

Extracts from
“AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS”
First produced April 2007, Queen’s Theatre, Hornchurch.
Dir. Bob Carlton

EXTRACT #1

RINGMASTER

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Burling Brothers' Circus company will now attempt to recreate the death defying exploits of Mr. Passepartout, as with nerves of steel, supreme skill, the reflexes of a cat..... and the patience of a saint..... he joins Phileas Fogg esquire, in his Peregrinations around the Globe!!!

General lighting state resumes.

PASSEPARTOUT

Merci! My story begins on a bright brisk morning, five years ago....

PASSEPARTOUT hops nimbly up onto the raised ring, and recreates his first stroll in London. At the same time, Actor#3 grabs a flat cap from one of the others and an "A-board" that advertises the ticket booth, flips it over to show blank faces. She swipes the papers that two of the roustabouts have left lying around and becomes a London NEWSBOY.

PASSEPARTOUT

It was my first day in London..

NEWSBOY

Extra extra....

ACTOR#2

A wonderful city...

NEWSBOY

Daring Robbery from Bank of England..

ACTOR#6

A bustling city

NEWSBOY

Huge reward for information...

ACTOR #2

A vibrant city...

NEWSBOY

Top 'Tecs Hired to find Upper Crust Crook...

PASSEPARTOUT (*Glaring at Newsboy*)

And at that time in the morning a QUIET city.

The NEWSBOY can take a hint. Silence, a beat, then...

NEWSBOY

Newsboy in unfair dismissal scandal!

He slinks off.

PASSEPARTOUT

I had had a varied, active life since I left my native Paris.

ACTOR #2

He had been a singer, waiter, circus gymnast,

ACTOR #6

...gardener, fireman, fencing master

Actors 5+4 appear through the curtain, and immediately begin to list Passepartout's accomplishments, as PASSEPARTOUT represents them in a series of poses...

ACTOR # 5

.. He'd done tightrope walking.. and floor walking..

ACTOR #4

bareback riding... and bare-knuckle boxing....

PASSEPARTOUT

Now he felt the time had come to settle. I needed calm. I craved routine. And even as I was thinking that thought...

ACTOR#6 has hopped up onto the walkway, and "become" John Foster. He is steaming furiously, head down around the ring, muttering. He collides with PASSEPARTOUT. Both go flying (both being circus performers, these are big, circus clown falls) They get up.

PASSEPARTOUT

I am so sorry M' sieur.

FOSTER

Of all the monstrous, unfeeling...

PASSEPARTOUT

M'sieur, I *said* I was sorry!

FOSTER

Oh, not you. I was talking about him! Cold as a fishmongers slab! That's what he is!

PASSEPARTOUT (*Looking around for the "invisible friend"*)

Maybe you fell on your head, M'sieur...! I see no-one

FOSTER

I'm talking about my employer. *EX* - employer.

PASSEPARTOUT

You have been dismissed?

FOSTER

No, I resigned. I couldn't take it anymore.

PASSEPARTOUT

Ah! *Je Comprends!* He was a bully?

FOSTER

Bully? Never even raised his voice.

PASSEPARTOUT

A drinker then? A gambler? Womaniser? (*shocked*) Member of Parliament?

FOSTER

No. None of them. He was perfect.

PASSEPARTOUT

Then why are you leaving him?

FOSTER.

Because he *is* ruddy perfect. See this?

He produces a long list.

FOSTER

His morning timetable! At seven twelve - no earlier, no later - he gets his morning call. Seven twenty-two, he expects to step into a bath - sixteen measured inches deep, seventy three degrees Fahrenheit. By 8.06 he's shaved and dressed, and breakfast must be on his plate at 8.20 sharp. He's had three cooks since I've been with him.

PASSEPARTOUT

And how long *have* you..

FOSTER

two weeks. Today was the last straw. He mentions - just *mentions* - that his shaving water's cold.

PASSEPARTOUT

Well, you know. Cold shaving water. Brrrr!

FOSTER

By two degrees?!! He'd measured it! With a ruddy *thermometer* - it was the last straw. Handed in my notice as of immediately! Phileas Fogg - that's not a man. That's a machine. With a clockwork motor where his soul should be! Only a madman would work for him!

