

THE THIRTY NINE STEPS

Screenplay by

Charles Bennett & Alma Reville

1935

39 steps

1. INSERTS.

A pattern of a series of amusement guides & books, such as a stranger would use in London.

2. STOCK SHOTS.

A pattern of a series of brightly lighted sky signs on London amusement buildings.

3. C.U.

The canopy of a music hall with "MUSIC HALL" in electric lights.

4. INT. PAY BOX. LOBBY. NIGHT.
C.U.

Two hands taking a ticket and change from the paybox. The figure passes in front of the CAMERA.

5. C.U.

The figure passes through some curtains. We do not see the head or feet at all.

6. INT. MUSIC HALL. NIGHT.
C.U.

We photograph only the feet at the end of a row. Hannay's feet come into the picture and start to push their way through. While this is in progress we hear the music from one of the acts. THE CAMERA MOVES ROUND and follows Hannay through, back view. As he seats himself the CAMERA PULLS BACK and reveals a comfortable audience applauding the end of an act, the curtains are now falling as the orchestra plays sustained

6. (Cont.)

chords.

NOTE: The music probably started to change from overture to real music hall orchestra in shot 7.

7. S.L.S.

Cross shot showing the meagre little orchestra. The conductor taps his music stand and they commence to play a jingling yet distinctive introductory tune.

NOTE: Tune is repeated again when manager has finished introduction.

8. L. S.

Full view of the footlights and the front row of the stalls. The curtain rises and reveals the Manager of the theatre standing by a small man who does not look particularly distinguished. On the side of the stage is a card on an easel with the name - Mr. Memory - on it.

9. S.C.U.

The Manager steps forward and, indicating Mr. Memory with an outstretched hand, proceeds to address the audience.

MANAGER: Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind attention and permission, I now have the honour to present to you one of the most remarkable men in the world.

Mr. Memory takes a step forward and mops his brow nervously as the Manager completes his announcement.

10. S.L.S.

A section of the audience. From it come a couple of shouts.

VOICE: 'Ow remarkable?

ANOTHER VOICE: He's sweatin'.

11. S.C.U.

The Manager is quick to respond.

MANAGER: And can you be surprised at that, gentlemen? Every day, he commits to memory fifty new facts - and he remembers every one of them! Facts from history, from geography, from newspapers, from scientific text-books - millions and millions of them. Think - think of the strain involved by his prodigious feat!

From the auditorium comes another shout.

VOICE: His feet ain't half as big as yours, cully!

We hear roars of laughter from the crowd. The Manager with a touch of dignity responds...

MANAGER: I was referring to his feats of memory! Test him, ladies and gentlemen! Ask him any questions you like and he will answer fully and freely! Mr. Memory!

The orchestra gives a chord. As Mr. Memory comes forward to the footlights, the Manager continues:

MANAGER: I ought to add, ladies and gentlemen, before retiring that Mr. Memory has left his brain to the British Museum.

12. S.L.S.

A view of the listening audience as the tune is repeated.
The Manager retires.

CUT TO:

13. L.S.

Memory comes forward and puts out a hand invitingly and, looking round the audience, says:

MEMORY: A question please? Ladies first!

Right near the CAMERA a stout woman bobs up and calls out facetiously:

STOUT WOMAN: Where's my old man been since Saturday?

Various faces cry out "On the booze" - "In quod" - "Out with his bit, etc" She turns and glares.

14. S.C.U.

Memory looks at them with timid reproof.

MEMORY: A serious question, please.

15. S.C.U.

A horsey-looking individual with raised finger calls out:

HORSEY INDIVIDUAL: What won the Derby in 1921?

We hear Memory's rapid reply:

15. (Cont).

MEMORY: Mr. Jack Joel's Humorist -
Steve Donoghue up - won by a length - odds
six to one. Second and third Craig-an-Eran
and Lemorara. Am I right, sir?

There is general applause.

HORSEY MAN: Right!

The man glances to his companions approvingly.

16. S.C.U.

Memory preens himself a little and solemnly bows. A voice
comes across from the auditorium.

VOICE: What won in 1935?

Memory quickly shouts back in almost a cocksure manner:

MEMORY: Came back in 1936 and I'll tell
you, sir!

17. S.C.U.

Amid a roar of laughter which is punctuated by various
questions from all over the house, we see a man who does
not seem to be of the same type as the rest of the audience -
it is Richard Hannay.

He is dressed in a camel overcoat or suchlike with collar
turned up. In the general noise he tries to shout a
question.

HANNAY: How far is Winnipeg from Montreal?

Over Hannay's shoulder pokes the head of a small boy of
about twelve. He is eating a Walls ice cream, which is
rapidly melting and dripping on to Hannay's shoulder. The
boy swallows his last mouthful and asks:

BOY: What won the Cup in 1926?

MEMORY: Cup? Waterloo, Football, or tea, sir?

17. (Cont.)

BOY: Football, silly!

MEMORY: Bolton Wanderers beat Manchoster City at Wembley by three goals to one, in the presence of His Majesty the King, Am I right, sir?

The boy looks at him blankly without endorsing Memory's information and he tails off out of the picture rather tamely.

18. S.C.U.

The noisy group of young men. One of them calls out -

MAN: When did Chelsea win it?

MEMORY: B.C. 63, sir, in the presence of the Emperor Nero!

18A. S.C.U.

A little man in spectacles with a rather large wife rises to his feet. He says timidly:

LITTLE MAN: What causes pip in poultry?

His wife pulls him down amid the laughter of those sitting near as she says:

WIFE: Oh, sit down - do! Don't make yourself so common!

Her husband replies plaintively:

MAN IN SPECS: Well, our fowls 'ave got it, 'aven't they? We may as well -

19. S.C.U.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO PULL BACK as another head bobs up and obscures him, This is the head of a working man who asks:

19. (Cont.)

WORKING MAN: How many races did Hick the Miller win?

As the CAMERA, STILL RETREATING, SWINGS OVER, somebody else bobs up into the picture and asks:

VOICE: How old is Mac West?

The CAMERA SWINGS A LITTLE FURTHER BACK and a little man with a moustache and gold-rimmed specs asks;

LITTLE MAN: When was Crippen hanged?

THE CAMERA comes to rest as a final head bobs up which is that of a shrill-voiced lady of the East End streets who calls out:

SHRILL VOICED LADY: Who was the last British Heavy Weight champion of the world?

20. S.C.U.

Memory holds his hand up for silence during these rapid questions, voices answer the last question:

A VOICE: Henry the Eighth!

ANOTHER VOICE: My old woman!

There is a roar of laughter. Memory gets silence at last.

MEMORY: Bob Fitzsimmons. He defeated Jim Corbett, Heavy Weight Champion of America, at Carson City, Nevada, in October, 1897. He was then thirty-four years of age. Am I right, sir?

21. S.C.U.

The rowdy group again. They are pulling each other about and indulging in horse-play as one of them calls out:

ROWDY: How old is Mae West?

Memory's voice comes across:

MEMORY: I know, sir, but I never tell a lady's age!

There is applause mingled with some calls of dissatisfaction from the rowdy group.

22. S.C.U.

Memory looks away; with a shade of annoyance in his voice he asks:

MEMORY: Next, please?

23. S.C.U.

Amid a chorus of many questions the little man in specs, gets up again and asks:

MAN IN SPECS: What causes pip in poultry?

CAMERA moves on to show Hannay again. Amid shouts of various questions he calls out once more:

HANNAY: How far is Winnipeg from -?

24. S.C.U.

Memory looks across to him and asks politely:

MEMORY: Miss Winnie Who, sir?

Over Memory's shoulder we see Hannay in about the fourth or fifth row of the stalls. Hannay repeats his question as the rest of the eyes of the audience are upon him.

HANNAY: How far is Winnipeg from Montreal?

MEMORY: Ah - a gentleman from Canada! You're welcome, sir!

There is some applause and he continues:

MEMORY: Winnipeg - the third city of Canada and capital of the Province of Manitoba. Distance from Montreal, one thousand four hundred and twenty-four miles. Am I right, sir?

HANNAY: Quite right.

Memory looks around -

MEMORY: Next, please! I'm just getting warmed up!

Amidst loud applause Memory looks about for more questions. The camera, still holding Memory in the foreground, moves over to show the rowdy group in the stalls. They are now throwing things about and up towards Memory. One young man calls out:

ROWDY: Who killed Cock Robin?

ANOTHER ROWDY: How old is Mae West?

There are various shouts from the audience telling them to keep quiet - others to leave them alone - so that we get Memory's upraised hand in the foreground appealing for order, while the picture of the stalls beyond shows a general restlessness. During this we hear Memory trying to make himself heard.

24. (contd.)

MEMORY: That was an interesting historical fact, ladies and gentlemen. But if you prefer something of a more sporty nature - why -

25. S.C.U.

THE CAMERA PANS, the burly figure of the Chuckor-Out approaching from the back of the pit.

26. S.C.U.

The rowdies are now at their worst and are chanting:

ROWDIES: Who was Jack the Ripper? I don't know! Am I right, sir? Yes! Rotten! etc.

This shot is taken over their shoulders showing the stage beyond. Into the foreground moves the figure of the Chuckor-Out, whose heavy hand stretches out to get hold of one of the rowdies. He tries to elude the Chuckor-out, however, by moving off, protected by one of his friends, into the centre aisle.

27. L.S.

A cross view of the house. Everybody is now on their feet trying to get a good view of the disturbance. We see the Chuckor-Out moving down the aisle after the rowdies.

28. S.C.U.

As the Chucker-Out nearly grabs one, the latter turns and dots him on the nose.

29. S.L.S.

This is a signal for the rowdies to make their return but there are other elements, supported by extra attendants, to protect the injured one, and very soon a free fight ensues.

30. S.C.U.

Flash people standing on their seats, trying to get a good view of the fun.

31. S.C.U.

The elbow of the fighting man knocks a woman's hat off. Her husband jumps into the picture and swings the man round by his elbow.

32. S.L.S.

A good view of the free fight in progress.

33. S.C.U.

Flash Memory with both hands upraised trying to calm the audience.

34. S.C.U.

The little man in specs has so far been fortunate enough to escape immediate danger, but is consequently trying to put his question to Memory once more. We see his mouth moving but there is so much noise that we cannot hear what he says.

35. S.I.S.

Another view of the fight. The backs of various people's heads are in the foreground. We see fists and arms waving, as the camera skims the tops of the heads of everybody. Suddenly there is a loud report of two shots, and the heads of these people in the foreground turn with startled and screaming faces to the camera. These faces surge forward, followed by others, until we get the effect of a flow of terror-stricken faces.

36. S.L.S.

The exit doors at the back of the pit. Two programme girls are watching the fight with alarm. Suddenly they are bowled over by a wild rush of people through the doors.

37. S.L.S.

At the bottom of the screen are heads rushing to and fro. We still hear screams all over the auditorium. Just below these heads we see the Conductor and Memory. Memory is shouting down to him:

MEMORY: For God's sake play something
and stop this panic.

The Conductor immediately turns and strikes up a jingling tune which is Memory's signature piece but totally inadequate.

38. S.C.U.

The little man in specs is being edge close to the wall at the side, but he is still trying to attract Memory's attention.

MAN INSPECS: You 'avon't answered my question! What causes the pip in poultry?

He is knocked over and disappears in a rush of people.

39. S.C.U.

Near the Exit door the camera shoots vertically down upon the struggling crowd who are jammed together like sheep. Near the foreground is a fairly well-dressed woman. As she is making her way to the exit, a burly man uses her to lever himself past her and force his way ahead of others. This causes her to be pushed back close to Hannay who, seeing what is happening, takes matters in hand and, with a supreme effort, pulls the man back by the scruff of his neck, giving the woman a free passage out. The surge from behind forces Hannay forward behind her and they are projected into the street.

40. EXT. EAST END STREET. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Nothing can be seen except dense fog and the lights from the front of the music hall, from which we hear the shouts of the people and the sound of running feet, accompanied by blowing police whistles. Hannay and the woman run into the foreground of the picture. The sound of a bus is heard and we see the lights of the bus reflected across their faces through the fog, as it approaches. The woman speaks hurriedly and excitedly.

WOMAN: Quick, come on - there's a bus.

HANNAY: Sure, but where?

WOMAN: Where do you live?

40. (contd.)

HANNAY: Portland Place.

WOMAN: That will do.

Hannay looks at her in surprise, but the woman seizes his arm, dragging him towards the bus which we can hear stopping.

DISSOLVE TO:

41. INT. LOBBY. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Hannay and the woman are coming through the door into the lobby of the flats. Hannay crosses to the board which obtains the names of the various occupants of the flats. He moves the sign over from "OUT" to "IN" against his own name. In doing this he is given a thought. He turns to the woman, and asks:

HANNAY: What's your name by the way, if I may ask?

She turns by the lift and quite simply answers:

WOMAN: Smith.

Hannay looks with a cynical little smile at her as he closes the lift gates.

DISSOLVE TO:

42. INT. HANNAY'S FLAT. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Hannay is in the act of opening the door and entering the flat with Annabella. As he goes across the hall to the sitting room door, he is speaking:

HANNAY: I'm afraid you'll find my sitting-room all upset. I've not been in the old country long and the decorators are taking advantage of me.

43. INT. HANNAY'S SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Inside the room there is almost an atmosphere of ghostliness as the main light shines upon the dust sheets covering the furniture. We see the light from the hall coming through the door as Hannay and the woman enter. There are no window curtains or blinds.

HANNAY: Wait till I find the switch.

MISS SMITH: Not yet - please!

She crosses quickly to the wall between the two windows.

44. S.C.U.

Miss Smith flattens herself deliberately against the wall.

MISS SMITH: Now!

45. S.C.U.

Hannay switches on the light and then looks round into the room with an expression of surprise.

46. S.L.S.

Over Hannay's shoulder we see Miss Smith in her queer position between the windows. Hannay crosses the room, while glancing at her, and makes for a cabinet at the far end from which he removes the dust sheets. He proceeds to take out whisky and glasses, etc.

47. S.C.U.

As he is starting to prepare the drinks, we hear the voice of Miss Smith, which causes him to swing round suddenly.

MISS SMITH: Mr. Hannay, would you be so very kind - and turn that mirror with its face to the wall?

He crosses the room, the CAMERA FOLLOWING, until he reaches the mirror through which we can still see Miss Smith. Hannay turns the mirror to the wall, and then exits the picture.

48. S.C.U.

He goes over towards Miss Smith and says:

HANNAY: You'd be happier if there were some curtains over these windows?

MISS SMITH: Yes.

HANNAY: I'm sorry.

At this moment the telephone bell rings. Miss Smith starts violently. Hannay exits the picture with -

HANNAY: Hallo - there's the telephone! Just a minute please!

49. S.C.U.

Hannay by his desk is about to lift off the receiver. We hear Miss Smith's voice:

MISS SMITH: Mr. Hannay!

HANNAY: Yes?

50. S.C.U.

We see Miss Smith again -

MISS SMITH: Please do not answer that telephone call.

Hannay comes into the picture:

HANNAY: Why not?

MISS SMITH: Because I think it is for me.

Hannay starts and looks at her curiously.

51. S.L.S.

Miss Smith is in profile in the foreground, while Hannay goes towards the drinks beyond.

MISS SMITH: Please do not answer.

HANNAY: Just as you say.

He reaches the drinks, starting to mix one. He speaks over his shoulder:

HANNAY: By the way, do you ever answer letters?

The telephone ceases to ring.

HANNAY: Won't you sit down?

MISS SMITH: If you will please kick that footstool towards me.

HANNAY: I got you.

He kicks the footstool over towards her and she sits down on it.

52. S.C.U.

He hands the drink to her.

MISS SMITH: Thanks.

She drinks it eagerly, Hannay watching her.

HANNAY: You needed that.

MISS SMITH: I did. Thank you.

Hannay takes the glass and starts to stroll back towards the cabinet. Miss Smith looks at him curiously.

MISS SMITH: I owe you an explanation.

Hannay pouring himself out another drink speaks over his shoulder:

HANNAY: Oh, don't bother about me -
I'm nobody.

53. S.C.U.

Miss Smith's eyes turn furtively to the two windows.

MISS SMITH: We cannot talk here.

54. S.L.S.

Hannay moves away from the cabinet.

HANNAY: All right. Just a moment.

He crosses to the door and turns off the light. He looks across to her.

HANNAY: Come on!

55 - 69. OUT.

70. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.
S.L.S.

Hannay opens the door, followed by Miss Smith. He glances around, shuts the door and turns on the kitchen light. Miss Smith looks significantly at Hannay as the phone is heard ringing faintly in the distance.

HANNAY: That's out friend again.

ANNABELLA: Take no notice, please.

HANNAY: Cigarette?

He holds out his case to her. Miss Smith shakes her head and smiles gratefully.

71. S.L.S.

She crosses to the window to make sure it is shut. She turns and sinks into a chair by the table, as though completely done up. Hannay comes into the picture by her side and glances down at her a little sympathetically. She looks up at him -

ANNABELLA: Would you think me very troublesome if I asked for a little food? I have had nothing all day.

Hannay moves away across to the refrigerator, which he opens and glances in. He turns and holds up a haddock.

HANNAY: Do you like haddock?

He brings it forward to the table and she comes into view. Miss Smith nods cheerfully. He crosses behind her to the sink. Miss Smith remains in the foreground. As he reaches for a frying pan he speaks without looking round.

HANNAY: I suppose your name isn't really Smith?

ANNABELLA: It depends on where I am. You may call me Annabella.

Hannay comes back and places the haddock in the frying pan -

HANNAY: (sarcastically) Annabella Smith - h'm!
A clergyman's daughter, I presume!

71. (Contd.)

He lights the gas under the kettle. It makes a characteristic pop. Annabella starts.

HANNAY: Hullo, norvy? Upset by those shots tonight?

Hannay crosses to the refrigerator to get some milk, the CAMERA following. We hear Annabella's voice -

ANNABELLA: (steadily) I fired them.

As Hannay pours the milk into the frying pan he turns suddenly -

HANNAY: (starting) You what?

Hannay moves across to the gas stove as Annabella comes into the picture.

ANNABELLA: (nodding) Yes - to create a diversion. I had to get away from that theatre quickly. There were two men there who wished to kill me.

Hannay busies himself at the stove -

HANNAY: I know - sitting in the stage-box with top-hats on, and a machine-gun apiece. I didn't like the look of them myself!

ANNABELLA: No, no, this is serious! Forgive me, but I really should confess to you. I am what you would call a professional spy.

Hannay turns to her as he completes his operations at the stove.

