

Around the World in 80 Days

adapted from the novel by Jules Verne

by Carol M. Rice

(with apologies to Mr. Verne)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

This publication is dedicated to the memory of

Coby Cathey

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

Cast of Characters

62 roles, including 12 nonspeaking.

Can be performed with a minimum of 10 actors. (While written for 9 m and 1 w, the original production was cast with 8 m and 2 f, and other combinations are encouraged.)

Roles in parentheses are non-speaking but are necessary to fill out the scenes.

Suggested doubling below:

1 Fogg

2 Passepartout

3 Fix

4 Aouda

5 Ralph, Policeman, The Bulletin, Sir Francis Cromarty, Ringmaster, Captain, (Sailor 2), Rev. Wilson

6 Stuart, The Telegraph, Station Master, (Suttee 1), Judge, (Circus Performer 1), American 1, (Soldier 2), Conductor, Ship's Engineer

7 Fallentin, The Standard, Priest 2, Old Indian, (Suttee 2), Bunsby, (Circus Performer 2), American 2, Soldier 1, Sailor 1

8 Sullivan, Consul, Lord Albermarle, Priest 3, (Suttee 3), Bursar, (Sioux 2), Mudge

9 Flanagan, Lord Longferry, The Times, Telegraph Officer, Guide, Clerk, (Crew 2), (Circus Performer 3), (Sioux 1), Traveler 2

10 Forester, Beggar Woman, Officer, Priest 1, (Suttee 4), Guard, Merchant, Pilot, (Circus Performer 4), Engineer, Traveler 1, Speedy

More than 10 performers are, of course, more than welcome.

Scenes should flow seamlessly from one to the next, with few or no blackouts.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

The World Premiere of *Around the World in 80 Days* was presented by Rover Dramawerks at the Courtyard Theater in Plano, Texas March 5-21, 2009. The cast and production team was as follows:

The Cast

Phileas Fogg.....	Gary Anderson
Passepartout.....	Coby Cathey
Aouda.....	Sasha Truman-McGonnell
Detective Fix.....	Mike Hathaway
Fallentin, Bunsby, The Standard, others.....	Lon Hendre Keggin
Sir Francis Cromarty, Ralph, others.....	Howard Korn
Speedy, Forester, Merchant, others.....	Nancy Lamb
Parsee Guide, Clerk, The Times, others.....	Nic Pfost
Mudge, Consul, Sullivan, others.....	Joe Porter
Stuart, Judge, The Telegraph, others.....	Richard Russell

The Production Staff

Director.....	Jason Rice
Assistant Director/Stage Manager.....	Karen Robinson
Producers.....	Ron Eubanks and Martha Kosel
Scenic Design.....	Jeff Mabray
Costume Design.....	Suzi Cranford
Properties Design.....	Robin Coulange
Lighting Design.....	Dawn M. Wittke
Sound Design.....	Richard Frolich
Choreography.....	Karen Robinson
Fight Choreography.....	Sasha Truman-McGonnell
Dialect Coach.....	Lynne Richardson
Light Board Operation.....	Konstantinos Kopulos
Sound Board Operation.....	Chandler Jones
Backstage Crew.....	Matt Gunther, Colleen Carey Dane Gunther, Melissa Hildenbrand, Alex Russell, David West
Box Office.....	Kim Wickware

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

ACT I SCENE 1

The Reform Club. Lights up on Stuart, Sullivan, Ralph, Flanagan at table, Fallentin stands by, Fogg behind a newspaper. The men at the table are casually playing whist.

FLANAGAN. Well, Ralph, what about that robbery?

RALPH. No, I should like to forget that for just now.

STUART. Oh, the bank will lose the money.

RALPH. On the contrary, I hope we may put our hands on the robber. Skillful detectives have been sent to all the principal ports of America and the Continent.

STUART. But have you got the robber's description?

RALPH. In the first place, he is no robber at all.

FALLENTIN. What! A fellow who makes off with fifty-five thousand pounds, no robber?

RALPH. No.

FLANAGAN. Perhaps he's a barrister then. *(All laugh, ad libs. This is Flanagan's closing hand. He and Ralph rise from the table as Fogg appears from behind the exactly folded paper.)*

FOGG. The Daily Telegraph says that he is a gentleman.

FALLENTIN. A gentleman Mr. Fogg?

FOGG. *(Settling in to partner with Fallentin.)* There are real grounds for supposing that the thief did not belong to a professional band.

SULLIVAN. *(Sitting as deal finishes.)* A well-dressed gentleman was observed going to and fro in the paying room where the crime was committed.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. *(A reminder to pay attention to the game.)* Gentlemen? [*SPECIAL NOTE: When Fogg is playing whist, don't ad lib - it doesn't work this early in the play and will sound like you don't know your lines. Fogg lives for whist, so it's a different game when he plays compared to the others. For this moment to work, you must all focus on the game so the tension can build - almost like you're all holding your breath - and then when he wins, you release the tension. You can't just freeze - you literally have to let the tension build with each card played.*] *(Fallentin plays, followed by Stuart, won by Fogg. The game is over as the half hour strikes, and Fogg rises.)*

FLANAGAN. *(With a sigh.)* Your winnings to your charities as always?

FOGG. Thank you, Flanagan.

ALL. *(Ad lib.)* Good evening, Fogg.

FOGG. Good evening, gentlemen. *(Exits as half hour strikes.)*

STUART. Amazing. First stroke of half-eleven, every night without fail.

FALLENTIN. Never anxious, always prepared, and infuriatingly precise.

RALPH. A luxury of bachelorhood met with the precision of modern engineering, eh, Stuart?

STUART. Yet not an engineer or architect whom I am acquainted with.

SULLIVAN. Nor banker or trader that I have seen. He is a complete mystery in matters of his income.

FLANAGAN. I'd say from his expertise of foods and customs the world round, he is a diplomat or traveler, but I cannot recall ever once seeing him outside London, even outside this Reform Club unless it was in transit to or from his apartment and here.

RALPH. Gentlemen, I dare say that were we less frugal, allowing more than a guinea to a rubber *(Indicating card table.)* he could well make as apt a living from our daily game of Whist. *(All laugh in agreement.)*

SCENE 2

The House at Saville Row. Fogg enters his home to Forester waiting. As the clock begins to strike twelve, they begin the routine of taking Fogg's coat.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FORESTER. Good evening, sir.

FOGG. Good evening, James. *(His coat is off.)* Good night. *(Fogg exits as the final stroke of twelve hits.)*

SCENE 3

The Abode of Lord Longferry. A knock at the door. Passepartout enters and opens it. A Policeman is there with a very drunk Lord Longferry on his shoulder.

POLICEMAN. Here you are, m'lord.

LORD LONGFERRY. Where am I?

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To the Policeman as he helps Lord Longferry to a chair.)* Thank you, Monsieur. I will take him from here.

POLICEMAN. You're a good man, Passepartout. I don't know how you do it. Bloody drunk. *(With a look of disgust at Lord Longferry, he tips his hat to Passepartout and exits.)*

LORD LONGFERRY. Where am I?

PASSEPARTOUT. Home, Monsieur.

LORD LONGFERRY. Home?

PASSEPARTOUT. Oui. The policeman brought you home from the Haymarket again, Monsieur. Just like yesterday and the day before that.

LORD LONGFERRY. What time is it?

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Checking his watch.)* Ten minutes past seven o'clock in the morning, Monsieur.

LORD LONGFERRY. Oh, good. Just in time for bed. *(He tries to stand and nearly falls. Passepartout catches him in the nick of time and begins to help him out of the room.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur, would it not be wise to spend less time in the taverns?

LORD LONGFERRY. Bah!

PASSEPARTOUT. But you make a spectacle of yourself, my lord. You are becoming a laughingstock among your peers at Parliament. It is all over the streets.

LORD LONGFERRY. Shut up, Frenchman. You don't know anything.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. But...

LORD LONGFERRY. Get out of here! I don't need a blasted servant telling me what to do!

PASSEPARTOUT. As you wish, Monsieur. I cannot serve a man I do not respect. *(He lets go of him and starts for the door as Lord Longferry once again becomes unsteady on his feet.)*

LORD LONGFERRY. Wait a minute! You have to help me to bed.

PASSEPARTOUT. You do not need a bed, Monsieur. Just a softer gutter. Good day. *(He exits.)*

SCENE 4

The House at Saville Row. Fogg alone, no jacket, has placed a cloth around his neck to shave/clean. He reaches his hands down as to a wash basin and halts, as it is not there. He freezes as Forester hurries on with it to hold where Fogg's hands were headed. Fogg decides to complete the task. He places his hands in the basin and abruptly recoils.

FOGG. *(Plainly.)* James. This is eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit.

FORESTER. *(Crushed, at once knowing he is fired.)* But it should be eighty-six. *(Beaten.)* Take an advertisement...

FOGG. Manservant to Mr. Phileas Fogg. Prompt, precise, and creditable. Provide references. To begin at once.