PASSEPARTOUT

What is the address?

FOSTER

Seven Saville Row. (*Foster does a "take"*) You're not thinking of...

PASSEPARTOUT

At present, my friend, working for an automaton - always supposing he is a solvent automaton - would be.. what is the.. yes.. Right up my boulevard!

FOSTER

Well, if you really want the job, you'd better get a shift on. He leaves for his club at 11.31. On the dot. Every day of life!—Aaaargh!

FOSTER blunders off.

PASSEPARTOUT

I raced to Saville Row. And so it was that (*he checks his watch*) 24 minutes and 35 seconds later at...

The RINGMASTER, in his guise as FOGG, appears and stands on the central podium. PASSEPARTOUT hands the watch to him. FOGG checks it.

FOGG

....11.26 precisely.

PASSEPARTOUT

I found myself engaged as personal valet to...

FOGG

Mr Phileas Fogg Esq.

PASSEPARTOUT

Ah, the quiet settled life stretched before me. Or so I thought. And so would you think. Unless, on that morning, you had followed M'sieur Fogg to..... the Reform Club....

ACTOR#1 hops up onto the central podium . ACTOR #5, enters the ring tossing a seal's inflatable globe to PASSEPARTOUT who strikes a pose as "Atlas". Meanwhile ACTOR#5 becomes a doorman, holding out a top hat...Meanwhile, The tent entrance flaps are pulled by ropes into an elegant swag doorway. ACTOR #6 places a second podium to one side as a "card table".

PASSEPARTOUT

...Where all the talk was of...

ACTOR #3 reappears in her NEWSBOY guise.

NEWSBOY

Stop Press! Dramatic return of newsboy!

PASSEPARTOUT & DOORMAN

Not that!

NEWSBOY

(Huffy) So-rryyy. "Police still baffled by Bank Of England robbery - search still on for the Toff..... Who Pulled It Off!"

ACTOR #4 strides in as MACCLESFIELD, a self-made millionaire, buys a paper. Spotlight on RINGMASTER as he strides around the ring:

RINGMASTER

For your further entertainment, Mr. Philieas Fogg will now rise to the most extraordinary challenge, against seemingly unbeatable odds, defying all the laws of Tempus Fugit - and all without the aid of a safety net!!!!

DOORMAN/MACCLESFIELD

Shhhhhh!!!

RINGMASTER ("becoming" FOGG)

I'm so sorry.....

FOGG enters the ring with, but giving way to MACCLESFIELD. They take up positions and sit behind newspapers. The DOORMAN stands with a top-hat in his hand. ACTOR#6 hobbles to the DOORMAN as a very old man, takes the hat, and walks out shakily. He immediately turns and strides back in as Club Member LORD KESTON, handing the hat back as if he'd just arrived. MACLESFIELD and KESTON exchange greetings. KESTON sits at the "Card table".

PASSEPARTOUT (sotto)

Now, if you had been a fly on the wall that day...

There is a sharp general intake of breath. Everyone looks round. Even FOGG looks over his fractionally lowered paper. The DOORMAN beckons PASSEPARTOUT, and whispers in his ear.

PASSEPARTOUT (To Audience)

Pardon. It seems there has never been a fly in *any part* of the reform club -

The DOORMAN tuts and leaves,

PASSEPARTOUT

But if there *had* been a fly on those illustrious walls on that October day, it would have witnessed the following conversation:

MACCLESFIELD

Fifty-five thousand pounds. Terrible business. I remember when you could leave your gold watch in full view in a London bank, and it would still be there two hours later.

KESTON

I remember when the same thing could be said of one's money.. Or one's wife's jewellery... (*Beat...*) Or one's wife. Cards anyone?

EXTRACT ENDS

EXTRACT #2

RINGMASTER

And now, for your entertainment, more wonders of the Indus, as described by the redoubtable Sir Francis Cromarty - following which, an unlooked-for delay befalls Mr. Fogg, a daring rescue is assayed, and patrons are invited to wonder at the Burling Brothers' Colossal, Chimerical Cerebral Elephant!

During this speech, the ticket booth has been opened up to show all four sides, becoming a railway carriage. Lights up on this. A dapper military gent, SIR FRANCIS CROMARTY(ACTOR#5), sits in one window. FOGG takes his place in another. A GUARD (ACTOR#3) paces up and down in front.

