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THE 39 STEPS

A Comedy

Adapted by Patrick Barlow

From the novel by John Buchan

From the movie by Alfred Hitchcock,
licensed by ITV Global Entertainment
Limited and an original concept by
Simon Corble and Nobby Dimon

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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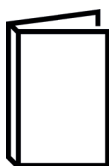
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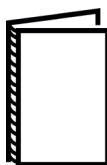


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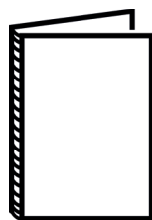
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From the novel by John Buchan
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and an original concept by Simon Corble and Nobby Dimon

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patrick Barlow is probably best known for his hilarious two-man National Theatre of Brent which has become something of a legend in British theatre, television and radio. Their comedy epics include *Zulu!*, *Wagner's Ring Cycle* (in an hour and a quarter) *The Charles and Diana Story*, *Messiah*, *The Wonder of Sex* and their acclaimed radio series *The Arts And How They Was Done*. They have won two Sony Gold Awards, a Premier Ondas Award for Best European Comedy and the New York Festival Gold Award for Best Comedy. Other screenwriting includes: *The Growing Pains of Adrian Mole*, *The True Story of Christopher Columbus*, *Queen of the East*, *Van Gogh* (Prix Futura, Berlin Film Festival), *Revolution!!* (Best Comedy, Jerusalem Film Festival), and the BAFTA-winning *Young Visitors*. Publications include: *Shakespeare: The Truth!* and *The Complete History of the Whole World*. Screen and theatre acting credits include: *Shakespeare in Love*, *Notting Hill*, *The Diary of Bridget Jones*, *Nanny McPhee*, *Absolutely Fabulous*, *Jam and Jerusalem*, *Loot*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and Alan Bennett's *Wind in the Willows*.

The 39 Steps won Patrick an Olivier Award and Whatsonstage Award for Best New Comedy in the UK, while his Broadway adaptation co-won the Drama Desk Award for Unique Theatrical Experience and was nominated for a Tony Award for Best Play.

FOREWORD

By Deborah Buchan, Lady Stewartby

My grandfather, John Buchan, would be amazed and delighted that a play of his novel *The 39 Steps* is being published as a script nearly a century after he wrote it for his own amusement. JB was never proprietorial about his work—for example, he loved the 1935 Alfred Hitchcock film of the book—and the more people who feel they want to put on and perform what was possibly the first spy thriller, the more delighted he would be.

On a serious note, two themes JB was anxious to convey in his novels were, firstly, that the veneer of civilization is very thin, easily exposing the horrors beneath and, secondly, that evil comes in very attractive forms, making it all the harder to resist. So the leader of the Black Stone gang in the book (Professor Jordan in the Hitchcock film and this adaptation) is urbane, cultured, charming and established in British country life—to such an extent that Hannay cannot believe he is evil. Despite the deft and funny way the action in this marvellous script by Patrick Barlow is portrayed on stage, those themes are not lost. I think my grandfather would have been very proud.

Scotland—July 2009

ADAPTER'S FOREWORD

This version of *The 39 Steps* is based on John Buchan's ground-breaking novel, Alfred Hitchcock's iconic movie and the exquisite idea of two Northern writers Nobby Dimon and Simon Corble of doing the whole thing with just four actors. Hannay played by one man throughout. Pamela, Annabella and Margaret played by one woman. And all other parts played by two men called, in this version, Clown 1 and Clown 2.

To have a cast with every part (I estimate 250 in all) played by four people naturally makes this version theatrically challenging, not to say attractive to producers in these cash-strapped times. I'd like to point out, though, that, if the actors' payroll isn't an issue and you have insane ambitions and a dictatorial temperament, not to mention a large and willing cast in a school, college, community group, prison, ship or amateur dramatic society it can, if you want, be done as a piece of genuinely epic theatre with every single role filled by a different actor.

I recently watched an enterprising English boys' school that kept religiously to the text but skilfully re-cast this four person cast for over 50 actors. A different actor—aged between nine and twelve—played every role from Richard Hannay and Annabella Schmidt down to news vendors, policemen, bi-plane pilots and dancing girls. It worked a treat.

I have included most of my original stage directions and scenic ideas that I wrote before the play went into its first production in 2005. While it would be good to keep to the text on the page (much of it is from the original Hitchcock screenplay), I would certainly encourage adventurousness and flexibility in staging. Don't be bound by the instructions on the page. Just take what looks helpful or fun, then invent the rest.