FORESTER. *(Further crushed.)* Yes, Mr. Fogg. For the Morning Edition. *(He exits. Fogg removes the cloth, folds it carefully, and exits. Forester returns immediately with Passepartout, speaking to him.)* He lives alone. No wife nor child and is exactitude personified: never in a hurry, yet always ready, economical in all his steps and his motions. He is the most deliberate person in the world, yet always reaching his destination at the exact moment.

PASSEPARTOUT. Excellent! I have found my masters whimsical and irregular, constantly running about the country, or on the lookout for adventure, or worse, passing nights in the Haymarket taverns, brought

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

home on policemen's shoulders. I am desirous of respecting the gentleman whom I serve. This regular life will suit me only too well. (*Fogg enters.*)

FORESTER. The new servant.

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

PASSEPARTOUT. Jean, if Monsieur pleases, Jean Passepartout.

Manservant most recently to Lord Longferry, (*Known in town as Longferry "the drunk," Passepartout says this slightly embarrassed.*) but I've had several trades. I've been an itinerant singer, a circus-rider, a professor of gymnastics. I was a sergeant fireman at Paris and assisted at many a big fire. But I quitted France five years ago, and, wishing to taste the sweets of domestic life, took service as a valet here in England. I have come to Monsieur in the hope of living a tranquil life, and forgetting even the name of Passepartout.

FOGG. Passepartout suits me. You are well recommended to me. You know my conditions?

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, Monsieur.

FOGG. Good! What time do you have?

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Pulling an enormous silver watch from his pocket.*) Twenty-four minutes after eleven.

FOGG. You are slow.

PASSEPARTOUT. Pardon me, Monsieur; that is impossible. This is my Grandfather's watch. It is a perfect timepiece and has always run flawlessly on Paris Time. I assure you it has never been a problem.

FOGG. You are four minutes too slow. No matter; it's enough to mention the error. Now from this moment, twenty-nine minutes after eleven, a.m., this Wednesday, 2nd October, you are in my service. (*Fogg exits.*)

FORESTER. (*Handing Passepartout a medium sized paper card.*) Your duties. Good day, sir. (*He exits*)

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Puzzled: "is this all?" - reading aloud.*) Programme of the daily routine of the house: Eight in the morning, Phileas Fogg awake. Twenty-three minutes past eight, tea and toast. Thirty-seven minutes past nine, shaving-water at 86 degrees Fahrenheit. (*Aside to the audience.*) He is precise! (*Reading.*) Twenty minutes before ten, toilet. (*Speechless take to the audience indicating more than "precise."*) Half-past eleven a.m., leave for Reform Club. Half-past eleven p.m., return

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

from Reform Club. Twelve o'clock p.m., retire. *(To the audience.)* This is just what I wanted! Ah, we shall get on together, Mr. Fogg and I! What a domestic and regular gentleman! A real machine; well, I don't mind serving a machine.

SCENE 5

The Reform Club. Lights up as before. Fogg and Fallentin play Flanagan and Stuart, Ralph standing with Sullivan sitting by.

RALPH. As soon as the robbery was discovered, detectives were dispatched to Liverpool, Glasgow, Suez, Brindisi, and New York, with a reward of two thousand pounds and five per cent on the sum recovered.

SULLIVAN. And detectives are scrutinizing the railways and domestic ports.

STUART. I maintain that the chances are in favor of the thief.

RALPH. But where can he fly to? No country is safe for him.

STUART. Pshaw!

RALPH. Where could he go, then?

STUART. Oh, I don't know that. The world is big enough.

FOGG. It was once. Cut, sir. *(Handing the cards to Flanagan.)*

STUART. What do you mean by "once"? Has the world grown smaller?

RALPH. Certainly. I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world has grown smaller since a man can now go round it ten times more quickly than a hundred years ago. And that is why the search for this thief will be more likely to succeed.

STUART. And also why the thief can get away more easily.

FOGG. Be so good as to play, Mr. Stuart.

STUART. You have a strange way, Ralph, of proving that the world has grown smaller. So, because you can go round it in three months –

FOGG. In eighty days.

SULLIVAN. That is true, gentlemen. Only eighty days now that the section between Rothal and Allahabad, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, has been opened.

STUART. Ridiculous.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

SULLIVAN. Here is the estimate made by the Daily Telegraph: (*Reading from the paper.*) From London to Suez via Brindisi, by rail and steamboats: 7 days. From Suez to Bombay, by steamer: 13. From Bombay to Calcutta, by rail: 3. From Calcutta to Hong Kong, by steamer: 13. From Hong Kong to Yokohama (Japan), by steamer: 6. From Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamer: 22. From San Francisco to New York, by rail: 7. From New York to London, by steamer and rail: 9. Total: 80 days.

RALPH. (*Triumphantly to Stuart.*) You see? In eighty days!

STUART. (*Momentarily confused by the cards – he has made a mistake with them.*) But that doesn't take into account bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, railway accidents, and so on.

FOGG. All included.

STUART. But suppose the Hindus or Indians pull up the rails!

FOGG. All included. (*Calmly setting down cards, finishing hand.*) Two trumps.

STUART. (*Gathering cards to deal.*) You are right, theoretically, Mr. Fogg, but practically –

FOGG. Practically also, Mr. Stuart.

SULLIVAN. I'd like to see you do it in eighty days.

FOGG. That depends on you. Shall we go?

SULLIVAN. Heaven preserve me! But I would wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible.

FOGG. Quite possible, on the contrary.

STUART. Well, make it, then!

FOGG. The journey round the world in eighty days?

STUART. Yes.

FOGG. I should like nothing better.

STUART. When?

FOGG. At once. Only I warn you that I shall do it at your expense.

STUART. It's absurd! (*Annoyed.*) Come, let's continue with the game.

FOGG. Deal over again, then. There's a false deal. (*He shows several cards face up. Stuart starts to reshuffle but slams them down again.*)

STUART. Well, Mr. Fogg, it shall be so: I will wager four thousand on it.

FALLENTIN. Calm yourself, my dear Stuart. It's only a joke.

STUART. When I say I'll wager, I mean it.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. All right. I have a deposit of twenty thousand pounds at Baring's which I will willingly risk upon it.

SULLIVAN. Twenty thousand pounds! Twenty thousand pounds, which you would lose by a single unforeseen delay!

FOGG. The unforeseen does not exist.

FALLENTIN. But, Mr. Fogg, eighty days are only the estimate of the least possible time in which the journey can be made.

FOGG. A well-used minimum suffices for everything.

FALLENTIN. But, in order not to exceed it, you must jump mathematically from the trains upon the steamers, and from the steamers upon the trains again.

FOGG. I will jump - mathematically.

FLANAGAN. You are joking.

FOGG. A true Englishman doesn't joke when he is talking about so serious a thing as a wager. I will bet twenty thousand pounds against anyone who wishes that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept? *(The others confer.)*

ALL. We accept!

FOGG. Good. The train leaves for Dover at a quarter before nine. I will take it.

STUART. This very evening?

FOGG. This very evening. *(Taking out a pocket almanac.)* As today is Wednesday, the 2nd of October, I shall be due in London in this very room of the Reform Club, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine p.m.; *(writing check)* or else the twenty thousand pounds, now deposited in my name at Baring's, will belong to you, in fact and in right. Gentlemen, here is a cheque for the amount. *(The clock strikes seven.)*

SULLIVAN. *(Getting up.)* Let me take your hand that you may make preparations...

FOGG. I am quite ready now. Diamonds are trumps: be so good as to play, gentlemen. *(Sullivan and Ralph begin to pace in disbelief as the final hand is played – Fogg winning. He stands to leave and the men are completely disoriented by his early exit.)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FLANAGAN. Your charities to... Your winnings to your charities as always? Fogg?

FOGG. Yes, thank you, Flanagan. *(Stopping and reaching for a coin.)* Save this one, please. *(He exits as the men look after him in bewilderment.)*

SCENE 6

The House on Saville Row. Passepartout is surveying his dominion.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(With a satisfied sigh reveling in "the card" as he speaks to the audience.)* Everything regulated every hour. Regulated and foreseen. Even his wardrobe, ample and in the best taste, each pair of trousers, coat, and vest bears a number, indicating the time of year and season to be laid out for wearing. *(Ah, bliss.)* Even shoes. Oh, yes, this I can do. *(He sits happily in a highback chair facing away from the room's entrance. After a beat, Fogg enters.)*

FOGG. Passepartout! *(Passepartout starts but doesn't respond, as he KNOWS his master shouldn't be home yet.)* Passepartout! *(Passepartout stands cautiously.)* I've called you twice.

PASSEPARTOUT. But it is not midnight. *(Showing his watch.)*

FOGG. I know. Come. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes.

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur is going to leave home?

FOGG. Yes. We are going round the world.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Astonished.)* Round the world!

FOGG. In eighty days. So we haven't a moment to lose.

PASSEPARTOUT. But the trunks?

