

Hannay's Apartment. Night.

(A table with a phone, covered in a dust sheet. A window with a blind. HANNAY and ANNABELLA enter. She opens the door, looks out, closes door.)

ANNABELLA. Thank you Mr Hannay!

HANNAY. How do you know my name?

ANNABELLA. I saw it in the lobby. Richard Hannay.
Portland Mansions, Portland Place.

HANNAY. Ah yes.

(Sound effects: 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 pulls off dust sheet, picks up phone. It keeps ringing. He slams it down. It rings again. He slams it down again. It stops. Awkward moment.)

HANNAY. So – may I know your name?

ANNABELLA. You don't want to know my name. Schmidt.
Annabella Schmidt.

HANNAY. Well Annabella Schmidt, you fired that shot in the theatre didn't you? 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. 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. Now listen very carefully Mr Hannay! 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 recognised me. They are in the street this moment. Beneath your English lamp post.

(HANNAY lifts the blind. TWO MEN run on in trilbies and trench coats. They carry a street lamp. They pose beneath it in film noir mode. Run off again with the lamp.)

Now do you believe me?

(HANNAY lifts blind to be sure. The men run on again with the lamp.)

HANNAY. Alright. You win!

(The men run off with the lamp.)

ANNABELLA. Mr Hannay, I am going to tell you something now which is not very healthy. It will mean either life. Or death. But if I tell you then you are - involved.

HANNAY. In what?

ANNABELLA. Involved.

(HANNAY lifts the blind. The TWO MEN, not expecting this, rush on again with the lamp. HANNAY turns.)

HANNAY. Alright!! Tell me!!!