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Playscripts, Inc.  
325 W. 38<sup>th</sup> Street, Suite 305  
New York, NY 10018

Phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)  
Email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
Web: [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)

*This adaptation is dedicated to Dorothy Milne of Lifeline Theatre, Chicago—the original director of the show, and my theatre hero.*

## **Cast of Characters**

FOGG  
FOSTER  
PASSEPARTOUT  
ANDREW STUART  
RALPH GAUTHIER  
THOMAS FLANIGAN  
SAMUEL FALLENTIN  
JOHN SULLIVAN  
FIX  
BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ  
POOR BEGGAR WOMAN  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON  
TIMES  
THE TIMES  
THE STANDARD  
MORNING CHRONICLE  
DAILY TELEGRAPH  
MONGOLIA BOATSWAIN  
MONGOLIA CAPTAIN  
SIR FRANCIS  
SAILORS  
BOMBAY PRIESTS  
TRAIN ENGINEER  
PARSEE GUIDE  
EVIL RAJAH  
EVIL FAKIRS  
CORPSE  
AOUDA  
CLERK OYSTERPUF

JUDGE OBADIAH  
RANGOON QUARtermASTER  
RANGOON CAPTAIN  
HONG-KONG BROKER  
HONG-KONG CLERK  
OPIUM ADDICTS  
TANKADERE MASTER  
TANKADERE THIRD MATE  
CARNATIC'S PURSER  
GEN. GRANT CAP'N  
BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA  
FRENCH CONSUL IN  
YOKOHAMA  
ATLANTA CONSTITUTION  
DES MOINES REGISTER  
CHICAGO TRIBUNE  
NEW YORK EVENING POST  
SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER  
MOB #1  
MOB #2  
COL. PROCTOR  
ENGINE-DRIVER  
INDIANS  
FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN  
MUDGE  
CONDUCTOR  
CAPTAIN SPEEDY  
HENRIETTA ENGINEER

## **Acknowledgments**

All production groups performing this play are required to include the following credits on the title page of every program:

This adaptation of *Around the World in Eighty Days* was first produced at Lifeline Theatre, Chicago in 2002.

# AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

## adapted by John Hildreth

FROM THE NOVEL BY JULES VERNE

### ACT I

*(Darkness; a clock ticking. Lights up reveal FOGG, face covered with shaving foam, observing his pocket watch. FOGG looks expectantly to the clock in his dressing room. The clock strikes 9:30 a.m. FOGG snaps his pocket watch shut. As the clock is striking, FOSTER, Fogg's manservant, is heard, panicking and cursing under his breath as he enters with a basin full of shaving-water.)*

**FOSTER.** Good morning, Mr. Fogg. *(Presenting the shaving-basin to FOGG:)* I'm terribly sorry I'm late, Mr. Fogg—

**FOGG.** *(Testing the water:)* Not only are you late again, Foster, this shaving-water is eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six. *(Shaving:)* Draft the following advertisement for the Morning Chronicle: "Wanted immediately: a thoroughly precise, punctual, and honest fellow to fill the position of manservant for a gentleman of the most pacific habits..."

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Reading the want-ad in the Morning Chronicle:)* "...apply in person between nine and half-past, No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens. Inquire after Mr. Phileas Fogg, Esquire." *(Aside to the audience:)* Well... Enough of this traveling around vagabond existence. With any luck, today I will begin a new, calm and completely settled life. Ah... Well, here we are.

*(PASSEPARTOUT rings doorbell. FOSTER presents his calling card to FOGG. PASSEPARTOUT enters.)*

**FOSTER.** The new servant.

**FOGG.** You are a Frenchman, and your name is John?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Bowing:)* Jean, if you please, monsieur. Jean Passepartout—which is French for "transcends everything." The surname has stuck to me, justified as it was by my natural gump-tion for getting out of scrapes.

**FOGG.** I see.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I believe I am an honest fellow, monsieur, but to be outspoken, I have done more things than one to earn a living. Street singing, tight-rope walking; I became a teacher of gymnastics, and last I was a sergeant of firemen in Paris. But now I have come to you, monsieur, in the hope of becoming a valet in England, wishing to taste the sweets of domestic life, and forgetting the very name Passepartout.

**FOGG.** Passepartout suits me very well. You know my terms?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui, monsieur.

**FOGG.** What time do you make it?

*(PASSEPARTOUT produces his huge silver watch.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Twenty-two minutes past nine.

*(FOGG produces his pocket watch.)*

**FOGG.** Your watch is slow, Passepartout.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Fogg, c'est impossible.

**FOGG.** You are four minutes slow. I only wish to point out the error, nothing more. Well then, from this moment, nine twenty-six a.m., Wednesday, October 2nd, 1872, you are in my service. Foster, give Passepartout an explanation of his duties, and then you are dismissed. I am off to the Reform Club. I will return at precisely eleven o'clock p.m.

*(FOGG exits. The GENTLEMEN are in the Reform Club.)*

**GENTLEMEN.** A bank robbery?!

**ANDREW STUART.** How now, Gauthier? What about this robbery business at the Bank of England yesterday?

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** At the very moment the chief cashier was entering a receipt for three shillings and sixpence, a bundle of brand-new banknotes was taken from his table while his back was turned—amounting to the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds.

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** Forty thousand pounds?!

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** How could such a theft have been carried out so easily?

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** Why was the culprit not immediately apprehended?

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** At the Bank of England we have the utmost regard for the dignity of the public. There are no guards, and no gratings.

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** But what sort of man could be responsible for such a theft?

*(FOGG appears in the entrance of the Reform Club as the clock strikes the half hour. He checks his pocket watch against the Reform Club clock. He bows reservedly to the GENTLEMEN, and takes a seat apart from them.)*

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** My word, Mr. Fogg is as perfect as a chronometer.

**GENTLEMEN.** Quite so. Well said. Extraordinary. The very personification of accuracy. *(Etc.)*

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** No man ever hurried so little and yet was always on time.

**GENTLEMEN.** Quite so. Well said. Extraordinary. Never takes a stride more than is necessary. *(Etc.)*

**ANDREW STUART.** There is a mathematical regularity in everything he does. Wouldn't you say, Sullivan?

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** I should say so, yes.

**ANDREW STUART.** Fallentin?

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** Practically mechanical.

**ANDREW STUART.** Flanagan, Gauthier?

**THOMAS FLANAGAN & RALPH GAUTHIER.** Rather. Absolutely. Oh, yes, yes, quite. To be sure. *(Etc.)*

(FOGG *precisely cuts the Morning Chronicle for reading as the GENTLEMEN observe.*)

**ANDREW STUART.** Most peculiar fellow.

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** He is undeniably wealthy, but how he made his fortune is more than the best-informed could say.

**ANDREW STUART.** Definitely the eccentric sort.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** No one has a more intimate knowledge of the map of the world, but I've never seen him elsewhere than here at the Club playing whist.

**ANDREW STUART.** Thoroughly private, too.

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** Of his home life—never a word...

(*On Savile Row, FOSTER explains PASSEPARTOUT's new duties.*)

**FOSTER.** Mr. Fogg takes his tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the hair dressing and shaving-water at twenty-seven minutes past nine—and whatever you do, Mr. Passepartout, remember—eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit, not eighty-four.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mon dieu. I have known wax figures at Madame Tussaud's with just as much life in them as this Monsieur Fogg!

**FOSTER.** To tell you the truth, Mr. Passepartout, I view my dismissal as a godsend. All the blessed regularity was just too much for me!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** This is the very thing I wanted! A man of stay-at-home and regular habits! We shall get on famously together, Monsieur Fogg and I!

(*The GENTLEMEN continue their discussion at the Reform Club.*)

**ANDREW STUART.** Well, I say that the Bank of England will lose the money.

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** I think not. We have posted a reward of four percent of the recovered amount, and police-detectives are watch-

ing all departing train passengers very closely. The malefactor will have a job to escape them.

**ANDREW STUART.** Have they the thief's description, then?

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** In the first place, the man is not a thief.

**ANDREW STUART.** Not a thief? A fellow who has purloined forty thousand pounds in banknotes?!

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** No.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** What then, is he a politician?

**FOGG.** (*From his seat apart from the GENTLEMEN:)* The Morning Chronicle says he's a gentleman.

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** Quite so, Mr. Fogg. The culprit was described as "a tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance." And Scotland Yard has alerted their foreign agents, very clever fellows, stationed abroad in all the principle ports—Liverpool, Glasgow, New York, Suez...

(*FIX speaks with the BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.*)

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Yes, Detective Fix, the *Mongolia* is due to arrive here in Suez on the 9th. But I really fail to see how you will spot a bank robber even if he is on board.

**FIX.** Consul, with these fellows it is more a case of scenting them out. It is flair that is required, and flair is a special sense in which ear, eye, and nose all play a part. I have arrested more than one gentleman of the sort in my life, and, if only my thief is on board, I promise you he won't give me the slip.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** But do you realize, Detective Fix, that according to the description you have received, the thief looks exactly like an honest man?

**FIX.** Consul, high-class thieves always look like honest people. You quite see that people with rascally faces have but one course open to them: they must keep straight, or they would be arrested. It is your honest-looking rogues that are my special business to see through. This, I own, is a tough job. It ceases to be humdrum routine; it is an art.

*(The GENTLEMEN and FOGG play whist.)*

**ANDREW STUART.** Gentlemen, I maintain that the chances are in favour of the thief, who is sure to be no fool.

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** Nonsense! There is not a country left in which he can take refuge.

**ANDREW STUART.** Preposterous!

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** Where do you want him to go?

**ANDREW STUART.** I can't say, but, after all, the world is large enough.

**FOGG.** It was so... *(Placing the cards before RALPH GAUTHIER:)* Will you cut, Mr. Gauthier?

**ANDREW STUART.** What do you mean by "was," Mr. Fogg? Has the world got smaller, eh?

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** Of course it has; I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world has got smaller, since one can travel over it ten times more rapidly than a hundred years ago. And that is just the thing that will hasten the pursuit of the culprit.

**ANDREW STUART.** And will likewise facilitate his escape!

**FOGG.** It is your turn to deal, Mr. Stuart.

**ANDREW STUART.** You must confess, Gauthier, that you have hit upon a funny way of showing that the world has got smaller. So, because the thief can now go round it in three months—

**FOGG.** In as few as eighty days, Mr. Stuart.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** Yes, indeed. Mr. Fogg is right. In eighty days; and this is how today's Morning Chronicle tabulates the journey: *(Reading from the Morning Chronicle:)* "From London to Suez via Brindisi, by rail and boat: seven days—"

**ANDREW STUART.** Seven days?!

**FOGG.** That is correct, Mr. Stuart. Seven days. Shuffle again; it's a misdeal.

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**JOHN SULLIVAN.** (*Reading from the Morning Chronicle:*) “From Suez to Bombay, by boat: thirteen days; from Bombay to Calcutta, by rail: three days—”

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** Only three days to cross all of India by rail?!

**FOGG.** Yes. Only three days, now that the Great Indian Peninsular Railway has opened.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** (*Reading from the Morning Chronicle:*) “From Calcutta to Hong-Kong, by boat: thirteen days; from Hong-Kong to Yokohama, by boat: six days; from Yokohama to San Francisco, by boat: twenty-two days—”

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** But those calculations do not allow for rough weather, head winds, wrecks—

**FOGG.** Allowing for everything, Mr. Gauthier.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** (*Reading from the Morning Chronicle:*) “From San Francisco to New York, by rail: seven days—”

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** What?! That’s more than three thousand miles!

**FOGG.** Three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six miles—

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** But what if the Red Indians removed the rails, plundered the train, and scalped the travelers?!

**FOGG.** Allowing for everything, Mr. Gauthier. The remaining leg of the journey, from New York to London, is a very familiar nine days by boat and rail. Total: eighty days. (*Laying down cards:*) Two winning trumps, and the game, gentlemen.

**ANDREW STUART.** In theory you are right, Mr. Fogg, but practically—

**FOGG.** Practically too, Mr. Stuart.

**ANDREW STUART.** I should like to see you do it.

**FOGG.** Let us go together.

**ANDREW STUART.** Heaven forbid! but I would readily wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made in such conditions, is impossible!

**FOGG.** Nay, rather quite possible.

**ANDREW STUART.** Well, then, prove it!

**FOGG.** All right. I shall. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense. The amount of the wager must cover the traveling expenses.

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** My dear Stuart, calm yourself. This is not serious.

**ANDREW STUART.** When I make a wager I always mean what I say!

**FOGG.** Very well. I have forty thousand pounds on account at Baring's Bank. I am quite prepared to venture one half of this sum—

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** Twenty thousand pounds?!

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** This is madness!

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** Twenty thousand pounds that you might lose through a single unforeseen delay.

**FOGG.** There is no such thing as the unforeseen.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** But, Mr. Fogg, this space of eighty days is calculated as a minimum of time.

**FOGG.** A minimum, if properly used, is sufficient for anything.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** But if you are not to exceed it, you will have to jump mathematically from trains to boats and from boats to trains.

**FOGG.** I shall jump mathematically.

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** You are joking!

**FOGG.** A true Englishman never jokes, when it is a question of a thing so serious as a wager. I will prove to you, gentlemen, that a journey around the world is possible in eighty days, that is, in

nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?

*(The GENTLEMEN consult together. PASSEPARTOUT is on Savile Row.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Clean, orderly, austere, puritanical, well arranged for service... All seems in place for the most particular and most sedentary gentleman in the United Kingdom... These must be my quarters. Ah... Lighted and heated by gas. All the modern conveniences... *(PASSEPARTOUT turns up the nozzle on his gas-burner, sits down, and puts his feet up:)* This will suit me down to the ground...

*(The GENTLEMEN break their huddle.)*

**ANDREW STUART.** Mr. Fogg, we accept the terms of your wager.

**FOGG.** Very well. The Dover train leaves at eight forty-five. I shall take it.

**ANDREW STUART.** This very evening?

**FOGG.** This very evening. *(Consulting his pocket calendar:)* Therefore, since today is Wednesday, the 2nd of October, I shall have to be back in London, in this very drawing-room of the Reform Club, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at eight-forty-five in the evening, in default of which the twenty thousand pounds deposited in my name at Baring's will be yours, gentlemen. Here is a cheque for the amount.