GUARD

Ple-e-e-ase Mr. Fogg - the train is ready to depart.

FOGG

According to my watch we have another.. 67 seconds.

GUARD

Aiii!

FIX pops up in a third carriage window.

FIX

Oi, Ranjil! What's the hold up?

FOGG

Ah, Mr Fix, we meet again.

FIX

Mr Fogg. Well I never. What a coincidence....

PASSEPARTOUT bursts in, totally dishevelled and shoeless

FOGG

Ah, Passepartout. You are late. (Beat) And you have no shoes.

PASSEPARTOUT

M'sieur Fogg. What can I say? [*turns to audience*] What indeed? I explained that I, a Christian, had entered a sacred Hindu temple. In my shoes. Only my agility and blind fear, I told him, had allowed me to escape with my life from the baying mob! His response?

FOGG

Well, don't let it happen again.

PASSEPARTOUT

Rest assured, M'sieur. I will never so much as look at another temple!

FOGG

I meant don't make me late for another train. Now get aboard, there's a good fellow.

GUARD[*off*]

All aboard.... if that's all right with Mr. Fogg!

FOGG (*Checking his watch*)

Quite all right now, thank you guard!

The cast jog about and drum on the sides of the "carriage" to create the effect of a travelling train. CROMARTY look out of the window at the scenery. FOGG reads his notebook. PASSEPARTOUT is asleep, head pillowed on the carpet bag.

CROMARTY

Incredible.

FOGG

I beg your pardon?

CROMARTY

This country. Quite remarkable. In the next three days we'll see Mother India in all her guises: The Marvellous Bhuddist grottoes on Salsette Island, the breathtaking wooded peaks of the Western Ghats. Then the plains of the Khandeish with their endless plantations - grow everything there y'know - cotton, coffee, nutmeg, clove, pepper - And always the temples, sticking up everywhere like Sunday spires back home. And soon we'll be chugging through dangerous territory. Land of the thuggee. The cult's dying out, but there are still a few who know more than one use for a cravat!

FOGG

You have a very thorough knowledge of the country sir. Have you lived here long?

CROMARTY (*Holding up magazine*)

Never been here in my life. But I subscribe to the "Journal of World Travel". That's where I read about your expedition, Mr. Fogg. It... *is* Mr. Fogg, isn't it?

FOGG

It is, Mr...?

CROMARTY

Cromarty. Sir Francis Cromarty.

FOGG

But I must correct you, Sir Francis. I am not engaged upon an expedition.

CROMARTY

Not...

FOGG

I am describing a circumference. An altogether different thing.

CROMARTY

Well, a daring endeavour nonetheless. And one which could have been jeopardised by your man there. I must say I thought you were very easy on the fellow.

FOGG

I don't understand.

CROMARTY

Desecrating a Hindu temple, however innocently is looked on very seriously here. Rightly, in my view. Imagine how you'd feel, if some sightseer arrived in Westminster Abbey, and set up his picnic on the holy altar, what? No, if your chap had been apprehended, he would have been tossed into jail. And what would have happened to your timetable then?

FIX

A crime - committed on Indian soil... Oh, I've hooked him now, all right....

There is a sudden screech of brakes, and they are all thrown forward. PASSEPARTOUT slides forward and off his seat. The guard appears.

GUARD

Please to step down, Sahibs.

FOGG

No thank you. We are travelling on.

GUARD

That may be sahib. But the train is not. There is no railway.

CROMARTY

You mean we've been imagining it?

GUARD

I mean there is railway *that* way sahib... no railway *that* way. The line is not yet finished.

CROMARTY

But... it must be. Its completion was announced in the "Journal of World Travel"

GUARD

Alas, I am not responsible for what the press tells you, sir. I am responsible only for this train. The railway is *nearly* finished sir. So very nearly. There is just the small section from here to Alahabad that has yet to be joined.

PASSEPARTOUT

How small?

GUARD

Fifty miles.

CROMARTY

But ... you sell tickets from Bombay to Calcutta.

GUARD

Yes but everybody knows that they have to cross this one small section themselves.
PASSEPARTOUT scuttles off in search of transport.