FOGG. We'll have no trunks; only a carpet-bag, with two shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for you. We'll buy our clothes on the way. Bring down my mackintosh and traveling-cloak, and some stout shoes, though we shall do little walking. Make haste! *(Fogg exits.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To the audience, after a dumbfounded moment.)* And I, who wanted to remain quiet! *(He exits as Fogg re-enters with bound train/steamer schedule, studying it. Passepartout enters immediately with bag, cloaks.)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. (*Showing Passepartout.*) Bradshaw's Continental Railway Steam Transit and General Guide, (*Then placing it in his bag.*) with its timetables showing the arrival and departure of steamers and railways.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, Monsieur.

FOGG. (*Showing and inserting again.*) Our travel funds.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, Monsieur.

FOGG. (*About the funds, as he hands the bag to Passepartout.*) Twenty thousand pounds.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, Mons – (*Nearly dropping the bag - this is, after all, almost 2/3-3/4 of a million dollars.*) Twenty thousand pounds?!

FOGG. You shall keep the carpet bag. Take good care of it.

PASSEPARTOUT. Ye...yes, Monsieur.

FOGG. You have forgotten nothing?

PASSEPARTOUT. Nothing, Monsieur.

FOGG. Come. (*They exit the front door and start to the railway. A Beggar Woman carrying a child accosts Fogg.*)

BEGGAR WOMAN. Good sir, alms for a poor woman and child...

FOGG. (*Smoothly and without thought, he reaches for the coin from whist.*) Here, my good woman. I'm glad that I met you.

BEGGAR WOMAN. (*Amazed at the largess.*) But Sir? (*She turns then in confusion to Passepartout, who doffs his cap to her. Amazed and feeling blessed, she exits. Suddenly Passepartout stops.*)

PASSEPARTOUT. Oh no!

FOGG. What's the matter?

PASSEPARTOUT. Alas! In my hurry – I - I forgot —

FOGG. What?

PASSEPARTOUT. To turn off the gas in my room!

FOGG. Very well, it will burn at your expense for nineteen hundred and twenty hours - a gross piece of negligence. At the rate of two and one-half cubic feet per hour, and three farthings per cubic foot, on the day of our return you will owe me exactly three shillings and ten pence farthing!

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Beaten.*) Yes, Monsieur. (*They exit.*)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

SCENE 7

The Consul's office at Suez.

FIX. So you say, Consul, that this steamer is never behind time?

CONSUL. Have patience, Mr. Fix; she will not be late. But I really don't see how you will be able to recognize your man from the description you have, even if he is on board the Mongolia.

FIX. A man rather feels the presence of these fellows, Consul, than recognizes them. You must have a scent for them, and a scent is like a sixth sense which combines hearing, seeing, and smelling. I've arrested more than one of these gentlemen in my time, and, if my thief is on board, he'll not slip through my fingers. *(Reminiscing.)* It was a magnificent robbery, Consul; fifty-five thousand pounds! We don't often have such windfalls. Burglars are getting to be so contemptible nowadays! A fellow gets hung for a handful of shillings!

CONSUL. Yes, quite, but the description which you have there has a singular resemblance to an honest man.

FIX. Great robbers always resemble honest men. It's the fellows with rascally faces who have only one course to take, and that is to remain honest; otherwise they would be arrested off-hand. *(Passepartout has entered during Fix's last line and crosses to them.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. Pardonnez moi, Monsieur. I must get my master's passport visaed. *(Shows Fogg's passport. Fix looks at it and his eyes grow wide.)*

FIX. This is not your passport?

PASSEPARTOUT. No, it's my master's.

FIX. And your master is —

PASSEPARTOUT. He stayed on board.

FIX. Ah. He must come to the consul in person, so as to establish his identity.

PASSEPARTOUT. Oh, is that necessary?

CONSUL. Indeed. Quite necessary.

PASSEPARTOUT. Then I'll go and fetch my master. I fear he won't be much pleased to be disturbed. *(He bows to them and exits.)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FIX. *(To the Consul as soon as Passepartout is gone.)* Consul, I believe that my man is this passenger on the Mongolia. I have just seen his passport!

CONSUL. You know that he is not obliged to have his passport countersigned.

FIX. If he is as shrewd as I think he is, Consul, he will come. Passports are only good for annoying honest folks, and aiding in the flight of rogues. But I hope you will not visa the passport.

CONSUL. If the passport is genuine I have no right to refuse.

FIX. But I must keep this man here until I can get a warrant to arrest him from London.

CONSUL. Mr. Fix, I cannot - *(He is interrupted by the entrance of Fogg and Passepartout.)*

FOGG. Good morning, sir. I must ask you to do me the favor to visa my passport. *(The Consul takes the document and looks it over carefully as Fix observes from the corner.)*

CONSUL. You are Mr. Phileas Fogg?

FOGG. I am.

CONSUL. And this man is your servant?

FOGG. He is: a Frenchman, Jean Passepartout.

CONSUL. You are from London?

FOGG. Yes.

CONSUL. And you are going —

FOGG. To Bombay.

CONSUL. You do know that a visa is useless, and that no passport is required?

FOGG. I know it, sir, but I wish to prove, by your visa, that I came by Suez.

CONSUL. Very well, sir. *(He signs and dates the passport, adds his official seal, and hands the passport back to Fogg.)* Here you are.

FOGG. Good day to you. *(He bows and exits, Passepartout following.)*

FIX. Well?

CONSUL. He looks and acts like a perfectly honest man.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FIX. That is not the question. Do you not think, Consul, that this gentleman resembles, feature by feature, the robber whose description I have received?

CONSUL. I concede that; but then, you know, all descriptions —

FIX. (*Interrupting.*) I'll make certain of it. I'll have a word with his servant. He is a Frenchman and can't help talking. Excuse me, Consul. (*He exits and catches up with Passepartout, who is sightseeing. To him.*) Well, my friend, is your passport visaed?

PASSEPARTOUT. Ah, it's you, is it, Monsieur? Thanks, yes, the passport is all right.

FIX. And you are doing a bit of sightseeing?

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes; but we travel so fast that I seem to be journeying in a dream. So this is Suez?

FIX. Yes.

PASSEPARTOUT. Just think, Monsieur, I had no idea that we should go farther than Paris; and all that I saw of Paris was between twenty minutes past seven and twenty minutes before nine in the morning.

FIX. You are in a great hurry, then?

PASSEPARTOUT. I am not, but my master is. By the way, I must buy some shoes and shirts. We came away without trunks, only with a carpetbag.

FIX. I will show you an excellent shop for getting what you want.

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur is very kind. Above all, don't let me lose the steamer.

FIX. You have plenty of time; it's only twelve o'clock.

PASSEPARTOUT. Twelve! Why, it's only eight minutes before ten.

FIX. Your watch is slow.

PASSEPARTOUT. My watch? This is my Grandfather's watch. It is a perfect chronometer, look you. It doesn't vary five minutes in the year.

FIX. Oh, I see how it is. You have kept London time, which is two hours behind that of Suez. You ought to regulate your watch at noon in each country.

PASSEPARTOUT. I regulate my watch? Never!

FIX. Well, then, it will not agree with the sun.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. So much the worse for the sun, Monsieur. The sun will be wrong, then!

FIX. *(After a short pause.)* You left London hastily, then?

PASSEPARTOUT. I rather think so! Last Wednesday at eight o'clock in the evening, Monsieur Fogg came home from his club, and three-quarters of an hour afterwards we were off.

FIX. But where is your master going?

PASSEPARTOUT. Always straight ahead. He is going round the world.

FIX. Round the world?

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, and in eighty days!

FIX. Why would he try to go round the world in such a ridiculous amount of time?

PASSEPARTOUT. My master has made a wager.

FIX. Ah! Mr. Fogg is a character, is he?

PASSEPARTOUT. I should say so.

FIX. Is he rich?

PASSEPARTOUT. No doubt, for he is carrying an enormous sum in brand new banknotes with him. And he doesn't spare the money on the way, either: he has offered a large reward to the engineer of the Mongolia if he gets us to Bombay well in advance of time.

FIX. And you have known your master a long time?

PASSEPARTOUT. Why, no; I entered his service the very day we left London.

FIX. Indeed!

PASSEPARTOUT. Frankly, I know very little about my master. Only that he lives a solitary, ordered existence in London and wants for nothing. I was looking forward to working for such a man. How I long for a regimented life! Ah, well. Perhaps upon our return.

FIX. But for now, you are off to Bombay on the Mongolia?

PASSEPARTOUT. Oui. Is Bombay far from here?

FIX. It is a ten days' voyage by sea.

PASSEPARTOUT. The deuce! There is one thing that worries me - my burner!

FIX. What burner?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. My gas burner, which I forgot to turn off, and which is at this moment burning at my expense. I lose two shillings every four and twenty hours, exactly sixpence more than I earn; and you will understand that the longer our journey — *(He exits into a shop, continuing to talk on about his burner.)*

FIX. *(Rejoining the Consul.)* I no longer have any doubt. I have spotted my man. He passes himself off as an odd stick who is going round the world in eighty days.