HANNAY: A spy? Whom do you spy for?

ANNABELLA: Anyone who pays me. I am in the game for a living.

The CAMERA swings across as he goes to the refrigerator and starts to put food on the table.

HANNAY: Still you must have a country.

ANNABELLA: I have no country.

Hannay pauses in his slicing of the bread.

71. (Cont.2).

HANNAY: Born in a balloon, oh? Well, we'll let that go. (Looking at her amused) And I suppose you've come over here to dig up some great big state secret?

ANNABELLA: No. I am here to save a secret from being dug up - a very important secret for England! Not because I love England, but because it will pay me better that way.

HANNAY: Thank you! Very well?

ANNABELLA: The very brilliant agent of a certain foreign power is on the point of obtaining a secret vital to your Air Defence. I tracked two of his men to that music hall. Unfortunately, they recognised me. That is why they are after me now.

Hannay seats himself for a moment and the CAMERA moves in closer. After a short pause he says with deliberate politeness -

HANNAY: That was too bad. Have you ever heard of a thing called persecution mania?

ANNABELLA: You do not believe me!

HANNAY: Frankly, I don't.

ANNABELLA: Go and look down into the street then.

72. S.L.S.

He passes her with a glance of disbelief.

ANNABELLA: Do not put on the light, please!

He replies good-humouredly as he makes for the door.

HANNAY: Just as you say!

73. S.L.S.

As he comes out of kitchen door he hesitates and looks back, still disbelieving her. He crosses to the front room door.

74. INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.
S.L.S.

Hannay comes into the moonlit room and crosses to the window.

75. S.L.S.

Over his shoulder into street below. We see two men strolling up and down.

76. S.L.S.

He leaves the window to return.

77. INT. KITCHEN.
S.L.S.

Hannay returns to kitchen and passes her on his way to the stove and says in a changed manner -

HANNAY: I'm sorry. I do believe in fairy tales after all!

78. S.C.U.

Hannay glances down at the stove to see how the haddock is getting on. Annabella rises and comes into the picture by the gas stove.

78. (Cont.)

ANNABELLA: I hoped I'd shaken them off! I'm going to tell you something which is not very healthy to know. But now that they have followed me here, you are in it as much as I am.

HANNAY: I'll buy it. •

Hannay prods the haddock with the slice and turns the gas down a bit. He takes the saucepan and crosses back towards the refrigerator, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. Annabella seats herself again.

ANNABELLA: Have you ever heard of the thirty-nine stops?

Hannay pours some milk into the saucepan

HANNAY: No. What is that?

ANNABELLA: Never mind - but what you were laughing at just now is true. These men will stick at nothing. I am the only person who can stop them. If they are not stopped it is a matter of days - perhaps hours - before the secret is out of the country.

Hannay crosses to the gas stove, the CAMERA FOLLOWING him part of the way, but remaining on Annabella.

HANNAY: Why not ring for the police? It'll only cost twopence.

ANNABELLA: Because they would not believe me any more than you did. And if they did believe me, how long do you think it would take to get them going? These men are acting quickly. You don't know how clever their chief is - clever and ruthless.

She is obviously frightened as she says 'clever and ruthless'. Hannay crosses behind her on his way back.

HANNAY: What is his name?

ANNABELLA: He has a dozen names, and he can look like a hundred people. But one thing he cannot disguise....this - the top of this little finger is missing. He has no joint - there. If ever you should meet a man with no top joint there, be very careful, my friend.

Hannay crosses to a cupboard and takes out a Cona.

HANNAY: I'll make a point of it. Meanwhile, what are you going to do?

ANNABELLA: First, get a good night's rest. That is - if you are not going to turn me out into the street.

Hannay looks at her hesitatingly.

HANNAY: Um - well, I don't know whether I believe all you say - but you can have my bedroom by all means. I'll get a shakedown on the couch. Anything else I can get you?

Hannay completes the putting of the coffee machine on the table and he takes the part necessary for water across to the gas stove. He goes out of the picture and we remain on Annabella.

ANNABELLA: A map of Scotland.

Hannay returns to the table. He proceeds to arrange the coffee machine as he replies with a grin.

HANNAY: Going deer stalking, or just plain hiking?

Hannay puts knobs of butter on to the haddock as Annabella nonchalantly assents.

ANNABELLA: Well, no - but there's a man in Scotland whom I must visit next, if anything is to be done.

HANNAY: Are the thirty-nine steps in Scotland, by any chance?

He glances down thoughtfully at the food as she eats.

ANNABELLA: Perhaps I will tell you to-morrow.

Hannay stares down at the table and then gets up and paces the room behind Annabella. She half glances back towards him, conscious of his restlessness. He comes and reseats himself while she eats calmly. He is preoccupied with the whole thing, so that he does not notice the coffee boiling over. Annabella leans over and removes the methylated spirit burner. Hannay stares at the spilled coffee but makes no effort to wipe it up or anything.

79. INTERIOR. DINING ROOM.

Hannay asleep on the couch. He wakes up as Annabella enters and gasps:

ANNABELLA: Clear out....Hannay...they'll get you next.

She coughs and dies.

79a. INT. DINING ROOM.

Hannay stands aghast. The telephone rings. He is about to answer it when he hesitates and crosses to the window.

79b. THE TELEPHONE BOX WITH THE TWO MEN.

79c. INT. DINING ROOM.

Hannay withdraws from the window and stands by the body again. He bends down and picks up.....

79d. INSERT.

Hannay's hands extracting a piece of paper from the dead woman's hands.

79e. INSERT.

Page torn from a small atlas with a pencil line drawn round Kinreach. Over the C.U. of the paper is heard a reprise of the dead woman's words:-

"Those men will stick at nothing. I am the only person who can stop them. If they are not stopped it is a matter of days - perhaps hours, before the secret is out of the country."

With FADE OUT here, or if thought necessary after Shot 81. Hannay is by the body picking up a Bradshaw.

80. INT. LOBBY. DAY. S.L.S.

Hannay crosses towards the doors but pulls up suddenly, because through them he can see the two pacing figures on the other side of the road. He is in the foreground of the CAMERA. He looks round. He moves the sign opposite his name from IN to OUT. At this moment a figure is seen approaching the front door. It comes up the steps and opens the iron and glass doors. Hannay crosses and opens the doors invitingly. He beckons the milkman in and leads him across out of the line of sight.

MILKMAN: Good morning, sir. You're up bright and early this morning.

He takes the man up one or two of the stairs.

HANNAY: Could you use a pound note, brother?

81. S.C.U.

Hannay brings a pound note out of his pocket. The milkman looks at him checkily.

MILKMAN: What's the catch?

HANNAY: I want the loan of your cap and white coat.

He holds out the note to him. The milkman puts down his wire basket of bottles.

MILKMAN: Wait a minute. What's all this? What's the big idea?

HANNAY: I want to make a getaway.

MILKMAN: Do a bunk?

HANNAY: Yes.

MILKMAN: What have you been up to?

81. (contd.)

Hannay looks about him furtively and, taking one step back on the stairs, says very melodramatically:

HANNAY: I see I must trust you. There's been a murder committed up on the third floor.

The milkman starts back, almost playing up to Hannay, as though he believes he is ragging him.

MILKMAN: By you?

HANNAY: No, no. By those two men out there.

Hannay points to the street. The milkman turns and looks.

82. L.S.

From their eyeline and through the glass doors we can see two men leaning quietly against the railings opposite.

83. S.C.U.

The milkman turns back to Hannay with a grin -

MILKMAN: I see. And now I suppose they're waiting there as good as gold for a copper to come and arrest them.

HANNAY: It's quite true. Listen! They're spies, foreigners. They've murdered a woman in my flat and now they're after me.

The milkman loses a little of his cheerfulness and gets somewhat impatient.

MILKMAN: Oh, come off it! Funny jokes at five o'clock in the morning!

Hannay tries to placate him and, with an air of resignation and a glance back upstairs -

83. (contd.)

HANNAY: All right - all right. Listen, and I'll tell you the truth. Are you a married man?

MILKMAN: Yes, but don't rub it in. What's the idea now?

HANNAY: Well - I'm not. I'm a bachelor -

MILKMAN: Oh! Are you?

HANNAY: Yes. And there's a married lady lives up on the top floor.

The milkman looks at Hannay with a knowing smile.

MILKMAN: No, does she?

HANNAY: Yes. And I've been paying a call on her, and now I want to go home.

MILKMAN: Well, what's preventing you?

Hannay indicates the street -

HANNAY: One of those men is her husband and the other's her brother. Now do you understand?

The milkman begins to take off his white coat.

MILKMAN: Why didn't you say so before, old fellow? I only wanted to be told. Trying to kid me with a lot of talk about murders and foreigners! Here, put this on.

He helps Hannay on with the coat - both speak almost simultaneously -

HANNAY: Thanks very much.

MILKMAN: Put on my little 'at. There you are.

Hannay hands him the note.

HANNAY: Here - take your pound.

The milkman pushes Hannay towards the door.

83. (contd.2.)

MILKMAN: No, sir. You're welcome. You'll do it for me one day. Take the pony as well. Load him round the corner. So long, old sport!

THE CAMERA SWINGS ROUND with the milkman in the foreground and Hannay passing through the doors as he glances back and finally calls out:

HANNAY: Goodbye - and thank you.

The milkman suddenly calls out after Hannay. Hannay looks back. The milkman takes up the basket, showing that no delivery has been made or anything.

84. S.L.S.

Hannay hastens back as the milkman whips out the full bottles and hands him the empty basket. Hannay glances at him gratefully and hastens off with the empty wire basket, the milkman grinning after him.

85. S.C.U.

The milkman looks after him, grinning.

86. EXT. STREET. DAY. S.L.S.

Shooting with the doorway and railings in the foreground, we see Hannay almost professionally throw the basket on to the cart and load the horse away. In the foreground a policeman pauses and gives him a friendly nod. On the far side we can see two men by the railings, taking no apparent notice of him. The policeman exits to the right, and we FADE OUT on the empty street - empty save for the two men who are strolling up and down.

87. FADE IN.
EXT. A LONDON STREET. DAY. S.L.S.

This is an almost deserted London street. A policeman is approaching an unattended milkecart, the horse of which is half mounting the pavement and is clearly out of control.

88. INT. KING'S CROSS STATION. DAY. L.S.

The platform and station - the train is in the foreground to our left. We see the gate at the end and people passing through. THE CAMERA PANS ROUND to the left and brings into full view Hannay huddled up in a corner by the window. He summons sufficient courage to lean forward and look out back towards the gateway. Various people are passing through in a hurry, their luggage on a truck ahead of them.

89. S.C.U.

Hannay looks about him impatiently - in the foreground passes the guard who takes out his watch and looks at it. He then glances up and Hannay follows his gaze, as the guard walks out of the picture.

90. C.U.

The small signal inside the station is in an up position.

91. S.C.U.

The driver of the huge engine looking out of the cab and looking down the train.

92. C.U.

Flash the steam issuing from the valve.

93. S.C.U.

Hannay looking anxiously towards the platform entrance, and then up towards the station roof.

94. C.U.

The moving hand of the station clock arriving about at the half hour.

95.77. S.C.U.

The guard raising his whistle and flag.

969. S.C.U.

The driver moves into the engine cab as we hear the distant sound of the guard's whistle.

9799. S.C.U.

An impressive shot of the engine about to move, accompanied by the slow puffs.

98.03. S.C.U.

Hannay looks relieved as his carriage starts to move and glances back towards the barrier where two men have appeared. They are far enough away for us not to recognise their faces. They are hurriedly getting their tickets, etc. Hannay sees the same overcoats of the two men who were opposite his flat.

99.04. S.C.U.

Hannay darts back suddenly and remains huddled in his corner. He puts his hand up to his face.

100.01. S.C.U.

The shadow of the last carriage on the platform - about two or three yards away are the running feet of two men. The gap between them and the shadow of the last carriage widens and widens as the scene FADES OUT.

101 EXT. RAILWAY TUNNEL. DAY.
L.S.

FADE IN. The huge Pacific type engine of the L.N.E.R., which is pulling Hammy's train, has now gathered speed and is rushing towards the CAMERA. As the front part of the engine commences to fill the screen the engine whistle shrieks.

QUICK CUT TO:

- 102. INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY.
S.L.S.

The screen is filled with the horror-stricken face of a woman. THE CAMERA RUSHES BACK with the same speed that the train comes on towards the CAMERA. It reveals the figure of a charwoman holding a broom and pail, gazing at the dead form of Annabella Smith on the chaise longue. The shriek of the engine synchronises with the open mouth of the charwoman.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

103. INT. TRAIN. DAY.
C.U.

Hammy's head asleep in the corner of a railway carriage. We get a sense of speed by the quickly passing shadows on his face. We hear an unfamiliar voice talking as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal two commercial travellers sitting opposite.

YOUNG COME: For one thing, they're so much prettier than they were twenty years ago.

OLD COME: Yes - more free - free and easy, you might say.

YOUNG COME: You're right there. Soft and yielding. I can never understand how people used to put up with the old fashioned sort. All bones and no sex appeal.

104. C.U.

We see a comfortable old Catholic priest, sitting opposite Hannay and reading a paper. He puts his paper down, and listens quietly to the conversation.

105. S.C.U.

A view of the occupants of the carriage -

OLD COMM: Well - I will say for the old-fashioned ones; they did last longer.

YOUNG COMM: Not at all, mine lasts at least a year.

The young Commercial traveller takes down a case from the rack and begins to open it. Hannay is roused by a jolt from the train and sits up, suddenly awake. The priest leans forward and looks interestedly at the case. The young traveller takes out of the case a pink elastic "pantoo belt".

YOUNG COMM: There it is - our Streamline Model Number 1, what I've been talking to you about. Specially designed for wearing under shorts.

OLD COMM: Is there anything that goes with it?

As the young traveller brings out a brassiere of the same material with a flourish, we see through the window the train slowing down and a station beginning to appear.

YOUNG COMM: Put a girl into that rig and she needn't be ashamed of herself anywhere.

105. The train comes to a halt in Edinburgh station -
we see the sign.

YOUNG COMM.: Hallo! What's this? Edinburgh,
Waverley. We're getting on.

The old Commercial traveller glances across to the
priest. He judges his companion and then turns to
the priest with an apologetic expression.

OLD COMM.: I hope you'll pardon us, sir, for
talking business.

106. S.C.U.

The old priest smiles back at them as he rises and
takes his bag from the rack. He gazes intently at
the Streamline Model No. 1. which is half on the knees
of the commercial traveller.

PRIEST: Certainly, certainly.

107. S.C.U.

He passes by them and, as he steps out of the door, he
adds -

PRIEST: Good day to you!

He smiles at them both cordially and passes up the
platform. The young commercial traveller looks after
him and turning back to his friend -

YOUNG COMM.: Broad-minded old geysier!

He puts the belt in the case which he replaces on the
rack. We see the bustle and movement on the platform
through the window. The elder commercial traveller
starts to load his pipe -

107. . . .

OLD COMM.: I wonder what won the 1.30 at Windsor.

YOUNG COMM.: We'll see.

He leans out of the window.

108. EXT. TRAIN. DUSK.
S.C.U.

The young commercial traveller leans out of the window and hails a newsboy who is just passing. He calls -

YOUNG COMM.: Hi, sonny! You spikka da English?

The boy approaches and he buys an Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. He retires again into the carriage.

109. INT. TRAIN. DUSK.
S.C.U.

As the young commercial traveller sits down, he opens the paper, and his eye falls on something in the middle page.

YOUNG COMM.: Hallo!

The old commercial traveller is now puffing contentedly at his pipe.

OLD COMM.: What won?

The young commercial traveller takes no notice of him -

YOUNG COMM.: There's been another woman murdered in a West End flat.

While he is speaking the CAMERA MOVES OVER to the face of Hannay, whose eyes slowly open at this news.

OLD COMM.: What!

YOUNG COMM.: A woman - murdered in a West End flat!

109. By this time Hannay's eyes are wide open, getting the full significance of what he hears.

112. S.C.U.

We see the two travellers again -

OLD COMM.: These sex dramas don't appeal to me. What won?

The young commercial traveller turns to the Stop Press for a moment.

YOUNG COMM.: Batchelor's Button.

OLD COMM.: No!

YOUNG COMM.: Seven to four on.

He turns over to the other page and adds -

YOUNG COMM.: Portland Mansions. Portland Place.

111. C.U.

A flash impression of Hannay hearing this.

112. S.C.U.

Back on the other two -

OLD COMM.: Just by the B.B.C. Nice quiet place to put somebody to sleep!

The young traveller in a comic voice -

YOUNG COMM.: Goodnight, everybody. Goodnight.

Both men laugh boisterously.

113. C.U.

Hannay's alarmed face. We hear -

OLD COMM: What was the like? One of the usual?

YOUNG COMM: (reading out of the paper)
A well-dressed woman of about thirty-five,
with a knife in her back....The tenant
Richard Hannay, is missing.

We see the effect of those last words on Hannay.

114. S.C.U.

The old commercial traveller says in a comic precise voice:

OLD COMM: You surprise me.

They both laugh loudly again. The young traveller continues
reading:

YOUNG COMM: At 7 o'clock this morning
the charwoman, Elizabeth Briggs -

He turns over a page.

YOUNG COMM: Well, if that isn't the
blasted limit!

115. C.U.

Hannay listening intently.

OLD COMM: What?

YOUNG COMM: Is there no honesty in this
world at all?

116. S.C.U.

From Hannay's eyeline - the two men opposite him. The young traveller is slapping back the top half of the paper and concentrating on the lower half. We see the paper upside down.

117. S.C.U.

Hannay is turning his head, trying to get a glimpse of what is printed. -

118. S.C.U.

The young traveller reads from the paper in a tone of disgust-

YOUNG COMM.: I ask you! "The new Bodyline pantee rubber corset. Sale to-day. McCutcheon Brothers, Princes St. Price 17/9. Brassiere to match, 4/11. Do you get that? The Bodyline! 1/3 cheaper than our Streamline! What's the use of going to Aberdeen now?

He lowers the paper with a jerk. We hear Hannay's voice ask politely.

HANNAY: Might I have a look at your paper?

The young commercial traveller replies grumpily -

YOUNG COMM.: Oh, certainly.

He hands the paper across to Hannay - as he does so, Hannay's hands go out to receive it and turn it up the right way - it is brought up with a sweep towards the CAMERA, so that we are able to read the blazing headlines.

119. C.U.

Hannay eagerly scanning the paper.

120. C.U.

The CAMERA moves over revealing the Stop Press column which resolves into a series of close-up paragraphs.

