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Dedicated to Paul,

who stood with me at the edge of the unknown.

Cast of Characters

The Men:

PRENDICK
MONTGOMERY
MOREAU
DAVIES
SAILOR 1
SAILOR 2
SAILOR 3
ASSORTED SAILORS, SURVIVORS & LONDONERS

The Beast Folk:

M'LING
PUMA
THE SAYER Of The LAW
APE MAN ("The Jabbering One")
LEOPARD MAN ("The Walker in Darkness")
SWINE WOMAN ("The Gentle One")
SATYR ("The Watcher")
DOG WOMAN ("She Who Knows Pain")
SLOTH CHILD ("The Youngling")
VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN ("She Who Keeps the Young")
HYAENA–SWINE MAN ("He That Fights Himself")
BULL MAN 1 & 2 ("The Bearers in Silence")

Casting Notes

Suggested Role Breakdown (9 Men, 3 Women, 1 Child):

Actor 1: PRENDICK
Actor 2: MONTGOMERY
Actor 3: MOREAU
Actor 4: M'LING
Actor 5: DAVIES / THE SAYER OF THE LAW
Actor 6: SAILOR 1 / LEOPARD MAN
Actor 7: APE MAN
Actor 8: SAILOR 2 / SATYR
Actor 9: SAILOR 3 / BULL MAN 1 / HYAENA–SWINE MAN
Actor 10: PUMA / VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN
Actor 11: DOG WOMAN
Actor 12: BULL MAN 2 / SWINE WOMAN
Actor 13: SLOTH CHILD

Ensemble: SAILORS, SURVIVORS & LONDONERS

Acknowledgments

The Island of Dr. Moreau received its world premiere at Lifeline Theatre in Chicago, Illinois, on October 22, 2007. It was directed by Paul S. Holmquist; scenic design was by Tom Burch; costume and mask design were by Kimberly G. Morris; lighting design was by Kevin D. Gawley; original music and sound design were by Victoria DeIorio; properties design was by John Henningsen; violence design was by R&D Choreography; the assistant lighting designer was Stephen T. Sorenson; the assistant sound designer was Tim Hill; the vocal coach was Phil Timberlake; the dialect coach was Elise Kauzlaric; and the production stage manager was Kimberly Percell. The cast was as follows:

PRENDICK ..... Phil Timberlake
MONTGOMERY ..... Yosh Hayashi
M'LING ..... Sean Sullivan
DAVIES..... Tony Bozzuto
MOREAU ..... Nigel Patterson
THE BEARERS IN SILENCE ..... Tiffany Joy Ross, Aaron Snook
THE JABBERING ONE ..... Paul Myers
SHE WHO KNOWS PAIN..... Stacie Barra
THE YOUNGLING ..... Joey Eeovaldi / Nicky Korba
THE WALKER IN DARKNESS ..... Dan Hale
HE THAT FIGHTS HIMSELF ..... Aaron Snook
THE GENTLE ONE ..... Tiffany Joy Ross
SHE WHO KEEPS THE YOUNG..... Sienna Harris
THE SAYER OF THE LAW ..... Tony Bozzuto
THE WATCHER..... Jonathan Stutzman
PUMA ..... Sienna Harris
SAILORS, SURVIVORS, & LONDONERS..... Ensemble
UNDERSTUDIES ..... Brian Kilborn, Lynette Morris

Acknowledgments (continued)

The following credit must appear in all programs / playbills handed to audience members at performances of *The Island of Dr. Moreau*:

> *The Island of Dr. Moreau* was originally produced by Lifeline Theatre, Chicago, Illinois, and premiered there in 2007.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU
adapted by Robert Kauzlaric

FROM THE NOVEL BY H. G. WELLS

(In darkness: a heartbeat. A single light rises on EDWARD PRENDICK.*)*

PRENDICK. They say that terror is a disease. I can witness that, for several years now a restless fear has dwelt within me. Often it lies far in the back of my mind: a distant cloud, a faint mistrust. But there are times when the cloud spreads until it obscures the whole sky. Then I look at my fellow men…and I go in fear.

(The heartbeat grows louder.)

I see faces, some keen and bright, others dull or dangerous, but none with the calm authority of a reasonable soul. I feel as though something *other* surges through them; that presently they will degrade and nothing – no Law, no science, no God—can save them.

(A faint cacophony of screaming joins the heartbeat.)

Every night, in the comfortless embrace of sleep, my mind returns to the source of its infection, the birthplace of the waking nightmare my life has become. *(Beat.)* It all began with a shipwreck.

(Thunder and lightning tear through the theatre.)

SAILOR (ACTOR #8). Mercy on us!

SAILOR (ACTOR #9). *(Overlap:)* Bestir! Bestir! The shrouds are cut!

SAILOR (ACTOR #7). Where's the master?

SAILOR (ACTOR #4). By the board!

SAILOR (ACTOR #9). *(Overlap:)* Bear down! Bear down, lads!

(The grinding crunch of ship–striking–ship is heard.)

SAILOR (ACTOR #6). The bowsprit's smashed!

SAILOR (ACTOR #8). All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

SAILOR (ACTOR #6). *(Overlap:)* We split, we split!

SAILOR (ACTOR #5). *(Overlap:)* We split!

SAILOR (ACTOR #9). Abandon ship!

*(*SAILORS *fall screaming from the ceiling of the theatre as the ocean claims the Lady Vain. The heartbeat continues. With each pounding beat, a series of fiendishly lit stage pictures is revealed, separated by darkness:)*

(Heartbeat: PRENDICK *is pulled from the sea onto a dinghy by two* SURVIVORS.*)*

(Heartbeat: New position; the men pass a cask of water. When the last man drinks, he overturns the cask. It is empty.)

(Heartbeat: New position; one SURVIVOR *attacks the other.* PRENDICK *tries to stop them, but they tumble overboard.)*

(Heartbeat: New position; PRENDICK *is alone, starved and barely conscious. He is lifted from the dinghy by a shadowy form.)*

(Then, all is dark and still.)

MONTGOMERY. *(In darkness:)* Can you speak?

(Lights rise on a small cabin aboard the Ipecacuanha. Metal and wood creak and groan; waves crash against the sides of the ship. PRENDICK *lies on a hard bunk.* MONTGOMERY *crouches beside him, gripping his wrist.* PRENDICK *wakens.)*

How do you feel?

PRENDICK. Like a sack of skin…filled with loose bones. Am I awake? Or is this another nightmare?

MONTGOMERY. You're awake, at least.

PRENDICK. Where am I?

MONTGOMERY. Here, have some of this. *(He hands* PRENDICK *a vial of a thick, scarlet liquid.)* Don't worry; it's not blood. *(He smiles.)* Drink it.

PRENDICK. *(He sips the liquid; it tastes foul, but makes him feel stronger.)* How long have I been out?

MONTGOMERY. You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

(Dogs howl elsewhere on the ship.)

PRENDICK. What ship is this?

MONTGOMERY. A little trading vessel. Never asked where she came from originally. The silly ass who owns her calls the thing the Ipecacuanha, of all infernal names. She certainly acts accordingly. In a sieve I thither sail, and like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do…

(From overhead, there is a shocking banging sound.)

PRENDICK. How did I get here?

MONTGOMERY. We found you adrift. You were nearly dead. It was a very near thing, indeed. But I've put some stuff into you now. Notice your arm's sore? Injections.

PRENDICK. *(Discovering tracks on his arm:)* You're a doctor?

MONTGOMERY. Not…exactly.

(Noise again overhead: the guttural growling of a PUMA.*)*

PRENDICK. Then…

(From above, there is a series of loud banging sounds. The dogs howl even louder.)

SAILOR 3. *(Offstage, screamed:)* Stow it, you piss–soaked blighter!

MONTGOMERY. You should be ready for solid food. Thanks to me. There's mutton boiling for you.

PRENDICK. That sounds…

MONTGOMERY. But first, you know I'm dying to hear how you came to be alone on that boat in the middle of the ocean. Godammit!

*(*MONTGOMERY *storms out of the chamber.* PRENDICK *sits up in bed, aching all over. Offstage, there is a series of meaty blows.)*

(Offstage:) Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(The dogs quiet. MONTGOMERY *reenters as though nothing unusual had happened.)*

You were telling me about the boat.

PRENDICK. I…I was returning from an expedition in Peru.

MONTGOMERY. What the bloody hell were you doing there?

PRENDICK. Studying butterflies, actually.

MONTGOMERY. They've got butterflies down there, do they?

PRENDICK. More than three thousand species. Perhaps a quarter of the world's population. I'm sort of an amateur lepidopterist…

MONTGOMERY. Another man of science! I did biology at University College, myself. Getting out the ovary of the earthworm and the radula of the snail, and all that. And larger creatures, too, of course.

PRENDICK. So you did study medicine?

MONTGOMERY. Loved the operating theatre. The smell of ether and chloroform. But even more I loved the city. God! How is old London?

PRENDICK. Well enough, I suppose…

MONTGOMERY. Tottenham Court Road. The railways. Music halls! And so many women…Lord! It's ten years now. Left it all, I did. Daresay it's all changed. But, go on! Tell me about the boat.

PRENDICK. My ship struck something in the fog. Three of us reached the lifeboat. We drifted for days…maybe a week. Famishing. Tormented by thirst…

MONTGOMERY. You were alone when we picked you up.

PRENDICK. There was…there was an incident.

MONTGOMERY. Of course there was. In times like that, a man does what he must. Survival of the fittest, am I right?

PRENDICK. It wasn't like that…

MONTGOMERY. No. Of course not. But I must look up that cook and see what he's done to your mutton.

*(*MONTGOMERY *crosses to the door, as the growling of dogs and the* PUMA *resumes.)*

The name's Montgomery, by the way.

PRENDICK. Edward…Edward Prendick.

MONTGOMERY. That shirt over there is mine. I don't need it; it's yours if you wish.

PRENDICK. Thank you.

MONTGOMERY. I'll be back with your food.

*(*MONTGOMERY *exits.* PRENDICK *discards his ruined shirt for the fresh one as a feverish round of barking is heard from the dogs. Then, the door to the chamber flies open.* M'LING *enters, wearing a hood over his face. He is hulking, misshapen and clumsy, with a crooked back and a head sunk between his shoulders.* PRENDICK *scrambles away as* M'LING *spins to face him with animal swiftness. Before either man can speak,* MONTGOMERY *reenters with a plate of mutton.* M'LING *yowls and prostrates himself before* MONTGOMERY.*)*

MONTGOMERY. Confound you! Why the devil don't you get out of the way? You have no business here, you know. Your place is forward.

M'LING. *(With a deep, hoarse voice:)* They…they won't have me forward.

MONTGOMERY. Won't have you forward? But I tell you to go! Go!

*(*M'LING *skulks out of the chamber. The barking of the dogs intensifies.)*

You'll have to excuse my man, there. Half–wit, you know, but occasionally useful.

PRENDICK. What is this vessel? A menagerie?

MONTGOMERY. Sounds like it, doesn't it?

PRENDICK. The dogs, and that howling thing…

MONTGOMERY. A puma, I believe.

PRENDICK. Are they for sale? As merchandise? Curios?

MONTGOMERY. I couldn't say. The ship's going to Hawaii, but it has to land me first.

PRENDICK. Where?

(Offstage, male voices are heard in a chorus of "Out of here! Back where you belong!")

MONTGOMERY. Just an island, where I live. Far as I know, it hasn't got a name…

DAVIES. *(Offstage:)* You think the whole damned ship belongs to you, eh?

*(*M'LING *enters, followed by* DAVIES, *a heavy, drunken man carrying a metal wrench.)*

MONTGOMERY. What's the meaning of this?

*(*DAVIES *strikes* M'LING *between the shoulder blades with the wrench.)*

DAVIES. Lucifer take you!

