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SF PERUSALS

Around the World in Eighty Days

A musical

Book, Music and Lyrics by Phil Willmott

Additional music and arrangements
by Annemarie Lewis Thomas

Freely adapted from the novel by Jules Verne

Samuel French — London
New York - Toronto - Hollywood



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AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

Originally commissioned and produced by Caroline Routh for Tom Morris and Battersea Arts Centre, London, on 30th November 2001, with the following cast:

Jean Passepartout	Timothy Mitchell
Phileas Fogg	Bill Ward
Princess Auoda	Rae Baker
Captain Fix	Phil Willmott
Miss Fotherington	Jane Lucas
Katy O'Flathery	Chevaun Marsh
Hitch — A Mormon Preacher	Simon Greenhill
Queen Victoria	Shirley Barr
Prime Minister Disraeli	Alan Atkins
Sherlock Holmes	Nick Smithers
Barnum	Nick Smithers
Dr Watson	Paul Oliver
Jessie James	Paul Oliver

The Rest of the world played by Ed Jaspers, Angela Michaels, Sarah Ratheram, Joseph Wicks, Jordan Saflor, Amy Ip, Natalie Tapper, Emma Thornett, Stephanie Tavernier, Sarah Lawn, Holly Boothby, Chantal Bell

Directed by Phil Willmott with Catriona McLaughlin
Musical direction by Annemarie Lewis Thomas
Choreographed by Jack Gunn
Set and lighting designed by Hansjorg Schmidt
Costume designed by Andri Korniotis
Puppet design and direction by Mervyn Millar
Sound designed by Adam Keeper

CHARACTERS

This show was originally performed by a cast of twenty-three but would easily be presented with half that number if the actors double.

The Mayor
Citizens of Greenwich
Journalists
Phileas Fogg
Passepartout
Captain James Fix
The Master of Ceremonies: at the Moulin Rose, Paris
Katy O'Flathery: a cabaret singer
Helga
Sheila
Yuki
Trudy
Pam
Svetlana
Morag
} Katy's international all-girl revue
Kitchen and Waiting staff: at The Moulin Rose
A Parisian Station Porter
Queen Victoria
Prime Minister Disraeli
Sherlock Holmes
Dr Watson
Dr Livingstone
Stanley, his friend
The Concierge: at the Bombay Hilton
Princess Aouda
Two Ticket Collectors: on the India Railway
Eugene: an elephant
Indian Priests
Funeral Dancers
Chinese Dragon Dancers
Miss Fotherington: a missionary
A Circus Barker
Interpreter: of the Circus Barker
Mrs Chang: an opium seller

Opium Dealers
Phineas T. Barnum: a circus proprietor
Jesse James: an outlaw
James's Gang
A Wild West Saloon Hostess
Tammy Lou
Tammy Lou's All Girl USA revue
Guard: on the Union Pacific railroad
Hitch: Mormon polygamist
Hitch's Mormon wives
A Cowardly Porter
A Liverpudlian Detective
A Liverpudlian Policeman
A Sailor's Wife
Other Sailors and their Wives

The action takes place at various stops around the world

Time — 1873

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

No. 1	**Overture/Eighty Days**	Company
No. 2	**Around the World With Katy's Girls**	Katy and Her Girls
No. 3	**Passepartout**	Passepartout, Katy and Company
No. 5	**The Maharaja's Child**	Aouda
No. 6	**Bang!**	Captain Fix
No. 7	**Jungle Honeymoon**	Passepartout, Fogg
No. 8	**The Nizam**	Company
No. 9	**Passepartout — Reprise**	Passepartout and Company

ACT II

No. 11	**Sorry Dragon**	Passepartout and Aouda
No. 12	**The Luxuriant Brew**	Captain Fix, Mrs Chang and Opium Dealers
No. 12b	**The Water is Wide** (traditional)	Sailors
No.13	**What Do I Love?**	Fogg and Aouda
No. 14	**Jungle Honeymoon — Reprise**	Passepartout
No. 16	**Around the States with Tammy's Dames**	Tammy Lou and Show Girls
No. 17	**Life Here in the Wilderness**	Hitch and Wives
No. 20	**How Was I to Know/The Water is Wide**	Aouda and Company
No. 21	**Finale (Passepartout)**	Company
No. 22	**Bows and Finale**	Company

Vocal score and bandparts are available on hire from Samuel French Ltd

PRODUCTION NOTES

In the original London production the theatre environment was transformed into a huge railway station lost property and left luggage office. There were stacks of trunks, suitcases, umbrellas and junk piled high. The colours were predominately warm and sepia. By contrast, the many props, puppets, bits of scenery and sometimes actors who emerged from this luggage were brightly coloured.