CONSUL. But why was this robber so anxious to prove, by the visa, that he had passed through Suez?

FIX. I have no idea, but I must telegraph to London for a warrant of arrest to be dispatched instantly to Bombay. I shall take passage on board the Mongolia, follow my rogue to India, and there, on English ground, arrest him politely, with my warrant in my hand and my hand on his shoulder.

SCENE 8

A group of three Newspapers battle for supremacy: THE TELEGRAPH, THE TIMES, and THE STANDARD.)

THE TELEGRAPH. Phileas Fogg to tour the world in 80 days! Londoner to circle world by OUR schedule!

THE TIMES. Eccentric takes wager to circle globe!

THE STANDARD. Impossible bet spreads like wildfire!

THE TELEGRAPH. Tour of the world will set new record!

THE TIMES. Phileas Fogg bonds post on London Exchange at ludicrous odds!

THE STANDARD. Experts warn against 5 to 1 notes as Fogg sure to fail! Thousands at risk.

THE TELEGRAPH. New railways assure Fogg clear travel!

THE TIMES. Madness!

THE STANDARD. Lunatic!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

(A dignified man representing THE BULLETIN of the Royal Geographical Society struts out to interrupt. THE TELEGRAPH becomes wary of THE BULLETIN.)

THE TELEGRAPH. Fogg known as shrewd planner...certain to...

THE BULLETIN. *(Interrupting.)* As demonstrated by our extensive evaluation from all points of view, the Royal Geographic Bulletin declares the entire enterprise utter and complete folly. *(He struts off as THE TELGRAPH tries to get word in edgewise.)*

THE TIMES. Phileas Fogg bonds fall ten to one.

THE STANDARD. *(One upping.)* Twenty to one.

THE TIMES. *(Back at you!)* Thirty-five to one.

THE STANDARD. Fifty to one.

THE TIMES. Seventy-five to one.

THE TIMES and THE STANDARD. *(Together, facing off.)* One HUNDRED to one. *(out to audience)* He will fail!

LORD ALBERLMARLE. *(In wheelchair at edge of action.)* Well... *(All are suddenly quiet and respectful of him.)* ...If the thing is feasible, the first to do it ought to be an Englishman. I wager 5000 pounds. *(He wheels off.)*

THE TELEGRAPH. *(Encouraged.)* And...a portrait of the adventurer, a gentler bearded Lord Byron and as stout a heart. *(Women swoon – either on stage or “titters and swoons” sound effect.)*

THE TIMES. *(Blood in his eye.)* 95 possible delays to scuttle Fogg’s Folly! Insanity!

THE STANDARD. *(Fighting mad.)* American plains forecast blizzards! Continent impassible! Fogg to be lost in Fogbanks.

THE TELEGRAPH. Mathematical precision and fortune favor the brave traveler. Success is certain!

THE TIMES. Never!

THE STANDARD. Ridiculous!

(All three cat fight center stage as Officer enters.)

THE TELEGRAPH. THE TIMES.

THE STANDARD.

Quite Likely!

Nonsense!

Poppycock!

Rock of Gibraltar!

Fairytales!

Moronic!

Patriot!

Deranged!

Asinine!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

OFFICER. Warrant issued to Bombay this morning - Stop. *(All stop.)*
Phileas Fogg to be arrested on charge of Bank of England robbery - Full
Stop. *(An uncomfortable half second as he exits, then all together,*
dispersing.)

THE TELEGRAPH. Queen's rose garden likely to suffer frost!

THE TIMES. Prime Minister announces coal franchises.

THE STANDARD. South of Wales cite of next match. Burris to wicket!
(They all exit in a confused mess.)

SCENE 9

On the Mongolia. Fogg walking along the deck from one direction, Sir Francis Cromarty from the other. Passepartout follows Fogg.)

SIR FRANCIS. Good morning, Mr. Fogg.

FOGG. And to you, Sir Francis.

SIR FRANCIS. Shall we? I believe Reverend Smith and Mr. Matthews
are already below.

FOGG. Capital. *(They exit together.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To the audience.)* Whist. My master plays whist
indefatigably and has found partners as enthusiastic in the game as
himself. They play whist by the hour together. As for me, I am rather
enjoying the voyage, for I am well fed and well lodged, and sea sickness
has mercifully escaped me so I am able to see the scenes through which we
pass. Beautiful. *(Fix enters, and Passepartout goes to him, pleased to see a*
familiar face. To Fix.) If I am not mistaken, you are the gentleman who so
kindly volunteered to guide me at Suez?

FIX. Why yes! You are the servant of the strange Englishman –

PASSEPARTOUT. Just so, Monsieur. Jean Passepartout.

FIX. Fix.

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur Fix, I'm charmed to find you on board.
Where are you bound?

FIX. Like you, to Bombay.

PASSEPARTOUT. That's wonderful! Have you made this trip before?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FIX. Several times. I am one of the agents of the Peninsular Company.

PASSEPARTOUT. Then you know India? Is it not a curious place?

FIX. Oh, very curious. Mosques, minarets, temples, fakirs, pagodas, tigers, snakes, elephants! I hope you will have ample time to see the sights.

PASSEPARTOUT. I hope so, Monsieur Fix. A man of sound sense ought not to spend his life jumping from a steamer upon a railway train, and from a railway train upon a steamer again, making a tour of the world in eighty days! I feel as if I am again doing gymnastics, we rush about so quickly.

FIX. And Mr. Fogg is getting on well?

PASSEPARTOUT. Quite well.

FIX. Yet I never see your master on deck.

PASSEPARTOUT. He hasn't the least curiosity. Instead, he remains below playing whist. I shall never understand it.

FIX. Do you know, Mr. Passepartout, that this alleged tour in eighty days may conceal some secret errand - perhaps a diplomatic mission?

PASSEPARTOUT. Faith, Monsieur Fix, I assure you I know nothing about it, nor would I give half a crown to find out.

(Fogg and Sir Francis enter.)

SIR FRANCIS. That was a bold stroke, Mr. Fogg. You have concluded this fine campaign with a brilliant victory. Capturing all thirteen tricks! Good show, good show!

FOGG. I am more pleased that while the Mongolia was due at Bombay on the 22nd, she is arriving today, on the 20th. I understand we will be landing within the hour.

SIR FRANCIS. Indeed. A gain of two days since you departed London. Shall we go ashore and celebrate?

FOGG. I have no time to celebrate, but I should be honored if you would share my cabin on the train to Calcutta on your journey to rejoin your regiment. *(Sir Francis, Fogg, and Fix exit.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To audience.)* With Bombay achieved with two days to spare, my master is almost as satisfied with the progress as with the clever games of whist he has won all along our way. But he does seem intent upon this wager. I fear we will leave Bombay, here, as suddenly as we did Suez, *(Wistfully.)* and even Paris. So instead of a quiet life, I now charge from this wonder of the world to the next and on again. Once again,

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

I have my ordered shirts and shoes for my master and know nothing of this exotic land but the look of the peddler that sold them to me. (*Looking around sneakily.*) But the Mongolia has one more hour to take on coal and I am *almost* on time. This IS a beautiful pagoda and one might as well return to the train by way of walking through her, no? (*He steps in and is mesmerized as three Priests enter meditatively promenading.*) Mon dieu! What ornament. And banner upon banner... (*Wanders near priests.*)

PRIEST 1. <Gasp!> (*Points at Passepartout's shoes – taps other two.*)

PRIESTS 2 & 3. (*In unison.*) <Gasp!> (*Point at Passepartout's shoes.*)

PRIESTS. (*There are no words for this outrage.*) Aaaargh! Ah! Ah! Ah! (*Passepartout is stunned as two of the Priests, one on either side, lift him bodily upside down to stand on his hands as the other in a fit removes his shoes, screams, and hurls them together offstage. All three then yell and in fear run offstage, beginning some purifying ritual even as they run.*)

[*SPECIAL NOTE: The ritual could include stripping Passepartout's jacket before inverting him to give the third something to scrub the floor with as Passepartout walks on his hands while the other two begin ritual.*]

(*Passepartout comes to himself and realizes he is now late and hurries off - hatless, shoeless, and possibly jacketless.*)

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Cursing as he leaves.*) Madmen! Fanatiques! Shoe thieves! (*He runs to the station where Fogg is waiting, seen looking at his watch. Fix is watching, unseen by them both.*)

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Breathlessly.*) Monsieur! I am here! I am here at last!

FOGG. Where are your shoes and the goods you were to buy?

PASSEPARTOUT. Gone. Lost! Oh, Monsieur, you would not believe what happened to me!

FOGG. It doesn't matter. You are late. I hope that this will not happen again.

SCENE 10

The train. Fogg boards the train, with Passepartout, quite crestfallen, following without a word. They take their seats with Sir Francis, and Fix sneaks onto the train after them and listens at their car.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

SIR FRANCIS. (*As they join him.*) Ah, Mr. Fogg. Welcome. (*Seeing Passepartout.*) Good heavens! What happened to your manservant?