'The occupant of the flat, Richard Hannay, of whom little is known except that he was at one time a rancher in Western Canada.....'

'Mr. Bert Mossop, the milk-roundsman, who spoke to Mr. Hannay....'

We also see two smudgy photographs - one of Hannay in rancher's uniform, which is extremely vague - and one - a cheeky looking photograph of the milkman.

121. S.C.U.

Hannay raises his eyes over the edge of the paper and looks across. Over the top of the paper we see the young commercial traveller looking out of the window, while we are able to see just the eyes of the older one, looking in Hannay's direction. We get a feeling of ominous staring, but the paper lowers giving us complete reassurance that the man opposite is puffing contentedly at his pipe with a half smile on his face.

122. S.C.U.

Shooting out on to the platform - Hannay passes the paper back with a word of thanks. Hannay rises and exits the carriage.

123. INT. STATION. DUSK.
S.L.S.

Hannay steps on to the platform and glances up and down thoughtfully. His face betrays his keen distress at the misunderstanding that has sensationally arisen. He glances up and sees -

124. S.L.S.

A policeman talking to a local individual who is unobtrusively holding a paper.

125. S.C.U.

Hannay, with an expression of determination, starts off in the direction of the policeman, THE CAMERA PRECEDING him. The CAMERA RETREATS and, just as he gets near, it PASSES OVER the shoulders of the policeman and his friend. The policeman is jabbing a finger at the paper.

POLICEMAN: There's enough evidence here to hang anybody.

Hannay pulls up with a jerk before he is seen. This last line comes as a terrific shock and for a moment he is about to retreat, when the policeman looks up and asks him what he wants - Hannay stumbles out a hasty question -

HANNAY: What station does this train stop at next?

The policeman replies majestically.

POLICEMAN: Do I look like a railway porter? Away and find yin.

126. S.L.S.

As Hannay moves off the sound of a whistle is heard,
and Hannay has to hasten and jump into his compartment.

127. INT. TRAIN. DUSK.
S.C.U.

Hannay seats himself just as the two men are roaring
with laughter -

YOUNG COMM.: I'll tell you a better one presently.

OLD COMM.: You couldn't.

Hannay glances out of the window and sees a group of
policeman looking intently at the train. He gets up
from his seat and makes for the corridor.

128. INT. CORRIDOR. DUSK.
S.L.S.

Hannay comes into the corridor and makes for the end.

129. S.C.U.

He crosses to the window at the end of the corridor and
leans out.

130. S.C.U.

Hannay, leaning out of the window, looks up the train.
From his eyeline we see -

131. L.S.

The whole train on a very sharp bend. In the distance, coming along the corridor, he sees two or three men including the two uniformed constables.

132. S.C.U.

His face shows alarm and he quickly withdraws into the coach.

133. S.C.U.

As he turns round he nearly collides with the dining car attendant who asks -

ATTENDANT: Will you be taking dinner, sir?

He takes the card and stuffs it into his pocket. He moves off into the corridor. He moves across into the next coach and, just as he turns the corner, he sees -

134. S.L.S.

Another party of men glancing into various compartments.

135. S.C.U.

He looks back with a sense of being cornered.

136. S.L.S.

An impression of the uniform police coming from the other direction,

137. S.C.U.

He glances into the compartment by him, THE CAMERA SWINGING ROUND. It is a First Class. We get a vague impression of a woman alone, reading a newspaper. He gives one more glance round - then enters.

138. INT. CARRIAGE. DUSK.
S.C.U.

Inside the compartment, the girl is seen to be reading the "Evening Dispatch".

139. S.C.U.

Hannay comes inside the door and looks at the girl.

140. C.U.

Flash the girl just about to look up from her paper.

141. S.C.U.

Hannay, with a swift movement of his eyes one way and the other, assumes an expression of astonished recognition.

142. S.C.U.

Hannay seats himself beside the girl. She is about to protest but, before giving her an opportunity, he throws his arms round her and exclaims.

142.

HANNY: Well, look who's here! Isn't that the grandest surprise? Haven't you got one little kiss for me?

143

S.C.U.

Flash the first of the detective coming into the corridor.

144

C.U.

Hannay plunges his lips on to the girl's.

145

C.U.

His hands grip her wrists so hard that she is absolutely held down.

146.

S.C.U.

We see the policemen arriving and peering through the window. They see.

147.

S.C.U.

Hannay's back and his face pressed over hers.

148. INT. CORRIDOR. DUSK. S.C.U.

The policemen turn away with a grin. One of them says to the other:

1st POLICEMAN: Yon fella's getting a free meal.

They laugh and move on out of the picture.

149. S.C.U.

Hannay breaks away from the girl and tries to regain her breath. She stares at him breathing heavily.

HANNAY: I was desperate - I had to do it.

The girl merely stares at him.

HANNAY: Listen - my name's Hannay. They're after me - but I swear I'm innocent. You must help me. I've got to keep free for the next few days.

We hear the door of the compartment slide open. He half turns from her but not fully round.

150. S.C.U.

One of the policemen in a polite voiced asks:

POLICEMAN: Have either of you seen a man passing in the last few minutes?

151. S.C.U.

Hannay still has his head only halfway turned. The girl is looking up at the policeman. She does not answer immediately, but, turning her glance from them, looks at Hannay for a moment and then back to the policeman. She speaks in a deliberate voice and with a nod in Hannay's direction.

GIRL: This is the man you want, I think.

152. S.L.S.

With the girl in the foreground - Hannay rises and backs to the window just as the policeman with an astonished and incredulous look comes forward.

POLICEMAN: But when we passed just now.....

GIRL: He forced his way in here and told me his name was Hannay.

While she is saying these last words Hannay is backing to the window.

153. C.U.

Hannay's hands are releasing the strap and gently lowering the window.

154. S.L.S.

Over Hannay's shoulder the policeman is seen to advance.

POLICEMAN: Is your name Hannay...?

He is interrupted at this moment by the dining car attendant who thrusts a head inside the door and calls out -

ATTENDANT: Dinner - first service.

155. S.C.U.

Hannay, facing them, answers -

HANNAY: I'll be right along.

156. C.U.

Hannay's hand turning the handle outside the carriage window.

157. S.L.S.

Over the policeman's shoulder. They make a rush as he swings the door open and disappears, slamming it behind him. The policeman rush towards the window.

158. EXT. TRAIN. DUSK.
S.L.S.

Hannay is climbing from one door to another. He passes two, then quickly dives in a third.

159. INT. TRAIN. DUSK.
S.C.U.

One of the police is pulling the communication cord.

160. C.U.

The signal reaching the engine driver's cab.

161. . S.C.U.

The engine driver putting the brakes on with a rush.

162 INT. CORRIDOR. DUSK.
S.L.S.

Hannay rushing down a corridor towards the rear of the train.

163 S.C.U.

Flash of two detectives turning into the corridor.

164 S.C.U.

Hannay dashes through the adjoining passage and enters the dining car.

165 . . INT. DINING CAR. DUSK.
S.C.U.

Hannay throws open the door and stands there.

166 . S.L.S.

The attendant at the far end of the car graciously indicates a place at which he can sit.

167 S.L.S.

Hannay hastens through.

168. S.C.U.

An old gentleman is about to raise his glass to his mouth when Hannay jerks his elbow as he passes and buries his nose in his glass.

169. S.L.S.

Hannay rushes past the attendant and meets another who is just arriving with a tray of filled and steaming soup-plates. This attendant by a miracle swings around and avoids collision with Hannay by a fraction.

170. S.L.S.

Hannay passes through the car and dashes along by the kitchens.

171. S.L.S.

The police are entering the dining car and dashing along; THE CAMERA SWINGS ROUND with them - again the poor old gentleman, who is raising his glass for the second time, has it jabbed in his face once more.

172. S.C.U.

Hannay arrives at a dead end. It is a postal car and he sees through the window various men sorting letters. He takes a sharp turn and lets himself out on to the line.

173. S.L.S.

The detectives pushing past the kitchens.

174. S.L.S.

They dash into the postal car and we see them from the concertina conducting their enquiries.

175. EXT. POSTAL VAN. DUSK. S.L.S.

The doors of the postal van are thrown open and the detectives look up and down the line helplessly. They get down and look around and downwards.

176. EXT. FORTH BRIDGE. DUSK. L.S.

The water yards below and a tiny boat moving.

177. S.L.S.

The group of police are now joined by the guard and the ticket collector. The guard is a very petulant and annoyed individual who proceeds to upbraid the detectives for pulling the train up on the Forth Bridge.

GUARD: What for did ye pull the communication cord?

1st DET: To stop the train, you old fool!

GUARD: It's against a' the regulations to stop the train on the bridge.

1st DET: But there's a man jumped off.

2nd DET: He's a murderer. We've got to take him.

GUARD: Which way did he go?

177. (contd.)

1st DETC: He must have jumped off.
But I canna see him.

POST ATTENDANT: He didn't come through
here.

2nd DET: (to 1st Detective) Are you
sure he jumped?

GUARD: Anyway I canna stay here.

Blows his whistle and jumps on as it begins to move.

POST ATTENDANT: He'll likely be on
the train still.

The detectives are nonplussed for a moment but the moving train is the means of causing them to make a quick decision, and the detectives run breathlessly to catch the moving train, as we PAN DOWN and its departure discloses Hamray lying close between the rails.

FADE OUT.

178. IMPRESSION SCENE. MIXED SHOTS. DAY.

The picture fades in on a pictorial device which indicates the hue and cry after Hamray over the length and breadth of the British Isles. We see the various devices used - broadcasting, newspapers, telephones, motorcars to the North - aeroplane to the North - trains to the North - all piling up into a crescendo of dramatic sound and music.

179. EXT. HIGHLAND COTTAGE. BACK DOOR. DAY. S.L.S.

The music continues from the last impressionistic scene over a short scene of a Scottish peasant, who is just in the act of examining a pair of patent shoes, while alternatively looking for his own boots which are obviously missing. He calls up to his wife at a higher window.

PEASANT: Where are my shoes, Maggie?

WIFE: Are those no them?

PEASANT: Are you daft, woman? Where are my ain?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

180. INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM. DAY. S.C.U.

An elderly farmer type standing in his pants holding up a pair of well-cut trousers, which he has apparently just picked off a chair by an open window. The wind is gently blowing the curtain in.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

181. EXT. HIGHLAND FIELD. DAY. S.C.U.

A stone wall by a meadow in a glen. A farmworker comes to the wall by a gate to take up his coat. He is in his shirtsleeves. He picks up a strange garment which obviously does not belong to him. It is, of course, Hannay's coat.

FADE OUT:

182. EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD. DAY. S.C.U.

FADE IN on the back view of two figures walking along a highland road - CAMERA FOLLOWS them from behind - the one figure is clothed in the missing apparel from the previous sequence - and as he turns and looks anxiously over his shoulder we see it is Hannay. The other is a middle-aged, thick-set, crofter who drives a small herd of Highland cattle before them. An expanse of desolate moor-land and distant hills beyond.

(NOTE: If this scene opens with walking on road, two lines dummy dialogue must be found. If scene opens with Crofter working in yard, accosted by Hannay, dialogue as follows:)

HANNAY: Good-day.

CROFTER: (Eyeing Hannay suspiciously)
What'll your business be?

Hannay, who has been expecting this, quickly replies:

HANNAY: I'm a motor mechanic.

CROFTER: You'll no find work about here.

183. S.C.U.

The crofter breaks off to call one of the cattle to order. He is putting them into the shed.

184. S.C.U.

Hannay makes another attempt to speak to Crofter.

HANNAY: Aren't there any big houses round here?

184. (contd.)

CROFTER: Only Sir Andrd.' He'll no be wanting you. He's had the same chauffeur forty years.

HANNAY: Come, there's not been motor-cars as long as that.

CROFTER: He was coachman forbye he was a boy.

185. LONG SHOT.

Flash a very long shot of a tiny church in a desolate moorland, and house beside it can just be seen.

186. S.C.U.

Hannay has paused, and looks round the desolate country as the crofter replies:

CROFTER: That's the ranse. But the Minister hasna got a motor-car.

HANNAY: Are there no newcomers?

CROFTER: Aye, there's an auld man - a kin' o' retired professor. (Hannay is interested at once) He lives at Alt-na-Shellach.

HANNAY: Where?

CROFTER: (Impatiently) Alt-na-Shellach! The ither side o' the loch.

HANNAY: I'll try there.

CROFTER: You willna try to-night. It's fourteen mile.

187. EXT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE. S.L.S.

The crofter is shutting up the cows as we see a Ford van approaching CAMERON along the rough track from the cottage.

188. S.C.U.

Hannay indicates the van.

HANNAY: I wonder if I could get a lift in that van?

CROFTER: You'll no. He's bound the other way.

The van comes into picture, and as the driver touches his cap to the crofter we can read on the van - Colin McDougall, Merchant, Dalnally. We hear the man say, as he passes:

DRIVER: Goodnight, John!

The crofter merely grunts for reply.

189. Hannay looks after the van.

189. Contd.

Hannay goes over to the crofter CAMER. FOLLOWING.

HANNAY: I guess you're right. Liston
- could you fix me up for the night some
way?

The Crofter eyes him suspiciously.

CROFTER: Proof?

HANNAY: No, no. I'll pay.

The crofter shuts the gate and nods an assent.

190. S.C.U.

He turns and as they go towards the cottage the
crofter says:

CROFTER: Can you eat the herring?

HANNAY: I could eat half a dozen
right now.

CROFTER: Can you sleep in a box-
bed?

HANNAY: I can try.

CROFTER:(eyeing him cautiously) Two
and six?

Hannay dives in his pocket and hands him half-a-crown.

HANNAY: Take it now!

He looks up suddenly.

191. S.C.U.

In the doorway of the cottage stands a young woman about twenty-five - the crofter and Hannay come into the picture.

CROFTER:(roughly) Go bon with the gentleman. He'll bide wi'us till the morn's morn.

She looks at Hannay almost shyly and smiles - Hannay smiles back at her.

HANNAY:(Enquiringly) Your daughter, I guess?

CROFTER:(fiercely) My wife.

There is a sound of commotion among the cows and the crofter with a surly shout exits the picture. The young woman gently says:

WIFE: Will you not come in?

- and holds the door open for him, as he passes in saying:

HANNAY: Thank you.

192. INT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE.
S.L.S.

Hannay enters the general living-room, a small scullery off it on one side - a bedroom the other - On one wall is an opening fitted with sliding shutters - the box-bed. The young woman crosses the room, Hannay's eyes following her easy movements as she slides the shutters

192. (cont.)

of the box-bed revealing the mattress, etc. in the recess. Various articles of clothing are lying on it. She gathers them up, saying:

WIFE: Here's your bed. I'll lift these things. Could you sleep in there do you think?

Hannay crosses to her.

HANNAY: You try and stop me!

193. S.C.U.

The wife looks quite concerned.

WIFE: You'll be tired?

HANNAY: I'll say so. I'm on the tramp, looking for a job.

She is sympathetic, and indicating a chair by the table says:

WIFE: Will you sit down, please, while I go on with our supper.

Hannay exits the picture - she watches him for a second then hurriedly gathering up the clothes and straightening the bed, she exits picture.

194. S.C.U.

Hannay sits by the table. He starts visibly as he sees a pile of groceries, evidently having just been delivered, and protruding from under them - a newspaper - on the corner of the table.

195. C.U.

A flash of newspaper under the groceries.

196. S.C.U.

Hannay looks round quickly and is about to reach for it when the wife comes into picture with a tablecloth, knives and forks - she lifts the groceries and paper on bloc and carries them over to a small dresser in the corner by the fireplace, CAMERA FOLLOWING - returning to the table she proceeds to lay the cloth. Hannay, eyeing her carefully, says:

HANNEY: Shall I tell you something.
You don't come from this part of the
World.

She shakes her head and replies.

WIFE: No, I'm from Glasgow. Did you
over see it?

HANNAY: No.

She pauses as she stretches over to lay the knife and fork before Hannay with a wistful smile.

196. (Contd)

WIFE: You should see Sauchiehall Street, with all its fine shps; and Argyll Street on a Saturday night - with the trams and the light, and the cinema palaces, and the crowd! And it's Saturday night to-night.

Hannay with a glance round towards the window says:

HANNAY: You certainly don't get those things around here.

She sighs and pulling herself together says:

WIFE: No.

Then hurries from the picture. He watches her.

197.

S.C.U.

The wife takes a frying pan from a cupboard under the dresser, and starts putting frying fat into it. We hear Hannay saying:

HANNAY: I guess you miss them?

She turns quickly, and with a half resigned expression replies:

WIFE: Sometimes.

She picks some herrings off a plate and puts them in the pan - CAMER. FOLLOWS her as she places them on the fire.

198. S.C.U.

Hannay watching her closely in foreground - she is intent on the herrings - his eyes pass to the half-concealed newspaper on the corner of the dresser - she moves across and starts to put the groceries away in the cupboard.

HANNAY: Well, I've never been in Glasgow, but I've been in Edinburgh, and Montreal and London. I'll tell you all about London at supper.

She turns shaking her head.

WIFE: John wouldn't approve of that, I doubt.

By now she has put all the groceries away and the paper is revealed.

HANNAY: Why not?

WIFE: He says it's best not to think of such places, and all the wickedness that goes on there.

198. (Cont.)

Hannay rises - going towards the dresser, says:

HANNAY: (cheerfully) Well, listen now
before he comes back! What do you want
to know?

199. S.C.U.

The wife's face lights up excitedly.

WIFE: Is it true that all the
ladies paint their toe-nails?

Hannay looks at her wondering, then realising her
seriousness says:

HANNAY: Some of them.

WIFE: Do London Ladies look beautiful?

HANNAY: They do. But they wouldn't
if you were standing beside them.

She is almost overcome with shyness - but gratified by
his remark.

WIFE: Oh you ought not to say that!

Suddenly the Crofter's voice breaks in.

CROFTER: What ought he not to say?

She looks up towards the door guiltily.

200. S.C.U.

The crofter stands in the doorway - he shuts the door and comes into the room, CAMERA FOLLOWING - Hannay says easily.

HANNAY: I was saying to your wife that I would rather live in a town than in the country.

The wife hurriedly gets on with her work - the crofter stornly:

CROFTER: God made the country.

He looks from one to the other, then asks her sharply:

CROFTER: Is the supper ready, woman?

She lifts the plates from the fire and places them on the dresser.

201. S.C.U.

Hannay makes a move to help her and picks up the newspaper he glances quickly at the Crofter.

HANNAY: May I look at your newspaper?

We hear the crofter's voice:

CROFTER: Aye, if you wish.

