

BY MOUTH THEME (MUS) 1

2 NARRATOR: Welcome to By Mouth--bringing classic novels to sonic life...  
3 as they were written. By Mouth is an online rep company of audio actors and  
4 editors from around the globe. Lend us an ear.

5

6 NARRATOR: You're listening to Part One--of a two-part podplay--of the classic  
7 novel VICTORY by Joseph Conrad.

8

9 AMB WILD JUNGLE SOUNDS  
10 FADE INTO AMB PORT TOWN

11

12 NARRATOR: The Year? 1882. The Setting? Sourabaya, a sleepy port town  
13 on the island of Java in the Dutch East Indies.

14

15

16 NARRATOR: Our tale begins on the verandah of Schomberg's Hotel...

17

18 CLINKING GLASSES

19

20 PATRON #1: You know...Heyst, enchanted Heyst!

21

22 PATRON #3: Wasn't he a Swedish Baron or something?

23

24 PATRON #2: Baron? Come now! He's been not much more than a loafer here  
25 as long as anyone can remember.

26

27 PATRON #1 (as Heyst): "I am enchanted with these islands!"

28

29 PATRON #3 (chuckles): Yes...

30

31 PATRON #2: Queer chap, that one.

32

33 PATRON #1: Said he was after facts.

34

35 PATRON #3: That's it: Hard Facts.

36

37 PATRON #1: A Great-Stride-Forward! Remember that?

27  
28 PATRON #3: Something to do with coal, wasn't it?  
29  
30 PATRON #2: A mine, I believe. On that miniscule island--what in the  
devil is the name? At the foot of the--  
31  
32 PATRON #3: Volcano.  
33  
34 PATRON #2: Exactly!  
35  
36 PATRON #1: Samburan.  
37  
38 PATRON #3: That's it!  
39  
40 PATRON #2: Yes...Though given the man's...reputation, it's likely nothing  
of any real value came from any of his--  
41  
42 PATRON #1: Declarations!  
43  
44 PATRON #2: Precisely! Still, a man who would bivouac with cannibals  
simply for fun--  
45  
46 PATRON #1: And risk becoming supper--  
47  
48 PATRON #2 (quite amused): Well...  
49  
50 PATRON #3: A gentleman, no doubt.  
51  
52 PATRON #2: A gentleman, of course!  
53  
54 PATRON #1: Indeed!  
55  
56 PATRON #2: Just something of a...u-topist.  
57

58 PATRON #3 (chuckles): Yes...

59

60 PATRON #1: You remember him with Morrison that day at the bar?

61

62 PATRON #3 (as Heyst): "Come and quench your thirst with us, gentlemen!"

63

64 PATRONS #1 & #3 (laugh heartedly):

65

66 PATRON #1 (still chuckling): I nearly choked on my lager.

67

68 PATRON #2: Any man who could propose to quench my thirst must--and I say must--be a u-topist!

69

70 PATRONS #1, #2 & #3 (laugh heartedly):

71

72

73 SCHOMBERG:(approaching patrons): Anozzer round, gentlemen?

74

75 PATRON #2: Of course!

76

77 SCHOMBERG (calling): Woman! (Brief pause) Drinks!

78

79 MRS. SCHOMBERG (cowed): Yes, Wilhelm.

80

81 SCHOMBERG: Hmph! All zis talk is all very good but...He can't throw any of his coal-dust in zese eyes! A fellow like zat for a manager--phoo!

82

83 PATRON #1: Morrison? A manager?

84

85 SCHOMBERG: Morrison? No, Heyst! Heyst!

86

87 PATRON #2: We were just speaking of that very gentleman.

88

89 SCHOMBERG: I tell you: zere is nothing in it, gentlemen! Nothing!

CLINKING GLASSES

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD--STOP

LOUD FINGERSNAP (2X)

(5) SCURRY STEPS TOWARD--STOP

GLASSES COLLECTED METAL TRAY

90

91 PATRON #3: You mean the coal outfit--yes?

92

93 SCHOMBERG (dismissively): Ze coal outfit! Ze coal swindle is more like it!  
(With air of mystery) All I can say, gentlemen--all I can say is--don't you  
ever get mixed up with zat..Swede!

94

95 NARRATOR: Some months later, the comically unattractive Mrs. Schomberg  
occupies her same stool and the Patrons their same tables.

CLINKING GLASSES 96

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

HVY STEPS TOWARD--STOP (5) 97

98 SCHOMBERG (clearing his throat): I have news, gentlemen! Ze company is  
gone! Zat's right! Ze engineers, ze clerks, ze coolies, everything--gone!  
But zere he sticks. Someone saw him with zere own eyes. A bit of white on  
ze wharf. Heyst sure enough!

99

100 PATRON #1: So he's still on the island...

101

102 SCHOMBERG: Oh, he was very po-lite. "I remain in poo-ssession here!"  
he says.

103

104 PATRON #2: Possession?

105

106 PATRON #1: Of the mine?

107

108 SCHOMBERG: Of his partner--if I know ze man. And believe-me, gentleman,  
I know ze man!

109

110 PATRON #3: Captain Morrison? Why in heaven's name would he wish to possess  
ol' Morrison?

111

112 PATRON #2: Why, the man's innocence itself. Practically gives his wares  
away!

113

114 PATRON #1: Every native with a handbasket has credit with Morrison!

115

116 PATRON #2: Yes--why Morrison?

117

118 SCHOMBERG: Ze spider and ze fly, gentlemen! Ze spiider and ze flyyy!

119

120 NARRATOR: Again--some months later--the Patrons and Mrs. Schomberg  
are in their usual sspots. But now, plastered to every column, are  
posters proclaiming: World-Famous-Ladies-Orchestra--in Two Weeks!

CLINKING GLASSES 121

DOUBLE-DOOR O/C

HVY STEPS TOWARD--STOP (5) 122

123 SCHOMBERG: Have you everything you want, gentlemen? (Brief pause)  
Good! You see? What was I telling you! Zere was nothing in it! Nothing!  
I knew it!

124

125 PATRON #1 (not meant kindly): You certainly forecast it.

126

127 SCHOMBERG: It's been five-months since I've spoken to an yone who has seen  
him. Ze man's a hermit in ze wilderness! A hermit--from shame!

128

129 PATRON #3: Alone out there, is he?

130

131 SCHOMBERG: Yes, well...Unless he went and drowned his self.

132

133 PATRON #2: Drowned himself?

134

135 PATRON #1: Why, he's not into you for drinks now, is he? (Chuckles)

136

137 SCHOMBERG: Drinks? No...He's paid not two visits to my establishment ze entire time he's been in ze East. Not two visits! What I want to know is: what he gets to eat zere? A piece of dried fish now and zen? That's pretty low...pretty low...for a man who turned up his nose at my hotel! Hmph!

FADE INTO 138  
AMB PORT TOWN

139 NARRATOR: A few months later, who appears outside of Schomberg's but Heyst himself--an English-bred Swede in his thirties, clad in tropical whites and carrying a suitcase. Setting down the case, Heyst removes his hat--and mops his handsome if receding brow. Retrieving the case, he opens the front door and disappears inside.

FADE INTO 140  
AMB HOTEL VERANDAH

141 NARRATOR: On the verandah a few days later--where was once empty space--now stands a large canopy under which sits--on a raised platform--a piano and a half-dozen chairs and music stands. "World Famous Ladies Orchestra" reads the lurid backdrop, which depicts a half-dozen attractive, young, Asian-female violinists backed by a seedy male bandmaster--with badly dyed hair and moustache--and his equally repulsive piano-playing wife. Outside the tent--within earshot of two Patrons--Schomberg peers up at an upstairs balcony, where Heyst can be seen smoking a cigarette.

CLINKING GLASSES 142

143 SCHOMBERG: I really don't know why he has come to stay here. Zis place isn't good enough for him. Here I have got up zis ladies-orchestra for you gentlemen--just to make things a little brighter--and do you think he will stoop to step in and listen to a piece or two of an evening? Not he! No, he smokes on ze balcony all ze evening long--planning some new swindle, no doubt! Ze way he got hold of Captain Morrison--you heard--squeezing him dry, like a lemon, before sending him home to die zere! Everyone knows ze Captain had a weak chest! Robbed first and zen murdered afterwards! For tuppence, I would ask him to go and look for quarters elsewhere!

144

145 PATRON #2 (low so Schomberg can't hear): Well...

(8) MUSICIANS ASSUME PLACES 146  
ON WOODEN PLATFORM

147 SCHOMBERG (FAR; announcing act): And now...your female artists,  
gentlemen...Maestro? (Brief pause--annoyed, under his breath) Maestro!

VIOLIN STRINGS PLUCKED 148

149 BANDMASTER: Ah--yes--I uh--! (Clears throat loudly to cue musicians) A--HEM!

FIRST STABS OF DISCORD TUNE 150

TUNE CONT'S UNDER SCENE 151 NARRATOR: Meanwhile, upstairs, Heyst has fled the balcony--and the music--  
for the quiet of his room.

FADE INTO 152

AMB SMALL UPSTAIRS ROOM 152

QUIET KNOCK ON DOOR

153 HEYST (after a pause): Yes?

DOOR OPENS/HINGE CREAK 154

155 MRS SCHOMBERG: I've come with your tray, Mr. Heyst.

(3) SCURRY STEPS TOWARD--STOP 156

METAL TRAY SET DOWN TABLE

157 HEYST: Oh...Yes...You may set it down...There...Thank you. (Brief pause)  
I don't suppose...It's Mrs. Schomberg, is it not? I don't suppose you  
know what time the music is set to...(delicately) conclude?

158

159 MRS. SCHOMBERG (laughes distinctive nervous laugh):

160

161 HEYST: I see. Thank you. (Brief pause--courtly) Mrs. Schomberg.

162

163 MRS SCHOMBERG (again laughes distinctive nervous laugh):

164

165 NARRATOR: Back downstairs...

FADE INTO AMB HOTEL VERANDAH 166

DISCORDANT TUNE FINISH--LOUD 167

LIGHT SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE

168 SCHOMBERG: (FAR--voice dripping insinuation) And now is ze time, gentlemen,  
when our female artists will grace ze members of ze audience with zere  
delight-ful company!

169

HVY MAN & (6) WOMEN 170 NARRATOR: As Schomberg decamps from the canopy, a half-dozen young, Asian  
 EXIT PLATFORM/DISPERSE 171 females follow him and begin mingling intimately with patrons.

172 ASIAN VIOLINIST #1: (suggestively): Good Evening, Gentelmans!  
 173

174 ASIAN VIOLINIST #2: (suggestively): We siristy from play--you like  
 buy us drink?

175

176 PATRON #1: It would be our pleasure.  
 177

178 PATRON #3 (nodding his head): Laaadies...  
 179

180 ASIAN VIOLINIST 1 & 2 (giggle receptively):  
 181

182 NARRATOR: Unlike the others, one young woman--Eurasian in appearance--  
 lingers on the steps.  
 183

184 PATRON #1 (FAR; calling out): Driinks, Schomberg!  
 185

DOUBLE-DOORS OPEN 186 SCHOMBERG (yelling): Woman!  
 187

188 NARRATOR: Scurrying past her husband just in time to collect--from her  
 stool--a cover charge from the entering Heyst is Mrs. Schomberg.

DOUBLE-DOORS CLOSE 189

190 MRS SCHOMBERG (by rote): That'll be ten. (Slight pause) Entrance.  
 191

COINS UNPOCKETED 192 HEYST: Yes. Thank you.  
 193

194 NARRATOR: The bandmaster, noticing the Eurasian girl has lingered, signals  
 to his wife.  
 195

196 BANDMASTER (clearing his throat): A-HEM!  
 197

PIANO KEY LID SHUT HARD



198 BANDMASTER'S WIFE: Hmm. (Brief pause) You! Yes, a you! Getta down from zere!

199

200 LENA (obedient but worn down): Yes, ma'am.

MUSIC STAND JANGLE 201

202 BANDMASTER'S WIFE: Mescolarsi! Mingle! MINGLE! (Grunts--as she applies a hard pinch)

HARD SKIN PINCH 203

204 LENA: Qwww!

(3) QK STEPS DOWN--STOP 205

(5) SLOW STEPS TOWARD--STOP

206 HEYST (after clearing his throat): Excuse me, Miss, but...that horrible woman has done something to you. She's pinched you, hasn't she? I'm sure she pinched you just now, when you stood on the stair.

207

208 LENA: It wouldn't be the first time. (Brief pause) Anyway, what is it to you? (Brief pause) What are you going to do about it?

209

210 HEYST: I don't know, I...can I do anything? What would you wish me to do? (Pause) Command me.

211

212 LENA: Command you? Who are you?

213

214 HEYST: I'm simply staying at this hotel for a few days. I just--

215

216 LENA: Don't interfere!

217

218 HEYST (taken aback): Would you like me to leave?

219

220 LENA: I didn't say that. (Pause) She pinched me because I didn't get down here quick enough.

221

222 HEYST: Why that's...that's awful. (Pause) But, uh...well...since we are here, shouldn't we sit down?

CHAIR PULL UP &amp; SIT

223

CHAIR PULL UP &amp; SIT

224 HEYST: Do you...sing--as well as play?

225

226 LENA: Never sang a note in my life. (Pause) Never had much reason to.  
Since I was little.

227

228 HEYST: Ah...You are English--yes?

229

230 LENA: What do you think? (Pause) Do you always smile when you talk?

231

232 HEYST: It's my manner, I'm afraid. Is it very...objectionable?

233

234 LENA: No. I just haven't come across very many pleasant people in my life,  
that's all.

235

236 HEYST: That woman who pinched you--she's infinitely more unpleasant  
than any cannibal I've had to deal with.

237

238 LENA: I beleve you!

239

240 LENA &amp; HEYST (laugh):

241

242 LENA: So how did you come to have anything to do with cannibals?

243

244 HEYST: Too long a tale. (Pause) And you? How did you get with this lot  
here?

245

246 LENA: Bad luck.

247

248 HEYST: No doubt...no doubt...(Pause) I say--couldn't you...defend yourself  
somehow?

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

249

250 LENA (under her breath): There are too many for me.

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD--STOP 251

(3) LITE STEPS AWAY 252

(3) LITE STEPS UP

LITE STEPS AWAY (INF) 253 SCHOMBERG (eyes following Lena): May I...bring you something...sir?

STOOL CREAKS 254

255 HEYST: No, thank you--I was just taking my leave.

STOOL CREAKS 256

257 SCHOMBERG (barely hiding his disdain): I see.

LOUD FINGER SNAP (2X) 258

259 SCHOMBERG (turning from MIC): Don't just stare at me, woman! Clear ze table! Do something for once without having to be poked and prodded!

BODY DECAMPS STOOL 260

261 MRS SCHOMBERG (cowed): Yes, Wilhelm.

SCURRY STEPS TOWARD (5) 262

VIOLIN STRINGS PLUCKED 263

264 BANDMASTER (clears throat in signal to musicians): A-HEM!

STABS OF NEW HORRID TUNE 265

IMMEDIATE FADE OUT 266

267 NARRATOR: Same table, the following evening...

FADE INTO AMB HOTEL VERANDAH 268

CLINKING GLASSES

269 LENA: My mother--I never really knew. She was from somewhere out here--that's what I was told. She died when I was born. (Brief pause) Father--he was a sailor--in the Merchant Marine. When he wasn't drunk, he was aboard ship. One day--I was seventeen or so--the money for school--he'd always made sure that got paid--well, one day it stopped coming. Not long after, we received word that Father's ship had been lost. A bad storm, they told us. The Sisters--they kept me for a while but...eventually, they handed me my communion dress and twenty quid and...well, I've been on my own ever since.

270

271 HEYST (with empathy): Well, I...

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C 272

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD & STOP

273 LENA: So you see, Mr. Command Me--there's not a soul-in-this-world  
who would care if I make a hole-in-the-water the next chance I get.

274  
275 HEYST: Come now--

276  
277 SCHOMBERG (barely hiding his disdain): May I bring you ano<sup>z</sup>zer drink...sir?  
For ze...lady?

278  
279 HEYST: We are fine. (Turns away from mic) Yes?

280  
281 LENA: Yes.

282  
283 SCHOMBERG (low but so they will hear): Hmph!

TURN & (5) HVY STEPS TOWARD  
DOUBLE-DOOR O/C

284  
285  
286 HEYST: No--you can certainly do better than that. (Pause) If it's only a  
matter of...of getting away.

287  
288 LENA: I said--there are too many for me. (Pause) What do you call this  
place again?

289  
290 HEYST: Sourabaya.

291  
292 LENA: Sourabaya. Hmmm...

293  
294 HEYST (after a brief pause): Perhaps you might...see the consul.

295  
296 LENA: Consul?

297  
298 HEYST: Yes. Perhaps he could be...persuaded to...send you home.

299  
300 LENA: I see. (Brief pause) And what would I do when I get there? (Pause)  
You do something--you're a gentleman! It wasn't I who spoke to you--  
you came and spoke to me. What did you speak to me for?

301  
 302 HEYST (laughs to cover his discomfort):  
 303  
 304 LENA (indignant): Well? What did you mean, then, by command me?  
 305  
 306 HEYST (pause then quietly): Al'right, al'right...I'm not rich enough to  
buy you out--even if I could. But I can always...steal you.

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C 307  
 308 HEYST (under his breath): Get away now. And try to smile as you go.

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD 309  
 310 LENA (smiling): Yes...

(3) QK LITE STEPS AWAY 311  
 (3) QK LITE STEPS UP 312  
 SCHOMBERG (Disdainfully): Anozzer drink, sir?

FINGER-SNAP (2X) 313  
 314 HEYST: No, I was just uh...  
 315  
 316 SCHOMBERG: Leaving, I know. Just leaving.

STOOL CREAK 317  
 318 NARRATOR: From her stool, Mrs. Schomberg observes her husband's lustful  
 eyes follow Lena onto the canopy. Feeling his wife's gaze on him, Schomberg  
turns on her viciously.

319  
 320 SCHOMBERG: I thought I told you woman--to stop eyeing me!

STOOL DECAMPED 321  
 322 MRS. SCHOMBERG (cowed): Yes, Wilhelm.

SCURRY STEPS AWAY (INF) 323  
 DOUBLE-DOORS O/C 324  
 FADE IN AMB CRICKETS NIGHT 325  
 NARRATOR: Later--after the concert--Lena can be seen lugging herself and  
 her worn violin case up a darkened stairway towards her room.

(6) SLOW LITE STEPS UP 326  
 327 LENA (suddenly startled): Oh! (Slight pause) Mr. Schomberg--!  
 328

329 SCHOMBERG (intimately): You like to tease me, don't you? Making me watch you with zat scoundrel--ze Baron! You like to tease Schomberg!

