

Scene Three: Hannay's Flat. Night.

(We hear HANNAY's voice in the dark.)

HANNAY. Never can find the switch. Dammit!

(HANNAY pulls the switch on the standard lamp.)

(Lights up on HANNAY's armchair and table. Various ladders, sheets, paint pots revealed.)

ANNABELLA. Turn it off! Quickly!

(HANNAY turns off the light. Now the room is illuminated by street lighting coming through the window. Maybe a flashing neon hotel sign. 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. It snaps back. Pulls it down again. It snaps back. Pulls it down harder. It stays. He walks away. The blind snaps back. He pulls it, wrestles with it, jams it ferociously.)

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.

(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. The 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.

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 Twenty-One: Assembly Hall.

*(An enormous banner across the back of the stage:
"VOTE McCORQUODALE".)*

*(One of the clowns appears. MR. DUNWOODY Master of
Ceremonies. Fussy and doddery, he carries a chair.)*

(HANNAY runs on breathlessly.)

HANNAY. Excuse me! I wonder if you can help me – I'm
afraid I'm –

DUNWOODY. With you in a minute!!

HANNAY. Right! Absolutely! Can I help?

DUNWOODY. No thank ye.

HANNAY. The thing is you see –

DUNWOODY. If you don't mind!

HANNAY. Sorry.

(MR. D places the chair at the side of the stage.)

DUNWOODY. There we are now.

HANNAY. Right. Anyway – I'm in a bit of a pickle you see
and –

DUNWOODY. *(Looks at HANNAY. Whoops with delight)* Why!
Hello there! Helloo! Helloo!

HANNAY. Hello.

DUNWOODY. You're here at last!

HANNAY. Am I?

DUNWOODY. So good of you to come! We're all here! We're
all here! Look! He's here Mr Macquarrie!

*(Now the other CLOWN appears. He is the Chairman
MR MCQUARRIE. Even more ancient and doddery. He
is dragging on a lectern.)*

MCQUARRIE. Ah! He's here! He's here! Thank the Lord!
Thank the lord! Thank the lord!

DUNWOODY. Take a seat take a seat take a seat!

HANNAY. Thank you.

(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 it 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 McAlistair!

Scene Twenty Six: McGarrigle Hotel

(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.)

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

MR MCGARRIGLE. Bruised?