FOGG

We didn't!!

GUARD

Alas, I am not responsible for passenger information, sahib. I am responsible only for this train. And you cannot expect the train to run where there are no tracks.

CROMARTY

So... how are we to get through this track-less section?

GUARD

[shrugging] Forgive me sir, this is a track-related problem, and alas, I am not responsible for the track. I am responsible...

CROMARTY/GUARD

... Only for the train!

GUARD

I trust you have no quarrel with the train?

CROMARTY

What? Er.. No. No. The train is lovely.

GUARD

Excellent. Then, may I thank you for travelling with us today, and wish you a pleasant onward journey.

GUARD exits. Taking the "carriage" with him. Leaving the abandoned passengers sitting on the edge of the ring.

CROMARTY

It's a damn shame, Fogg. What will you do?

FOGG

If there is no ox-cart available...I shall walk.

CROMARTY

But you can't. This is dangerous country.

FOGG

I have two days in hand. There is a steamer leaving Calcutta for Hong Kong in three days. I shall be on that steamer.

PASSEPARTOUT returns with ACTOR#4 as an ELEPHANT TRADER.

PASSEPARTOUT

M'sieur. There is not an ox-cart, pony-cart, donkey, dog or goat-cart to be had in this village. However, I did find this man.

CROMARTY

He can't possibly carry us all!

PASSEPARTOUT

M'sieur. I understand he is a poor elephant trader. And he will sell us an elephant for... [To DRIVER, *gesticulating*] Twenty Rupee?... No? Thirty?... More? Fifty?... [To FOGG] M'sieur?

FOGG

How does two thousand sound?

TRADER

That will do nicely, sahib.

PASSEPARTOUT

You.. you speak English? You didn't tell me!

TRADER

You did not offer me two thousand rupee.. (To FOGG) Your honour will need a driver and a guide. My cousin is first rate, and most reasonable.

FOGG

How much?

TRADER

To guide and drive the beast.. to Allahabad.... Twelve. Twelve Rupee!

FOGG

Agreed.

The TRADER turns, deftly swops turbans, and turns again. PASSEPARTOUT does a "take".

PASSEPARTOUT

You are very like your cousin.

DRIVER(in a fractionally changed voice)

It is often said.

PASSEPARTOUT

So, the business settled, the elephant..... was produced!

With great circus hoop-la, the cast assemble the makings of an elephant. The two podia are carried into centre, along with the large stepladder. the strongman's weight-bar is brought just behind, and a large canvas is draped over it. Four or five cylinders are stacked into a large tower at the front. At a given point, FOGG and CROMARTY mount the back of the stepladder, while the DRIVER mounts the front. The DRIVER hooks two rolled white parasols pointing forwards half-way up the stepladder. ACTORS #1&4 throw FOGG and CROMARTY the large Chinese fans. With a final flourish, the fans are deployed as flapping ears, the umbrella is opened to create the dome of the elephant's skull, making the tower of cylinders look like a trunk and turning the parasols into tusks, while the weight bar is lifted under the draped canvas behind to create haunches. ACTORS 1&4 begin stomping the podia as front legs, while the driver sways the umbrella gently. A trombone brays, and the elephant is on the move!. For a few moments they walk in silence....

CROMARTY

Deuced hard going Fogg, what? We've been jolted and thrown about for hours.

FOGG(consulting his watch

Nine hours and twenty two minutes, to be precise.

CROMARTY

Perhaps we should make camp. Night falls quickly in the jungle.

The lights snap out.

CROMARTY

You see?

FOGG

No, we must push on.

Another bray on the trombone. In the dark, the elephant clearly marches on. After a moment, the lights snap on. FOGG and CROMARTY are asleep. CROMARTY snaps awake, and looks around.

CROMARTY (An observation)

Ah! Morning!

FOGG (A greeting)

Morning, Cromarty.

CROMARTY

I must say I've slept better.

FOGG

Quite so. We must look terrible.

They both tip their hats a couple of degrees.

CROMARTY/FOGG

That's better.

FOGG

How much further?

DRIVER

We should be in Alahabad by evening Sahib. Should we not, my good Kiouni?

FOGG

Excellent.