A final word about the story. One of the thrilling things about writing this was the challenge of putting an entire movie on stage, complete with film noir murders, shootings, train chases, plane crashes, trilbied heavies in fast cars, villains with little fingers missing, not to mention some of the most classic moments in the history of cinema. There is much opportunity for spoof and satire here. But it's *also* a love story. A man and

a woman who have never loved anyone, who—through all the adventure and hanging from bridges and clinging to trains and escaping from villains—discover the beating of their own true hearts. That there's a reason to live and a reason to love. And above all a reason—as Hannay, fired up by love (he doesn't know that's what it is yet) unexpectedly announces in his impromptu address in the Scottish town hall—to look after each other and look after the world.

“Let’s just all set ourselves resolutely to make this world a happier place! A decent world! A good world! A world where no nation plots against nation! Where no neighbour plots against neighbour, where there’s no persecution or hunting down, where everybody gets a square deal and a sporting chance and where people try to help and not to hinder! A world where suspicion and cruelty and fear have been forever banished! Is that the sort of world you want? Because that’s the sort of world I want!”

Words written in 1935 by one of Hitchcock’s team of writers and as resonant today as they were then.

As someone said, the finest comedy comes from the greatest truth. Or was it, the best comedy is deadly serious? Or was it, play it for real and not the gag (that was Buster Keaton).

Anyway, whoever said what when, I’d respectfully ask you to remember the story too.

It’s there behind the mayhem.

*Patrick Barlow
August 2009*

THE 39 STEPS

The 39 Steps was first produced on stage by North Country Theatre in April 1996 at the Georgian Theatre, Richmond, North Yorkshire. It subsequently toured extensively throughout the UK courtesy of Charles Vance. This latest version, adapted by Patrick Barlow from an original concept by Simon Corble and Nobby Dimon, was first performed at the West Yorkshire Playhouse on 17 June, 2005. The original UK production was directed by Fiona Buffini.

The original London production, by arrangement with Edward Snape for Fiery Angel Limited, opened at the Tricycle Theatre in Kilburn on 10 August 2006 and transferred to the Criterion Theatre in the West End on 14 September 2006 with the following cast and creative team:

RICHARD HANNAY

Charles Edwards

ANNABELLA SCHMIDT/ MARGARET/

PAMELA

Catherine McCormack

CLOWN 1

Simon Gregor

CLOWN 2

Rupert Degas

Director: Maria Aitken

Designer: Peter McKintosh

Lighting Designer: Ian Scott

Sound Designer: Mic Pool

Movement Director: Toby Sedgwick

Casting Director: Simone Reynolds

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CHARACTERS

(If cast with four actors)

RICHARD HANNAY

ANNABELLA SCHMIDT/PAMELA/MARGARET

CLOWN 1

CLOWN 2

ACT I

Overture.

The actors run on and take a bow. Then frantically pull on the set for Scene One.

Lights change.

Scene One

HANNAY's flat. London.

In the centre of the stage is a large armchair, a standard lamp and a table. On the table a half empty bottle of Scotch and empty glass.

*Seated in the armchair is **RICHARD HANNAY**. About forty. Attractive. Pencil moustache. He addresses the audience.*

HANNAY London. 1935. August. I'd been back three months in the old country and frankly wondering why. The weather made me liverish, no exercise to speak of and the talk of the ordinary Englishman made me sick. I'd had enough of restaurants and parties and race meetings. No pal to go about with—which probably explains things. Hoppy Bynge lost in the Canadian Treasury, Tommy Deloraine married off to a blonde heiress in Chicago, Chips Carruthers eaten by crocodiles in the Limpopo. Leaving me. Richard Hannay. Thirty-seven years old, sound in wind and limb. Back home. Which was no home at all if you want to know. Just a dull little rented flat in West One. Portland Place actually. And I was bored. No, more than bored. Tired. Tired of the world and tired of—life, to be honest. So I called my broker. He wasn't in. Dropped into my club. Full of old colonial buffers. Had a Scotch and soda, picked up an evening paper, put it back. Full of elections and wars and rumours of wars. And I thought—who the bloody hell cares frankly? What does it all matter? What happens to anyone? What happens to me? No-one'd miss me. I wouldn't miss me. I could quite easily just— *(He takes a slug of Scotch. Knocks it back)* And then I thought—wait a minute! Come on Hannay! Pull yourself together man! Find something to do, you bloody fool! Something mindless and trivial. Something utterly

pointless. Something— (*He has a brainwave*) —I know! A West End show!* That should do the trick!