HVY BODY BLOCK 330

331 LENA: No, I--!

M/F ENGAGE 332

333 SCHOMBERG: Yeeesss--my strooong, beauuu-tiful woman!

M/F ENGAGE 334

335 LENA: Mr. Schomberg--your wife--!

M/F STRUGGLE 336

337 SCHOMBERG: My wife can go hang herself! I will send her home to her people! Eins, swei--march!

M/F STRUGGLE 338

339 SCHOMBERG: You--yes!--yooouuu, my darling--will be by my side! Yooouuu will be matron of zis hotel--you will be my--yees!--my--

340

341 NARRATOR: Schomberg forces his body against hers--his mouth on her mouth. Resisting forcefully--Lena pushes back--HARD--and he stumbles.

342

343 SCHOMBERG (grunts loudly):

(6) QK LHT STEPS DOWN 344

QK LITE STEPS AWAY (INF) 345

HVY STEPS AWAY (INF) 346

RUSTLE BUSHES 347

CIG PUT OUT, LANTERN LIT, 348

LANTERN SWINGS SHARPLY 349

350

351 HEYST (awkwardly at first): O-kay...o-kay...al'right...it'll be al'right.

352

353 LENA: I knew it! From the first time you spoke to me! "Command me," you said. Funny thing for a man like you to say. Did you mean it?

350

351 HEYST: Why, I...

352

353 LENA: You weren't making fun of me--were you?

354

355 HEYST: Why, no, I...

356

357 LENA: I believe you. It's the way you have of talking as if you were  
amused with people. But I wasn't fooled. I could see you were angry with  
the bandmaster's wife. And you're clever. You spotted it at once--in my  
face. It isn't a bad face, is it?

358

359 HEYST: Of course not, it's..!

360

361 LENA: My nose--and mouth--they're Father's. My eyes, well...they're...  
(Brief pause) Some might not like them, the way they...

362

363 HEYST: I like it all--everything.

364

365 LENA: I won't lie to you. I've been pestered by fellows like this before.  
(Pause) What is it? What's the matter? (Pause) I never even looked at him.  
Never! Have I looked at you? It was you who began it.

366

367 HEYST (a white lie): I'm afraid we've been...detected. I think I saw  
someone. In the bushes.

368

369 LENA: That would be him--the hotelkeeper. Only tonight, he...but I  
got away. (Pause) I could face him now--now that I know you...you...  
(Brief pause) A girl can always put up a fight.

370

371 HEYST (a tad unsure): Right...

372

373 LENA: Oh, don't throw me over now! If you did, I'd survive--I always  
survive--but...You told me you've always been alone, never had a dog, even.  
Well, then--if I live with you--I won't be in anyone's way--not even a  
dog's! (Pause) Why else then would you look at me that way?

374

375 HEYST: Did I?

376

377 LENA: Oh, I know what sort of girl I am. But I'm not the sort that  
men turn their backs on. Unless...(Pause) Oh forgive me--you aren't  
378 like the others! You're like no one I've ever spoken to!

378

379 NARRATOR: Taking Lena's hands, Heyst draws her close. She then leans her  
head on his shoulder.

380

381 LENA: You haven't seen any more of that somebody-in-the-bushes, have you?  
If it was anyone, it would be his wife.

382

383 HEYST: Mrs. Schomberg?

384

385 LENA: Another one that can't sleep o' nights. Because she sees what's  
going on. He doesn't even pretend to keep it from her. She knows how I  
feel, too--only she's too frightened to even look him in the face. He'd  
tell her to go hang herself!

386

387 HEYST: Look--I think I was mistaken before. But if it's as you say--  
that Mrs. Schomberg can't sleep o' nights--then we must be more careful.  
She could inform the fellow.

388

389 LENA: Oh, no--she wouldn't give us away. She'll help--if she dares do  
anything at all.

390

391 HEYST (smiling): You seem to have a very clear view of the situation.

392

393 NARRATOR: Lena gives Heyst a lingering kiss.

394

395 HEYST: On my word, I...I don't even know your name.

396

397 LENA: Don't you? (Pause) Lena...

398

399 HEYST: Lena...



400

401 LENA: But it doesn't matter. Call me any name you like.

402

403 HEYST: Your voice is enough. I'm in love with it, whatever it says.

404

405 LENA: Why'd you tell me to smile this evening at the concert? You remember?

406

407 HEYST: We were being observed. By Schomberg.

408

409 LENA: Ah...

410

411 HEYST (playfully): If you hadn't smiled, I might not have come out here tonight.

412

413 NARRATOR: Lena's lips touch his lightly--then she is gone. Heyst lingers, as if in a trance. Then abruptly he turns and he--and the still-lit lantern--make their way slowly and steadily back to his room.

AMB HOTEL VERANDAH QUIET 414

415 NARRATOR: The next morning on the quiet verandah...

DOUBLE-DOORS BURST O/C 416

417 SCHOMBERG: (FAR--enraged): I will KILL you, Bandmaster!

418

419 BANDMASTER (FAR--trying to mollify): Now--just a--just a--one a--MO-ment!

420

421 SCHOMBERG (FAR): I will KILL you, yooouuu...SCHWEINHUND!!!

(5) HVY RUN TOWARD & STOP 422

423 BANDMASTER: (increasingly frightened): Wait! Wait!!

(3) HVY RUN UP STAIRS 424

425 SCHOMBERG (FAR): How DARE you let her get away with that SWINE!!!

CHAIRS UPSET 426

MUSIC STANDS UPSET 427

BANDMASTER: (FAR--more and more desperate): Wait! Help a me!! Someone!! Help a me!!

STABS PIANO KEYS (4) 428

VIOLIN BROKEN OVER CHAIR 429

430 BANDMASTER:(FAR--desperate) HELP!!! HELP!!!

SCREETCHING MONKEY 431

SCREAMS WOMEN (3) 432

433 NARRATOR: A few days later...

AMB HOTEL VERANDAH 434

CLINKING GLASSES

435 PATRON #1 (sotto voce): I'm telling you--the fellow has checked out!

436

437 PATRON #2 (blurting out full voice): Checked-out?

DOUBLE DOORS O/C 438

439 PATRON #1: (whispers): Shhh!

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD--STOP 440

441 SCHOMBERG (suspicious): Very warm today--ya--gentlemen?

442

443 PATRON #1 (over eager): Quite...

444

445 SCHOMBERG: I will bring you gentlemen anozzer...no?

446

447 PATRON #2: Of course! (After a pause--clearing throat in signal) A-hem!

LOUD FINGER SNAP (2X) 448

449 PATRON #1: Yes, uh...we were wondering, Schomberg, if you knew what happened to, uh...

450

451 PATRON #2: Heyst!

452

453 PATRON #1: Yes...Heyst.

454

455 SCHOMBERG (with disdain): Heyst? What do I care about Heyst?

456

457 PATRON #2: Why ordinarily you seem quite interested in--

458

459 SCHOMBERG (vehemently): I'm interested in nothing! Don't you bozzer with him!

460

461 PATRON #2: We would simply like to know what happened to the fellow.  
462  
463 SCHOMBERG: He isn't here now, is he? I said, Don't you bozzer about him!  
(Suddenly remembering they're customers--with deference) Gentlemen...

BODY DECAMPS STOOL 464  
(5) HVY STEPS AWAY 465  
DOUBLE-DOORS O/C 466  
(5) SCURRY STEPS TOWARD & STOP 467  
GLASS CLEARED TO METAL TRAY 468  
469 PATRON #1: Thank you--  
GLASS CLEARED TO METAL TRAY 470  
471 PATRON #2: Mrs. Schomberg. (Pause--clears throat in a signal to #1) A-hem!  
(3) SCURRY STEPS AWAY 472  
473 PATRON #1 (loudly so Mrs. Schomberg can hear): I say--it must have been  
difficult for you, Mrs. Schomberg--all these people in the house.  
SCURRY STOP & TURN 474  
475 PATRON #2: Yes--where did they go from here--if you don't mind us  
inquiring?  
476  
477 MRS SCHOMBERG (after a pause--in a whisper): Zey went a-way.  
478  
479 PATRON #2: Did they now?  
480  
481 PATRON #1: The English girl...did she go with them?  
482  
483 MRS SCHOMBERG (full voice): Neine! (Again in a whisper) She ran a-way.  
484  
485 PATRON #1 (brief pause): I see...Who with--if we might ask?  
486  
487 MRS SCHOMBERG (After a pause--again whispering): Ze Swede!  
488  
489 PATRON #2: You can't mean it!  
490

491 MRS SCHOMBERG (whispers): I helped zem. Got her things togezzer--  
 tied zem up in my shawl--and threw zem out a back window. I did it!

492

493 PATRON #2: Good heavens!

494

495 MRS SCHOMBERG (whispers): Please don't say a word to Mr. Schomberg--please!

496

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD & STOP

497

498 SCHOMBERG (sternly): Did you start ze soup? (Brief pause--brutally) Go!

499

(3) SCURRY STEPS AWAY

500

SCURRY STOP & TURN

PATRON #1 (loudly to cover for her): I'm sorry, Mrs. Schomberg, that you  
 won't tell us anything about our friend's disappearance. I suppose we  
 shall have to inquire down at the docks.

501

502 SCHOMBERG: Inquire of ze devil!

503

(3) SCURRY STEPS AWAY

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

504

PATRON #2: It's unreasonable to get as angry as all that. Why it isn't  
 as if he's run off with your cashbox.

505

506 SCHOMBERG: Cashbox! He ran off with a girl! What do I care for ze girl!  
 She is nothing to me! What I'm concerned for is ze good name of ze house.  
 I've always had artist parties staying here. What would happen if word  
 got round zat leaders ran ze risk in my house--my house--of losing members  
 of zeir troupe? Ze cheek, ze indecency, ze atrocity! Vagabond, swindler,  
 ruffian, SCHWEINHUND!

507

(5) MED STEPS TOWARD & STOP

(5) HVY STEPS AWAY

508

DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

509

510 PATRON #3: Isn't he in a filthy temper!

511

512 PATRON #2: Indeed...

513

514 PATRON #3: Were you two witness to the scrap? Twixt he and the Bandmaster?

515

516 PATRON #1: Witness to it?!

517

518 PATRON #2: Why, the proscenium itself seemed to...leap! Instruments  
crashing, women wailing...

519

520 PATRON #1: Monkeys up the trees!

521

522 PATRON #3: And to think--that by ten the same morning those two were in a  
carriage together--down at the docks!

523

524 PATRON #1: Schomberg and the Bandmaster?

525

526 PATRON #2: Together?

527

528 PATRON #3: To search for Heyst and the girl evidently. But turns out  
they'd hopped an east bound freighter the previous night. They were  
already on the island.

529

530 PATRON #1: So he took her to Samburan...

531

532 PATRON #2: Well, well...Certainly isn't a thing I would have done.

533

534 PATRON #1: No...

535

536 PATRON #3: Not even if you weren't a married man?

537

538 PATRON #2: I shouldn't of had the pluck.

539

540 PATRON #1: Surely, he never stopped to consider--or he would never  
have done it.

541

542 PATRON #2: You don't take a woman into the jungle without being made  
sorry for it sooner or later.

543

544 PATRON #3: And him being a gentleman, well--

545

546 PATRON #1: It only makes it--

547

548 PATRON #3: Yes, it only makes it--

549

550 PATRON #2: Wooorse!

551

552 NARRATOR: Some weeks later...

553 CLINKING GLASSES

554 SOUND OF GLASSES BEING  
WASHED, SET & DRIED

554 SCHOMBERG (holding forth): Well, gentlemen, like I've been telling you-- a man like zat...a man like zat is a pooblic danger! I remember him fer years. I will say nothing of his spying--well, he used to say his self he was looking for out-of-ze-way facts. And what is zat if not spying--spying into everybody's business! He got hold of Captain Morrison, as you well know, and scared him off to Europe--to die zere. Next he gets up zat swindle of ze coal--ze Tropical Bay Coal Company--you know all about it. And now--after lining his pockets with ozzer people's money--he kidnaps an English girl belonging to an orchestra which is performing in my pooblic room for ze benefit of my customers, and goes off to live like a prince on zat island, where nobody can get at him. A damn silly girl! It's disgusting--viderlich! Viderlich, I say, gentlemen! VIDERLICH!

555 LOUD FINGER-SNAP (2X)

556 (5) HVY STEPS AWAY

557 DOUBLE-DOORS O/C

558 PATRON #1: If he keeps on like that...If he keeps on like that--

559

560 PATRON #3: He will surely end up going mad.

561

562 PATRON #1: Or going to the devil!

563 CLINKING GLASSES

564 PATRON #3 (after a pause--in a low voice): Have you heard any news? Of Heyst and the girl? Has anyone seen them?

565

566 PATRON #2: We haven't heard as much as a peep.

567

568 PATRON #1: Not that that matters to Schomberg though.

569

570 PATRON #3: No, indeed!

571

(5) GHOSTLY STEPS TOWARD  
GHOSTLY STEPS STOP

572 NARRATOR: Suddenly, a tall, cadaverous-looking English gentleman in his late forties--but looking much older--enters the verandah. Between his pale, bony fingers is a slip of paper the same shade as his fine, linen suit.

BODY DECAMPS STOOL

573

(3) SCURRY STEPS ACROSS

574

DOUBLE-DOORS OPEN

575

576 MRS. SCHOMBERG (whispers): Psst! Wilhelm!...Guest!

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD &amp; STOP

577

DOUBLE-DOORS CLOSE

578 MR. JONES (reading from the paper in a posh accent): W. Schhhomberg, proprrrriietor...You are...Schhomberg, are you not?

579

580 SCHOMBERG: I am.

581

582 MR. JONES (assessing him negatively): Yeeeeees...

(5) EX HVY STEPS TOWARD &amp; STOP

583

584 NARRATOR: Entering next is an enormous, leather trunk covered almost entirely in port-of-entry stickers. Underneath the trunk is Ricardo, a muscular and feral-looking Eurasian man in his early thirties.

TRUNK SLAMMED TO WOOD FLR

585

586 MR. JONES: My sssecretary. He mmmmust have the room next to miine.

587

588 RICARDO (calmly but savagely): Aye...

589

590 SCHOMBERG (after a pause, during which he swallows): We can manage zat.

LOUD FINGER-SNAPS (2X)

591

592 RICARDO (a soft laugh that grows louder and louder--and more ominous):

593

594 SCHOMBERG: You have been traveling, I see--for some time. For sport,  
perhaps?

595

596 MR. JONES: Sport--yyeees! What would you say to ....(smiling) chasing-the-  
sssuuun.

597

598 SCHOMBERG: I see.

PENCIL JOTS ON PAPER

599

600 SCHOMBERG: Gentlemen-at-large...And where, might I ask, did you hear of me,  
gentlemen?

601

602 MR. JONES: In Man*i*ll*a*. From a man with whom I had a game of cccaaards  
one evening--in the Hotel Castill*e*.

603

604 SCHOMBERG: I have no friends in Man*i*ll*a*.

605

606 MR. JONES: Oh, he was aanything but a friend. He called you all the names  
he could thhink of. He said you set a lot of ssscandal going about him  
once--in Baangkok, I think. Yes, that's it. You were running a gentleman's  
table in Bangkok, were you not?

607

608 SCHOMBERG: A gentleman's table--certainly! Always! For ze sake of my  
customers. In zis place, too!

609

610 MR. JONES (coldly): All rrright then.

CHAIR PULL UP & SIT

611

CHAIR PULL UP & SIT

612

613 MR. JONES: Many pppeople in the evening--at yyouur place?

614

615 SCHOMBERG: A fair amount. Ought to be more, if only people would see it was  
for zeir own good.

616



617 MR. JONES: I llllike a hotel where one can find some local pppeople in the  
 evening. It's infernally duuull otherwise.

618

619 RICARDO (enjoying intimidating Schomberg with closed mouth ascent): Mm-mm.

620

621 MR. JONES (distastefully): There are no wwwomen in your hotel, eh?

622

623 SCHOMBERG (reminded of the loss of Lena): Women? What on earth do you mean  
 by women? Zere's Mrs. Schomberg, of course.

624

625 MR. JONES: As long as she knows how to keep her place. Women give me the  
 shhhivers--understaand?

626

627 SCHOMBERG (not knowing what to say): Your...names, gentlemen? For my books.

628

629 MR. JONES: My naaame? Oh, plain Mister...JJJones--put that down. And this  
 is... Ricaaardo.

630

631 RICARDO (closed mouth ascent): Mm-mm.

632

633 MR. JONES: Maaartin Ricaardo.

634

635 SCHOMBERG: Occupation?

636

637 MR. JONES: Put down...tooourists. That's right. We've been called wooorse  
 names before now--haaaven't we, Martin?

638

639 RICARDO (laughs a laugh that begins slowly but grows ever more menacing):

640

641 NARRATOR: Later, in the Schombergs' upstairs bedroom...

642

643

FADE INTO

AMB SMALL UPSTAIRS ROOM

DOOR CLOSE &amp; STEPS/FLR CREAK

HVY 3-STEP PACING

644 SCHOMBERG: Hang me if shouldn't go--at once, zis minute--and tell him to be off--him and zat...secretary of his! I don't mind a friendly game of cards...but to make a dee-coy of my gentleman's table--it makes my blood boil! (Pause) He came here because some lying rascal in Manilla told him I kept a gentleman's table. Impudent, overbearing, swindling sharper! I've a good mind to--

645

646 MRS. SCHOMBERG: Be careful, Wilhelm! Remember ze knives and ze revolvers in zeir trunk.

647

648 SCHOMBERG: You stupid, idiotic female! What a gift to a husband you are! Pull up ze covers so I don't have to look at you!

(3) HVY STEPS AWAY 649

BALCONY DOOR O/C 650 NARRATOR: Schomberg exits onto a small balcony, where he lights a cigar and daydreams Lena returns his manly affections.

651

ECHO EFFECT 652 LENA (absurdly seductive): Ah, you are so haaandsome, so very strooong, Herr Schomberg--I cannot resist you!

653

654 SCHOMBERG (relishing her attention): Yes...If only...If only...(He puffs greedily on the cigar then exales slowly.)

AMB HOTEL VERANDAH QUIET 655

MISC BAR SOUNDS 656 NARRATOR: Downstairs, the billiards table has been converted into a makeshift gambling table, where--before a modest haul of money and chips--sit a sullen-looking Jones and Ricardo. Watching the men as he tidies-up behind the bar is Schomberg.

MISC BAR SOUNDS 657

658 SCHOMBERG: Hot night, gentlemen.

SETS UP BOTTLE ON TRAY 659

660 SCHOMBERG: Have a drink--on me--before retiring.

SETS UP GLASSES ON TRAY 661

662 MR. JONES (lazily): By all meaaans.

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD & STOP 663

GLASS SET DOWN (2X) 664

BOTTLE POURED

665

666 SCHOMBERG: I was wondering...how much longer will I have the privilege  
of lodging you, gentlemen?

667

668 MR. JONES: What's the maaaatter? Don't you like to have pppeople in your  
house? I should have thought the owner of a hotel would be plllleased.

