. What defeated King George the Fifth by Five goals to nil. Am I right, sir? (*EMCEE catches him.*)

EMCEE. Very good, Mr. Memory.

MR. MEMORY. Next question please!

EMCEE. That's enough Mr. M!

MR. MEMORY. I know sir but I never tell a lady's...

EMCEE. That was Mr. Memory!

MR. MEMORY. Thankoo!!

EMCEE. Don't forget his name now!

MR. MEMORY. Thankoo! Thankoo!

EMCEE. Mr. Memory!

MR. MEMORY. Thankoo!

EMCEE. Thankoo! (The EMCEE pushes him off.)