201 (contd)

Hannay swiftly opens the "Weekly Scotsman" - and glances through it eagerly.

202 C.U.

Headlines in newspaper:

PORTLAND PLACE MURDER TRACED TO SCOTLAND.
EXCITING INCIDENT ON THE FORTH BRIDGE.

203 C.S

Hannay absorbed in the paper.

204 S.C.U.

The wife placing the plates of herrings round the table - the Crofter seats himself at the end of the table, while his wife pulls a chair up on either side - the Crofter sits, and with a glance at Hannay says:

CROFTER: You didn't tell me your name.

Hannay looks up startled from the paper.

HANNY: Ha-Hammond.

The wife takes her place on the Crofter's left - while he indicates the other chair to Hannay

204 3.11. (contd)

CROFTER: Well, Mr. Hammond, if you'll
pit doon that paper, I'll say a blessing.

Hannay apologetically comes to the table and seating himself
opposite the wife places the paper on the table.

HANNAY: Pardon me.

The Crofter starts saying grace. He closes his eyes
solemnly.

CROFTER: Sanctify these maircies to us
sinners, O Lord - and (meaningly) continually
turn our hearts from worldly things unto Thee!

205

S.C.U.

From the end of the table - Hannay on one side in the
foreground - the wife on the other - beyond them the
Crofter with bowed head - Hannay's eyes are fixed on the
folded paper - the headline is obvious - he raises his
eyes to find the wife is gazing wide-eyed at the paper
also - she raises her eyes slowly and they exchange a
glance full of meaning and understand. The Crofter
opens his eyes and is suddenly conscious of the exchange
of looks between the two - the two heads turn to him.

206

C.U.

The Crofter looks slowly from one to the other.

207 C.U.

From the Crofter's cyclone, Hannay and the wife looking at him - they both look away self-consciously.

208 S.C.U.

The three, the crofter's face hardens - and with his eyes still fixed on the other two he adds:

CROFTER: A-a-mon!

Hannay and the wife commence eating but the Crofter suddenly rises saying in an even voice:

CROFTER: I mind I forgot to lock
the byre.

He exits picture. Hannay watching him carefully.

209 S.C.U.

The Crofter strides to the door and silently exits.

210 EXT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE.
S.L.S.

The Crofter comes out, and CAMERA follows him round the cottage - he halts, hesitates, then grimly makes his way to the window of the livingroom.

211. C.U.

The Crofter's grim face peering through the window.

212. INT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE.
S.L.S.

Shot through the window - he sees Hannay now round the other side of the table by his wife, they are both talking volubly, with nods in the Crofter's direction. She is a little furtive, and then replies to some particular question of Hannay's. Hannay takes her hand and smiles gratefully at her.

213. C.U.

The crofter - shot from inside - through the window - we see, by his expression- he has misconstrued the scene- his face becomes terrifyingly angry as we FADE OUT.

FADE IN

214. INT. CROFTER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.
C.U.

FADE IN on a big head of the Crofter lying in bed - his eyes are half closed but he is wide awake - he turns them slowly as the CAMERA PANS over to his wife who, lying in a second bed, is also awake - staring with wide open eyes up at the ceiling.

215. INT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE.
C.U.

Hannay, on the box-bed - sleeping soundly.

216. BEDROOM.
C.U.

The wife suddenly raises herself on the pillow and looks across the room towards the tiny window.

217. L.S.

Through the tiny window we see the beams of car headlights miles away across the highland.

218 S.C.U.

The wife sits up - she glances at an alarm clock beside the bed, it is just past twelve - she looks down at her apparently sleeping husband - then cautiously slips from the bed - she hurriedly slips a coat over her nightdress and tip-toes over to the window.

219 C.U.

The crofter watching her from almost closed eyes.

220 S.C.U.

The wife with another brief glance to the bed hurries from the room, past the bed, - the crofter's eyes following her.

221 INT. CROFTER'S COTTAGE.
S.C.U.

The wife comes to the sleeping Hannay and gently shakes him, he rouses sleepily, she whispers

WIFE: There are cars coming. It'll be the police. You'd best be going.

Hannay calmly sits up, and with a yawn replies coolly

HANNAY: Thank you! And I was having such a grand sleep!

221. (contd.)

He puts his boots on as he says:

HANNAY: Which way do I go?

WIFE: I'll show you. Quick, don't let them catch you.

He slips quickly into his coat.

HANNAY: I'm ready.

And takes her hands impulsively.

HANNAY: My dear, I'll never forget what you're doing for me.

Suddenly a shaft of light falls on them - she instinctively steps before him to shelter him.

222. S.C.U.

The crofter stands in the bedroom-door - in shirt and trousers - a candle in his hand - he advances towards them quickly, CAMERA FOLLOWING - as he reaches them she backs a step.

CROFTER: (Nodding his head in satisfaction - to the wife) Ay! I might ha' kenned! Makin' love behind my back! Get out!

The crofter turns on her in a fury - she recoils - terrified. Hannay steps between them.

HANNAY: Here - wait a minute - you don't -

The crofter steps forward threateningly.

CROFTER: (to Hannay) Yes, and you - go from this house, before -

He advances on Hannay.

222. (contd.)

The wife breaks in.

WIFE: (to Hannay, urging him) Yes,
go - go.

Hannay swings round on her.

HANNAY: No he must understand -

WIFE: But it is your chance of liberty -

223. S.L.S.

They all turn as a bright beam of light swoops the room.

224. C.U.

Hannay realises that he has a chance of getting away. He
glances over his shoulder.

225. S.L.S.

Flash of the car approaching the cottage.

226. C.U.

Crofter and Hannay. Hannay turning back interrupts him.

HANNAY: You're all wrong about this. She
was trying to help me.

CROFTER: Aye - to bring shame and disgrace
upon my house!

HANNAY: She was helping me to escape from
the police!

226. (contd.)

The crofter looks at him keenly.

CROFTER: The police?

Hannay takes a step forward.

HANNAY: Yes - the police! They're
after me for murder!

The crofter recoils.

The sound of a car is heard pulling up.

227. S.C.U.

Hannay talking quickly says:

HANNAY: Listen! There they are!
They're coming here. She came to
warn me. I had to tell her about
it last night.

There is a loud knocking on the door.

C.U.

Hannay keeping well in scullery door, whispers.

HANNAY: Don't let them in! Say I'm not here!
I'll make it worth your while.

The crofter comes into picture.

CROFTER: (He thrusts his face close to Hannay's greedily). How much?

HANNAY: Five pounds.

CROFTER: (Suspiciously) Have you got that much?

HANNAY: Yes, here.

He shows the money.

CROFTER: Give it to me.

HANNAY: After they've gone.

There is another loud knocking on the door - Hannay hands over the money - the crofter greedily pockets it and says

CROFTER: Get back into the bed (to wife). Shut him in - hide him!

The crofter exits the picture. Hannay goes towards bed.

S.C.U.

Hannay goes to the bed - but the wife lays a hand on his arm.

S.C.U.

The crofter opens the door and we hear him talking vaguely.

231.

S.C.U.

The wife draws Hannay away from the bed saying.

WIFE: No, no, not there! I dinna trust him.

HANNAY: But he took the money.

WIFE: He couldna resist it. In there!

She pushes him into the scullery - she runs across to the window and listens - a horrified expression comes over her face - she turns away from the window to the scullery again.

232.

S.C.U.

By the scullery door she whispers to Hannay

WIFE: I was right. He's asking if there's a reward if you get catched. He'll argie-bargie for a moment longer before he lets them in. Now's your time!

She opens a cupboard door and takes out a black coat and thrusting it on him says

WIFE: Your jacket's terrible light-coloured. I doubt they'll see you. Take this.

HANNAY: But that's your husband's.

WIFE: Yes, - his best Sunday one, but never heed! They must not see you! Now quick!

233.

C.U.

She opens the back scullery door and is pushing him out - Hannay stops.

HANNAY: But what's going to happen to you?

233 (Cont.)

The wife with a pathetic smile says

WIFE: I'll say I couldn't stop you.

HANNAY: Will he - ill-treat you?

The wife grimly replies

WIFE: No. He'll pray at me, but no more.
Away!

Hannay takes her hands in his.

HANNAY: What is your name?

WIFE: Margaret.

HANNAY: Goodbye, Margaret.

He impulsively kisses her - she offers no resistance - he breaks away and whispers.

HANNAY: I'll always remember you.

Then disappears into the darkness.

234 Margaret watches him go - dumbly conscious he has gone -
tears in her eyes.

FADE OUT.

235 EXT. SCOTCH MOOR. DAY.
S.C.U.

In a vague ground mist we FADE IN on a signpost, the lettering of which is practically obliterated by the weather. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to a boulder behind which Hannay is crouching. He is peering carefully into the distance.

236 L.S.

Along the line of a ridge, and well spaced apart, come the heads of about half a dozen men.

237 C.U.

Hannay quickly ducks behind the boulder.

238 L.S.

The line of heads now reveal themselves to be police and keepers as they come fully into view against the skyline.

239 C.U.

A shot upward of the rugged keen-eyed face of one of Hannay's pursuers. Suddenly his expression lights up as he sees -

240 L.S.

A fleeting glimpse of Hannay running from his shelter behind the boulder to a spot below the distance where he disappears temporarily from view.

241 L.S.

Shooting along the top of the ridge - a man in the foreground calls to the rest, and we see the word go right down the line. Almost with one accord they move on like a line of troops.

242 S.C.U.

Hannay running and stumbling over the rough ground, looking over his shoulder. He is pulled up short and turns back. The Professor's house comes into view. We hear one or two shots ring out.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

243 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. DAY.
S.L.S.

Hannay arrives at the front door. He rings the bell, and a trim smiling maid answers it -

HANNAY: Could I see the master, please?

MAID: What name shall I say, sir?

HANNAY: He wouldn't know my name, but ask if he knows Miss Annabella Smith.

MAID: Would you wait here, sir, while I enquire?

She closes the door as she is a little dubious and leaves Hannay on the doorstep while she goes to ask.

244 EXT. GATES OF PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. DAY.
S.L.S.

The party of police and keepers come down to the gates. They pass through and make towards the front door.

245- EXT. FRONT DOOR OF PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. DAY.
S.C.U.

The party pull up at the front door. The Inspector turns to the others.

INSPECTOR: We'd best enquire here.

SERGEANT: Aye! Somobody may have seen him frae the wundies.

The Inspector rings the bell. The Sergeant with him points to the wheel tracks by the door.

SERGEANT: There's been a couple of motor-caurs here.

The Inspector turns back to him and says sarcastically

INSPECTOR: Aye! But murderers dima pay calls in motor-caurs!

At this moment the door opens and the maid appears.

INSPECTOR: Good day to you.

MAID: The same to you.

INSPECTOR: Have any strangers been about here this morning?

MAID: There's a few callers upstairs now, but they're not strangers.

INSPECTOR: You have not seen any suspicious looking bodies passing the windows?

MAID: No, Sir - there hasn't been anybody near here for the last half hour.

246. INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. DAY. S.L.S.

Hannay is standing in the small hall. A door is open through which can be seen a party full of laughing and chattering people. There is plenty of smoke from cigarettes and they are drinking champagne. A genial middle-aged man is approaching Hannay - it is the Professor.. THE CAMERA MOVES IN.

PROFESSOR: So you're from Annabella Smith?

HANNAY: Yes. She...

The professor changes his manner and interrupts Hannay more genially.

PROFESSOR: My dear fellow, we're just having a few drinks to celebrate my daughter Hilary's birthday. Give me five minutes to get rid of these people and then we can talk. Come along in and meet my wife.

He puts his hand across Hannay's back and presses him forward into the room. THE CAMERA GOES WITH THEM and, just as he gets to the door with Hannay, introduces him to his wife who appears at that moment.

PROFESSOR: Louisa, my dear, I've another guest for you.

Enter maid: whispers to Professor. Professor looks at Hannay.

PROFESSOR: At the door, all right, I'll deal with this. (Places his hand on Hannay's shoulder covering his finger and addresses wife) Take him in, please, my dear. I'll be back in a moment.

Goes off as Hannay enters.

246. (contd.)

The wife welcomes Hannay smilingly, as the Professor, still with his hand on Hannay's shoulder, guides him into the room. THE CAMERA DOES NOT FOLLOW all the way but, remaining stationary, causes to come into full view the Professor's hand against the back of Hannay's jacket - half of the little finger is missing!

247. S.C.U.

We see the reverse of the picture. The Professor smilingly leaves Hannay to be taken care of by his wife - he comes into the room and closes the door behind him. He is saying to his wife:

PROFESSOR: This is Mr. - (To Hannay)
I forgot to ask your name?

HANNAY: Hammond.

PROFESSOR: Mr. Hammond. He has come
to see me on business, all the way from
London.

247. (Cont.)

LOUISA: Come and meet my daughters, Mr. Hammond.

Hannay is led across the room, THE CAMERA PASSING among the guests. He is introduced to the first daughter - a tailored rather intellectual type and then, nearby, to the other one, Hilary, who is younger, more modern, pretty and vivacious.

LOUISA: Hilary, darling, this is Mr. - er -

HANNAY: Hammond.

LOUISA: Mr. Hammond. He has just arrived from London.

Hilary offers Hannay a cigarette.

HILARY: How do you do, Mr. Hammond? Forgive the orgy, but we've all been to church and the sermon lasted three-quarters of an hour!

THE CAMERA MOVES BACK to include the maid who enters and whispers to her master. We get the word 'Police'. The Professor glances at Hannay with a tiny smile and exits the picture with her. THE CAMERA MOVES BACK and shows Hannay being introduced to the guests. He is ill-at-ease. He glances towards the window - a hand offers him a glass of champagne - it comes from a young man in a kilt. Hilary by the drinks, calls out

HILARY: How do you do, Mr. Hammond. Have a drink. Grab it quickly before Derek gets it himself. This is Derek - Derek Ogilvie. And this is Sheriff Watson. You must be polite to him.

OGILVIE: He's our Sheriff Substitute - Scotch for local Beak. Give you six months hard as soon as look at you!

248. L. S.

CAPT. STEWART: By the way, Sheriff, when are you going to catch that murderer?

Hannay looks round sharply.

MRS. STEWART: Murderer? What murderer?

HILARY: My dear, haven't you heard? That man who struck a carving knife into that woman in Portland Place last week - he's here!

MRS. STEWART: Darling, how exciting!

SHERIFF: It's no business of mine to catch him. You catch him - I'll convict him!

Professor enters: DUMMY LINE.

THE CAMERA IS STILL MOVING BACK.

MRS. STEWART: Good gracious! It's nearly one O'clock. The sermon must have lasted an hour and a half! Jim, we must get out of here - the Professor wants his lunch.

The Professor comes forward.

PROFESSOR: There's no hurry, my dear, but if you must go - Marion, ring for Capt. Stewart's car.

THE CAMERA STILL GOES BACK as the group start to move off.

248 (Cont.)

DEREK: I'll take you with me, Sheriff, and then if I run over anything you'll get pinched, too.

The party are all starting to say 'Goodbye' now - Stewart in the distance is starting to shake hands with Hannay. Sheriff is shaking hands with Hilary.

SHERIFF: Well, whenever you do catch him, you'll find me at the Sheriff Court at ten every morning. So bring him along!

By this time THE CAMERA is down at the door. We see Hannay alone in the distance - all the guests have passed THE CAMERA and we see their shadows on the floor. There are various murmurs of 'Goodbye', the voices getting fainter and fainter. We hear the Professor say to his wife

PROFESSOR: Now, Louisa, my dear, if you'll excuse us, Mr. Hammond and I want to have a chat before lunch.

We see the shadow of the door closing, Hannay still standing alone in the distance.

249. C.U.

THE CAMERA is photographing just in the region of the lock of the door. We see it close - the Professor has his back to it; his hand slips behind him and he turns the key, withdrawing it. THE CAMERA MOVES UP till it includes his profile - he is smiling genially at Hannay. He moves forward, THE CAMERA TURNING with him. We see Hannay leave the window at the end and stroll down towards the Professor, who is saying.

249. (Cont.)

C.U.

PROFESSOR: Now, Mr. Hannay - I suppose it's safe to call you by your right name now - what about our mutual friend, Annabella?

250. S.C.U.

The Professor comes into the picture by Hannay.

HANNAY: She's been murdered.

The Professor expresses surprise.

PROFESSOR: Ah! The Portland Mansions affair. What our friends outside are looking for you for? I didn't realise - poor, poor creature.

HANNAY: I didn't do it!

The Professor turns away and strolls towards the fireplace, THE CAMERA GOING BACK with him. He gazes absently at the ground.

PROFESSOR: No, of course you didn't. But - why come all this way to Scotland to tell me about it?

The Professor, still on his way to the fireplace, hears Hannay's voice replying.

250. (Cont.)

HANNAY: I believe she was coming to see you about some Air Ministry secret.

At this moment the Professor hesitates in his movement of taking the matches from the mantelpiece to light his pipe. He pauses as Hannay says

HANNAY: She was killed by a foreign agent who was trying to steal it.

The Professor turns and we are now SHOOTING OVER his shoulder. We hear him say to Hannay.

PROFESSOR: Did she tell you what this foreign agent looked like?

Hannay in the distance replies

HANNAY: She hadn't time - (then suddenly remembering). Oh, there was one thing - the top joint of his little finger is missing.

PROFESSOR: Which one?

Hannay holds up his right hand.

HANNAY: This one, I think.

The Professor moves across the front of the CAMERA and, raising the opposite hand, asks with gentle deliberation.

PROFESSOR: Are you sure it wasn't this one?

251. C.U.

We see the effect of this revelation on Hannay - he stares fascinated at the Professor.

252

C.U.

The Professor is slowly lowering his hand as he smiles across at Hannay. There is a sudden knocking at the door which causes him to turn sharply and leave the picture.

253

S.L.S.

Over Hannay's shoulder - we see the Professor move down to open the door. He unlocks it and strolls back towards the fireplace. His wife appears in the distance. She looks from one to the other.

LOUISA: Lunch is ready, dear.

PROFESSOR: I'm coming right away.

She withdraws, leaving the door open.

254

S.C.U.

The Professor turns back and looks across to Hannay.

PROFESSOR: Sorry, Mr. Hannay, I'm afraid I have been guilty of leading you down the garden path - or should it be up? I never can remember,

255

S.C.U.

Hannay turns his eyes from the Professor's direction and stares down the room -

HANNAY: It seems to be the wrong garden, all right. Well, what are we going to do about it?

During this last dialogue we see what Hannay sees.