In the spectacular Liverpool Playhouse Production the stage looked like the inside of a giant Victorian pocket watch with the wheels and cogs turning to show the passing of time.

But however you decide to design the set each individual location can be presented very simply by moving suitcases, trunks, etc. to suggest train carriages, boats, piers, etc. The show was written so that it could be staged as economically as possible. It is important that you move between scenes quickly so as not to lose the momentum of the piece through long scene changes. Where scene changes are indicated do not black-out the lights but switch to a darker lighting state so that the audience can watch the company scurrying around creating the next setting. Sometimes the characters from the new scene can begin their dialogue whilst the characters from the previous scene are moving off. For instance, the lines announcing the passing of time can be given whilst the stage is being reset.

Use lots of background sound effects to create the locations. For example, the soft tinkle of Indian music in the Indian scenes, Chinese music in China and so on.

The costumes should be naturalistic and period 1873.

This show was originally performed by a multi-racial cast.

Phil Willmott

"As you're trudging through the day
Living life in shades of grey
Just close your eyes
Imagine that you're there!"

To my Parents
with love

ACT I

SCENE 1

1873

There is a podium set C. *There are stacks of trunks, suitcases, umbrellas and junk piled high. The colours are predominately warm and sepia. During the play, props, puppets, bits of scenery and actors will emerge from the luggage. All the scenery and props will be brightly coloured by contrast. There is a higher level at the back of the stage with a doorway underneath*

A bright and breezy Overture begins (**No.1**)

During the Overture, the Company, including Captain Fix and the Mayor, enters greeting each other

A banner unfurls which reads "The adventure starts here"

On the final notes of the Overture, there is a crack of thunder and everyone puts up an umbrella. The Company, miserable in the rain, sing on an "ah"

No 1. Eighty Days

Voice 1 (*singing*) Ev'rybody dreams of a little adventure
Voice 2 To feel the sun on your back and the wind in your hair
Voice 3 As you're trudging through the day
Voice 4 Living life in shades of grey
All Just close your eyes, imagine you are there
(*Loudly*) Anywhere!

The Company put their umbrellas down

(*Speeding up*) Where love and adventure
Wait at the corner
By a magic lagoon in a tropical haze
There are mountains and a beach
Mighty oceans in your reach
Can you get there but be home in eighty days?

Voice 5 Wouldn't it be perfect
Just to pack and leave today?
Voice 6 But only if I knew I could
Be home for Christmas Day.
Voice 7 I couldn't leave my job though
Voice 8 And I'd miss my little cat
All But eighty days adventuring?
I really fancy that!

Everybody dreams of a little adventure
To feel the sun on your back and the wind in your hair
As you're trudging through the day
Living life in shades of grey
Just close your eyes, imagine that you're there.

The music continues to underscore

Phileas Fogg arrives with Passepartout at his side. Fogg is handsome but imposing. Passepartout looks friendly, fun and eager to please. He speaks with a French accent

They stand with the Mayor on the podium. Everybody waves little Union Jack flags

The Mayor Welcome to Greenwich, Mr Fogg. And may I say how honoured we all are that you're starting out on your extraordinary adventure from here.

Journalist 1 Mr Fogg, I'm from the *Herald*, there's so many rumours around. Can you confirm that you've bet your entire fortune that you can travel around the world in eighty days?

Fogg It's absolutely true.

Journalist 2 But why would you risk everything?

Fogg Because when an English gentleman is serious about a wager, then he is very serious indeed. This is 1873; now that the Pan-American railway has opened up I can see no reason at all why I shouldn't be back here amongst you at twenty-one-hundred hours — nine o'clock on Christmas Day. Having of course circumnavigated the world in a mere eighty days in honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Crowd God bless her!

Fogg Why, if man ever conquers the air he'll be able to do it even quicker.

Captain Fix emerges from the crowd. He is a swaggering but rather greasy aristocrat

Fix Poppycock! Stuff and nonsense! I know every God-forsaken corner of this wretched little planet and I tell you, it's impossible. You'll need to take trains, steamships, sail boats; even elephants — the timetables across several continents would need to match up exactly in order for you to succeed.

Fogg All taken into account, sir, it's simply a question of careful planning, calculation and trust in Bradshaw's indispensable volume of international timetables. Everything has been planned down to the finest detail.

Passepartout It's true. I've watched my master work everything out. Eighty days? Pah! If he wanted to, he could do it in two weeks!