669

670 SCHOMBERG: I would have thought zis place was too dull and uninteresting--  
for travellers such as yoursellves.

671

672 MR. JONES: We haven't had tiime to be dull these last three yeaaars--  
have we, Martin?

673

674 RICARDO (leaving little doubt--in the negative): Mm-mm.

675

676 MR. JONES: So here we aaare--and here we staaay. Would you try to put us  
out? I dare say you could tryyy. But not without getting badly huuurt--  
vvery badly huurt. We can promise him that--caan't we, Martin?

677

678 RICARDO (leaving little doubt with his ascent): Mm-mm.

679

680 MR. JONES: You don't think--by any chaance--that you are dealing with  
oordinary people?

681

682 RICARDO: E's a gent-elman!

683

684 MR. JONES: Maartin attaches too much importance to sssocial advantage.  
What I mean is, heee--quiet and inoffensive as he might seeem--would  
think nnothing of, say, setting fire to this fine estaablishment of  
yours. Now that wouldn't advance your affairs much, would it?

685

686 SCHOMBERG: Come, come, gentlemen! Zis is very wild talk!

687

688 MR. JONES: You've been used to dealing with tttame people, have you? Well, we aren't tttame. We once kept a whole tttown at bay for two daays and then got away with our pplunder. It was in Venezueeela. Ask Maaartin, he'll tell you.

689

690 SCHOMBERG: You mean to say you would make deadly trouble for ze sake of ze few guilders you and zat gentleman win of an evening? Tisn't as if my customers were a lot of rich men wiz pockets-full-o'-cash. I wonder you go to so much trouble for so little money.

691

692 MR. JONES: One must do sssomething to kill the time. Killing time is not yet forbiidden--is it?

693

694 RICARDO (derisively): Na!

695

696 SCHOMBERG: And what if I was to tell you I am pretty near as desperate as you two gentlemen? What would you think of zat? "Oh, Schomberg has an easy time of it running his hotel." And yet it seems to me I'd just as soon let you rip-me-open and burn-ze-whole-show as not. Zere!

697

698 MR. JONES: Come, come! You have a tttolerable business. You are perfectly tttame, you! You have a...(with considerable disgust) wwwife!

699

700 SCHOMBERG: What do you mean by flinging zat damned trouble at my head? I wish you would carry-her-off somewhere--to ze devil! I wouldn't run after you.

701

702 MR. JONES (as if a wriggling viper had been thrust at him): How daaare you!

703

704 SCHOMBERG: I tell you, I am desperate! I don't care what happens to me!

705

706 JONES (half-hisses): Tsssss!

707

708 SCHOMBERG: Aye, less than three months ago--you would have found somebody  
very-different from ze man you are talking to now!

709

710 MR. JONES: I should think that was a lllie. You were probably as tame then  
as you are today. You were bbborn tame, like mmmost people in the world.

711

712 SCHOMBERG: Zere has been a ladies-orchestra here!

713

714 MR. JONES: How daaare you bring up such...ssssubjects!

715

716 SCHOMBERG: Zere was a girl!

717

718 MR. JONES: Daaamn you!!

719

720 SCHOMBERG: Tame, am I? Why I would have kicked everything to pieces  
for her. And she for me. But zen a fellow bewitched her--a lying,  
swindling, stop-at-nothing--!

721

722 MR. JONES: I shall not hear another wword of your beaaastly trouble!

723

724 RICARDO: (quiet, closed-mouth ascent): Mm-mm. (Laughs heartedly.)

725

726 NARRATOR: Later, in the Schomberg's bedroom...

727

728 MRS. SCHOMBERG: Be careful, Wilhelm!

729

730 SCHOMBERG: (imitating her mockingly): "Be careful, be careful"--is zat all  
you can say? One of zese days--one of zese days I will twist-off zat  
celery stalk head of yours! I will! (Makes a twisting sound with his  
tongue and teeth.)

731

732 MRS. SCHOMBERG (comically fearful moaning): Ahhhh...

733

(5) GHOSTLY STEPS AWAY

FADE INTO

AMB SMALL UPSTAIRS ROOM

HVY 3-STEP PACING/FLR CREAKS

734 SCHOMBERG (guffaws then): No, I suppose I am too tame for zat. What I need  
is a real woman's arms around my neck. To brace me. Inspire me.

735

736 MRS. SCHOMBERG: Wilhelm...

737

738 SCHOMBERG (dismissing her): Ach! Ze silence of ze man! I am lucky if I get  
from him a simple Good Morning! (Pause) I will speak to him tomorrow--  
before he goes to bed. What is ze fellow anyway but a common criminal.  
He and his secretary--violent to be sure!

739

740 MRS. SCHOMBERG: Wilhelm--

741

742 SCHOMBERG: But even a common criminal would think twice about  
openly murdering a respected hotel-keeper in a civilized town.

743

744 MRS. SCHOMBERG (comically fearful): Be CAREful!

745

746 SCHOMBERG (with contempt): Yooouuu... (Then, with real menace) Yooouuu!

747

748 MRS. SCHOMBERG (cowering): Nooo, Wilhem! Nooo!!

749

750 NARRATOR: The next day, downstairs...

751

752

753

754

755 RICARDO: Come, Schomberg, take a card--quick!

756

757 RICARDO: King o' 'Earts! That's what you've got!

758

759 RICARDO: I can make ya take any card I like nine times out o' ten!

760

761 SCHOMBERG: You are pretty good at zat.

762

RESUME HVY 3-STEP PACING

LAMP KNOCKED OVER

AMB HOTEL VERANDAH QUIET

PLAYING CARD SHUFFLING

DOUBLE-DOOR O/C

(5) HVY STEPS TOWARD

PLAYING CARDS FANNED OUT

PLAYING CARD PICKED UP

PLAYING CARD PLACED DOWN

763 RICARDO (closed mouth ascent): Mm-mm.

764

765 SCHOMBERG: I suppose you learned from when you was a child--no?

766

767 RICARDO: Firs' got in the way of it playin' for smokes. Ya know--  
common sailor games.

768

769 SCHOMBERG: You were at sea, zen.

770

771 RICARDO: Been at sea me whole life. Worked up to mate, I done! Mate of a  
yacht. In the Gulf. That's right! Soft job a fella don't come across very  
offen. I were mate o' 'er when I left the sea--to follow 'im!

772

773 SCHOMBERG: Mr. Jones, you mean. Is he a sailor, too?

774

775 RICARDO: 'Im? A sailor? (Laughs) E's no more Mister Jones than you are!  
An' you ain't no gent-elman, I'll tell ya that! Cuz if ya were, ya wouldn't  
even be askin'! (*Brief Pause*) Now, me--I knows a gentleman by sight. On the  
yacht, I were employed by ten of 'em. That's right. Ten! Well, nine gents  
good enough in dere way, and one downright gent-elman. (*Brief Pause*)  
Make no mistake, I spotted 'im from the start.

CHAIR PULL UP & SIT

776

777 SCHOMBERG: An' what was ze game?

778

779 RICARDO: The game--'xactly! Treasure-'untin'. Each of 'em put down so much money, the great-est secrecy an' all that. At firs', see, there were only nine of 'em. Then--just a day before we set sail--'ee turns up. 'Eard of it somewheres--I would say from some woman, if I didn't know 'im like I do. Anyway...I tells the dockmen at our moorin' to 'old tight--as the gangway weren't yet down--but--up 'ee jumps--one leap--an' ee's on board! They pass up 'is dunnage an' 'ee puts 'is hand in 'is pocket, see--an' tosses out all 'is small change for them chaps to grab. That's when 'ee looked at me--quiet-like--in a slow-way. 'E seemed to touch me somewheres--deep inside. If anybody 'ad told me we'd be partners 'fore the year was out--well...

780

781 SCHOMBERG: So ze gentleman up zere talked you into leaving a good post?

CHAIR PUSH BACK &amp; STAND UP

782

783 RICARDO: 'E didn't need to talk me into it. 'E just looked at me and that were enough. (Pause) One night we was lyin' at anchor--I'm not sure where it was--we was to dig in the mornin' an' all 'ands 'ad turned in early, see. Well, up 'ee comes, and in 'is quiet way 'ee says to me: "Well, what do ya think of our treasure 'unt now?" (Chuckles to himself) I didn't even turn me 'ead. "It's nothin' but damned tomfoolery, sir!" I says to 'im. We'd been 'avin' short talks, see, durin' the passage. I dare say 'ee read me like a book. I never 'ave been tame! Not in the sligh'est! For instance, you there...you are no more to me one way or t'other than that fly over there. I'd as much as squash ya as not.

784

785 SCHOMBERG (trying to hide his fear): Come now!

786

787 RICARDO: Believe me--it takes a real gent-elman to see through a fella. Oh, yes, 'ee spott-ed me all right. Watched me do me card tricks for the other gents. (Another mic angle) So 'ee says to me, 'ee says "It's time to go, Martin." It was the first time 'ee called me Martin. I says "Is it, sir?" 'E says "You didn't think I was after that kind o' treasure, did ya?" (Pause) I let him know--then and there--I were game for anythin'--from pitch an' toss to wilful murder--in 'is company.



788

789 SCHOMBERG (frightened): Wilful murder?

790

791 RICARDO: That's right! So I 'ighttail it below an' ram a few things into me  
792 sailor's bag--I never cared for a lot o' dunnage, see. An' when I  
793 comes back up, 'ee don't even look at me. "Can ya get the captain on deck?"  
794 'ee says. That was the last thing I shoulda thought o' doin'. "I can try"  
795 I says. "Get 'im up an' keep 'im up!" 'ee says. "Til I return."

792

793 SCHOMBERG: (expels air in judgement):

794

795 RICARDO (doesn't notice): Now, bringin' up de skipper were easy enough.  
796 I 'ad only to stamp a few times over his 'ead. But to keep him up...(As the  
797 captain) "Anythin' the matt-er, Mister Ricardo?" the skipper says. I hadn't  
798 thought o' anythin' to tell 'im so I din't dare turn 'round. "Whatcha  
799 starin' at out there, Mister Ricardo?" I weren't starin' at nothin'--but  
800 his mistake gimme a notion, see. "Looks like a drif' log over there, sir!"

796

797 SCHOMBERG: A drift log?

798

799 RICARDO: Nothin' strange in seein' a drif'-log off a coast like that.  
800 And I'll be 'anged if the skipper didn't make one out--even so! Strange how  
801 a man's life can 'ang on a single word. Had he said "Bollocks!" and turned  
802 'is back, he wouldn't o' made it three steps towards 'is bed!

800

801 SCHOMBERG: And Mr. Jones?

802

803 RICARDO: Right behind 'im--looking as care-free as afore he went below.  
804 So I ask 'im--by signs--if I oughtn't ta knock the skipper on 'is 'ead and  
805 drop him quietly overboard. But 'ee shakes his 'ead--ya know why? Cuz 'ee'd  
806 got a 'old o' the skipper's cashbox by then--see?

804

805 SCHOMBERG: A common burglar!

806

807 RICARDO: So what if 'ee did want to see his money back, like any  
tame shopkeeper do? Fancy a mud-turtle like you passin' an opinion  
on a gent-elman!

808

809 SCHOMBERG (momentarily cowed): Hm.

810

811 RICARDO: Anyways...later I asks him why 'ee didn't let me give the skipper  
one on the coconut--but he only raises one finger. "No ferocity.  
Nooo ferooocity" he says. Of course, if I meant to rip-ya-up, I could do it  
in a jiffy. I've a blade up the leg o' me trousers.

812

813 SCHOMBERG: You don't!

814

815 NARRATOR: Ricardo stoops and--with a single jerk at his pant leg--reveals  
a knife strapped to his calf. Then--just as quickly--he stamps down the leg  
and resumes his place at the table.

816

817 RICARDO: S'pose a difference comes up durin' a game...Ya just  
drops a card...

818

819 NARRATOR: Which he does--at the same time retrieving the blade...

820

821 RICARDO: ...and when ya comes up--yer ready-ta-strike!

822

823 SCHOMBERG: (scared): Yes...

824

825 RICARDO: Ya wouldn't believe the damage a fella with a blade can do.

826

827 SCHOMBERG (terrified): Yes, I see.

828

829 RICARDO: But "no ferocity--nooo ferooocity!" (Pause) But no shiiirkin',  
neither! (He laughs loudly.)

830

STOOPS--JERK AT PANT LEG  
STAMPS DOWN PANT LEG  
PULL UP CHAIR & SIT

BLADE SNATCHED

BLADE FLIPPED OPEN

BLADE RETURNED TO PANT LEG

831 SCHOMBERG: You mean to tell me you left steady employment at good wages  
for a life like zis?

832

833 RICARDO: That's jus' what a tame man like you would say! I ain't a  
dog walkin' on 'is 'ind legs fer a bone--I'm a man who's servin' a  
gent-elman. That's a difference you'll never understand, Mr. Tame  
Schomberg.

834

835 SCHOMBERG: And so you go about ze world like zis--gambling. It isn't...  
risky?

836

837 RICARDO: Life itself is a risk--innit now? Ya never know what could  
turn up. And ya never can tell 'xactly what cards youse is 'oldin' yerself.

838

839 SCHOMBERG: I haven't touched a card in twenty years.

840

841 RICARDO: Not me--I'd play for nuts, for parched peas, for rubbish.  
I'd play 'em for their souls! But this lot 'ere...they're nothin' but a  
beggarly, bloodless lot o' cucumbers, they are!

842

843 SCHOMBERG: Not much of a lay, is it?

844

845 RICARDO: No, it ain't. An' I'd be ashamed of it meself, only the guv'nor,  
well... 'ee's subject to fits.

846

847 SCHOMBERG: Fits? Sounds serious.

848

849 RICARDO: Serious enough. Reg'lar fits o' laziness, I call 'em. Now an' then  
'ee lays down on me--an' there's no movin' 'im. Gen'rally, I can talk him  
over. But when 'ee says "Maartin, I'm boored" look-out! (Pause) I only wish  
I had somethin' to lever him out with?

850

851 SCHOMBERG: Lever him out? What do you mean?

852

853 RICARDO: Don't ya understand English? E's bored, man!

854

855 SCHOMBERG: These...fits--how long do they generally last?

856

857 RICARDO: Weeks, months, years...centuries, it seems to me.

858

859 SCHOMBERG: Gott im Himmel! (Pause) Suppose I did have a lever for you?

860

861 RICARDO: What kind o' lever?

862

863 SCHOMBERG: A man.

864

865 RICARDO: The man-in-the-moon, eh?

866

867 SCHOMBERG: It would be as safe to rook him as ze man-in-ze-moon. You go an' try. It isn't far.

868

869 RICARDO: Not far, eh?

870

871 SCHOMBERG: He's been hanging around zis part of the world for years--spying into everybody's business. I am ze only one who has seen through him from ze start--two-faced, stick-at-nothing, dangerous fellow!

872

873 RICARDO: Dangerous, is 'ee?

874

875 SCHOMBERG: You know ze type--lying, poo-lite, stuck-up...nothing open about him!

876

877 RICARDO (appetite wetted): Yees...

878

879 SCHOMBERG: Calls hisself a Swedish Baron.

880

881 RICARDO: Baron, eh?

882

883 SCHOMBERG: So he claims!

884

885 RICARDO: And ya say 'ee's been livin' alone there?

886

887 SCHOMBERG: Like ze man-in-ze-moon. (Pause) He's been lying low--you  
understand--after bagging all that...(trying to entice him)...plunder.

888

889 RICARDO: Plunder, eh?

890

891 SCHOMBERG: If you don't believe me, ask anyone who comes here if--not a  
fortnight ago--zat Swede didn't call on his banker two days running.  
Now a fellow doesn't go to a counting house two days running to chat about  
ze weather. He goes to close his account one day and ze next day--

892

893 RICARDO: Get his money!

894

895 SCHOMBERG: Ge-viss! Now what he has buried-on-ze-island--huh!--ze devil  
only knows!

896

897 RICARDO: An island, you say?

898

899 SCHOMBERG: Small--not far, not far.

900

901 RICARDO: And 'ee went back there--what for?

902

903 SCHOMBERG (reluctantly, painfully): Honeymoon!

904

905 RICARDO: Aye, aye! (Then--more deliberately) Aye. Aye. I wish you 'andn't  
told me that. It wouldn't suit the guv'nor to know a woman's mixed up  
in this. What's she like? Tuit-i, fruit-i, eh?

906

907 SCHOMBERG (expels air thru teeth): Tssss...

908

909 RICARDO: Why it's the girl you---

910

911 SCHOMBERG (expels air again): Tchah...

912

913 RICARDO: Can't bear to talk about 'er, eh? Aye, aye!

HVY BODY SLUMPS INTO CHAIR

914

915 RICARDO: A Baron...'mmm...I believe the guv'nor would think this business worth lookin' inta! 'E do like a duel. An' I don't know a man that can stand up to 'im--on the square!

916

917 SCHOMBERG: Zere you go!

918

919 RICARDO: But a woman--'ee funks facin' them. Na, if ya go inta a room where there's a woman--young or old, prett-y or ugly--you gotta face 'er. An' unless you're after 'er, the guv'nor's right--she's in-the-way.

920

921 SCHOMBERG: Zat's silly!

922

923 RICARDO: Don't you go judgin' a gent-elman now!

924

925 SCHOMBERG: But it would be like going to pick up a thousand-pound-nugget--or two or three times as much! No trouble, no--

926

927 RICARDO: The petti-coat's the trouble!

928

929 SCHOMBERG (his face drops): Oh...

930

931 RICARDO: Well...'ang me if I ever saw a fella look so disappoint-ed! You'd send black plague to that island if ya only knew 'ow--eh? What--plague too good for 'em? (Laughing) Black plague too good for 'em!

932

933 SCHOMBERG: I don't wish harm to ze girl.

934

935 RICARDO: She did bolt from ya--come!

936

937 SCHOMBERG: Devil only knows what zat Swede did to her. Look how he  
bewitched poor Captain Morrison!

938

939 RICARDO: Took the fella's money, eh?

940

941 SCHOMBERG: Yes--and his life.

942

943 RICARDO: Terrible fella, this Swedish Baron! 'Ow is one to get at 'im?

944

945 SCHOMBERG: Two against one.

946

947 RICARDO (impatient): Yes, yes--but... 'ow is one to get at it?

948

949 SCHOMBERG: It?

950

951 RICARDO: The plunder--ya bloody 'ippo!

952

953 SCHOMBERG: I suppose you could...get it for ze asking.

954

955 RICARDO: You'd think the fella lived next door, the way you chatt-er!  
'Ang it all, can't you understand a simple question? I've asked you  
the way.