*(Seven o'clock strikes.)*

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** It's 7 o'clock. Would you like to stop playing whist, Mr. Fogg, that you might prepare for your departure?

**FOGG.** I am always ready. *(Dealing out cards:)* Diamonds are trumps, gentlemen; you begin, Mr. Stuart...

*(Across the stage a POOR BEGGAR WOMAN enters, standing barefooted with only a ragged shawl over her.)*

**POOR BEGGAR WOMAN.** Alms for the poor... Alms for the poor...

*(FOGG crosses to POOR BEGGAR WOMAN.)*

**POOR BEGGAR WOMAN.** Please, sir. Could you spare a few shillings to help an old widow woman feed herself and her child?

**FOGG.** *(Taking from his pocket the money he has just won at whist:)*  
Take this, my good woman.

**POOR BEGGAR WOMAN.** Twenty guineas! I could not take so much money, sir.

**FOGG.** They are my winnings at whist this evening, madam. Take them. I am pleased to have met you.

*(FOGG passes on.)*

**POOR BEGGAR WOMAN.** God bless you, sir!

*(At fifty minutes past seven, FOGG opens his front door and enters his house.)*

**FOGG.** Passepartout. Passepartout.

*(PASSEPARTOUT enters.)*

**FOGG.** I have called you twice.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But it is not eleven o'clock.

**FOGG.** I know it is not, and I am not finding fault. We shall start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Are you going away, Monsieur Fogg?

**FOGG.** Yes. I've made a wager with my fellow-members at the Reform Club. We are going to travel round the world.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Around the world?

**FOGG.** In eighty days. So we must not lose a moment.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But the trunks?

**FOGG.** No trunks. Just a traveling-bag. We shall buy what we require on the way. Go ahead.

*(PASSEPARTOUT crosses the stage and packs.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Around the world? In eighty days? Is my new master a madman? Or, no... It must be a joke. Well, alors. And I thought I was going to have a quiet time!

*(PASSEPARTOUT returns to FOGG. FOGG takes the bag and slips into it a large bundle of banknotes.)*

**FOGG.** You have forgotten nothing?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Nothing, monsieur.

**FOGG.** All right. *(FOGG hands the bag to PASSEPARTOUT:)* Take great care of this bag. It contains twenty thousand pounds.

*(PASSEPARTOUT nearly drops the bag. At the train station, FOGG addresses his five fellow-members of the Reform Club.)*

**FOGG.** Gentlemen, I am off; I am taking a passport with me, so that the various visas it will bear may enable you to check my itinerary when I return.

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** Oh, Mr. Fogg, that is not necessary. We will trust you as a gentleman.

**FOGG.** Better as it is.

*(A loud train whistle.)*

**FOGG.** Goodbye, gentlemen, until we meet again on Saturday, December 21st, at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening, if not before.

*(FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT settle into their train seats.)*

**FOGG.** *(Writing in journal:)* Departed London, Wednesday, October 2nd, 8:45 p.m.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mon dieu!

**FOGG.** What's the matter?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** In my hurry and flurry, I forgot!

**FOGG.** What?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** To put out the gas in my room!

**FOGG.** Well, Passepartout, it will burn at your expense.

(PASSEPARTOUT *sighs in despair.*)

**ALL THE PAPERS.** Around the world in eighty days?!

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON TIMES.** Well, why not? Things more extraordinary have been done.

**THE TIMES.** Certain folly!

**THE STANDARD.** Not only impossible, but mad!

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** An example of the decline in mental faculties which has accompanied the rise of modern technology!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Arrived Paris, Thursday, October 3rd, 7:20 a.m.  
Departed Paris, Thursday, 8:40 a.m.

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** A useless project!

**THE TIMES.** Engine troubles! Derailments! Collisions!

**THE STANDARD.** Bad weather! Snowdrifts! Storms and fog!

**ALL THE PAPERS.** Indians!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Arrived Turin, Friday, October 4th, 6:35 in the morning. Departed Turin, Friday, 7:20.

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** One single day's delay will be enough to snap the chain of communication irretrievably.

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** Phileas Fogg will be at the mercy of all obstacles—both human and natural.

**THE TIMES.** He's a madman!

**THE STANDARD.** A lunatic!

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON TIMES.** He's a handsome, phlegmatic Lord Byron!

**THE STANDARD.** "Phileas Fogg Stock" offered at five to one on the 'Change!

**THE TIMES.** Ten to one!

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** Surely, not less than fifty to one!

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** One hundred to one!

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON TIMES.** Well, if the thing can be done, it is well that an Englishman should be the first to do it!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Arrived Brindisi, Saturday, October 5th, 4 o'clock in the evening.

**MONGOLIA BOATSWAIN.** All ashore that's going ashore!

*(The Mongolia signals her departure.)*

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) 5 o'clock, boarded the Mongolia for Suez.

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** (*To audience:*) The Mongolia is a screw-propelled steel boat of five hundred horse-power. She's the fastest boat in the Peninsular & Oriental Company, and plies regularly between Brindisi and Bombay through the Suez Canal...

*(Aboard the Mongolia, FOGG speaks with SIR FRANCIS.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** Traveling around the world, you say?

**FOGG.** Yes, Sir Francis; and in eighty days.

**SIR FRANCIS.** In eighty days? My word... One can hardly call that traveling, Mr. Fogg, more like describing a circumference.

**FOGG.** Precisely, Sir Francis.

**SIR FRANCIS.** As for myself, India is practically as much my home as if I had been born a Hindu. In fact, once we arrive, Mr. Fogg, I could readily supply you with information concerning Indian customs, history and organisation. You have but to ask.

**FOGG.** That will not be necessary, brigadier-general.

*(FIX speaks with the BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ. The port clock strikes eleven.)*

**FIX.** Double deuces! Heaven knows when that boat will get here!

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** The Mongolia was signaled yesterday off Port Said, Detective Fix. She can't be far off.

**FIX.** I can't quite explain, consul, but I've got an intuition about that ship. Does the Mongolia go direct from Suez to Bombay?

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Yes, detective, direct without breaking bulk.

**FIX.** Well, consul, if the culprit has taken the Mongolia, he must intend to land at Suez, so as to get to the Dutch or French colonies in Asia by some other route. He cannot but know that he would not be safe in India, which is British territory. Unless, he's a particularly cunning customer. If the rascal has left England intending to make for the New World, he would naturally choose the route through India, which is less watched than the Atlantic route. In any case, I intend to scrutinise with the utmost care each and every one of the Mongolia's passengers...

*(A shrill signal announcing the arrival of the Mongolia.)*

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* As eleven o'clock struck on the morning of October 9th, the Mongolia arrived between the banks of the Suez Canal...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Total time spent: 158 hours—or six days. I am in exact accordance with my schedule, having neither gained nor lost time.

*(FIX scrutinizes the PASSENGERS. PASSEPARTOUT approaches FIX.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Pardonnez moi, monsieur. Can you direct me to the British Consulate? I wish to procure the British official's visa.

*(FIX glances rapidly through Passepartout's passport and the description it contains. The paper shakes in his hand.)*

**FIX.** This passport is not yours, is it?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** No. It is my master's.

**FIX.** Where is your master?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** He has remained on board.

**FIX.** He will have to go to the consulate in person in order to prove his identity.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oh, is that necessary?

**FIX.** Absolutely necessary.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Where is this office?

**FIX.** There, at the corner of the square.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** All right then, I will fetch my master, but he won't be best pleased to have the bother of coming.

*(PASSEPARTOUT bows and exits. FIX hurries back to the consulate.)*

**FIX.** Consul, I have strong reasons for presuming that the man I am after is a passenger on board the Mongolia. I believe I have just seen his passport.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Well, detective, I dare say the rascal won't show himself in my office, if he is the sort of man you think him. A thief does not care to leave traces of his itinerary behind him.

**FIX.** Sir, if he is the clever fellow I take him for, he will come.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** To have his passport visaed?

**FIX.** Yes, passports have but one use; to be a nuisance to honest people and assist the flight of rogues. I can assure you his passport will be in order, but I hope you will not visa it.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** If the passport is in order, detective, I have no right to refuse my visa.

**FIX.** Still, sir, I am bound to keep the man here until I get a warrant from London.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Ah, that is your business, Detective Fix; I cannot—

*(FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT enter. FOGG presents his passport to the BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ who looks it over, attentively.)*

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** You are Mr. Phileas Fogg?

**FOGG.** Yes.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Do you come from London?

**FOGG.** Yes.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** And you are going to...?

**FOGG.** Bombay.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Very good, sir. You know that a visa is a formality of no value, and that travelers are no longer required to show passports?

**FOGG.** I am aware of this, consul, but I want to prove by way of your visa that I passed through Suez.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** All right, sir.

*(The BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ stamps FOGG's passport.)*

**FOGG.** Thank you, consul.

*(FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT exit.)*

**FIX.** Well?

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Well, he looks a perfectly honest man.

**FIX.** That is exactly my point! Was that tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance not in every feature the exact picture of the thief whose description I hold?

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Yes, but, as you know, all descriptions—

**FIX.** I am going to make quite sure. The servant, I should say, is less inscrutable than the master. He is a Frenchman, too, so won't be able to keep his mouth shut.

*(FIX approaches PASSEPARTOUT along the quay.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Ah, Suez... Which way to the pyramids...?

**FIX.** Well, my friend, is your passport visaed?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oh, it's you, is it, monsieur? Oui, everything is in order, merci beaucoup.

**FIX.** You are having a look round?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui. So this is Suez?

**FIX.** Yes.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** In Egypt?

**FIX.** Yes, in Egypt, certainly.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** And in Africa?

**FIX.** Of course.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Just think, monsieur—Passepartout in Africa! We are traveling at such a pace that I seem to be going about in a dream.

**FIX.** Are you in such a desperate hurry, then?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I am not, but my master is. Last Wednesday, Monsieur Fogg came home from his club at eight o'clock—a thing he never does—and three-quarters of an hour later we were off.

**FIX.** But where is your master going?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Right ahead all the time; he is going round the world.

**FIX.** Round the world?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui, monsieur, in eighty days! He says it's for a wager. But, between us, I don't believe a word of it. The thing would be too absurd. There must be some other reason.

**FIX.** Your Mr. Fogg is an odd sort of fellow, I see.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** It seems so.

**FIX.** I suppose he is a wealthy man?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Bien sur, monsieur. He is taking with him a large sum of money in brand-new banknotes. And he spends freely on the way. Why, he has promised a handsome reward to the captain of the Mongolia if we get to Bombay well in advance of time. Is Bombay a long way off?

**FIX.** Hm? Oh. Yes. It is some way off. You will have to put in another ten days on the sea.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** And where do you place Bombay?

**FIX.** In India.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** In Asia?

**FIX.** Of course.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mon dieu! I must tell you, I have a great worry on my mind—my burner.

**FIX.** What burner?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** My gas-burner. I forgot to turn it off, and the gas is burning at my expense.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** This costs me two shillings every twenty-four hours, exactly sixpence more than I earn; and you can see that if the journey lasts any time— Really, monsieur, I am sorry to trouble you with my personal financial matters. There is one thing I must not do: that is, miss the boat.

**FIX.** There is plenty of time. It is only twelve o'clock.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** (*Taking out his pocket watch:*) Twelve o'clock! Never! It is eight minutes to ten!

**FIX.** Your watch is slow.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** My watch slow?! A family watch which has been handed down from my great-grandfather slow?! It doesn't vary five minutes in twelve months. It's a perfect chronometer.

**FIX.** I see what's the matter. Your watch is still on London time, which is about two hours behind that of Suez. You must be careful to reset your watch by the midday hour of each country.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I?! Meddle with my watch?! Never!

**FIX.** If you don't, it will never agree with the sun.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Then so much the worse for the sun, monsieur!

*(FIX speaks to the BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.)*

**FIX.** Consul, it is an absolute certainty! I've got him. The thief wants to be taken for an eccentric bloke who has set his heart on going round the world in eighty days.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** A cunning fellow, eh? He expects to get back to London, after putting all the police agents of both continents off his track.

**FIX.** We shall see about that.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Are you sure you're not making a mistake, detective?

**FIX.** I am making no mistake. Listen to this: a hurried departure from London a short time after the robbery, carrying a large amount of money in new banknotes, with an anxiety to get to distant countries as fast as possible. I say again: this mysterious, inscrutable fellow—this Phileas Fogg—is the man all right.

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** Yes, to all appearances the man is guilty.

**FIX.** And now it appears Mr. Fogg will not attempt to escape here at Suez, but he's really going to Bombay—

**BRIT. CONSUL IN SUEZ.** What do you intend to do?

**FIX.** I intend, consul, to take a berth aboard the *Mongolia*, shadow my thief to India, and there, on British soil, speak to him politely, a warrant in one hand, and the other on his shoulder! Take a telegram for the Chief of Police, Scotland Yard, London... *(Over telegraph sounds:)* Suez. Stop. Am shadowing bank thief—Phileas Fogg. Stop. Request immediate dispatch of a warrant for arrest to Bombay. Stop. Detective Fix.

**MONGOLIA BOATSWAIN.** All ashore that's going ashore!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Suez, Thursday, October 9th, one p.m. aboard the *Mongolia*.

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* And ere long the powerful steamship *Mongolia*, stoked as she was with exceptional zeal, was running at full speed over the waters of the Red Sea...

*(PASSEPARTOUT approaches FIX aboard the Mongolia.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** If I am not mistaken you are the gentleman who so kindly piloted me about in Suez?

**FIX.** Yes, of course. I know you all right! You are the servant of that odd English fellow.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Quite right, Monsieur...?

**FIX.** Fix; my name is Fix.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Monsieur Fix, I am delighted to find you on board. Where are you going?

**FIX.** To Bombay, like yourself.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Is this your first trip to India?

**FIX.** No. I have been there several times; I am in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Is Mr. Fogg quite well? I never see him on deck.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Never; he never wants to see anything. It would appear Monsieur Fogg is one of those Englishmen who, when traveling, leave their servants to do their sight-seeing for them.

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* Six days later the Mongolia still had another sixteen hundred and fifty miles to run before reaching Bombay. *(To SAILORS:)* All sail!