Suddenly, there is an alarmed bray from the trombone. The elephants feet stagger back, the "ears" flap wildly.

DRIVER (patting the elephant's "head")

Stay, good Kiouni! Good girl....

FOGG

Is there some difficulty, driver?

Everyone quickly dismounts. ACTORS #4& 6 take the steps, the weight bars and the parasols. The DRIVER hands FOGG the umbrella and crouches behind the Trunk, now a tree. The others join him.

DRIVER

Followers of Kali! These are not people for you to meet, Sahibs!

FOGG

Kali?

CROMARTY

Goddess of Love and Death.

PASSEPARTOUT (*suddenly trepidatious*)

Love and death.

FOGG

What are they doing?

DRIVER

Preparing a funeral, Sahib. Possibly a Rajah. Very High Caste. Tomorrow at dawn his body will be burned, and regrettably, there will be a suttee.

FOGG

I'm not sure I...

CROMARTY

In a suttee ceremony, The widow is led into the pyre alive, to join her Lord in death.

FOGG

And the British administration tolerate this?

CROMARTY

The British Administration is not India, Fogg. Out here, they have little or no influence.

DRIVER

This is a rare thing, Sahib. Many Indians do not like it. *I do not like it, but here ... (he shrugs)*

FOGG

She seems remarkably calm.

CROMARTY

That is not calm, my dear fellow - that is the effect of powerful drugs.

PASSEPARTOUT

What? You mean she is not a willing participant. Is this a nation of barbarians??

The driver bridles.

DRIVER

My country is rich in culture, Sahib - a culture that was building gilded temples when your countrymen still lived in stone huts. Every Nation has its share of extremists. Some do terrible things in the name of religion..... others in the name of empire. Is it not so?

There is a silence.

FOGG

Er... Indeed. Still - we surely cannot leave this woman to her fate?

CROMARTY

I can't see what else can be done, Fogg. I only hope those drugs are sufficiently strong...

DRIVER ("*returning*" to the elephant)

Come.. we can still reach Alahabad by nightfall. The Sahib would have it so, yes.

ACTOR #3 leaves (to become AOUDA). CROMARTY and PASSEPARTOUT go to follow.

FOGG

Wait.... We will stay at least until dawn. Perhaps we can devise some way to help this unfortunate woman.

PASSEPARTOUT and CROMARTY dumbfounded.

CROMARTY

So, Fogg. You do have a heart after all?

FOGG

No, Sir Francis. I have a day in hand. That is a far more useful commodity.

The men break up the elephant's "trunk" and sit on the component cylinders. FOGG's hat goes onto a central one. PASSEPARTOUT produces red and yellow silk handkerchiefs from his pocket and arranges them into a "fire", around which they all gather.

PASSEPARTOUT

We talked through the night, looked at dozens of possibilities...

There is a short sequence in which each of the men has an idea, and then rejects it.

CROMARTY

But as a cold, sickly light began to seep into the clearing, we had to face facts. No workable plan had presented itself.

Unnoticed, PASSEPARTOUT slips away...

CROMARTY

Come along Fogg, old man. There's nothing more we can do.

FOGG

Very well. Passepartout? Passepartout?

They notice PASSEPARTOUT's absence.

CROMARTY

He must have returned to the camp already. Sensible chap - if a little lacking in moral fibre. Let's follow his lead.

The men pick up the cylinders, and turn to go. Suddenly CROMARTY hisses:

CROMARTY

Fogg! Look!

The men look upstage, where a shadow screen has been erected. Lit red and flickering from behind, this reveals the figures of the dead raja (ACTOR #1) laid out, and the widow (ACTOR#3) being dragged to the pyre by ACTOR#6. CROMARTY and FOGG place their cylinders on the ring to suggest "temple columns", and hide behind them.

FOGG

So it has begun.

The music grows. The WOMAN, staggering, feebly resisting, is led up to the pyre. She tries to break free, but is caught and dragged back. The music rises in intensity. Suddenly an arm rises straight up from the pyre. Everything stops. Another arm rises. The dead RAJAH is moving. The priest assumes an attitude of horror. The rajah slowly rises, He stands. The priest falls to his knees, the girl forgotten. Suddenly the RAJAH, sweeps the girl into his arms. The shadow light goes out.