The crowd laughs at his enthusiasm

Fogg (*drily*) Thank you, Passepartout. My valet exaggerates of course, but you see how confident we are. However, you have touched on the one thing that worries me.

Voice in Crowd What's that, Mr Fogg?

Fogg I am absolutely terrified of elephants.

Everyone laughs

Nevertheless, this evening will find us in Paris. This first scheduled stop on our historic journey.

Fix slopes back into the crowd

Crowd (*singing*) What a man, what a god
What a modern day hero
What a dream to have had
What a challenge to face
(*Softly*) And if I wasn't busy here
Then of course I'd volunteer
(*Loudly*) Hoorah for Fogg, for going in my place.

A spotlight comes up on Passepartout. Everyone else goes into slow motion

Passepartout I'm Monsieur Fogg's new servant
I started yesterday.
He promised me adventure
Et voilà! We're on our way!
I'll make the job work out,
Won't mess up like I used to do
Whereever fate may take us
He can count on Passepartout.

The scene comes back to life. The spotlight fades on Passepartout

All Ev'rybody dreams of a little adventure
To feel the sun on your back and the wind in your hair
As you're trudging through the day
Living life in shades of grey
Just close your eyes, imagine that you're there.
Anywhere!
Where love and excitement
Wait at the corner
By a magic lagoon in a tropical haze
There are mountains and a beach
Mighty oceans in your reach
Can you get there but ——

Big finish

Be home in eighty days?

Black-out

SCENE 2

A spotlight comes up on Fix

Fix Telegram to Barings Bank, London from Captain James Fix. Instruct you wager all my remaining funds on Phileas Fogg failing to complete his round the world challenge. Stop. I shall be attending to the matter personally. (*He laughs nastily*)

Black-out

A spotlight comes up on a suitcase. The suitcase opens to reveal a model can-can dancer. This indicates that action has now moved to Paris

SCENE 3

The spotlight swings from the can-can dancer to light a Parisian Master of Ceremonies

MC *Mesdames et Messieurs,* ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Moulin Rose, Paris's premier night-club for the lonely businessman. Without

further ado please welcome on to the stage our troupe of international beauties led by that chanteuse of the Champs-Elysées —Mademoiselle Katy O'Flathery.

The MC exits

Katy and Girls clatter into position in the darkness. Katy is wearing a preposterous Irish National Costume

The Lights come up on Katy and the Girls

No. 2. Around the World With Katy's Girls

Katy (*singing*) When I was young in Donegal
I dreamed of Paris, France
Where there were men who, I had heard,
Enjoyed artistic dance. (*Bump*)
I packed a small shillelagh
And I hailed a passing ship
Aboard were girls from ev'rywhere
All making that same trip.

Soon my friends from ev'ry nation
Joined my Paris dance sensation
"Round the World with Katy's Girls".
Marcel Proust to Gustav Eiffel
All drop in to get an eyeful
Round the world with Katy's girls

A vamp begins

So who will be your girl tonight?
Let's help you to decide

The Girls line up and introduce themselves

Svetlana Svetlana, I'm from Moscow
Won't you try my troika ride?
Helga I'm Helga from Bavaria
I'll be your special *frau.*
Yuki I'm Yuki, "want some eastern fun"?
Well, I can show you how!

Pam I'm Pam from Alabama,
Won't you sit me on your knee?
Sheila I'm Sheila from Australia,
The Penal Colony!

Music goes back to vamp

Trudy I'm Trudy from the tropics
And I'll keep you sizzling!
Morag I'm Morag, I'm from Scotland
Would you like a Highland fling?
All Make a first-class reservation
To your favourite destination
Round the world with Katy's girls
Pack a toothbrush and pyjamas
Reykjavik to the Bahamas
Round the world with Katy's girls

Round the world with Katy's
Round the world with Katy's
Round the world with Katy's girls

Black-out

Scene 4

The Lights come up immediately

Members of the Company re-arrange props to represent the Girls' dressing-room

Katy and her Girls are re-applying their make-up and massaging their tired feet, etc.

Sveltana It's dead out there tonight. A couple of scruffy artists, a few sailors and four drunken farmers up from the country.

The Master of Ceremonies bursts in

MC Come on, girls. I don't pay you to sit around gossiping. I want you out on that dance floor. I've got some lonely customers out there who want some female company with their flat champagne.

He exits

Sheila Chin up, girls, you never know who might walk in.
Helga That's true but you can take a pretty good guess.
Pam I wish I could meet someone nice like you did, Katy.
Trudy Yeah, but she sent him packing, didn't she?! Wasn't good enough for her.
Katy (*trying to convince herself*) I want someone better than some scruffy Charlie that can't hold down a job from one week to the next.
Helga But he was funny though ...
Pam And romantic ...
Yuki And kind of cute ...
Katy And he left Paris six months ago tonight, promising to make our fortune and I haven't heard a word from him since.