*(SAILORS move about the Mongolia, doing their sailorly duties.)*

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* I put on all sail, and the Mongolia churned up the waters, running full speed over the Indian Ocean...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Noon, October 20th, the Indian coast is sighted.

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* And at half-past four we arrived alongside the quays of Bombay...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* The Mongolia was not due in Bombay before the 22nd. This constitutes a gain of two days since departure from London. *(Handing MONGOLIA CAPTAIN a stack of banknotes:)* The reward I promised, captain.

**MONGOLIA CAPTAIN.** Thank you, sir.

*(FOGG exits. FIX has observed this exchange secretly.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* It would appear the rogue is preparing to leave Bombay. I will accompany him as far as Calcutta, or farther, if necessary...

*(PASSEPARTOUT strolls in Bombay.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Bombay! Think of it! Passepartout in India! I can see that a man who wants to see something new loses nothing by traveling! Ah... What a beautiful pagoda... *(Reading:)* The Pagoda of Malabar Hill...

*(PASSEPARTOUT enters the Malabar pagoda in all innocence, and gazes in admiration upon the dazzling Brahmin ornamentation. Furious-looking BOMBAY PRIESTS fling themselves upon him, and wrench off his shoes.)*

**BOMBAY PRIESTS.** Take off your shoes! Such a sacrilege! Get out, you filthy Christian! *(Etc.)*

*(PASSEPARTOUT struggles with the BOMBAY PRIESTS, and they chase him off yelling. FIX stands in a dark recess witnessing this scene.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* An offense committed on Indian soil. Now I've got him!

*(PASSEPARTOUT reaches the station, hatless and barefooted.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To FOGG:)* Three priests...chased me out of their pagoda...shouldn't have been in there...took my shoes...

**FOGG.** I trust you will not do that sort of thing again. Come at once to the train.

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** All aboard!

*(The engine whistles loud.)*

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The train for Calcutta started at the appointed time, and one hour after leaving Bombay it entered the far-spreading mountain system of the Western Ghauts...

*(SIR FRANCIS speaks with FOGG.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** Mr. Fogg, you are in danger of having very serious unpleasantness to face in connection with Passepartout's adventure at the pagoda of Malabar Hill.

**FOGG.** Why, Sir Francis?

**SIR FRANCIS.** The British Government is extremely severe, and rightly so, on this kind of offence. It makes a very special point of compelling respect for the religious customs of the Hindus, and if your servant had been caught—

**FOGG.** If Passepartout had been caught, brigadier-general, he would have been condemned and punished, and then would have returned to Europe without more ado. I fail to see in what way this matter could have affected his master.

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* On October 21st the train ran at high speed through the comparatively flat country of the Khandeish...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To TRAIN ENGINEER:)* Can't this cursed train go faster? We are barely crawling! And you call yourself an engineer...?!

*(SIR FRANCIS approaches.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** What time do you make it, Passepartout?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Looking at his pocket watch:)* It is three o'clock in the morning, Sir Francis.

**SIR FRANCIS.** Balderdash! *(Looking at PASSEPARTOUT's watch:)* You are four hours slow. Your watch is still set to the Greenwich meridian, some seventy-seven degrees west of our present location. You must reset your timepiece by each new meridian, and as you are constantly advancing eastward—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I?! Meddle with my watch?! Never!

*(The train stops.)*

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** All change! All change! *(Etc.)*

*(PASEPARTOUT, SIRS FRANCIS, and FOGG approach the TRAIN ENGINEER.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** What the devil's going on?

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** Sir, this is the end of the railway.

**SIR FRANCIS.** Where are we?

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** At Kholby hamlet, fifteen miles beyond Rothal.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** And we stop here?

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** Of course; the railway isn't finished.

**SIR FRANCIS & PASSEPARTOUT.** Not finished?!

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** There is a section of some fifty miles to be laid from here to Allahabad, where the line begins again.

**SIR FRANCIS.** But the papers announced the opening of the line right through!

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** Well, sir, the papers made a mistake.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But you issue tickets from Bombay to Calcutta!

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** Certainly; but the passengers are aware that they will have to find means of transport from Kholby to Allahabad.

**SIR FRANCIS.** The Allahabad station is 50 miles away! Through unmarked, hostile territory!

**FOGG.** Sir Francis, if you are agreeable, we will set about procuring the means of getting to Allahabad.

*(PASSEPARTOUT, SIR FRANCIS, and FOGG exit the train.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** It's no use, Mr. Fogg. The other passengers would have secured every pony, ox-cart, and palanquin to be had. I'm afraid this sort of delay will fatally affect your interests.

**FOGG.** Not at all, brigadier-general. I anticipated the possibility of certain obstacles. I have two days to the good, which I must now sacrifice. We will get to Calcutta in time. I shall walk.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Monsieur Fogg, I have found a conveyance!

**FOGG.** What is it?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** An elephant! An elephant belonging to an Indian who lives but a hundred yards from here, but he's asking 2,000 pounds.

**FOGG.** Let us go and see the elephant.

*(PASSEPARTOUT, SIR FRANCIS, and FOGG cross to the elephant.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** You are extremely lucky that this beast was available for purchase, Mr. Fogg, even at such a dear price. Elephants are no longer plentiful in India. They've been hunted nearly to extinction for the ivory. All we need now is a guide...

*(The PARSEE GUIDE is passing through.)*

**FOGG.** Excuse me, young man. Do you know the way to the Allahabad train station?

**PARSEE GUIDE.** Yes, your honour.

**FOGG.** Could you take us there now for one hundred pounds?

**PARSEE GUIDE.** Yes, your honour!

**FOGG.** You are hired.

*(FOGG and SIR FRANCIS ride atop the elephant in the front of the howdah while PASSEPARTOUT rides in the back of the howdah facing the audience, who can see him receiving the full force of every jolt. Elephant trampling sounds, the occasional trumpet.)*

**PARSEE GUIDE.** *(To audience:)* At nine o'clock that morning, the party climbed into the howdah on the elephant's back, and we made our way by the shortest cut through the thick forest of fan-palms. Like all animals of his kind, Kiouni—his name was Kiouni—could travel rapidly for a long time at a stretch, and by eight o'clock that evening we had journeyed twenty-five miles and had but another twenty-five miles to get to Allahabad. We camped for the night...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Six a.m., October 23rd, the journey resumes aboard Kiouni.

**PARSEE GUIDE.** *(To audience:)* But, at four o'clock that afternoon, Kiouni, showing signs of uneasiness, stopped dead in his tracks...

**SIR FRANCIS.** What is the matter?

*(A confused murmur of human voices and brass instruments.)*

**PARSEE GUIDE.** It is a procession of Brahmins coming this way. We must avoid being seen, if possible.

*(The party and the elephant and hide behind foliage. The procession enters led by the EVIL RAJAH, followed by two EVIL FAKIRS carrying a CORPSE on a palanquin, and another EVIL FAKIR leading a woman, AOUDA. They exit.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** A suttee!

**FOGG.** What is a suttee, Sir Francis?

**SIR FRANCIS.** A suttee, Mr. Fogg, is a human sacrifice, but a voluntary sacrifice. The woman you have just seen will be burnt tomorrow before dawn.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oh, the villains!

**FOGG.** What about the corpse?

**PARSEE GUIDE.** It is the body of her husband an independent prince of Bundelkhand.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Poor wretched woman! To be burnt alive!

**PARSEE GUIDE.** The sacrifice that will take place tomorrow is not a voluntary one.

**SIR FRANCIS.** How do you know?

**PARSEE GUIDE.** Everyone in Bundelkhand knows the story. Her name is Aouda. She is a celebrated beauty of the Parsee race, the daughter of a wealthy Bombay merchant. She was left an orphan, and then married against her will to the old prince. Three months later she became a widow. Knowing the fate that was in store for her, she escaped, but was at once recaptured, and doomed by the prince's family to this sacrifice from which apparently there is no escape.

**SIR FRANCIS.** But the wretched woman appeared to be offering no resistance.

**PARSEE GUIDE.** That was because she had been intoxicated with the fumes of hemp and opium.

**FOGG.** Where are they taking her?

**PARSEE GUIDE.** To the pagoda of Pillagi, two miles from here. She will pass the night there, awaiting the hour of sacrifice.

**FOGG.** What if we rescued this woman?

**SIR FRANCIS.** Rescued this woman, Mr. Fogg?!

**FOGG.** I have still twelve hours to the good, Sir Francis. I can devote them to this.

**PARSEE GUIDE.** Your honour, I am a Parsee, and this woman is a Parsee. I am yours to command. However, I must tell you that we would not only be running the risk of losing our lives, but of suffering horrible tortures if we are caught, so judge for yourself.

**FOGG.** We shall wait until dark and set to work.

**SIR FRANCIS.** By Jove! You are a man of heart, then!

**FOGG.** Occasionally. When I have time.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Such typical English tactics. Planning a frontal assault on a well-guarded position. They might as well put on red coats and attack in formation! There must be a better way...

*(FOGG, SIR FRANCIS, and the PARSEE GUIDE approach the pagoda of Pillagi. EVIL FAKIRS guard the entrance.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** The fakirs are armed with swords, and it's reasonable to suppose that the evil rajah is guarding the young widow and the corpse inside.

**FOGG.** Let us wait a while. I need not be at Allahabad before tomorrow, any time before midday.

**PARSEE GUIDE.** Oh! I am missing your friend Passepartout!

**SIR FRANCIS.** Devil of a time to get oneself lost in the jungle! It will be daylight a few moments hence.

*(Tom-toms sound, the EVIL FAKIRS place the CORPSE atop the pyre.)*

**FOGG.** With or without Passepartout, we have to take action...

*(The EVIL RAJAH emerges from the pagoda dragging AOUDA, struggling against her bonds. AOUDA is lashed to the pyre. To the accompaniment of religious bawling, the EVIL RAJAH holds a torch to the pyre. FOGG, SIR FRANCIS, and the PARSEE GUIDE charge the pagoda. At the opportune time, the CORPSE rises taking AOUDA up in his arms. The EVIL RAJAH and FAKIRS, seized with panic, lie there with their faces to the ground, not daring to lift their eyes. FOGG and SIR FRANCIS stand erect in the same place, and the PARSEE GUIDE bows his head. The CORPSE is none other than PASSEPARTOUT.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Let us be off!

**SIR FRANCIS.** Good show, Passepartout!

*(PASSEPARTOUT, AOUDA, SIR FRANCIS, and FOGG exit.)*

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** All aboard! *(To audience:)* The train departed Allahabad for Calcutta ten twenty a.m....

*(FOGG, PASSEPARTOUT, SIR FRANCIS, and AOUDA are aboard the train.)*

**SIR FRANCIS.** She is still recovering from the effects of the narcotics the priests subjected her to.

**AOUDA.** Where am I?

**FOGG.** You are safe, madam, aboard a railway carriage to Calcutta.

**AOUDA.** Then...I've escaped! Oh, thank you! Thank you, brave gentlemen! You've saved my life!

**SIR FRANCIS.** Mr. Fogg, let me tell you plainly that, should this young woman remain in India, she will inevitably fall again into the hands of her executioners be it in Madras, Bombay, or Calcutta. It is my opinion she will not be safe until she has left India.

**FOGG.** Madam, I will take you to Hong-Kong where you can stay until the whole affair blows over.

**AOUDA.** Oh, thank you, sir. I have a wealthy cousin living in Hong-Kong, a Parsee like myself—Jejeeh, by name. He is one of the leading merchants of the city. How shall I ever repay you?

**TRAIN ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The train continued its route down the entire length of the beautiful Ganges river...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* ...without Mr. Fogg as much as thinking of seeing it.

*(PASSEPARTOUT is sight-seeing out the train window with AOUDA. FOGG is present, but silent in the background.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To AOUDA:)* This land of India—your home, madame—is beautiful, even though it holds so many dangers for you.

**AOUDA.** Thank you, Mr. Passepartout.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Those animals with the very curious hump in their backs—how do you call those?

**AOUDA.** Those are zebus.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Ah... But of course. Zebus.

**AOUDA.** And those are alligators, Mr. Passepartout—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Yes, yes; I know all about the alligator, madame. And you may call me Jean.

**AOUDA.** You may call me Aouda.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Such a lovely name... Aouda?

**AOUDA.** Yes, Jean?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** There is something I must tell you... Something I wanted to confess since the moment I laid eyes on you...

**AOUDA.** Yes, Jean?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Aouda...I forgot to turn off my gas-burner in London, and it is burning right now at my expense!

**AOUDA.** Oh, no...!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Arrived, Calcutta, October 25th at seven o'clock in the morning. According to my time-table we have arrived at the appointed time, twenty-three days after leaving London. The two days gained between London and Bombay have been lost.

(FOGG, AOUDA, PASSEPARTOUT, and SIR FRANCIS *exit the train.*)

**SIR FRANCIS.** (*Shaking hands with FOGG:*) Mr. Fogg, I must now take my leave and rejoin my troops encamped a few miles to the north. It is my hope that you might return to India someday, in a less original and more profitable way. (*Shaking hands with PASSEPARTOUT:*) Passepartout...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Au revoir, brigadier-general. I would gladly give my life for you. Just say when and where.

**AOUDA.** I will never forget all I owe you, Sir Francis.

**SIR FRANCIS.** Farewell to you all.

(SIR FRANCIS *exits.*)

**FOGG.** And now, madam, I must see you securely aboard the boat for Hong-Kong—

(CLERK OYSTERPUF *enters, and approaches FOGG.*)

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** Mr. Phileas Fogg?

**FOGG.** That is my name.

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** (*Pointing to PASSEPARTOUT:*) Is this man your servant?

**FOGG.** Yes.

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** I am an officer of the court. Be good enough to follow me, both of you. You will appear before Judge Obadiah at half-past eight.

(FOGG, AOUDA, and PASSEPARTOUT *follow CLERK OYSTERPUF to the Calcutta courtroom. FIX is also present in disguise.*)

**AOUDA.** Mr. Fogg, it is on my account that you are being prosecuted; it is because you saved me! You must leave me to my fate!

**FOGG.** Madam, it is not possible that I could be prosecuted for that suttee business. The plaintiffs would never dare to come forward.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But the boat for Hong-Kong leaves at twelve!

**FOGG.** We shall be on board before twelve.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Why, of course, we shall be onboard before twelve!