*(*M'LING *drops like a felled ox and rolls on the deck in terrible pain. Offstage, dogs yelp wildly. The* PUMA *roars.* DAVIES *howls in exultation as* SAILORS 1, 2, *and* 3 *enter.)*

Show you how filthy savages… *(He winds up to strike again.)*

MONTGOMERY. No!

*(*MONTGOMERY *launches himself at* DAVIES; *the* SAILORS *pull them apart.)*

MONTGOMERY. You goddamned ignorant bastard!

DAVIES. *(Overlap:)* Devilspawn! Unclean savage!

SAILOR 1. *(Overlap:)* Oi! Steady on, there!

SAILOR 2. *(Overlap:)* Step back! Step back!

SAILOR 3. *(Overlap:)* Pull him off! Pull him off!

DAVIES. *(To* SAILORS*:)* Get your bloody hands off me! Put you in lavender!

SAILOR 1. Sorry, Captain…

DAVIES. And this thing… *(He spits on* M'LING*.)*

SAILOR 2. It's bad luck!

DAVIES. Won't have it anymore!

SAILOR 2. Beat the piss out of it!

SAILOR 3. *(Overlap:)* Throw it overboard!

MONTGOMERY. Look here, Captain, this won't do!

DAVIES. Wha' won't do? Blasted Sawbones!

MONTGOMERY. That man's my servant. And *your* passenger. I'd advise you to keep your hands off him.

DAVIES. Do what I like on my own ship.

MONTGOMERY. He is not to be ill-treated.

DAVIES. Go to hell!

> *(*MONTGOMERY *takes a step for* DAVIES *but* PRENDICK *stops him.* DAVIES *laughs.)*

What? What? What're you gonna do?

PRENDICK. *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* Leave it.

DAVIES. Saaaaawbooooooneeees…

PRENDICK. The man's drunk.

MONTGOMERY. He's always drunk. Does that excuse him assaulting his passengers?

DAVIES. My ship was clean. Look at it now!

SAILOR 2. Filth everywhere!

DAVIES. And the stench!

SAILOR 3. Worse'n death, it is.

MONTGOMERY. You agreed to take the animals!

DAVIES. Wish I'd never set eyes on your infernal island! And that thing of yours…understood he was a man.

SAILOR 2. He's no man.

M'LING. I keep the Law…

MONTGOMERY. *(To* M'LING*:)* Shut up. *(To* DAVIES*:)* You all began hazing the poor devil as soon as he came aboard.

DAVIES. That's just what he is: he's a devil! Unnatural! If he leaves this end of the ship again I'll rip his insides out with my bare hands!

MONTGOMERY. You just leave him alone.

DAVIES. Who are you, to tell me what to do? I'm captain of this ship—captain and owner. I'm God here, I tell you—God and the prophets! I bargained to transport a man and a cargo of animals. Never agreed to carry a mad devil and a lunatic, muck–snipe, mandrake Sawbones…

*(*MONTGOMERY *leaps at* DAVIES. PRENDICK *and the* SAILORS *pull them apart.)*

MONTGOMERY. That's it!

SAILOR 1**.** *(Overlap:)* Watch it, Captain!

SAILOR 2**.** *(Overlap:)* Stop it! Get 'em apart!

SAILOR 3. *(Overlap:)* Yes! Yes! Yes!

PRENDICK. *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* He's drunk.

*(*DAVIES *pulls away from his men and slams* PRENDICK *against the bulkhead.)*

DAVIES. I'll kill you right in the face.

PRENDICK. All I ask is that you…

DAVIES. *(Mocking* PRENDICK*:)* "All I ask…" "All I ask…"

PRENDICK. Please…

SAILOR 3. "Please…"

DAVIES. Please what? What, eh? What!?

SAILOR 3. What, what, what!

MONTGOMERY. Captain, the man hasn't eaten in days. He's in no condition…

DAVIES. I don't think he's *ever* in any condition. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* You should take care, human flotsam as you are. No resources. Fare unpaid. Dependant on my bounty.

SAILOR 1. C'mon, Captain. *(Lays a hand on* DAVIES' *arm.)*

DAVIES. Don't touch me. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* What are you doing out here, anyway?

PRENDICK. I was…

DAVIES. What good are you? What do you *do?*

PRENDICK. Research. Scientific research.

DAVIES. Science! You know what I think of scientists? Huh? Do you? Useless God–killers, the whole lot of you. Stay in your berth, you hear me? *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* Keep that thing out of my sight.

*(*DAVIES *exits, followed by the* SAILORS*.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* You should eat.

PRENDICK. Right.

MONTGOMERY. *(To* M'LING*:)* Come on.

*(*MONTGOMERY *exits with* M'LING. PRENDICK *returns to his chamber and collapses on his bunk next to the plate of mutton. Lights shift to the rail of the quarterdeck.* MONTGOMERY *looks out into the distance, smoking a cigar and sipping from a flask.* M'LING *is curled at his feet.* PRENDICK *enters and joins* MONTGOMERY *at the rail.)*

PRENDICK. It's a beautiful night.

MONTGOMERY. Bugger beauty.

M'LING. *(Muttering to himself:)* The stars in the sky…

*(*MONTGOMERY *cuffs* M'LING; M'LING *quiets.)*

MONTGOMERY. They've sighted land. I'm disembarking tomorrow. With my cargo.

PRENDICK. You implied the animals weren't yours.

MONTGOMERY. Everyone's a liar, Prendick. False face, false heart, and all that. *(Beat.)* Do you miss London?

PRENDICK. Right now, any familiar sight would be quite welcome to me.

MONTGOMERY. Yes, but the sanity of it. The lights. The straight lines. Rules. Consequences. All of it…

(A quiet moment passes.)

PRENDICK. If I may say it, you have saved my life.

MONTGOMERY. Chance. Just chance.

PRENDICK. I prefer to make my thanks to the accessible agent.

MONTGOMERY. Thank no one. I was bored and wanted something to do. If I'd been jaded that day, or hadn't liked your face, well…it's a curious question where you would be right now.

PRENDICK. At any rate…

MONTGOMERY. It's chance, I tell you, as everything is in a man's life. Why am I here now, an outcast from civilization, instead of enjoying the pleasures of London? All because I lost my head for ten minutes on a lonely night. Something surfaced in me, something… *other.* We try to deny it, but… *(Beat.)* I'm turning in. You should, too; men must not walk too late.

*(*MONTGOMERY *exits.* M'LING *starts to follow, but* PRENDICK *stops him.)*

PRENDICK. How long have you been in his service?

M'LING. *(Keeping his back to* PRENDICK*:)* Sir?

PRENDICK. How well do you know him?

M'LING. Time for bed, sir. I follow.

PRENDICK. Right. Of course. Do you mind, though: where are you from?

M'LING. From?

PRENDICK. Yes. Where exactly…

*(*M'LING *looks back at* PRENDICK *and his eyes glow with pale green light.)*

M'LING. *No.* Now is the time for sleeping.

(Lights shift back to Prendick's chamber. He is sleeping, tossing on his bunk to a horrible soundscape of howling mobs. The ritual of sleep, through the course of the play, becomes an increasingly terrifying experience for PRENDICK. *Finally, the sounds of the dream merge with the clamor of sailors shouting and cargo banging around on the deck above.* PRENDICK *wakes as* SAILOR 2 *enters.)*

SAILOR 2. Get up, you worthless ass. Captain wants you on deck. Don't make me drag you up there. *(He exits.)*

*(*PRENDICK *goes above. A launch is alongside the schooner.* MONTGOMERY *and* M'LING *haul a crate containing the* PUMA *to the launch as* MOREAU, *an intense man in his fifties, supervises.* BULL MEN 1 & 2 *assist, remaining hidden from the audience.* SAILORS *haul additional crates and barrels.* DAVIES *wanders about, in the way.)*

DAVIES. Keep moving! We'll have a clean ship soon of the whole lot of you.

*(*MONGTOMERY *stumbles with his end of the crate.)*

MOREAU. Mind your step! Careful with that puma.

DAVIES. Aye! Get that bloody cat off my deck! *(He staggers over to* PRENDICK.*)* Well, it's Mister… Mister…

PRENDICK. Prendick.

DAVIES. Prendick be damned! Shut your stinking gob, that's your name. *(Pointing toward the launch:)* That way, now. That's your way.

PRENDICK. What do you mean?

DAVIES. You heard me, that's what I mean! Look sharp, nancy! We're cleaning the whole blessed ship out.

MOREAU. He's not coming with us.

DAVIES. Well, he's not staying here. Not on my ship.

MOREAU. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* Can't have you. You're on your own.

DAVIES. Then he goes overboard!

PRENDICK. You can't do that!

DAVIES. *(To the* SAILORS*:)* Shut his stupid hole!

> *(*SAILOR 2 *punches* PRENDICK *in the mouth. The* SAILORS *laugh as he writhes in agony on the deck.* MONTGOMERY *and* MOREAU *confer on the launch, out of earshot.)*

This ship ain't for beasts and cannibals and god–rotted scientists, anymore. I've done with your kind!

PRENDICK. Captain, show some mercy…

DAVIES. Mercy be damned! I am God on this ship and there'll be no mercy for the likes of you.

PRENDICK. Please, sir, don't do this…

> *(*DAVIES *kicks* PRENDICK. *The* SAILORS *join in, some grabbing belaying pins from the bulwarks, and* PRENDICK *is savagely beaten.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(Stepping in to break apart the* SAILORS*:)* Stop! Stop this! Are you not Men? *(To* MOREAU*:)* We can't leave him with them.

MOREAU. I don't see why not.

MONTGOMERY. Doctor…

MOREAU. Very well. But he's your responsibility, you hear me?

MONTGOMERY. Come on, Prendick. You're coming with us.

> *(*MONTGOMERY *hauls* PRENDICK *aboard the launch and the Ipacauanha sails away.)*

DAVIES. Good riddance! May that cursed place eat your souls!

(The launch, now visible, is crammed with crates and cages. MONTGOMERY *and* PRENDICK *sit in the bow.* M'LING *sits on the Puma's cage.* MOREAU *sits on a crate, indifferent to the scene at hand.* BULL MAN 1 & 2 *stand aft with oars: brutish men swathed in dirty, white cloth. The* BULL MEN *row the launch to the island.)*

PRENDICK. Thank you. I can't thank you enough.

MOREAU. Montgomery says you know something of science, Mr. Prendick.

PRENDICK. Yes, I spent some years at the Royal College, and did research in biology under Huxley.

MOREAU. Perhaps you won't be entirely useless to us. As it happens, we run a biological station…of a sort.

PRENDICK. I certainly don't wish to impose upon you any longer than I must. Are there…do you know when I'll be able to board another ship?

MONTGOMERY. We see a ship once in a twelve–month, if we're lucky.

MOREAU. Yes. I'm afraid we're stuck with you for the foreseeable future.

MONTGOMERY. Just sit still; we'll be ashore soon enough.

(Soon, the launch reaches shore. Standing on the beach is the APE MAN. *He has a large, almost lipless mouth, long arms, and bow-legs. As the launch approaches, the* APE MAN *runs to and fro on the beach in a grotesque series of movements.)*

APE MAN. Home! Home, now! The Master comes home! Now! Now! Now!

(The launch lands on the beach.)

MONTGOMERY. Here we are, Prendick. Welcome to our little island paradise.

MOREAU. *(To the* BULL MEN*:)* Haul the supplies to the compound.

(The BULL MEN *and* APE MAN *haul the contents of the launch to a walled compound upstage. As the* BULL MEN *walk,* PRENDICK *notices that their legs are reverse–jointed. The* APE MAN *babbles as they work.)*

APE MAN. From the deep salt sea, the deep salt sea, the Master comes home, now now now now now…

PRENDICK. *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* These people, are they natives of the island?

MONTGOMERY. This is their home.

APE MAN. Up to the House, back to the House, the Master says, it is even so, up up up up up, beneath the stars, beneath the sky…

(During the action above, the DOG WOMAN *and* SLOTH CHILD *watch from the edge of the stage. They are barely visible, forms in silhouette, perhaps. As* MOREAU *nears the compound, they flee. At last,* MONTGOMERY *approaches* PRENDICK.*)*

MONTGOMERY. For your sake, I'm glad things worked out this way. That captain would have made your life miserable.