956

957 SCHOMBERG: Why over ze water, of course! Two days, no more! I have an  
excellent, safe boat--a ship's lifeboat--carry thirty let alone a pair--  
and a child could handle 'er! There's an active volcano in full-blast  
near ze island--enough to guide a blind man! You won't even get a  
wet-face zis time of year! What more could you want?

958

959 RICARDO (pause then): Heeey...if you've a boat, why haven't ya  
gone after 'em yerself? Yer a fine fella for a disappoint-ed lover!

960

961 SCHOMBERG: I'm not two.

962

963 RICARDO: Yes, I know your sort. Yer like mos' people--tame!

CHAIR PULL UP & SIT 964

965 RICARDO (CLOSE--conspiratorial): Ok, Mister Tame Schomberg--respectable  
cit-izen--let us go thorough-ly inta this matt-er!

966

967 SCHOMBERG & RICARDO (whisper conspiratorially with each other):

968

969 NARRATOR: You've reached the end of Part One--of a two-part podplay--of the  
classic novel VICTORY by Joseph Conrad. This podplay was brought to you  
By Mouth--bringing classic novels to sonic life...as they were written.

BY MOUTH VOCAL LOGO 970

971 NARRATOR: To make a tax deductible donation to support our work,  
please visit: bymouth.org

972



BY MOUTH THEME (MUS) 973

974 NARRATOR: Welcome to By Mouth--bringing classic novels to sonic life...  
as they were written. By Mouth is an online rep company of audio actors and  
editors from around the globe. Lend us an ear.

975 NARRATOR: You're listening to Part Two--of a two-part podplay--  
of the classic novel VICTORY by Joseph Conrad

FADE IN AMB WILD JUNGLE 976

977 NARRATOR: The Year? 1882. The Setting? Samburan, a tiny, remote island  
outside Java in the Dutch East Indies.

FADE OVER AMB MAIN HOUSE 978

979 NARRATOR: Our tale continues one week later outside the Main House & Garden  
of the former Tropical Bay Coal Company.

WILD BIRD CALL 980

981 NARRATOR: Next to a heap of abandoned coal is a blackboard sign covered  
over by a hastily-nailed board reading "Closed". On the raised verandah,  
above a screen door that leads into the house, hangs a portrait of a  
somber-looking older gentleman, Heyst Sr. The verandah is comprised of  
floor-to-ceiling bookcases, a roll-top desk, a hutch for dishes, a small  
eating table--with chairs--and a divan. Down a half-dozen steps is a  
vegetable & herb garden. Surrounding the house is jungle. An old mine car  
sits on tracks leading to a higher elevation. A jetty--with rails for the  
car--pokes out from the jungle and ends in a panorama of blue sea.

SCREEN DOOR O/C 982

983 NARRATOR: Heyst enters through the screen door--and makes for the rail,  
where he lights a cigarette.

MATCH STRUCK 984

ECHO EFFECT 985 VOICE OF HEYST SR: Aaaction, my boy--the first thhhought, the first  
iiimpulse! The barbed hook, baiiited with the illuusion of pproogress. To  
briiing--out of the lightless voiid--the shoaaals of un-nnumbered  
generaations! The primeeval ancestor lifting his mmuddy fraame from the  
celestial mouuld. Then insspecting and nnnaming that which he is sssoun-  
to-loooooose!

986

987 HEYST: Caught...

988

ECHO EFFECT 989 VOICE OF HEYST SR: Yyeees, caught. Like the sssilliest fish of them all!

990

ECHO EFFECT 991 VOICE OF TEEN HEYST: Have you no guidance, father?

992

ECHO EFFECT 993 VOICE OF HEYST SR (more intimately): You still believe in something, then--  
 -flesh and blood, perhaps? (Brief pause) A cool conttempt would soon do  
 away with thaat. But since you've not attained it, I advise you to  
 cultivate that form of contempt known as pity. Always remembering though  
 that you are as pitiful as the rest--yet never expecting any pity for  
 yourself.

994

ECHO EFFECT 995 TEEN HEYST: But what is one to do, father?

996

ECHO EFFECT 997 VOICE OF HEYST SR: Look On...and make no Sound. (Brief pause--then topping  
 himself) Look ON, my son..!

998

999 HEYST (low, matter-of-factly): ...and make no Sound.

1000

1001 LENA: But why? Aren't we alone here?

1002

1003 HEYST: Yes, yes...of course. Quite alone. That is, except for Wang. I have  
 told you about Wang?

FLASHBACK SOUND 1004

1005 WANG: All finish, Tuan.

1006

1007 HEYST: You'd better hurry up--that is, if you don't want to be left behind.

1008

1009 WANG: Me stop.

1010

1011 HEYST: You want to stop...here?

1012

1013 WANG: Yes.

1014  
1015 HEYST: What were you? I mean--what was your work here?  
1016  
1017 WANG: Mess-loom.  
1018  
1019 HEYST: I see. Would you like to stay...here...as my servant?  
1020  
1021 WANG: Can do.  
1022  
1023 HEYST: You needn't--you know that? I may be here for a very long time.  
1024  
1025 WANG: Me go get me one wife!  
FLASHBACK SOUND 1026  
1027 HEYST: Apparently, he'd persuaded one of the village women to come live  
with him. Which is strange given that villagers are generally frightened of  
the Chinese. He must've been uncommonly fascinating. Or uncommonly  
persuasive.  
1028  
1029 LENA: I see.  
1030  
1031 HEYST: I believe we'll find it useful to have him here.  
1032  
1033 LENA: (not entirely convinced): Mmm...  
1034  
1035 HEYST (after a pause): You know what I was thinking? As I stood here?  
1036  
1037 LENA: No. What was it?  
1038  
1039 HEYST: I was wondering when you'd come out.  
1040  
1041 LENA (pleased): I wasn't very far. (Pause) You know, it seems to me that--  
were you to stop thinking of me--I shouldn't be in the world at all.  
1042  
1043 HEYST: Is that a reproach?

1044

1045 LENA: Why?

1046

1047 HEYST: You'll make me afraid to think.

1048

1049 LENA: It couldn't be any other way. Not with a girl like me and a man like you. Here we are--the two of us--alone--and I don't even know where we are.

1050

1051 HEYST: A very well-known spot on the globe, believe me. There must have been fifty thousand circulares issued--a hundred and fifty thousand more like it. My partner took care of that.

1052

1053 LENA: Your partner?

1054

1055 HEYST: What could I reproach you for, anyway? For being good...gracious...affectionate...pretty?

1056

1057 LENA (smiles and chuckles with closed mouth--then pauses) Is that your father--there--in the picture?

1058

1059 HEYST: Yes, that's Father.

1060

1061 LENA: What was he like?

1062

1063 HEYST: Oh, he was a...a great man, Father--in his way. He began like most sensitive people--he took fine-words for good-coin--and noble-ideals for valuable-banknotes. Later he discovered--how can I explain it?--suppose the world were a factory and all mankind workers in it. Well... he discovered that the pay was not good enough. That they were paid in counterfeit-money.

1064

1065 LENA: I see.

1066

1067 HEYST: It wasn't a new discovery. But he did bring his considerable gift  
for scorn to bear on it. How many minds he actually convinced I can't say  
but... Well, I was quite young then and...others, you see, had read his  
books but I...I heard his voice. And to a young boy, that voice was...  
everything.

1068  
1069 LENA: I understand.

1070  
1071 HEYST: Do you? (Pause) Well, after listening to it--and him--for so long,  
I couldn't drag my soul down into the mud--to fight. So I wandered and...  
ended up here.

1072  
1073 LENA: The Tropical Bay Coal Company.

1074  
1075 HEYST (tongue-in-cheek): Yes--like Father...deceased.

1076  
1077 LENA: Don't you joke about that!

1078  
1079 HEYST (smile in his voice): Sha'n't I?

1080  
1081 LENA (sternly yet affectionately): No. (Pause) Anyway, isn't it wonderful?  
There's no one here for either of us to fight.

1082  
1083 HEYST (smile in his voice): No, I suppose there's not.

1084  
1085 LENA (teasing): Only each other.

1086  
1087 NARRATOR: As Heyst and Lena kiss, Wang appears around the side of the house  
and drops to a crouch. Watching as Lena takes Heyst's hand and leads him  
inside, Wang quizzically cocks his head.

FADE INTO 1088

AMB HIGH ELEV WINDY PEAK

1089 NARRATOR: A day or two later--after a hike--Heyst and Lena stand on a  
rocky plateau at the highest elevation on the island.

1090

1091 LENA: Oooph--we're sooo high up--it makes my head swim!

1092

1093 HEYST: Look! See that tiny spec? Of white? (Cups mouth and shouts) Sail HQ!  
(Pause) Must be very far away. Probably just some native craft making for  
the Moluccas. Come--we shouldn't stay here--it's too close.

FADE INTO AMB WIND MUTED

1094

1095 NARRATOR: A short while later--in a quiet spot away from the cliff...

1096

1097 HEYST: You didn't like looking at the sea from up there, did you? (Pause)  
Too big?

1098

1099 LENA: Too lonely. (Pause) Oh, not with you! Not a bit. It's only when we  
came to that spot and I looked at all that water and all that light...

1100

1101 HEYST: We won't come up here again, then.

1102

1103 LENA: No, it just seemed as if everything there is had suddenly...  
gone under.

1104

1105 HEYST: Makes me think of Noah--and the flood. Does it frighten you?

1106

1107 LENA: I'd be frightened to be left alone.

1108

1109 HEYST: A vision of a world destroyed. Would you be sorry for it?

1110

1111 LENA: I'd be sorry for the happy people in it.

1112

1113 HEYST (kidding): But it's the unhappy ones who most require our sympathy.

1114

1115 LENA (playing along): There were forty-days before it was over. Plenty of  
time for unhappiness.

1116

1117 HEYST (smile in voice): You seem in possession of all the details.

1118

1119 LENA: Twelve years of Catechism. Sister Maria Abigail! (Smiles with a closed mouth chuckle.)

WOMAN RISES &amp; BRUSHES OFF 1120

LITE MOSY AWAY (3)

1121 LENA: Does it ever rain here?

1122

1123 HEYST: There's a season when it rains almost every day. Periodically, there are thunderstorms. Once we even had a mud-shower.

1124

1125 LENA: Mud-shower?

1126

1127 HEYST: Our neighbor there--clearing his throat. But he's a good-natured, lazy fellow of a volcano mostly. He just smokes a lot--like me.

1128

1129 LENA (audible smile then a pause): I was thinking--why are you here?

1130

1131 HEYST: If by you, you mean we, well...you know why.

1132

1133 LENA: No, I mean before--before you spotted me and guessed at once I was in trouble--and you knew it was desperate trouble, didn't you?

1134

1135 HEYST: Yes, but...well, that's over now. Now we're here. (Pause) But you're right--I haven't explained how I came to be here.

1136

1137 LENA: No, you haven't.

1138

1139 HEYST: Ok. I'll tell you a fact. One day I met a cornered man.

1140

1141 LENA: Cornered?

1142

1143 HEYST: Oh, he'd rather have been be killed outright--rather than be robbed of his very substance--in his case his ship. (Pause) I say cornered because the man went down on his knees--and he prayed.

1144  
1145 LENA: Prayed? In front of you?  
1146  
1147 HEYST: Yes.  
1148  
1149 LENA: And you didn't make fun of him?  
1150  
1151 HEYST: Oh, no, he was...too decent a fellow for that. He was a good man--  
cornered. Did you never think--when you were cornered--of offering up  
a prayer?  
1152  
1153 LENA: I'm not what they call a good girl.  
1154  
1155 HEYST: Yes--well, he did. Pray, I mean--and, well...I couldn't help but be  
struck by the--the sheer absurdity of the situation. Don't misunderstand--  
I'm not referring to his prayer--that was sincere. What struck me as funny  
is that, I, Axel Heyst, the most detached creature on earth--a veritable  
tramp among men--should have been there to...step in. Me, a man of  
universal scorn and disbelief!  
1156  
1157 LENA: You're putting me on!  
1158  
1159 HEYST: No, I tell you--I have never been so amused as by being called to  
act such an incredible part. I got him out of his corner--you see.  
1160  
1161 LENA: You saved a man for fun--is that what you mean?  
1162  
1163 HEYST: Well, I suppose his distress was disagreeable to me. The small sum  
he required, why...that was inconsiderable. What you call fun came after,  
when it dawned on me that I was--for him--living-proof of the power of  
prayer. And how could I argue? It would have looked as if I'd wanted to  
assume-the-credit. Already his gratitude was...formidable. Of course, now  
I would have to come live with him aboard his ship. Now we'd be partners.  
I had--inadvertently, you see--created a tie.



1164

1165 LENA: And so you lived with that good man, did you?

1166

1167 HEYST: He wouldn't hear any different. And I--I couldn't explain. He was the sort to whom you couldn't explain anything. He was extremely sensitive, you see--and it would have been awful to mangle his feelings with the kind of plain-speaking that would have been necessary. He was actually quite easy to live with--until he got hold of the coal idea--or, rather, the idea got hold of him. Oh, there was no dislodging it! It was going to make his fortune, my fortune, everybody's fortune! He'd got it into his head he could do nothing without me. And was I now to spurn and ruin him? I agreed, of course, and began jabbering commercial gibberish like the veriest idiot. Oh, I was as grave as an owl over it! I had to be loyal to the man. No, the shade of Morrison need not haunt me now.

1168

1169 NARRATOR: Lena's face suddenly goes pale.

1170

1171 HEYST: What's the matter, Lena? Do you feel ill? (Pause) What's come over you?

1172

1173 LENA: It's...nothing. It can't be. What name did you say? I didn't hear it properly.

1174

1175 HEYST: Name? Why I only mentioned Morrison. What of it?

1176

1177 LENA: And you mean to say he was your friend?

1178

1179 HEYST: Yes, of course.

1180

1181 LENA: You can't make fun of this.

1182

1183 HEYST: Of course not.

1184

1185 LENA: That partner of yours...is dead?

1186  
1187 HEYST: Yes, I've told you, he--  
1188  
1189 LENA: You never told me.  
1190  
1191 HEYST: I thought you knew. It seems impossible that anbody shouldn't know  
that Morrison is dead.  
1192  
1193 LENA: Morrison...Morrison...  
1194  
1195 HEYST: This is extraordinary. Have you heard the name before?  
1196  
1197 LENA: Yes.  
1198  
1199 HEYST: That's strange.  
1200  
1201 LENA: Only I didn't know then that it was your partner they were  
talking about.  
1202  
1203 HEYST: Talking about Morrison?  
1204  
1205 LENA: No. They were talking about you. Only I didn't know.  
1206  
1207 HEYST: Talking about me? Where? Who?  
1208  
1209 LENA: In that hotel--where else?  
1210  
1211 HEYST (with disgust): Schomberg...  
1212  
1213 LENA: Yes. He talked to the Bandmaster. I had to sit there at the  
table with them. The Bandmaster's wife wouldn't let me go away.  
1214  
1215 HEYST: I'd have guessed as much.  
1216

1217 LENA: I'd try to get as far away from him as I could--to the other end  
of the table--but when he--

1218

1219 HEYST: Schomberg...

1220

1221 LENA: Yes, when he started shouting, I couldn't help but hear. That sort--  
when they know you're defenseless, there's nothing to stop them. I don't  
know what it is, but bad people--really bad people--that you can see  
are bad--they get over me somehow.

1222

1223 HEYST: You needn't apologize.

1224

1225 LENA: I'm not very plucky, I guess.

1226

1227 HEYST: You did what any woman in your position would do.

1228

1229 LENA: You don't seem to want to know what he was saying.

1230

1231 HEYST: About Morrison? It couldn't have been anything bad--the fellow was  
innocence itself! And, besides, he is dead so--

1232

1233 LENA: I tell you it was YOU he was talking about! He was saying that  
Morrison's partner first got all there was to get out of him, and then--  
and then...well...as good as murdered him--sent him out to die somewhere.

1234

1235 HEYST: And you believed it.

1236

1237 LENA: I didn't know it had anything to do with you. He was talking about  
some Swede--how was I to know it was you? I didn't even know you then.

1238

1239 HEYST: So that's how it looked from the outside.

1240

1241 LENA: I remember him saying that everybody in these parts knew the story.

1242

1243 HEYST (laughs heartily):  
1244  
1245 LENA: Oh, don't laugh!  
1246  
1247 HEYST: I won't ask whether you believe the hotelkeeper's version? Surely  
you know the value of human judgement.  
1248  
1249 LENA: I heard this before you and I ever spoke. Then I forgot about it.  
I forgot about everything, when I met you. But the name--it stuck in my  
head--and then--when you mentioned it--  
1250  
1251 HEYST: It broke the spell.  
1252  
1253 LENA: Yes.  
1254  
1255 HEYST (laughs scornfully): What am I thinking? As if it mattered to me  
what anybody said or believed.  
1256  
1257 LENA: That's only the second time I've heard you laugh. (Audible smile.)  
1258  
1259 HEYST: What a stupid person! What could make him invent such a lie?  
1260  
1261 LENA: I never thought it was murder.  
1262  
1263 HEYST: Have I utter selfishness written all over my face?  
1264  
1265 LENA: It wasn't murder.  
1266  
1267 HEYST: Murder? I, who couldn't bear to hurt the man's feelings? I, who  
respected his very madness? Yes, this madness you see lying all around  
down there.  
1268  
1269 LENA: What was it to me what they said.  
1270

1271 HEYST: He would repay me with this infernal coal! And I had to join him  
as one joins a child's game in the nursery.

1272

1273 LENA: I didn't listen!

1274

1275 HEYST: Kill Morrison? What power there is in words--what stroke of evil  
drove them into that idiot's mouth and out his lying throat!

1276

1277 LENA: I don't judge you. Not for anything.

1278

1279 HEYST: This earth must be the annointed hatching place of enough slander  
to fill the universe! And you--all you can say is that you don't judge me,  
that--that--

1280

1281 LENA (finally): I don't believe anything bad of you--I couldn't.

1282

1283 NARRATOR: Heyst swerves and--before Lena can make a move--he takes her  
in his arms and kisses her passionately. A tear can soon be seen  
streaming down her face. Averting her eyes, she signs for him to leave--but  
he does not obey.

FADE INTO

1284

AMB MAIN HOUSE/GARDEN

1285 NARRATOR: Back at the house, Wang enters with a tray--the contents of which  
he sets out carefully on the table. Pausing at the rail to peer out  
skeptically, Wang then descends the steps and vanishes around the  
side of the house.