*(CLERK OYSTERPUF enters.)*

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** Hear ye! Hear ye! This court is now in session. The honourable Judge Obadiah presiding. All rise!

*(ALL rise. JUDGE OBADIAH enters.)*

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** You may be seated.

*(ALL are seated.)*

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Clerk Oysterpuf, call the first case.

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** Phileas Fogg?

**FOGG.** *(Standing:)* Here.

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** Jean Passepartout?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Standing:)* Here!

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Prisoners at the bar, the police have been looking for you on every train from Bombay for the last two days.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But what is the charge against us?

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** This you will now be told. Bring in the plaintiffs.

*(The BOMBAY PRIESTS enter.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** That is it, of course! There are the scoundrels who wished to burn this young lady!

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** Mr. Fogg and Mr. Passepartout, you stand accused of having violated a place consecrated by the Brahmin religion.

**FOGG.** Sir, I confess, and I am waiting for these three priests to confess in their turn what they intended to do in the pagoda of Pillagi.

*(The BOMBAY PRIESTS look at each other, apparently unable to understand anything of Fogg's statement.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Certainly! At the pagoda of Pillagi, in front of which they were about to burn their victim!

*(The BOMBAY PRIESTS are again astounded.)*

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** What victim? Burn whom? In the heart of Bombay?!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Bombay?!

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Yes, Bombay. This has nothing to do with the pagoda of Pillagi, and everything to do with the pagoda of Malabar Hill!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oh. That pagoda...

**CLERK OYSTERPUF.** And as proof here are the desecrator's shoes.

*(The BOMBAY PRIESTS produce Passepartout's shoes.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** My shoes!

*(FIX chuckles in delight.)*

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** The facts are admitted then?

**FOGG.** They are admitted, sir.

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Inasmuch as English law makes a point of giving equal and strict protection to all the religions of the peoples of India, and as the offence is admitted by the man Mr. Passepartout, convicted of having desecrated with sacrilegious foot the floor of the Malabar Hill pagoda, I condemn the said Passepartout to be imprisoned for fifteen days and to pay a fine of three hundred pounds.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Three hundred pounds?

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Silence. And inasmuch as it is not substantially established that there was no connivance between the servant and

his master, and as, in any case, the master must be held responsible for the doings of a paid servant, I sentence the said Phileas Fogg to a fine of one hundred and fifty pounds and eight days' imprisonment.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Eight days?!

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Silence!

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Finally! Eight days should be enough time for my warrant to catch up with me!

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** Clerk Oysterpuf, call up the next case.

**FOGG.** Sir, I am prepared to give bail.

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** That is your right. As Phileas Fogg and his servant are strangers to this jurisdiction, each of them will have to find bail for the enormous sum of one thousand pounds.

**FOGG.** Here is the money.

*(FOGG hands banknotes to CLERK OYSTERPUF.)*

**JUDGE OBADIAH.** You are liberated on bail.

**FOGG.** Come along.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The least they can do is to return the shoes! *(PASSEPARTOUT grabs his shoes:)* A precious sum they have cost! More than a thousand pounds each! And they aren't even comfortable!

*(FOGG, AOUDA, and PASSEPARTOUT exit.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Double deuces! The scoundrel is off once more! And two thousand pounds gone! I'll shadow him to the end of the world, if I must! *(Over telegraph sounds:)* Calcutta. Stop. Am still on tail of bank thief Phileas Fogg. Stop. Where is that warrant?! Stop. Have secured berth aboard the Rangoon.

**RANGOON QUARTERMASTER.** Weigh the gangplank!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Calcutta, October 25th, at noon.

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* The Rangoon is a P. & O. liner of seventy tons gross and four hundred horse-power. The pas-

sage of three thousand five hundred miles between Calcutta and Hong-Kong began under excellent conditions...

**FIX.** *(To audience, pacing his private berth aboard the Rangoon:)* Hong-Kong will be the last English soil we will touch. Beyond that, China, Japan, America, all hold out to Fogg a practically safe retreat. I failed at Bombay, I failed at Calcutta; if I fail at Hong-Kong, it is all up with my reputation. But how on earth am I to delay the cursed fellow?

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* On the afternoon of Wednesday, October 30th, the Rangoon entered the Straits of Malacca...

*(FIX encounters PASSEPARTOUT and feigns surprise.)*

**FIX.** What?! You here on the Rangoon?!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** You on board, Monsieur Fix?! This beats me! I left you at Bombay, and here you are on the way to Hong-Kong! Are you, too, going round the world?

**FIX.** Oh, no. I intend to stop at Hong-Kong—a few days at any rate.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I see. But how is it I have not seen you once on board since we left Calcutta?

**FIX.** Well, the fact is I have been a bit sea-sick—I have been lying down in my berth—the Bay of Bengal does not suit me so well as the Indian Ocean.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* But who is this very pleasant and most obliging gentleman, and what is the nature of his errand? Certainly a strange chance to find him once more on the same route, dogging our footsteps, as is the English expression. A singular coincidence...? Or, no... Perhaps he is a spy sent by the Reform Club with orders to track us closely and ascertain that we really travel around the world along the route agreed upon. That is it! Ah, gentlemen of the Reform Club, you underestimate the shrewdness of one Passepartout!

**FIX.** Is your master all right?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Perfectly well, and absolutely up to time; not a day late.

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* October 31st, morning. The Rangoon arrives ahead of schedule at Singapore to pick up passengers and take on coal.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Who is that young woman? Some secret accomplice? Was Fogg's journey across India undertaken with the express object of joining this charming damsel? For charming she is... I will follow them.

*(FOGG and AOUDA take a carriage ride in Singapore while FIX shadows them, and PASSEPARTOUT shadows FIX. FOGG is reading, and noticing very little else.)*

**AOUDA.** Just look at the clove-trees with their glistening leaves, Mr. Fogg! And the great ferns with their magnificent branches! Much different than your fields of England, no?

**FOGG.** Singapore, madam, has a tropical rain-forest climate, and therefore necessarily a different variety of vegetation than England.

**AOUDA.** Oh! Did you see the grinning apes? Do you think we might see a tiger?

**FOGG.** Doubtful, madam. Tigers are nocturnal hunters.

**AOUDA.** What an adventure! When I married I thought I'd never leave India again. In 51 days you will of course return to London, Mr. Fogg, but where will my adventure end?

**FOGG.** Madam, let me assure you there is no cause for anxiety. Everything will be arranged mathematically.

**AOUDA.** Thank you, Mr. Fogg. I'd always heard how romantic Singapore is but I never dreamt I'd see it for myself.

**FOGG.** Madame, you should thank the captain of the Rangoon, whose skillful piloting has us here twelve hours in advance of schedule.

**AOUDA.** No, it is you I have to thank. Words cannot express my gratitude to you, Mr. Fogg, going out of your way to act as my protector. I owe you so much.

**FOGG.** It is all part of my programme, madam.

**RANGOON QUARtermaster.** Weigh the gangplank!

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* At eleven o'clock the Rangoon weighed anchor, and set off across the three hundred miles of sea separating Singapore from the island of Hong-Kong, a small English possession off the Chinese coast...

*(Engine trouble sounds, etc.)*

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To SAILORS:)* Easy steam, lads! Lay to! Lay to!

*(SAILORS move about the Rangoon, doing their sailorly duties.)*

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* On November 2nd, the Rangoon suffered serious engine problems which compelled me to lay to. The ship was kept on course with only ten revolutions of her screw, and she rolled heavily, owing to her want of stability...

*(FOGG approaches the RANGOON CAPTAIN.)*

**FOGG.** Captain, I need not urge upon you the necessity for making all possible speed to Hong-Kong. I am scheduled to depart from Hong-Kong harbour on November 5th for Yokohama aboard the Carnatic.

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** Your honour, the Rangoon has a serious structural defect. Her bulkheads were not designed large enough, so her power of resistance to the sea is small. She is "drowned," as we sailors say, your honour, when we ship these seas.

**FOGG.** This is your job, pilot, not mine. I offer a bonus of two hundred pounds if I arrive at Hong-Kong in time to catch the Carnatic.

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** We will get to Hong-Kong on time.

**FOGG.** I am depending on it.

*(FOGG exits. PASSEPARTOUT approaches the RANGOON CAPTAIN.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The ship's progress is delayed!

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** Sir, the Rangoon has a serious structural—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Nonsense! Those valves are not sufficiently weighed! This is just like the English! If this were an American ship, we might blow up, but we should be going faster!

*(FIX approaches PASSEPARTOUT.)*

**FIX.** You seem to be in a great hurry to get to Hong-Kong.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui! Do not forget, Monsieur Fix, I have a gas-burner in London to return to! Thirty-one days, times two shillings—

**FIX.** Then you believe in this mysterious journey around the world?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Absolument. Don't you, Monsieur Fix?

**FIX.** No, I don't.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Winking at FIX:)* You sly dog! Now, then, Monsieur Fix, shall we have the misfortune to leave you behind in Hong-Kong, when we get there?

**FIX.** Well, I can't say. It's just possible that—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Ah...come; Bombay was your destination, and yet here you are now almost in China. America is not far away, and it is only a step from America to Europe. Surely an agent of the P. & O. cannot stop on the way.

*(PASSEPARTOUT exits laughing. FIX thinks it best to laugh with him.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Double deuces! One way or another this meddling Frenchman has found me out, but has he told his master?

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* At long last, on the 4th of November, the Rangoon's engine settled, and she proceeded once more at her highest speed...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* It will be impossible, however, to make good the time that has been lost. According to my time-table, I am twenty-four hours behind schedule, and will necessarily miss the connection with the Carnatic in Yokohama.

**RANGOON QUARTERMASTER.** Land ho!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Hong-Kong was not signaled until the 6th, at five o'clock in the morning. (*Approaching the RANGOON CAPTAIN:*) Do you know, captain, when the next boat departs for Yokohama?

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** At high tide tomorrow morning.

**FOGG.** Is that so? What's the name of the ship?

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** The Carnatic, sir.

**FOGG.** Was she not due to sail yesterday?

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** Yes, sir, but one of her boilers had to undergo repairs; so her departure was put off till tomorrow morning. You've reached Hong-Kong in time, sir.

**FOGG.** Thank you, captain. Your efforts are not forgotten.

*(FOGG pays the RANGOON CAPTAIN his bonus, and exits.)*

**RANGOON CAPTAIN.** (*To audience:*) The Rangoon was berthed in Hong-Kong harbour at one o'clock p.m., November 6th...

*(FOGG, AOUDA, and PASSEPARTOUT disembark.)*

**FOGG.** And now, madam, we must find your relative Jejeeh in whose care I shall leave you. Surely, one of the leading merchants of the city would be well known at the Hong-Kong Stock Exchange.

*(At the Stock Exchange, the HONG-KONG BROKER speaks to AOUDA and FOGG.)*

**HONG-KONG BROKER.** Yes, madam. I know the merchant Jejeeh. He left China some two years ago. He has moved to Europe; to Holland, I believe, which is natural, as he had a great deal to do with that country in the course of his commercial career.

*(FOGG and AOUDA have returned.)*

**AOUDA.** What am I to do, Mr. Fogg?

**FOGG.** It is very simple. Return with us to Europe.

**AOUDA.** But I cannot abuse your—

**FOGG.** You abuse nothing, madam. Your presence does not interfere in the least with my plan. Passepartout?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui, monsieur.

**FOGG.** Engage three cabins on the Carnatic.

*(PASSEPARTOUT hurries out.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Still no warrant! And it will not get to me unless I can remain a few days here. This man Fogg will escape me for good and all, if I fail to find some device for keeping him here.

*(PASSEPARTOUT observes FIX walking to and fro.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Good! Things are not going well for the gentlemen of the Reform Club.

*(PASSEPARTOUT approaches FIX.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Well, Monsieur Fix, have you made up your mind to come with us as far as America?

**FIX.** Yes.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Didn't I know that you could not leave us? Come and book your passage; come along.

*(PASSEPARTOUT and FIX go together to the Company's office.)*

**HONG-KONG CLERK.** Gentlemen, I must inform you that the Carnatic's repairs have been finished, and that the ship will consequently sail for Yokohama this very evening at eight o'clock, and not tomorrow morning, as had been announced.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** All the better! This will fit in excellently with my master's plans. I will go at once and let him know.

**FIX.** But Mr. Passepartout, what's your hurry? May I offer you a drink?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Lead the way, Monsieur Fix. How can I refuse such a friendly offer?

*(FIX and PASSEPARTOUT have been drinking at an opium den, surrounded by OPIUM ADDICTS smoking pipes. They are frequently offered a pipe, but pass it along.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Standing, finishing his drink:)* Merci, Monsieur Fix. And now I must get these tickets back to Monsieur Fogg—

**FIX.** Nonsense. There is still plenty of time. It's not every day one gets to frequent an authentic opium den. Have another drink.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Perhaps he is right. Who would be hurt by another round? And perhaps my absence will allow my master to become better acquainted with the young widow... *(To FIX:)* But, no... I must inform my master of the Carnatic's early sailing hour—

**FIX.** Stay. You have found me out?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Of course I have!

**FIX.** Then I am going to tell you everything—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I already know everything, mon ami! And I cannot call it very clever. Let me tell you at once that those gentlemen have gone to very useless expense.

**FIX.** Useless?! You evidently don't know how large the sum is.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** But of course I do. Twenty thousand pounds.

**FIX.** Forty thousand!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** What?! Well, then, that's all the more reason for not losing a moment!

*(PASSEPARTOUT gets up once more.)*

**FIX.** I'm not finished, my friend. Sit back down.

*(PASSEPARTOUT sits back down.)*

**FIX.** Forty thousand pounds! And if I am successful, I shall receive sixteen hundred pounds, of which I will give you five hundred if you will help me keep this man Fogg here in Hong-Kong for a few days.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** What?! Is it not enough for them to send a man on my master's track and suspect his honour; now they want to put obstacles in his way! I blush for these gentlemen!

**FIX.** But who on earth do you think I am?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** You are an agent of the Reform Club, of course. And your business is to check my master's journey. This is so hu-

miliating a proceeding that I have taken great care not to tell Monsieur Fogg what you were up to, although I found you out some time ago.

**FIX.** Doesn't he know?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** He knows nothing.

**FIX.** Listen. Hear me out attentively. I am not what you imagine; that is, I am no agent of the members of the Reform Club—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Pooh!

