

Scene Seven: Edinburgh Train. Day.

(THE COMPANY create the railway carriage.)

(The two clowns are now garrulous UNDERWEAR SALESMEN. They sway with the train.)

(Train sounds. Hoots and whistles.)

SALESMAN 1. Well for one thing they're much prettier than they were twenty years ago.

SALESMAN 2. More free.

SALESMAN 1. Free and easy.

(They share a wink. Wink at HANNAY. HANNAY shrinks under his hat.)

SALESMAN 2. Remember the old fashioned sort?

SALESMAN 1. All bones and no bends.

SALESMAN 2. My wife!

(They roar with laughter, wink at HANNAY. Train whistles.)

Look at this now!

(SALESMAN 2 delves into a small samples case and produces a 1940s white lacy suspender belt. They gaze at it in wonder. HANNAY gazes too.)

Our new streamlined model number one.

SALESMAN 1. A glory to behold. Anything to go with it?

SALESMAN 2. Look at this little beauty!

(He delves some more. Produces an exotic white lacy brassiere. HANNAY and the SALESMEN gaze mesmerised as it sways before them.)

SALESMAN 1. Now that's a sight for sore eyes!

SALESMAN 2. You can say that again! The Two Wonders of the Modern World!

SALESMAN 1. Tell you what? Bring 'em back when they're filled.

(The SALESMEN explode with laughter. Wink at HANNAY.)

SALESMAN 2. Get it?

SALESMAN 1. Get it?

SALESMAN 2. When they're filled!

SALESMAN 1. When they're filled!

SALESMAN 2. Don't be shy!

SALESMAN 1. Don't be shy!

(HANNAY manages a chuckle.)

SALESMAN 2. That's the spirit!

SALESMAN 1. That's the spirit!

SALESMAN 2. Where are we now?

(SALESMAN 1 looks out of the window. He rapidly reads three passing signs.)

SALESMAN 1. Halifax... Durham... Berwick-Upon-Tweed...

(He sits back in his seat, produces a packet of biscuits.)

Biscuit?

SALESMAN 2. Much obliged.

SALESMAN 1. *(to Hannay)* Biscuit?

HANNAY. No, thank you.

SALESMAN 1. Suit yourself.

(The SALESMEN chomp their biscuits in unison. They watch HANNAY and grin broadly. Train whistles and stopping noises.)

SALESMAN 1. Here we are. Edinburgh Town.

SALESMAN 2. That was quick!

(The train halts. They all lurch.)

(Bagpipe Music: "Scotland the Brave")