PASSEPARTOUT. I was admiring the splendid pagoda on Malabar Hill and was seized with an irresistible desire to see its interior when I was suddenly attacked by three priests who stole my shoes!

SIR FRANCIS. I see. You couldn't have known that it is forbidden to Christians to enter certain Indian temples, and that even the faithful must not go in without first leaving their shoes outside the door.

PASSEPARTOUT. That would explain it.

FOGG. You may tell us further of your adventures at another time, Passepartout. For now, help yourself to a traveling blanket.

PASSEPARTOUT. Merci, Monsieur. I am most dreadfully tired. (*He curls up and almost immediately falls asleep as Fix exits, a plotting look on his face.*)

FOGG. I am pleased we shall have your company again to Calcutta, Sir Francis.

SIR FRANCIS. I look forward to returning there. While I am English, India is now my home. I am almost as familiar as a native with the customs, history, and character of India and its people.

FOGG. (*Uninterested, yet not rudely.*) Indeed.

SIR FRANCIS. Do you really intend to make it round the world in eighty days?

FOGG. I do. I am, in fact, at this moment calculating the number of hours spent since my departure from London.

SIR FRANCIS. You are fortunate. You could well have met with a delay in Bombay which might have lost you your wager.

FOGG. How so, Sir Francis?

SIR FRANCIS. Even now Mr. Fogg, you still run the risk of having some difficulty about this worthy fellow's adventure at the pagoda. The British government is very severe upon that kind of offence. It takes particular care that the religious customs of the Indians should be respected, and if your servant were caught –

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. If he had been caught, he would have been condemned and punished, and then quietly returned to Europe. I don't see how this affair could have delayed his master.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To the audience.)* At Burhampoor I was able to purchase some Indian slippers, ornamented with false pearls and jewels. While not practical in any sense, I was inexplicably drawn to them. *(He shows them off vainly while Fix, avoiding Passepartout, disembarks the train and crosses to the Telegraph Officer.)*

FIX. I must send an urgent telegraph to Calcutta.

TELEGRAPH OFFICER. Yes sir?

FIX. An offence has been committed on Indian soil. Stop. Perpetrator to arrive in Calcutta by rail. Stop. Arrest Phileas Fogg and servant for desecration of pagoda of Malabar Hill. Full stop. *(Lights fade on Fix and come back on the train compartment, containing Fogg, Sir Francis, and Passepartout.)*

SIR FRANCIS. The hours are passing quickly on the train, Mr. Fogg. We shall easily make Calcutta in time for you to catch the steamer to Hong Kong. *(To Passepartout.)* Have you the time?

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Consulting his watch.)* Yes, sir. It is three in the morning.

SIR FRANCIS. What? It cannot be. You must be at least four hours slow.

PASSEPARTOUT. Impossible. This is my Grandfather's watch. It keeps flawless time and is the perfect chronometer.

SIR FRANCIS. Wait. Do you mean you have not regulated your watch each day as you travel? We are now approximately 77 degrees east of the Greenwich meridian. Days are four minutes shorter each degree we cross over. Do you see?

PASSEPARTOUT. I will never alter this watch, Monsieur. It is regulated for Paris time, and on Paris time it shall stay.

SIR FRANCIS. Mr. Fogg, what have you to say to this?

FOGG. It is an innocent delusion which can harm no one.

SIR FRANCIS. *(Shrugging.)* Well, enough said. *(One final dig, though -)* I venture those shoes, in turn, are your grandmother's? *(Passepartout expresses mock outrage as the Station Master enters, passing through the cars.)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

STATION MASTER. Passengers will get out here!

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To Fogg.)* I shall go. *(He exits after the Station Master as Fogg looks at Sir Francis for an explanation.)*

SIR FRANCIS. I have no idea.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Rushing back in.)* Monsieur, no more railway!

SIR FRANCIS. What do you mean?

PASSEPARTOUT. I mean to say that the train isn't going on. There are no more tracks! *(Fogg, Sir Francis, and Passepartout cross to the Station Master.)*

SIR FRANCIS. Where are we?

STATION MASTER. At the hamlet of Kholby.

SIR FRANCIS. Do we stop here?

STATION MASTER. Certainly. The railway isn't finished. There's still a matter of fifty miles to be laid from here to Allahabad, where the line begins again.

SIR FRANCIS. But the papers announced the opening of the railway throughout.

STATION MASTER. The papers were mistaken.

SIR FRANCIS. Yet you sell tickets from Bombay to Calcutta.

STATION MASTER. Yes, but the passengers know that they must provide means of transportation for themselves from Kholby to Allahabad.

SIR FRANCIS. *(Furious.)* Why you...!

FOGG. *(Stopping him.)* Sir Francis, we will, if you please, look about for some means of conveyance to Allahabad. Passepartout.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Immediately understanding he is to go search.)* Yes, Monsieur. *(He exits.)*

SIR FRANCIS. Mr. Fogg, this is a delay greatly to your disadvantage.

FOGG. No, it was foreseen.

SIR FRANCIS. What! You knew that the way –

FOGG. Not at all; but I knew that some obstacle or other would sooner or later arise on my route. Nothing, therefore, is lost. I have two days, which I have already gained, to sacrifice. A steamer leaves Calcutta for Hong Kong at noon, on the 25th. This is the 22nd, and we shall reach Calcutta in time.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

SIR FRANCIS. *(After a short pause.)* There is nothing to say to so confident a response.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Entering.)* Monsieur. Because the greater part of the travelers were aware of this interruption, all of the regular means of transport have been reserved already.

FOGG. I shall go afoot.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Looking despairingly at his dainty shoes.)* On foot? But wait, Monsieur. I may have discovered a means of conveyance.

FOGG. What?

PASSEPARTOUT. An elephant! An elephant that belongs to an old Indian who lives but a hundred steps from here.

FOGG. Let us go see the elephant.

SIR FRANCIS. Mr. Fogg, are you certain about this? Please reflect before you go any further.

FOGG. I am not in the habit of acting rashly, Sir Francis. *(They cross to the elephant's owner.)* My good sir. I wish to hire your elephant.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. I offer you 10 pounds per hour for a journey to Allahabad.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. 20 pounds.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. Forty pounds. If it takes us, as I calculate, 15 hours, you will be a very rich man.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. I would like to buy your elephant, then. One thousand pounds.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. Twelve hundred.

OLD INDIAN. No.

SIR FRANCIS. *(To Fogg.)* Think what you are doing, sir!

FOGG. *(To Sir Francis.)* A wager of twenty thousand pounds is at stake, and that elephant is absolutely necessary to me. I will secure him if I have to pay twenty times his value. *(To the Old Indian.)* Fifteen hundred.

OLD INDIAN. No.

FOGG. Eighteen hundred.

OLD INDIAN. *(Slight hesitation.)* No.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. Two thousand pounds.

OLD INDIAN. The elephant is yours.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*As Fogg pays the Old Indian and takes possession.*)

Good heavens, what a price for an elephant!

FOGG. Now we need only a guide.

(*At this moment, a young Parsee is passing by.*)

GUIDE. You need a guide?

FOGG. We must make it to Allahabad in two days upon this elephant.

GUIDE. I will not fail you.

FOGG. (*To Sir Francis.*) Will you join us?

SIR FRANCIS. I would not miss this, Mr. Fogg. Thank you.

(*They all get on the elephant.*)

GUIDE. I know well the roads and paths in this district. We shall gain twenty miles by striking directly through the forest instead of following the railway line. (*They take off and ride without speaking for some time. The lights change to indicate the passing of time. Then the elephant suddenly stops.*)

SIR FRANCIS. What's the matter, Parsee? Why are we stopping?

GUIDE. (*Listening attentively.*) A procession of Brahmins is coming this way. We must prevent their seeing us, if possible.

FOGG. We should be safe here if we remain still. (*A processional enters, an ornate statue in the lead.*)

SIR FRANCIS. (*Whispering.*) The goddess Kali; the goddess of love and death. (*The Guide motions to keep silent as some Brahmins enter behind the statue, leading a young, beautiful woman who falters at every step. Following the woman is a corpse on a palanquin - the body of an old man dressed as a rajah. Next are musicians and dancers, and the procession slowly exits.*) A suttee.

FOGG. What is a suttee?

SIR FRANCIS. A suttee is a human sacrifice, but a voluntary one. The woman we have just seen will be burned tomorrow at the dawn of day, alongside the corpse of her husband, a rajah.

GUIDE. But this sacrifice is not a voluntary one.

FOGG. How do you know?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

GUIDE. The lady is a celebrated beauty of the Parsee race and the daughter of a wealthy Bombay merchant. Her name is Aouda, and she was married against her will to the old rajah, who died only three months later. Knowing the fate that awaited her, she escaped and was retaken many times. Her death is a sacrifice from which it seems she cannot escape.