**FIX.** I am a police-inspector, on special duty with Scotland Yard—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** You? A police-inspector?

**FIX.** Yes. And I will prove it. (*FIX shows PASSEPARTOUT his identification.*) Fogg's wager is nothing but a blind, which has taken you all in, you and his fellow-members of the Reform Club. Listen. The day before you and Mr. Fogg left London a theft of forty thousand pounds was committed at the Bank of England by "a tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance." This description is in every feature a true one of the man Fogg.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** What nonsense! My master is the most honourable man in the world!

**FIX.** How can you know the man? You entered his service the very day of his departure, and he left in a hurry, without luggage, and taking with him a huge sum in banknotes!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** (*To audience.*) Phileas Fogg a thief?! The saviour of Aouda, a man so generous and brave, a thief?! And yet how black things look against him! (*To FIX.*) Well, what do you want of me?

**FIX.** I have tracked Fogg as far as here, but I have not yet received the warrant of arrest for which I applied back in Suez. The warrant must come from London, the scene of the crime, and I cannot arrest Mr. Fogg without it. You must therefore help me to keep him back here in Hong-Kong. And I will share with you the reward—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Never! Monsieur Fix, even though everything you have told me were true, though my master were the thief you are looking for, which I deny, I have been, and am still in his service. I betray him?! Never! Not for all the gold in the world! They don't eat that sort of bread where I come from!

**FIX.** Then take it that I have said nothing, and let us drink on it.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** All right, let us drink!

*(FIX slips one of the opium pipes into PASSEPARTOUT's hands. PASSEPARTOUT draws a few puffs out of it, and collapses, stupefied.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* At last! Fogg will not know the Carnatic is leaving tonight, and will be stranded here in Hong-Kong while my warrant catches up to me!

*(FIX tosses a few bills onto the head of the passed out PASSEPARTOUT, and exits. FOGG and AOUDA are waiting on the quay.)*

**AOUDA.** Where is Passepartout, Mr. Fogg?

**FOGG.** I do not know, madam. He did not answer my bell this morning. I had expected to find him here at the quay with our tickets for the liner.

**AOUDA.** Surely, he could not have disappeared.

**FOGG.** It is eight o'clock. The Carnatic should be ready to leave port.

**AOUDA.** I do not see the ship either.

*(FIX who has been observing, attentively approaches FOGG.)*

**FIX.** Were you not, sir, like myself a passenger on the Rangoon, which arrived yesterday?

**FOGG.** Yes, I was, sir, but I have not the honour—

**FIX.** But, excuse my question, was it your intention, then, to travel aboard the Carnatic?

**FOGG.** Yes, it is our intention.

**FIX.** It was mine too, and I am extremely disappointed. Her repairs being completed, the Carnatic left Hong-Kong twelve hours sooner than she was expected to, and without notice.

**AOUDA.** Oh, no...!

**FIX.** (*To audience:*) Ha, ha, ha...! Lady Chance has deserted the man she has hitherto served so well, and is now showing herself favourable to the representative of the law!

**FOGG.** It is a mere incident, madam; nothing more.

**FIX.** Excuse me, but I expected to find your servant here.

**AOUDA.** Do you know where he is?

**FIX.** What? Is he not with you?

**AOUDA.** No. We have not seen him since yesterday. I wonder if he sailed on the Carnatic without us?

**FIX.** Without you? I sincerely doubt that, madam.

**FOGG.** It seems to me there are other ships besides the Carnatic in Hong-Kong harbour.

*(The TANKADERE MASTER approaches FOGG.)*

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Is your honour looking for a boat?

**FOGG.** Have you a boat ready to sail?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Yes, your honour, the Tankadere. You want to go for a trip?

**FOGG.** No, a voyage.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** A voyage?

**FOGG.** I must be at Yokohama on the 14th at the latest, to take the General Grant for San Francisco.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** I am sorry, but the thing is impossible. The Tankadere is only a 20-ton schooner and cannot cross the open sea. And it is sixteen hundred and fifty miles to Yokohama.

**FOGG.** Not more than sixteen hundred. I am prepared to give you one hundred pounds a day, with a bonus of two hundred pounds, if I get there in time. Well, pilot?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Well...we might possibly manage it another way.

**FOGG.** What way?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** By going to Shanghai.

**FOGG.** Pilot, it is at Yokohama that I must catch the General Grant, not at Shanghai.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** The General Grant does not start at Yokohama. Yokohama is a port of call, but the port of departure is Shanghai.

**FOGG.** Are you sure of that?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Quite sure, your honour.

**FOGG.** When does the boat leave Shanghai?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** On the 11th. If the wind remains in the south-east, we can cover the eight hundred miles between here and Shanghai.

**FOGG.** Take these two hundred pounds on account.

*(FOGG pulls banknotes from the travel bag, and hands it to the TANKADERE MASTER who exits.)*

**FOGG.** *(To FIX:)* Sir, if you care to avail yourself of—

**FIX.** I was just going to ask this favour of you.

**FOGG.** We shall board in half an hour.

*(FIX bows.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Certainly, the man is a polite rascal, but a rascal none the less.

**TANKADERE THIRD MATE.** Anchors aweigh!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Hong-Kong at ten minutes past three on the afternoon of November 7th aboard the Tankadere.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(To audience:)* The Tankadere took the wind under her foresail and jibs, and leaped forward over the waves toward the open sea. Should the wind hold, the chances were in her favour...

**FIX.** *(To audience, from the forepart of the Tankadere:)* It seems a certainty that Fogg will not stop at Yokohama, but will at once take the boat for San Francisco, so as to get to America, where the vast extent of the country will ensure for him both impunity and security.

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* 6 p.m., November 8th. The Tankadere has traveled two hundred and twenty miles since leaving Hong-Kong. At this rate, upon reaching Yokohama, I will have no loss of time to record in this diary.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(To audience:)* Before dawn on the morning of November 9th the Tankadere crossed the Tropic of Cancer. It began to blow... *(To FOGG:)* Your honour, there's a typhoon on the way.

**FOGG.** Will it come from the north or the south?

**TANKADERE MASTER.** From the south.

**FOGG.** It's all right; if it's a typhoon from the south, it will blow us in the right direction.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** If that's the way you look at it, I have nothing more to say. *(To SAILORS:)* Look lively, lads! Furl all sails! Lower the yard on deck! Take in the boom! Batten down the hatches! Hoist the storm-jib!

*(SAILORS move about the Tankadere, doing their sailorly duties.)*

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(To audience, yelling above the storm:)* The raging storm fell upon us at eight o'clock. The Tankadere was lifted like a feather by the wind, and twenty times she was on the point of being overwhelmed by the mountainous seas that rose behind her...

*(FIX relishes the storm while his body writhes in the grip of nausea.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience, yelling above the storm:)* At last! The heavens themselves are taking a hand on my side! Phileas Fogg will miss his con-

nection with the General Grant, the only ship that could get him to San Francisco on time!

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(To audience, yelling above the storm:)* At nightfall the gale increased in violence... *(To FOGG, yelling above the storm:)* I think, your honour, we should do well to make for one of the ports on the coast.

**FOGG.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* I think so too.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* Ah! Now which shall it be?

**FOGG.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* There is but one for me.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* And which is that?

**FOGG.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* Shanghai.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** *(Yelling above the storm:)* Well, yes, your honour is right. Shanghai it will be!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* But by seven o'clock on November 11th, we were still three miles from Shanghai.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Curse it! There goes the General Grant leaving at her appointed time.

**FOGG.** Signal her.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** Your honour?

**FOGG.** Put your flag at half-mast, and fire your cannon.

**TANKADERE MASTER.** But, your honour—

**FOGG.** Stop that ship!

*(On a signal from the TANKADERE MASTER, SAILORS load the small brass cannon and put a red-hot coal to the touch-hole.)*

**FOGG.** Fire!

*(Blackout.)*

*(After a couple beats of black, a brief flash of light shows the actors frozen in tableau as the report of the small brass cannon bursts upon the air.)*

*(Blackout.)*

***End of Act I***

## ACT II

*(PASSEPARTOUT struggles against the stupefying action of the narcotic, and impelled by a sort of instinct, he exits the opium den, shouting as in a dream.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The Carnatic...! The Carnatic...! *(Etc.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Phileas Fogg's plan is simplicity itself. Instead of sailing from England to the United States like an ordinary malefactor, the fellow has taken a very roundabout way, traveling through three-quarters of the globe, in order to reach the American continent.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The Carnatic...! The Carnatic...! *(Etc.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* And once he lands in the United States, what am I going to do? Should I let the man go? No; a hundred times no! I will hold on to him until I obtain an extradition order. It is my duty, and I will fulfill it to the end!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The Carnatic...! The Carnatic...! *(Etc.)*

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* At all events there is now one thing in my favour. Mr. Passepartout is no longer with his master. I wonder what became of that poor, honest fellow after I left him in that opium den in Hong-Kong five days ago...

*(PASSEPARTOUT boards the Carnatic at the very moment it is casting off.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** The Carnatic...?!

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** Yes, certainly. This is the Carnatic.

*(PASSEPARTOUT passes out into the arms of two SAILORS who drag him below.)*

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** *(To audience:)* The Carnatic left Hong-Kong on November 7th at half-past six in the evening and directed her course at full speed towards Japan...

*(PASSEPARTOUT enters stumbling about.)*

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** *(To audience:)* On the morning of November 8th, the sea was rough, and the boat rolled heavily...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Certainly I was made abominably drunk! What is Monsieur Fogg going to say? As for that fellow Fix, I hope we are rid of him. He could not dare follow us on the Carnatic after his proposal to me. A police-inspector on the track of my master, accused of robbing the Bank of England! What utter nonsense! Monsieur Fogg is no more a thief than I am a murderer! Anyhow, I did not miss the boat, which is the main thing.

*(PASSEPARTOUT approaches the CARNATIC'S PURSER.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Pardonnez moi. I am looking for Monsieur Phileas Fogg.

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** I know of no passenger by that name.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I beg your pardon. The man I mean is a tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance, accompanied by a charming, female companion.

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** We have no young lady on board. Here is the list of passengers. See for yourself.

*(PASSEPARTOUT reads the list through. Fogg's name is not there.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I am not mistaken, I am on the Carnatic all right, am I not?

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** Yes.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Bound for Yokohama?

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** Certainly.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* The departure time was advanced... And I failed to inform my master of that fact... Monsieur Fogg and Aouda missed the boat! He is off his time schedule, and it's all my fault! Oh! if that scoundrel detective should ever fall into my hands, what a settling of scores there will be!

*(Across the stage the GEN. GRANT CAP'N appears.)*

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** *(To audience:)* The General Grant is a very large paddle-wheel steamer, well fitted up and very fast. Despite the rough weather we left Shanghai at our appointed time...

*(The sound of the Tankadere's cannon from a distance.)*

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** *(To audience:)* Upon our departure, a two-masted schooner 3 miles out of port fired its cannon. *(To SAILORS:)* A distress signal! Full stop! Man the lifeboats!

*(AOUDA, FOGG, and FIX board the General Grant.)*

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Arrived Shanghai Harbour, half-past seven p.m., November 11th; departed Shanghai Harbour, half-past seven p.m., November 11th.

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** *(To SAILORS:)* Set course for Yokohama. Full speed ahead!

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** *(To audience:)* On the 13th of November the Carnatic entered the port of Yokohama, on the morning tide...

*(PASSEPARTOUT speaks to the BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Consul, he is a tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentleman of polished manners and refined appearance—

**BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** No, I'm sorry. Neither Mr. Fogg nor his charming, female companion has checked in here at the British consulate. Have you tried the French consulate?

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** *(To audience:)* The General Grant arrived in Yokohama on the morning of the 14th of November...

*(FOGG, AOUDA, and FIX disembark.)*

**FIX.** *(To FOGG:)* Thank you once again, Mr. Fogg, for securing my passage to Yokohama. And now that I am here, I must attend to business. So long, Mr. Fogg, madam...

**AOUDA.** Farewell, Mr. Fix.

*(FIX exits.)*

**FOGG.** Come along, madam. We have business of our own to attend to. It is not impossible that, through some misunderstanding, Passepartout embarked upon the Carnatic, and if that were the case, we might just find the poor fellow here at Yokohama.

*(PASSEPARTOUT is with the FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Monsieur le consulat, je cherche Monsieur Phileas Fogg, un homme grand, aux cheveux foncés qui est bien habillé. Il a des manières impeccables et une apparence raffinées. L'avez-vous vu?

**FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** Non, monsieur.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** C'est possible alors que vous avez-vu la damme avec qu'il voyager? Elle s'appelle Aouda, une belle femme charmante d'origine Indienne...

**FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** Euh... Non, monsieur.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Pah!

*(PASSEPARTOUT exits, just missing an encounter with FIX. FOGG and AOUDA are speaking with the CARNATIC'S PURSER.)*

**FOGG.** You are the purser aboard the Carnatic?

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** Yes, sir.

**FOGG.** Did you by any chance take aboard a Frenchman named Passepartout in Hong-Kong?

**CARNATIC'S PURSER.** Why, yes, sir. I believe the Frenchman you speak of arrived in Yokohama just yesterday...

*(FOGG and AOUDA exit just missing and encounter with PASSEPARTOUT. FIX is speaking to the BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.)*

**BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** Here you are, Detective Fix. Your warrant.

**FIX.** How came this warrant to Yokohama?

**BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** It was dispatched aboard the Carnatic.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Double deuces! The very ship I should have taken! *(To BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA:)* This warrant is now

useless! The culprit has left British soil! He can only be arrested on an extradition order!

**BRIT. CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** Shall I put in your request for such a warrant, detective?

**FIX.** Oh, do shut up! Let me think!

*(FOGG and AOUDA are speaking with the FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.)*

**AOUDA.** He is a sweet and kind, honest and most brave fellow...!

**FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** I am sorry, madame, I have not seen your friend—

**FOGG.** He's a Frenchman, consul, about so tall...

**FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** Ah...! But of course! I have seen this so called Passepartout!

**AOUDA.** Where is he, consul?

**FRENCH CONSUL IN YOKOHAMA.** He is right behind you!

*(PASSEPARTOUT enters.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Aouda! *(PASSEPARTOUT hugs AOUDA:)* Ah, my master! My master!