He marches out.

MUSIC: “MR MEMORY THEME”

Footlights come up.

* If performing outside London, you could try “I know! A visit to the theatre!” Or “A trip to London’s popular West End!”

Scene Two

Cockney Music Hall. London.

*Two men appear. We can call these the two **CLOWNS**. They play a **COMPÈRE** and **MR MEMORY**. They are in evening dress and dicky bows. Both have toothbrush moustaches.*

COMPÈRE Thank you ladies and gentlemen. And now with your kind attention I have the immense honour and privilege of presentin' to you one of the most remarkable men ever in the whole world. Mr Memory!!!

Canned applause.

MR MEMORY bows.

Every day Mr Memory commits to memory fifty new facts and remembers every one of them! Facts from history and from geography, from newspapers and scientific books. In fact, more facts is in his brain than is possible to conceive!

Canned applause.

HANNAY appears in a theatre box. Puffs at his pipe. He applauds with the audience.

Settle down now please. I will also mention that before retirin' Mr Memory has kindly consented to leavin' his entire brain to the British Museum for scientific purposes. Thank you.

MR MEMORY bows.

Canned applause.

MR MEMORY Thankoo. I will now place myself in a state of mental readiness for this evenin's performance and clear my inner bein' of all exentinsic and supernumary material.

Drum roll.

A woman appears next to HANNAY. She is beautiful and nervous in a plunging black 1930s evening gown. Her name is ANNABELLA SCHMIDT.

ANNABELLA Is this seat taken?

HANNAY Not as far as I know.

She sits. Takes out her program. Steals a glance at the audience. HANNAY is entranced.

Drum roll stops.

COMPÈRE Now then are you ready for the questions Mr Memory?

MR MEMORY Quite ready for the questions, thankoo.

COMPÈRE Thankoo.

MR MEMORY Thankoo.

COMPÈRE Now then ladies and gents. First question please. Come on now please— (*Looks round the audience. Points at someone*) Pardon, sir? What was that, sir? Who won the cup in 1926? (*To MR MEMORY*) Who won the cup in 1926?

MR MEMORY Who won the cup in 1926? The Tottenham Hotspurs won the cup in 1926 defeatin' the Arsenal Gunners by five goals to nil in the presence of His Majesty King George the Fifth. Am I right, sir?

COMPÈRE Quite right, Mr Memory!!

MR MEMORY Thankoo!

Canned applause.

COMPÈRE Thankoo. Next question please! (*Looks round the audience. Finds someone else*) What was Napoleon's horse called? (*To MR MEMORY*) What was Napoleon's horse called?

MR MEMORY What was Napoleon's horse called? Napoleon's horse was called Belerophon, what he rode for the final time at Waterloo, June fifteenth eighteen-fifteen! Am I right, sir?

COMPÈRE Quite right, Mr Memory!!

MR MEMORY Thankoo.

Canned applause.

COMPÈRE Thankoo. (*Points at new member of audience*) What was that sir? How old's Mae West? How old's Mae West, Mr Memory?

MR MEMORY Well, I know sir—but I never tell a lady's age! (*He finds this very amusing*)

Canned laughter.

COMPÈRE Very good, Mr Memory!

MR MEMORY Thankoo.

COMPÈRE Thankoo. Now then—a serious question please.

HANNAY *stands.*

HANNAY I say!

COMPÈRE Who was that? Yes, sir?

ANNABELLA *looks panicked. Hides behind her program.*

HANNAY How far is Winnipeg from Montreal?

MR MEMORY Ah! A gentleman from Canada! You're welcome, sir!

Audience applause. HANNAY waves. ANNABELLA hides.

HANNAY Thank you.

COMPÈRE How far is Winnipeg from Montreal, Mr Memory?

MR MEMORY Winnipeg from Montreal, sir? Winnipeg from Montreal? One thousand four hundred and fifty four miles. Am I right, sir?

HANNAY Quite right.

MR MEMORY Thankoo, sir!!!

COMPÈRE Thankoo, sir!

Canned applause.

ANNABELLA *peers into audience. Sees what she's been dreading. Recoils.*

ANNABELLA Sheisse!

HANNAY Are you all right?

