

ANNABELLA/MARGARET/PAMELA - Side

Attractive (again, in the eye of the beholder), 20-45 years, Can do German, English, & scottish accents. Physical comedy

Annabella - German Accent

ANNABELLA. Your English humour 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.

MARGARET. Your jacket!

HANNAY. My jacket?

MARGARET. It's terrible light-coloured.

HANNAY. Oh is it? It's the latest Harris Tweed.

MARGARET. I'm afeart they'll see you on the dark moors.
Best take this one!

(She gives him a dark overcoat.)

HANNAY. This is your husband's coat!

MARGARET. Ay, his Sunday best. It's so black they'll never
see you!

HANNAY. *(brings out a small black book)* What's this?

MARGARET. His hymn book.

HANNAY. I can sing a hymn if I get frightened.

MARGARET. Don't joke I beg of you.

(He holds her. She melts into him.)

HANNAY. What'll happen to you?

MARGARET. Don't worry about me!

(Music builds.)

(They gaze at each other.)

HANNAY. I wish I could take you away from all this!

MARGARET. *(She looks at him yearningly.)* No. This is my
home.

HANNAY. What's your name?

MARGARET. Margaret.

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!

Second Side for Pamela:

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?