RUSTLING FOLIAGE

1286

(4) MED STEPS TOWARD

1287 NARRATOR: Heyst emerges from a jungle pathway--trailed, at a distance,  
by a clearly fatigued Lena.

RUSTLING FOLIAGE

1288

(4) SLOW LITE STEPS TOWARD

(4) MED STEPS TOWARD

1289 HEYST: I forget you're not a tropical bird.

(4) SLOW LITE STEPS TOWARD

1290

1291 LENA: You're hardly a native to these parts yourself...sir!

(5) MED STEPS UP & STOP 1292

1293 HEYST (chuckles--then, after a long pause): Wang's left a tray for us.

(4) SLOW LITE STEPS TOWARD 1294

1295 LENA: I thought I saw something white for a moment.

(3) SLOW LITE STEPS UP 1296

1297 HEYST: He vanishes. It's a remarkable gift in that man.

1298

1299 LENA: Is he always like that?

1300

1301 HEYST: Ever since I've known him.

(2) SLOW LITE STEPS UP & STOP 1302

KISS ON FOREHEAD

1303 HEYST: Now--Princess of Samburan--why don't you go in and rest for a bit. I shall read for a spell.

1304

1305 LENA: Yes, you're right.

(4) LITE STEPS AWAY 1306

SCREEN DOOR O/C 1307

PULLS DOWN BOOK & OPENS IT 1307

NARRATOR: As she exits into the house, Heyst moves to a bookshelf, where he pulls down a certain book and opens it at the marker.

1308

ECHO EFFECT 1309

VOICE OF HEYST SR: Of all the straaatagems of life, the most cruuel is the consolation of love--the most sssubtle, too--for the desire is the bed-of-dreaaams...

BOOK SHUT 1310

1311 HEYST: I am caught, Father.

1312

ECHO EFFECT 1313

VOICE OF HEYST SR: Yes, caught...like the sssilliest fish of them all...

1314

1315 LENA: You stand there as if you were unhappy.

1316

1317 HEYST: Oh...I thought you were asleep.

1318

1319 LENA: I tried.

SCREEN DOOR O/C 1320  
 BOOK RETURNED TO SHELF

1321 HEYST: It's my fault--taking you up so high and keeping you out so long.

1322

1323 LENA (CLOSE): You should try to love me, you know.

1324

1325 HEYST: What makes you say that?

1326

1327 LENA: I've done nothing. It's you who have been good and tender to me.

1328

1329 HEYST (CLOSE): My dear--(Not knowing what to say) Lena--

1330

1331 LENA: Perhaps you just wanted company. Perhaps--

1332

1333 HEYST: Are you trying to pick a quarrel? I don't understand--are you worried about the future? Because if you are..? (Brief pause) Surely you don't think I'm anxious to return to mankind? Me, murder dear Morrison? I might be capable of it but the point is--I didn't do it. (Moves CLOSE to the MIC) Let's forget all about it--yes? If we forget, there will be nothing here to remind us. Nothing can break in on us here.

1334

1335 NARRATOR: Placing her arms round Heyst's neck, Lena's about to kiss him when--suddenly--Wang appears.

1336

1337 LENA (CLOSE--in a whisper): It's him!

1338

1339 HEYST (whispers): Go inside--I'll be there in a moment.

(4) LITE STEPS AWAY 1340

SCREEN DOOR O/C

1341 HEYST (sternly): What do you want?

1342

1343 WANG: Boat...There.

1344

1345 HEYST: In the straits?

1346

1347 WANG: No...Low.

1348

1349 HEYST: Row boat?

1350

1351 WANG: Samburn Poin'. (Brief pause) White man. Two.

1352

1353 HEYST: As close as that? White men? Impossible!

1354

1355 NARRATOR: As Heyst exits quickly towards the jetty, Wang--shading his eyes with his hand--peers skeptically after him.

FADE INTO 1356

AMB OCEAN/JETTY

(5) MED STEPS TOWARD 1357

1358 NARRATOR: Near the end of the jetty, Heyst is stopped by the faint-cry of a man's voice.

1359

1360 RICARDO (FAR; weakly): 'A-llo! 'A-llo!

1361

1362 HEYST: Where, in Heaven's name...

1363

1364 RICARDO (FAR; weakly): 'Ere!

1365

1366 NARRATOR: Suddenly realizing that the sound is coming from directly beneath his feet, Heyst--with effort--

1367

1368 HEYST: (grunts loudly):

JETTY CREAKS 1369

WOOD SCRAPING 1370

ROW BOAT CREAKS

NARRATOR: --is able to extract from beneath the jetty a row boat containing Ricardo and Jones, who are parched and barely alive. Somehow Ricardo manages to get to his feet. Swaying dizzily, he spreads out his arms--there's dried blood all over the front of his white suit.

ROW BOAT CREAKS 1371

1372 HEYST: Are you wounded?



ROW BOAT CREAKS 1373  
 1374 MR. JONES (weakly) Done up! Drink, man! Give us waaa-ter!  
 ROW BOAT CREAKS 1375  
 1376 HEYST: (loudly): Go and get a crow-bar, Wang! There's one by the coal heap.  
 (12) QK STEPS AWAY 1377  
 1378 MR. JONES (through swollen lips): Crooo-bar? What for?  
 1379  
 1380 HEYST: Hurry, Wang!  
 (12) QK STEPS TOWARD 1381  
 SNATCH OF BAR FR HAND 1382 NARRATOR: Snatching the bar from the returning Wang's hand--then levering  
 TAP LEVERED it against a tap on the jetty--Heyst is able to produce a small trickle of  
 WATER TRICKLE water, which Ricardo greedily collects with his parched outstretched mouth.  
 1383  
 1384 RICARDO (CLOSE; a strained joy): Ahhh!  
 1385  
 1386 NARRATOR: All of a sudden something in the pipe gives way and a thick jet  
 WATER GUSHES of water hits Ricardo smack in the face. Clutching the end of the pipe with  
 ACTOR VOCAL FX both hands, he swallows, sputters, and snorts--water filling his mouth,  
eyes and pockets. Having forgotten about Jones altogether, Ricardo quickly  
glances behind him.  
 1387  
 1388 RICARDO: Come along, sir! I oughtn't to have drunk first, it's true--  
 I forgot meself!  
 1389  
 1390 MR. JONES (weakly): Waaa-ter!  
 1391  
 1392 RICARDO: Lemme steady ya, sir! Catch 'old, sir. There ya are!  
 PIVOT STEPS INSIDE ROWBOAT 1393  
 ACTOR VOCAL FX 1394 MR JONES (CLOSE; greedily gulps water):  
 1395  
 1396 RICARDO: Don't ya feel life itself soakin' into ya, sir?  
 1397

1398 MR JONES (CLOSE; more greedy gulps, then): Ahhh! (Brief pause) I'm afraid we're not presenting ourselves in a very favorable liiight. My compaaanion--er--ssecretary is a...sssingular chap.

1399

1400 HEYST: I assure you--my surprise at your arrival leaves little room for pleasantries. Handn't you better land?

1401

1402 RICARDO: That's the ticket, sir! Ain't it luck to find a white man on this island? Sooner expected to meet an angel from heaven--eh, Mister Jones? One, two, three--up ya go!

PIVOT STEPS INSIDE ROWBOAT

MAN HELPS ANOTHER FR ROWBOAT

1403

1404 MR JONES (grunts then): Ahhh...

MAN LEAPS FR BOAT TO DOCK

1405

FEET STOMPED JETTY (2X)

1406

1407 RICARDO: Aye, great wonder worker, wa'er is! An' to get it right on the spot! Heaven sent--eh, sir? Criminy, another mile would have done us! When I saw a wharf, I couldn't believe me eyes. Thought sure it were a mee-rahge!

1408

1409 MR. JONES: Yes, I had juuust enough wits left in my baked braaaain to alter the direction of the bbboat. As to finding a wwwhite man--preppp~~o~~sterous!--wouldn't of dreaaaamed of it.

1410

1411 RICARDO: Most 'xtra-ordinary luck!

1412

1413 MR. JONES: May I infer, then, that there is a settlement of wwwhite people here?

1414

1415 HEYST: Abandoned, I'm afraid. I'm alone here. But several houses are still standing. Wang, go and fetch the trolley.

1416

1417 RICARDO: Me word--rails an' all! Well, I never!

1418

1419 HEYST: We were working a coal mine here. (Brief pause) The Counting House,  
Wang. (Brief pause) I'm prevented from offering you a share of my own  
quarters--but our old counting house has a couple of camp bedsteads  
if I'm not mistaken. Let me show you the way.

1420

TROLLEY WHEELED  
TROLLEY STOPPED

1421 NARRATOR: As Heyst leads Ricardo and Jones up the jetty, Wang collects the  
trolley and wheels it back down to the row boat. There, after glaring  
suspiciously at the men's sticker-laden trunk, Wang turns back to watch  
Heyst lead the strange men up a jungle path. Shaking his head,  
Wang then climbs reluctantly into the boat.

1422

SMALL MAN CLIMBS INTO ROWBOAT  
FADE INTO  
AMB MAIN HOUSE/GARDEN  
W CRICKETS

1423 NARRATOR: Later, a lantern can be seen approaching the Main House.  
It's Heyst. After climbing the verandah steps, he's reaching his hand  
for the screen door when...

1424

1425 LENA: You're back.

1426

1427 HEYST: Oh...You haven't gone to sleep then.

1428

1429 LENA: No.

1430

1431 HEYST: Isn't it dull for you--to sit in the dark?

1432

1433 LENA: I don't need a light to think of you.

(3) MED STEPS TOWARD & STOP

1434

1435 HEYST (after a pause; CLOSE): Wang's not here, is he?

1436

1437 LENA (CLOSE): No, he put down this tray--then--vanished.

1438

1439 HEYST: (CLOSE): I see.

1440

1441 NARRATOR: At the rail, Heyst points the lantern in the direction of the  
Counting House, where a light can be seen. Wang--who has entered  
the garden--drops to a crouch when he spies Heyst.

1442

1443 HEYST: We'd better go in, Lena.

1444

1445 LENA: Yes, but--(Pause) Al'right...

1446

1447 NARRATOR: After leaving the lantern burning on the table, Heyst follows  
Lena into the house. Still crouching, Wang cocks his head--and watches--  
and waits.

1448

1449 NARRATOR: A short while later, after Wang has slipped away, Heyst  
re-emerges and lights a cigarette at the rail. Suddenly remembering  
something, he makes for the desk. Lena re-enters to find him yanking open  
a drawer.

DRAWER YANKED OPEN 1450

1451 HEYST: Damn!

ANOTHER DRAWER YANKED OPEN 1452

1453 LENA: What's the matter?

SCREEN DOOR O/C 1454

1455 HEYST: Impossible! I must have put it somewhere else!

1456

1457 LENA: Put what?

1458

1459 HEYST (changing the subject): I'm sorry--I was out here having a  
cigarette and then--

1460

1461 LENA: What did you lose?

1462

1463 HEYST: It's nothing. An object of very little value. Don't worry--  
you go back and lie down--go back to sleep.

1464

1465 LENA: And you?

1466

1467 HEYST: I'll finish my cigarette. I'm not sleepy--for the moment.

1468

1469 LENA: Don't be long.

1470

INHALE/EXHALE CIGARETTE

1471 NARRATOR: As Heyst smokes, Lena turns back to look at him through the screen. After a long drag, Heyst flings his cigarette into the night.

LONG DRAG ON CIGARETTE

FADE INTO

1472

AMB COUNTING HOUSE W CRICKETS

MAN TOSSES IN BED

1473

METAL BEDSPRINGS CREAK

DOOR QUIETLY O/C

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, inside the former Counting House, Jones--in a silk nightshirt--rugs for a pillow--attempts to sleep on a rusty old bedstead. Ricardo enters stealthily via the door and sits down cross-legged beneath Jones on the floor. Suddenly, Jones opens his eyes.

1474

1475 MR. JONES: Confounded your fussiness! If you're not going to sleep, the least you can do is allow me to do so.

1476

1477 RICARDO: On account o' that fella can't sleep, that's why! What business has 'ee to think in the middle o' the night?

1478

1479 MR. JONES: How do you know?

1480

1481 RICARDO: 'E were thinkin'--me own eyes saw it.

1482

1483 MR. JONES: It might have been anything--toothache for instance. You may have dreamed it for all I know.

1484

1485 RICARDO: Maybe it were time we had a little think 'rselves.

1486

1487 MR. JONES: You're always making a fuss.

1488

1489 RICARDO: Aye. But not for nothin'--do I? Mine may not be a gentleman's way but it ain't a fool's way neither.

1490

1491 MR. JONES: You've roused me at thiis hour to talk about yourssself, have  
you?

1492

1493 RICARDO: It's that man over there! I don't like 'im!

1494

1495 MR. JONES (patronizing): Dooon't you?

1496

1497 RICARDO: 'E--I dunno how to say it--'ee ain't 'earty-like.

1498

1499 MR. JONES: He does seem...self-posseessed.

1500

1501 RICARDO: Aye! That's it! Self...Anyways, I'd just as soon poke a 'ole  
in 'is ribs...if this weren't a...special job.

1502

1503 MR. JONES: You think he's suspiicious?

1504

1505 RICARDO: I don't see what of? But 'ee did get out o' bed in the  
middle o' the night.

1506

1507 MR. JONES: Bad ccconscience, perhaps.

1508

1509 RICARDO: On account o' all that plunder 'ee's got stashed away somewheres.

1510

1511 MR. JONES: Perhaps that hotel-keeper has been llying to you. He may ssimply  
be a poor devil on an iisland.

1512

1513 RICARDO: I'm su'prised at you, sir! When it comes to plunder, yer not the  
kind to keep his 'ands off. Jus' look at how 'ee got rid o' that pal o'  
'is!

1514

1515 MR. JONES: Aaand...?

1516

1517 RICARDO: D'ya mean to say a man that's up to that wouldn't bag whatever  
'ee could lay 'is 'ands on in 'is 'ypocrit-ical way? No, the thing is  
to 'xtract it from 'im as neatly as possible. I reckon ya looked it  
all around, sir, before ya consent-ed to the trip.

1518

1519 MR. JONES: I didn't think much about it at all. I was bbbored.

1520

1521 RICARDO: Aye, that you were...bad. I was prett-y out o' sorts meself.  
Well...here we are after a might-y narrow squeak. But never-you-mind, sir-  
never-you-mind--his swag will pay for the lot!

1522

1523 MR. JONES: He iiis all alone here.

1524

1525 RICARDO: Ye-ees, in a way. Alone enough.

1526

1527 MR. JONES: There's the Chiiinaman though.

1528

1529 RICARDO: Aye, there's the Chink--there's the Chink, certainly. (Brief pause  
as he changes the subject) What I were thinkin', sir is... 'Ere we got a  
man. If 'ee won't be good, 'ee can be made quiet. But then there's 'is  
plunder. 'E don't carry it in 'is pocket.

1530

1531 MR. JONES: I should hhhope not.

1532

1533 RICARDO: Tis too big, we know. But if 'ee were alone, 'ee wouldn't feel  
too worried about it--'ee'd jus' put it inta any ol' box or drawer that  
were 'andy.

1534

1535 MR. JONES: Wouuuuld he? Is there a saaafe in this here Counting House?

(4) MED PROWLING STEPS

1536

1537 RICARDO: Look!

1538

SAFE DOOR OPENED W LOUD CREAK

1539 NARRATOR: Pointing to a safe with it's door slightly ajar, Ricardo looks wide-eyed at Jones. But when the door is yanked open--revealing emptiness--their faces drop.

1540

1541 RICARDO (crestfallen): Aye...

1542

1543 MR. JONES (reconsidering): Hmmm. The man spoke of cccircumstances which prevented him from lodging us in his house. Youu remember. Sounded cryptic, no?

1544

1545 RICARDO: More o' 'is artfulness, sir! An' not the worst o' it, neither! I don't like it!

1546

1547 MR. JONES: He may be outside this very mmminute--observing this light heere--and saying the saaame thing about you and I.

1548

1549 RICARDO: 'E may be, sir, but this 'ere is too important to be talked over in the dark. The light, well...it can be account-ed for. There's a light on in this bungalow in the middle o' the night because--why--because you are not well. Not well, sir!

1550

1551 MR. JONES: (with a faint smile): Hmmm...

1552

1553 RICARDO: With yer looks, all ya 'ave to do is lie down quiet-like. (Brief pause--with delight) An' you as 'ard as nails all the time! (Pause) It'd give us time to look inta matt-ers an' size up that 'ypo-crite.

1554

1555 MR. JONES: Perhaps it wwould be a good idea.

1556

1557 RICARDO: The Chink, he's nothin'. He can be made quiet any time.

1558

1559 MR. JONES (smiling): Yyeeeees, I suppose he ccould.

1560



1561 RICARDO: A Baron though--'ee can be ripped up, sure--quite easy like--  
but...well, not before one knows 'xactly where 'ee's 'idden-the-goods.

1562

1563 MR. JONES (smiling): Yyouuu understand.

1564

1565 RICARDO: Aye, sir. Aye. Somethin's sure to turn up before long to give us a  
'int. But you, sir--you've got to play 'im...gently. For the rest, leave it  
to me.

1566

1567 MR. JONES: And whhhat--may I ask--are yyouuu leaving it to?

1568

1569 RICARDO: 'R luck. (pre-empting him) An' don't ya say anything more, sir!

1570

1571 MR. JONES: You are a superstiiitious beggar.

1572

1573 RICARDO: That's right! An' speakin' o' luck, I s'pose 'ee could be made to  
take a 'and or two with ya, sir--to pass the time. You could even lose a  
little money to 'im.

1574

1575 MR. JONES (appetite whetted): I couuuld.

1576

1577 RICARDO: He strikes me, sir, as the sort o' gent who'd prance if something  
start-eled 'im like.

1578

1579 MR. JONES: Without a doubt...Without a doubt...

1580

1581 RICARDO: So we mustn't start-el 'im. Not til I've located the loot. (Pause)  
There's only one thing worryin' me, sir.

1582

1583 MR. JONES: Only one?

1584

1585 RICARDO: 'R ya likely to get bored, sir? I know them fits come on ya  
sudden-like.

1586

1587 MR. JONES: Martin, you are an aaass!

1588

1589 RICARDO (face brightens): Really, sir? I am quite happy to be on these terms--as long as ya don't get bored. It wouldn't do, sir.

1590

1591 NARRATOR: Ricardo quickly removes his shirt, revealing a muscular torso. His shadow on the wall grows larger and larger as he moves closer and closer to the reclining Jones on the bed.

CANDLE BLOWN OUT

1592

1593 MR. JONES: In fact, I am rather amuuused, Martin.

CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS

1594

1595 RICARDO: (chuckles amiably):

LOUD SLAP OF A THIGH

1596

1597 RICARDO: That's the way to talk, sir! (More intimate) That's the way...

1598

1599 NARRATOR: Silhouettes of the two men's bodies sloooowly come together...

1600

1601 RICARDO (More intimate still): Thaaat's the way...

JUNGLE SOUNDS CLIMAX

1602

FADE INTO

1603

AMB MAIN HOUSE/GARDEN

1604 NARRATOR: The next day, behind the coal heap, Ricardo observes Wang picking vegetables in the garden. Sensing he's being watched, Wang stops, listens, rises, glances around, cocks his head, and then exits around the side of the house.