FOGG

Well, Cromarty?

CROMARTY

They never mentioned this in the Journal of World Travell!!

FOGG

Good Lord.. He's coming this way!!

The curtain parts, and the "Rajah" emerges with the girl in his arms.

"RAJAH"

Msieur? Msieur Fogg?

FOGG (Dumbfounded)

Passepartout?!?? How the devil did you....?

PASSEPARTOUT

I was once a fireman, Msieur!

Behind them, we hear yells of fury.

PASSEPARTOUT (urgently)

M' sieur, a gentleman always knows when it is time to leave the party. You are a gentleman. Is now that time??

FOGG

I should say.... yes.

They all run, ACTOR 6 emerges as as a BRAHMIN PRIEST. He gives chase. ACTORS #2&5 swiftly and briefly swop their hats for turbans to back up the pursuing priest and the chase continues for a few moments. Then PASSEPARTOUT finally emerges alone, to be quickly rejoined by FOGG and CROMARTY. He hands the still drowsy girl to CROMARTY and FOGG, strips off his Rajah gown, and returns to narration.

PASSEPARTOUT

We rejoined our elephant and driver, and made all haste to Allahabad, "The City of God" - Myself, M'sieur Fogg, Sir Francis, the Driver...And the almost late widow of the late Rajah

EXTRACT ENDS

EXTRACT #3

Mr. Fogg and his travelling companions, now including Mr. Fix, have chartered the tramp steamer "Henrietta" to get them from New York to Liverpool...

FIX *looking distainfully round the boat)*

Mr Fogg was right. The "Henrietta" was not large, and she certainly wasn't luxurious.

I'd call it a tramp steamer, but it would do a disservice to tramps!

FOGG

I apologise, Madam, for the.. lack of amenities.

AOUDA

If it weren't for you and Mr. Passepartout, I would not be here at all, Mr, Fogg. I'm sure I can tolerate a little discomfort on your account.

FOGG smiles. AUODA sits on the walkway ring. FIX stands, looking out.

PASSEPARTOUT

Something had been bothering me for some time, and I resolved, come what may, to raise the matter with my master.

He approaches FOGG

PASSPARTOUT

She is a fine lady, M'sieur, is she not? Miss Aouda?

FOGG

She is indeed.

PASSPARTOUT

Then why, if I may be so bold, do you treat her so badly?

FOGG

Treat her... How dare you!!!

PASSEPARTOUT

You are cold, M'sieur. The more she tries to reach out, the more you seem to draw away.

FOGG

You go too far!!!

PASSEPARTOUT

And you do not go far enough, M'sieur!! Colonel Proctor was right. You are a... a yellow-bellied coward.

FOGG

Passepartout. You overstep your bounds! You are *dismissed*, sir!!

PASSEPARTOUT

You are brave in so many things. Every day you take risks that leave me open mouthed with admiration. And still I say you are a coward. Oh, with life and limb, m'sieur, you are bold...

With a swift movement, he reaches into Fogg's breast pocket and brings out his Wallet.

PASSEPARTOUT

And with this - with this you are even *reckless* - but with this.... (*Poking FOGG in the heart*) you will not hazard even a little! *Alors*, here you have a beautiful young lady who wants to be part of your life, but she cannot, because you will not open this even so much. Because you have been hurt before, you trust no-one. Because you are afraid to love, you have built around yourself a thick wall of routines and timetables and habits and there you stay, safe - but alone, alone and always *en garde!* And so long as you keep your heart locked up like a miser's gold, m'sieur, though it may beat in perfect time with your precious Merrick and Cranwell chronometer, you will never truly *live*...So now - dismiss me if you must, but Passepartout has said what he must say!

PASSEPARTOUT turns on his heel to walk away. But everywhere he turns on this ship he is blocked. He stops and turns to the audience.

PASSEPARTOUT

Mon dieu. You have no idea how hard it is to make the grand dramatic exit upon a small ship.

He sits, with great dignity, on the ring, and looks pointedly away from FOGG. FOGG ponders the sea a moment, then approaches AOUA. As he does, she gets up, gives him the most cursory smile, and joins FIX on the ring. FOGG walks away, troubled.

