

Scene Two: Cockney Music Hall. London.

(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 theatre box. Puffs 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)

Begins Here: **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-
mary material.

(drum roll)

(A woman appears next to HANNAY. She is beautiful and nervous in a plunging black 1930s evening gown. Her name is ANNABELLA SCHMIDT.)

ANNABELLA. Is this seat taken?

HANNAY. Not as far as I know.

(She sits. Takes out her program. Steals a glance at the audience. HANNAY is entranced.)

(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.)

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!

(canned applause)

(ANNABELLA peers into audience. Sees what she's been dreading. Recoils.)

ANNABELLA. Sheisse!

HANNAY. Are you alright?

ANNABELLA. Thank you, yes.

COMPERE. And the next question please!

(ANNABELLA pulls a gun out of her handbag. Shoots into the air. Dust falls from the flies. She hides it quickly.)

(Canned audience pandemonium.)

HANNAY. *(to ANNABELLA)* Did you hear that?

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

ANNABELLA. Excuse me?

HANNAY. Yes?

ANNABELLA. May I come home with you?

HANNAY. What's the big idea?

ANNABELLA. Well – I'd like to.

COMPERE. Calm down PLEASE!!!!

HANNAY. Well, it's rather tricky at the moment. You see,
I've got the decorators in and –

ANNABELLA. PLEASE! You have to!

HANNAY. Well, it's your funeral!

(She runs from her seat. He follows her. They exit.)

(MR MEMORY hasn't got over the gunshot. He is in shock. He runs up and down the stage.)

MR MEMORY. What was Napoleon's horse called? Win-nipeg. What defeated King George the Fifth by Five goals to nil. Am I right, sir?

(COMPERE catches him.)

COMPERE. Very good, Mr. Memory.

MR MEMORY. Next question please!

COMPERE. That's enough Mr. M!

MR MEMORY. Beg pardon sir?

COMPERE. *(into the pit)* Play man, play!!

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

(Mr. Memory music.)

COMPERE. That was Mr. Memory!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo!!

COMPERE. Don't forget his name now!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo! Thankoo!

COMPERE. Mr. Memory!

MR MEMORY. Thankoo!

COMPERE. Thankoo!

(The COMPERE pushes him off.)

(Music and applause cuts out.)

(Lights change.)

Scene Eight: Edinburgh Station. Day.

SALESMAN 1. Wonder what won the two o'clock at Windsor.

SALESMAN 2. I'll get a paper.

SALESMAN 1. I'll go to the lavatory.

(They get up. Squeeze round each other.)

SALESMAN 1. Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry.

SALESMAN 2. Sorry. Sorry.

HANNAY. Sorry.

(SALESMAN 1 exits. SALESMAN 2 sticks his head out of the window. Whistles through his teeth. SALESMAN 1 immediately back on as a PAPERBOY in a flat cap.)

PAPERBOY. Evenin paper! Latest news! Evenin paper!

Latest –

SALESMAN 2. Evenin paper please?

PAPERBOY. Evening paper sir? Thankoo sir!

(gives him a paper)

SALESMAN 2. *(gives him a penny)* Thankoo.

PAPERBOY. Evenin paper! Latest news! Evenin paper!

Latest –

(Exits. Immediately back on as SALESMAN 1)

SALESMAN 1. Excuse me. *(Squeezes past.)* Sorry. Sorry.

SALESMAN 2. Sorry. Sorry.

HANNAY. Sorry.

(SALESMAN 1 sits down. He greets SALESMAN 2.)

SALESMAN 2. Hello!

SALESMAN 1. Hello!

SALESMAN 2. *(opens paper)* Good Lord!

SALESMAN 1. What is it?

SALESMAN 2. Been a woman murdered in a fashionable West End flat!

(HANNAY freezes.)

SALESMAN 1. All these sex dramas. Don't appeal to me!

What won?

SALESMAN 2. What won what?

SALESMAN 1. The two O'clock at Windsor.

SALESMAN 2. Two O'clock at Windsor?

(Turns paper over. They read the back. HANNAY peers at the front.)

Bachelor Boy.

SALESMAN 1. Good.

SALESMAN 2. At seven-to-four on.

SALESMAN 1. Not so good.

(SALESMAN 2 back to front page. HANNAY sits back quickly.)

SALESMAN 2. Anyway where was we? Ah yes. *(reads)* Stabbed in the back she was. Portland Mansions. Portland Place.

SALESMAN 1. By the BBC? That's the place to put someone to sleep!

(They laugh uproariously. Wink at HANNAY.)

What was she like? One of the usual?

SALESMAN 2. *(reads)* Well-dressed woman about thirty-five. *(looks up)* Terrible!

SALESMAN 1. Terrible!

(They look at HANNAY.)

HANNAY. Terrible!

SALESMAN 2. *(reads)* The tenant Richard Hannay is missing.

SALESMAN 1. You do surprise me!

SALESMAN 2. Approximately thirty-seven. Dark wavy hair. Piercing blue eyes. Pencil moustache.

(HANNAY hides his moustache with his hat.)

HANNAY. Excuse me?

SALESMEN. Yes?

HANNAY. Might I have a look at your paper?

SALESMAN 1. Certainly.

HANNAY. Thank you.

(HANNAY takes the paper. Pores into it. Looks up to see both men staring at him. They grin unnervingly.)

SALESMAN 2. Think I'll pop out to the buffet car. Finished?

(snatches paper from HANNAY)

Fancy anythin'?

SALESMAN 1. No thank you.

HANNAY. No thank you.

SALESMAN 2. Right you are.

(He leaves the compartment. Squeezes past.)

SALESMAN 2. Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry.