256. S.L.S.

The wide open door of the room - We hear the Professor begin to say:

PROFESSOR: That is just the point. What are we going to do about it?

257. S.C.U.

Hannay starts to move away with a fair amount of deliberation from the window.

PROFESSOR: Mr. Hannay, why have you come here? Why have you forced me into this difficult position?

258. S.C.U.

The Professor's eyes are watching Hannay's movements. We hear Hannay's footsteps as he walks.

PROFESSOR: You see, I live here as a respectable citizen and you must realise that my whole existence would be jeopardized if it became known through you, or anybody else, that I am...or...well, shall we say, not what I seem to be.

259. S.C.U.

During the last part of this speech Hannay is thoughtfully strolling down the room. For the briefest moment he casts his eye up towards the door.

260 S.L.S.

An impression of the door with THE CAMERA moving towards it.

261 S.L.S.

The Professor casually moves across from the fireplace and seats himself on the corner of the table by Hannay.

PROFESSOR: I can't lock you up in a room or anything like that. After all, there's my wife and daughters to think of - I don't know what to think, really, I don't.

Hannay sits in a nearby chair. He turns his eyes towards the door.

262 S.L.S.

A view of the open door now much nearer. The Professor is saying

PROFESSOR: What makes it doubly important that I shouldn't let you go is that I am just about to transfer some very vital information out of the country.

263 C.U.

We see Hannay's sharp reaction to this information.

264 S.C.U.

The Professor smiles and adds.

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes. I've got it. I'm afraid poor Annabella would have been too late in any case.

265. S.L.S.

Hannay rises almost sharply to his foot and says with an air of finality,

HANNAY: Well - that's that, I suppose.

PROFESSOR: Yes - well, what about it, Mr. Hannay?

HANNAY: What about what?

PROFESSOR: Yourself. It seems to me there's only one way out.

HANNAY: And what's that?

PROFESSOR: (opens the desk and takes out a revolver) Supposing I left you alone with this revolver, tomorrow's newspapers will then announce that the Portland Place murderer has taken his own life -

They both turn suddenly to the door.

266. S.L.S.

From another angle, with the two men more or less in the foreground - the revolver perfectly visible - the Professor's wife appears once more in the doorway. With a petulant expression she says:

LOUISA: I thought you were coming to lunch straightaway, dear - we're all waiting.

She glances in Hannay's direction.

LOUISA: Will Mr. Hammond be staying?

PROFESSOR: I don't think so, my dear.

The wife exits, still leaving the door open.

267. S.C.U.

Hannay glances swiftly towards the Professor and then to the door. His eye movements are almost imperceptible.

268

S.C.U.

Flash an even nearer view of the open door.

269

S.C.U.

The Professor, still with the tiniest of smiles, turns his eyes from the door to Hannay.

PROFESSOR: What do you think, Mr. Hannay?

270

S.C.U.

Hannay strolls a little more towards the door, apparently in deep thought. When he is within a yard of it he turns and smiles at the Professor. We hear the latter's voice as he says, almost with a sigh.

PROFESSOR: Well, I'm afraid you leave me no alternative.

Hannay's eyes for a moment dart down swiftly.

271

C.U.

The trunk of the Professor's body and his revolver being slowly raised and pointed in Hannay's direction.

272

S.L.S.

There is a sharp crack and the figure of Hannay slumps to the ground.

FADE OUT.

273. INT. CROFTER'S KITCHEN. DAY. S.L.S.

The Crofter is standing in his shirtsleeves at the scullery door. He is just completing wiping his face and, throwing down the towel, starts to do up his cuffs. He says to his wife who is seen in shadow on the wall:

CROFTER: Did you mind to lay out my Bible and my hymn book for the kirk?

MARGARET: John, I cannot lay my hand on your hymnbook. Can you think where you left it?

CROFTER: In the breast pocket of my Sabbath coat. And get out the coat too...

Margaret starts nervously.

MARGARET: John, John, I...

She believes her husband realises what she is going to say - he advances menacingly towards her, his hand upraised - the camera moves in and FADES OUT simultaneously. When the screen is dark we hear the faint echo of Margaret's scream, as we imagine the blow to have been struck.

274. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. EVENING. C.U.

Immediately following the sound of the scream we hear loud laughter. The FADE IN reveals a very close view of a hymnbook, the outer cover of which lays open and two fingers are extracting from its embedded position in the pages - a bullet. There is an inscription on the flyleaf, reading:
" from Margaret...'The Lord bless thee and keep thee'... etc."

276. (contd.)

HANNAY: When I came to, I pinched the Professor's car. I borrowed his coat too, in case your people recognised me.

SHERIFF: Ooh, what's an overcoat between friends?

277. S.L.S.

Hannay seated in the foreground watches the Sheriff stroll casually back and resume his seat at the desk. Hannay looks across a little impatiently.

HANNAY: Sheriff, I don't want to hurry you, but oughtn't we to be taking steps? This is serious. Do you think if it weren't - I'd put myself in your hand with a murder charge hanging over me?

SHERIFF: Never heed the murder, Mr. Hannay! I don't doubt you'll be able to convince Scotland Yard of your innocence as easily as you've convinced me. All I'll need from you will be a short statement that I can forward to the proper authority. I have someone coming over now to take it down.

During this the Sheriff touches a bell on his desk.

HANNAY: Thank you, sir.

278. S.L.S.

Shooting with the Sheriff in the foreground - we see the door opening beyond and a uniformed Inspector, followed by a Sergeant, framed in the doorway. He asks with civility:

278. (contd.)

INSPECTOR: Were you wishing to see me, Sheriff?

The Sheriff almost barks out:

SHERIFF: I am indeed. Do you think I enjoy playing for time with a murderer?

At this the CAMERA SWINGS with startling rapidity round the room to face the reverse direction. It swiftly brings a big head of Hannay into view who echoes:

HANNAY: Murderer?

We hear the Sheriff laugh a little triumphantly.

SHERIFF: Certainly. Hannay, you are under arrest on a charge of wilful murder - of a woman unknown in Portland Mansions, London, on Tuesday last. Take him across to the county gaol, Inspector.

During this the CAMERA has been pulling back in rhythm with the speech to include the Sheriff himself. At the end of this the Inspector says:

INSPECTOR: Very good, sir.

They cross the front of the camera to Hannay. The Inspector and Sergeant close in on him.

HANNAY: But -

INSPECTOR: Come away!

As Hannay crosses the front of the camera he stops and leans across the desk.

HANNAY: But, Sheriff, you know my story. You must believe it. It's true...every word...

279. S.C.U.

The Sheriff replies with a touch of heat:

SHERIFF: Nonsense, the Professor is one of my best friends.

He picks up the telephone receiver and asks the operator:

SHERIFF: Get me Professor Jordan.

HANNAY: But - if the Professor didn't shoot me, where did that bullet come from?

Hannay points to the book on the table.

SHERIFF: That's easy. From one of your pursuers on the moor. Is that not so, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: That is so, Sir. I had a shot at him myself.

The Sheriff hangs up the receiver. Hannay intervenes:

HANNAY: Listen, Sheriff, whatever happens I demand that you allow me to telephone to the High Commissioner for Canada in London.

The Sheriff smiles back at him with a touch of sarcasm.

SHERIFF: You can do it in London instead; you'll be there soon enough. It'll save you a trunk call, Mr. Hannay.

He laughs loudly and with a jerk of the head indicates the Inspector to take Hannay off. The Sergeant brings out a pair of handcuffs and proceeds to take Hannay's wrist as the latter starts to expostulate further.

280. EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT. S.L.S.

THE CAMERA is on the opposite side of the street to the Police Station. We can see the lit windows. Into the foreground pulls a saloon car.

281. S.C.U.

We can barely see the features of the four men inside because we are shooting from outside the windows of the car, but their gestures are excited enough as they point across the road.

MAN: That's the Professor's car all right. He must be spilling the beans now.

282. S.L.S.

From their eyeline the stolen car in front of the police-station. Suddenly, just as he is about to step in we see Hannay come flying through the window from the Sheriff's office. He starts to make a dash for the car but turns and doubles off down the street.

283. S.C.U.

The man who spoke by the car speaks again.

MAN: God, he's loose again!

284. S.L.S.

A nearer view of the Police Station door. We see policeman rushing out, hear whistles. The Inspector gives instructions to plain-clothes men to hasten off - they divide off in pairs. They are wearing conventional felt hats and overcoats...

285

EXT. SCOTTISH STREET. NIGHT. S.L.S.

A slightly elevated shot of a Salvation Army band and its few followers marching down the street to the tune of one of their traditional march hymns. The uniformed followers dribble off into non-uniformed and right under the Camera in the foreground is the familiar backview of Hannay. He is giving little glances to the side. We allow the CAMERA to hesitate a little so that the band gets a little ahead of us, and we see that he has successfully joined the assembly and is only two or three rows from the tail.

286

S.L.S.

This is a side view of the band. Hannay is averting his face. On the pavement we see the rushing figures of police and plain-clothes men.

287

S.C.U.

A full face of Hannay. His eyes are moving from right to left as he marches in time. He decides it is the moment for him to make a departure.

288

C.U.

Hannay's hand. He is endeavouring to conceal the handcuff which is fixed to one wrist.

289

S.L.S.

We get a back view of Hannay. He is allowing himself to be overtaken by the rest of the congregation. Simultaneously he moves surreptitiously to the left and commences to slide out. The CAMERA IS PANNING with him so that finally he leaves the band and almost casually strolls across the pavement down a narrow side turning.

290 S.L.S.

Hannay strolls along the turning until he comes to a sudden halt.

291 S.C.U.

Hannay hesitates as he sees in the distance -

292 L.S.

From Hannay's cyclone policemen are soon quickly moving across the end of the narrow street.

293 S.L.S.

He takes a step forward undecided what to do and then, with an extra look of alarm, moves across and passes into a lighted doorway.

294 INT. ASSEMBLY ROOMS. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Hannay, darting in through the doors, finds himself in a small lobby which is occupied by one or two middle-aged tatty-looking men in dark badly fitting suits. A short plump elderly lady is talking to the men but, on seeing Hannay, she hurriedly detaches herself and rushes across to him. She gasps out:

LADY BALLANTYNE: Oh, how do you do?
How do you do? We're all waiting for
you. Pamela's gone to meet you at the
station. This way...this way.

294 (contd.)

She proceeds to lead him to some steps which lead to a curtained opening. The bewildered Hannay is about to protest when he remembers his predicament and, with an expression of resignation, passes through the curtain.

(NOTE: Moberley's speech will have to be lengthened to start here as a sound off).

295 S.C.U.

Hannay finds himself on the other side of the curtains. Behind him the little fat lady is making violent signs to someone beyond him. The curtains fall to. He looks ahead and sees:

296 S.L.S.

From his cyclone there are two rows of people sitting along a platform. He cannot yet see the public portion of the hall. A rather pompous individual is standing by the baize-covered table. One or two of the people sitting the camera end of the rows of chairs turn in Hannay's direction, while one bright middle aged thin aristocratic looking lady motions him eagerly to an empty seat opposite to her.

297 S.C.U.

Hannay tiptoes across, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. This is taken from such an angle that, as the CAMERA SWINGS with him, SHOOTING over the heads of the committee, it brings into view the whole hall, filled with people.

298 S.C.U.

Hannay seats himself in the chair indicated while the others around him subside and continue to listen placidly to the Chairman speaking. As Hannay seats himself we hear the

298. (contd.)

speaker, a pompous English Conservative type, Sir Thomas Moberley:

SIR T. MOBERLEY: Having dealt with this extremely - or - interesting - or - point, I now propose to occupy your time for a few minutes by -

There are interruptions of "You've occupied over much of it already!" "Sit down" etc., also "That's the speaker from London that was promised?"

299. S.C.U.

The lady who beckoned Manney to his seat is leaning across and whispering something to the Chairman. He nods assent and the CAMERA GOES FORWARD as he leans forward to pull the coat tail of Sir Thomas Moberley. The latter, much annoyed, retires to his seat beside the Chairman who rises and gives two taps on the table in front of him.

CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to call upon the speaker of the evening.

There are loud cheers at this. The Chairman continues:

CHAIRMAN: There is no need for me to tell you who he is - a son of Scotland who has crossed the Border and is now one of the foremost figures of the political and diplomatic world in the great city of London. I am therefore going to ask him to tell you something - (Interruptions of "And about time!") namely, how important it is to this Constituency that at this - or - crucial by-election our Candidate (He points to a young man in spectacles on his right) should be returned by an adequate majority. (Loudly) Captain Fraser!

300.

S.C.U.

During the beginning of the last speech there is a shot of Hannay listening interestedly to the Chairman.

301.

S.C.U.

The Chairman addressing the audience with the candidate sitting on his right.

302.

S.L.S.

A flash of the audience from the Chairman's cyclone.

303

S.C.U.

As the Chairman finishes his speech and announces "Captain Fraser" Hannay glances up and down to see who Fraser is.

304

S.L.S.

From Hannay's cyclone other heads are doing much the same.

305

S.C.U.

Hannay has subsided back into his seat and waits patiently - We hear the Chairman's voice again calling "Captain Fraser." Hannay looks to his left and sees:

306.

S.L.S.

All eyes upon him.

307

S.C.U.

Hannay looks to the right and sees:

308

S.L.S.

All eyes upon him from the other side. The aristocratic lady next to him gives him an encouraging nod.

309

S.L.S.

Hannay realises that he must be thought to be Captain Fraser. He rises to his feet nervously and advances towards the table, bringing himself into S.C.U.

310

S.L.S.

A sweeping view of the hall.

311.

S.C.U.

Hannay looks about him secretively wondering what he is going to say. There is a sound of subsiding coughs, etc.

HANNAY: Ladies and gentlemen, I apologise for my hesitation in rising just now, but to tell you the simple truth, I had entirely failed, while listening to the Chairman's flattering description of the next speaker, to realise that he was talking about me!

312. C.U.

Amid loud laughter from the audience Hannay's hand, pointing to his chest, momentarily reveals the edge of the hand-cuff.

313. S.C.U.

He quickly puts both hands in his pockets and continues:

HANNAY: As for you, may I say, from the bottom of my heart and with the utmost sincerity, how delighted and relieved I am to find myself in your company at this moment?

314. S.L.S.

- During this last he sees coming up the side of the hall in a great hurry a girl and a man. They pass from his view - obviously into the small lobby at the side.

315. S.C.U.

Hannay, his eyes having turned as far as they can to follow them, turns back to the audience:

HANNAY: Delighted, because of your friendly reception; relieved, because so long as I stand upon this platform, I am delivered for the moment from the cares and anxieties which must always be the lot of a man in my position. When I journeyed up to Scotland a few days ago, travelling in the Highland express over that magnificent structure, the Forth Bridge - that monument to Scottish engineering and Scottish muscle -

315.. (contd.)

Towards the end of this his eyes turn back again to his left. He sees:

316... S.L.S.

At the side of the platform - between the curtains - none other than the girl of the train with the man who has just arrived. Hannay turns back and almost falteringly continues:

HANNAY: That is to say - or - on that journey I had no idea that I should in a few days time find myself addressing an important political meeting. I had planned a very different programme for myself -

He glances again to his left and sees the group of the girl and what must now be the real Captain Fraser with the fat little lady. They are all whispering together rather excitedly. Pamela is pointing to him.

317... S.C.U.

Hannay continues:

HANNAY: - a very different programme.

There are sympathetic murmurs from the audience.

318... S.L.S.

A gamekeeper in the front row leans forward:

GAMEKEEPER: You'd be for the moors to shoot something?

318. (contd.)

HANNAY: Or somebody! I'm a rotten shot!

There is loud laughter.

319. S.C.U.

Hannay continues:

HANNAY: Anyhow, I little thought that I should be speaking to-night in support of that rising young statesman - that brilliant -

His eyes, however, are on the girl for he sees:

320. S.L.S.

Her hurrying away down the side of the hall. Two men detach themselves from the back of the hall and go towards her. They appear to question her. She nods.

321. S.L.S.

Hannay during this has been watching this but has been continuing his speech:

HANNAY: the gentleman on my right, already known among you as one destined to make no uncertain mark in politics - ... in other words - your candidate, your future Member of Parliament....

He looks over the edge of the table and sees:

322.

C.U.

From Hannay's cycline the name "MCCORQUODALE" soon from upside down.

323

S.C.U.

Hannay makes a shot at the name "Mr. McCrocodilo!" There is a roar of laughter and a shout of - "He doesna ken the candidate's name." Hannay continues:

HANNAY: I know the candidate will forgive me if I refer to him by the friendly nickname by which he is already known in anticipation - in anticipation, mark you - at Westminster.

He glances out into the hall again to where the girl is with the two men.

324

S.L.S.

The three are still talking together. The girl turns and points to him and the three start making their way down the side aisle towards the lobby.

325

S.C.U.

Hannay turns away from them and still continues:

HANNAY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are! What shall our topic be? What shall our talk be about? What can I tell you? Ah, there's a gentleman there trying to ask a question. Well, sir, what can I tell you?

326 S.C.U.

A heckler half rising:

HECKLER: You can tell me what for when you're addressing a public meeting you keep your hands in your pockets!

327 S.C.U.

Hannay makes a smart retort (?)....

There is a roar of laughter from the audience. He glances round to the curtains at the side and sees -

328 S.L.S.

Two plain-clothes men waiting grimly for him to finish.

329 S.C.U.

He turns back to the audience resolutely:

HANNAY: Now, ladies and gentlemen, we were going to discuss some topic. What is it to be?

There are shouts of "Unemployment", "The Horrifying Fishery", "The Idle Rich". Hannay seizes upon this last.

HANNAY: The Idle Rich? That's a bit of an old-fashioned topic these days - especially for me, because I'm not rich and I've never been idle. I've been pretty busy all my life, and I expect to be much busier quite soon.

During this he is looking round for a way of escape. He sees:

330. S.L.S.

The two or three steps leading from the centre of the platform to the body of the hall.

331. C.U.

Hannay's eyes moving up quickly.

332. S.L.S.

The Exit sign over the door beyond.

333. S.C.U.

Hannay turns back to hear a heckler shout:

HECKLER: Have you ever worked with your hands?

HANNAY: Indeed I have. (He works himself up) And I have known what it is to be lonely and helpless, and feel the whole world is against me - and those are things that no man or woman ought to feel.

334. S.L.S.

A nearer view of the audience who are uttering murmurs of sympathy. Their heads nod in approval.

335. S.C.U.

Shot from below. Hannay increases the pace of his speech:

HANNAY: And I ask your candidate, and all those who love their fellowmen, to set themselves resolutely to make this world a happier world to live in -

336. S.L.S.

A nearer view of his enthusiastic audience.

