

PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

2400 THIRD AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404

612-872-5108

FAX 612-874-8119

www.playsforyoungaudiences.org

Around the World in Eighty Days

by
Toby Hulse

From the Book by
Jules Verne

Around the World in Eighty Days was originally produced by The Arcola, UK, in 2013.

The license issued in connection with PYA perusal scripts is a limited license, and is issued for the sole purpose of reviewing the script for a potential future performance. All other rights regarding perusal scripts are expressly reserved by Plays for Young Audiences, including, but not limited to, the rights to distribute, perform, copy or alter scripts. This limited license does not convey any performance rights of any kind with this material. By accepting any perusal script(s), Licensee agrees to and is bound by these terms.

Actor 1

Mr Phileas Fogg, Bombay Shopkeeper, Head of Bombay Police, Ucaf Uddaul

Actor 2

London Police Officer, **Passepartout**, Gentleman 2, British Consul in Suez, Bombay Police Sergeant, Bombay Waiter, Calcutta Police Officer

Actor 3

Gentleman 1, **Fix of the Yard**, British Consul in Bombay, Enraged Priest, Railway Guard, Wild Indian, Princess Aouda, Pilot, Captain Andrew Speedy

The narration is shared amongst the cast.

Prologue

A secure vault in the Bank of England.

The vault is pitch black apart from a dim light that seeps through a barred window. Through it we can see the familiar shapes of the London skyline.

The distant chime of Big Ben. It is midnight.

A figure enters with stealth. It is a bank robber. We cannot see his face. Perhaps he wears a muffler, or the light in the vault is just not enough. The bank robber checks his pocket watch and coughs slightly. He waits without moving.

The shadowy figure of a police officer passes by the window.

The bank robber springs into action. He removes a stethoscope from a distinctive bag, and begins to crack the safe.

Suddenly he stops, checks his pocket watch and coughs slightly. He waits without moving again. The police officer passes by the window.

The bank robber continues his work. The safe swings open and he carefully fills the distinctive bag with piles of notes, about £40,000 in all.

Suddenly he stops, checks his pocket watch and coughs slightly. He waits without moving. The police officer passes by the window a third time.

The bank robber continues to empty the safe. When the bag is full he swings the safe shut, perhaps a little harder than he intended.

All hell breaks loose. Alarms, flashing lights, sirens.

An armed guard runs into the vault and aims his rifle, but, before he can shoot, the bank robber pulls out a pistol and fires.

The guard drops dead, and, with a moonlit flash of set of particularly magnificent teeth, the masked figure escapes.

Act One – London to Calcutta

Sequence One - London

Narrator

London.

Burlington Gardens, London.

Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, London.

No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, London.

1872.

October, 1872.

Wednesday October 2nd, 1872.

Twenty two minutes after eleven, Wednesday October 2nd, 1872.

A.M.

We can be so precise about our location and time because we live in an age of technological progress. We live in an age of reason, in an age of science, in an age of truth. We live in the great Victorian Age. We measure our lives, our universe, our days with ingenious devices that only the most clever can understand. Fearsome engines power our factories, steam across our land and our waterways. Our Empire stretches to all four corners of the globe. And that globe itself is shrinking. By way of the telegraph, the mail packets and the railroad, information now passes at an extraordinary speed, so that a sensation here in London may be heard in the Australasias only days later. Shrinking indeed, for these days a man may cross our planet ten times more quickly than a hundred years ago. Indeed it is said, even in the *Daily Telegraph*, that one may now go around the world in eighty days.

No. 7 Saville Row.

Mr Phileas Fogg is sitting in an armchair, staring at a clock on the wall.

And, at the still centre of this dizzying whirl of activity, sits...

Passepartout enters to him.

Passe.

Mr Phileas Fogg? I'm here about the job.

Fogg You are French, I believe.

Passe. I am.

Fogg You do not have a French accent.

Passe. No. I've travelled about a lot.

Fogg Really?

Passe. Only not that recently in France. The travelling is how I got my nickname – Passepartout. It's French, you know. It means...

Fogg You've travelled about a lot. And you are called Jean? *[To rhyme with 'bean'.]*

Passe. Jean. *[Pronounced as the French do.]*

Fogg John.

Passe. Jean, if monsieur pleases.

Fogg But that is wrong.

Passe. It's French.

Fogg Exactly.

Passe. I am French.

Fogg I'm sorry about that.

Passe. And I've travelled about a lot because I seem to be very good at leaving one job and finding myself in another. Rather quickly. If you knew all the jobs I've had, you'd laugh: circus rider, Professor of Gymnastics, a sergeant in the Paris fire brigade, itinerant singer – I know several songs, by heart, some in French – I'm French.

Fogg You have said. But I do not believe you are a Frenchman at all!

Passe. Really?

Fogg No.

Passe. Oh monsieur, I cannot lie, I –

Fogg You cannot lie?

Passe No, I cannot lie.

Pause.

That is the truth.

Fogg Well, that could prove rather inconvenient. You may be French, but your references are good. And you know my conditions. One last thing. What time is it?

***Passepartout** pulls out an enormous silver watch from his pocket.*

Passe. Twenty four minutes after eleven.