ANNABELLA Thank you, yes.

COMPÈRE And the next question please!

ANNABELLA *pulls a gun out of her handbag. Shoots into the air. Dust falls from the flies. She hides it quickly.*

Canned audience pandemonium.

HANNAY *(to ANNABELLA)* Did you hear that?

COMPÈRE Calm down, Ladies and Gents! Calm down PLEASE!

ANNABELLA Excuse me?

HANNAY Yes?

ANNABELLA May I come home with you?

HANNAY What's the big idea?

ANNABELLA Well—I'd like to.

COMPÈRE Calm down PLEASE!!!!

HANNAY Well, it's rather tricky at the moment. You see, I've got the decorators in and—

ANNABELLA *PLEASE! You have to!*

HANNAY Well, it's your funeral!

She runs from her seat. He follows her. They exit.

MR MEMORY *hasn't got over the gunshot. He is in shock.
He runs up and down the stage.*

MR MEMORY What was Napoleon's horse called? Winnipeg.
What defeated King George the Fifth by five goals to nil.
Am I right, sir?

COMPÈRE *catches him.*

COMPÈRE Very good, Mr Memory.

MR MEMORY Next question please!

COMPÈRE That's enough, Mr M!

MR MEMORY Beg pardon, sir?

COMPÈRE *(into the pit)* Play man, play!!

MR MEMORY I know sir but I never tell a lady's—

MR MEMORY *music.*

COMPÈRE That was Mr Memory!

MR MEMORY Thankoo!!

COMPÈRE Don't forget his name now!

MR MEMORY Thankoo! Thankoo!

COMPÈRE Mr Memory!

MR MEMORY Thankoo!

COMPÈRE Thankoo!

The COMPÈRE pushes him off.

Music and applause cuts out.

Lights change.

Scene Three

HANNAY's Flat. Night.

We hear HANNAY's voice in the dark.

HANNAY Never can find the switch. Dammit! (**HANNAY** pulls the switch on the standard lamp)

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

ANNABELLA Turn it off! Quickly!

HANNAY turns off the light. Now the room is illuminated by street lighting coming through the window. Maybe a flashing neon hotel sign. She runs to the window. Looks out.

Sheisse! (*Looks at HANNAY*) Bleint!

HANNAY Sorry?

ANNABELLA Bleint!

HANNAY Bleint?

ANNABELLA Bleint! Bleint! Pull the bleint!!

HANNAY Oh blind! Of course. Sorry. Blind. Yes.

Pulls blind down. It snaps back. Pulls it down again. It snaps back. Pulls it down harder. It stays. He walks away. The blind snaps back. He pulls it, wrestles with it, jams it ferociously.

Sorry about that.

ANNABELLA Now the light, Mr Hannay!

HANNAY Light. Right. (*He switches on the light*)

She marches to the drinks cabinet. Pours herself a drink. Downs it in one.

Have a drink why don't you?

ANNABELLA Thank you. (*Pours herself another. Downs it*) For you?

HANNAY Thank you.

ANNABELLA *pours another. Downs this one too.*

ANNABELLA Mr Hannay—

HANNAY How do you know my name?

ANNABELLA I saw it in the lobby.

HANNAY Ah, yes.

Telephone rings.

Hello. There's the telephone.

ANNABELLA Don't answer it, please!

HANNAY Why not?

ANNABELLA Because I think it is for me.

HANNAY *picks up the phone. It goes on ringing. An awkward moment for the actors.*

Please don't answer!!

HANNAY *drops the phone on its cradle. The ringing continues then stops.*

HANNAY Now look here—

ANNABELLA Yes?

HANNAY Am I allowed to know your name?

ANNABELLA You don't want to know my name.

HANNAY Don't I?

ANNABELLA Schmidt.

HANNAY Schmidt?

ANNABELLA Annabella Schmidt.

HANNAY So what's the story, Annabella Schmidt?

ANNABELLA Mr Hannay?

HANNAY Yes?

ANNABELLA May I be very impertinent for a moment and ask for something to eat?

HANNAY But of course. Would you care for some haddock?

ANNABELLA Haddock would be wunderbar thank you.

HANNAY Nothing like a spot of haddock. Now look here—

ANNABELLA Yes?

HANNAY It was you who fired that revolver in the theatre, wasn't it? It wasn't a great show but it wasn't that bad.

ANNABELLA It was a diversion. There were two men in the theatre trying to shoot me.