PASSEPARTOUT

We made excellent headway for the first few days. Even when the wind got up and was against us, that gallant little ship kept on. When a wave was too high she would drive "*Pooooosh*" - straight through it. But the winds became gales, that raged and battered her. M'sieur Fogg demanded...

FOGG

More steam Captain, if you please!!!

PASSEPARTOUT

But by December eighteenth, The truth was plain enough. We were losing time. And time was too precious to lose.

FOGG

More Steam. We must have more steam.

The SKIPPER leans out of the Wheelhouse and calls to FOGG.

SKIPPER

Lord knows we've tried, Mr. Fogg. But it simply can't be done.

FOGG

I believe it can. Just keep the fires heaped, and the valves open.

SKIPPER

That's why I came to see you sir. We've been running on full steam for the whole voyage, and paid the price in fuel. There's nothing but slag and coal dust left. Another hour - and we'll have to shut down the boilers, and go to sail.

FOGG

Oh... I see. Then you are right. It's all up.

He sits down. For the first time, he looks defeated. He even takes his hat off.

FOGG

It's all up.

AOUDA

Mr. Fogg?

PASSEPARTOUT

M'sieur?

FOGG

I can't fight it any more. I thought I could but I can't..

AOUDA

Oh Mr. Fogg...Philiias

She sits beside him.. She puts her hand on his shoulder. Without thinking he grasps it and kisses it. She touches his face. Suddenly she stands, and turns to the SKIPPER.

AOUDA

Captain, this vessel - The hull is metal, but the decks, the fittings - they are all wooden are they not?

SKIPPER

Most of them, yes, but...

AOUDA

Mr. Fogg. Would you lend me a sum of money?

FOGG

My dear lady. I don't quite....

AOUDA

I am asking you, as a gentleman, to lend me a sum of money. At any interest you choose.

FOGG

This seems hardly the time....

AUODA

Yes or no, Mr Fogg?

FOGG

How.. how much?

AOUDA (To the CAPTAIN)

How much?

SKIPPER

Eh?

AOUDA

To buy the "Henrietta". How much?

SKIPPER

You want to *buy* her?

AOUDA

I do. At least until we reach Liverpool. After we dock, you may take back the hull, the engine, and whatever is left.

SKIPPER

What do you mean - "Whatever is left"?

AUODA

Everything else we will burn, to keep the boilers fed and the engine at full steam.

PASSEPARTOUT

Sacre bleu! C'est Genius!!

FOGG (lost in admiration)

Madam!.. Aouda!.. Darling!

AOUDA (To Captain)

Agreed?

SKIPPER

Aye aye Cap'n. I mean - *Ma'am!!*

FOGG

Passepartout....

PASSEPARTOUT

Please, M'sieur, let us not dwell on the past. May I consider myself reemployed?

FOGG

I'd be honoured if you would, sir!

The whole cast (as SAILORS) begin to dismantle the built ship. The red light gets stronger, and the noise of the engine gets louder. PASSEPARTOUT, FIX and FOGG all have their jackets off. Most prominently, FOGG and AOUDA are side by side, working in perfect tandem.

PASSEPARTOUT

Deckhouses, cabins, berths, partitions, all were sacrificed at the altar of speed... When they were gone, we burned the masts, the booms, and the spars. Even the sails were cut up and piled into the boilers. By the time we sighted the Irish coast, there was little left of the heroic "*Henrietta*" Barely afloat. She used the last of her steam to limp into the Liverpool Docks.

The CREW exits. AOUA hands the CAPTAIN a hoop - all that is left of the Henrietta...

CAPTAIN

... Henrietta.. love... What have they done to you....

He walks off, wiping away a secret tear..

PASSEPARTOUT

...But the gallant little steamer had not died in vain. She had left my Master with nine hours to reach his appointment at the reform club.

FIX

Well, that was quite a trip!

FOGG

Indeed it was, Mr Fix. Indeed it was! Still, we haven't a moment to waste - the express train leaves for London in a few minutes.

PASSEPARTOUT and AOUA leave.

FIX

That's excellent. Just a pity you won't be on it.

FOGG

Excuse me?

FIX

Because this, Mr. Phileas - so called - Fogg, (He produces warrant) is a warrant for your arrest! You're nicked, chummy!

EXTRACT ENDS