PRENDICK. You saved me again.

MONTGOMERY. That depends on how you look at it. Here… *(He pulls out a flask of whiskey.)* Something to bolster your spirits, Prendick. You may need it.

PRENDICK. No, thank you.

MONTGOMERY. Suit yourself. You know, selfishly, I'm rather glad to have someone new round here. Ten years is a long time spent with one only man.

(They cross to the compound, where MOREAU *oversees the last of the unloading.)*

Incidentally, the doctor wanted me to ensure that you stay out of his way. Heed the locked doors, and everything will be fine.

MOREAU. *(To* MONTGOMERY, *pulling him aside:)* I'm itching to get to work with this new stuff. But what are we to do with our uninvited guest? We can't take him into our confidence yet.

MONTGOMERY. I know. Well, we could put him in my room with the outer door…

MOREAU. That's it.

> *(*MOREAU *leads them to a small doorway on the side of the compound. Inside is an apartment resembling a stateroom on a ship. A pile of books rests near an old deck chair. A hammock is slung in a corner, and a porthole defended by iron bars looks out towards the sea. A second door, slightly ajar, opens into the inner courtyard.* MONTGOMERY *immediately closes this door.)*

MOREAU. Mr. Prendick, this will be your home for now. The inner door I will lock from the other side…for fear of any accidents. I'm sorry to make such a mystery, but as we don't know you…

PRENDICK. Of course. I'd be a fool to take offence at any want of confidence.

MOREAU. Yes. I trust you will find our small collection of books a comfort. Most are medical texts, but there are Greek and Latin classics to be found, along with Montgomery's precious Shakespeare. Well, you've had a trying couple of days, I'm sure; I'll leave you now to rest.

> *(*MOREAU *exits by the interior door. There is the sound of three locks being turned.)*

MONTGOMERY. You must excuse the meagerness of the lodgings. This was all scavenged from the vessel that originally landed us here.

PRENDICK. It's wonderful; honestly, I'm just grateful to be here.

MONTGOMERY. Why don't you lie down for a spell; some innocent sleep will take the edge off the day. Sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, you know? *(Calling off after* MOREAU*:)* Moreau! *(He exits.)*

PRENDICK. Moreau?

(As PRENDICK *sits on the hammock, growling dogs are heard from the courtyard.* M'LING *enters carrying a pile of blankets.)*

M'LING. For your sleeping, sir. Blankets.

PRENDICK. Thank you.

M'LING. You sleep by daylight?

PRENDICK. Not typically, no, but it's been…an unusual day.

M'LING. Yes. No more boat.

PRENDICK. They were quite rough with you last night.

M'LING. It was bad Men on the boat.

PRENDICK. Are you all right? Were you hurt?

M'LING. There was pain; I know. But no more boat. Now there is home.

PRENDICK. Is this… Were you born here?

M'LING. I serve. Here: blankets. Better to sleep.

*(*M'LING *crosses to the hammock and hands the blankets to* PRENDICK. *He raises his head enough to give* PRENDICK *a view of long, pointed ears covered in fine fur.)*

Lunch comes later. I go.

PRENDICK. *(Quietly:)* Yes. Very good.

*(*M'LING *exits.* PRENDICK *lies down in the hammock. In the courtyard, the growling of the dogs is joined by the roaring of the* PUMA, *until the* PUMA *is silenced with a meaty thunk.* PRENDICK *falls asleep to a dark mélange of sounds: a heartbeat, the shipwreck, and the* PUMA. *Finally, he wakes with a gasp.* MONTGOMERY *enters with* M'LING, *who bears a tray with freshly cooked rabbit, some greens, and a glass of water.)*

MONTGOMERY. Shake off slumber, my good man; lunch is here. My, don't you look a fright?

PRENDICK. Nightmares. I can't get free of them.

M'LING. None escape.

*(*MONTGOMERY *kicks* M'LING, *who leaves the tray and exits, secretly licking at his hands, an action neither man sees.* PRENDICK *eats.* MONTGOMERY *sips from a flask.)*

PRENDICK. So. Dr. Moreau; he won't be joining us?

MONTGOMERY. Ah, no. He's a bit preoccupied with his work at present.

PRENDICK. I recognize his name, you know.

MONTGOMERY. The devil you do.

PRENDICK. It was familiar to me at once; though memory is so odd sometimes, I couldn't immediately make the connection. But the sight of your man's ears…They're pointed.

MONTGOMERY. I thought he always kept his head covered.

PRENDICK. And his eyes shine green in the dark.

(The sharp cry of the PUMA *comes from behind the locked door.* PRENDICK *winces.)*

MONTGOMERY. Honestly, I'm so used to him now, I hardly notice.

PRENDICK. There's something about him… He's unnatural.

MONTGOMERY. Well, the crew of the schooner must have felt the same. Dead set against the poor devil.

PRENDICK. And the deformed men on the beach…

(The PUMA *howls again, more painfully. Outside the compound,* M'LING *moans.)*

Montgomery, what's going on here?

MONTGOMERY. *(Offering the flask:)* Here, have some whiskey.

PRENDICK. No. I'm an abstainer. Have been since birth.

MONTGOMERY. Bully for you. Wish I'd been. But it's no use locking the door after the steed is stolen, eh?

PRENDICK. Don't change the subject.

MONTGOMERY. Don't be so bloody serious, Prendick. Look, I should get to work.

PRENDICK. There was a scandal over his research. It was in the papers for weeks. "The Moreau Horrors?"

MONTGOMERY. You *do* remember.

PRENDICK. How could I forget the "Butcher of St. Bride's…"

MONTGOMERY. Oh, please; not that old hysteria. He's just a physiologist; though, one with extraordinary vision.

PRENDICK. They found his laboratory. There were stories of dogs, flayed and mutilated. Horrible conditions, unimaginable suffering.

MONTGOMERY. Sensational rubbish. Those people, they knew nothing. Yet still Moreau was howled out of the country. Like a criminal, or a tyrant.

PRENDICK. He could have avoided exile…

MONTGOMERY. If he abandoned his experiments. Not bloody likely.

PRENDICK. Were you working for him even then?

MONTGOMERY. No. I only knew him from the newspapers. But when I got…into trouble, I sought him out, begged him to smuggle me out of the country with him. At the time, I actually counted myself fortunate when he said "yes…"

(There is another outcry, worse than before. Dogs howl. M'LING *moans.)*

PRENDICK. God, how can you stand the noise?

MONTGOMERY. You'll grow accustomed to it. Have a bit of a lie–down.

PRENDICK. Sleep is no longer a comfort to me.

MONTGOMERY. *(Pushing his flask on* PRENDICK*:)* Drink, then. It'll do you good.

PRENDICK. I told you, no.

MONTGOMERY. Then read a book. Count your toes. What you will; I have work to do.

*(*MONTGOMERY *exits and runs into* M'LING *lurking outside the door, licking his hands.)*

We're done with lunch.

(The PUMA's *cries continue as* M'LING *enters, clears the tray, and exits. With every cry of the* PUMA, M'LING *flinches and whimpers. Alone,* PRENDICK *attempts to read a book, but soon flings it aside. He paces, trying to stop up his ears. Finally, it is too much.)*

PRENDICK. I can't take this anymore.

*(*PRENDICK *exits and strides off into the jungle. The* PUMA's *cries recede as he walks further from the compound. Time passes; the afternoon grows later. The jungle shifts and changes around* PRENDICK *as he walks. Finally, upon the bank of a stream there appears a figure hidden in shadow: the* LEOPARD MAN. *He is humanoid, though he goes on all fours and moves with the easy grace of a big cat. The* LEOPARD MAN *sucks up water from the stream with his lips.* PRENDICK *watches cautiously until he inadvertently makes a small noise. The* LEOPARD MAN *stands up, coming into view in a shaft of light. He is partially clothed, but his lean body is covered with copper–colored fur. Long claws extend from his hands, which he uses to wipe his mouth.)*

PRENDICK. *(Cautiously:)* Hullo?

LEOPARD MAN. *(Through a venomous growl:)* Other!

PRENDICK. What?…

(The LEOPARD MAN *darts into the jungle and disappears. All is quiet for a moment until the sound of a rabbit bursting through distant underbrush startles* PRENDICK.*)*

Hullo?

(A hideous scream tears through the jungle. After a beat, the bloody, headless corpse of a rabbit is hurled from the trees, landing at PRENDICK's *feet.)*

Dear God… Montgomery?! Anyone?

*(*PRENDICK *scrambles, at times on all fours, through a stretch of jungle filled with watching eyes. The hour grows later.* PRENDICK *comes to glade splashed with phosphorescent fungus. Two figures squat at its center, facing each other: the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *and the* SWINE WOMAN. *Their skins are pinkish–drab in color; they have fat, heavy, chinless faces, retreating foreheads, and bristly hair. They grunt as they stare into each other's eyes. They rise, spread their hands over their heads and sway in rhythm while chanting, circling and stomping their feet in an intoxicating primal dance. Suddenly, they stop, noses testing the air. As one, they turn their heads to stare at* PRENDICK. PRENDICK *is about to speak when the* LEOPARD MAN *grabs his shoulder from behind.* PRENDICK *screams and staggers away. The* SWINE WOMAN *runs off in a half–upright posture; the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *follows after locking eyes briefly with the* LEOPARD MAN. PRENDICK *retreats from the* LEOPARD MAN.*)*

PRENDICK. What do you want with me?

LEOPARD MAN. No!

PRENDICK. No, what?

LEOPARD MAN. No!

PRENDICK. Have they done something to you? Have they hurt you?

LEOPARD MAN. The Want…none escape…

PRENDICK. Get back!

*(*PRENDICK *hurls a stone at the* LEOPARD MAN, *striking his temple. The* LEOPARD MAN *roars in pain. Before he can ravage* PRENDICK, MONTGOMERY's *voice is heard.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(Offstage:)* Prendick? Prendick! Where are you?

(The LEOPARD MAN *growls and bounds offstage.* MONTGOMERY *enters with a lantern.)*

Where have you been? We were so busy we forgot all about you 'til half an hour ago. *(Helping* PRENDICK *to his feet:)* We didn't think you'd start to explore the island without telling us.

PRENDICK. There was a thing…something…

MONTGOMERY. You met some of our curiosities, eh? I should have warned you.

PRENDICK. Montgomery… That thing that came after me? Was it man or beast?

MONTGOMERY. I think you've had enough for one day.

PRENDICK. It was like a man transformed…infected…twisted with…

MONTGOMERY. Look here, Prendick. I had no business letting you drift out onto the island. But it's not so bad as you feel. Your nerves are worked to rags. Let me give you something to make you sleep.

PRENDICK. No…

MONTGOMERY. If you don't sleep tonight, you'll be off your head tomorrow. *(He draws forth a small vial containing dark liquid.)* It'll help. It always helps. Sleep, perchance to dream.

> *(*MONTGOMERY *feeds the liquid to* PRENDICK, *who does not resist. The stage goes dark. The ritual dance of sleep plays out for the audience, supported by a soundscape of the familiar heartbeat, the* SWINE FOLK *singing, and the* LEOPARD MAN *roaring. Lights rise on the apartment in the compound.* PRENDICK *wakes and rises groggily. The inner courtyard door unlocks and* MONTGOMERY *pokes his head into the room.)*

PRENDICK. Montgomery?…

MONTGOMERY. Oh, you're awake. I thought… Feeling any better?

PRENDICK. No, I'm not. And I have only the vaguest memory of last night…

MONTGOMERY. You must be famished. Go find M'ling. He'll make lunch for you.

> *(From the inner courtyard, there is a low cry, punctuated by broken sobs.)*

PRENDICK. What was that?