HANNAY You should be more careful in choosing your gentlemen friends.

ANNABELLA No jokes Mr Hannay, please!

HANNAY Beautiful mysterious woman pursued by gunmen. Sounds like a spy story.

ANNABELLA That's exactly what it is. Only I prefer the word "agent" better.

HANNAY "Secret agent" I suppose? For which country?

ANNABELLA I have no country.

HANNAY Born in a balloon, eh?

ANNABELLA Mr Hannay please! I am being pursued by a very brilliant secret agent of a certain foreign power who is on the point of obtaining highly confidential information VITAL to your air defence. I tracked two of his men to that Music Hall. Unfortunately they recognized me.

HANNAY Ever heard of a thing called persecution mania?

ANNABELLA You don't believe me?

HANNAY Frankly, I don't.

ANNABELLA They are in the street this moment. Beneath your English lamp-post. Take a look why don't you? But be careful!

HANNAY *peers through the blind. The two CLOWNS appear. They wear sinister trilbies under the single glare of a street light. HANNAY turns back.*

Now do you believe me?

HANNAY *peers through the blind again. The men are still there.*

HANNAY You win.

ANNABELLA Mr Hannay, I'm going to tell you something which is not very healthy. It will mean either life. Or death. But if I tell you, then you are— *(She gazes at him)* —involved!

The sound of a 30s police car in the distance.

HANNAY Involved?

ANNABELLA You wish to be—involved?

HANNAY *marches to the blind again. Peers through. The men are there, but slightly late. HANNAY sighs irritably. He turns back to ANNABELLA.*

HANNAY Tell me!

ANNABELLA Very well. Have you ever heard of the— *(She lowers her voice)* —Thirty-nine Steps?

HANNAY What's that, a pub?

ANNABELLA Your English humour will not help Mr Hannay! These men will stop at nothing. And I am the only person who can stop them. If they are not stopped, it is only a matter of days, perhaps hours before the top secret and highly confidential information is out of the country. And when they've got it out of the country God help us all!

HANNAY What about the police?

ANNABELLA (*laughs harshly*) The police! They would not believe me any more than you did! With their boots and their whistles! It is up to us, Mr Hannay! I tell you these men act quickly! You don't know how clever their chief is. I know him very well. He has a dozen names! He can look like a hundred people! But one thing he cannot disguise. This part— (*Lifts her little finger*) —of his little finger is missing. So if ever you should meet a man with no top joint there— (*She gazes at him*) —be very careful, my friend.

HANNAY I'll remember that. (*He gazes back*)

ANNABELLA Mr Hannay?

HANNAY Richard.

ANNABELLA Richard.

HANNAY Yes?

ANNABELLA May I stay the night please?

Electricity between them.

HANNAY Of course. You can—sleep in my bed.

ANNABELLA Thank you.

HANNAY I'll get a shakedown on the armchair.

ANNABELLA (*raises an eyebrow*) As you wish. And one more thing—

HANNAY Your haddock?

ANNABELLA Mein haddock? (*She laughs*) I have rather lost the taste for haddock. No! I need—

HANNAY Yes?

ANNABELLA A map of Scotland.

HANNAY Scotland?

ANNABELLA There's a man in Scotland who I must visit next if anything is to be done. An Englishman. He lives in a— (*Looks around her*) —big house.

HANNAY A big house?

ANNABELLA At a place called Alt-na-Shellach.

HANNAY I beg your pardon?

ANNABELLA Alt-na-Shellach!

HANNAY Alt-na-Shellach. And the Thirty-nine—

ANNABELLA Bring it to my room.

HANNAY Certainly.

ANNABELLA Good-night, Richard.

Turns seductively away, disappears into the darkness.

HANNAY gazes after her. Confused and mesmerized.

Wishing he could go with her.

HANNAY Good-night, Annabella!

Scene Four

HANNAY's Flat. *Very late.*

Midnight atmos. Wind. A ticking clock. A 30s police car far away. A distant train whistles.

HANNAY *tosses and turns restlessly in his cramped armchair.*

Suddenly ANNABELLA appears. Her pale face looming out of the darkness.

Haunting music plays.

She drifts seductively towards him. In her hand she holds a map.

ANNABELLA *(husky)* Richard?

HANNAY Annabella?