**FOGG.** Come with us at once to the boat.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* My warrant is of no use here, but it will be good in England. There is every indication that the rogue intends to return home, in the belief that he has thrown the police off his track. Very well, I shall board the General Grant, without Mr. Fogg seeing me, and follow him all the way back. As for the money, Heaven grant there may be some left!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* November 14th, departed Yokohama for San Francisco aboard the General Grant.

**ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.** Day forty-three... Notorious bank robber Phileas Fogg remains at large.

**DES MOINES REGISTER.** Boy howdy.

**CHICAGO TRIBUNE.** All tall, dark-haired, well-dressed gentlemen of polished manners and refined appearance to be detained until further notice.

**NEW YORK EVENING POST.** British Bank Bandit Breaks Blockade by Burrowing Below Brisbane!

**SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.** “Fogg joins Barnum’s traveling circus,” says General Tom Thumb. Illustrations, page two.

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) At twelve miles an hour the General Grant will not take more than twenty-one days to cross the Pacific. I have offered the captain five hundred pounds should we cross in twenty.

**ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.** Day forty-eight... Criminal mastermind Phileas Fogg continues to baffle Scotland Yard...

**DES MOINES REGISTER.** Yepper...

**CHICAGO TRIBUNE.** “Fogg used hypnotic suggestion on unsuspecting bank clerk,” eye-witness claims.

**SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.** Exclusive interview with Fogg’s Savile Row neighbors: “He always seemed so quiet.”

**NEW YORK EVENING POST.** British Bank Bandit Braves Badlands on Bedouin Beast of Burden!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) I expect to reach San Francisco by the 2nd of December, New York by the 11th, and London by the 20th—anticipating thus by a few hours the fateful date of the 21st of December.

**ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.** Day fifty... Fogg’s worldwide crime spree expands unchecked.

**CHICAGO TRIBUNE.** Fogg Started The Great Chicago Fire!

**SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.** Fogg Shot Lincoln!

**NEW YORK EVENING POST.** British Bank Bandit Bamboozles Bloodhounds by Baiting Bogus Biscuit!

**DES MOINES REGISTER.** That boy ain’t right...

**GEN. GRANT CAP’N.** (*To audience:*) On the 23rd of November we crossed the hundred and eightieth meridian...

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) I have traversed exactly one half of the terrestrial globe, and I am at the very antipodes of London. It is true, I have taken fifty-two out of eighty days to travel half way; however, now the route will be more direct.

(*PASSEPARTOUT and the GEN. GRANT CAP'N are comparing watches.*)

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** (*To PASSEPARTOUT:*) Yes. That is what I said. It is noon local time—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Ha! That is exactly what my watch reads! What nonsense that rascal told me about the meridians, the sun, the moon and what not! If people of that sort had their way, there would be some funny clocks and watches about! I knew well enough that, some day or other, the sun would settle to go by my watch!

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** (*To audience:*) The remainder of the voyage, from a sailor's point of view, was quite uneventful; the General Grant, supported on her large paddles, and steadied by her great spread of sail, rolled but little. The Pacific Ocean about justified its name...

(*PASSEPARTOUT spies FIX onboard. PASSEPARTOUT administers to the wretched FIX a magnificent thrashing.*)

**FIX.** Have you done?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Oui. For the present.

**FIX.** Then come and have a word with me.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** A word with you?

**FIX.** You have given me a hiding. That's all right, I expected it. Now attend to what I say. So far I have been Mr. Fogg's adversary; I am now playing on his side.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** At last! You believe he is an honest man?

**FIX.** No. I believe he is a rogue. Hush! don't move, and let me speak. So long as Mr. Fogg was on English soil, it was my interest to keep him back, until I should receive my warrant. I spared no effort to this end. Now, Mr. Fogg seems to be on his way back to England. Well, I shall follow him there. But henceforth I shall exert myself

just as zealously to remove all difficulties from his path as I have hitherto done to multiply them. Are we going to be friends?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Friends, no. Allies, oui; but conditionally, for at the slightest sign of treachery I shall wring your neck for you!

**FIX.** That's agreed.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To audience:)* Ought I tell Monsieur Fogg of the part Fix is playing in this matter? Or would it not be better to wait until we reach London, and then let him know that an agent of the Metropolitan Police had been shadowing him around the world? Yes, that's the best course; no doubt of it. How we will laugh it up!

**GEN. GRANT CAP'N.** *(To audience:)* Ten days later, on the 3rd of December, the General Grant steamed into the Bay of the Golden Gate and reached San Francisco...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* As I set foot upon the American continent, I have neither gained nor lost a single day.

*(AOUDA, FOGG, and PASSEPARTOUT walk through San Francisco. General political rally commotion, a Sousa march, etc.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Ah... The "New World!" Welcome now Passepartout!

*(By the merest chance, FOGG found himself face to face with FIX. FIX expresses the utmost surprise.)*

**FIX.** What?! Mr. Fogg?! Have we crossed the Pacific together without meeting on board?!

**FOGG.** It would appear so.

**FIX.** What a great honour to meet once more with the gentleman to whom I owe so much! I am returning to Europe for business reasons; I would be delighted to continue my journey in such pleasant company.

**FOGG.** The honour would be mine.

*(MOB #2 enters, shouting and carrying political signs, etc. MOB #1 is taped shouts and commotion.)*

**MOB #1.** Hip, Hip, Hurrah for Kamerfield!

**MOB #2.** Hip, Hip, Hurrah for Mandiboy!

**MOB #1.** Hurrah for Kamerfield!

**MOB #2.** Hurrah for Mandiboy!

**FIX.** It is evidently a political meeting, Mr. Fogg.

**FOGG.** Yes, indeed.

**FIX.** Two champions are face to face—Mr. Kamerfield and Mr. Mandiboy.

*(MOB #2 faces off against the imaginary MOB #1. The general commotion becomes more violent.)*

**MOB #1.** Kamerfield!

**MOB #2.** Mandiboy!

**FIX.** I think it would be wise for us to retire. If all this has anything to do with England, and we are recognised as Englishmen, we shall have a bad time in the scuffle.

**MOB #1.** Kamerfield!

**MOB #2.** Mandiboy!

**MOB #1.** Kamerfield!

**MOB #2.** Mandiboy!

*(MOB #1 and MOB #2, armed with loaded sticks and clubs, are irresistible. FOGG, PASSEPARTOUT, and FIX endeavor to protect AOUA. A large man from MOB #1, COL. PROCTOR, attempts to punch FOGG, but FIX maneuvers to take the blow instead.)*

**FOGG.** *(To COL. PROCTOR:)* Yankee!

**COL. PROCTOR.** Englishman! We shall meet again!

**FOGG.** When you please.

**COL. PROCTOR.** Your name?

**FOGG.** Phileas Fogg. And yours?

**COL. PROCTOR.** Colonel Stamp Proctor.

(COL. PROCTOR, MOB #1, and MOB #2 sweep out with much hubbub.)

**FOGG.** (*Lifting FIX to his feet:*) I shall return to America to find Colonel Stamp Proctor. It would not be proper for an Englishman to stand such treatment.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** All aboard!

(*A train whistle is heard. FOGG approaches the ENGINE-DRIVER.*)

**FOGG.** Engineer, was there not a certain amount of rioting in San Francisco today?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** It was a political meetin', sir.

**FOGG.** But I observed a good deal of commotion in the streets.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** It was only a meetin' arranged for an election.

**FOGG.** The election of a commander-in-chief, I suppose?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** No, sir. Jist a justice of the peace.

(*A train whistle is heard.*)

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** (*To audience:*) San Francisco and New York are joined together by an unbroken band of metal. The journey formerly took six months in the most favourable circumstances; it now takes seven days...

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) December 4th, departed Oakland, California train station at six o'clock in the evening.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** And the next mornin', the train passed through Reno, Nevada, skirtin' the course of the Humboldt River. Early that evenin', we entered the territory of Utah—the curious land of the Great Salt Lake and the Mormons...

(*PASSEPARTOUT, FIX, and the ENGINE-DRIVER vie for AOUDA's attentions. FOGG is present, but silent in the background.*)

**AOUDA.** Such a splendid expanse of water...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Were you aware, Aouda, that the Great Salt Lake is the largest salt lake in North America?

**AOUDA.** Yes, I was, Jean.

**FIX.** But did you know, madam, that this inland sea has no outlet, and contains a considerable amount of salt?

**AOUDA.** Yes, of course, Mr. Fix.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Its water holds a quarter of its weight of solid matter in solution, ma'am; much greater'n sea-water.

**AOUDA.** Oh!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Yer darn tootin'. So fishes cain't even live in it!

**AOUDA.** How interesting!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** However, t'ain't a fact, ma'am, that the density of the water is sich that a man cain't dive plumb into it.

**AOUDA.** Oh, my...!

*(The ENGINE-DRIVER pulls the whistle chain.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT & FIX.** *(Muttering under their breath:)* Oh, do shut up. Who asked you, Yankee? Why don't you go dive into it? *(Etc.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* That night we passed through Ogden, Utah on a northerly course as far as the Bitter Creek Valley at which point we struck east again...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Morning, December 6th. The train entered the State of Wyoming, having traveled nearly one thousand miles from San Francisco.

*(A violent whistling is heard, and the train stops.)*

**FOGG.** Passepartout, the train has stopped. Go and see what is the matter.

*(PASSEPARTOUT, AOUDA, and FIX cross to see COL. PROCUTOR talking excitedly with the ENGINE-DRIVER.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Now, dadgummit, Colonel! It's impossible to pass! The bridge at Medicine Bow is shaky, and would not bear the weight of the train.

**COL. PROCTOR.** Look here! I suppose we are not going to be left here to take root in the snow?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Colonel Proctor is on the train!

**FIX.** What?! That fellow who punched me in San Francisco?!

**AOUDA.** Oh, no...! If Mr. Fogg sees Colonel Proctor now we shall not be able to prevent a duel, which might have deplorable consequences. He must not see him.

**FIX.** You are right, madam. A duel might ruin everything. Victorious or not, Mr. Fogg would be delayed, and—

**PASSEPARTOUT.** And, that would be playing the game of the gentlemen of the Reform Club. In four days we shall be in New York. If my master does not leave his car for four days, one may hope that chance will not bring him face to face with this cursed American; confound him!

**AOUDA.** Mr. Fix, do you by any chance play whist?

**FIX.** I flatter myself I am a pretty good whist player. And you, madam?

**AOUDA.** Of course I do, Mr. Fix. It was part of my thorough British education.

**FIX.** So we two, Mr. Fogg, and a dummy make four. Very clever, madam. But what about cards?!

**AOUDA.** They sell everything on American trains. Come; let's find the steward.

*(FIX and AOUDA exit. PASSEPARTOUT approaches COL. PROCTOR and the ENGINE-DRIVER.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Well, Colonel, we done telegraphed to Omaha for a whole 'nother train, but t'ain't likely t'arrive t'Medicine Bow 'afore at least six hours.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Six hours?!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Sure 'nuff! In any case, it will take us all that time to git o'er t'the station on foot.

**COL. PROCTOR.** But the station is only a mile away from us.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Only a mile, you bet, but on t'other side of that there surgin' river! Shoot, we got to trudge ten miles north through the snow jist to find a ford!

*(COL. PROCTOR and PASSEPARTOUT let fly a volley of oaths.)*

**COL. PROCTOR.** Listen, I have a simpler way of getting over.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** O'er the bridge?

**COL. PROCTOR.** Yes, over the bridge.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** With the train?

**COL. PROCTOR.** With the train.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** But the dang bridge is broke!

**COL. PROCTOR.** No matter. My idea is that if we sent the train on at its highest speed we should get over.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mon dieu!

**COL. PROCTOR.** We'd have fifty chances out of a hundred of getting over. Sixty!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** That proposal is rather too American!

**COL. PROCTOR.** I assure you we shall get over. Eighty chances out of a hundred!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Yes, yes, of course, we shall get over, but it might be more prudent—

**COL. PROCTOR.** Prudent?! At full speed, don't you understand? At full speed, man!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I know...I see...

**COL. PROCTOR.** *(To ENGINE-DRIVER:)* What's the matter with him?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** By gum, we'll do it! Take your seats! Take your seats!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Yes, take your seats. By all means. We'll do it at once. I shall show you people that a Frenchman can be as American as they are!

*(The train whistles loud and long.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* I backed the train up for nearly a mile, on the principle that a jumper's got to take a long run 'afore jumpin'...

*(There is a second whistle.)*

**FIX.** What the devil...?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(To FOGG, AOUDA, and FIX:)* Hang on, everyone! We're going to jump the bridge!

**FIX.** You're joking!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** No, I only wish I were joking. It would have been more logical to send us passengers across the bridge first on foot, and then the train, but once these Americans get an idea into their heads, they won't hear sense!

*(ALL brace themselves.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* I moved the train forward again at full steam, faster and faster, and purdy soon she commenced t'a-shakin' an' a-quakin' an' a-buckin', an' the pistons was a-pumpin' at twenty strokes a second; an' smoke was a-pourin' out of the axle-boxes...

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mon dieu!

**FIX.** We've risen off the tracks!

**AOUDA.** We're flying!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* And o'er we went, in a flash! The train leaped from one bank o'er t'th'other lickety-split, and shot five miles past the station 'afore the engine could be brought to a standstill. And hardly was the river crossed, when the bridge crashed plumb into the rapids of Medicine Bow...

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) Thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles have now been traveled over from San Francisco in three days. I am still within the prescribed time-limit.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** (*To audience:*) By and by, the train pursued its course, meetin' with no mishap...

*(Train whistle.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** (*To audience:*) But the next mornin'—jist outside o' Cheyenne—well, durned if a herd of ten to twelve thousand buffalo didn't block our way...

**PASSEPARTOUT & FIX.** Shoo! Shoo, you stinking buffaloes! Be on your way, you dirty animals! Allez! Allez! (*Etc.*)

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** (*To audience.*) I tried drivin' our spur-ram into the flank of the immense column, but the impenetrable mass brought us to a standstill...

*(The train stops.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** What a country! Where trains are stopped by mere cattle that go along in a procession!