MONTGOMERY. Just go, will you? This is not the time…

*(*MONTGOMERY *exits. He closes the door behind him, but neglects to lock it. Soon, there is another cry—it profoundly affects* PRENDICK.*)*

PRENDICK. Hullo? Montgomery?

(There are several sharp gasps of anguish. It is clear that the cries are not those of an animal, but rather a human woman in torment. PRENDICK *knocks on the door.)*

I say, what's going on in there?

(The sobs become screams. PRENDICK *pounds on the door. He tries the handle and finds it unlocked. He flings the door open to reveal the screaming* PUMA, *now in the shape of a bandaged human woman with her head covered. She is hideously scarred, bound upon a framework of wood. Blood is everywhere.* MONTGOMERY *observes as* MOREAU *is bent over the woman, seemingly sawing off a piece of her.)*

MONTGOMERY. Prendick! Get out of here!

PRENDICK. Oh my God…

MOREAU. Out!

*(*MOREAU *shoves* PRENDICK *back into the apartment, knocking him to the floor.)*

Ruin the work of a lifetime!

MONTGOMERY. He doesn't understand.

MOREAU. Deal with it! I can't spare the time.

*(*MONTGOMERY *enters the apartment as* MOREAU *slams the door behind him.* PRENDICK *scrambles away from* MONTGOMERY.*)*

MONTGOMERY. Prendick, wait…

PRENDICK. Is he vivisecting humans here? Is that what this is?

MONTGOMERY. It's not what it seems.

PRENDICK. I see it now. These grotesque people, they are victims of some experiment.

MONTGOMERY. It's not like that…

(Inside the compound, the PUMA's *screams resume.)*

PRENDICK. This whole time, you meant to torture me…

MONTGOMERY. *(Drawing forth his vial of black liquid.)* You just need to rest.

PRENDICK. No! No more rest.

MONTGOMERY. Prendick…

*(*PRENDICK *tears away the side rail of the chair, ending up with a nail-tipped club.)*

PRENDICK. Stay back, you hear me?

MONTGOMERY. Don't be an imbecile!

*(*PRENDICK *stabs at* MONTGOMERY's *gut then cracks him on the head with his club.)*

Prendick, stop it! Prendick!

*(*PRENDICK *flees out the outer door and races through the jungle as* MONTGOMERY's *cries recede. He finally stops as he notices a simian creature hanging upside–down from a branch over the audience's heads, watching him: the* APE MAN. PRENDICK *brandishes his stick as the* APE MAN *drops from the tree and regards him curiously.)*

APE MAN. You, you, you, you, you!

PRENDICK. Don't come any closer!

APE MAN. No, you, in the boat!

PRENDICK. Yes, I came in the boat.

APE MAN. Yes! Yes! Oh! *(He scrambles closer to* PRENDICK, *pointing.)* Five? Five, yes? Huh? Huh? Five?

PRENDICK. What?

APE MAN. One, two, three, four, five, eh? *(He holds out his hand, fingers splayed.)* Five Man! Yes!

PRENDICK. *(Awareness dawning, he mirrors the gesture:)* Yes, right. Five.

APE MAN. Five Man!

(The APE MAN *bellows in joy and leaps up into the trees, swinging from branch to branch over the audience's heads as he hoots and hollers, "Five!")*

PRENDICK. Can you help me? Hullo?

APE MAN. *(Coming down with a twisting jump:)* Yes! Five Man!

PRENDICK. Do you know someplace to hide?

APE MAN. Hide?

PRENDICK. Yes, some place safe?

APE MAN. Yes! The caves!

PRENDICK. Caves?

APE MAN. Caves, caves, caves!

PRENDICK. Which caves? Where?

APE MAN. Oh!

PRENDICK. I'm new, you know.

APE MAN. Oh! New! I know, I know. Come, Five Man! Come with me!

(The APE MAN *takes off through the treetops.)*

PRENDICK. Can you come down? I can't follow you up there.

APE MAN. Down–down?

PRENDICK. Yes. Can you walk on the ground?

APE MAN. Not on all–fours!

PRENDICK. No, just normal…

APE MAN. Not fours!

PRENDICK. No…

APE MAN. No! Yes, then. *(He leaps to the ground.)* Come, come. To the caves!

PRENDICK. Are there others at the caves?

APE MAN. No Others. Men.

PRENDICK. Men like you?

(The APE MAN *laughs.)*

Are they friendly?

APE MAN. Friendly? *(Chuckling:)* Five…

PRENDICK. How did you get to this island? How long have you been here?

(The APE MAN *considers for a while, and then holds up three fingers.)*

Three? Three what? Three years?

APE MAN. Three what? Three what?

PRENDICK. No, I mean…

APE MAN. Three what? Three years. Three what? Three years. Big Thinks, Five Man! Yes!

PRENDICK. You're little better than an idiot, aren't you?

APE MAN. Little better, little better, little better. Come, go, Five Man. Home!

(They come to a tight crevice in a knotty mass of hardened black lava. Squatting beside the crevice is the VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN, *a hairy, smelly creature with sharp teeth. She holds the* SLOTH CHILD, *a tiny, pinkish thing, looking eerily like a flayed child.)*

APE MAN. See! See! See! Look!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. What is this?

APE MAN. A Five Man! Like me!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. He is pale and hairless. He is thin.

APE MAN. Yes! Thin Man! Five!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(Sniffing the air:)* He is new?

PRENDICK. I came from…

APE MAN. He is a new Five Man. He does not know.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. No?

APE MAN. No. Yes!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Yes, then he must learn, no? *(To* PRENDICK*:)* Do you feel it?

PRENDICK. What?

APE MAN. What what what…

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. The Want.

APE MAN. It is bad. Bad!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. You stink of fear because you do not know. When you left the House, you were alone; now there is us. Come.

APE MAN. Come!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Learn the words. Learn the Law.

(The VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN *and* SLOTH CHILD *plunge into the crevice.)*

PRENDICK. I can't go in there.

APE MAN. Go! It is safe, Five Man! Home!

*(*PRENDICK *gathers his nerve and slips into the crevice, crawling head–first for a time before arriving in a small, dark cave with walls blotched with green and crimson.)*

PRENDICK. Dear Lord. What is that smell?…

(Suddenly, a form shifts in the darkness: the SAYER OF THE LAW. *All* PRENDICK *can see is a hulking mass of gray fur and horns with two pinpricks of light for eyes. The* SAYER *makes an am-*

biguous grunt. The APE MAN *pushes* PRENDICK *towards the* SAYER.*)*

APE MAN. Yes.

PRENDICK. No, really.

APE MAN. Yes!

(The SAYER *grunts again, loudly. The* DOG WOMAN, *a tortured and broken creature, squirms into the cave. When she sees* PRENDICK, *she snuggles in close to him.)*

DOG WOMAN. What is this?

APE MAN. A Man, a new Man, a Five Man, like me!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Shut up.

(Utter silence falls over the space.)

He comes to live with us?

DOG WOMAN. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* Oh! Live with us.

PRENDICK. I just need a place to hide…

DOG WOMAN. Yes! I know… I know…

(The SATYR *enters; he is shaped like a man above the waist, with stunted horns atop his head. Below the waist his legs are those of a goat.)*

(To the SATYR*:)* Look! See!

SATYR. What is it?

DOG WOMAN. A Man. He comes to live with us!

APE MAN. He is a Five Man, a Five Man, a Five Man!

SATYR. Look: he is thin and useless. His arms are sticks.

(The SAYER OF THE LAW's *taloned hand darts out and grasps* PRENDICK's *arm.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. He has little nails. It is well.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. It is well.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Eat roots and herbs; it is His will.

*(*PRENDICK *pulls his hand away.)*

I call him Man.

DOG WOMAN. A new Man.

SATYR. He is weak. He knows nothing.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. He must learn the words.

SAYER OF THE LAW. He must learn the Law.

BEAST FOLK. The Law.

(The HYAENA–SWINE MAN *and* SWINE WOMAN *enter and join the gathering, followed by the* LEOPARD MAN. *The* BEAST FOLK *begin a rhythmic pounding of hands and feet.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. *(In a kind of dark chant:)* Not to go on all–fours; that is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

(The BEAST FOLK *grunt and howl and sway from side to side in time with their pounding of hands, feet and knees. The* APE MAN *pokes* PRENDICK.*)*

APE MAN. Say the words.

DOG WOMAN & SWINE WOMAN. Say the words.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to go on all–fours.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Not to go on all–fours.

PRENDICK. Not to go on all–fours.

SAYER OF THE LAW. That is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to claw the bark of trees.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Not to claw the bark of trees.

PRENDICK. Not to claw the bark of trees.

SAYER OF THE LAW. That is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to suck up drink.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Not to suck up drink.

PRENDICK. Not to suck up drink.

SAYER OF THE LAW. That is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to chase other Men.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Not to chase other Men.

SWINE WOMAN. Not to chase!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. To chase!

PRENDICK. Not to chase other Men.

SAYER OF THE LAW. That is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to eat flesh.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Not to eat flesh.

SLOTH CHILD. Flesh.

LEOPARD MAN. Flesh!

PRENDICK. Not to eat flesh.

BEAST FOLK. Not to eat flesh!

SAYER OF THE LAW. That is the Law.

BEAST FOLK. Are we not Men?

SAYER OF THE LAW. *His* is the House of Pain. *His* is the Hand that makes. *His* is the Hand that wounds. *His* is the Hand that heals.

BEAST FOLK. *His* is the House of Pain. *His* is the Hand that makes. *His* is the Hand that wounds. *His* is the Hand that heals.

SAYER OF THE LAW. *His* is the lightning flash!

(The BEAST FOLK *scream.)*

His is the deep, salt sea!

(The BEAST FOLK *moan.)*

His…

(The BEAST FOLK *come to complete silence and stillness.)*

(Softly:) His are the stars in the sky. *(The ritual is over.)* I am Sayer of the Law. I live in darkness and say the words.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Here come all that be new, to learn the Law.

SATYR. It is even so.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Evil…

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Evil!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Evil are the punishments of those who break the Law.

DOG WOMAN. None escape.

APE MAN. None, none, none escape. See! I did a little thing, once, a wrong thing, once. I jabbered, jabbered, stopped talking.

SATYR. None could understand.

APE MAN. None! I am burnt, branded in the hand. He is great! He is good!

SAYER OF THE LAW. None escape.

BEAST FOLK. None escape!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. None escape the Want!

BEAST FOLK. The Want!

SAYER OF THE LAW. For everyone, the Want is bad.

(The BEAST FOLK *moan.)*

Deny the Want.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Deny the Want.

SAYER OF THE LAW. What you will Want, we do not know. Some Want to follow things that move. To watch and slink and wait and spring; to kill and bite; bite deep and rich; sucking the blood.

SWINE WOMAN. It is bad.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Turn your back on that which you Want.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Thus it is to be a Man.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Turn your back on that which you Feel.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Thus it is to be a Man.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. Crush Instinct!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Bury it: deep and dark.

DOG WOMAN. There was pain; I know, I know…

SWINE WOMAN. We know.

DOG WOMAN. But you must obey. Obey the Law.

APE MAN. Obey the Master.

SWINE WOMAN. Deny the Want.

DOG WOMAN. You are us.

SWINE WOMAN. We are you; learn the words.

(The blast of a conch shell is heard from outside.)

SAYER OF THE LAW. A gathering is called.

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. All must come.

DOG WOMAN. Come! Come! Obey!

PRENDICK. Where are we going?

SATYR. Go! Follow!

(The BEAST FOLK *slither out of the cave, carrying* PRENDICK *with them in a wave of fur and flesh. Outside, the* BEAST FOLK *gather in a loose semi–circle, grunting and shuffling back and forth in nervous anticipation.)*

PRENDICK. What happens now?

DOG WOMAN. Stand!

SWINE WOMAN. See!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Know!

*(*MOREAU, MONTGOMERY, *and* M'LING *enter.* MOREAU *and* MONTGOMERY *carry whips and have revolvers at their sides.)*

MOREAU. Silence!