Passepartout bursts in

Passepartout Hallo, girls!
Girls Passepartout!

The Girls mob Passepartout. Katy remains distant

Passepartout (*to Katy*) And how's my favourite girl?
Katy (*spikey*) I'm very well. Thank you very much for asking. Why didn't you write to me?
Passepartout I didn't want to write until I had some good news to tell you.
Katy And ...
Passepartout Oh, baby, you're looking at a made man. (*He sings*)

No. 3 Passepartout

This time it's gonna be so diff'rent from before
Goodbye to scraping by
So long to being poor.
In eighty days you're going to see
There's no reason
Why you shouldn't be my baby.
I know I haven't been much of a catch before
I know you said you wanted more
But I'm changing
Rearranging
Look who's coming through
Passepartout
Passepartout
Passepartout!

Katy

I've heard it all before
I'm sick of your schemes
I'm tired of being broke
And living on dreams
I want more, I can't carry on like this
Don't think you can win me round
With your codswallop.

Passepartout

Maybe you've heard of an intrepid Englishman
Racing around the world,
At least that is the plan.
See, he's got to get home by Christmas Day
Or he loses ev'rything
That he has wagered.
He's planned it brilliantly, the route, the time, the speed.
England has bet he will succeed.
You're observant
Who's his servant?
I'll give you a clue
Passepartout
Passepartout
Passepartout!

It's going to make me famous
I'll make you proud.
We'll take a carriage ride
And wave at the crowd.
They'll start cheering when I propose to you
What's that face for? Baby,
I'm not fibbing this time.

The Girls try to lighten Katy's mood by catching her up in a dance. Eventually she can't hold out any longer and she joins in, delighted to be reunited with Passepartout

The Waiters and kitchen staff of the Moulin Rose tumble in. They carry trays and saucepans. They are happy to see Passepartout

Passepartout greets them excitedly

There is a hub-bub of conversation — "Passepartout! Welcome back! Where have you been? Good to see you my friend!" etc.

Dance break. Passepartout and Katy lead everyone in a parade. They are carried shoulder high. Everyone else bangs and clatters trays and saucepans, etc. in time to the music

All This time it's gonna be so different to before
Goodbye to scraping by
So long to being poor
In eighty days you're going to see
There's no reason
Why he shouldn't be your baby
I know he hasn't been much of a catch before
I know you said you wanted more.

Girls So he's changing
Rearranging
Look who's coming through

Passepartout Passepartout
Passepartout
Passepartout!

Men Phileas Fogg's
Devoted slave
His servant, friend and crew

All Passepartout
Passepartout
Passepartout!

Passepartout Coming through
Coming through
Coming through

All (*half time*) Passepartout
Passepartout
Passepar ——

Passepartout (*speaking*) *Zut alors!* I have to find Monsieur Fogg a copy of the London *Times* by precisely 08.34 or I'm out of a job.

Passepartout rushes out then immediately rushes back in. He pecks Katy on the cheek

(*Singing*) I love you!

Black-out

Scene 5

There is the sound of a railway station in Paris

The Lights come up on Captain Fix. He rubs his hands together with pleasure before laughing nastily and disappearing into the crowd

Members of the Company cross the stage as passengers, carrying luggage

One of the Company announces to the audience, " October, ninth. Seventy-seven days to go"

Fogg enters. He is followed by Passepartout arguing with a Parisian Railway Porter. Passepartout carries a carpet bag

Passepartout This is absolutely ridiculous. I did not cancel my master's reservation for this train.

Porter Well somebody did, monsieur. And now there are no seats left.

Passepartout But you don't understand, it's very important that we are on that train.

Porter I'm sorry, sir, but the train is full and as you cancelled your reservation ...

Passepartout But I'm telling you I did no such thing!

The Porter shrugs and waves his flag

Fix crosses the stage, tips his hat to Fogg and exits

Fogg doesn't notice Fix

There is the sound of the train leaving

Passepartout What are we going to do, master? We'll miss our ferry connection now!

Fogg (*completely calm*) Yes, Passepartout, I realize that. I'll take over now, thank you very much. (*To the Porter*) My dear fellow, you seem an ingenious sort of chap. Tell me, if you were a man of some means and you needed to beat that train to its destination, what would you do?

Porter It is quite impossible, monsieur. There is not another train until midday tomorrow.

Fogg But, if you were a man of some *considerable* means ...

