**Audition Scene 11**

**Scene Twenty-Seven: Hotel Bedroom.**

*(***MRS MCGARRIGLE** *leads them into their room.)*

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** There we are now. All ready for ye. A fine roaring fire! *(A burning log fire starts to flicker. A few seconds too late. They all wait till it lights.)*

**HANNAY.** Marvellous!

*(They all rub their hands.)*

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Now dearie off with that wet skirt of yours and I’ll have it dried in the kitchen.

**PAMELA.** No don’t worry. It’ll dry by the fire just as well thanks all the same.

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** No doubt the gentleman will take good care of you.

*(beams naughtily)*

Goodnight sir. Goodnight madam.

**HANNAY.** Goodnight.

*(He nudges* **PAMELA***.)* **PAMELA.** Goodnight.

*(***MRS MCGARRIGLE** *leaves, closing the door gently behind her.)*

*(***PAMELA** *rounds on* **HANNAY***.)*

**PAMELA.** Look! If you think I’m going to spend the whole night with you in this room! In that – **HANNAY.** What else are you going to do?

**PAMELA.** *(wrenches at her handcuff) Let me go!*

*(Knock knock on the door.)*

*(***HANNAY** *pulls* **PAMELA** *over to a chair. Sits her on his knee.)*

**HANNAY.** Come in.

*(***MRS MCGARRIGLE** *appears carrying a tray of overlarge sandwiches, a glass of whisky and tumbler of milk. Assumes they are cuddling. Looks coyly at the ground.)*

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Och, excuse me!

**HANNAY.** It’s quite alright. We were just getting warm by the fire.

*(nudges her)*

Weren’t we darling?

**PAMELA.** What?

**HANNAY.** Weren’t we darling?

**PAMELA.** Yes.

**HANNAY.** Darling.

**PAMELA.** *Darling!*

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** I can see that. Anyway here’s your wee sandwiches, your whisky and your glass of milk.

**HANNAY.** Thank you.

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Will there be anything else?

**HANNAY.** No thank you.

**PAMELA.** *I say please don’t go!*

*(Everyone freezes.)*

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Why ever not? Is anything wrong?

**HANNAY.** Of course there’s nothing wrong. She wants to tell you something that’s all.

*(thinking fast)*

We’re a runaway couple.

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Och! I ken’d it all the time.

**HANNAY.** Sorry?

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** I ken’d it all the time.

*(slight pause)*

**HANNAY.** Anyway you won’t give us away will you?

**MRS MCGARRIGLE.** Of course we won’t give you away!

You’re secret’s safe with us. Ye’ll nae be disturbed.

*(Tiptoes out coyly. Pamela scowls.)*

**HANNAY.** Come along tuck in! What do you want? *(looks inside sandwiches)*

Ham and tomato or – ham and tomato?

**PAMELA.** Ham and tomato.

**HANNAY.** Ham and tomato. Then I’ll have – ham and tomato.

*(They wolf down the sandwiches.)*

Listen you better get that skirt off!

**PAMELA.** I beg your pardon?

**HANNAY. I** Don’t want to be tied to a pneumonia case on top of everything else! Take it off, I don’t mind!

**PAMELA.** I shall keep it on thank you!

*(They chomp away in silence. The wind moans outside)* Actually, I will take my shoes off.

*(She takes her shoes off, his hand dangling by hers. They*

*both eat away while she does this,)* And my stockings.

*(He says nothing. She looks at him. Tentatively lifts her skirt to the suspenders of one thigh. She tries to undo the suspenders, still holding the sandwich.)*

**HANNAY.** Can I be of assistance?

**PAMELA.** No thank you.

**HANNAY.** Alright.

*(She tries again. Gives up.)*

**PAMELA.** Hold this.

*(She gives him her sandwich. She lifts her skirt again and undoes the suspender. He does not look.)*

*(music)*

*(She rolls the stocking all the way down to her ankle and glides it off. His hand trails lightly with hers. Neither says a word. We become aware of the wind buffeting the window. The crackling fire in the grate. Now she lifts her skirt on the other thigh. Flicks open the suspenders. Starts to roll down the stocking. Once again his hand trails lightly along beside hers, down her thigh, over her knee, down her shin to her ankle. She glides it off. Once again neither says a word. She gets up. He follows her. She hangs the stockings in front of the fire. One falls. He picks it up.)*

**HANNAY.** Here.

**PAMELA.** Thank you.

**HANNAY.** Would you like your milk now?

**PAMELA.** Thank you.

*(He gives it to her. She drinks her milk. He drinks his whisky.)*

**HANNAY.** Warmer now?

**PAMELA.** Yes thanks.

*(They stand looking at the fire.)*

**HANNAY.** Well come along.

*(He leads her to the bed. She follows compliantly for a moment. Then stops suddenly.)*

**PAMELA.** What are you doing!!?

**HANNAY.** Going to bed.

**PAMELA.** *Certainly not! I am not lying on that bed!*

**HANNAY.** So long as you’re chained to me, you lie where I lie. Sorry.

*(***PAMELA** *looks round the room. Realises there’s nowhere else. Sighs loudly and clambers on to the bed, pulling him after her. They lie down awkwardly.)*

**PAMELA.** I want you to know I hate you!

**HANNAY.** Right.

*(She tries to turn away from him. The handcuffs pull her back.)*

**PAMELA.** Ow!

*(Grudgingly she lies on her side facing him. She closes her eyes. Tries to sleep.)*

*(***HANNAY** *starts humming again.)*

*(***PAMELA** *opens her eyes crossly.)*

**PAMELA.** Will you stop *doing* that!

**HANNAY.** There I go again! I wish I could get that damn tune out of my head. I wonder where I heard it?

*(yawns loudly)*

**HANNAY.** D’you know when I last slept in a bed? Saturday night. Whenever that was. Then I only got a couple of hours.

**PAMELA.** What woke you? Dreams? I imagine murderers have terrible dreams.

**HANNAY.** Oh I used to. I used to wake up in the middle of the night screaming. Thinking the police were after me. Funny that! You see when I first took to a life of crime, I was quite squeamish about it. A most sensitive child.

*(yawns)*

**PAMELA.** You do surprise me.

**HANNAY.** But I soon got hardened. Before long I was an out and out villain. Wanted on three continents.

*(He yawns again. He starts to snore.* **PAMELA** *surreptitiously pulls their chained wrists towards her. He wakes.)* Just think in years to come, you’ll be able to take your grandchildren to Madame Tussauds and point me out.

**PAMELA.** Which section?

**HANNAY.** Inveterate, unreformable no-hopers. Wedded to a life of crime. That’s me, Pamela my darling. And the sad story of my life. Poor little orphan boy who never had a chance. Irredeemable. Irreclaimable.

*(yawns)*

Utterly horrid and beastly.

*(She gazes at him. He mutters away with closed eyes.)* I’d get away from me as quick as you can if I was you.

*(yawns)*

Oh no, you can’t, can you.?

*(yawns)*

Oh well…