

Side 8- Hannay & Pamela

THE 39 STEPS

95

Scene Twenty-Nine: Hotel Bedroom.

(HANNAY sleeps on oblivious. He mutters in his sleep.)

(PAMELA walks in. A changed woman.)

(Romantic music)

(She gazes at him tenderly.)

(Lights change. Birdsong.)

(HANNAY wakes. He notices the empty handcuffs. Leaps off the bed.)

PAMELA. Morning.

HANNAY. What's the idea! How did you get out of these?
Why didn't you run away?

PAMELA. I did. Then just as I was going I – well, I discovered you'd been speaking the truth. So I thought I'd stay.

HANNAY. May I ask what earthquake caused your brain to work at last?

PAMELA. Two policemen came here last night. The ones from the car. I overheard them telephoning. They're not policemen!

HANNAY. I know they're not policemen! I said they weren't policemen!

PAMELA. Sorry.

HANNAY. So what did they say?

PAMELA. Oh – um – yes! A lot of stuff about – something with a number. Um – twenty – thirty...Thirty! Thirty –

HANNAY. Nine!

PAMELA. Thirty Nine! That's right. Thirty-nine –

HANNAY. Steps!!!

PAMELA. *Thirty-nine steps!* How did you know that? Someone's going to warn them!

HANNAY. *WHAT?*

PAMELA. How can you warn steps?

HANNAY. Never mind. Go on!

PAMELA. Um – yes! There was another thing. Someone’s – got the wind up and is – clearing out! And – and – I know! They’re picking someone up from the London Palladium!

HANNAY. London Palladium? London Palladium? Who’s that, I wonder? Is that the Professor? Our friend with the little finger missing? What’s he want to go there for? Funny thing for a master-spy to do!

(They smile at each other. They look at the floor.)

(Romantic music.)

PAMELA. I’m sorry. I feel such an awful fool for not having believed you.

HANNAY. That’s alright. Well –

PAMELA. Well –

HANNAY. – we ought to be –

PAMELA. Yes –

HANNAY. – going I suppose.

PAMELA. Mmm.

(They are rather close. Neither moves.)

HANNAY. Right. Um –

PAMELA. Yes?

HANNAY. Which –

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. – room are they staying in?

PAMELA. Who?

HANNAY. What?

PAMELA. Who?

HANNAY. Those two men?

PAMELA. Sorry?

(They get closer and closer.)

HANNAY. The two men you overheard.

PAMELA. Staying in?

HANNAY. Mmm.

PAMELA. Well, they're not.

HANNAY. Sorry?

PAMELA. They went away as soon as they'd telephoned.
They drove off into the night. Rather fast actually.

HANNAY. (*Hardly listening. About to kiss her.*) Where?

PAMELA. Where? Don't know. Sorry.

(*Closes her eyes.*)

Does it matter?

(*His lips are touching hers. Suddenly his eyes snap open.
He realizes what he's doing.*)

HANNAY. DOES IT MATTER!!!???

(*Romantic music cuts out*)

PAMELA. What?

(*He leaps up.*)

HANNAY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN DOES IT MATTER!!!???

PAMELA. I'm sorry I –

HANNAY. You button-headed little idiot! Why didn't you
stop them!?

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. This is unbelievably appalling!

PAMELA. (*examining her head*) Button-headed?

HANNAY. Oh my God!

PAMELA. Sorry!!

HANNAY. Why didn't you stop them for God's sake!

PAMELA. Because I wanted to see you!!

HANNAY. Well that was a stupid thing to do wasn't it!!!

PAMELA. Apparently yes!!!

HANNAY. So where did they go?

PAMELA. I don't know! The London Palladium I suppose!!

HANNAY. The London Palladium? When?

PAMELA. Tonight! On the way out!

HANNAY. On the way out? On the way out of what?!

PAMELA. I don't know what!!!

HANNAY. Well that's four or five precious hours wasted!

PAMELA. Well – well – if they're all leaving the country that's fine isn't it? Just leave well alone!

HANNAY. Leave well alone! Leave well alone! I am accused of murder! The only way to clear my name is to expose these spies!

PAMELA. There you go again you see! *Selfish selfish selfish selfish!!!*

HANNAY. What?

PAMELA. *Heartless, beastly, horrid and selfish!!!*

HANNAY. But *MUCH* more important than that! Much more important than *clearing my name!* They are about to leave the country with a secret vital to the safety of our air defense!

PAMELA. *WELL I'M VERY VERY SORRY!!!*

HANNAY. *WHICH SHOW MATINEE OR EVENING!!!*

PAMELA. *I DON'T KNOW!!!*

HANNAY. *WELL THANKS FOR YOUR HELP! GOODBYE!!!*

PAMELA. *GOODBYE!!!*

(HANNAY marches to the door.)

HANNAY. *GOODBYE!!!*

PAMELA. *AND DON'T EXPECT ME TO COME WITH YOU!!!*

(HANNAY marches back to her.)

HANNAY. *I WON'T!!!*

PAMELA. *GOOD!!!*

HANNAY. *GOOD!!!*

(HANNAY exits furiously.)

PAMELA. *I'm not surprised you're an orphan!!!*

(She bursts into tears.)

Scene Thirty. London Palladium Stage.

(Music: "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" theme.)

ANNOUNCER. This is the London Palladium.

(Tabs fly in.)

(A front cloth act is in full swing.)

(The nature of the act is the choice of the clowns. A singer; whistler; tumbling act, comedy dance act. Something musical and non-verbal. A moment's light relief before the story reaches its climax.)

(HANNAY appears in the audience. A changed man from the first HANNAY. Exhausted, harrowed, on the run but full of fire and heart. He tries to look normal. Takes out a pair of binoculars. Scans the theatre. Stops suddenly. Trains the binoculars on a stage box.)

(There in a spotlight is a false hand holding a black cigarette holder. A coil of drifting smoke.)

(PAMELA appears in the light behind HANNAY.)

PAMELA. Hello.

(He spins round.)

HANNAY. Good Lord! Thought you'd run off.

PAMELA. You ran off!

HANNAY. Well I was bloody furious.

PAMELA. I'll go then, shall I?

HANNAY. No no –

(They stop. Hold each other's gaze.)

– stay now you're here.

PAMELA. Alright.

HANNAY. But now look here! I've found him!

PAMELA. Who?

HANNAY. The professor.

PAMELA. The professor! Where?

HANNAY. There! In that box. Do you see?

(Spot up on false hand and cigarette-holder.)

PAMELA. Gosh, yes!

(remembers)

But wait a minute?

HANNAY. What?

PAMELA. You can't do anything about it! I've been to Scotland Yard.

HANNAY. *Scotland Yard!?*

PAMELA. My uncle's chief commissioner, actually.

HANNAY. Chief commissioner?

PAMELA. Yes. Uncle Nobby. He said nothing's been stolen from the air ministry. No Top Secret information or anything!

HANNAY. But you heard those men say the professor's got it!

PAMELA. Well they've checked and they're absolutely certain.

(HANNAY looks round the auditorium. The ushers appear in the aisles wearing police helmets.)

HANNAY. *POLICE!* What are the police doing here? They didn't follow you here did they?

(She looks mortified.)

PAMELA. Oh dear. Sorry.

HANNAY. *That's it then. That's it!*

(COMPERE enters.)

(applause)

COMPERE. Good evenin' Ladies and Gentlemen. And now with your kind attention I 'ave the immense honour and privelege to presentin' to you one of the most remarkable men ever in the whole world. Mr. Memory!!!

(Music: Mr. Memory Theme)