1605

RIFLING THRU DESK

BRUSHING HAIR

BODY DRIVEN INTO RAIL

M/F BODIES STRUGGLE

WALL THUMP

BODY LANDING ON SOFA

1606 NARRATOR: Ricardo--after creeping up the verandah steps and over to the desk--begins rifling through it--without success. He's staring up at the portrait of Heyst Sr. when suddenly the screen door opens to reveal an oblivious Lena. As Ricardo hugs the wall, Lena approaches the rail and begins brushing her hair. After watching her wide-eyed, Ricardo creeps behind her and then suddenly pounces--with ferocity. Her body driven into the rail, Lena grabs hold of Ricardo's windpipe and they struggle. Eventually Lena drives Ricardo backwards into the wall and he lands--with a thump--onto the divan.

1607

1608 RICARDO: Jee-miny! You are a wonder! We shall be friends yet. (Brief pause) You aren't a tame one, are ya? Well, neither am I.

1609

1610 LENA: What are you after?

1611

1612 RICARDO: The swag--o' course.

1613

1614 LENA: Swag?

1615

1616 RICARDO: Swag, plunder--what yer gentleman's been pinchin' left an' right for years--this! (Rubs thumb against forefinger into MIC.)

1617

1618 LENA: And what's that got to do with you?

1619

1620 RICARDO (pause, then) Tis a game o' grab--see? That fat, tame slug of a 'otel-keeper put us up to it.

1621

1622 LENA (can't help herself): Ugh...

1623

1624 RICARDO: Why, 'ee would have given all 'ee 'ad for a feel o' those 'ands that nearly strangled me. But ya couldn't, eh? Naw! You'd rather follow a gent-elman. Same 'ere. Only yer too good for 'im. A man that will rob 'is best chum! Yep, I know all about it. (Pause) You and I--look at us!--two 'alf-breeds--we was made to understand each other. You ain't tame--neither am I! You been chucked out o' this rott-en world o' 'ypo-crites, same 'ere! (Pause) Tell me--where is it?

1625

1626 LENA: Where is what?

1627

1628 RICARDO: The swag--come! Is it in the 'ouse?

1629

1630 LENA (after a pause): No.

1631

1632 RICARDO: Ya sure?

1633

1634 LENA: I'm sure.

1635

1636 RICARDO: Aye! Thought so. Do yer gentleman trust ya?

1637

1638 LENA: (after a pause): Yes.

1639

1640 RICARDO: Good. You'll stand with us. Chuck all this bloody 'ypocrisy. Perhaps you've managed to find out something already, eh?

1641

1642 LENA (forcing herself to smile): Perhaps...

1643

1644 NARRATOR: Wang enters unseen from around the side of the house. Spying Lena and Ricardo, he crouches in the garden and observes.

1645

1646 RICARDO: Is yer gent-elman a good shot?

1647

1648 LENA (after a slight pause): Yes.

1649

1650 RICARDO: Mine, too--bett-er 'an good. Me--not so good. But I carry a  
prett-y deadly thing about me, all the same!

TAP OF KNIFE SHEATH 1651

1652 RICARDO: An' me gent-elman ain't the sort that would drop me. Whereas,  
yer Baron...Better not to wait for the chuck. Pile in with us an'  
get yer share o' the loot. Ya must have some notion o' it already.

1653

1654 LENA: Yes.

1655

1656 RICARDO: That's good. Now all ya gotta do is find out where he keeps it.  
Only be quick about it! I can't stand much more o' this crawlin'-on-the-  
stomach business--got it?

1657

1658 HEYST (FAR--from inside the house): Lena, is that you?

KNIFE UNSHEATHED 1659

1660 LENA (trying to stop/slow him) Just brushing my hair--I'll be right in!

1661

1662 NARRATOR: Lena immediately points to the rail and Ricardo jumps where she's  
pointed--just in time to avoid being seen by Heyst, who has materialized  
behind the screen door.

1663

1664 HEYST: You haven't seen Wang, have you?

1665

1666 LENA (shaking her head): No.

1667

1668 HEYST: That's not like Wang--to serve late.

1669

1670 HEYST (FAR--calling out): Wang? Are you there?

1671

1672 WANG (after a pause): Yes, Tuan!

1673

1674 NARRATOR: Rising from his crouch, Wang swiftly scales the verandah steps.  
Just before the door, however, Wang stops to give Lena a strange look--a  
look Heyst cannot see. After Wang opens the door and Heyst steps aside so  
Wang can pass, Heyst rejoins Lena on the verandah.

SCREEN DOOR O/C

SCREEN DOOR O/C

1675

1676 HEYST: I'm famished. You look like you could use some nourishment, too.

1677

1678 LENA (covering): Yees...

1679

1680 HEYST: In fact, you look positively piqued. You sure you don't want to  
lie down?

1681

1682 LENA: Perhaps I should.

1683

1684 HEYST: Yes--you must.

1685

1686 NARRATOR: Lena attempts to move but immediately begins to sway. Heyst  
catches her and soon Lena is giving way to his embrace.

1687

1688 HEYST: There...There...

1689

1690 NARRATOR: Lifting her in his arms, Heyst is about to carry her inside when  
Wang re-appears at the screen door carrying a full tray. After a longish  
stare, Wang steps aside so Heyst and Lena can pass.

SCREEN DOOR O/C

LITE STEPS (5)

1691

1692 NARRATOR: Approaching the table, Wang begins to transfer items from the  
tray with a deeply discontented air. Shaking his head, he moves to the  
hutch, where he's putting items in order when Heyst re-enters. Turning,  
Wang jutts out his chest at full attention.

ITEMS TRANFERED TRAY TO TABLE

TURNS, STAMPS AT FULL ATTN

1693

1694 WANG: Cup, saucah, plate, folk, knife--all plopel! I go now!

1695

1696 HEYST: You go now?

1697

1698 WANG: Yes. Me no likee. One man, two man--no can do. Me go now!

1699

1700 HEYST: What's frightening you like this? You're used to white men. You know them well.

1701

1702 WANG: Yes. Me savee. Me savee plenty.

1703

1704 HEYST: You speak that way but you're frightened of those white men over there!

1705

1706 WANG: Me no flighten! Me no likee. Me velly sick.

1707

1708 HEYST: That's a lie. And after stealing my revolver, too!

SHIRT TORN OPEN

1709

1710 WANG: No hab got. See?

BARE CHEST SLAP

1711

1712 HEYST: I never said you had it on you.

1713

1714 NARRATOR: Heyst marches to the desk and yanks open a drawer.

DRAWER YANKED OPEN

1715

1716 HEYST: But the revolver's gone--just the same.

1717

1718 WANG (obstinately): Me no takee levolvel.

1719

TABLE W SERVICE BUMPED

1720

NARRATOR: Backing up, Wang inadvertently knocks the table--and the settings--then immediately jumps back, as if spooked.

MAN JUMPS BACK

1721

1722 HEYST: What's the matter?

1723

1724 WANG: Me no likee!

1725

1726 HEYST: What the devil do you mean? Don't like what?

1727

1728 WANG: Two...Two...

1729

1730 HEYST: Two what? Two white men?

1731

1732 WANG: Suppose you savee, you no likee. Me savee plenty. Me go now.  
Good-bye!

FADE INTO

1733

AMB COUNTING HOUSE INT

1734 NARRATOR: Meanwhile, at the Counting House, Ricardo enters to find Jones reclining on the bed.

BEDSPRINGS SQUEAK

1735

1736 RICARDO: Ya ain't gonna tell me yer bored, sir?

BEDSPRINGS SQUEAK

1737

1738 MR. JONES: Bbbored? No! Where the deeevil have you been?

1739

1740 RICARDO: Observin'...watchin'...nosin' aroun'.

1741

1742 MR. JONES: You loaaaaf all morning, and now you come in out of brrreath.  
(Suspiciously) What's the maaatter?

1743

1744 RICARDO: I haven't been wastin' me time, if that's what ya mean. I mighta  
'urried a bit...

1745

1746 MR. JONES: Confouuund you! The sun hasn't baked your braiiin, has it?  
(Pause) Why are you staaaaring at me like a baaasilisk? You ought to have  
beeeen here.

1747

1748 RICARDO: That's what I'm tryin' to tell ya, see. I 'ave a plan. We play 'im  
nice-an'-easy for a couple o' days. While I nose-aroun'.

1749

1750 MR. JONES: Nose arouuund...why not praaay while you're at it, too?

1751

1752 RICARDO (laughs):

1753



1754 MR. JONES (after a pause): Okay--you have twwwenty-four hours.  
1755  
1756 RICARDO: We'll pull this off yet, guvnor--clean--'ole--right through,  
if you'll only trust me.  
1757  
1758 MR. JONES: I aaam trusting you.  
1759  
1760 RICARDO: We'll pull-it-off, sir!  
1761  
1762 MR. JONES: We muuust. This is not like the other tries, Maartin. I have a  
pecuuuliar fffeeling about this. It's a...sort of a...tttest.  
1763  
1764 RICARDO: Aye...  
1765  
1766 MR. JONES: I've been thhhinking, Martin, of something you sugggested...That  
to propose a gggame would be as good a way as aaany to let him understand  
that the time has come to...dis-gggorge. It's less...how shall I  
say...vuuulgar.  
1767  
1768 RICARDO: Wishin' ta spare 'is feelin's, 'r' we, guv'nor?  
1769  
1770 MR. JONES: It was your own nnnotion, confouuund you!  
1771  
1772 RICARDO: An' 'oo says it weren't? But I'm fairly sick o' this crawlin',  
I am. No, I say! Get the 'xact bearin' of 'is swag and then rip-'im-up!  
1773

1774 MR. JONES: The cruudeness of your feroocity is positively grrooss,  
Martin. I mean to have some sport out of him! Just imagine the atmosphere  
of the ggame...the fellow haandling the caards...the agonizing mmmockery  
of it. Oh, I shall enjoy this--immmmensely. Yes, let him lllose his money  
instead of being forced to hhhand it over. Youuu, of course, would shoot  
him at once--but I shall enjoy the refiiinement and the jjjest of it. He's  
a man of the best sociiiiety. I've been houuunded out of my proper spheeere  
by people very much llllike that fellow. How humiiiliated, how...aaangry he  
shall be!

1775

1776 RICARDO: As long as I'm free to rip 'im when the time has come, you 'r'  
welcome to yer bit o' sport, sir. I sha'n't--

1777

1778 NARRATOR: Suddenly appearing framed in the doorway is Heyst.

1779

1780 MR. JONES (attempting to cover): Aaah, it is yyyouuu!

1781

1782 NARRATOR: Remembering he's ill, Jones quickly pulls up his blanket.

1783

1784 MR. JONES (clears throat and modulates voice): A-hem...come iin, come iin!

(3) MED STEPS & STOP

1785

1786 HEYST: I'm sorry to intrude--I've come to let you know that my servant--  
Wang--has gone off. Deserted, I'm afraid.

1787

1788 NARRATOR: Jones and Ricardo steal a glance.

1789

1790 RICARDO: Ya mean to say yer Chink's cleared-out? What for?

1791

1792 HEYST: I couldn't get a reason out of him. All he said was  
he "didn't like".

1793

1794 RICARDO: Didn't like what?

1795

1796 HEYST: Perhaps the looks of you two gentlemen.

1797  
1798 RICARDO: 'R looks?  
1799  
1800 MR. JONES: NNNonsense!  
1801  
1802 RICARDO: 'E told ya that? What do 'ee take us for--kids? Next you'll tell us you was missin' somethin'.  
1803  
1804 HEYST: As a matter of fact, I am.  
1805  
1806 RICARDO: Thought so! Whaddya make o' this, guv'nor?  
1807  
1808 MR. JONES (turns head sharply) Not nowww! (Turns back to MIC--pleasantly) Aaand?  
1809  
1810 HEYST: I've not come for your assistance. I've come only to warn you he is armed, and that he objected to your presence here. I want you to understand I am not responsible for ananything that might happen.  
1811  
1812 RICARDO: Ya mean to tell us there's a crazy Chink with a six-shooter loose on the island an' you don't care?  
1813  
1814 NARRATOR: When Heyst doesn't answer, Ricardo steals up to Jones and the two confer briefly in a whisper.  
1815  
1816 MR. JONES: Yeees, well...since you will not have our assistance to recover your...pproperty, the lleast you can do is allow me to lend you my ssecretary here to do the cooking.  
1817  
1818 RICARDO (grinning): I'll cook for all 'ands as it were!  
1819  
1820 HEYST: That wouldn't do, I'm afraid. And anway, I wouldn't dream of leaving your gentleman unassisted...(with more than a hint of sarcasm) especially since he is so clearly unwell.

1821

1822 MR. JONES (bested): Hmph...Hmph...

1823

1824 HEYST: I've brought you some food.

1825

SACHEL OFFERED 1826 NARRATOR: Heyst extends a satchel to Ricardo, who refuses to take it.  
SACHEL SET DOWN ON TABLE Heyst then sets it on a nearby table.

1827

1828 HEYST: You'll find fresh water outside.

1829

1830 RICARDO (grunts):

PIVOT & (2) MED STEPS AWAY 1831

1832 MR. JONES (in a hurry to stop him): Before you ggo--

MED STEPS HALT 1833

1834 MR. JONES: I suppose you'd like to knno--just...who-I-aam.

1835

1836 HEYST: I shall leave that to you, gentlemen.

(2) MED STEPS AWAY 1837

1838 MR. JONES: Oh, that iis up to us.

MED STEPS HALT 1839

1840 MR. JONES: Isn't it, Maartin?

1841

1842 RICARDO (after a pause): That's right.

1843

1844 MR. JONES: We shall meet in one-days-time, Mr. Heyst. I shall have recovered sufficiently by then for a friendly-game-of-caaards. (Brief pause) You wouldn't object to a friendly-ggame, now--would you?

1845

1846 RICARDO (chuckles lowly but ominously):

FADE INTO 1847

AMB MAIN HOUSE/GARDEN

1848 NARRATOR: Back at the Main House, Lena gathers herbs in the garden--stopping only to glance over her shoulder in the direction of the Counting House. When she sees Heyst approach, she rises and smiles.

1849  
1850 LENA: Where have you been?  
1851  
1852 HEYST: I haven't been completely honest with you, Lena. But first--  
you better know...we've lost Wang for good.  
1853  
1854 LENA: For good?  
1855  
1856 HEYST: He's gone.  
1857  
1858 LENA: You expected that--didn't you?  
1859  
1860 HEYST: Yes. As soon as I discovered he'd taken my revolver.  
1861  
1862 LENA: Your revolver?  
1863  
1864 HEYST: Yes...He...startled me.  
1865  
1866 LENA: Startled you?  
1867  
1868 HEYST: It was only a word. It was just before he went away. (Brief pause)  
Bolted, I should say. He seemed to want to warn me. "Two" is all he said.  
Yes, "Two"--and that he didn't like it.  
1869  
1870 LENA: Two?  
1871  
1872 HEYST: You and I--we--are two. Or perhaps he was trying to remind me that  
he himself has a wife to think of.  
1873  
1874 LENA (Realizing--stricken): Two...  
1875  
1876 HEYST: Why are you so pale, Lena?  
1877  
1878 LENA: Am I?

1879  
1880 HEYST: You're not frightened, are you?  
1881  
1882 LENA: Why should I be frightened?  
1883  
1884 HEYST: A pair of men are here on the island. White men.  
1885  
1886 LENA (after a pause): I see.  
1887  
1888 HEYST: I didn't want to worry you. They arrived in a small boat. One is what you might call a gentleman--a ghastly fellow, apparently ailing. He affects great weakness, but I suspect he's perfectly capable of leaping to his feet if need be. His "seesecretary" is a feral fellow, definitely armed. I shall need you to keep strictly out of sight--do you understand?  
1889  
1890 LENA: People will have to see me some day.  
1891  
1892 HEYST: Not these two. Anyway, I brought them some food and water and I left the ailing one there, lying on his side. The whole time the "secretary" was giving me hard looks. I...(Pause) I confess, I've been taken completely by surprise. I'm so worried about you, I can't keep myself away from these scoundrels. Only two months ago, I wouldn't have cared. But now it's different. Now I have--  
1893  
1894 LENA: Is that what you're thinking--now you have me?  
1895  
1896 HEYST: You understand. It means I could...lie--and more--for your sake.  
1897  
1898 LENA: Don't you ever do that! You'd hate me for it afterwards.  
1899  
1900 HEYST: Hate you? Lena, before you I cared little for life--and even less for--  
1901

1902 LENA: Don't talk like that!

1903

1904 HEYST: I only wish these two hands were a hundred to take these scoundrels by their throats! (Pause) You're sure you haven't been seen?

1905

1906 LENA: How can I be sure?

1907

1908 HEYST: Yes, how can we be sure?...Listen, I have an idea. I must speak to Wang. We shall go and see him. In his village.

1909

1910 LENA: What will you say to him?

1911

1912 HEYST: I...we...shall (pause)...beg.

1913

1914 NARRATOR: Heyst leads Lena by-the-hand down a jungle-path.

FADE INTO

AMB COUNTING HOUSE

1916 NARRATOR: Inside the Counting House, Ricardo paces with Jones on the bed.

1917

1918 RICARDO: It's some move. Blame me if I can understand!

1919

1920 MR. JONES: Too deeeep for you?

1921

1922 RICARDO: Ya don't believe all that about the Chink--do ya, sir?

1923

1924 MR. JONES: It isn't necessary for it to be truuuuue to have meaaaaning.

1925

1926 RICARDO: Ya think 'ee made it up to frighten us?

1927

1928 MR. JONES: He diid look wworried. Suppose the Chinaman haaas stolen his money!

1929

1930 RICARDO: Nothin' but artfulness, sir! Is it likely 'ee would have trusted a Chink with the knowledge to make that a possibili-ee?

1931

1932 MR. JONES (after a long laugh): I've never been placed in such a ridiiculous-posiition before. It's youuu, Martin, who dragged me into it. I ought to...No, I was really too bbbored to use my braain, and youurs is not to be trusted.

1933

1934 RICARDO (clucks with hurt): Haven't I 'eard you, sir, sayin' more 'an twenty-times since we got out o' Manilla that we should want a lot o' capital to work the East Coast wit'? It weren't to be got in that rotten 'otel playin' two-penny games with sailors an' the like. Well? I brought you 'ere, where there's cash to be got--an' a big lot, too, by the way the fella's playin' it.

1935

1936 NARRATOR: Suddenly, Jones throws off his blanket and rushes for the door. Ricardo rushes after him and--just outside the door--caatches him.

