

**Scene Fourteen: Crofter's Cottage. Midnight.**

(**HANNAY** asleep in his cramped bed.)

(Sound of a car drawing to a halt outside. Headlights flash across the windows.)

(**MARGARET** runs in. Looks out of the window. Runs to **HANNAY**. Gingerly shakes him.)

**MARGARET.** (*whispers*) Wake up, sir! Wake up please, sir!

**HANNAY.** (*delighted*) Oh hello!

**MARGARET.** Oh no, sir, no! I don't mean – It's the police, sir, Mr O' Hum Hammond! Wake up I beg of ye, sir!

**HANNAY.** (*leaps up*) The police!

**MARGARET.** You must go now while there's still a chance!

(*She grabs his hand. The CROFTER appears in his nightgown.*)

**CROFTER.** Ay! I mighta known! Making love behind my back!

(*to HANNAY*)

Get oot!

(*to MARGARET*)

And as for ye –

(*raises fist*)

**HANNAY.** (*stepping between them*) Not so fast my friend!

**MARGARET.** No! Go go! It's your only chance of liberty!

**HANNAY.** Listen! You're all wrong about this! She's only trying to help me!

**CROFTER.** Ay! To bring shame and disgrace upon my house!

**HANNAY.** Actually if you want to know I'm on the run from the police!

**CROFTER.** *The police!!!*

**HANNAY.** They're after me for murder!

**CROFTER.** *Murder!?! Police!?!?*

*(Knock knock knock from the door.)*

*(The CROFTER runs to the door. Peeks through a crack. He runs back.)*

**CROFTER.** They're right outside!

**HANNAY.** Don't let them in! Say I'm not here!

*(Knock knock knock.)*

*(The CROFTER is overheating violently.)*

**CROFTER.** Ach!

*(He runs to the door.)*

**HANNAY.** I'll make it worth your while.

*(CROFTER skids to a halt.)*

**CROFTER.** How much?

**HANNAY.** Five pounds!

**CROFTER.** *(eye twitching)* In cash?

**HANNAY.** Will you take a cheque?

**CROFTER.** Don't be funny wi' me!

**MARGARET.** Pay him pay him!

**HANNAY.** *(takes out a five pound note)* Here!!

*(Knock knock knock.)*

*(The CROFTER grabs the note, holds it to the light, pockets it and runs out, slamming the door behind him.)*

**MARGARET.** Och, I dinna trust him! Listen!

*(MARGARET runs to the door and listens. We hear muttering outside. She runs back to HANNAY.)*

**MARGARET.** Ay I was right! He's double crossing ye! Quick! Now's your time! Through the window!

*(HANNAY rushes upstage.)*

**MARGARET.** Not that window!

**HANNAY.** Which window?

**MARGARET.** The rear window! Wait!

**HANNAY.** What?

MARGARET. Your jacket!

HANNAY. My jacket?

MARGARET. It's terrible light-coloured.

HANNAY. Oh is it? It's the latest Harris Tweed.

MARGARET. I'm afeart they'll see you on the dark moors.  
Best take this one!

*(She gives him a dark overcoat.)*

HANNAY. This is your husband's coat!

MARGARET. Ay, his Sunday best. It's so black they'll never see you!

HANNAY. *(brings out a small black book)* What's this?

MARGARET. His hymn book.

HANNAY. I can sing a hymn if I get frightened.

MARGARET. Don't joke I beg of you.

*(He holds her. She melts into him.)*

HANNAY. What'll happen to you?

MARGARET. Don't worry about me!

*(Music builds.)*

*(They gaze at each other.)*

HANNAY. I wish I could take you away from all this!

MARGARET. *(She looks at him yearningly.)* No. This is my home.

HANNAY. What's your name?

MARGARET. Margaret.

HANNAY. Goodbye, Margaret.

*(He kisses her)*

I'll never forget you for this!

*(He kisses her again. More passionately. She surrenders beneath him. Pulls away at last.)*

MARGARET. Go now!

*(HANNAY escapes through the window.)*

*(Immediately the two policemen rush through the door blowing whistles. They spot him through the window.)*

**POLICEMAN 1.** There he is! After him!

*(The police rush out after HANNAY.)*

**(MARGARET watches in agony.)**

*(The whistles disappear into the distance.)*

*(Lights fade on MARGARET, her haunted face at the window.)*

*(Chase music.)*