(The BEAST FOLK *part to reveal* MOREAU. PRENDICK *panics and tries to run.)*

Stop! Hold him!

(The BEAST FOLK *advance, led by the* LEOPARD MAN *and* HYAENA–SWINE MAN. PRENDICK *slams into the* VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN, *knocking her over. He races through the gap, snaking out of the grasp of the* APE MAN.*)*

Prendick, stop! Catch him!

DOG WOMAN. Stay!

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(To the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* Obey the Master! Go!

(The VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN *pushes the* SLOTH CHILD *into* PRENDICK's *path. The* SLOTH CHILD *reaches for* PRENDICK.*)*

SLOTH CHILD. Stop!

*(*PRENDICK *slashes at the* SLOTH CHILD *with his stick, cutting its face.)*

MONTGOMERY. Get him! Hold him!

MOREAU. *(Overlap:)* Go! Go! Go!

*(*PRENDICK *flees through the jungle, followed by howling* BEAST FOLK, *who trample over the prone* VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN. *For a brief, vicious moment, the* DOG WOMAN *and* SWINE WOMAN *fight over the* SLOTH CHILD *while the* VIXEN–BEAR WOMAN *looks on helplessly. The* SWINE WOMAN *claims the child and races after the group, harried by the* DOG WOMAN. *After a chase,* PRENDICK *climbs a wall of rock and ends up cornered against the edge of a cliff, surrounded by* BEAST FOLK. *The wind howls; waves crash on rocks below.* MONTGOMERY *and* MOREAU *enter.* PRENDICK *moves to the cliff's edge.)*

PRENDICK. Stay back! Keep them back!

MONTGOMERY. Come away from the edge! What are you doing, man?

PRENDICK. What am I doing? I'm going to hurl myself from the cliff!

MOREAU. No! Stop!

MONTGOMERY. *(Overlap:)* Don't!

MOREAU. Mr. Prendick, don't be rash. Why would you want to do this?

PRENDICK. I'd rather be dead, freed from this nightmare, than be tortured by you.

DOG WOMAN. No!

MONTGOMERY. *(To* MOREAU*:)* I told you.

MOREAU. What makes you think I shall torture you?

PRENDICK. What I saw. And these…these *things* here…

APE MAN. We are Men!

BEAST FOLK. Men!

MOREAU. Just hear me…

PRENDICK. They were men once, men like yourselves, whom you have enslaved and infected with some bestial contamination. *(To the*

BEAST FOLK:*)* You who listen, do you not see these men fear you? You are many!

LEOPARD MAN. We *are* many…

> *(*MOREAU *and* MONTGOMERY *share a nervous look over the* LEOPARD MAN's *words.)*

MOREAU. For God's sake, stop that, Prendick!

MONTGOMERY. *(Overlap:)* Don't be a fool!

PRENDICK. They are few! They are *weaker* than you!

MOREAU. Prendick!

LEOPARD MAN. *(Overlap:)* Yes! Yes!

APE MAN & DOG WOMAN. *(Overlap:)* No!

PRENDICK. You need not obey them!

DOG WOMAN. Please! Obey!

SWINE WOMAN. *(Overlap:)* Come down!

PRENDICK. They have broken your bodies, but surely part of your minds survive. Fight them!

LEOPARD MAN. Yes!

PRENDICK. Fight back! You men are stronger!

MONTGOMERY. They are not men, you idiot, they…

> *(*MOREAU *fires his revolver into the sky. The* BEAST FOLK *screech in terror and retreat.)*

MOREAU. *(To* MONTGOMERY:*)* Guard your tongue. *(To* PRENDICK:*)* Latin, Prendick. Bad Latin, schoolboy Latin; but try and understand: Hi non sunt homines; sunt animalia qui nos habemus…vivisected. What you have witnessed is evolution, a humanizing process.

PRENDICK. A likely story. They talk, wear clothing. They were men.

MOREAU. *(To* MONTGOMERY:*)* Back them off.

*(*MONTGOMERY *uses the whip to drive the* BEAST FOLK *far upstage and out of earshot.)*

Listen to me for a moment, Mr. Prendick, then say what you will. None of the creatures you have seen on this island, save myself and Montgomery there, are men. They may be humanoid, but the raw material of their creation, in every case, was animal.

PRENDICK. Impossible.

MOREAU. You seem to forget all that a skilled vivisector can do with living material. I can explain, if you will allow me, but not here. Not in front of them. Step away from the edge and we will talk.

PRENDICK. What reason could I possibly have to trust you?

MOREAU. Think it over. In the first place, I never asked you to come upon this island. If we vivisected human beings, we should import men, not beasts. Secondly, you were drugged last night, had we wanted to work any mischief.

PRENDICK. But I saw…in the laboratory…

MONTGOMERY. Don't be stupid. That was the puma.

*(*MOREAU *takes his revolver and places it carefully on the ground in front of him.)*

MOREAU. Look here, that's a loaded revolver. Montgomery will do the same.

*(*MONTGOMERY *reluctantly places his revolver on the ground next to Moreau's.)*

Now come and take them.

(After a moment's consideration, PRENDICK *picks up the revolvers.)*

Now then, Mr. Prendick, the choice is yours. I am returning to the compound. If you wish to engage in civilized conversation, one man of science to another, you will find me there. If not, then do as you see fit.

*(*MONTGOMERY *and* MOREAU *exit, followed by* M'LING, *as* PRENDICK *lingers. The* LEOPARD MAN *approaches and addresses him.)*

LEOPARD MAN. We are many.

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. *(Joining the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* We are many.

SWINE WOMAN. *(Tugging at the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN*:)* No! We are Men. We are Men.

(The HYAENA–SWINE MAN *shoves the* SWINE WOMAN *to the ground.)*

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. We are *many.*

*(*PRENDICK *exits. As the* BEAST FOLK *exit, the* DOG WOMAN *takes possession of the* SLOTH CHILD. *Lights shift to Moreau's lab in the compound. The* PUMA *is bound to the rack, moaning pitifully. Her head has been uncovered and it is clearly feline—there is no trace of humanity in it.* MOREAU, MONTGOMERY, *and* PRENDICK *stand over her.)*

MOREAU. Examine the face of the creature. And, here: the hind limbs. *(He uncovers her legs. They are covered in fur and end in paws.)* Finally…

*(*MOREAU *reaches under the* PUMA *and draws out her tail. She tries to bite* MOREAU's *face, but the bindings prevent her from making contact.)*

Its tail, which I have not yet removed. Can you see now that the vivisected human, as you called it, is, after all, only the puma?

PRENDICK. Yes, but so mutilated as I pray I may never see living flesh again.

MOREAU. Typical. Montgomery used to be just the same. You admit it is the puma. Now be quiet, while I explain.

(The men cross into the apartment.)

I must warn you, however, that this is the last I shall do to indulge you. When next you threaten to commit suicide, I won't stop you.

PRENDICK. You don't care whether I live or die?

MOREAU. Why should I?

PRENDICK. Why bother explaining yourself to me, then?

MONTGOMERY. There is the small matter of the loaded revolvers…

MOREAU. No, he will not use them. I know what it is to stand at the edge of the unknown, seeking answers. Perhaps, Mr. Prendick, I feel a certain kinship with you. Despite your ignorance.

PRENDICK. Then enlighten me.

MOREAU. My surgeries, you see, they are nothing so new or shocking as you would have them. Amputation, excisions, pigmentary disturbance—these are well documented procedures. And the grafting of living flesh from one body to another has been possible for some time.

PRENDICK. But if these creatures were animals, how is it they have language?

MOREAU. Do you know the greatest difference between man and monkey? It is the larynx. Reshape *that*, and any beast can develop the delicate sounds by which thought can be sustained. And it is not simply the outward form of an animal which can be modified; the mental structure is equally conducive to transformation. With hypnotism we can suppress inherent instincts, replace them with new suggestions. In fact, what we call "moral education," is nothing more than the artificial perversion of instinct: self–preservation trained into self–sacrifice; suppressed sexuality into religion.

PRENDICK. You call morality a perversion?

MOREAU. You pretend to be horrified by my work, yet you know this branch of medicine is nothing new.

PRENDICK. But it was never sought as an end. Except by criminals. Tyrants. In the torture chambers of the Inquisition…

MOREAU. One cannot "torture" an animal, Mr. Prendick.

PRENDICK. The only thing that could excuse vivisection to me would be some practical application.

MOREAU. This is the culmination of development theory. Hundreds of thousands of years of God's work, compressed to a month's time.

PRENDICK. But, to what end? And why at the cost of such terrible pain?

MOREAU. You see, you and I are on different platforms. You are a materialist.

PRENDICK. I am *not* a "materialist"…

MOREAU. You wallow in the petty concerns of the flesh.

PRENDICK. How dare you?

MOREAU. So long as visible or audible pain turns you sick; so long as pain underlies your understanding of morality; so long as your own pain drives you, you are merely an animal. *(*MOREAU *produces a foot–long surgical pin and drives it through his arm.)* Pain is nothing; a set of neural impulses designed to goad the primitive mind. With men, the more intelligent we become, the less we need the sensation of pain to keep us out of danger. And I never yet heard of a useless thing that was not ground out of existence by evolution sooner or later. Did you?

PRENDICK. How can you ignore the fact that the poor creature in there is in torment?

MONTGOMERY. Because it is merely an animal.

MOREAU. The store which men and women set on pain is the mark of the beast upon them. Pain, pain and pleasure, they are for us only so long as we writhe in the dust.

PRENDICK. But anesthesia is available. You could alleviate her suffering.

MOREAU. Would you anesthetize a worm? No. A frog, then? I very much doubt it. Yet they are both sensitive to pain. Perhaps they even *deserve* to feel it, being so easily ruled by it. So where would you draw the line?

PRENDICK. I would listen to my conscience.

MOREAU. As have I. I am a religious man, as every sane person must be. It may be, I fancy, that I have seen more of the ways of this world's Maker than you, for I have sought His laws, in *my* way, all my life, while you, I understand, have been playing with butterflies.

PRENDICK. You believe God condones wanton cruelty?

MOREAU. God is many things, but I see no evidence of beneficence in His design. Natural selection works by discarding millions of lives to achieve even a minor adaptation. One cannot incite the development of anything—a greater society, the improvement of mankind— in a vacuum devoid of suffering. War, plague, natural disasters—these are inflammatory phenomena necessary to certain stages of growth. So why do we fear them? Real progress can only be achieved by those who are as remorseless as God Himself. I have turned my back on everything but the relentless pursuit of my research, for twenty years, counting nine in England and nearly eleven here. But after all, what is twenty years? Men have been a hundred thousand in the making. I have great hope for this puma… She is experiencing pain, yes. But this soon will pass, and when it does, she will be greater than she was before. One step closer to perfection. *(He stands, preparing to depart.)* So, tell me: are you in fear of me still?

> *(*PRENDICK *stares at* MOREAU *for a time, then hands him a revolver with either hand.)*

Keep them. I'm glad it's all clear to you now. You have had two eventful days; I should advise some sleep. *(He exits through the interior door and locks it.)*

PRENDICK. Ever since I arrived here, you two have been telling me to sleep.

MONTGOMERY. And thereby end the heartache and shock that flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

PRENDICK. Yes, I suppose it's easier for you that way: sleep, drink yourself numb, anything to distance yourself from the agony you cause.

MONTGOMERY. Though it may seem cruel to you, I assure you: the doctor's work here is a thing of mercy. He is advancing evolution. He is creating a future for these brutes.

PRENDICK. He seems only to be creating suffering. And the thing I can't turn away from is that after humanizing these creatures, he infects their brains with the deification of himself.

MONTGOMERY. They must believe certain things without question. It's all that keeps them from falling upon us.

PRENDICK. Thou shalt have no God before Me.

MONTGOMERY. Prendick…

PRENDICK. I thought he was a deeply religious man.