SIR FRANCIS. But the poor woman did not seem to be resisting.

GUIDE. Yes, because they had intoxicated her with fumes of hemp and opium. The sacrifice will take place at first light at the Pagoda of Pillaji. Come. We must be off. *(He exits. Passepartout and Sir Francis start to follow and Fogg stops Sir Francis.)*

FOGG. Suppose we save this woman.

SIR FRANCIS. Save her?

FOGG. I have yet twelve hours to spare; I can devote them to that.

SIR FRANCIS. Why, you are a man of heart!

FOGG. On occasion. When I have the time.

SIR FRANCIS. There is the problem of our guide. Would he not take part with the Indians?

FOGG. You're right. It is necessary to be assured of his neutrality. *(Calling to him.)* Guide!

GUIDE. *(Entering.)* Sir?

FOGG. We wish to save this woman. May we count on you?

GUIDE. Officers, I am a Parsee, and this woman is a Parsee. Command me as you will.

FOGG. Excellent!

GUIDE. Be aware that not only do we risk our lives, but horrible tortures if we are taken.

(Passepartout exits, unnoticed by the others.)

FOGG. That is foreseen. We shall not fail.

SIR FRANCIS. But what can you hope to do? She is surrounded and daylight is moments away.

FOGG. The chance which now seems lost may present itself at the last moment. Look. Dawn is breaking.

(The procession re-enters, this time bearing both the corpse and a struggling Aouda. They set it down, again subduing Aouda with drugs, and

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

ritualistically prepare to set it on fire. Suddenly the corpse sits up in a cloud of smoke.)

SIR FRANCIS. *(Complete wonderment.)* What is happening?

(Members of the procession scream and begin to run away as the corpse then picks up Aouda and carries her off the palanquin, bringing her to Fogg, Sir Francis, and the Guide who are shock still until Fogg recognizes his servant.)

FOGG. *(Calmly.)* Ah, Passepartout. Of course.

SIR FRANCIS. Passepartout, is it? Oh, good show!

FOGG. Come. Let us be off before these heathens realize what has occurred here. *(They exit amid the confusion. Once they are gone, the members of the procession begin to realize that an abduction has occurred, but they do not know where Aouda was taken, so they scatter and exit in all directions.)*

SCENE 11

The station at Allahabad. Fogg and Passepartout are about to take leave of the Guide. Sir Francis is with Aouda offstage.

FOGG. *(To the Guide as he pays him.)* My good sir. Here is the agreed-upon price for our journey here.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Aside to Fogg.)* What? Not a farthing more?

FOGG. No, Passepartout.

PASSEPARTOUT. But think of all you owe to this man. He risked his life in assisting with the salvation of Madam Aouda, and if he should be caught afterwards by the Indians, he will with difficulty escape their vengeance.

FOGG. *(All but ignoring him, Fogg speaks again to the Guide.)* Parsee, you have been serviceable and devoted. I have paid for your service, but not for your devotion. For that, I give you this elephant.

GUIDE. Your honor is giving me a fortune!

FOGG. He is yours. Take him, and I shall still be your debtor.

GUIDE. Thank you, sir. Thank you. *(He exits with the elephant.)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. I knew you would reward him as he deserves.

FOGG. Come. The train leaves at 10:00 for Calcutta, where we are to catch the steamer to Hong Kong. *(They board the train, joining a still drowsy Aouda and Sir Francis. Aouda is now dressed in more appropriate, European garments. To Sir Francis.)* How is she?

SIR FRANCIS. She still cannot surmount the effects of the opium.

PASSEPARTOUT. But it has been many hours! Shouldn't she be recovering?

SIR FRANCIS. It is in keeping with the effects of opium. I assure you that she will be fine once it wears off. I am more disturbed at the prospect of her future fate.

FOGG. What do you mean?

SIR FRANCIS. Should Madam Aouda remain in India, she will undoubtedly fall again into the hands of her executioners. She will only be safe by quitting India forever.

FOGG. I will reflect upon the matter. *(Aouda stirs.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. Master, the lady stirs.
(Aouda opens her eyes and is understandably disoriented, not knowing where she is or who she is with. She cries out in alarm.)

AOUDA. Where am I? Who are you?

SIR FRANCIS. Do not be alarmed, Madam. You are safe. You are on a train to Calcutta.

AOUDA. To Calcutta! How is it that I was not burned in the suttee?

FOGG. We took the liberty of rescuing you.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, on the advice of our Parsee guide that you were an involuntary victim of those scoundrels.

AOUDA. I cannot thank you gentlemen enough. *(She begins to cry tears of joy at being alive.)*

SIR FRANCIS. I believe her eyes interpret her gratitude better than her lips.

FOGG. *(To Aouda.)* You are still in danger, Madam. I shall personally escort you to Hong Kong, where you may safely remain until there is some distance from the affair.

AOUDA. Gentlemen, you are too kind. I have a Parsee relative in Hong Kong. His name is Jeejeeh - a merchant, and quite wealthy.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. We shall find him when we arrive there, and I shall leave you safely in his charge.

AOUA. I am in your debt, Mr....

FOGG. Fogg. Phileas Fogg at your service.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*To audience.*) Our Parsee guide did not exaggerate when telling of this lady's charms. During our journey, she fully recovered her senses and we found that she spoke English with great purity, being raised more European than Indian. Sir Francis narrated to her what had passed at the suttee, dwelling upon the courage with which my master had not hesitated to risk his life to save her. I insisted that my role in her rescue was not worth telling, for it truly was Monsieur Fogg's idea. (*Everyone disembarks during Passepartout's next speech.*) We arrived at Calcutta on the 25th of October. The two days gained between London and Bombay were lost in the journey across India, but I do not think my master regrets them in the least.

SIR FRANCIS. It is here in Calcutta that I must leave you, as the troops I am rejoining are encamped some miles northward of the city.

AOUA. I shall never forget what I owe to you, Sir Francis.

SIR FRANCIS. (*Kissing her hand fondly.*) And I shall remember you always, Madam. (*Shaking Passepartout's hand.*) You are a good and faithful servant, Passepartout. Mr. Fogg is lucky to have you.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Honored.*) Merci, Monsieur.

FOGG. Sir Francis, we shall miss your company.

SIR FRANCIS. I wish you all success, Mr. Fogg, and hope that you will come this way again in a less original but more profitable fashion.

FOGG. You may rely upon it. (*Sir Francis exits.*) Come, Madam Aouda. We must proceed at once to the steamer, in order to get you comfortably settled for the voyage to Hong Kong. I am unwilling to leave you even for a moment while you are on dangerous ground. (*A Guard comes up to them.*)

GUARD. Mr. Phileas Fogg?

FOGG. I am he.

GUARD. (*Pointing to Passepartout.*) Is this man your servant?

FOGG. Yes.

GUARD. Be so good, both of you, as to follow me.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. May this young lady go with us?

GUARD. She may. *(He leads them to a small room with barred windows.)*
You will appear before the judge at half-past eight. *(He exits, closing the door.)*

PASSEPARTOUT. Why, we are prisoners!

AOUDA. *(To Fogg.)* Sir, you must leave me to my fate! It is on my account that you receive this treatment. It is for having saved me!

FOGG. Impossible. It is quite unlikely that we should be arrested for preventing a suttee. The complainants would not dare present themselves with such a charge – they should take matters into their own hands. There is simply some mistake.

AOUDA. You don't understand the customs here. You must leave me to my fate!

FOGG. Nonsense, Madam. I will escort you to Hong Kong as planned.

PASSEPARTOUT. But the steamer leaves at noon!

FOGG. We shall be on board by noon.

(The Guard reappears.)

GUARD. Follow me. *(He leads them to a courtroom. Fogg, Passepartout, and Aouda take their places as the Judge enters, followed by the Judge's Clerk.)*

JUDGE. *(Once he is seated.)* The first case.

CLERK. Phileas Fogg?

FOGG. I am here.

CLERK. Jean Passepartout?

PASSEPARTOUT. Present.

JUDGE. Prisoners, you have been sought for two days on the trains from Bombay.

PASSEPARTOUT. But of what are we accused?

JUDGE. You are about to be informed. Let the complainants come in.
(The three Indian Priests enter.)

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To Fogg.)* Those are the rogues who were going to burn our young lady.

JUDGE. Silence! Hear the charge against you.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

CLERK. (*Reading.*) Phileas Fogg and servant. You are hereby accused of sacrilege, having violated a place held consecrated by the Brahmin religion.

JUDGE. You hear the charge?

FOGG. Yes, sir, and I admit it.

JUDGE. You admit it?

FOGG. I admit it, and I wish to hear these priests admit what they were going to do at the pagoda of Pillaji. (*The Priests look at each other, not seeming to understand what was said.*)

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, at the pagoda of Pillaji, where they were on the point of burning their victim. (*The Judge stares with astonishment, and the Priests are stupefied.*)

JUDGE. What victim? Burn whom? In Bombay?

PASSEPARTOUT. Bombay?

