

THE 39 STEPS - Audition Side: Richard Hannay & Pamela

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

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

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

(Romantic music.)

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

HANNAY. That’s alright. Well –

PAMELA. Well –

HANNAY. – we ought to be –

PAMELA. Yes –

HANNAY. – going I suppose.

PAMELA. Mmm.

(They are rather close. Neither moves.)

HANNAY. Right. Um –

PAMELA. Yes?

HANNAY. Which –

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. – room are they staying in?

PAMELA. Who?

HANNAY. What?

PAMELA. Who?

HANNAY. Those two men?

PAMELA. Sorry?

(They get closer and closer.)

HANNAY. The two men you overheard.

PAMELA. Staying in?

HANNAY. Mmm.

PAMELA. Well, they’re not.

HANNAY. Sorry?

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

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

PAMELA. Where? Don’t know. Sorry.

(Closes her eyes.)

Does it matter?

(His lips are touching hers. Suddenly his eyes snap open. He looks at her. Realizes what’s happening.)

HANNAY. DOES IT MATTER!!!!???

(Music cuts out.)

PAMELA. What?

(He leaps up.)

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

PAMELA. I’m sorry I –

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

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. This is unbelievably appalling!

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

HANNAY. Oh my God!

PAMELA. Sorry!!

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

PAMELA. Because I wanted to see you!!

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

PAMELA. Apparently yes!!!

HANNAY. So where did they go?

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

HANNAY. The London Palladium? When?

PAMELA. Tonight! On the way out!

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

PAMELA. I don't know what!!!

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

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

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

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

HANNAY. What?

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAMELA. *GOODBYE!!!*

(HANNAY marches to the door.)

HANNAY. *GOODBYE!!!*

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

(HANNAY marches back to her.)

HANNAY. *I WON'T!!!*

PAMELA. *GOOD!!!*

HANNAY. *GOOD!!!*

(HANNAY exits furiously.)

PAMELA. *Well enjoy the show!*

(She bursts into tears.)