337. S.C.U.

A nearer view of the fervent Hannay speaking at an even faster pace.

HANNAY: A world where no nation plots against nation; where no neighbour plots against neighbour! A world where there is no persecution or hunting down!

338. S.L.S.

A yet nearer view of the audience. They are working themselves up now. Heads begin to turn to each other. The murmurs of sympathy increase.

339. S.C.U.

Hannay's head - his eyes give a swift glance from the men to his way of escape. He turns back to the audience and allows his words to come faster.

HANNAY: Where everybody gets a square deal and a sporting chance! Where people try to help and not to hinder.

340. S.C.U.

A nearer section of the audience responding to Hannay.

341. C.U.

Hannay breathlessly glances out to the side and sees:

342. S.C.U.

The word "Exit" over the door.

343. C.U.

Hannay turns back to his audience - his words tumble out.

HANNAY: A world from which suspicion and cruelty and fear have been for ever banished! That is the sort of world I want! Is it the sort of world you want?

344. S.C.U.

A very near shot of the audience. They leap to their feet with a roar of cheering.

345. C.U.

Hannay yells out his final words:

HANNAY: Then that is all I have to say. Goodnight!

346. S.L.S.

All on the platform are applauding. Hannay makes for the steps in the centre. With a rush and a roar the audience in the front come towards him. They surge round the steps, overcome by enthusiasm. They reach out for Hannay's hand to shake it, but it still remains in his pocket. He starts to make an embarrassed retreat before THE CAMERA. He is forced back and back by people who are mounting the platform. Hannay comes nearer and nearer to THE CAMERA. The committee and the Chairman are keeping the audience away, pushing them

346. (Contd.)

back from the platform. Hannay backs, and the cheers, nearer and nearer to the CAMERA until an ominous hand moves out and grips him by the arm.

347. LOBBY. ASSEMBLY ROOMS. INT. NIGHT. S.C.U.

As Hannay is led down the steps by one of the detectives, he passes Fraser, who is about to go on the platform.

HANNAY: Well - I kept them going as long as I could for you.

Fraser glances at Hannay and, realising this is no ordinary criminal, acknowledges this with a smile.

FRASER: You're certainly a difficult man to follow.

He passes on to the platform and we hear polite applause. Hannay comes down the last two steps. He reveals his handcuff to the plain-clothes man. Pamela comes into view. Before she can speak Hannay says:

HANNAY: Well, I suppose you think you've been damned clever!

PAMELA: Officer, will you tell your prisoner not to insult me, please?

HANNAY: You try and stop me.

The detective tries to pull him further across the lobby.

DETEC: You come along with me!

HANNAY: You go to hell! I'm going to tell that snoring little baggage exactly what I think of her.

347. (Cont.)

He turns to Pamela and continues:

HANNAY: And if you don't want to hear something pretty rude, you'd better get out of here.

Pamela flares up.

PAMELA: How dare you talk to me like that? I shall stay here as long as I like!

HANNAY: All right! Stay there and listen! You bone-headed brat, why couldn't you realise that I was speaking the truth in that railway carriage? You must have seen I was genuine! - I told you so!

The detective holding Hannay looks interested.

HANNAY: And what do you do? You behave like some helpless young something in a crinoline, and howl for the police.

PAMELA: Do you think any disgusting hooligan can start mauling me about and get away with it?

Hannay replies with a comical sneer:

HANNAY: My good girl, do you think I wanted to kiss you? You're not my type anyway. I only wanted to tell you something. I'm going to tell it you now, and if you aren't a spiteful little fool you'll do exactly as I ask. If you don't, Heaven knows what'll happen.

PAMELA: Don't worry! The jury'll see to that.

347. (Cont.)

HANNAY: My God, do you think it's myself
I'm thinking about? It's something really big!

The detective tries to draw Hannay away from Pamela.

348. S.C.U.

Hannay jerks himself away.

HANNAY: I want you to do this for me. Got
through on the telephone to the High Commissioner
for Canada, and say that an enormously important
secret is being taken out of this country by a
foreign agent.

349. C.U.

Reaction of bored or puzzled detectives.

350. S.C.U.

Over Pamela's shoulder.

HANNAY: I can't do anything about it myself,
because of this fat fool of a policeman. Now
has that penetrated?

PAMELA: Yes -- right to my funny-bone! Tell
me another!

HANNAY: Haven't you got any sense at all?
Put that call through, I tell you, and refer
them to me.

They both turn as they hear a voice say "The car is here".

351 S.L.S.

Hannay is saying -

HANNAY: Will you do it?

Pamola shouts back -

PAMELA: No! Goodnight!

She appears to pass through a little door at the back. The man in charge of Hannay is about to lead him off to his waiting companion when he looks back towards Pamola -

DETECTIVE: I beg pardon, Miss, but we shall be wanting you.

Pamola turns.

PAMELA: What for?

DETECTIVE: To identify the prisoner formally. Will you come to the police station for a few minutes?

PAMELA: What - with that criminal? All right - let's got it over.

She follows the men out of the picture.

352 S.L.S.

After a slight pause the group appear by the ear. The detective then turns to Hannay -

DETECTIVE: Now you.

353. INT. CAR. NIGHT.
S.C.U.

Hannay seats himself on Pamela's left. She draws away from him ostentatiously.

PAMELA: Have I got to sit next to this man?

DETECTIVE: It's only for a short time, Miss.

PAMELA: Well, be as quick as you can.

In the foreground the two other men get in and sit on the occasional seats facing Pamela, and through the back window we see the beginning movement of the car through the lighted streets. The movement soon through the back of the window now increases. The flickering lights of passing lamps etc. reflect on the faces of Hannay and Pamela. She stares at Hannay haughtily and then looks out of the window. She turns to the two men and cries out -

PAMELA: I say, isn't that the Police Station. You're running past it. Tell the driver.

1ST. DETECTIVE: I'm afraid you must have misunderstood me, Miss. We're not exactly going to this Police Station.

PAMELA: Then where are we going?

1ST. DETECTIVE: To Inverary, Miss.

PAMELA: Inverary?

1ST DETECTIVE: Yes, Miss. This man is to be questioned by the Sheriff Principal. We have orders to take him there direct.

PAMELA: But you have no orders to take me.

354. S.C.U.

A side view of the car interior. We see the last few houses first and then an impression of the countryside.

354 (contd.)

1st DETEC: No, Miss. But it's essential that you should go. I'll see you're sent back at the earliest possible moment.

PAMELA: But how far is it to Inverary?

HANNAY: Forty miles.

1st DETEC: Will you keep quiet.

HANNAY: Sorry!

1st DETEC: We'll be there in less than two hours, Miss.

PAMELA: Two hours? Do you think I'm going to spend the night with you all?

HANNAY: It looks rather like it!

Hannay chuckles sardonically. Pamela glances at him. We hear the gear change of the car as it starts to climb a hill noisily. The car passes by the CAMERA. We get its backview filling the screen and then it appears to go on through the winding road into the mountains. There is a slow FADE OUT.

355 EXT. FORKED ROADS. NIGHT. S.L.S.

The car is slowing down by a signpost with roads branching off to right and left. The car pulls up and the driver looks out.

356 S.C.U.

With the driver's head looking out we see the signpost, the left arm of which says to Crianlarich and Bridge of Orchy and the right to Inverary. The driver leans in, and, changing gear, drives off.

357

S.C.U. INT. CAR. NIGHT.

This is side view on. We see the mist and mountains passing dimly. Pamela looks out of the window.

PAMELA: I say, the man's going the wrong way. This is the main road to the south. Inverary's over there, I think -

1st DETEC: There's a bridge fallen down on that road, Miss. We shall have to go round. The man knows the way.

Pamela leans back with a shrug of impatience.

358

C.U.

We see a dawning suspicion in Hannay's eyes. He looks across to the detectives and says quietly:

HANNAY: Might I see your warrant?

1st DETEC: You shut your mouth. You'll see it soon enough when we get to Inverary.

359

S.C.U.

Over the detective's shoulder we see Hannay looking from one detective to the other. He sits forward and, with the air of someone very much enlightened, turns to Pamela.

HANNAY: Would you like to have a small bet with me, Pamela?

Pamela turns away and he continues:

HANNAY: I'll lay it with you, Sherlock. I bet you a hundred to one that your Sheriff Principal has the top joint of his left forefinger missing. What about it?

359. (Cont.)

We immediately see both men in the foreground turn and give a quick glance at each other. Then one leans forward and deliberately strikes Hannay in the face. Hannay wipes his mouth as he says with a grin - turning to Pamela:

HANNAY: I win!

Pamela's look of astonishment shows that she has not grasped the situation as Hannay has. Suddenly the two men in the foreground are jerked forward as the car pulls up with the brakes on. One of the men in the foreground looks round startled. He asks.

1ST DETECTIVE: Hallo, what's that? What are we stopping for?

360. C.U.

Hannay looks out of the window and sees:

361. S.L.S.

A flash of dozens of sheep around the car.

362. S.C.U.

Over the men's shoulders we see Hannay turn back and remark nonchalantly:

HANNAY: Oh! It's a whole flock of detectives!

All are peering out of the windows into the mist.

363. EXT. CAR. NIGHT.
S.L.S.

We see that the car has come to rest on a hump-backed bridge. It is completely surrounded by flocks of mountain sheep. The driver of the car is blowing his horn vigorously.

364. S.C.U.

The man inside has now opened the window giving him access to the man opposite the driver. He says to him and his colleague inside the car:

1ST. DETECTIVE: These sheep are all over the road - damned silly things. Got out and clear them away.

The man opposite the driver gets out and disappears.

365. INT. CAR. NIGHT. S.C.U.

As the second detective starts to get out he indicates Hannay and asks:

2ND. DETECTIVE: What about him?

1ST. DETECTIVE: I'll soon fix that.

He leans forward and, taking the loose end of the handcuffs snaps it on to Pamela's left wrist. He says with a laugh:

1ST. DETECTIVE: There, Miss, now you're a Special Constable!

PAMELA: How dare you? What do you mean by....?

1ST. DETECTIVE: As long as you stay, he stays.

365

(contd.)

The man departs quickly out of the door. Hannay immediately opens the door on the opposite side away from that on which the man got out. He says sotto voce:

HANNAY: And as soon as she goes, I go.
Hup!

366

S.C.U.

Side view on of the car, as Hannay seizes Pamela by the left wrist with his right hand. Then with a quick movement lunges out of the car, taking her with him.

367

EXT. C/R. NIGHT. S.C.U.

They fall on to the roadway together, but Hannay is up in a moment and drags her away.

368

S.C.U.

The chauffeur, looking round, calls through the mist to his companions:

CHAUFFEUR: Stop them! There they go!

369.

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Hannay, dragging Pamela after him, manages to poise himself as one of the men rush up to him. He delivers a crashing left hand blow to the man's jaw. The man goes down. Pamela has been pulled forward and has fallen beside him. Hannay drags her up.

369

(contd.)

HANNAY: Come on, we must run for it.

PAMELA: I won't!

HANNAY: Come on!

He starts pulling her away, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. Pamela screams:

PAMELA: I won't!

HANNAY: Won't you?

Hannay quickly twists her left arm behind her back and gets his right arm round her waist. He picks her up bodily and runs off through the heather with her.

370

S.L.S.

We get an impression of the men running and scorching in the mist. They are calling to each other and trying to locate Hannay and Pamela.

371

S.C.U.

Hannay is dragging the struggling Pamela underneath the humpbacked bridge. He has his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming.

372

C.U.

Pamela is trying to say through his fingers over her mouth, gasping more and more:

PAMELA: You are hurting me, I tell you.

Hannay savagely hisses:

372 (contd.)

HANNAY: Shut up!

He glances round apprehensively.

373 C.U.

The rushing water over their feet.

374 S.L.S.

We see the men running over the bridge and underneath it the crouching figures of Pamela and Hannay.

375 S.L.S.

Hannay comes out from under the bridge and, carrying Pamela, takes her out of the picture towards the bank.

376 S.L.S.

He hastens with her past a waterfall. He looks round as he hears the sound of voices again. He hurries across some rocks and reaches the actual waterfall itself.

377. S.C.U.

Hannay and Pamela are crouched underneath the fall. Pamela is about to scream but Hannay puts his hand over her mouth and hisses at her:

377. (Cont.)

HANNAY: One yip out of you, and I'll shoot you first and myself second! I mean that!

He pats his left hand jacket pocket meaningly. She stares at him defiantly and wide-eyed.

378. L.S.

We see the waterfall, in the distance. In the foreground are the man listening. The voice of one comes from below the bridge:

MAN: There's nobody down here, I tell you!

The man on the bridge replies:

1ST. DETECTIVE: Then come along up, blast you, and don't waste any more time. Spread out and search!

379. S.C.U.

Hannay dares to peep out round the edge of the fall. He sees in the distance:

380. S.L.S.

Sheep now fairly well scattered. The car moves on over the bridge with one man standing on the running board. We hear the horn toot and over the silent scene a fainter toot of the horn.

FADE OUT:

381. EXT. GLEN ROAD. NIGHT. L.S.

We see a long winding road in a glen with occasional streaks of mist across it. Two tiny figures are seen trudging along.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

382. S.C.U.

With occasional wisps passing them we see Hannay and Pamela walking, very tired, towards THE CAMERA. Hannay stops for a moment and peers back.

HANNAY: They must be a mile away by this time.

He fans away with his right hand at the mist, causing Pamela to do the same with her left. She turns on him angrily.

PAMELA: Don't do that! You're hurting me! I've told you that fifty times!

HANNAY: Yes, and I can't tell you how it bores me.

They trudge on.

PAMELA: And for the fiftieth time, what are you doing all this for? You can't escape. What chance have you - tied to me?

HANNAY: Keep that question for your husband, when you get one. Meanwhile, I'll admit, - you're the White Man's Burden.

PAMELA: Yes, I know. And I can't tell you how the thought comforts me! I say, what is the use of all this? Those policemen will get you as soon as it's daylight.

HANNAY: They may get me - but they're not policemen.

382. (Cont.-)

Pamela looks at him sarcastically.

PAMELA: And when did you find that out?

HANNAY: You found it out yourself. I should never have known it wasn't the right road to Inverary. They were taking us to their boss, and God help either you or me, if they lay hands on us again.

PAMELA: Are you still sticking to your penny novelette spy story?

Hannay raises his hands despairingly - Pamela's left hand hat to go up, too. She turns on him, shouting:

PAMELA: Don't do that!

Hannay takes no notice of her.

HANNAY: There are twenty million women in this island, and I've got to be chained to you! Listen once more - I am telling you the truth. I told it to you in the train last week, and I told it to you after that election meeting this evening. I'm telling it to you now, for the third time - There's a dangerous conspiracy against this country, and I'm the only man who can stop it. Think what you've seen happen right under your nose.

PAMELA: I'll never believe you!

Hannay becomes suddenly calm:

302. (contd.2.)

HANNAY: Very well, then. I'm just a plain, common murderer, who stabbed an innocent, defenceless woman in the back in Portland Mansions not a fortnight ago. How do you come out over that? I don't know how innocent you may be, but you're a woman and you're defenceless and you're alone on a desolate moor in the dark, manacled to a murderer who'd stop at nothing to get you off his hands. If that's the situation you prefer, have it, my lovely, and welcome!

PAMELA: I'm not afraid of you.

HANNAY: Why not? For all you know I murder a woman a week! So listen to a bit of advice. From now on do every single thing I tell you to do, and do it quick!

PAMELA: You wretched bully!

HANNAY: I like your pluck - but keep a civil tongue in your head. Otherwise I might feel the next killing was a bit overdue! Come on - jump to it! We can't stay here all night.

Hannay commences to pull her along.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

383. EXT. INN. NIGHT.

We can read the inn sign "Argyll Arms". The CAMERA PANS down to the waiting figures of Hannay and Pamela.

HANNAY: We're going in here!

PAMELA: What for?

HANNAY: That's my business.

PAMELA: But -

HANNAY: Remember what I said! The civil tongue - or else! We are going in here, and you will back me up in every single thing I say or do. Has that penetrated the ivory dome? Has it? (Fiercely)

PAMELA: (weakly) Yes.

Hannay takes her left hand and thrusts it into his coat pocket with his own. He opens the hotel door and they go in, apparently hand in hand.

384. INT. INN. NIGHT. S.I.S.

Hannay and Pamela enter from outside and find themselves in a very comfortable and hospitable looking inn. There is a lot of laughter and talk from the many customers who are characteristic types of the various locals. The place is partitioned off and the section that they have entered is apparently the saloon bar and lobby of the hotel itself. There are various evidences of fishing activities about the place. The proprietor is busy serving the cheaper section while his wife bustles from behind the bar to greet them. As she greets them THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the three across to the counter.

384. (Cont.)

WIFE: Come away in, mon - come away in, sir! Oh dear, the leddy's terrible wet!

HANNAY: Yes - we had an accident with our car a few miles back. Ran into a burn.

WIFE: You'll be staying the night?

HANNAY: Yes.

The wife hesitates at the bar flap and says - with a glance towards their held hands:

WIFE: We've just the one room left, with the one bed in it; but you'll not be finding that.

HANNAY: (with a benevolent smile to Pamela) Quite the reverse.

Pamela turns to him with almost a frightened expression.

WIFE: Ye're man and wife, I suppose?

HANNAY: Yes. (

He jerks Pamela with his right elbow.

PAMELA: (humbly) Oh yes.

WIFE: Have you any luggage?

HANNAY: No. We left it behind in the car.

WIFE: Well, maybe I could lend the young leddy a nightgown. Will you please to register?

She calls across to her husband who is still busy serving:

384. (contd.)

WIFE: Jeems! The buik!

JEEMS: Aye.

He crosses and goes inside a small office to get the book.

WIFE: I'll away up and light the fire for you. Will you be needing your supper?

HANNAY: No, thank you. Send up a large whisky and soda and a few sandwiches.

He turns to glance at Pamela and adds:

HANNAY: - also a glass of milk.

WIFE: Verra weel, sir.

She hurries out of the picture. Hannay pulls Pamela quickly back towards the camera. He says in a whisper:

HANNAY: I can't write with my left hand, my dear, but I can shoot with it, and you can guess what's in this pocket!

He taps his left hand pocket significantly.

HANNAY: Come on.

He conducts her to the lodge, where Jeems has laid the book and raises his voice affectionately:

HANNAY: You shall sign, darling! The sooner you get used to writing your new name the better.