**FIX.** Egad! Why not send the engine at full speed through these obstructing beasts?!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Well, sir, to try to stop such a torrent of livin' flesh is plumb loco and downright out of the question. The train would be thrown off the rails!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** I should very much like to know if Monsieur Fogg has allowed for this mischance in his programme!

**FOGG.** (*Journal:*) I shall wait philosophically until it should please the buffaloes to move out of my way.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** (*To audience:*) The march of the buffaloes lasted three full hours, and the line warn't clear before midday. That evenin', we reached Bridger Pass—the highest point attained by the line as we crossed the magnificent Rocky Mountains...

*(PASSEPARTOUT, FIX, and the ENGINE-DRIVER vie for AOU DA's attentions. FOGG is present, but silent in the background.)*

**FIX.** Do you see, madam, how the railway follows the capricious contours of the mountains...?

**AOUDA.** Yes, of course, Mr. Fix.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** They could have drilled right through the mountain, but no! Here we are...at one time clinging to the mountain side, at another hanging on the brink of a precipice...

**AOUDA.** Yes, I see, Jean.

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Our railway does no violence to Nature in order to go the nearest way, ma'am; it works around the mountains...

**AOUDA.** How fascinating!

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** This great railway, ma'am, an instrument of progress and civilization thrown across the desert, links together communities not yet in existence! The whistle of the locomotive, more potent than the lyre of Amphion, will bid them rise from America's soil!

**AOUDA.** Oh, my...!

*(The ENGINE-DRIVER pulls the whistle chain.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT & FIX.** *(Muttering under their breath:)* Oh, do shut up. Who asked you, Yankee? I'll give you the lyre of Amphion...!  
*(Etc.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* The next mornin', the branch line started for Denver, the chief town of Colorado, a country rich in gold and silver mines, where already more than fifty thousand people have settled...

*(FOGG, AOUDA, and FIX are busy with the cards once more. COL. PROCTOR enters.)*

**FOGG.** I believe I will play a spade...

**AOUDA.** A bold plan!

**COL. PROCTOR.** I would play a diamond.

*(FOGG, AOUDA, and FIX look up.)*

**COL. PROCTOR.** Halloo, Britisher! So you're the man who wants to play a spade?!

**FOGG.** *(Putting the ten of that suit on the table:)* And who plays it.

**COL. PROCTOR.** Well, it is my pleasure that it should be a diamond. *(Snatching the card that had been played:)* You know nothing about this game.

**FOGG.** There is another at which I may perhaps show greater skill.

**COL. PROCTOR.** You can try your hand at that one whenever you please, son of John Bull.

*(AOUDA grasps PHILEAS FOGG's arm, but is gently forced back.)*

**FIX.** You forget, sir, that I am the man you must deal with, for I am the man you not only insulted but struck!

**FOGG.** Mr. Fix, pardon me, but this concerns me, and no one else. When the colonel maintained that I was wrong in playing a spade, he put a fresh insult upon me, and he shall give me satisfaction for it.

**COL. PROCTOR.** When you please, and where you please, and with whatever weapon you please.

**FOGG.** After our encounter at San Francisco, I intended to come back and find you in America, as soon as I had settled the business which calls me to the old continent.

**COL. PROCTOR.** Really?

**FOGG.** Will you arrange a meeting for six months hence?

**COL. PROCTOR.** Why not six years?

**FOGG.** I say six months, and I shall be there punctually.

**COL. PROCTOR.** All this is to put me off! It must be now or never.

*(A train whistle sounds. The train slows.)*

**COL. PROCTOR.** This station is called Plum Creek. There will be a ten-minute stop. Ten minutes is enough time to exchange a few revolver shots.

**FOGG.** All right. I will stop at Plum Creek.

**COL. PROCTOR.** I shouldn't wonder if you stayed here for good.

**AOUDA.** Oh, Mr. Fogg...!

*(FOGG and COL. PROCTOR step forward to exit the train. The ENGINE-DRIVER approaches.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** You can't get down, gentlemen!

**COL. PROCTOR.** Why not?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** We're twenty minutes late, that's why not.

**COL. PROCTOR.** But I have to fight a duel with this gentleman.

*(The whistle blows and the train is off again.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** In any other case it would have been in my power to oblige you. But, after all... *(Presenting dueling pistols:)* ...why shouldn't you fight it out right here on board this very train?

**COL. PROCTOR.** This gentleman will possibly object.

**FOGG.** I have not the slightest objection.

*(FOGG and COL. PROCTOR face each other with pistols in an empty carriage.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Gentlemen, shall we agree that the first whistle of the engine will be the signal to fire?

**COL. PROCTOR.** Agreed.

**FOGG.** Agreed.

*(The duelists are shut in the carriage alone. They stare each other down for a while. Suddenly COL. PROCTOR is struck by an arrow, and the air is rent with savage yells.)*

**ALL.** Indians! Indians! *(Etc.)*

*(During the battle with the INDIANS, FIX receives a slight wound in the arm, FOGG uses his dueling pistol, and AOUDA defends herself heroically with a revolver. Then the ENGINE-DRIVER falls beside FOGG, struck by a bullet.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** The injuns've killed the conductor! The engine's runnin' outta control! We gotta stop at Ft. Kearney where there are troops to protect us! If this train ain't stopped inside o' two minutes, we're all dead!

**FOGG.** Stopped it shall be.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Stay, monsieur; this is a job for an ex-gymnast, ex-sergeant of firemen, ex-tight-rope walker and street singer...such as Passepartout!

*(PASSEPARTOUT exits to stop the train while the struggle goes on.)*

**FIX.** Egad! There are bullets everywhere! He'll be killed for sure!

**AOUDA.** Oh, be careful, Jean! Where did he go, Mr. Fix?

**FIX.** The plucky little fellow's made his way under the carriages, madam!

**AOUDA.** There he is! Running along the brakes hanging by the window sashes!

**FIX.** Now he's pulled himself atop the train! And he's leaping from carriage to carriage!

**AOUDA.** Look out, Jean! He's reached the front of the train!

**FIX.** He's hanging from safety chains, kicking at the pin, and—the engine's loose!

**AOUDA.** He's done it! The train is slowing down!

**FIX.** Here come the soldiers from Fort Kearney, madam. We are saved.

*(A trumpet fanfare and shouts as the Fort Kearney soldiers approach.)*

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** *(To audience:)* But when the passengers were counted, it was found that several were a-missin', one of which was the brave Passepartout...

*(FOGG, FIX, and AOUDA approach the FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.)*

**FOGG.** Captain, three passengers are missing.

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** Are they dead?

**FOGG.** Dead or prisoners. That is the very thing that should not be left in doubt. Is it your intention to pursue the Sioux?

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** That is a very serious matter. These Indians may continue their flight beyond the Arkansas River. I cannot leave the fort committed to my charge without protection.

**FOGG.** The lives of three men are at stake.

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** Certainly, but can I risk the lives of fifty to save three?

**FOGG.** I don't know whether you can, captain, but it is your duty.

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** Sir, it is nobody's place here to teach me my duty.

**FOGG.** Very well. I shall go alone.

**FIX.** You, sir?! Go alone in pursuit of the Indians?!

**FOGG.** Everyone here owes his life to Passepartout. I shall go. It is my duty.

**AOUDA.** Ah, Mr.—Mr. Fogg!

**FOGG.** I shall find him dead or alive. Alive, if I do not lose a moment.

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** No, then you shall not go alone! No! you're a gallant fellow! *(Turning to his men:)* I want thirty volunteers!

*(Shouts as the whole company comes forward in a body.)*

**FOGG.** Thank you, captain.

**FIX.** Will you allow me to accompany you?

**FOGG.** Sir, you will do as you please. But if you care to oblige me, you will stay behind with the lady. Should anything happen to me—

**FIX.** I shall stay.

**FOGG.** *(To AOUDA, giving her his traveling-bag:)* Madam, I entrust my precious traveling-bag to your keeping. *(To SOLDIERS:)* My friends, there's a thousand pounds for you, if we save the prisoners.

*(FOGG exits with much hubbub. It begins to snow.)*

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* The detachment left to the south at a few minutes after twelve. The hours passed slowly. Soon, every trace of footprints left by the soldiers had disappeared under a fresh layer of snow...

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* I should never have let Fogg out of my sight! Passepartout has of course told him who I am, and now the clever rascal has given me the slip! How on earth could I have been hoodwinked in this fashion? I, Fix, who have in my pocket an order for his arrest!

*(An engine approaches slowly, emitting loud and protracted whistling.)*

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the engine which had been detached from the train returned to the Fort Kearney station, traveling in reverse. The passengers would now be able to resume their journey...

**AOUDA.** Are you going to start?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Immediately, ma'am.

**AOUDA.** But what about the prisoners—our unhappy fellow travelers?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** I cain't stop the service, ma'am. We're already five hours late as it is.

**AOUDA.** When will the next train pass here from San Francisco?

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** Tomorrow evenin', ma'am.

**AOUDA.** Tomorrow evening?! That will be too late! We have a ship to catch at New York! Really, you must wait—

**ENGINE-DRIVER.** I'm downright sorry, ma'am. But I'm afear'd that ain't impossible. If yer fixin' to go, you best take yer seat.

**AOUDA.** I shall not go.

*(The ENGINE-DRIVER whistles, and the train starts.)*

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** *(To audience:)* Night came, and the small detachment had not come back...

**AOUDA.** Where are they, captain? Have they overtaken the Indians? Have they fought, or are they lost and wandering about at random?

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** Ma'am, I'm sure I do not know. *(To audience:)* By morning, there was still no sign of the detachment... *(To his men:)* I want twenty-five men to assemble a second detachment and make reconnaissance to the south!

*(Gunshots ring out.)*

**FORT KEARNEY CAPTAIN.** Wait! A signal! A small band of men, returning in good order. With Mr. Fogg marching at their head!

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Why did the rascal return? Have I misjudged this Phileas Fogg? No! Impossible!

*(FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT enter to shouts of joy. AOUDA seizes FOGG's hand and presses it between her own two hands, unable to speak a word.)*

**PASSEPARTOUT.** You should have seen me, Aouda! Back in my old form, I was! I felled fifteen of those savages with my bare fists! And had not Monsieur Fogg arrived, just in the nick of time, I would have massacred the entire tribe! One had me in a headlock, like this, while another was— The train! Where's the train?

**AOUDA.** Gone.

**FOGG.** When will the next train come along?

**AOUDA.** Not before this evening.

**FIX.** I'm afraid, Mr. Fogg, we won't make it to New York in time to catch the ship for Liverpool.

*(MUDGE approaches FOGG.)*

**MUDGE.** Pardon me, sir; are you in a great hurry?

**FOGG.** I am, quite seriously, in a hurry. I am twenty hours behind my schedule.

**MUDGE.** Are you willing to try to regain your lost time?

**FOGG.** On foot?

**MUDGE.** No; on a sledge.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** This is nothing but a little sled with a giant sail!

**FIX.** This flimsy contraption will kill us all!

**MUDGE.** The snow has hardened, and the wind is favourable. I am quite confident of being able to convey you to the Omaha station in a few hours...

**FOGG.** And there's a handsome reward in it for you when you do.

*(MUDGE, FOGG, FIX, AOUDA, and PASSEPARTOUT board the sledge.)*

**MUDGE.** *(To audience:)* The sledge's great sail was hoisted, and, impelled by the wind, the land-craft slid over the hardened snow at forty miles an hour...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Fort Kearney, eight o'clock a.m., December 9th.

*(Wind sounds, etc.)*

**MUDGE.** *(To audience, yelling above the wind:)* The distance to Omaha, as the bee flies, was at most two hundred miles. Should the wind hold, the distance could be traversed in five hours... *(To FOGG, AOUDA, PASSEPARTOUT, and FIX yelling above the wind:)* If nothing snaps we shall get there in time!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* What a way to travel!

**FOGG.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* Madam, I wish I could take you to Europe under more pleasant conditions.

**AOUDA.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* Not at all, Mr. Fogg. I wouldn't have missed this trip for the world!

**MUDGE.** *(To audience, yelling above the wind:)* The way was quite clear. We had but two things to fear: an accident causing damage to the machine, or a change or lull of the wind...

**FIX.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* Look out for the prairie wolves! We're being chased by wolves!

*(ALL lean to one side as the sledge eludes the wolves.)*

**MUDGE.** *(To audience, yelling above the wind:)* ...but the breeze, far from falling, blew hard enough to make the iron ropes holding the mast in place sound like the strings of a musical instrument...

**FOGG.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* Madam, do you hear? These ropes are playing the fifth and the octave.

**AOUDA.** *(Yelling above the wind:)* Yes, Mr. Fogg. I hear...

**MUDGE.** *(To audience, yelling above the wind:)* Before one o'clock I furled the sail, and the sledge, carried on by its enormous impulse, traveled half a mile more, and stopped at last... *(To FOGG, AOUDA, PASSEPARTOUT, and FIX:)* Well, here's the Omaha station. There are frequent express trains and numerous railroads to Chicago.

**FOGG.** *(Paying MUDGE liberally:)* Here's your fee, skipper, and your reward for helping me make good the loss of time.

**MUDGE.** It was my pleasure, sir.

**CONDUCTOR.** All aboard!

*(PASSEPARTOUT, AOUDA, FIX, and FOGG hurry to Omaha station.)*

**CONDUCTOR.** *(To audience:)* Omaha is connected with Chicago by the Chicago & Rock Island Railway. This express line runs due east and carries the traffic of fifty stations...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Omaha, 2 o'clock p.m., December 9th.

**AOUDA.** Will we make the boat in New York, Mr. Fogg?

**FOGG.** It is just possible, madam.

**CONDUCTOR.** *(To audience:)* The train passed at very high speed across the State of Iowa, and that night crossed the Mississippi River at Davenport...

**AOUDA, PASSEPARTOUT, & FIX.** Come on, come on, come on, come on...

**CONDUCTOR.** *(To audience:)* On the morrow, we arrived in Chicago, already risen from the ruins of The Great Chicago Fire, barely one year ago...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Departed Chicago 6 p.m., December 10th...

**CONDUCTOR.** *(To audience:)* Nine hundred miles separate Chicago from New York. The fiery engine left at full speed. We ran through Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey like a flash...