1937

1938 RICARDO: Put yer arm through mine, sir! No use givin' the game away. An invalid may come out for a breath-o'-air after the sun's-gone-down but...Where'd ya aim to go, sir?

1939

1940 MR. JONES: I haaardly know myself.

1941

1942 RICARDO: Better go in, sir. Tisn't time yet to come to grips with that gent. Suppose 'ee took it into 'is 'ead to let off a gun on us!

1943

1944 MR. JONES: I suppose you're riiight.

1945

(8) LITE STEPS TOWARD 1946 NARRATOR: Turning back, Jones re-enters the bungalow and makes his way back  
(3) MED STEPS TOWARDS & STOP to bed. Ricardo, his back framed in the doorway, raises a spyglass and  
peers into the distance.

CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS 1947

1948 RICARDO: No...lemme keep an eye on the blasted fella. While, youuu, sir, have a niice bit o'...rest.

EERIE JUNGLE SFX 1949



FADE INTO 1950

AMB JUNGLE

(INF) PAIR OF STEPS TOWARD

1951 NARRATOR: As Heyst and Lena approach a jungle-barricade of felled trees and foliage, a half-dozen spearheads emerge menancingly from between the leaves.

NATIVES COCKING SPEARS 1952

PAIR OF STEPS STOP

1953 HEYST: We'd better stop, Lena. (Pause, in a louder voice) It's Heyst. We're here to see Wang.

1954

LEAVES PARTING SOUND 1955 NARRATOR: The leaves part and Wang's face can be seen. A hand--presumably Wang's--pokes through the barricade holding a revolver.

1956

1957 WANG: You go, Tuan. Wang no like fight. (Brief pause) Tuan no go, Wang shoot. Wang no like bad, white man.

1958

1959 HEYST: Your fears are foolish, Wang.

1960

1961 WANG: Of course, foolish! If wise man, Wang merchant with big-ship-Singapore--no mine coolie, no house boy! Tuan no go, Wang shoot--before too dark take aim. Now go!

1962

1963 HEYST: All right. But you can have no objection to the...lady coming over to stay with your women for a few days.

1964

1965 LENA: Axel--no!

1966

1967 HEYST: Go, Lena!

1968

1969 NARRATOR: Lena searches Heyst's eyes. But just when she's made up her mind to obey him, the spearheads re-cock.

NATIVES RE-COCKING SPEARS 1970

1971 WANG (laughing loudly and with gusto): That worse. Much woorse!

1972

1973 HEYST: You're talking nonsense. The bad men--they don't know about her.

1974

1975 WANG: Bad men know plenty.

1976

1977 LENA: I wouldn't want to go anyway.

1978

1979 WANG: She no go, Tuan. (closed mouth snigger) Two...Two...

1980

LEAVES UN-PARTING SOUND 1981 NARRATOR: Just as quickly as it first appeared, Wang's face vanishes, leaving Heyst and Lena stunned and silent with only spearheads for company.

FADE INTO 1982

AMB COUNTING HOUSE

1983 NARRATOR: Back at the Counting House, Ricardo pears through the spyglass, while Jones paces in front of the bed.

LITE 3-STEP PACING 1984

1985 MR. JONES: Anything neeew?

1986

1987 RICARDO: No, sir.

LITE 3-STEP PACING 1988

1989 MR. JONES: Where could he be offf to like this?

1990

1991 RICARDO: Like I said, perhaps to see the Chink.

1992

1993 MR. JONES: Tell me something I don't aaallready know.

1994

(5) MED STEPS TOWARD 1995 NARRATOR: Ricardo puts away the spyglass and re-enters the bungalow. TRUNK OPENED, ITEMS REMOVED Kneeling before the trunk, he extracts a mirror, razor and cup. TRUNK CLOSED, FACE LATHERED As Jones reclines on the bed, Ricardo begins lathering up his face.

1996

1997 RICARDO (hums a sea shanty over narration):

1998

RAZOR SCRAPES BEARD 1999 NARRATOR: During the course of the shave--which doesn't take long--  
TOWEL PAT, TRUNK OPENED Ricardo gives Jones's completely-immobile-face several sidelong-glances.  
ITEMS RETURNED, TRUNK CLOSED When the shave is complete, Ricardo returns the items to the trunk.

2000

2001 RICARDO: You been lookin' forward to tryin' yer 'and at cards with that  
skunk,'aven't ya, sir?

2002

2003 MR. JONES (ambiguous): Mmmm...

2004

2005 RICARDO: Ya remember in that Mexican town--what's its name?--the--  
robber fella they caught in the mountains an' condemned to be shot.  
'E played cards with the sheriff 'alf the night! Well, this fella's  
condemned, too. 'E must give ya yer game. 'Ell, a gentleman ought to have  
some relax-ation! You've been uncommonly patient, sir.

2006

2007 MR. JONES: You are uncommonly vvvolatile all of a sudden. What's come  
into you?

2008

2009 RICARDO (instead of answering, again hums sea shanty):

MED 3-STEPS PACING 2010

2011 MR. JONES: I said: What's come iiinto you?

MED 3-STEPS PACING & STOP 2012

2013 RICARDO: I'll try to get him over 'ere for ya tonight, sir, after dinner.  
If I ain't 'ere meself, don't ya worry. I shall be doin' a bit o'  
nosin'-around--see?

2014

2015 MR. JONES: And what do you expect to seeeee out there--in the daark?

FADE INTO 2016

AMB MAIN HOUSE/GARDEN

2017 NARRATOR: Back at the Main House, Lena emerges from the jungle trailed by  
Heyst, who suddenly bends-at-the-waist, hands-to-knees...

2018

2019 LENA: What's the matter?

2020

2021 HEYST: Nothing--I was just wondering if I could find the courage to  
creep among them while they sleep--with a knife--and slit their throats!

2022

2023 LENA: Don't you dare do such a thing! Don't even think of it.

2024

2025 HEYST: I don't own anything larger than a pen-knife--

2026

2027 LENA (after a pause): Wait!

2028

2029 HEYST: What is it?

2030

2031 LENA: There's somebody following us. I saw white.

2032

2033 HEYST: No doubt--no doubt...

2034

2035 LENA: But I don't see anthing now.

2036

2037 HEYST: Oh, they'll eventually show their faces. And then? I did think--  
for a moment--of the mine--but even there we couldn't stay long--it's not  
safe. (Pause) There is their boat--we could get into that--but they've  
taken everything out of her--I've seen the oars and mast in a corner of  
their room.

2038

2039 LENA: They say it's in trouble that people get to know each other.

2040

2041 HEYST (not hearing her): No, if you saw white--as you say--then they're  
sure to have seen you. I wish to god they'd never laid eyes on you!

2042

2043 LENA (CLOSE--flirtatiously): I don't think you wanted anybody to ever  
see me.

2044

2045 HEYST: We better get inside--it's getting late.

2046

2047 LENA (after a pause--suddenly thinking of something): Huh.

2048

2049 HEYST: What is it?

2050

2051 LENA: Only a thought. That this danger, this trouble--whatever it is--  
finding us here...it's a kind of...punishment.

2052

2053 HEYST: Punishment? What on earth for? (Playfully) Are they agents of  
Providence, these two? Avengers of good? How flattered they'd be  
if they could hear you!

2054

2055 LENA: Now you're making fun of me!

2056

2057 HEYST (smiling): Let us hope for mercy--together...shall we? (Teasing)  
Surely, you can't want all the mercy for yourself.

2058

2059 LENA (smiling and moving CLOSE): No.

OMINOUS WIND GUST TREETOPS 2060

2061 LENA: Look! There--at the Counting House. How sinister it looks!

ANOTHER OMINOUS WIND GUST 2062

2063 HEYST: Thunderstorm gearing up is all. I expect we'll hear it all night.  
Not likely to visit us though.

SCREEN DOOR OPEN 2064

2065 NARRATOR: As Heyst holds open the door, Lena stares--with trepidation--  
at the distant Counting House. Eventually, she releases her gaze and  
continues inside. Heyst follows.

FADE INTO 2066

AMB MAIN HOUSE & GARDEN  
W/CRICKETS

2067 NARRATOR: A short while later, Heyst re-emerges. Moving to the desk, he's  
rifling through it when Lena pushes open the screen door.

RIFLING THRU DESK  
SCREEN DOOR O/C 2068

2069 HEYST: Argh--if only one of these wretched knives had an edge on it!  
I believe one of these forks would make a better weapon! (Pause) There used  
to be a sharpener here but it broke and it was thrown away a long time ago.

(2) LITE STEPS TOWARD

2070

2071 LENA: A knife--that's what you'd want--in case...

2072

2073 HEYST: There's a crowbar on the jetty. But can you see me walking around with a crowbar in my hand?

2074

2075 LENA: Perhaps they're afraid of you.

2076

2077 HEYST: They do seem to hang-back for some reason. But what about that crowbar? Suppose I had it! Could I stand in ambush just inside the door and smash the first head that comes my way?

2078

2079 LENA: No, it's a knife you'd want--to defend yourself with. A knife.

2080

2081 HEYST: They would say that--after killing my partner for his money--I murdered these poor, shipwrecked souls.

2082

2083 LENA: Who would believe it!

2084

2085 HEYST: Perhaps not you--at least not at first--but...

2086

2087 NARRATOR: Suddenly materializing behind the screen door is Ricardo. Seeing him, Lena starts, which prompts Heyst to turn his head.

2088

2089 HEYST: My dear Mr. Ricardo...

SCREEN DOOR O/C

2090

2091 RICARDO: At yer service. (Brief pause) Ma'am...I didn't know there were a lady about. (Brief pause) 'Ad a pleasant walk, did we?

2092

2093 HEYST: Yes. And you?

2094

2095 RICARDO: I 'aven't been a yard from the guv'nor all afternoon. Why do you ask?

2096

2097 HEYST: Thought you might have wanted to explore the island a little.  
Though--I should remind you--it wouldn't exactly be a safe proceeding.

2098

2099 RICARDO: Meanin' that Chink that has run-away from ya? 'E ain't much!

2100

2101 HEYST: He has a revolver.

2102

2103 RICARDO: You have a revolver, too. I don't worry meself about that.

2104

2105 HEYST: But that's different. I'm not afraid of you.

2106

2107 RICARDO: Of me?

2108

2109 HEYST: Of both of you.

2110

2111 RICARDO: Ya could see at once 'ee were a gent-elman--couldn't ya?  
Aye, anybody could see that you are. You an' 'ee ought to understand  
each other. 'E expects to see ya tonight by the way. (Different MIC angle)  
The guv'nor ain't well an' we gotta think about gettin' away from here.

2112

2113 HEYST: Thinking of leaving, are we?

2114

2115 RICARDO: The best o' friends must part. (Different angle) An' we is  
used to bein' on the move. (Different angle) You--I understand--  
prefer to stick-in-one-place.

2116

2117 HEYST: And where did you acquire this information about me?

2118

2119 RICARDO: Why any man could've guessed that. But the guv'nor--'ee'd be  
the man to tell ya. 'E's the one who does the talkin'. Let me take ya  
to 'im. 'E ain't at all well. An' 'ee can't make up his mind to go away  
without first havin' a talk wit' ya!

2120

2121 NARRATOR: Heyst glances at Lena, who looks uncertain.

2122

2123 HEYST: Okay, I'll speak to your boss. But you go on ahead--I'll join you  
shortly.

2124

2125 RICARDO: Al'right guv'nor. But don't ya try an' pull a quick one or  
you'll be awful sorry for it, lemme tell ya!

2126

(5) MED SKIPS DOWN STEPS

2127 NARRATOR: Skipping down the verandah steps, Ricardo disappears in the  
direction of the Counting House.

2128

2129 HEYST (CLOSE): I'm going. I'm going, Lena--to confront these scoundrels.

2130

2131 LENA (CLOSE): Yes...yes...

2132

2133 HEYST: You have a black dress here--no?

2134

2135 LENA: Yes--an old thing--

2136

2137 HEYST: Good. Put it on. When I'm gone.

2138

2139 LENA: Why?

2140

2141 HEYST: Can you find it--and get into it--in the dark? No candles?

2142

2143 LENA: I suppose.

2144

2145 HEYST: Good! Now where's that piece of dark veil I've seen lying about?

(3) LITE STEPS AWAY &amp; STOP

2146

2147 LENA (after a pause): Here...

(3) LITE STEPS TOWARD &amp; STOP

2148



2149 HEYST: Perfect! Now--listen! As soon as I step off this verandah, you put on your black dress and you wrap your head with this and you slip out the back. You run directly into the forest beyond the tall trees. There you find a place in full-view of the front door. In the black dress, your face covered, I defy anone to find you before daylight. Wait there til you see three candles lit and then two put out. Then run back here as fast as you can. But if you don't see three candles lit and two put out, don't let anothing entice you back to this house. At the crack o' dawn, steal past the clearing until you find the path. Go to Wang--yes, Wang. You know the way. The worst he can do is shoot you--but he won't. Not if I'm not there. A ship's bound to turn up before long. Think of a way to signal it. (Pause) You understand? You are to run ot of the house--now.

2150

2151 NARRATOR: Lena lifts his hand to her lips and--after a moment--lets it fall. Moving to the door and opening it, she then turns back--motioning Heyst away with her arm. He obeys--turning and descending the steps as Lena enters the house. Only after Heyst has disapeared does Lena re-enter the verandah and sit down deliberately on the divan.

FADE INTO AMB COUNTING HOUSE 2152

W CRICKETS THRU DOOR

2153 NARRATOR: Inside the Counting House--as Jones paces in a silk dressing gown, hands plunged deeply in both pockets--Ricardo pokes his head through the open door.

2154

2155 RICARDO: Here he comes, guv'nor! Keep him wit' ya as long as ya can--til ya hear me whistle. I'm on the track!

2156

2157 NARRATOR: Ricardo then stands-aside so Heyst can enter--with a smile. Between lightning flickers, Ricardo vanishes.

THUNDER ROLL INT 2158

2159 MR. JONES: It's awwwfully close.

2160

2161 HEYST: I haven't come to talk about the weather.

2162

2163 MR. JONES (smiling): Nooo...

2164

2165 HEYST: The last time I was here you were going to tell me who you are.  
(Pause) Who are you?

2166

2167 MR. JONES: I am a man to be rrrecckoned with. (Pause--then very suddenly)  
No--stop! Don't put your hand in your pocket--DON'T!

THUNDER ROLL INT

2168

2169 MR. JONES: A matter of ppprudence. A man of your free-lliiife can surely  
appreciate thhhhat. You are a muuuch-talked about man, Mr. Heyst. And though  
you are accustomed to employing the...sssbtler weapons of intttelligence,  
stiiill I can't afford to take any risks of the...grrrosser methods.

2170

2171 HEYST: (scoffs quietly to himself--then): And those are?

2172

2173 MR. JONES: Oh, I rrrealize I am no match for you in intttelligence. But I  
assuuure you, Mr. Heyst, that in the otthher way you are no match for meee.  
I have you covered at this very moment.

2174

2175 HEYST: Do you now?

2176

2177 NARRATOR: The outline of a gun can be seen poking through the silk of  
Jones' dressing gown pocket.

2178

2179 MR. JONES: I am a person to be rrreckoned with, Mr. Heyst.

2180

2181 HEYST: You've said that already.

2182

2183 MR. JONES (clears his throat nervously):

2184

2185 HEYST: So you've heard of me, then?

2186

2187 MR. JONES: I should think sooo. We have been staying at Schomberg's Hotel.

2188

THUNDER ROLL INT

2189 HEYST (with disgust): Schomberg...

2190

2191 MR. JONES: What's the maaatter?

2192

2193 HEYST: Nothing. Nausea. (Pause) And you? What is your business--with me?

2194

2195 MR. JONES: You might saay we belong to the same social spheeere. But something has driven you oout--the originality of your ideeeas perhaps? Or was it your pecuuliar tastes?

2196

2197 MR. JONES: Come! You can't expect to have it aalways your way. You are a man-of-the-wworld, after all!

2198

2199 HEYST: Just who are you?

2200

2201 MR. JONES: I, my dear sssir, am the wworld-itself--come to pay-you-a-viisit. I am an ouutlaw, an outcaast--a sort of...fffate. The retribuuution that...takes its tiime.

2202

2203 HEYST: I wish to god you were the commonest sort of bandit. One could talk to you straight, and hope for some humanity.

2204

2205 MR. JONES: Oh, I dislike vviolence as much as youu do, Mr. Heyst. Ask my Maaartin if that is not soo. Ours--you see--is a sssoft age. It is aalso an age without prrejudices. I've heard youu are free from them yourssself. You mustn't be shhhocked if I tell you plaiinly that we are after your mmmoney. Maartin--of course--knows more of it than I.

2206

2207 NARRATOR: Retrieving a handkerchief from his non-gun pocket, Jones wipes the sweat from his forehead.

2208

2209 HEYST: And where is that henchman of yours now? Breaking into my desk?

2210

2211 MR. JONES: That wouuuld be crude. Stiill, crudeness iis one of life's  
condiitions. (Pause--then smiling) To tell you the truth, I don't know  
precisely whhhere Martin is. He's been a little myssterious of late.  
(Brief pause--then suddenly) No, don't get up, Mr. Heyst!

MAN STIRS IN CHAIR 2212

2213 HEYST: It wasn't my intention.

MAN STARTS TO RISE FROM CHAIR 2214

2215 MR. JONES: Pray--remain seaaated.

2216

2217 HEYST: Were you more observant, you'd know I have no weapon on me  
of any kind.

2218

2219 MR. JONES: Possibly--but pray--keep your hands stiill. This is toooo  
big an affair for me to take any risks.

2220

2221 HEYST: Too big an affair? Good Heavens! Whatever it is you're looking for,  
there's very little of it here--very little of anything.

2222

2223 MR. JONES: You would say so---nnnaturally. But that's not what weee have  
heard.

2224

2225 HEYST (with derision): What have you heard?

2226

2227 MR. JONES: A lot, Mr. Heyst--a LOT. We have heard--for instance--of a  
certain Morrison, once your partner.(Brief pause) A-haaa! You flinched!

2228

2229 HEYST (laughs loudly):

2230

2231 MR JONES: Laugh as much as you like. III, who have been hounded from  
society by a lot of hiighly-moral-souuuls, can't see anything fuuunny in  
that story. But here we are, and you will now have to paaay for your fun!

2232

2233 HEYST: You've heard a lot of ugly-lies.

2234

2235 MR. JONES: You would say so, of cooourse. As a matter of fact, I haven't heard very muuch. It was Maartin--heee collects the information. You don't suppose I would speak with that Schhhomberg animal more than I could help, do you? It was Maartin he took into his ccconfidence.

2236

2237 HEYST: The stupidity of that man beggars belief.

2238

2239 MR. JONES: It would be uuuseless, for instance, to tell me that your Chinaman has run off with your money. A man living alone with a Chiinaman on an iisland takes care to conceeeal property of thaat kind.