MONTGOMERY. He does not live in dread of something after death, for he knows that he is, in his own way, following God's plan. In time you will see this. *(He sets the vial of black liquid on the table.)* If you should find you need it.

> *(*MONTGOMERY *exits, taking the revolvers with him.* PRENDICK *picks up the vial, considers it, then tucks it away in a pocket. He lies down in the hammock and the ritual of sleep plays out once again, this time accompanied by the growling of the* PUMA. *Lights rise on the jungle.* M'LING *enters, following a scent.)*

M'LING. Come, sirs! You will find the lunch to hunt this way.

> *(*MONTGOMERY *enters. He carries a whip and has a revolver at his side. He crosses to* M'LING *and pats him on the head, scratches behind his ear.* PRENDICK *enters, also with a whip and revolver, and observes the scene for a moment.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(To* M'LING*:)* Good ol' bugger.

PRENDICK. Is he your favorite?

MONTGOMERY. M'ling here is perhaps the most elaborately made of all Moreau's creatures. In this fellow, you have bear—which I'm sure you can see—and some ox, but also a bit of hound. I fancy that's where he gets his unwavering loyalty. Right, you big bloody brute? I have used thee, filth as thou art, with human care… *(He kicks* M'LING, *who endures it.)* To speak truth, they all look per-

fectly human to me now. Granted, I hardly meet the finest specimens of mankind in the godforsaken ports I visit, but I can no longer warm to men. They look wrong to me. Flat of face. Suspicious. Cold–hearted.

PRENDICK. Yet still you saved me. Why?

MONTGOMERY. I injected and fed you much as I might have collected a specimen. No more, no less.

M'LING. Come! Follow!

(They trek through the jungle; M'LING *leads.* MONTGOMERY *sips from his flask.)*

PRENDICK. How many Beast Folk are there?

MONTGOMERY. Right now? Fewer than thirty.

PRENDICK. How many has he made altogether?

MONTGOMERY. Over a hundred, I should guess. We don't really keep count. They are made; they live; they die…and we go on. They don't live long, honestly. It would be rather pointless to catalogue each individual death. Or birth, for that matter.

PRENDICK. They can bear offspring?

MONTGOMERY. Yes, they produce young, but those generally die, too. The curious thing is, the ones that live have no evidence whatsoever of their parents' human characteristics. Moreau has to work the infants into man–shape from scratch.

*(*M'LING *discovers a tree with its bark torn in long strips.* MONTGOMERY *investigates.)*

What's this? Not to claw the bark of trees, that is the Law. Much some of them care for it.

(The SATYR *and the* APE MAN *enter. The* APE MAN *carries a foul burlap sack.)*

SATYR. Hail to the Other with the whip!

APE MAN. Hail! Hail! Hail!

MONTGOMERY. There's a third with a whip now *(He indicates* PRENDICK*:)* so you'd better mind.

SATYR. He that runs weeping has a thin white face.

APE MAN. Thin face!

SATYR. Yesterday he wept. You never weep. The Master does not weep.

MONTGOMERY. You'll bloody weep if you don't look out.

APE MAN. He has five fingers. He is a Five Man, like me. Me!

MONTGOMERY. No. He is not like you. He's not barking mad, for one.

SATYR. He holds a whip, but he is weak. I see.

PRENDICK. Get out of here. Go!

SATYR. The weeping one talks, but he says nothing.

APE MAN. He does not know.

MONTGOMERY. *(To* SATYR *and* APE MAN*:)* Go on, both of you! Back to the caves!

> *(The* APE MAN *pushes the sack into* PRENDICK's *hands, shaking his head and gesticulating urgently, and then exits with the* SATYR.*)*

Come along, Prendick.

> *(*MONTGOMERY *takes the* APE MAN's *sack from* PRENDICK *and continues on his way, but stops short after peering inside the sack.)*

MONTGOMERY. Good God! *(He pulls a dead rabbit from the sack. It is rent to pieces, the backbone indisputably gnawed.)* What can this mean?

PRENDICK. Some carnivore of yours has remembered its old habits. The backbone has been bitten clean through.

MONTGOMERY. I don't like this.

PRENDICK. I saw something of the same kind, the first day I came out here.

MONTGOMERY. The devil you did!

PRENDICK. And I believe I know which of your brutes did the thing. I saw him drinking in the stream.

MONTGOMERY. Sucking his drink?

PRENDICK. Yes. It was the one who assaulted me.

MONTGOMERY. Of course. It's just the way with carnivores. After a kill, they drink. It's the taste of blood, you know? M'ling, go fetch the Master. Tell him to meet us at the caves. Say that someone has eaten flesh.

> *(*M'LING *stares at the dead rabbit, sniffing.* MONTGOMERY *stuffs it back into the sack.)*

Well? What's the problem, you bloody idiot? Can't you remember all that? Hag–seed, hence! Do as I bid you!

> *(*M'LING *bounds away.* MONTGOMERY *draws his revolver and examines the cartridges.)*

Would you recognize the creature again?

PRENDICK. I think I should. I struck him with a rock. He ought to have a handsome bruise on the forehead.

> *(*PRENDICK *starts to exit, but* MONTGOMERY *remains, contemplating the rabbit.)*

Are you coming?

MONTGOMERY. You see, they are supposed to have a fixed idea against eating anything that runs on land. If one of them has acquired a taste for blood…I did a foolish thing yesterday. That servant of mine, M'ling…I showed him how to skin and cook a rabbit for our lunch. Later on, I found him by himself, licking his hands. It didn't occur to me at the time, but…

PRENDICK. I see.

MONTGOMERY. Perhaps I've been a stupid ass, as usual…

(The sound of the conch echoes across the island. Lights shift to the gathering place outside the caves. Standing around nervously are the SAYER, LEOPARD MAN, APE MAN, SATYR, HYAENA–SWINE MAN, SWINE WOMAN, DOG WOMAN, *and the* SLOTH CHILD. MOREAU, MONTGOMERY, PRENDICK, *and* M'LING *enter.)*

APE MAN. The Master! The Master!

MOREAU. *(Cracking his whip:)* Cease!

(The BEAST FOLK *fall silent.)*

Where is the Sayer of the Law?

SAYER OF THE LAW. *(Edging forward:)* The Sayer is I, Master.

MOREAU. Say the words!

APE MAN. Say the Law!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to go on all–fours.

BEAST FOLK. That is the Law.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to claw the bark of trees.

BEAST FOLK. That is the Law.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to suck up drink.

BEAST FOLK. That is the Law.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Not to eat flesh.

MOREAU. Stop! That Law has been broken!

SAYER OF THE LAW. None escape.

MOREAU. Who is he?

APE MAN. Who? Who? Who?

SWINE WOMAN. *(Overlap:)* No! No!

DOG WOMAN. *(Overlap:)* Not I, Master!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. *(Overlap:)* The Want is strong…

VIXEN-BEAR WOMAN. *(Overlap; to the* SLOTH CHILD*:)* None escape!

*(*MOREAU *cracks his whip. The* BEAST FOLK *grovel.)*

MOREAU. *(In a voice like thunder:)* Who is he?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Evil is he who breaks the Law.

(The LEOPARD MAN *stands defiantly as the other* BEAST FOLK *scatter away from him.* MOREAU *looks deep into the* LEOPARD MAN's *eyes.)*

MOREAU. He who breaks the Law…

SAYER OF THE LAW. Goes back to the House of Pain, Master!

BEAST FOLK. Back to the House of Pain!

MOREAU. *(To the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* Do you hear?

(The LEOPARD MAN *simply glares at* MOREAU*.)*

Do you hear?

SWINE WOMAN. None escape!

MOREAU. *(To the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* Do you hear me?

DOG WOMAN. None escape!

MOREAU. *(To the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* You have broken the Law!

*(*MOREAU *lashes the* LEOPARD MAN *with the whip.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. Punishment is sharp and sure!

APE MAN. Back to the House of Pain!

LEOPARD MAN. *(To the* BEAST FOLK*:)* We are many!

MOREAU. *(To the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* Bow down!

*(*MOREAU *lashes the* LEOPARD MAN *with the whip.)*

BEAST FOLK. Back to the House of Pain!

LEOPARD MAN. They are few!

*(*MOREAU *lashes the* LEOPARD MAN *with the whip.)*

BEAST FOLK. Back to the House of Pain!

LEOPARD MAN. They fear us!

SWINE WOMAN. No!

LEOPARD MAN. We can fight!

SWINE WOMAN. No!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. Yes! Fight!

MOREAU. *(To the* LEOPARD MAN*:)* Bow down before me!

*(*MOREAU *goes to strike again, but the* LEOPARD MAN *knocks the whip from* MOREAU's *grasp. The* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *rises to his feet.)*

LEOPARD MAN. They are weak. We are strong!

(A menacing rumble builds in the throats of the BEAST FOLK *as* MOREAU *and the* LEOPARD MAN *face off.* PRENDICK *steps forward and cocks his revolver.)*

PRENDICK. Moreau…

MOREAU. Prendick, stay back.

LEOPARD MAN. Fight! Fight back!

(Then, like lightning, the LEOPARD MAN *strikes. He leaps on his tormentor with claws lashing in fury. The* BEAST FOLK *howl and cry.* PRENDICK *takes aim.)*

MOREAU. Don't kill it!

*(*PRENDICK *fires and the* LEOPARD MAN *falls dead.)*

Confound you, Prendick!

(As MOREAU *steps away from the corpse of the* LEOPARD MAN, *the* BEAST FOLK *approach the body. First comes the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN, *sniffing. The* APE MAN *pushes the corpse and tries to make it move. Last to join is the* SAYER.*)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. Strong is the Law. Great is the Hand. Mighty are the Others.

(The BEAST FOLK, *except the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN, *raise the body of the* LEOPARD MAN *over their heads. Together, they howl at the sky and carry the body offstage. The* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *lingers.)*

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. We are many.

(After a dark look at MOREAU, *the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *exits.)*

PRENDICK. What will they do with the body?

MONTGOMERY. They take their dead to the cliffs and hurl them into the sea. Afterwards, quite often, they howl for days. There is a terrible aimlessness that comes over them when they are faced with things they don't comprehend. Poor brutes…

PRENDICK. Poor brutes? And who is the cause of their suffering?

MOREAU. It was you who fired the gun, Mr. Prendick.

PRENDICK. He was going to kill you!

MOREAU. We don't know that. Its conditioning was powerful.

MONTGOMERY. You see, we try to shield them from the phenomena of violent death.

PRENDICK. So they have not witnessed killing?

MOREAU. Not of their own kind, no.

MONTGOMERY. Only natural deaths: illness, age. Violence, you know…it might stir the blood, arouse their senses.

PRENDICK. You prefer to keep them in a state of ignorance?

MONTGOMERY. We prefer to keep them *safe.*

MOREAU. You are tampering with a process you do not understand. There is a delicate balance here that we have worked long to maintain.

MONTGOMERY. Nearly eleven years… We began with a simple sheep.

MOREAU. Yes. I killed it after a day and a half by a slip of the scalpel. My first failure. I took another sheep, and molded it into man–like shape. But it was a thing of pain and fear and the more I looked at it, the clumsier it seemed, the more I hated it, until at last I put the wretch out of its misery. These beasts without courage, the fear–haunted, pain–driven things, they are no good for man–making. So I took a gorilla; and upon that, working with infinite care, I made my first true man.

MONTGOMERY. I heard the cries as it grew human, cries like those that disturbed you. I, too, was quite unmanned in folly.

MOREAU. But he learned to shift his focus from the individual body to the contemplation of its place in the enormity of evolution.

MONTGOMERY. We spent months educating that first Gorilla Man, teaching him English, counting.

MOREAU. When its scars were healed, we released it. It lived quite normally at first.

MONTGOMERY. Then we came upon the creature squatting in a tree, gibbering.