JUDGE. Certainly. We are not talking of the pagoda of Pillaji, but of the pagoda of Malabar Hill, at Bombay.

CLERK. And as a proof, here are the desecrator's very shoes, which he left behind him. (*He places a pair of shoes on his desk.*)

PASSEPARTOUT. My shoes! Sacre blu. I had quite forgotten the affair at Bombay!

JUDGE. The facts are admitted?

FOGG. (*Coldly.*) Admitted.

JUDGE. Inasmuch as English law protects equally and sternly the religions of the Indian people, and as the man Passepartout has admitted that he violated the sacred pagoda of Malabar Hill, at Bombay, on the 20th of October, I condemn the said Passepartout to imprisonment for fifteen days and a fine of three hundred pounds.

PASSEPARTOUT. Three hundred pounds!

CLERK. Silence!

JUDGE. And inasmuch as it is not proved that the act was not done by the connivance of the master with the servant, and as the master in any case must be held responsible for the acts of his paid servant, I condemn Phileas Fogg to a week's imprisonment and a fine of one hundred and fifty pounds. Have you anything to say?

FOGG. I offer bail.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

JUDGE. You have that right. The bail for each prisoner shall be one thousand pounds.

FOGG. I will pay it at once. *(He takes a roll of bank notes from the carpetbag, and places them on the Clerk's desk.)*

JUDGE. This sum will be restored to you upon your release from prison. Meanwhile, you are liberated on bail.

FOGG. *(To Passepartout.)* Come!

PASSEPARTOUT. But first give me back my shoes! *(He takes them from the Clerk's desk and speaks to the audience.)* These are now very expensive shoes! More than a thousand pounds apiece!

(Fogg offers his arm to Aouda, and they exit, followed by Passepartout. Fix comes from the back of the room, where he had been hidden.)

FIX. *(Angrily, to the Judge.)* You've let the rascal escape! Two thousand pounds sacrificed! I'll follow him to the end of the world if necessary; but at the rate he is going, the stolen money will soon be exhausted. *(He glares at the confused Judge and then exits after Fogg. Judge and Clerk shrug and move on.)*

JUDGE. Next case!

SCENE 12

Aboard the Rangoon. Aouda and Passepartout enter in conversation.

PASSEPARTOUT. Oh, yes, Madam. My master is quite the eccentric one.

AOUDA. He visits me regularly at certain hours and always treats me with the strictest politeness. I have never seen him betray the slightest emotion.

PASSEPARTOUT. Nor have I. He has the precision of an automaton, yet he has taken on this mad trip around the world! And on a wager, yet!

AOUDA. I know not what to make of him.

PASSEPARTOUT. To be frank, Madam, neither do I. *(They share a smile together.)* What I do know is that despite his peculiar habits and odd behavior, he is an honorable man.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

AOUDA. *(Her manner betraying her deep feelings for him.)* He is more than that. He is my protector, my savior, my... *(She is about to say "love" but checks herself.)* I cannot speak enough of my deep gratitude for what he did for me. *(Fogg enters.)*

FOGG. There you are, Passepartout, and Madam Aouda with you.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, Monsieur. Madam needed some air after being in that cabin for two days while the storm raged, so I offered to bring her up here on deck.

FOGG. Have you been comfortable, Madam?

AOUDA. Of course, Mr. Fogg, thanks to your generosity.

FOGG. You were not tossed about too violently during the squall?

AOUDA. No. I was frightened but felt quite safe knowing you were nearby.

FOGG. Nothing should be wanting for your comfort.

AOUDA. Sir, I owe you my life. My comfort is the least of your concern. Has the storm affected your wager?

FOGG. It has. We are now 22 hours behind, but do not let that concern you. We must get you to Hong Kong. *(Fogg and Aouda exit, continuing their conversation as Fix enters and sees Passepartout.)*

FIX. *(Feigning surprise.)* Passepartout? You here, on the Rangoon?

PASSEPARTOUT. What, Monsieur Fix? Why, I left you at Bombay, and here you are, on the way to Hong Kong! Are you going round the world too?

FIX. No, no. I shall stop at Hong Kong - at least for a few days.

PASSEPARTOUT. But how is it I have not seen you on board?

FIX. Oh, a trifle of sea-sickness - I've been staying in my berth. The Gulf of Bengal does not agree with me as well as the Indian Ocean, especially during the bad weather we have had. And how is Mr. Fogg?

PASSEPARTOUT. As well and as punctual as ever, and not a day behind time until this dreadful storm!

FIX. Yes, it has been monstrous.

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur Fix, you don't know that we have a young lady with us!

FIX. *(Not seeming to comprehend.)* A young lady?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes. We shall be depositing her with a rich relative in Hong Kong.

FIX. And after leaving his lady friend, Mr. Fogg, I suppose, is anxious to catch the steamer for Yokohama?

PASSEPARTOUT. Terribly anxious, as we are behind time nearly a full day.

FIX. You believe in this journey around the world, then?

PASSEPARTOUT. Absolument. Don't you, Mr. Fix?

FIX. I? I don't believe a word of it.

PASSEPARTOUT. You're a sly dog! (*Winking at him.*) Shall we be so unfortunate as to lose you when we get to Hong Kong?

FIX. Why, I don't know; perhaps –

PASSEPARTOUT. If you would only go on with us! (*Aside to the audience.*) For I have suddenly discovered an explanation of Fix's movements. An agent of the Peninsular Company, indeed! Fix could only be an agent of Mr. Fogg's friends at the Reform Club. It's clear, is it not? He's a spy sent to keep us in view! And Mr. Fogg such an honorable man!

FIX. I would like nothing better, but you must understand that I don't travel at my own expense.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Laughing heartily.*) Oh, I am quite sure of that! (*Aside to the audience, as Fix exits confused.*) Gentlemen of the Reform Club, this shall cost you dear! And the storm upon the Rangoon has cost us dear, too, for now we shall miss the steamer to Yokohama. (*Crossover to Fogg and the Pilot, joined by Passepartout.*)

PILOT. Gentlemen, we arrive at one o'clock today. Land was sighted at five o'clock this morning.

FOGG. Do you know when a steamer will leave Hong Kong for Yokohama?

PILOT. The Carnatic leaves at high tide tomorrow morning.

FOGG. Ah! Shouldn't she have gone yesterday?

PILOT. Yes, sir; but they had to repair one of her boilers, and so her departure was postponed till tomorrow.

FOGG. Thank you.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Enthusiastically shaking the Pilot's hand.*) Pilot, you are the best of good fellows!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. Come, Passepartout. I shall have sixteen hours to attend to my business in Hong Kong, which is to deposit Madam Aouda safely with Jeejeeh. Once we arrive, you will stay with her at the hotel, so that she may not be left entirely alone.

SCENE 13

Hong Kong.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To the audience.)* Mr. Fogg repaired to the Exchange, where, he did not doubt, everyone would know so wealthy and considerable a personage as the Parsee merchant.

FOGG. *(To Aouda.)* I have learned that Jeejeeh left Hong Kong two years ago. He retired from business with an immense fortune and has, I understand, taken up his residence in Holland.

AOUDA. What should I do, Mr. Fogg?

FOGG. It is very simple. Go on to Europe with us.

AOUDA. But I cannot intrude —

FOGG. You do not intrude, nor do you in the least embarrass my project. Passepartout!

PASSEPARTOUT. Monsieur.

FOGG. Go to the Carnatic and engage three cabins.

PASSEPARTOUT. *(To Aouda.)* Madam, I am delighted that you will be continuing the journey with us. *(He exits and comes across Fix walking up and down, appearing very upset. To the audience.)* This is bad for the gentlemen of the Reform Club! *(To Fix.)* Well, Monsieur Fix, have you decided to go with us so far as America?

FIX. *(Through clenched teeth.)* Yes.

PASSEPARTOUT. Good! I knew you could not persuade yourself to separate from us. Come and engage your berth.

BURSAR. Gentlemen, the repairs on the Carnatic have been completed, and the steamer will leave this evening at 8:00 p.m., and not tomorrow morning, as had been announced.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. That will suit my master all the better. I will go and let him know.

FIX. Let us have a drink to celebrate first. A tavern caught my eye on the quay.

PASSEPARTOUT. You are too kind, Monsieur. I hope to return the obligation at some future time. *(They enter the tavern. Fix orders several rounds of drinks, watching closely as Passepartout gets a bit drunk. This should be a stylized, wordless scene in which the drinks come quickly and are downed, and Passepartout begins to slow down considerably. It is his point of view that the audience sees as he loses his senses.)*

FIX. *(Once Passepartout is drunk.)* I want to have a serious talk with you.

PASSEPARTOUT. A serious talk? What is it that you have to say?

FIX. You have guessed who I am?

PASSEPARTOUT. *(Smiling blithely.)* Parbleu!

FIX. Then I'm going to tell you everything –

PASSEPARTOUT. But I already know everything, my friend! That's very good. But go on, go on. First, though, let me tell you that those gentlemen have put themselves to a useless expense.