**AOUDA, PASSEPARTOUT, & FIX.** Go, go, go, go...

**CONDUCTOR.** At last, the Hudson came into view...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Arrived, New York, December 11th, at a quarter-past eleven in the evening.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** It is no good going down to the pier. The China would have sailed two hours ago!

**AOUDA.** Oh, no...!

**FOGG.** Never worry, madam. We shall see tomorrow what is the best thing to be done.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Ten thousand devils! This is my fault! I've done nothing but put obstacles in his path! If only I had known the clever rascal intended to shake the authorities with this useless tour around the world, I could have accelerated his return to England!

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* December 12th, seven o'clock a.m. From now to a quarter to nine in the evening of the 21st there are left nine days, thirteen hours and forty-five minutes.

*(FOGG, shadowed by FIX, admires the Henrietta. CAPTAIN SPEEDY approaches.)*

**FOGG.** I wish to see the captain.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** I am the captain.

**FOGG.** Are you about to sail?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** In an hour.

**FOGG.** What is your destination?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Bordeaux.

**FOGG.** Is your ship a fast sailer?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Between eleven and twelve knots. The Henrietta is well known.

**FOGG.** Have you any passengers?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Never take passengers. They're cumbersome goods.

**FOGG.** Are you willing to take me and three other persons to Liverpool?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** To Liverpool?! Why not to China?

**FOGG.** I said Liverpool.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** No! I am about to sail for Bordeaux, and to Bordeaux I go.

**FOGG.** No matter what money I offer?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** No matter what money you offer.

**FOGG.** Possibly the owners of the Henrietta—

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** I am the owners. The vessel belongs to me.

**FOGG.** I will charter her.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** No.

**FOGG.** I will buy her.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** No.

**FOGG.** Well, will you take me to Bordeaux?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Not if you paid me two hundred dollars!

**FOGG.** I offer you two thousand.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Per person?

**FOGG.** Per person.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** And there are four of you?

**FOGG.** Four.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** I sail in an hour.

**FOGG.** We shall be on board.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Egad! None more wasteful than a thief! Bribes, bails, fines, traveling expenses, elephant buying...! At this rate there will be nothing left of the stolen money!

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** *(To audience:)* The Henrietta is a screw-propelled trading vessel of fine lines. Her lovely funnel emitted puffs of smoke as we left port. An hour later we passed the lightship which marks the entrance of the Hudson, and ran for the open sea...

*(CAPTAIN SPEEDY is surrounded by his SAILORS who restrain him and lock him in his cabin.)*

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* December 12th, ten o'clock p.m., to December 13th, noon—inclusive—bribed crew, confined the captain to quarters, and took command of the Henrietta.

*(FOGG appears on the bridge, taking bearings, etc.)*

**AOUDA.** Can you believe it, Jean? Mr. Fogg is handling the boat with faultless seamanship.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** And he has the crew stoking like such heroes!

**FOGG.** *(To SAILORS:)* Set course for Liverpool, England! Full speed ahead!

*(SAILORS move about the Henrietta, doing their sailorly duties.)*

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* We passed the banks of Newfoundland—a dangerous spot this, especially in winter. The barometer fell sharply, and at the same time the wind shifted to the west...

**FOGG.** *(To SAILORS:)* Hoist all sails! Hold her at full steam! We'll run before the storm!

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The Henrietta pitched violently as the long waves broke against her, but we pressed on...

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* December 16th, the seventy-fifth day since departure from London, I am only half-way across the Atlantic. The Henrietta is behind time.

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The wind eventually failed us, and we were relying completely on steam...

**FOGG.** *(To HENRIETTA ENGINEER:)* Are you absolutely sure?

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** Ayuh... Since we started, we have been keeping all our furnaces going, and, while we had coal enough to go under easy steam to Bordeaux, we have not enough to go with all steam to Liverpool.

**FOGG.** Do not let the fires down. Far from that, let the valves be weighed for full pressure. Go ahead with fully-stoked furnaces until your fuel is completely exhausted.

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The Henrietta pressed on as before under full steam, but two days later, the coal ran out...

*(FOGG approaches CAPTAIN SPEEDY locked in his cabin.)*

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Where are we?

**FOGG.** Seven hundred and seventy miles from Liverpool.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** You pirate! You sea-robber!

**FOGG.** Sir, I've come to ask you to sell me your ship.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** No! By all the fiends in Hell! No!

**FOGG.** The fact is I shall be obliged to burn her, her upper works at least; we are out of fuel.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Burn my ship?! A ship worth fifty thousand dollars?!

**FOGG.** *(Offering CAPTAIN SPEEDY a bundle of banknotes:)* Here are ten thousand pounds...sixty thousand dollars.

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** Am I to keep the iron hull?

**FOGG.** The iron hull and the machinery. The vessel now belongs to me?

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** (*Seizing the bundle of banknotes:*) Certainly; that is, all the wood of her, of course.

*(Observing this, PASSEPARTOUT goes white in the face, and FIX nearly has a stroke.)*

**CAPTAIN SPEEDY.** You know, Fogg, there's something of the Yankee in you!

**FOGG.** Right. (*To SAILORS:*) Bring down the masts, rafts, and spars! Chop up the deck houses, the cabins, and the spar-deck!

*(SAILORS tear up the Henrietta board by board.)*

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** (*To audience:*) By the next day, the greater part of the deck had been given to the flames, and the Henrietta was now as flat as a hulk. But that evening, the Irish coast was sighted...

*(AOUDA enters the bridge.)*

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** Captain Fogg, we are abreast of the Irish port of Queenstown.

**FOGG.** I have less than twenty-four hours in which to reach London.

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** It would take you all that time to get to Liverpool, even under full steam; and we have no steam at all. I am truly sorry, captain.

**AOUDA.** Oh? Are those the lights of Queenstown?

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** Ayuh...

**AOUDA.** Mr. Fogg, why can't we travel like the American mail?

**FOGG.** How do you mean, madam?

**AOUDA.** Instead of sailing to Liverpool by tomorrow, we could disembark now, here at Queenstown, board a speedy mail-train for Dublin—

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** And from Dublin you could travel to Liverpool aboard one of the swift boats always in readiness—just like the mail—thus gaining twelve hours. An excellent idea, ma'am!

**FOGG.** When can we enter Queenstown harbour?

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** In three hours, Captain Fogg, at high tide.

**FOGG.** Thank you, madam. You may have just possibly put me back on schedule.

**AOUDA.** It is all just part of my programme, Mr. Fogg.

**HENRIETTA ENGINEER.** *(To audience:)* The Henrietta entered Queenstown Harbour at high tide...

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* At long last, British soil. I could arrest him now. But should I?

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Arrived at Dublin at dawn, and embarked immediately on the steamer for Liverpool.

**FIX.** *(To audience:)* Have I made some mistake? Is Phileas Fogg a criminal or an honest man?

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* On December 21st, at twenty minutes past twelve, I landed on Liverpool Pier, only six hours from London—

*(FIX approaches FOGG, and lays his hand on his shoulder and produces his identification.)*

**FIX.** There is no mistake, you are Phileas Fogg?

**FOGG.** Yes, I am.

**FIX.** In the Queen's name, I arrest you!

*(FOGG is waiting, confined to the Custom House lock-up.)*

**FOGG.** *(Journal:)* Saturday, December 21st, Custom House lock-up Liverpool. 80th day, two o'clock p.m.

Two o'clock... If I could get into an express train, I might still be in London, and at the Reform Club, before a quarter to nine this evening.

(PASSEPARTOUT, AOUDA, and FIX rush in.)

**FIX.** (*Out of breath.*) Sir, sir...forgive me...a most regrettable resemblance... real thief arrested three days ago...you...are free!

(FOGG exits with AOUDA.)

**FIX.** (*To PASSEPARTOUT.*) So, it's on to London then!

(PASSEPARTOUT turns and gives FIX an angry look. PASSEPARTOUT exits.)

**FOGG.** (*Journal.*) Forty minutes past two, Saturday, the 21st of December—the 80th day—departed for London aboard a private, high-speed train.

**THE TIMES.** The real bank thief, one James Strand, has been arrested at Edinburgh.

**ALL THE PAPERS.** So where is Phileas Fogg?

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** Is he dead?

**THE STANDARD.** “Phileas Fogg Stock” quoted at twenty to one against on the 'Change!

**AOUDA.** Five and a half hours is perfectly possible between Liverpool and London, Mr. Fogg.

**FOGG.** If the line stays clear, madam.

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** Has Fogg given up the contest, or is he pursuing his journey along the settled route?

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** Is he dead?

**THE TIMES.** On the most favourable supposition, he has scarcely reached America! According to our reckoning, he will be twenty days late!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Curse these delays! Clear the line! Clear the line!

**THE STANDARD.** Ten to one!

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** Will he appear on Saturday, the 21st of December?

**THE TIMES.** At a quarter to nine in the evening?

**MORNING CHRONICLE.** As the very god of punctuality?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Get out of our way! We're not going to make it!

**THE STANDARD.** Five to one!

**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** Phileas Fogg is dead!

*(Big Ben tolls nine o'clock. FOGG exits the train, and checks his watch against Big Ben.)*

**FOGG.** *(Journal's final entry:)* Arrived London, December 21st, nine o'clock p.m. I am fifteen minutes late. I have lost my wager.

*(On Savile Row, PASSEPARTOUT turns off his gas nozzle.)*

**AOUDA.** Oh, Jean...! Mr. Fogg is ruined!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Yes, Aouda. The remainder of his fortune is now due his fellow-members of the Reform Club. They need only endorse the cheque, and pass it through Baring's.

**AOUDA.** How truly terrible! A whole day has passed since Mr. Fogg returned to London and he hasn't left his room! I dread catastrophe! He may be considering some fatal project!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Aouda, I am quite powerless! I have not the faintest influence over my master's mind. You might—

**AOUDA.** What possible influence could I have? Mr. Fogg is proof against every influence!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** You may be right, Aouda. For the eighty days I've known him, Monsieur Fogg has betrayed not the slightest emotion. With all his feelings trapped inside...something is bound to burst.

**AOUDA.** We can only wait and see...

*(FOGG enters.)*

**FOGG.** Passepartout, I must speak to the lady for a moment.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** My master! Monsieur Fogg! Curse me, for this is all my doing! If only I had warned you of Detective Fix's intentions—!

**FOGG.** I blame no one. Go.

*(PASSEPARTOUT exits.)*

**FOGG.** Madam, can you ever forgive me for bringing you to England?

**AOUDA.** I? Forgive you, Mr. Fogg?!

**FOGG.** Please let me finish. When I conceived the idea of taking you right away from that country which had become so full of danger for you, I was a rich man, and I intended to place part of my fortune at your disposal. Your life would have been one of happy freedom. Now I am ruined.

**AOUDA.** I know, Mr. Fogg. I will ask you, in my turn, whether you can forgive me for following you, and—who knows—for having perhaps helped to ruin you by delaying your progress.

**FOGG.** You could not remain in India; your safety could only be assured by removing you far enough to be out of reach of those fanatics.

**AOUDA.** So, Mr. Fogg, not content with snatching me from the jaws of a horrible death, you thought it your duty to secure my position abroad?

**FOGG.** Yes, madam, but I have been unfortunate. However, may I have your permission to dispose in your behalf of the little I still possess?

**AOUDA.** But Mr. Fogg, what is to become of you?

**FOGG.** I have need of nothing.

**AOUDA.** But how are you going to face the future that awaits you?

**FOGG.** As it should be faced.

**AOUDA.** At all events, a man like you is beyond the reach of poverty, I suppose. Your friends—

**FOGG.** I have no friends.

**AOUDA.** Your relations, then—

**FOGG.** I have no relations left.

**AOUDA.** What?! Not one heart to share your troubles?! Then I am truly sorry for you, Mr. Fogg, for loneliness is a sad thing. Even poverty, they say, is bearable for two!

**FOGG.** So they say, madam.

**AOUDA.** Mr. Fogg, would you have at once a relation and a friend? Will you have me for your wife?

**FOGG.** I love you. Oh, yes, in the name of all that is most holy, I love you, and am yours heart and soul!

**AOUDA.** Oh! I've loved you since Calcutta, but I didn't think you'd noticed!

*(They embrace.)*

**FOGG.** Passepartout?!

*(PASSEPARTOUT, who has been eavesdropping at the door all along, enters immediately.)*

**FOGG.** Passepartout, it is five minutes past eight. Is it too late to give due notice to the Reverend Samuel Wilson of the parish of Marylebone?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** It is never too late for that. You want it to take place tomorrow?

**FOGG.** *(To AOUDA:)* Would tomorrow, Monday, do?

**AOUDA.** Yes, tomorrow, Monday.

*(PASSEPARTOUT hurries off. The GENTLEMEN are assembled about the Reform Club.)*

**ANDREW STUART.** Mr. Fogg has lost, gentlemen. He has lost a hundred times over!

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** The China arrived in Liverpool yesterday from New York; and here is the list of her passengers, published by the Shipping Gazette; Phileas Fogg's name is not there.

**THOMAS FLANAGAN.** This wager was insane!

**ANDREW STUART.** Insane or not, I expect to see you at Baring's bright and early Monday morning when we cash this check!

**RALPH GAUTHIER.** I still says it's odd. We have heard absolutely nothing of Mr. Fogg although there are telegraphs all along the route.

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** There's no telling where he could be at this moment.

**ANDREW STUART.** Well, wherever he is—he was wrong, and I was right! eh, Sullivan?

**JOHN SULLIVAN.** It would appear so.

**ANDREW STUART.** Fallentin?

**SAMUEL FALLENTIN.** Right as rain.

**ANDREW STUART.** Flanagan, Gauthier?

**THOMAS FLANAGAN & RALPH GAUTHIER.** Right again, Stuart. Absolutely. Yes, yes, yes. Quite right. *(Etc.)*

*(Out of breath, PASSEPARTOUT enters Fogg's room.)*

**FOGG.** What's the matter?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** My master... Marriage...c'est impossible...!

**FOGG.** Impossible?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Impossible...for tomorrow...

**FOGG.** Why?

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Because tomorrow...is Sunday!

**FOGG.** Monday.

**PASSEPARTOUT.** No... Today...Saturday...

**FOGG.** Saturday? Impossible!

**PASSEPARTOUT.** Mais oui! Mais oui! You made a mistake of a day! We arrived twenty-four hours before the time...but there is little time left...!

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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