MOREAU. I told it the inhumanity of such a proceeding, aroused its shame, but somehow the impulses of the stubborn beast–flesh continue to defeat me. The outward form I can modify now, almost with ease. But there is something I cannot touch: cravings, instincts, desires that debase humanity. First one trait, then another, creeps to the surface and stares at me. I turn them out when I feel the beast rise in them, and they wander to the caves. There is a kind of travesty of humanity over there. Montgomery knows about it for he interferes in their affairs.

MONTGOMERY. I can’t help but like some of the brutes.

PRENDICK. You know, despite the grotesqueness of the forms, you have on this island the whole interplay of human life in miniature. The many suffer at the hand of the few.

MONTGOMERY. How are they suffering? We have taught them language. We have gifted them with culture. They were nothing before us.

PRENDICK. They were living beings, at one with their world. Now, they stumble about in a state of fear that never dies. They fret over a Law they cannot possibly understand. And for what?

MOREAU. Evolution is painful.

PRENDICK. This isn't "evolution."

MONTGOMERY. *Life* is bloody painful, Prendick.

PRENDICK. You are driven by nothing but cold curiosity, and your poor subjects are thrown out to struggle and blunder and suffer, and at last to die painfully.

MONTGOMERY. And what of us men? Our lives are no different. We struggle. We suffer. We blunder, time and again. And then we die. We die painfully, and alone. We leave nothing behind us but blood and stench and a mire of unanswered questions.

PRENDICK. Then create some meaning for yourself; that is your power as Men. Look at what you've built! An island in the middle of nowhere populated by animals that think they're human? There's no higher purpose to all this!

MOREAU. No higher purpose? You think my experiment ends here? No, this is merely the beginning.

PRENDICK. The beginning of what?

MOREAU. The improvement of mankind. Consider the biologically flawed amongst us—the hare lipped, the albinos, the dwarfs—trapped in their inferior bodies. The mentally deficient; they could be made fit for society! What of the brown men of Africa and India? They rebel against progress, prevented by the size of their skulls from grasping higher principles. These endless wars; they could be put to rest forever! The peasants of the Orient—rutting like pigs, chittering in their gibberish tongue—these wretches need not live in the squalor of ignorance any longer. I can improve them, and I can do it more quickly than an army of missionaries ever could. I can't possibly eradicate all of God's failed experiments, but I will lift up those I can. First, though, I must hone my skills, you see. I must perfect my methods. And that begins here on this island.

PRENDICK. This is madness. *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* Is this what you stand for?

*(*MONTGOMERY *does not reply.)*

MOREAU. If you do not share my vision, Mr. Prendick, go back to Peru and catalogue butterflies. Waste your life on frivolous pursuits. We choose to make a difference. We choose to leave this world better than we found it. Can you say the same?

*(*MOREAU *exits.* PRENDICK *looks to* MONTGOMERY, *who cannot meet his gaze and follows after* MOREAU. PRENDICK *pulls the vial of black liquid from his pocket. He stares at the vial for a long, dark moment and then downs the contents. Lights shift as* PRENDICK's *final sleep ritual plays out to the accompaniment of the heartbeat and a soundscape of the Law and the whipping of the* LEOPARD MAN. *Lights rise again on the apartment in the compound.* PRENDICK *lies on the floor and wakes to the screaming of the* PUMA. *He exits the apartment to find* M'LING *sitting against the wall, licking his fingers. The* APE MAN *hangs upside down from a nearby tree, staring into space. The* DOG WOMAN *lies on her back, whimpering.)*

PRENDICK. *(To* M'LING*:)* You there, stop that.

*(*M'LING *stops licking his fingers. The* DOG WOMAN *crosses to* PRENDICK.*)*

DOG WOMAN. It is I. It is I.

PRENDICK. Yes. I remember. You know, I am sorry for what you saw yesterday.

DOG WOMAN. What the Others wish to take, they take.

M'LING. It is even so.

DOG WOMAN. Please, you will not burn me with the Fire that kills?

PRENDICK. No, of course not.

DOG WOMAN. Please! I love the Law. I keep it. Kill the rest!

M'LING. You can't kill me! I serve!

PRENDICK. I don't wish to kill anyone…

DOG WOMAN. Please! I can be your servant.

PRENDICK. I don't require your service.

DOG WOMAN. Please…

(The PUMA's *screams grow more intense.)*

APE MAN. His is the House of Pain.

M'LING. His is the Hand that wounds.

DOG WOMAN. The Master's will is sweet.

(Suddenly, from inside the compound there is a crash of splintering wood. A sharp cry from MOREAU *follows, and a scream from* MONTGOMERY. PRENDICK *turns to the compound gate in time to see it flung open by the* PUMA. *She looks hellish: not human, not animal, but a mass of blood, bandages, flesh and scars. Eyes filled with tears, she barrels over* PRENDICK, *driving him to the ground.* MOREAU *enters from the compound, his forehead streaming blood. Revolver in hand, he rushes off in pursuit of the* PUMA, *stopping only to urge on the* BEAST FOLK.*)*

MOREAU. *(On his way out:)* Go! Catch it! It mustn't escape!

(The DOG WOMAN *howls at the sky. Her cry is echoed across the island as she,* M'LING *and the* APE MAN *bound into the jungle, following* MOREAU. PRENDICK *struggles to his feet as* MONTGOMERY *stumbles out of the compound with whip and revolver in hand.)*

MONTGOMERY. Great God, Prendick! She tore the rack to pieces! Which way did they go?

PRENDICK. There. With M'ling. And the others.

MONTGOMERY. Come on! He's going to need our help.

PRENDICK. He can go to the Devil.

MONTGOMERY. Think of *her,* Prendick. Think of the state she's in. She can't be left loose like this. Come on!

*(*MONTGOMERY *gives* PRENDICK *a whip and the two men head into the jungle, following the sounds of the chase. The chorus of howling that blankets the isle is momentarily silenced by the crack of a gunshot. Soon,* MONTGOMERY *and* PRENDICK *find the* PUMA *surrounded by* M'LING, *the* APE MAN, HYAENA–SWINE MAN, SWINE WOMAN, SATYR, DOG WOMAN, *and* SAYER OF THE LAW. *Even injured, she manages to keep the* BEAST FOLK *at bay, howling in rage and clawing wildly.)*

PRENDICK. What now? What do we do?

MONTGOMERY. We've got to subdue her somehow…

MOREAU. *(Entering:)* Enough!

(The PUMA *charges* MOREAU. *He shoots her in the leg. The injury stops her momentarily, but she charges on.* MOREAU *shoots the* PUMA *in her other leg, dropping her to her knees. Screaming and howling, she crawls closer to* MOREAU.*)*

Don't make me kill you!

(At point–blank range, MOREAU *shoots the* PUMA *in the shoulder. With a terrible scream, she collapses.* MOREAU *stands over her as she writhes in agony.)*

God, how they mock me. And I held out such hope for you…

(Without warning, with her last ounce of strength, the PUMA *opens* MOREAU's *gut with her claws.* MOREAU *sinks to his knees as* MONTGOMERY *backs away in horror. The* PUMA *tears* MOREAU's *throat out with her teeth. Finally, falling atop one another, they die. There is a long, terrible pause.* MONTGOMERY *pulls out his flask and drinks.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(Softly:)* And a curse shall light upon the limbs of men…

(The HYAENA–SWINE MAN *approaches* MOREAU's *body and sniffs at it.)*

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. He is dead.

SWINE WOMAN & DOG WOMAN. No!

(The DOG WOMAN *picks up the* SLOTH CHILD, *and holds it close.)*

APE MAN. He is not dead; he is not dead.

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. I see.

SATYR. I see.

SAYER OF THE LAW. The Thing that bled and ran screaming and sobbing, that is dead.

MONTGOMERY. They're both dead, you fools. Blood and destruction shall be so in use…

PRENDICK. *(To* MONTGOMERY*:)* Shut up.

(The HYAENA–SWINE MAN *licks* MOREAU's *blood.)*

MONTGOMERY. Oi, there! Stop that!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. I Want.

SWINE WOMAN. Stop!

MONTGOMERY. *(Cracking his whip:)* Get away from there! Don't you touch him!

DOG WOMAN. Not to eat Flesh.

(The SWINE WOMAN *tries to pull the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *away, but he won't budge.)*

SWINE WOMAN. Not to eat Flesh!

MONTGOMERY. That is the Law!

SATYR. Is there a Law now?

MONTGOMERY. Of course there's a bloody Law! They've gone mad. Get the hell away from that!

HYAENA–SWINE MAN. I *Want!*

*(*MONTGOMERY *whips the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN. *The* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *charges* MONTGOMERY, *blood dripping from his mouth, but* M'LING *tackles him. After a frenzied grapple, the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *kicks* M'LING *off of him.*

For a moment of charged stillness, the HYAENA–SWINE MAN *faces–off with the entire group.)*

SWINE WOMAN. Deny the Want!

(Without warning, the HYAENA–SWINE MAN *leaps on the* SWINE WOMAN, *tears out her throat with his teeth, and carries her into the jungle.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(Gibbering to himself:)* Oh Jesus merciful Savior thrice to thine and thrice to mine and thrice again to make up nine amen amen…

SAYER OF THE LAW. The gentle one is dead.

APE MAN. It is bad bad bad bad bad…

SAYER OF THE LAW. Punishment is…

SATYR. There is no punishment! The Master is dead!

PRENDICK. Listen to me…

(The BEAST FOLK *turn their confusion and anger on* PRENDICK, *clustering around him, pushing and pawing at him, trying to pull answers out of him.)*

DOG WOMAN. There is pain!

APE MAN. Why? Why? Why?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Where is the Law?

M'LING. Where is the Master?

MONTGOMERY. The Master is *dead.* Long live the Master!

SATYR. Dead!

DOG WOMAN. Please! Please!

APE MAN. *(Overlap:)* No, no, no; yes!?

SAYER OF THE LAW. Where is the Law?

SATYR. No Law! The Law is dead!

MONTGOMERY. We're all dead.

PRENDICK. *(To* MONTGOMERY:*)* Confound you!

*(*PRENDICK *grabs Moreau's revolver and fires it into the air. Everyone freezes.)*

The Master is *not* dead!

M'LING. We saw.

SATYR. We see.

PRENDICK. Children of the Law, he is *not* dead! He has merely cast away his flesh. He has Transformed!

APE MAN. He is great! He is good!

PRENDICK. For a time you will not see him. He is…there. *(Pointing upward:)* But he is watching you even now. Fear the Law!

SATYR. If we cannot see him, how is he there?

PRENDICK. You must believe. You must have faith.

DOG WOMAN. Faith?

PRENDICK. Yes. See him here *(Touching his heart)* though you cannot see him there.

APE MAN. Yes! Yes!

PRENDICK. Come, we will honor the Master's body and return it to his home.

APE MAN. House of Pain!

PRENDICK. And bring the other. She, too, will lie at the house.

MONTGOMERY. They give their dead to the sea…

PRENDICK. Not anymore.

(The BEAST FOLK *gather the bodies of* MOREAU *and the* PUMA *and begin a funeral procession to the compound.* PRENDICK *travels ahead to build a bier out of crates and barrels.* MONTGOMERY *grabs Moreau's revolver and sidles up close to* PRENDICK.*)*

MONTGOMERY. You know, an animal may be ferocious and cunning enough, but it takes a real man to tell a lie.

(During the funeral procession, the BEAST FOLK *chant:)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. His is the House of Pain.

BEAST FOLK. His is the Hand that makes. His is the Hand that wounds. His is the Hand that heals.

(At the compound, the bodies of MOREAU *and the* PUMA *are laid atop the bier as* MONTGOMERY *lays Moreau's whip on his chest.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. The Master has changed.

PRENDICK. But he is with us still.

SAYER OF THE LAW. The Law remains.