FIX. Useless! It's clear that you don't know how large the sum is.

PASSEPARTOUT. Of course I do! Twenty thousand pounds.

FIX. Fifty-five thousand!

PASSEPARTOUT. What! Has Monsieur Fogg dared - fifty-five thousand pounds! Well, there's all the more reason for not losing an instant. *(He gets up and Fix pushes him back in his chair.)*

FIX. Fifty-five thousand pounds; and if I succeed, I get two thousand pounds. If you'll help me, I'll let you have five hundred of them.

PASSEPARTOUT. Help you?

FIX. Yes; help me keep Mr. Fogg here for two or three days.

PASSEPARTOUT. Why, what are you saying? Those gentlemen are not satisfied with following my master and suspecting his honor, but they must try to put obstacles in his way! I blush for them!

FIX. What do you mean?

PASSEPARTOUT. I mean that it is a piece of shameful trickery. A conspiracy! And gentlemen, too. Bah!

FIX. You're puzzling me.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. You must know, Monsieur Fix, that my master is an honest man, and that, when he makes a wager, he tries to win it fairly!

FIX. Who do you think I am?

PASSEPARTOUT. You are an agent of the members of the Reform Club, sent out here to interrupt my master's journey.

FIX. Listen to me. I am not, as you think, an agent of the members of the Reform Club –

PASSEPARTOUT. Bah!

FIX. I am a police detective, sent here by the London office. Mr. Fogg's wager is only a pretext, of which you and the gentlemen of the Reform are dupes. He had a motive for securing your innocent complicity.

PASSEPARTOUT. But why?

FIX. Listen. On the 28th of last September a robbery of fifty-five thousand pounds was committed at the Bank of England by a person whose description is that of Mr. Phileas Fogg.

PASSEPARTOUT. (*Striking the table with his fist.*) What nonsense! My master is the most honorable of men!

FIX. How can you tell? You know scarcely anything about him. You went into his service the day he came away; and he came away on a foolish pretext, without trunks, and carrying a large amount in banknotes. And yet you are bold enough to assert that he is an honest man!

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, yes!

FIX. Would you like to be arrested as his accomplice?

PASSEPARTOUT. (*To the audience.*) I am overcome by what I have been told! Phileas Fogg, the savior of Madam Aouda, that brave and generous man, a robber? And yet how many presumptions there are against him! No. I cannot believe that my master is guilty. (*To Fix, with great effort.*) Well, what do you want of me?

FIX. I have tracked Mr. Fogg to this place, but as yet I have failed to receive the warrant of arrest for which I sent to London. You must help me to keep him here in Hong Kong –

PASSEPARTOUT. I! But I –

FIX. I will share with you the two thousand pounds reward offered by the Bank of England.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

PASSEPARTOUT. Never! *(He tries to rise, but falls back, exhausted in mind and body.)* Mr. Fix, even should what you say be true - if my master is really the robber you are seeking for - which I deny - I have been, am, in his service; I have seen his generosity and goodness; and I will never betray him - not for all the gold in the world. I come from a village where they don't eat that kind of bread!

FIX. You refuse?

PASSEPARTOUT. I refuse.

FIX. Then consider that I've said nothing, and let us drink.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes; let us drink! *(Passepartout quickly downs one more drink, which is enough to take him over the edge as his head falls upon the table.)*

FIX. *(To the unconscious Passepartout.)* And now you, the devoted servant, cannot inform Mr. Fogg of the Carnatic's departure. *(He exits, throwing money on the table as the lights change to a shop in Hong Kong. A Merchant and Aouda are dickering over the price of an article of clothing.)*

MERCHANT. Madam will notice the fine detail of the stitching, no?

AOUDA. It is lovely, but the price....

FOGG. *(Crossing to them.)* My good man. Madam obviously appreciates the article, but it is not worthy of a new magistrate. Have you a similar cut of more suitable quality? I will pay for it the asking price of this one.

MERCHANT. I do, sir, have such an item. I send for it at once. *(Exits.)*

AOUDA. Mr. Fogg, you are extravagant. This is the first peddler's shop we came to.

FOGG. And he must be an established merchant or he would not be afforded such access to the port.

AOUDA. But you deceived him about your place.

FOGG. I did no such thing. I asserted the item's quality and he confirmed it. We can be assured the one he returns with will be all the more comfortable for you.

AOUDA. *(She blushes.)* As for comfort, sir, though it is evening, the Asian climate is much warmer than Britain. Please consider giving your coat to a valet that we may better enjoy the market.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

FOGG. No need Madam. Certainly, a true Englishman removes his coat on only two occasions: to retire to bed, or to fight.

MERCHANT. *(Re-entering with a much more beautiful garment.)* Here you are! What do you think!

AOUDA. Mr. Fogg?

FOGG. Do you like it?

AOUDA. *(Tearing up.)* It's...it's beautiful!

FOGG. You see? You will be much more comfortable in such a garment. *(He hands the Merchant some bank notes, and he bows and exits.)*

AOUDA. You are much too extravagant, sir.

FOGG. Nonsense. I am merely concerned about your comfort. Let us return to the hotel, Madam. You must get your rest, as the Carnatic leaves early tomorrow.

AOUDA. *(Saying more with these words than the words imply.)* As you wish, Mr. Fogg. And thank you. *(There is a lighting change and it is the next morning on the dock. Sound effects can also help with this time change.)* I do not understand, Mr. Fogg.

FOGG. Passepartout did not return at bedtime last night. I did not concern myself about the matter since the steamer was not to leave for Yokohama until this morning, yet he did not answer my bell. We must board the Carnatic without him.

AOUDA. I hope he is all right.

FOGG. But where is the steamer?

FIX. *(Having followed them, he jumps into the conversation.)* The Carnatic, sir? It sailed last night.

AOUDA. Oh, no! Mr. Fogg, what shall we do?

FIX. Excuse me, sir, but were you not, like me, a passenger by the Rangoon, which arrived yesterday?

FOGG. I was, sir, but I have not the honor –

FIX. Pardon me; I thought I should find your servant here.

AOUDA. Do you know where he is?

FIX. *(Feigning surprise.)* What? Is he not with you?

AOUDA. He has not made his appearance since yesterday. Could he have gone on board the Carnatic without us?

FIX. Did you intend to sail on the Carnatic?

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

AOUDA. Yes, sir.

FIX. So did I, Madam, and I am excessively disappointed. The Carnatic, its repairs being completed, left Hong Kong twelve hours before the stated time, without any notice being given; and we must now wait a week for another steamer.

FOGG. But there are other vessels besides the Carnatic in the harbor of Hong Kong. (*John Bunsby, a pilot, has entered and overheard.*)

BUNSBY. Is your honor looking for a boat?

FOGG. Have you a boat ready to sail?

BUNSBY. Yes, your honor; John Bunsby, pilot of the Tankadere - the best in the harbor – at your service.

FOGG. Does she go fast?

BUNSBY. Between eight and nine knots the hour. Is it for a sea excursion?

FOGG. No; for a voyage.

BUNSBY. A voyage?

FOGG. Yes. Will you agree to take me to Yokohama?

BUNSBY. Is your honor joking?

FOGG. No. I have missed the Carnatic, and I must get to Yokohama by the 14th at the latest, to take the General Grant for San Francisco.

BUNSBY. I'm sorry, but that is impossible.

FOGG. I offer you a hundred pounds per day and an additional reward of two hundred pounds if I reach Yokohama in time.

BUNSBY. Are you in earnest?

FOGG. Very much so. (*To Aouda.*) You would not be afraid, would you, Madam?

AOUDA. Not with you, Mr. Fogg.

FOGG. (*to Bunsby.*) Well?

BUNSBY. I could not risk myself, my men, or my boat on so long a voyage at this time of year, and Yokohama is more than sixteen hundred miles from here. But it might be arranged another way.

FOGG. How?

BUNSBY. By going to Shanghai, which is only eight hundred miles from here.

FOGG. I must take the American steamer at Yokohama, not at Shanghai.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

BUNSBY. But the General Grant does not start from Yokohama. She puts in there, but she starts from Shanghai.

FOGG. And when does the boat leave Shanghai?

BUNSBY. On the 11th, at seven in the evening. We have, therefore, four days before us, that is ninety-six hours; and in that time, if we had good luck and a southwest wind, and the sea was calm, we could make those eight hundred miles to Shanghai.

FOGG. And you could go –

BUNSBY. In an hour; as soon as provisions could be got aboard and the sails put up.

FOGG. (*Handing him money.*) Here are two hundred pounds on account sir. (*Turning to Fix.*) If you would like to take advantage –

FIX. Thanks. I was about to ask the favor, but I must insist upon paying my share.

FOGG. Let us not speak of that. In half an hour we shall go on board.

AOUDA. But poor Passepartout?

FOGG. I shall do all I can to find him. Let us repair to the police station and the French consulate, where we shall give Passepartout's description and a sum of money to be spent in the search for him.

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