He takes the pen in his left hand and holds it for her. She takes it hesitatingly from him.

385. C.U.

Over Pamela's bent head we see the faces of Hannay and Jeems. Hannay recites:

HANNAY: Off we go! Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Hopkinson - The Hollyhocks, Hammersmith,
London.

As Pamela writes laboriously Hannay grinning catches
Jeems' eye.

386. S.L.S.

Pamela completes writing and Jeems, with a wave towards
the bar, and telling someone that he won't be a minute,
lights a candle and taking it up, leads them across and
up a small staircase to the first landing, the CAMERA
FOLLOWING:

387. INT. BEDROOM. S.L.S.

The group enter the bedroom; in the foreground is an old
four poster. Jeems sets the candle down on the mantel-
shelf and puts a match to the fire. It soon crackles up
into a blaze.

388. S.L.S.

Jeems bustles out while Hannay and Pamela cross to the
now blazing fire which crackles hospitably, almost
colliding at the door with his wife who bustles in with
a tray containing milk, whisky, soda, and sandwiches.
She puts it down on a nearby table and sees what Pamela
is doing.

WIFE: Now, dearie, take off that wet
skirt of yours, and I'll have it dried
in the kitchen.

388. (Contd.)

PAMELA: Oh, please don't bother. It'll dry before this fire quite as well.
(with a faint smile) Thank you all the same.

WIFE: (archly) I doubt the gentleman will take care of you.

She goes to the door, and continues:

WIFE: Goodnight, sir. Goodnight, mem.

HANNAY: Goodnight.

He nudges Pamela who says resentfully:

PAMELA: Goodnight.

389. INT. INN. NIGHT. S.L.S.

THE CAMERA picks the wife up as she descends the stairs, occasionally glancing up towards the closed door. The CAMERA PANS DOWN with her until it includes Jeems, who is waiting at the bottom.

JEEMS: Are they man and wife, do you think?

WIFE: I dinna ken and I dinna care.
They're so terribly in love with each other. Oh, Jeems!

JEEMS: Hoots, woman!

She falls heavily on his neck.

390. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Hannay and Pamela in the midst of a furious scene at the door. Pamela is trying to force her way out while Hannay is holding her back. They are angrily muttering to each other:

PAMELA: I've had enough of this. I'm going to tell them the whole story.

HANNAY: Do you want to hang me for murder I never committed?

PAMELA: So long as they hang you, I don't care whether you committed it or not.

Hannay drags her away from the door but she continues:

PAMELA: Let me go! Do you think I'm going to stay in this room with you all night? You --?

HANNAY: All right. All right, all right.

There is a loud knocking on the door.

391. S.L.S.

At the knocking Hannay hushes her to silence and draws her swiftly to the sofa in the foreground and sits down, as the wife's voice calls through the door -

WIFE: Will I get coming in, sir?

Hannay whispers to Pamela as he pulls her down:

HANNAY: Sit on my knee.

He then calls out:

HANNAY: Come in.

As the wife enters with a hot water bottle Hannay purposely starts up guiltily, displacing Pamela.

391. (Cont.)

HANNAY: We were just - or - getting warm before the fire.

WIFE: I can see that! I thought maybe you'd like this, sir, in the bed.

HANNAY: Thank you. You'd like a hot water bottle, wouldn't you, my sweet?

392. C.U.

Hannay turns and whispers:

HANNAY: Say yes, darling.

393. S.C.U.

Pamela with excessive sweetness:

PAMELA: Yes, darling.

She turns to the wife and says desperately:

PAMELA: Don't go away, please.

The wife enters the picture and asks curiously:

WIFE: What for no, dearie? Is there anything wrong?

Hannay, all the while pressing a revolver shaped object in his pocket at Pamela with his left hand, intervenes hastily:

HANNAY: Of course, there's nothing wrong! She wants to tell you something - that's all! We're a runaway couple.

The wife, with a very romantic smile -

WIFE: I kenned it a' the time. And they're after you?

HANNAY: You won't give us up, will you? please -

WIFE: Of course, we willna give you up! A good night to you both. You'll no be disturbed.

As the wife passes out of the door, Hannay in the foreground turns and takes up a sandwich and starts to eat. He passes one to Pamela. He seats himself on the sofa, pulling Pamela down with him as he says - with his mouth half full:

HANNAY: It's wonderful how a mouthful of food puts new life into a man. Now. What's the next item on the programme?

Pamela indicates the handcuffs.

PAMELA: Get those things off.

Hannay looks about.

HANNAY: Right - how are we going to set about it? Have you anything in that bag of yours that would help? Pair of scissors? Hairpin?

Pamela opens her bag beside her:

PAMELA: There's a nail file here. Could you saw this link in two?

She hands it to him.

HANNAY: Easily. It'll take about ten years, but we'll try. Let's make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

He kicks his shoes off and continues:

(contd.)

HANNAY: What about that skirt of yours?

He feels the skirt.

HANNAY: It's still pretty damp; I don't want to be chained to a pneumonia case on top of everything else. Take it off - I don't mind.

PAMELA: Thank you, I shall keep it on.

HANNAY: And that is that!

PAMELA: My shoes and stockings are soaking, though. I'll take them off.

HANNAY: That's the first sensible thing I've heard you say.

Pamela leans down to take off her shoes and Hannay's right hand has to go with her left.

C.U.

Hannay's handcuffed hand comes down into the picture with Pamela's. Pamela's hands start to unfasten the shoes and laces. Each leg is crossed in turn and her hands pull the shoes off. They then pull up her skirt to her knees and begin to fumble for the fastening of her stocking. Hannay's hand hangs limply by. We hear him say:

HANNAY: Can I be of any assistance?

PAMELA: No.

HANNAY: Sorry!

Pamela's hands continue to remove her stockings.

396. C.U.

Hannay's face, looking away nonchalantly and patiently.

397. S.L.S.

Pamela and Hannay rise and advance together towards the fire to warm Pamela's cold feet

HANNAY: Half a minute!

He stoops and picks up her shoes and stockings from the floor and lays them in the fender to dry. Pamela glances at him gratefully:

PAMELA: Thank you!

HANNAY: Don't mention it. Quite warm and snug again?

PAMELA: Yes.

Hannay leads her round, the CAMERA FOLLOWING until they both stand at the side of the bed.

HANNAY: Then will you kindly place yourself on the operating table?

398. S.L.S.

Hannay indicates the bed with a bow, Pamela looks at him startled, he raises a reassuring hand.

HANNAY: All right, all right. This is Armistice Day! Nobody's going to hurt you. Let's get some rest while we can.

PAMELA: I'm not going to lie on that bed.

Hannay replies grimly:

398. (Contd.)

HANNAY: So long as you're chained to me, you'll lie wherever I lie! We're a couple of Siamese twins. (as he speaks he twists her wrist and he clambers on to the bed) Haven't you got enough brains to understand even that.

During this Pamela has climbed on to the far side of the bed and when she is halfway across she turns and says passionately:

PAMELA: Oh, don't gloat!

He replies:

HANNAY: Gloat! Do you think I'm looking forward to waking up in the morning and seeing your face beside me? Unwashed and shiny? Oh, what a sight you'll be - come on - let's have a go at this link.

399. S.C.U.

Hannay half sitting on the bed resting on his right elbow, works with his left hand at the link. Pamela lies on her right side as far away as possible from him. Hannay yawns as he works away mechanically, his head nodding.

PAMELA: You seem to be sleepy.

HANNAY: Sleepy? I'll say so. Do you know when I last slept in a bed? Saturday night - whenever that was! And then I only got a couple of hours.

PAMELA: What made you wake so soon? Dreams?

Hannay is puzzled for a moment.

HANNAY: What do you mean - dreams?

PAMELA: I'm told murderers always have terrible dreams.

Cont.

Hannay raises his hand and hovers as though to give her a good spank, but restrains himself cheerfully.

HANNAY: Oh, but only at first. I got over that a long time ago. When I first took to crime I was quite squeamish about it. I was a most sensitive child.

PAMELA: You surprise me.

HANNAY: Oh yes. I used to wake up in the middle of the night screaming, and thinking the police were after me. But one gets hardened.

Pamela half turns her head towards him, not quite sure what to believe.

PAMELA: How did you start?

HANNAY: Oh, in quite a small way, like most of us.

During all this he continues working away with the file.

HANNAY: Pilfering pennies out of other children's lockers at school. Then a little pocket-picking, then a spot of car-pinchng. Then smash and grab, and so on to straight burglary. I killed my first man when I was nineteen.

Pamela stares at him not quite sure whether he is fooling. He continues:

HANNAY: And in years to come you'll be able to take your grandchildren to Madame Tussaud's, and point me out -

PAMELA: Which section?

HANNAY: It's early to say; I'm still young. But I shall be there all right, in one department or another! You'll point me out and say - "Chicks, if I were to tell you how matey I once was with that gentleman, you'd be surprised!"

400

S.C.U.

A low camera shows us Pamela's face although Hannay cannot see it. Pamela suddenly tries to smother a laugh at this, she buries her head in the pillow. Hannay stops filing and looks across.

HANNAY: What's the matter?

Pamela looks up and has managed to turn her laugh into a frown.

PAMELA: You pinched my wrist with that handcuff.

HANNAY: Sorry! And talking of Madame Tussaud's, that was how it all began.

PAMELA: What began?

HANNAY: My career of crime. My propensities. All hereditary! Great uncle Penruddock!

PAMELA: Who was he?

HANNAY: My dear girl, where were you brought up? Never heard of my great uncle Penruddock, the Cornish Bluebeard? I got it all from him.

Pamela says sleepily:

PAMELA: I thought your family came from Canada.

401

S.C.U.

Hannay files away as he says:

401 120. (contd.)

HANNAY: No; that's where they went - after the Penruddock incident! Ho murdered three wives and got away with it. But his third mother-in-law got the goods on him, and tried to have him arrested. Did she succeed? No, he was too quick for her! Took her for a walk to Land's End, and pushed her over into the Atlantic Ocean. Ho's in Madame Tussaud's all right - and there's no doubt about his department. You must go down and see him sometime. Ho's the third on the left as you go in. You can't mistake him - red whiskers and a hare lip.

He sees Pamela settling down a little.

HANNAY: And that, lady, is the sad story of my life and the causes that led to it. A poor orphan boy who never had a chance. Are you still set on giving me up to the police?

He leans over to her.

402 S.C.U.

As Hannay leans over he sees, as we do, that Pamela has fallen asleep. As he looks down at her he pulls his feet on to the bed. Pamela is sound asleep with a smile on her lips. He gives a long yawn and then turns back and rolls on his side and goes to sleep. The CAMERA moves past Pamela until it comes upon a candle on the side table. It is alight and fills the screen.

FADE OUT.

403 C.U.

FADE IN.

The candle has now burnt much lower - the CAMERA MOVES AWAY and we show Pamela awake, her eyes moving furtively - she starts to raise her head.

404 S.C.U.

As Pamela turns her head she finds Hannay's head pillowed on her shoulder, she pushes him away resentfully, but he continues to sleep. She raises her wrist and examines it by candlelight, she leans over and picks up the file and sets to work, but she stops in disgust when she sees the futility, and realises that Hannay has only been working at it automatically. She examines the lock of the handcuff and tries to push the point of the file into the keyhole. She leans over and taking the candle examines both handcuffs. She puts the point of the file in the lock of the cuff, at the same time giving it a jerk - the handcuff falls open. Hannay stirs slightly and turns over on his side, towards her. His freed right hand moves over towards her and embraces her in unconscious relief.

405 S.L.S.

Pamela slips off the bed, Hannay remains asleep, the CAMERA follows her round to the far side of the bed.

406 S.C.U.

Pamela leans over him, she looks down at his jacket pocket, she runs her hand over its bulging exterior, then very carefully she inserts her hand and brings it out. It is not a revolver - but a pipe! We see the look of astonishment on her face, she glances at Hannay, resentful of his bluff.

407 S.L.S.

She crosses to the fireplace and takes up her shoes and stockings, the fire has got very low. She swiftly crosses to the sofa.

408 S.C.U.

Pamela is about to put on her stocking when she hears the murmur of voices. She rises quickly and crosses to the door beyond, as she opens it the voices become louder.

409 INT. INN. S.L.S.

Pamela comes out of her door and stands at the top of the stairs.

410 S.L.S.

Over Pamela's shoulder we see a good view of the bar below - there are two of the men from whom Pamela and Hannay escaped. One is at the telephone talking, but we do not hear what he is saying, because the other man is saying to the innkeeper, who wears an overcoat over his nightshirt:

2nd MAN: If you can manage it, I'd rather have the whisky hot.

Jeems starts to move off and replies:

JEEMS: I'll awn' and put the kettle on.

Jeems shuffles off in his carpet slippers.

411. S.C.U.

Pamela's expression shows that she is about to call out to the two men, her signal is arrested however, as she hears the voice of the man speaking on the 'phone.

1ST MAN: No, sir. We got him before the police, and the girl he'd told, but they got away from us.

A slightly bewildered expression comes into Pamela's face - meanwhile we hear the expostulations of the man on the 'phone, and finally his "yes, sir" as he hangs up.

412. S.C.U.

The man turns away from the 'phone, which has been passed through the office window, and leans against the counter. Between the two men glaringly situated is the visitors book. As the man leans he almost unconsciously pushes the book into such a position that it becomes even more exposed. During all this he is saying to his friend:

2ND. MAN: Well?

1ST. MAN: The old man's got the wind up. He's clearing out right away.

The second man whistles.

1ST. MAN: He says its too dangerous with Hannay on the loose. He's warning the whole 39 steps.

413. S.C.U.

Pamela overhearing their conversation.

414. S.C.U.

The first man has picked up the pen absent-mindedly and is running it up and down through his fingers, as each point unconsciously taps on the book it rests on the pseudo names of the last couple.

2nd MAN: Has he got Silent Susan?

1st MAN: Yes - one of our people has anyway. He's picking her up at the London Palladium on the way out.

Both laugh with amusement at some secret joke. They both look up suddenly. Joems returns with the hot drinks.

JEEMS: Here's the toddy, sir.

415. C.U.

As the drinks go into position and the book is moved away THE CAMERA PULLS BACK a little and reveals the looks of the two men towards the book. Their faces turn to each other with a single thought. Joems returns to the counter and the two men adopt nonchalant attitudes as one asks how much the drinks are, and the 'phone call, Joems tells them and as they wait for Joems to unlock his drawer or till for change they say:

1st MAN: Is this an hotel as well? I mean - do you have people staying here?

Joems nods saying:

JEEMS: Ay.

415. (Cont.)

1ST MAN: I suppose you get a few odd people at this time of the year?

JEEMS: Ay.

2ND. MAN: You didn't happen to have anyone in tonight, did you?

JEEMS: Ay.

The men glance at each other significantly, and in more measured tones one asks with extreme casualness:

1ST MAN: I suppose they didn't happen by any chance to be a young couple?

Almost as Jeems is about to open his mouth there is a shrill cry from the top of the stairs - it is his wife's voice:

WIFE: Jo - e - ns!

416. S.L.S.

They all turn to see the wife hurrying down the stairs in her nightdress. She comes into SEMI CLOSE UP with the others there is an angry expression her face.

WIFE: Maircy me! What kind of a doited body am I married on? Do you want to get us all jailed?

She goes behind the counter and takes away the drinks.

WIFE: How mush did you tak' for those?

JEEMS: Four shalluns.

She takes the money from the till and smacks it on the counter.

WIFE: Oot - baith of ye! And dinna let on to onybody that you got a drink here after hours!...

She pushes them out, and bolts the door on them; then

416. (Cont.)

comes to the bewildered Jeems, and with a genial smile
kisses him on the cheek.

WIFE: Ye auld fule, ye wouldna give awa' a
young couple, would ye?

417. S.C.U.

Pamela on stairs. She gives a sigh of relief, and goes
back to the bedroom.

418. INT. BEDROOM. S.L.S.

Pamela comes into the bedroom, and stands looking down at
the sleeping Hannay. We can see by her expression that now
she believes in him. She comes round the side of the bed and
pulls a folded blanket over his sleeping form.

419. INT. BEDROOM. S.C.U.

Pamela returns and lies on the sofa at the foot of the bed.
She tries to huddle herself into some sort of warmth. She
fails to do so, then with an afterthought she sits up and
looks over the end of the bed - we hear the gentle snoring
of Hannay - with a sudden decision she pulls the blanket
from him and lays it over herself, as she snuggles down.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN.

420. EXT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Shooting over the bonnet of a waiting motor-car whose engine is running we see the open door of the Professor's house and the lit hall beyond. The Professor comes from the centre of the hall in travelling overcoat, while a servant passes in the foreground with a couple of bags. The professor is accompanied by his wife.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

421. S.C.U.

A nearer view of the Professor and his wife. Louisa is quietly asking:

LOUISA: Are you sure everything's all right?

PROFESSOR: Bound to be. He can't have much time. As soon as I've picked up you know what, I'll clear out of the country.

LOUISA: Be careful. Send me a wire.

He kisses her and gets into the car which goes off.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

422 C.U.

FADE IN on Hannay's hand, without the handcuff, hanging limply. THE CAMERA MOVES UP to Hannay's face, he is just opening his eyes; he raises his hand into picture and suddenly realizes the cuff has gone; he looks down at the bed beside him and sees the empty place, then looks over towards the door.

423 S.L.S.

As seen from Hannay's eyeline, the door is slightly ajar.

424 S.C.U.

Hannay looks back from the door and smiles grimly saying to himself

HANNAY: Ha! Thank God - she's gone!

Suddenly his eyes blink in surprise as he sees at the foot of the bed

425 S.C.U.

Pamela's head peeping over the top, she says

PAMELA: Good morning, my dear!

426 S.C.U.

Shot from over Pamela's shoulder we see Hannay staring at her in surprise

HANNAY: What?

Pamela raises herself on to the head part of the sofa

426. (contd.)

Hannay crawls down to the end of the bed, so they are now both in Semi Close up:

HANNAY: May I ask how we got out of these handcuffs?

Pamela raises her wrist with the handcuff on and the other dangling.

PAMELA: We didn't - at least I didn't. Yours came off in the night, so I came and camped out here.

HANNAY: Why didn't you run away?

PAMELA: I did, but as I was going I happened to find out you'd been speaking the truth, so I decided to stay.

HANNAY: (rolls over) May I ask what earthquake caused your mind to work at last?

PAMELA: Our pursuers came in last night and I overheard them telephoning.

HANNAY: What did they say?

PAMELA: A lot of stuff - something about Thirty Nine Steps.

HANNAY: Thirty nine steps?