MONTGOMERY. I don't think it ever occurred to me that Moreau could die…

*(*PRENDICK *shoves* MONTGOMERY *into the compound as the* BEAST FOLK *exit. Inside,* MONTGOMERY *clutches his flask for comfort.)*

God, this silly ass of a world. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, eh? I haven't had any life. Years being bullied by nurses and schoolmasters; years in London grinding hard at medicine, bad food, shabby lodgings, shabby vice, a single blunder… And then this beastly place, ten years here! For what?

PRENDICK. The thing we have to think of now is how to get off this island.

MONTGOMERY. What's the good of getting away? It's all very well for you, Prendick. I'm an outcast. Where am I to go?

PRENDICK. We'll figure something out. There must be…

MONTGOMERY. And poor old Moreau! We can't leave him here to have his bones picked. Promise me!

PRENDICK. We should make the brushwood into a pyre and burn his body.

MONTGOMERY. His Beast Folk…

PRENDICK. What will happen with them now?

MONTGOMERY. I suppose those that were beasts of prey will begin to change, succumb to their hunger for blood. Yet we can't massacre the lot…or can we? They'll change. They are sure to change.

PRENDICK. We can't slaughter them.

MONTGOMERY. But we *can.* If we so choose. *That* is our power as Men: to destroy everything we wish. It is our one true gift, given to us freely by God. *(He releases a gut–wrenching scream.) I am damned! (He drinks, then holds out the flask to* PRENDICK.*)* Come on, Prendick. Take it. Drink. Drink!

> *(There is a struggle as* MONTGOMERY *tries ineffectually to force the flask into* PRENDICK's *hands. Then,* MONTGOMERY *draws his revolver and trains it on* PRENDICK.*)*

I told you to bloody well drink.

PRENDICK. You're no better than a beast yourself.

MONTGOMERY. And what are you? A chalky–faced coward. A butterfly collector.

PRENDICK. Montgomery, please…

MONTGOMERY. *(He cocks the revolver.)* Drink. *(He puts the revolver to* PRENDICK's *head.) Drink! (*MONTGOMERY *pours liquor down* PRENDICK's *throat.)* Yes! *Live,* man! For once!

> *(*MONTGOMERY *empties the flask into* PRENDICK's *mouth and tosses it to the ground. He grabs a brandy bottle and one of the whips, crosses to the exterior door, flings it open and calls out as* PRENDICK *sputters and gasps on the floor.)*

M'ling! Come here, you stupid brute! I've got something for you!

> *(From the jungle, bestial howls answer his cry.)*

PRENDICK. What are you doing?

MONTGOMERY. M'ling's the only one who really cares for me. I'll wager he takes his liquor like a man, unlike others I could mention.

PRENDICK. For God's sake, don't give drink to that creature.

*(*MONTGOMERY *drags* PRENDICK *outside as* M'LING, *the* SAYER, APE MAN, SATYR, DOG WOMAN, *and* SLOTH CHILD *enter.* PRENDICK *tries to escape, but* MONTGOMERY *lashes him with the whip, wrapping it about his neck, and drags him back.)*

MONTGOMERY. You're not going anywhere.

(The DOG WOMAN *rushes to help* PRENDICK, *but* MONTGOMERY *kicks her away.)*

No, you don't; he's mine! We're on the edge of the pit now, Prendick. 'Tis far better to leap in ourselves, eh? *(Throwing an arm around* M'LING*:)* M'ling, old friend! Tomorrow I fancy I'll cut my bloody throat. But tonight? Tonight we're going to have a damned holiday!

APE MAN. Holiday! Holiday!

PRENDICK. Please…

MONTGOMERY. You're a solemn prig, you know that? A fearing, fancying ass. *(Pouring brandy into* M'LING's *mouth.)* Drink! Drink, you brutes! Drink and be Men!

PRENDICK. No! Montgomery, don't!

*(*MONTGOMERY *passes the bottle; the* BEAST FOLK *drink eagerly, except for the* DOG WOMAN, *who huddles away from the others with the* SLOTH CHILD.*)*

MONTGOMERY. Damn, Moreau forgot all about this. *This* is humanity. How beauteous mankind is! Brave new world, that has such people in it! Drink! And dance! Dance, I say!

*(*MONTGOMERY *hauls* PRENDICK *to his feet and roughly dances him about. He passes* PRENDICK *to the* BEAST FOLK, *who shove him around the circle as they begin a primal dance.* PRENDICK *tries to escape, but the* BEAST FOLK *keep hauling him back in.)*

Yes! Sing! Sing all together: Confound old Prendick!

BEAST FOLK. Confound old Prendick!

MONTGOMERY. That's right; now again: confound old Prendick!

BEAST FOLK. Confound old Prendick!

MONTGOMERY. Now turn right!

BEAST FOLK. Now turn right!

MONTGOMERY. No, no, you lackwits! That was not to sing. Go the other way!

BEAST FOLK. *(Changing direction:)* Other way! Other way!

*(*MONTGOMERY *grabs the* DOG WOMAN *and thrusts her into the circle of* BEAST FOLK.*)*

MONTGOMERY. Come on, everybody's on holiday! Cry unto the sky!

BEAST FOLK. Cry unto the sky!

MONTGOMERY. None escape!

BEAST FOLK. None escape!

MONTGOMERY. Cry! Scream! Are we not Men?

BEAST FOLK. We are Men!

*(*MONTGOMERY *howls at the moon. The* BEAST FOLK *do the same. Together, they scream at the sky, leaping and dancing dangerously out of control. The* DOG WOMAN *is severely roughed–up. The* SATYR *takes the* SLOTH CHILD *and gives it liquor.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(To* PRENDICK*:)* You're awfully quiet, Mr. Prendick. Give us a howl.

PRENDICK. Please…you don't have to do this…

*(*MONTGOMERY *grabs a lantern from the compound and throws it onto the bier, starting a fire. The* DOG WOMAN *is hysterical with fear.)*

MONTGOMERY. You wanted to see him burn, eh, Prendick? Here's your bloody fire! The world is ending!

BEAST FOLK. The world is ending!

MONTGOMERY. Night hangs upon my eyes! My bones would rest! Tonight we dance, for tomorrow we die!

BEAST FOLK. Tomorrow we die!

MONTGOMERY. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow!

BEAST FOLK. Tomorrow we die! Tomorrow we die!

*(*MONTGOMERY *and the* BEAST FOLK *dance and scream as the fire grows. Something rolls onto stage from the edge of the jungle. The* SLOTH CHILD *investigates, turning the object over to discover the head of the* SWINE WOMAN, *torn messily from her body. With a mighty roar, the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *explodes from the undergrowth, his face and claws stained with blood. He grabs the* SLOTH CHILD *and retreats into the jungle with it as* MONTGOMERY *draws his revolver and fires after him. The* SLOTH CHILD's *cries end suddenly, and wetly, as the sound of feasting emerges from the jungle.)*

MONTGOMERY. Get back here, you hear me!

PRENDICK. Montgomery, listen to me: we need to get inside for our own safety now. Put an end to this…

MONTGOMERY. No one asked you, butterfly.

*(*MONTGOMERY *lashes* PRENDICK. *The* BEAST FOLK *howl. Realizing the brandy bottle has been drained, the* SAYER OF THE LAW *tosses it aside.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. More!

MONTGOMERY. No more, old chap. So sorry…

M'LING. More! More!

MONTGOMERY. Shut up, you.

SAYER OF THE LAW. More!

SATYR. More!

APE MAN. More! Five! More! Yes!

SATYR. Yes!

MONTGOMERY. Bugger off, you brutes! There is no more. No more forever and ever, amen.

(The SAYER, SATYR, *and* APE MAN *shove* MONTGOMERY, *growing quite violent.)*

M'LING. Please!

SATYR. *(Overlap:)* More!

SAYER OF THE LAW. *(Overlap:)* More! More!

APE MAN. *(Overlap:)* Now! Now! Now! Yes!

SAYER OF THE LAW. You are weak! We are strong!

SATYR. Yes! We are strong!

SAYER OF THE LAW. It is the new Law!

SATYR. Yes!

(The SATYR *charges* MONTGOMERY, *butting him with his head.* M'LING *roars in fury and pulls the* SATYR *to the ground. There is a mighty struggle.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(To the* SATYR*:)* Get off, you! Don't you hurt him!

*(*MONTGOMERY *fires, intending to shoot the* SATYR, *but the two, in their grapple, spin about at the last second and* MONTGOMERY *instead hits* M'LING. M'LING *crumples to the ground. The* APE MAN *howls and flees into the jungle. The* DOG WOMAN *drags herself away from the fire and watches from the jungle's edge.)*

PRENDICK. Stop this…

MONTGOMERY. No! Oh, God, no. *(To the* SATYR*:)* Look what you made me do! This is your fault, you stupid savage! You animal! Damn you!

*(*MONTGOMERY *aims at the* SATYR *and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.* MONTGOMERY *squeezes the trigger again and again, but the gun is out of bullets.)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. You are weak.

SATYR. You are weak.

MONTGOMERY. Get back. Get away. Obey me! *(He lashes the* SATYR.*)*

SAYER OF THE LAW. Who are you that we should obey?

*(*MONTGOMERY *strikes again, but the* SATYR *rips the whip out of his hand.)*

MONTGOMERY. Prendick…

SAYER OF THE LAW. You don't command us.

SATYR. The Master is dead.

SAYER OF THE LAW. There is no more pain.

SATYR. No more whips for ever again.

*(*MONTGOMERY *grabs a burning brand from the pyre and uses it to keep the* SAYER *and the* SATYR *at bay as he backs up towards the compound.)*

MONTGOMERY. Bow down!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Your Law is not our law.

SATYR. Your ways are not our ways.

SAYER OF THE LAW. Our lives are our own.

SATYR. Our minds are our own.

MONTGOMERY. You have nothing that we did not give you!

SAYER OF THE LAW. Except our lives.

SATYR. Except our lives.

SAYER OF THE LAW. *Except our lives!* And they are our own!

(The SAYER *and* SATYR *attack* MONTGOMERY. MONTGOMERY *crushes the* SATYR's *skull with the burning brand. The* SAYER *leaps on* MONTGOMERY *and knocks the brand out of his hand and onto the gate of the compound, which lights on fire. The* SAYER *opens* MONTGOMERY's *gut with his claws.* PRENDICK *picks up a rock and charges the* SAYER.*)*

PRENDICK. Damn you!

*(*PRENDICK *strikes the* SAYER *in the back of the skull with the rock. The* SAYER *collapses and* PRENDICK *kicks him off* MONTGOMERY. PRENDICK *pulls the dying* MONTGOMERY *away from the compound as it goes up in flames.)*

MONTGOMERY. *(Opening his eyes to look at* PRENDICK, *he speaks weakly:)* Sorry. The last of this silly universe. What a mess… Sound and fury…

*(*MONTGOMERY *dies. In the jungle, the* HYAENA–SWINE MAN *howls madly. The* SAYER *stirs.* PRENDICK *grabs his rock and beats the* SAYER *to death. The compound collapses as fire sweeps over it. The* DOG WOMAN *whimpers and approaches* PRENDICK.*)*

DOG WOMAN. There is pain; I know, I know…

PRENDICK. Go.

DOG WOMAN. The Master is dead. The Other with the whip is dead.

PRENDICK. Go.

DOG WOMAN. I love the Law. I will keep it. May I not come near you?

PRENDICK. No. Go. Go away.

DOG WOMAN. Please, there is an end…

PRENDICK. No! There is nothing! Go! Go away! *(He picks up the whip and lashes the* DOG WOMAN.*)* Go! *(He strikes again.)* Away! *(Again.)* Go!

*(*PRENDICK *savagely flogs the* DOG WOMAN.*)*

DOG WOMAN. *(Weakly, with her final breath:)* None escape.

(The DOG WOMAN *collapses.* PRENDICK *screams at the sky as the stage goes black. The familiar heartbeat sound returns, echoing through the theatre. Then, a single light rises on* PRENDICK *as he addresses the audience.)*

PRENDICK. After that, I remember little. Only visions…flashes of light in the bitter darkness of an endless dream. Months passed…so

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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