Passepartout (*clutching the carpet bag*) We've got a big bag of money!

Fogg Yes, thank you, Passepartout.

Porter You could have all the money in the world but the only way to beat the train would be if you could go directly over the Alps rather than following the snaking railway track it's ... Just a minute, did you say considerable means?

Fogg I did.
Porter Then, I think I should take you to meet the love of my life.
Passepartout You buffoon! Mr Fogg has no time to meet pretty girls.
Porter Perhaps you'd like to see a picture of her. (*He holds out a picture*)

Passepartout and Fogg look at the picture and exchange glances

Passepartout I see what you mean. What a beauty.
Porter She's yours for the right price.
Fogg What *is* the going rate for a hot air balloon? I'll double it.

The Lights change

SCENE 6

The exchange between Disraeli and Queen Victoria is tightly lit

During the following, in the surrounding darkness, an open laundry or costume basket with sandbags attached is set and Fogg and Passepartout climb into it. Members of the Company take their positions for SCENE 7

There is a blast of music (**No.4**)

Disraeli enters

Voice (*off*) Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria enters

Queen Victoria Prime Minister Disraeli.
Disraeli I came as soon as I could, Marm.
Queen Victoria I hear there've been extraordinary developments. A fever of gambling is sweeping the Empire.
Disraeli It would seem so, Marm.
Queen Victoria Phileas Fogg is attempting to cross Europe in a hot air balloon.
Disraeli So I believe, your Majesty.
Queen Victoria I cannot condone gambling, Mr Disraeli.
Disraeli Of course not, your Majesty.
Queen Victoria But, Mr Disraeli.
Disraeli Yes, your Majesty?
Queen Victoria Here's one hundred guineas. Please wager it on Mr Fogg succeeding.

The lighting begins to change

They exit

Scene 7

The following sequence should run without any breaks for scenery changes, etc. The different locations should be suggested with lights and physical action, perhaps as described below

The Company stand around the basket holding birds on sticks and open umbrellas painted with clouds

As the Lights come up fully, one of the birds perches on the edge of the basket

Passepartout (*to the bird*) Shoo! Shoo!

The bird "flies" off

Master, I cannot find the instruction booklet that our friend said would be in the basket.

Fogg It's perfectly simple, Passepartout; if you wish the balloon to go higher you drop one of the sandbags like so. (*He drops one of the sandbags*)

The actors lower the umbrella clouds giving the impression that the balloon is rising

If you wish to move forward you simply pull on the gas like this. (*He reaches up and mimes pulling a lever*)

There is the sound of a blast of gas. The clouds all move accordingly as if the balloon is moving through them

Passepartout This is fun! Where are we now, boss?

Fogg According to my calculations, when the cloud clears we should be able to land in Switzerland.

The umbrella clouds cover Fogg and Passepartout so that the balloon can be unobserved

During the following, unseen, some very Spanish Dancers enter and join Fogg and Passepartout in the basket

Sherlock Holmes and Watson enter. Sherlock Holmes reads a newspaper

Holmes Good heavens, Watson!

Watson What is it, Holmes? Another outrage in the baffling case of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*?

Holmes I'm afraid it's worse than that, old friend. Fogg should be over the Alps by now.
Watson Has there been a hiccup?
Holmes I'm afraid so.
Watson Well, conditions are very cloudy. I expect their co-ordinates are out a couple of degrees.
Holmes I'm afraid the geographical error was a little more elementary, my dear Watson.

The umbrella clouds move to one side to reveal Fogg, Passepartout and the Spanish Dancers

Dancer Welcome to Madrid, Señor Fogg.
Passepartout (*stamping*) *¡Olé!*

Fogg glares at him

Black-out

Immediately the Lights come up on a model balloon high above the set. The umbrella clouds move to obscure the basket once more

When the basket is obscured, the Dancers exit and a Gondolier enters the balloon unseen

Fogg (*voice only*) There's a fair wind today. We should be well on course to make Tunisia by suppertime.

The Lights fade on the balloon and return to the previous state. The clouds part to reveal Fogg and Passepartout talking to a Gondolier

Gondolier (*singing*) Welcome to Venice
In Italy.
(*Speaking*) *Buon Giorno*, Mister Fogg! You want some nice ravioli for your supper?

The umbrella clouds move to obscure the basket. Unobserved, Fogg and Passepartout climb out of the basket and the basket is cleared away

The Gondolier exits with the basket

The Lights darken

There are jungle noises

Livingstone, a ragged English explorer, and Stanley enter. They greet one another

Stanley Doctor Livingstone, I presume.
Livingstone At last you've found me, Stanley. How extraordinary to see someone outside of the tribe. I've been cut off from the rest of the world for an age now. Give me some news from dear old England, I beg of you.
Stanley They say Phileas Fogg aims to land in Libya today.
Livingstone God bless him.