PAMELA: Don't ask me what that means because I don't know. Oh, there's another thing, somebody's scared and clearing out, he's picking someone up at the London Palladium. Somebody called Silent Susan.

427. S.L.S.

Hannay gets down from the bed and starts pacing backwards and forwards, quite bewildered.

HANNAY: Silent Susan I've heard about, but London Palladium! Thirty Nine Steps!

PAMELA: Are you going to forgive me for misjudging you?

Hannay crosses over to her.

428. S.C.U.

Hannay comes to her. She stretches out her hand impulsively to him.

PAMELA: Can we be friends?

Hannay grasps her hand smiling.

HANNAY: Friends, my dear - we're more than that - allies -

429. S.C.U.

Hannay turns from her and sitting down on the sofa starts to put his shoes on.

HANNAY: But we've got to get a move on.

He rises and the CAMERA PANS with him as he says:

HANNAY: I'm the hunter now, and they're hunted! Which room are those two men in?

430. C.U.

Pamela's face falls.

PAMELA: Oh, they left as soon as they'd telephoned.

431. S.C.U.

Hannay gasps.

HANNAY: They what?

PAMELA: Didn't I tell you?

432. Hannay's feelings are too much for him.

HANNAY: You let them go - after hearing what they said! You - you button-headed little idiot!

Pamela jumps down from the sofa and faces him angrily.

PAMELA: Don't you speak to me like that!

HANNAY: Four or five precious hours wasted! Why didn't you wake me up at once? Even you might have realised what you heard was important.

She turns from him swiftly and sitting down on the sofa starts putting a stocking on, while she says:

PAMELA: Now that those men have been called off can't you let well alone?

HANNAY: Well alone! My good girl, I'm accused of murder. Don't you realise the only way to clear myself is to expose these spies.

PAMELA: But you can - that man's going to the Palladium.

Hannay replies sarcastically:

432. (contd.)

HANNAY: Really? First house or second house?

433. S.L.S.

As Pamela crosses quickly towards the door Hannay calls:

HANNAY: I'll go there - five hours late!

She turns back as she reaches the door:

PAMELA: Fine! The show will just about suit you.

HANNAY: What's that?

PAMELA: Crazy month!

She is just going through the door as she fires this last retort at him. She passes through with one shoe and stocking on and one off, and slams the door behind her.

FADE OUT:

434. C.U.

An oblique shot of a Westminster street sign - NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

LAP DISSOLVE:

435. INT. SCOTLAND YARD OFFICE. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Seated at a desk is the Assistant Commissioner and, leaning over it at one corner, is a characteristic Scotland Yard detective Inspector. In a chair opposite is Pamela. This group fills the screen. The Assistant Commissioner is just replacing the receiver of the telephone as he turns to Pamela and says:

A. COMMISSIONER: You're quite right, miss - Silent Susan is certainly a secret of vital importance, but the Air Ministry are positive that no papers are missing that would be of any use to a spy.

Pamela interposes before he can complete his sentence:

PAMELA: But I am absolutely certain - somebody is leaving the country tonight with something.

A. COMMISSIONER: Since you 'phoned from Scotland this morning we've made the minutest enquiries.

436. S.L.S.

Pamela rises from her seat and says:

PAMELA: Well - I'm obviously wasting my time here.

She moves across to the door, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. At a swifter pace a dark form crosses to the front of the CAMERA and, by the time the CAMERA has reached the door, the detective Inspector is barring her way.

D. INSPECTOR: Just a moment, please, Miss - there's one thing you haven't told us.

Pamela gives him a glance of interrogation. He continues:

D. INSPECTOR: Where's Richard Hannay?

436. (contd.)

The Assistant Commissioner enters the picture at this moment, as Pamela pauses before answering. She looks from one to the other and says with excessive deliberation:

PAMELA: I haven't the faintest idea.

437. S.C.U.

The Inspector starts to lose his control a little, and, with an angry expression, says:

D. INSPECTOR: Look here, miss, you can't come into this office and -

The Assistant Commissioner raises a silencing hand and says quite politely:

A. COMMISSIONER: You're in the telephone book, aren't you?

Pamela nods, and the Assistant Commissioner continues:

A. COMMISSIONER: Well, if anything crops up, I'll give you a ring. That's all now, thank you.

Pamela exits past the astounded Inspector, who turns, almost speechless at such conduct on the part of the Assistant Commissioner.

A. COMMISSIONER: Tell Archer and Seagrave to get another cab, and follow that girl. She'll lead us to Hannay all right. Did you see her look?

A satisfied smile breaks over his face as we CUT to a Neon Sky sign - THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

438. EXT. PALLADIUM ENTRANCE. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S.

A taxi pulls up. Pamela steps out hurriedly, pays the driver and hurries up the steps.

439. WELWYN. S.L.S.

As her taxi pulls away we see another taxi pull in further up and from it step two detectives - one of them pays the driver.

440. INT. PALLADIUM AUDITORIUM. STUDIO NIGHT. S.L.S.

Pamela moves across. She is met by a programme girl and we see her make a request in pantomime to the programme seller that she may stand at the back of the stalls for a moment.

441. STUDIO. S.C.U.

As the programme girl moves off, Pamela is seen to glance anxiously about the stalls.

442. EXT. STAGE DOOR. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S.

A metropolitan police van is pulling up and from it pours a group of uniformed and plain-clothes policeman, who pass through to the Stage Entrance.

443. INT. STAGE DOOR. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S.

In the passage are packed a number of uniformed and plain-clothes policemen, who have just arrived. The Detective Inspector is issuing orders to his nearby uniformed Inspectors. He is saying.

D. INSPECTOR: Cover every exit, and on no account allow anyone to leave the theatre.

He moves off and the Inspectors start to issue orders among the men, who immediately divide to go to their appointed places. During this scene we can hear faint music from the stage.

444. INT. VESTIBULE. WELWYN NIGHT. S.L.S.

About six uniformed men and four plain-clothes men assemble and spread themselves out in the lobby. In the lobby are two attendants who appear to be even 6" taller than the police. One of the police makes some remark.

POLICEMAN: (aside to a colleague) I hope we haven't come here to pinch one of those.

COLLEAGUE: I'd sooner pinch Cleopatra's needle, myself!

445. INT. AUDITORIUM. SCHUFFTON REAL THEATRE. NIGHT.
S.L.S.

A good view of the house who are watching an act.

446. INT. STALLS AND PROSCENIUM THEATRE. NIGHT. S.L.S.

An acrobat turn in progress.

447. REAL THEATRE. S.C.U.

We get a nearer view of acrobats.

448. INT. GALLERY. REAL THEATRE. NIGHT. S.L.S.

As the act continues, two burly policemen come into the foreground in silhouette and blot out most of the auditorium.

449. INT. ORCHESTRA PIT. STUDIO. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Two uniformed police come through the Orchestra Pit doors and take up a stand. One or two of the nearby musicians glance at them.

450. STUDIO. S.C.U.

The trombone players look across in alarm and then at each other - their cheeks are bulging all the time with their efforts.

451.. INT. VESTIBULE. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S..

Shooting over the shoulders of the policeman out into the street, we see the beginnings of a crowd starting to gather..

452.. IN T.. STAGE DOOR.. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S..

A comic in make-up is hurrying down the passage and is just about to pass out of the Stage Door when a uniformed man stops him.

POLICEMAN: Sorry, sir - no one's allowed to leave the theatre.

Comic turns and says to the Stage Door Keeper.

COMIC: What's the idea - can't a fellow have a drink?

He commences an altercation with the policeman.

453. INT. WINGS. STUDIO. NIGHT. S.L.S..

Across through the wings we see a comedy tumbling act in progress. The drum is rolling as one of them does a handspring right across the stage into the wings.

454. STUDIO. S.C.U.

He ends his spring somersault by cannoning into the arms of the policeman in the wings. The policeman puts out his hands to stop him. The comic looks round in alarm.

455. EXT. PALLADIUM. WELWYN. NIGHT. L.S.

There is now a very large crowd surrounding the entrance to the Palladium with one or two policemen well forward on the steps.

456. WELWYN. S.C.U.

We get an impression of the crowd chattering and wondering what it is all about. It is clear that most of the people who are standing outside the Palladium have no idea why they are standing there.

457. STUDIO. INT. BACK OF DRESS CIRCLE. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Shot from outside the doors of the Dress Circle:

Pamela is asked for her ticket. She replies:

PAMELA: I have a seat in the stalls,
but I'm just looking for someone.

She is allowed to pass through.

458. WELWYN. S.C.U.

The two men who followed her taxi are seen coming up the stairs.

459. STUDIO. S.L.S.

We see Pamela come to the last step of the Dress Circle and look down into the auditorium.

460. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Pamela's face shows that she has seen Hannay at last. She immediately hurries out of the picture.

461. STUDIO. S.L.S.

She reaches the top of the side gangway and passes the two detectives who are leaning nonchalantly over the rail at the back.

462. INT. VESTIBULE. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.C.U.

The Detective Inspector whom we saw at Scotland Yard is pushing his way through, accompanied by a colleague. He passes out of picture.

463. INT. PASSAGE. WELWYN. NIGHT. S.L.S.

The two detectives are just coming down from the Dress Circle when they are met by the Detective Inspector. One of them says to him.

DETECTIVE: She's soon him - she's on her way back to the stalls now!

464. INT. AUDITORIUM. STUDIO. NIGHT. S.C.U.

Hannay is seated in the stalls and is glancing about the house - then, as an afterthought, he looks down and puts sixpence in, taking out some opera glasses with which he proceeds to scan the circle. One or two people round him wonder what he is up to.

465. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Flash Pamela coming down the side aisle of the stalls.

466. STUDIO. C.U.

Hannay scanning the auditorium with the opera glasses.

467. REAL THEATRE. C.U.

The circle of the lens moves round the Circle past faces and finally on to the ledge of a box on which rests a hand - we do not see the person - the hand is short of a little finger joint. (optical pointer.)

468. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Hannay lowers the glasses with an almost triumphant expression his eyes still fixed on the box. At this moment Pamela moves into the empty seat next to him at the end of the row.

469. STUDIO. C.U.

Hannay is so preoccupied that he can only turn to her and whisper.

HANNAY: What are you doing here?

He continues immediately, indicating the box.

HANNAY: Look! I've found him - he's up in that box!

Pamela whispers back:

PAMELA: But it's no use - you can't do anything. I've been to Scotland Yard: nothing whatever has been stolen from the Air Ministry. They're absolutely certain.

Hannay looks at her in bewilderment and whispers back:

HANNAY: But you heard them say they'd got it, and there he is.

470. STUDIO. C.U.

Big head of Hannay thinking hard as to what he is going to do.

471. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Flash a group of detectives at the stalls rail. The Inspector is whispering to the others:

INSPECTOR: Shall we get him now or wait till the interval?

At this moment there is applause following the completion of a turn.

472. STUDIO. C.U.

Hannay's head again - his expression is still one of great puzzlement. We hear Pamela's voice whisper:

PAMELA: There's nothing missing whatever. What are you going to do?

Almost before Hannay can answer we hear the little jingling tune that we have heard before. It seems to strike a chord in Hannay. He looks up and, as the signature tune finishes, we see from his eyeline.

473. REAL THEATRE. S.L.S.

The curtain has just risen and on the stage stands Mr. Memory and the Manager.

474. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Hannay turns to the girl with an expression of mystification. He then quickly glances back to Memory.

475. REAL THEATRE. S.L.S.

The Manager starts to make his speech introducing Mr. Memory. The latter, while this is going on, is glancing towards the Bc

476. STUDIO. S.C.U.

We see the look of astonishment growing on Hannay's face and, with a quick movement, he takes up the small pair of opera glasses.

477. REEL THEATRE C.U.

Through the lens we see Memory furtively glancing up towards the box. The lens circle swings across to the box. We see that the figure in it is now standing - it is the Professor. He takes from his waistcoat pocket a watch which he glances at, and then turns face outwards. The lens swings swiftly back to Memory, who gives two slow nods.

478. STUDIO S.C.U.

Hannay is seething with excitement. He grips Pamela's wrist as hard as he can. He whispers tensely:

HANNAY: I've got it, I've got it!
Of course no papers are missing. All the information is inside Mr. Memory's head!

He points to the stage. As he finishes speaking we hear the last words of the Manager's introduction.

MANAGER: he remembers every one of them - facts from history, from geography from newspapers, from scientific text books - millions and millions of them, down to the smallest detail.

479. STUDIO S.C.U.

Flash detectives approaching Hannay.

480. STUDIO S.C.U.

Pamela still looks a little bewildered and Hannay, to make things clearer to her, says:

HANNAY: Don't you see? The details of this Air Ministry secret have been rowed, memorised by that little man, then put back again, before anybody could -

480.(contd.)

Suddenly they both look up as a programme girl
looks in and says:

GIRL: There are some gentlemen
here would like to speak to you,
sir.

Hannay and Pamela both turn round in alarm.

481. STUDIO S.L.S.

Three detectives are waiting in the aisle. As the
programme girl backs out of the row and Hannay and
Pamela got up to join them we hear the questions
and answers of the Memory act, accompanied by the
customary laughter, etc.

482. STUDIO S.C.U.

Hannay comes forward to the Detective Inspector.
The other two men are close behind him.

D. INSPECTOR: Are you Richard Hannay?

Hannay nods, but still full of the excitement of his
discovery says:

HANNAY: Listen - there is something
here that you ought to.....

The Inspector interposes with -

D. INSPECTOR: That'll keep, Hannay.
Come along quietly.

HANNAY: Yes - but that man on the
stage is

The police start to guide him away as the Inspector
says:

D. INSPECTOR: Now, you don't want to
cause any excitement and upset the
entertainment.

482. (contd.)

At this moment some of the questions being flung at Memory come from the people in the vicinity of the seats near Hannay. As Hannay is being escorted off, his exasperation grows and grows until he almost drags himself away from his captors and rushes to stand in the first two seats by him.

483. REEL THEATRE. L.S.

The fullest view of the auditorium. We see Hannay pointing his finger at Memory with a broad gesture as his voice shouts out above everything else:

HANNAY: What are the Thirty Nine Steps?

484. REEL THEATRE. S.C.U.

Memory turns in Hannay's direction with a startled expression. He half opens his mouth - then turns almost enquiringly in the direction of the box.

485. STUDIO INT. BOX. NIGHT. C.U.

The Professor steps back in consternation. He cannot help giving a glance towards Hannay. He is completely at a loss and is thrown right off his guard.

486. STUDIO S.I.S.. INT. AUDITORIUM.

People round Hannay are half starting to rise. The detectives are trying to drag him back. With a superhuman effort he leans forward and shouts compellingly:

HANNAY: Come on! Answer up - where are the Thirty Nine Steps?

487. REAL THEATRE. S.L.S.

Memory almost tremblingly steps forward and in a hesitating voice says:

MEMORY: The Thirty Nine Steps lie
at the North Foreland - four miles ..
the other side of -

There is the SOUND of a shot and Memory gives a cry of pain and begins to crumple up.

488. STUDIO. C.U.

- Professor holding his smoking gun in his hand.

489. REAL THEATRE. L.S.

With various screams and shouts the whole audience rises to its feet as one.

490. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Hannay standing in front of the detectives points his finger up towards the box and shouts:

HANNAY: There he goes!

One of the detectives rushes away from behind him.

491. REAL THEATRE. S.L.S.

Professor runs into next box from which he leaps on to stage.

492. STAGE FROM VERY HIGH UP, AS IF THE CAMERA WERE IN THE BOX OF THE AUDITORIUM DOME.

Memory has fallen forward across the foot lights and is lying in the semi-darkness. The professor, leaping from the box, lands in the blazing light. He runs across the stage, but before he reaches the wings the police come forward to meet him. He tries to retire back across the stage again. As he reaches the middle the police arrive behind him, cutting off his retreat. The professor returns back centre as the police close in from both sides. The sudden, swift descent of the big plush tabs cuts us off from the scene.

493. REAL THEATRE. S.D.S.

The tabs are swinging together with a sweep. The manager appears through the curtains, coming in front of them.

494. REAL THEATRE. S.C.U.

The manager, stuttering and shaking with alarm, is trying to assure the audience that all is well.

MANAGER: K-keep your s-seats, please!
There is n-no c-cause for alarm! K-keep
y-y-your s-s-seats, p-p-p--

495. STUDIO. S.L.S.

Hannay and Pamela, accompanied by the detectives, rush through the Pass Door.

496. STUDIO. L.S.

We see them hurry across the stage and to the other side.

497. STUDIO. PROMPT CORNER AND STAGE BEYOND. NIGHT. S.I.S.

Memory is in great pain and the Stage Manager says:

MANAGER: Best let him rest here
till the doctor comes.

Somebody brings a chair, but Memory waves it aside and sinks to the floor. Pamela and Hannay come round to his side.

498. STUDIO. S.C.U.

Flash the Stage Manager turning to an assistant and saying:

MANAGER: Get the girls on - straight away.

499. STUDIO. S.C.U.

The Detective Inspector hurries through another door on to the stage.

500. STUDIO. S.C.U.

The Assistant Stage Manager telephoning to the Orchestra -
Palladium Girls Introductory music.

501. STUDIO. S.C.U.

The Detective Inspector kneels by Memory who is now receiving attention. While this is going on the Palladium Girls are forming up behind him and proceed to dance on to the stage to their introductory music.

HANNAY: Mr. Memory, what was the secret
formula that you were taking abroad?

MEMORY: (faintly) Will it be all right my
telling you? It was a big job to learn it -
the biggest I ever tackled... I don't want to
throw it all away, sir.

501. (Contd.)

HANNLY: It will be quite all right.

MEMORY: (in his professional voice, which soon tails off into spasmodic murmurings) The first feature of the new engine is its greatly increased ratio of compression....represented by the formula - One minus one over R to the power of gamma minus one, where R represents the ratio of compression, and gamma....Seen in end-elevation, the axis of the two lines of cylinders... angle of 63 degrees...Dimensions of cylinders as follows:- Diameter...This device renders the engine completely silent. The exhaust gases....impinging on a series of....entirely eliminating all sound. (His voice has died away to a complete whisper: suddenly it returns triumphantly) Am I right, sir?

HANNLY: (gently) Quite right, old chap.

MEMORY: (faintly, with a little sigh) Thank you, sir! I'm glad it's off my mind - at last! (He closes his eyes and slumps forward.)

The CAMERA pulls back as Hannay and Pamela rise from his side and become silhouettes in the foreground. Their hands instinctively come together as the music swells, and we hear terrific applause as the Palladium Girls execute some difficult figure.

FADE OUT.