SALESMAN 1. Sorry. Sorry.

HANNAY. Sorry.

(SALESMAN 1 glances out of the window.)

SALESMAN 1. Good Heavens! Place is stiff with police!

(HANNAY freezes. SALESMAN 1 pulls down window. Calls out.)

Excuse me Constable! Caught the West End murderer yet?

(SALESMAN 2 appears in a police hat.)

POLICEMAN. We'll catch him, don't you worry sir!

SALESMAN 1. That's the spirit!

(POLICEMAN changes into porter's hat.)

PORTER. All aboard for the Highlands! Next stop the highlands!

(Changes into PC hat.)

POLICEMAN. Anything suspicious let us know sir!

SALESMAN 1. Oh yes. Don't you worry!

(PC changes into porter's hat.)

PORTER. All aboard! All aboard!

(SALESMAN 1 *puts on paperboy hat.*)

PAPERBOY. Final edition sir? Final edition.

(PORTER *changes into SALESMAN 2 hat.*)

SALESMAN 2. No thank you!

(SALESMAN 2 *puts on porter hat.*)

PORTER. All aboard! All aboard!

(PAPERBOY *puts on salesman hat.*)

SALESMAN 1. Alright, alright!

(PORTER *puts on policeman hat.*)

POLICEMAN. Keep your eyes peeled won't you sir!

SALESMAN 1. Certainly will constable!

POLICEMAN. Don't forget sir!

SALESMAN 1. No I won't constable.

(*changes into paperboy hat*)

PAPERBOY. Read all about it!! Read all about it!!

(POLICEMAN *puts on porter hat.*)

PORTER. All aboard! All aboard!

(PORTER *puts on police hat.*)

POLICEMAN. Anything suspicious, let us know sir.

(PAPERBOY *changes into SALESMAN 1.*)

SALESMAN 1. Will do, constable.

(POLICEMAN *puts on porter hat.*)

PORTER. All aboard! All aboard!

(SALESMAN 1 *changes into MRS HIGGINS hat.*)

MRS HIGGINS. Is this the 9.41 to Reading?

PORTER. Platform Twelve!

MRS HIGGINS. Thankoo!

PORTER. All aboard let's be havin' yer!

(*blows whistle*)

(MRS HIGGINS *puts on paperboy hat.*)

PAPERBOY. Read all about it!! Read all about it!!

PORTER. All aboard! All aboard!

(*blows whistle*)

PAPERBOY. Final Edition! Final Edition!

PORTER. All aboard! All ab –

(*blows whistle*)

(HANNAY *the actor can't take any more.*)

HANNAY. Oh just get on with it!!

BOTH CLOWNS. Thankoo!

(*Clowns run off. Train shrieks. Chugs out of the station.*)

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.)

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!

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-Four: Police Car/Moor.

(Wind. Bleating sheep sounds.)

HEAVY 2. Damned sheep! Get oota the way!

HANNAY. Well, well. A whole flock of detectives.

HEAVY 2. Well, there's nothing else for it. We'll have to clear them away.

HEAVY 1. *(spooked)* Strange they have no shepherd.

HEAVY 2. Come along man!

HEAVY 1. Not so easy in all this thick fog. Look how it's suddenly come down.

(Fog comes down.)

Out of nowhere.

HEAVY 2. *(jumping out of the car)* I said come on man!

HEAVY 1. What about him?

(HEAVY 2 thinks a moment. Unlocks HANNAY's handcuff. Locks it on to PAMELA. HANNAY and PAMELA are now handcuffed together.)

PAMELA. What on earth are you doing! Unchain this handcuff!

HEAVY 2. There you are, Miss. Now you're a special constable. As long as you stay – he stays!

(to HEAVY 1)

Come on! Clear the road!

(to sheep) Get off the road ye mangey beasts!

HEAVY 1. Awa' awa' ye bleating brutes!

(They chase away the sheep and exit.)

HANNAY. And as long as I go – you go! **COME ON!**

(He jumps out of the car, pipe between his teeth. Pulls PAMELA with him.)

PAMELA. What are you doing!

HANNAY. Now you listen to me!

(Takes the pipe out of his mouth. Sticks it in her back.)

Feel this – *pistol?*

PAMELA. Yes!

HANNAY. Do you want me to shoot you stone dead?

PAMELA. Not particularly no.

HANNAY. Then get a move on!

(HANNAY pushes her out. They exit.)

(The two HEAVIES run back in. See the empty car.)

HEAVY 2. They got away!

HEAVY 1. Where'd they go!?

HEAVY 2. How do I know!?! If we don't find them –

HEAVY 1. Yes?

HEAVY 2. – our lives wont be worth living!

HEAVY 1. Oh my God!

(HEAVY 1 starts to run out. HEAVY 2 pulls him back.)

HEAVY 2. Wait wait!

HEAVY 1. What what?

HEAVY 2. The car the car!

HEAVY 1. Where? Where?

HEAVY 2. There! There!

(He piles the chairs, armchair or whatever was used for the car onto HEAVY 1.)

Take it take it!!

HEAVY 1. I'm taking it I'm taking it!

HEAVY 2. Gotta find 'em! Gotta find 'em!

HEAVY 1. Gotta find 'em! Gotta find 'em!

HEAVY 2. I just said that!

HEAVY 1. I know you just said that!

HEAVY 2. Well don't say it again!

HEAVY 1. Alright! Alright!

HEAVY 2. Now come on come on!

HEAVY 1. Come on come on!

(CLOWN 2 charges out, leaving CLOWN 1 loaded with the car. CLOWN 1 totters off stage. There is a deafening crash as he drops the car in the wings.)