They exit

The umbrella clouds move apart to reveal Fogg and Passepartout

Some Greek Dancers enter

Fogg and Passepartout watch as they pass by

A Tour Guide enters

Tour Guide Welcome to Athens. You want for me to give you a tour of the Acropolis?

The Lights change

Passepartout, Fogg, the Greek Dancers and Tour Guide rush off. The Company with the clouds also exit

The sand dance music

Katy appears in a spotlight reading a postcard

Egyptian sand dancers enter behind Katy and pass by

Katy (*reading*) "*Ma chère* Katy. At last we have arrived in Suez, Egypt and have had a stroke of extraordinary luck. The captain of a powerful new steam ship has guaranteed to help us arrive in India on schedule. This time next week we shall be in Bombay!"

She exits

There is a cymbal crash and a shaft of light hits a suitcase. It opens to reveal a beautiful little pop-up Taj Mahal

A few props are quickly rearranged to represent the hotel lobby

Fogg and Passepartout enter and wait C. *At the same time an Announcer enters*

Announcer Thirteenth, October. Seventy-three days to go!

The Lights change

The Announcer exits

Scene 8

A hotel Concierge, magnificently dressed in white and gold and wearing a turban, enters and bows

Concierge Welcome to the Bombay Hilton, esteemed European guests. We had heard that you may be a day or so later than you planned.

Fogg Certainly not. What an extraordinary idea! Everything should be according to our reservation. You have set aside your London suite I believe. I hear it has been decorated to resemble the Reform Club in Pall Mall. After weeks of staying in the most regrettable circumstances, that will be most acceptable.

Concierge I'm afraid there has been a change to your room allocation, Mr Fogg. You see we had heard you were detained for a few days, the suite of rooms is one of our largest and we received an urgent request from an Indian royal family. As you'll understand, a royal visit requires sufficient space to also accommodate a significant entourage so we took the liberty of offering the party the London suite. Happily, however, we are able to accommodate you in our beautiful Maharaja rooms. Although somewhat smaller the suite is lavishly appointed in the style of an Indian palace. I trust you will find it a more than adequate substitute.

Fogg pointedly takes off his top hat and passes it to Passepartout. He knows this means trouble

Passepartout Uh-oh!

Fogg I'm afraid I have no desire to be surrounded by the trappings of an Indian palace. My servant will tell you that I am not a great enthusiast of foreign travel. I do not indulge in sightseeing, I do not sample local delicacies, and I do not enjoy displays of colourful local customs. I don't doubt that others find them most diverting. I, however, prefer to seek an environment as close as possible to that which I enjoy at home, where I may play at whist and partake of the menu I have enjoyed for the past thirty-five years. Tonight, being Thursday, I look forward to my usual Thursday dinner of boiled fish with Reading sauce, roast beef garnished with mushrooms, rhubarb and gooseberry tart ——

Passepartout — and a slice of Cheshire cheese.

Fogg All of which I trust you will be able to provide.

Concierge With some difficulty, sir, but I believe so.

Fogg Excellent. And your London suite sounds exactly the environment in which to enjoy it. I am not an unreasonable man. I shall be studying my Bradshaw's universal timetable here in your lobby for the next half an hour, which will, I trust, be sufficient time for you to clear my room. Please give its current occupants my sincerest regards and I trust they will enjoy the local splendour of your Maharaja suite. Should any member of the party wish to discuss the matter further they will find me over there. That will be all. Thank you. (*He turns and settles down with a book*)

The Concierge bows, sighs to himself, and moves off

Passepartout attempts to sneak out behind Fogg's back as he reads

Fogg Passepartout.

Passepartout Yes, sir!

Fogg Where are you going?

In the background, the young and beautiful Princess Aouda enters with the Concierge. The Concierge points to Fogg and the Princess smiles in response. The Concierge bows and moves off. The Princess observes the following exchange

Passepartout Well, I thought I'd see a little bit of the city. I hear it's a very beautiful and fascinating place

Fogg I'm sure it's no more beautiful than St James's Park when the blossom is out or any more fascinating than the Reading Room of the British Museum. I strictly forbid you to leave the hotel. So far we have been lucky and we are not a day ahead or behind schedule. However, it is absolutely imperative that we catch our train to Calcutta or our plans are thwarted. I cannot risk you getting lost in a strange and inhospitable city.