2240

2241 HEYST: Of course.

2242

2243 MR. JONES: Though I wouldn't put too much trust in your ingenuuuity, Mr. Heyst. You don't strike me as a very inggggenious person. Neither am I. My talents lie...another way. But Maaartin--

2244

2245 HEYST: Who, at this very moment, is rifling my desk.

2246

2247 MR. JONES: I don't thhhink so. What I was gggoing to say is that Martin is much cllleverer than a Chinaman. He's great at ferreting out sssecrets...secrets such as yyouuurs, Mr. Heyst.

2248

2249 HEYST: Secrets like mine?

CHAIR SQUEAK 2250

2251 MR. JONES (brief pause--then suddenly) Keep STILL, I say!

2252

2253 HEYST: I've told you, I'm not armed.

2254

2255 MR. JONES: I am inclined to BELIEVE you. Still, my object is to keep you in this rooom. Do not provvvoke me, by some unguarded mmmovement, to smash your kneeee or do something of thaat sort.

2256

2257 HEYST: He who deliberates is lost.

THUNDER ROLL INT

2258

2259 MR. JONES (choosing to ignore the remark): Of course, phhhysically,  
I am no match for you. Why you could--

2260

2261 HEYST: Are you trying to frighten yourself? You don't seem to have the  
pluck for this business.

2262

2263 MR. JONES (suddenly angry): Not EVERYONE can divest themselves of the  
prejudices of a gentleman as easily as YOUUU have done, Mr. Heyst. Don't  
you worry about my pluck. If you were to--let's say--luunge at me,  
why...you would receive--in mid air--something that would make you  
perfectly haarmless by the time you laanded. We are aaadequate bandits,  
Mr. Heyst. And we are after the fruit of your swiindles. It's the way-of-  
the-wworld--gggorge and diiis-gorge!

2264

2265 HEYST: Swindler, eh? You're giving yourself and that henchman of yours  
no end of trouble--all to crack an empty nut. There are a few sovereigns,  
of course--which you may have if you like.

2266

2267 MR. JONES: Swiindler, I tell you!

2268

2269 HEYST: Well, let me tell YOU that there were never in this WORLD two more  
deluded bandits--NEVER!

2270

2271 MR. JONES (clears throat nervously):

2272

2273 HEYST: Fooled by a silly innkeeper! Talked over like a pair of  
school children with a promise of sweets!

2274

2275 MR. JONES: I didn't talk to that disguuusting aanimal. But he convinced  
Maartin, who is no fool.

2276

2277 HEYST: And who wanted very-muuch to be conviinced. Now, I wouldn't want to disturb your touching-truust in your ffollower...but you think if the story of my riches were true, Schomberg would have imparted it to you from sheer altruism? Is that the way-of-the-wworld, Mr. "JJones"?

2278

2279 MR. JONES (Pause--then suddenly): The beast is CCoWARDLY! He was frightened and wanted to be rid of us, if you want to knnnow. I don't know that the mateerial inducement was so great, but I was bored, and we decided to accept-the-briibe. All my life I've been seeking new impressions--and youuu have turned out to be something quiiite out of the ordinary. (Brief pause) Maartin, of course, looks to the mateerial results...

2280

2281 HEYST: On the track, is he? But not enough to shoot me--am I right? Didn't Schomberg tell you where I conceal the fruit of my swindles? That idiot would have you believe anything--out of sheer revenge--don't you see?

THUNDER ROLL INT

2282

2283 HEYST: If it hadn't been for the girl--who he persecuted--and who threw herself on my protection--he never would have...but you knew that already!

2284

2285 MR. JONES (with amazing heat): No, I DIDN'T know that! That creature tried to talk to me once of some girl he had lost, but I told him I didn't want to hear any of his beastly feeemale stories!

CHAIR SQUEAK

2286

2287 HEYST: What sort of comedy is this? You mean to say that you didn't know that I had a woman with me here?

2288

2289 MR. JONES: A woman? Heeere? HEEERE?

MAN RISES FROM CHAIR

2290

2291 HEYST: You mean to say you didn't know the only real fact in this web of silly lies?

2292

2293 MR. JONES: No, I didn't! But Maartin did! He knew! He knew from the fiirst!  
 (Pause--then suddenly) Why I have a good mind to shoooot you, you wwoman-  
 ridden hhermit, you man-in-the-mmooon! But, no! It won't be youuu I shoot,  
 it'll be that oother woman-lover--the prevaaaricating, slyyy, looow-class,  
aaamorous CUUUSS. He shaved--SHAAAVED--under my very nnnose. I'll SHOOT  
 him! (Pause--then suddenly) Un-aaarmed, eh? A common creature, no doubt--  
 you could haardly have gotten her out of the draawing room! (Pause--then  
 suddenly) BAAACK I say!

MAN STEPS BACK & STOPS

2294  
 2295 MR. JONES: Oh, I'm in MUCH greater danger than you are! I know my man,  
 you see! (Pause--then suddenly) ONNN the track! ONNN the scent! I might've  
ssmelt a rat! I always kneew that'd be the danger. (A different tone)  
 He shaved himself--SHAAAVED himself--right in front of me--and I never  
guessed! (Laughs insanely) Oh, it's as clear as daaaylight!

THUNDER BOOM INT

2296  
 2297 MR. JONES: Well, what do you saay, un-armed maan? Shall we go and see  
 what's detaining my trusted Maaartin so long?

2298

2299 NARRATOR: Jones jerks the gun towards the door and Heyst begins to shuffle  
reluctantly in that direction.

TWO MEN SHUFFLE AWAY SLOWLY

FADE INTO AMB MAIN HOUSE/  
 GARDEN W CRICKETS

2300

LITE RAIN ACCELERATING TO MED

2301 NARRATOR: Back at the Main House, as Lena rises from the divan, Ricardo  
 climbs cat-like up the steps to meet her. Taking her hand, he places it  
over his heart.

THUNDER BOOM EXT

2302



2303 RICARDO: 'Ere! Feel how quietly it beats. Ten times today when ya swam in me eye, I thought it would burst one o' me ribs--or leap out o' me throat. It 'as knocked itself dead-tired for this very minute. Feel 'ow quiet it is. See? If I had taken ya by the throat that first mornin' an' 'ad my way with ya, I should never 'ave known who ya are. An' now I do! Yer a wonder! An' so am I. I have nerve an' brains, too. I plan--I plot for me gent-elman. Gentleman--pah! I am sick o' 'im. An' yer sick o' yours, too, eh? (Brief pause) Speak to me, girl! Speak!

THUNDER BOOM EXT

2304

2305 LENA: It's my job to listen.

2306

2307 RICARDO: But you'll answer--yes?

2308

2309 LENA: Yes.

2310

2311 RICARDO: Where's the plunder? Do ya know?

2312

2313 LENA: No. (Brief pause) Not yet.

2314

2315 RICARDO: But there's plunder stowed somewheres--that's worth 'avin'--eh?

2316

2317 LENA: I think so.

2318

2319 RICARDO: Ah, who cares! I've had enough o' this crawlin'-on-me-belly. It's you who are the treasure! It's you who I found where a gentleman had buried ya to rot for 'is pleasure! (Brief pause) Ugh, I am dog-tired. As if I'd been pourin' me life-blood 'ere on these planks for you to dabble your prett-y little feet in.

THUNDER BOOM EXT

2320

2321 RICARDO: Why, for you I would throw away money, lives--all lives but mine! What you want is a man--a man that will let you put the 'eel-o'-yer-shoe on 'is neck--not that skulker, who'll get tired o' ya in a year--and you o' 'im. And then what? Yer not one to sit still--neither am I. I live for meself and you live for yourself, too--not for a Swedish Baron. A gent-elman's the best kind o' boss--but an equal partnership against all 'ypocrites--that's the thing for you an' me. We'll go wanderin' the world over, you and I, both free an' both true!

FADE INTO AMB NARROW PATH 2322  
W HEAVY RAIN

2 MEN SLOW MARCH DN MUD PATH 2323 NARRATOR: Down a narrow, winding pathway between the Counting House and the Main House, Jones marches Heyst at the point of a gun.

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2324

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2325 MR. JONES: Yyees! (Pause) Liiisten! (Pause) It has the distinct advaaantage--does it not?--of covering the sound of our approooach. And theeere! Look! My clever Maaartin is pppunishing your stock of cccandles.

2 MEN SLOW MARCH THRU MUD 2326

2327 HEYST: I left them burning--to save him the trouble.

2328

2329 MR. JONES: And you don't miiind? (Pause) You are an extraooordinary maan.

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2330

2331 MR. JONES: Aren't you aanxious about that fascinating creature you poached from the iinnkeeper?

2332

2333 HEYST: I've placed her in safety. I took good care of that.

2334

2335 MR. JONES: You haaave, have you? Is that what you mean?

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2336

2337 NARRATOR: In the distance--illuminated by flickers of lightning--Lena and Ricardo can be seen standing together on the verandah.

FADE INTO AMB MAIN HOUSE 2338  
W HEAVY RAIN

2339 RICARDO: Yes! You an' I have met! The partnership between me an' the guv'nor is 'ereby ripped up. Why, 'e'd shoot me like a dog if 'ee could see us now! But don't ya worry. This will settle it!

KNIFE SHEATH TAP (2) 2340

2341 NARRATOR: Lena's face lights up at the reference to the blade--and she moves towards Ricardo eagerly.

2342

2343 RICARDO: Look at ya! Ya marvel! Ya miracle! You've found yer man--in me! They're havin' their las'-talk together! An' I'll do for yer gentleman, too--by tonight!

2344

2345 LENA: I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry--with him.

2346

2347 RICARDO: Good thrifty girl! Still thinkin' about the swag. You'll make a good partner, you will. An' what a dee-coy you'll make! Jee-miny!

FADE INTO AMB NARROW PATH 2348  
W/HEAVY RAIN

2349 NARRATOR: Further down the narrow pathway...

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2350

2351 MR. JONES: Can there be a more disguuusting spectacle?

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2352

2353 MR. JONES: Of couuurse...of couuurse! You seeee? (Pause--in a whisper) I had to shut my eyes maaany-times to his little fliiings. But thiis time --this time he's found his souulmate. Muuud-souls, obscene and cunning! Mud-bodies, too--the mud of the GUTTER!

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2354

2355 MR. JONES: No, it won't be yyouu I'll shoot, it'll be hiim. He would've stabbed you as you came down the steps after leaving me--and then he would've walked up to me and planted the saame knife between myy ribs. Look, see the lightning? Theeere! Be-hhhold! Be-HHHOLD!

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2356

2357 RICARDO: Whatcha think a fella is, anyhow--a scarecrow? All 'at an'  
no feelin'? No, sir! Never in 'is life again will 'ee go into yer bedroom--  
never! (Pause) Say! Yer up to fightin' a man with yer bare hands--think ya  
could manage to stick one with me knife?

2358

2359 LENA: How can I tell? I'd need to have a look at it.

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2360

2361 NARRATOR: Without taking his eyes off her, Ricardo smoothly unsheaths  
the blade and cradles it.

KNIFE UNSHEATHED 2362

2363 RICARDO: A good-friend. Take it in your 'ands. Feel the power!

2364

2365 NARRATOR: Lena leans-in to receive it.

2366

2367 LENA: I didn't think you would ever trust me with it.

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2368

2369 RICARDO: Yeah? Why not?

2370

2371 LENA: For fear I would...cut you with it.

2372

2373 RICARDO: Cut me? What for? For this mornin'? There's no spite lef' in ya  
for that. You forgave me. You got the bett-er o' me, too.

2374

2375 LENA: Yes.

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2376

2377 RICARDO: Listen. When we're going about the world together--you an' me--  
you'll call me 'usband--ya hear?

2378

2379 LENA: Yes--husband.

2380

2381 NARRATOR: Lena allows the knife to slip casually between the folds of  
her dress.

2382

2383 RICARDO: I ain't gonna 'ide ya, like that good-fer-nothin', sneery gentleman. You'll be me pride--an' me chum!

THUNDER CLAP EXT 2384

2385 LENA: I'll be anything you like.

2386

2387 RICARDO: Ya will?

2388

2389 LENA: Yes.

2390

2391 RICARDO: Anythin'?

2392

2393 LENA: Anything.

2394

2395 RICARDO: Give me yer foot.

2396

2397 NARRATOR: After the briefest of pauses, Lena obeys.

THUNDER CLAPS 2398

INSTEP KISSES 4X 2399 NARRATOR: As Ricardo begins kissing her instep greedily, Lena--summoning all of her might--kicks Ricardo HARD in the throat.

HARD KICK THROAT

GUNSHOT 2400

RAIN COMES TO SUDDEN STOP 2401 NARRATOR: Below them in the garden--holding a smoking-gun over Heyst's shoulder--is Jones. Upon spotting his armed boss, Ricardo leaps over the rail and vanishes. Jones and the gun immediately disappear around the side of the house. Heyst then climbs up to where Lena--looking triumphant--has landed on the steps.

MAN LEAPS OVER RAIL

FADE IN CRICKETS CHIRPING

2402

2403 LENA: I knew you would come back! You're safe now. I've done it! I would never, never let him--(her voice fading slightly)--ever get it back. Oh, my llove!

2404

2405 NARRATOR: Brooding, Heyst turns and casually descends several steps.

(3) SLOW MED STEPS DOWN 2406

2407 HEYST: No doubt you acted from instinct. (Still brooding) I was a disarmed man. I see that now. I've been disarmed my whole-life.

2408

2409 NARRATOR: Turning back, Heyst returns his gaze to Lena; he's once-again his playful self.

2410

2411 HEYST (half-chuckling): No, the glory's yours, Lena. All yours.

2412

2413 LENA: Oh, you mustn't make fun of me now. I was thanking the stars with all-my-heart for being able to do it--for giving you to me in that way--oh, my lllove--(her tone faltering again slightly)--my--

2414

2415 NARRATOR: Hearing, for the first time, the weakness in her voice--and instantly reading something awful in her eyes--Heyst rushes to Lena's side and cradles her in his arms.

2416

2417 LENA: Oh...oh my--my--lllove--

2418

DRESS RIPPED OPEN

2419 NARRATOR: A look of intense panic breaks out on Heyst's face. Sensing the worst, he rips open the front of Lena's dress. There, in the swelling of her beautiful, pale breast, is a small-black-hole--the one left by Jones's bullet.

2420

2421 HEYST (recoils in horror) No...No...

2422

FINGERS GRAZE KNIFE HANDLE

2423 NARRATOR: Lena's eyelids flutter as her fingers attempt in vain to grab hold of something in her lap. When one of her fingers grazes the handle of the blade, her eyes go wide.

2424

2425 LENA (a sudden burst of energy): Give it to me! Give it to me! It's mine.

2426

2427 NARRATOR: After struggling intensely for several moments not to break down, Heyst is at last able to summon the self-control required to place into Lena's hands the blade she has won for him.

2428

2429 LENA (relieved): Ah...

HAND GRIPS KNIFE HANDLE (3X)

2430

2431 NARRATOR: After triumphantly gripping the handle for several moments, Lena extends the blade in Heyst's direction.

2432

2433 LENA: For you, for you...

2434

2435 NARRATOR: There is a long, terrible pause--during which Heyst wages a devastating battle with the horrific reality of Jones's bullet.

2436

2437 HEYST (devastated): Yes...

2438

2439 NARRATOR: But before Heyst can take the blade, Lena's smile suddenly wanes as an awful tremor passes over her.

2440

2441 LENA: What's the matter with me?

2442

2443 HEYST (fighting intense emotion): You...You...have been...shot, Lena.

2444

2445 LENA: Shot? (A realization) Shot...Oh, my llove! My llove! I've saaved you!

2446

2447 HEYST (struggling to conceal utter devastation): Yes...Yes, my darling...

2448

2449 LENA: My llove...My llove...Taake me...Take me in your aarms...and carry me out of this...this llonely place?

2450

ARM SLIPPED UNDER NECK

2451

NARRATOR: Lena attempts to raise herself but cannot. Only when Heyst slips an arm under her neck is she able to fully surrender. A smile of innocent girlish happiness breaks out on her face. Then she is gone. (Long Pause) As tears stream down Heyst's cheeks, rustling sounds can be heard in the nearby bushes.

RUSTLING IN BUSHES

2452

2453 RICARDO (FAR): Is that you, guv'nor?

2454

2455 MR. JONES (FAR): Yees--it's meee.

AGAIN, RUSTLING IN BUSHES 2456  
 2457 RICARDO (FAR): Jee-miny, I thought the beggar 'ad done for ya! 'E started  
prancin' an' nearly 'ad me. I been lookin' for ya ever since.  
 2458  
 2459 MR. JONES (FAR--with finality): Well--heeeere I aaam.  
 2ND GUNSHOT 2460  
 SILENCE 2461  
 3RD GUNSHOT 2462  
 SILENCE 2463  
 2464 NARRATOR: Out from the bushes--holding Heyst's smoking revolver--steps  
Wang. Seeing Heyst with Lena's body, Wang immediately drops the gun...  
 2465  
 2466 WANG (running away--CLOSE TO FAR): Ohhhahhhh..!  
 2467  
 2468 NARRATOR...and flees into the jungle.  
 CALL OF A WILD BIRD 2469  
 HEAD SET DOWN. MAN STANDS, 2470 NARRATOR: Heyst carefully sets down Lena's head--and softly closes her  
 STEPS, SQUATS. OPENS GUN eyes. Rising slowly, he moves to the dropped revolver. Picking it up, he  
 CHAMBER, SNAPS CHAMBER SHUT. opens the gun's chamber and inspects the remaining bullets. Snapping the  
 PUTS GUN UNDER BELT chamber shut, he places the gun under his belt and returns to Lena's body.  
 CALL OF A WILD BIRD 2471  
 2472 NARRATOR: Gathering it up gently in his arms, Heyst makes his way slowly up  
 the steps to the verandah. There, with a lit candlestick from  
 the table, he tenderly applies blue flame to his father's portrait.  
 FLAME IGNITING PORTRAIT 2473  
 FLAMES SPREADING TO HOUSE 2474 NARRATOR: After watching, for a long while, his father's familiar face  
 SCREEN DOOR SLOWLY OPEN ignite--and then alight--first the verandah and then the house beyond,  
 Heyst slowly backs his way into the Main House of the Tropical Bay Coal  
 Company for the final time.  
 SCREEN DOOR SLOWLY CLOSE  
 SUBTLE METAL SHIMMER NARRATOR: Moving into the raging fire, Heyst's unfaltering arms cradle the  
lifeless body of Lena, in whose trailing hand shimmers the glimmering blade  
 of her...VICTORY.



FLAME TURNS INTO 2475  
RAGING INFERNO &  
TIMBERS BEGIN TO FALL  
FINAL GUNSHOT  
SILENCE

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