ANNABELLA *(even huskier)* Oh Richard—Richard—

HANNAY Now look here, Annabella. You just breeze into my life from nowhere—you get me all—you know—involved and—well—actually I've never met anyone quite like you and—and frankly to be—quite frank—

She leans over him, breathing deeply. He gazes up at her. He thinks they're going to kiss. He closes his eyes in readiness. Suddenly she gasps loudly and collapses over him, a gleaming knife sticking in her back. He recoils in horror. Turns her over.

ANNABELLA Oh Richard! Richard! *(She gazes up at him tenderly)*
I am so sorry. So very sorry. *(She clutches his hand)* Richard!

HANNAY Yes?

ANNABELLA These men. They act quickly! They will stop at nothing. Nothing! You hear me? Now there is— (*Barely audible*) —no turning back! Oh, my dear Richard! (*Her eyes widen. Winces in pain*) *Alt-na-Shellach!!!*

Her body goes into last paroxysms. She lies dead in his arms.

HANNAY Golly!

He closes her eyes. Struggles awkwardly from beneath her. He sees the map. Pulls it from her already stiff hand. Starts to open it fold by fold. The map is enormous. It goes on opening. He wrestles with it. Battles with it. Searches for what he is looking for. At last he finds it.

Alt-na-Shellach! (He looks up) Alt-na-Shellach!

The phone rings.

Tense music.

HANNAY spins round. He marches over to the phone. Is about to pick up. Suddenly **ANNABELLA**'s warning words echo in his head.

ANNABELLA There is a man in Scotland...only a matter of days!

HANNAY's hand freezes over the ringingly phone.

Perhaps hours...before the secret is out of the country... I tell you these men...will stop at nothing...they act quickly! Quickly! Quickly! Quickly!

The phone rings get louder and louder, chiming in with ANNABELLA's "quickly's".

The phone stops ringing.

HANNAY *thinks fast. He grabs a dust-sheet, covers the body, pockets the enormous map and stands alone, eyes darting.*

Black-out.

Birdsong.

Scene Five

Lobby. Morning.

On comes the MILKMAN whistling the MR MEMORY theme. HANNAY bursts out of his front door. They collide.

MILKMAN Blimey mate. Whatchoo up to? I nearly died a' fright.

HANNAY Could you use a pound note, brother?

MILKMAN A pound note? A pound note? What's the catch?

HANNAY I need your cap and coat.

MILKMAN Cap and coat? Cap and coat? What's the game!
Spit it out!

HANNAY I need to make a get-away.

MILKMAN Do a bunk?

HANNAY Yes.

MILKMAN Whatchoo bin up to?

HANNAY I'm going to have to trust you. There's been a murder
committed on the first floor.

MILKMAN A murder? A murder? By who? By you?

HANNAY No, no. *(He points)* By those two men over there.

MILKMAN I see. So now they're waiting good as gold for a
copper to come and arrest 'em, eh?

HANNAY It's quite true I tell you. They're spies, foreigners.
They've murdered a woman in my flat and now they're
waiting for me.

MILKMAN Ah come off it! Funny jokes at five o'clock in the
morning.

HANNAY All right, all right. I'll tell you the truth. Are you
married?

MILKMAN Yes but don't rub it in.

HANNAY Well I'm not you see, I'm a bachelor.

MILKMAN Lucky you.

HANNAY But I've been seeing this married woman.

MILKMAN Naughty.

HANNAY Point is—

MILKMAN Yeah?

HANNAY She was leading me on.

MILKMAN No!

HANNAY It was all a set up.

MILKMAN Would you believe it!

HANNAY See those two men over there?

MILKMAN I do.

HANNAY You know who they are?

MILKMAN Don't tell me!

HANNAY One's her brother. The other's her husband!

MILKMAN Cor blimey! I wouldn't be in your shoes! 'Ere, have
my cap and coat. (*Takes off his cap and coat*)

HANNAY Thank you. (*HANNAY puts on the cap and coat*)

MILKMAN Perfick!

HANNAY I say. (*Puts his hand in the pocket, gives him a note*)
Take a pound.

MILKMAN A pound! That's very kind of you!

HANNAY (*gives him another*) Take two!

MILKMAN Two pounds! God bless yer guv! Leave the pony
round the corner. You'll do the same for me one day.

HANNAY *runs off. Exits.*

MILKMAN *looks at the money. Looks at us.*

Hang on! That's outta my coat! That's my money you just give me! Oi! Come back 'ere! Oi!

He chases after HANNAY. Exits.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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