Aouda I think your friend will find our country most hospitable if he is able to treat my countrymen with the same politeness and respect that they will offer him. Good-afternoon. Mr Fogg, I presume? I am Princess Aouda.

Fogg Good-afternoon, your Majesty, and may I compliment you on your miraculous command of the English language.

Aouda Hardly miraculous, Mr Fogg. My mother was English and my father sent me to be educated in England from an early age.

Fogg I understand. That is quite common all over the world. Fathers of minor foreign aristocracy naturally hope their daughters will bag a fine English husband.

Aouda On the contrary. I can think of nothing my father would have hated more. As an infant I was betrothed in marriage to a neighbouring Maharaja.

I cannot imagine why he would wish me to align myself to a boorish prig of an Englishman. My command of English has however prevented my people being fleeced by yours on several occasions. You are the gentleman who is insisting on my vacating my suite of rooms?

Fogg If it is entirely convenient.

Aouda It is not convenient at all. However, it apparently means a great deal to you and my father always taught me to take advantage of any opportunity to help others. Something my time amongst the narrow-minded English did not alter. (*To Passepartout*) Sir, if you are interested in seeing our beautiful city I'm sure I can spare you one of my servants to show you around.

Fogg Thank you, but my valet has no desire to mingle amongst small-minded savages.

Aouda Then I trust he will assiduously avoid the English upper-class.

The Concierge returns

Concierge Mr Fogg, in light of the unfortunate mix-up with the rooms I have taken the liberty of preparing a table in our restaurant where you can enjoy your delicious boiled fish and rhubarb.

Fogg Is it secluded?

Concierge Oh quite, sir.

Fogg Good. I would hate to be disturbed any further by the squawking of female natives.

Fogg strides out, followed by the Concierge

Passepartout On behalf of my master may I thank you very much for allowing us to change rooms.

Aouda Not at all.

Passepartout I know he seems a little odd but he is under an awful lot of pressure.

Aouda No need to explain. Englishmen like Mr Fogg can always find an excuse for badly treating others.

Passepartout He is not so bad. We must remember to ... What is their expression? "Keep our chin up"!

Aouda That's exactly what my English mother used to say when I was a young princess.

Passepartout It's still good advice.

Aouda I wish things seemed as straightforward as they did then. Enjoy your stay in India, monsieur.

Passepartout begins to move towards the exit

Passepartout Thank you, your Highness.

He exits

Alone, the Princess becomes vulnerable. She sings

No. 5 The Maharaja's Child

Aouda

Back when I was young it wasn't hard to be a princess
For guidance I could ask the king and queen
When rebels stormed our palace then
My parents both were killed
And every day I'm haunted by the scene.
Well this is now
It isn't then
They banished me to England. I was ten.
They stole my throne, the Maharaja's child
It feels so strange to be back here again.

Someone, somewhere help me
Don't leave me here alone
Tearing up the rule book
Like my mother tried.
Trapped between two worlds
Within a modern day and age
I don't mind admitting that I'm terrified.

In stories I remember it was nice to be a princess
In fairy tales you got to choose a prince
In real life there's only frogs
You face your foes alone
With many fearsome dragons to convince.
Well this is now
It isn't then
Tradition says I marry as I'm told
My country's weak we need alliances
So I belong to one who's cruel and old.

If only he were young
If only he were kind
If only my new husband knew the world I leave behind
We could form a modern state
Our people could unite
But he's just a brutal ancient tyrant spoiling for a fight.

Someone, somewhere help me
Don't leave me here alone
Tearing up the rule book
Like my mother tried.
Trapped between two worlds
Within a modern day and age
I don't mind admitting that I'm terrified.

Black-out

She exits

Scene 9

The Lights come up on Passepartout, bored, in the hotel lobby. Fix is hidden behind a newspaper

Passepartout So, five hours until we catch our train and I'm not to leave the hotel. Whatever shall I do? I wonder if anyone wants a game of Boules.

Fix is still hidden

Fix Excuse me.
Passepartout Monsieur!
Fix (*emerging*) Are you, by any chance, the legendary Parisian gentleman who's accompanying Phileas Fogg in his attempt to circumnavigate the world in eighty days?
Passepartout That's right, monsieur. How did you know?
Fix The newspapers in Paris speak of nothing else: your bravery; your intelligence; your stamina. There was even a rather handsome lithograph of you wrestling a wild boar to the ground.
Passepartout My picture was in the paper?
Fix Everyone has placed a wager, including myself.
Passepartout Your money is safe, monsieur. Mr Fogg and I will win our challenge for you.
Fix Well, I'm afraid I've put rather a large sum of money on you failing. You see, I just can't believe that anyone could be as fearless as the papers say that you are.
Passepartout (*affronted*) But, monsieur ——
Fix Besides, the world is a dangerous place; all sorts of unexpected perils await even the most seasoned traveller.
Passepartout Oh, not my master, he has planned for every eventuality.
Fix Well we shall see, monsieur, we shall see! But should you not be rushing for a train?

