

Scene Twenty-Five: The Dark Moors.

(HANNAY appears with PAMELA. They are handcuffed together as they cross the dark moors. He is pulling her after him.)

HANNAY. Come on!

(PAMELA sinks in a bog.)

PAMELA. I'm stuck! I can't move!

HANNAY. Yes you can!

(HANNAY pulls at her handcuff. Pulls her out.)

PAMELA. Ow!!!

(calls out)

Help!

HANNAY. (pushes his hidden pipe into her ribs again) Listen! One more peep out of you, I'll shoot you first and myself after. I mean it! Now come on!

PAMELA. Now I'm in a puddle!

HANNAY. So you are.

(He pulls her out. She shrieks.)

PAMELA. I'm soaked through!

HANNAY. I never said it'd be easy Pamela, my dear.

(takes deep breath)

Smell that heather! Makes you glad to be alive doesn't it!

PAMELA. Lovely, yes.

HANNAY. Come on!

(He pulls her after him.)

PAMELA. Will you stop doing that!

(He starts to whistle Mr. Memory Theme.)

And do stop whistling! Look what are you doing all this for? You can't possibly escape! What chance have you got, tied to me?

HANNAY. Keep that question for your husband if I were you.

PAMELA. I don't have a husband!

HANNAY. Lucky him! Come along!

(whistles again)

What IS that tune! Right. Under this stile.

PAMELA. Ow!

(He drags her under a stile. She gets jammed. He comes tries to help. She gets more jammed. Now he gets jammed. They become entwined. All the while they banter away.)

HANNAY. We seem a little stuck.

PAMELA. Is that so?

HANNAY. Hang on.

PAMELA. What?

HANNAY. If you go - then if I go - no that doesn't work -- wait a minute - let's start again -

PAMELA. I say what is the use of all this?

(HANNAY pulls. PAMELA squeaks.)

Ow!

(HANNAY whistles.)

And please stop whistling! Those policemen will get you as soon as it's light you know, as soon as daybreak dawns.

HANNAY. They're not policemen.

PAMELA. Oh really? So when did you find that out?

HANNAY. You found it out yourself. I'd never have known that was the wrong road to Inverary! They were taking us to their boss with the little finger missing and God help either of us if we meet him!

PAMELA. So you're still sticking to your penny novelette spy story!

(They are now completely entwined. He rounds on her.)

HANNAY. Listen!

PAMELA. Ow!

HANNAY. There are twenty million women in this island and I've got to be chained to you! I'll say it one more time. There's a dangerous conspiracy against this island and we're the only people who can stop it!

PAMELA. The gallant knight to the rescue!

HANNAY. Alright then you're alone on a desolate moor in the dark, manacled to a plain common murderer who stabbed an innocent defenceless woman four days ago and can't wait to get you off his hands! If that's the situation you'd prefer then have it my girl and welcome!

PAMELA. I'm not afraid of you!

*(She sneezes.)*

*Atchoo!*

HANNAY. Bless you.

PAMELA. Thank you.

HANNAY. Pleasure.

*(For a second they are very close. They gaze at one another. They wonder what to do. He pulls her through the stile and wrenches her up. PAMELA squeals.)*

PAMELA. OW!! You're horrible!! You just don't care do you! You just walk into my life and look at me! I'm cold and I'm wet and I'm miserable and my wrist hurts and I didn't do anything to hurt you! You're utterly horrid and beastly and heartless! You don't care about anything except your pompous, selfish, horrible, heartless self!

*(The wind rages. HANNAY looks at her. She looks at him.)*

HANNAY. Yes well, that's the kind of man I am, I'm afraid.

PAMELA. Well, God help your wife, that's all I can say!

HANNAY. Yes, God help her!

*(They stand miserably chained together in the wind.)*

*(Scottish pipe music)*

— End

*(A flickering neon-lit sign rather majestically flies in through the mist. "THE MCGARRIGLE HOTEL — A Warm Welcome Awaits Ye!")*

*(The "O" on "HOTEL" has fused.)*

*(Through the dry ice CLOWN 2 in kilt and Highland garb mimes the bagpipes.)*

*(On the other side CLOWN 1 appears as MRS MCGARRIGLE, pushing on the Hotel reception desk.)*

*(CLOWN 2 puts down his bagpipes and joins her as MR. MCGARRIGLE.)*