Passepartout It does not leave until this evening.

Fix How fortuitous. Allow me to introduce myself. Captain James Fix, the famous big game hunter. Perhaps you've heard of me? If you're free this afternoon I should be honoured if you'd accompany me on a little shooting expedition.

Passepartout Well, you see I would but my master he is most insistent I don't leave the hotel. It is very important that we catch our train to Calcutta.

Fix Please, please. You don't have to explain. I was right, the newspapers obviously overestimated your bravery or perhaps they mistook you for someone else.

Passepartout I am no coward, monsieur.

Fix After all the French are not renowned for their pluck.

Passepartout How dare you, monsieur! I have been known to be very plucky.

Fix What a shame then that you must spend your afternoon nurse-maiding your master when you could be out with me, enjoying the thrill of a big game hunt. Have you never hunted, monsieur?

Passepartout No, I haven't. Perhaps Mr Fogg will not miss me. I know it is his custom to now retire for an afternoon of study and cards and he does not like me to disturb him.

Fix Then what are we waiting for?

Passepartout But I don't know ...

Fix makes towards the exit

Fix Good-day, sir.

Passepartout Is it fun shooting things?

Fix Oh, my dear boy, let me tell you. (*He picks up an umbrella, which he will use as a rifle and sings*)

No. 6 Bang!

When I was small it gave me a thrill
If ever I had a chance I would kill.
Pulling the wings off butterflies was my hobby.
How could they blame me, was it my fault
When Nanny bought my first catapult?
Naturally I would terrify cats and doggies.
There's a thrill in mindless cruelty
Screams of pain were always fuel to me,
Using a gun's
My kind of fun
Let me tell you how it's done.

Look, there's goes a tiger cub
Bang! Now it's a lovely rug.
Gosh! There goes a jaguar,
Bang! Now, it's an *objet d'art*
Oooh! Look at the bunnykins now.
Bang! Send for their next of kins now
Bang! How it makes me shiver
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Naturally giv'n the talent I had
The army was perfect for this growing lad
Seeing the world then getting the chance for shootin'
Wasn't so good with discipline though
Marching was boring, wanted to go
Into the fray and viciously put the boot in.
Single-handed wiped out the enemy
Plus the man who tried to teach drill to me.
Soon, though, I wore
Medals galore
Let me tell you what they're for.

Bang! Got someone in your sights?
Bang! Why not put out their lights
Bang! You've evened up the score
Bang! They won't come back for more
Bang! I get quite demented,
Bang! Making the late lamented
Bang! How it makes me shiver
Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Lights change

Fix and Passepartout hide as if they are in tall grass. They are hoping to shoot something. As an option, the umbrella can be swapped for a rifle

Right, here's an excellent game hunting spot,
Natural beauty awaiting your shot.
Time for us men to step in and make a killing.
There in the bushes I saw something move.
Don't be afraid, take my rifle and prove
You can be cold-hearted, ruthlessly able and willing.
Aim with care, there is no second chance
Fill its head with lead and watch it dance.

Make me a fan
That's if you can
Prove yourself a real man.

Bang! Hallo there young gorilla
Oops I pulled the trigger,
Bang! I could never stand a ——
Bang! Live and kicking panda.
Bang! That's the way to treat these ——
Bang! alleged endangered species
Quick before it scarpers.
Bang!

Passepartout I ——
Fix Bang!
Passepartout But ——
Fix Bang! Bang!

Passepartout fires. There is the sound of a sharp gun shot, followed by a distressed mooing

Oh, dear. I'm afraid you've shot one of the temple's sacred cows. Quite absurd the ridiculous fuss these people make about those creatures. I do so hope you can still catch your train. Oh well, must be going. It's been fun, hasn't it?

Fix starts to move off. Passepartout is left looking shell-shocked

Fix (*singing*) Bang! How it makes me shiver!
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Gotcha!

Black-out

There is the sound of a train pulling out, an angry crowd and cows mooing, etc.

Announcer October, twenty-seventh. Fifty-nine days left!

Scene 10

When the Lights come up, Fogg is sitting calmly playing patience in a train carriage. An anxious Passepartout sits opposite

There is the sound of a train running

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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