***Fogg** checks his watch. As he does so he coughs slightly. We have heard this cough before.*

Fogg It's slow.

Passe. Monsieur?

Fogg No matter; it's enough for me to bring your attention to the error, and for you to correct your watch. Don't let it happen again. From this moment, twenty nine minutes after eleven, Wednesday October 2nd, 1872, A.M., you are in my service. I am going to my club. I shall return at midnight. Precisely.

***Fogg** rises from his seat, and leaves the bewildered **Passepartout** to begin his journey to the Reform Club. He takes with him a distinctive bag, very like the one we saw used by the bank robber.*

We are swept into the dark, cobbled, smog-filled streets of Victorian London, where starving beggars cling to our ankles and every woman stinks of gin. A vision of the destitute horror right at the heart of the British Empire. Plus a few cheeky orphans too.

Narrator For Mr Phileas Fogg to reach the Reform Club in Pall Mall he has to put his right foot in front of his left five hundred and seventy five times, and his left foot in front of his right five hundred and seventy six times, a pleasant task, known as walking, that he has performed every day at half past eleven, A.M., for more years than anyone cares to remember. Whilst he is doing this, let us pause to consider, in true scientific fashion, to what sort of a gentleman **Passepartout** has found himself engaged.

For a moment we find ourselves in one of the gas lit lecture halls of London's finest medical establishments. Fancy scientific apparatus in gleaming brass measures and describes our hero.

An anatomy of Mr Phileas Fogg.

Figure tall and well-proportioned.

About forty years of age.

Fine handsome features.

Hair and whiskers light.

Forehead neat and smooth.

A clear eye.

Face a little pale.

Magnificent teeth.

An English gentleman.

A true English gentleman.

And now we are in his dressing room. Opening the wardrobe reveals an infinitely large space, containing an infinite number of identical suits.

Look in his wardrobe - each pair of trousers, each coat and each jacket is numbered, indicating the time of year and season at which it should be worn. The same system applies to the shoes. Which are at the bottom of his wardrobe. Naturally.

This is the singular resemblance of an honest man. A man perfectly well-balanced and regulated. A man so exact that he is never in a hurry. The most deliberate man in the world: one who always arrives on time.

Yet, even in this ordered age we are never far from the disorder that threatens our measured existence.

Whirling newspaper headlines.

Sensation! Bank of England robbed!

Forty thousand pounds in freshly minted notes stolen!

Bank guard brutally murdered!

Police seal the ports and stations!

And we are outside the Reform Club.

Fogg Five hundred and seventy four. Five hundred and seventy five. Five hundred and seventy six. Ah, the Reform Club.

*Fogg enters. Two **Gentlemen** are inside.*

Gent 1 A reward of two thousand pounds and five per cent of whatever is recovered.

Gent 2 That will be a spur to capturing the thief.

Gent 1 A well-dressed gentleman, they say, with polished manners.

Gent 2 Tall, about forty years of age, handsome features, hair and whiskers light, a clear eye, face a little pale.

Gent 1 And magnificent teeth.

Gent 2 Magnificent teeth?

Gent 1 Magnificent teeth. I know, he doesn't sound the type to rob the Bank of England...

Gent 2 ... and brutally murder a guard...

Gent 1 Sounds more like a true English gentleman.

Gent 2 Only a true English gentleman wouldn't...

Gent 1 ... oh no.

Gent 2 They'll stop him soon.

Gent 1 Oh yes, he had better find some excuse, no matter how implausible, for leaving London rapidly.

Gent 2 He won't get far, not with a description like that in the hands of the police. No country would be safe for him.

Gent 1 Pish!

Gent 2 Where could he go then?

Gent 1 Oh, the world is big enough to hide one man.

Gent 2 It was once.

Gent 1 What? Has the world grown smaller?

Gent 2 Indeed it has. Progress has made it smaller. And a smaller world offers fewer places for the villain to hide.

Gent 1 One might as well say that his escape will be easier, for if he can travel around this smaller world in, say, three months –

Fogg Eighty days.

Gent 1 Eighty days?

Fogg Eighty days. It was in the *Telegraph*:

As Fogg describes the voyage we see a traveller's progress around the globe.

From London to Suez, by rail and steamboat	7 days
From Suez to Bombay, by steamer	13 days
From Bombay to Calcutta, by rail	3 days
From Calcutta to Hong Kong, by steamer	13 days
From Hong Kong to Yokohama, by steamer	6 days
From Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamer	22 days
From San Francisco to New York, by rail	7 days
From New York to London, by steamer and rail	9 days

Total	80 days

Gent 1 But that can't take into account that even the best ocean steamers are often two or three days late.

Fogg It does.

Gent 2 Derailings, collisions and shipwrecks? Snowdrifts, floods and typhoons?

Fogg Included.

Gent 1 Wild savages pulling up the rails?

Fogg Included.

Gent 2 Ah, but what about wild savages pulling up the rails, stopping the trains, pillaging the luggage vans, and scalping the passengers?

Fogg Also included.

Gent 1 Theoretically, maybe, but actually in practice... pulling up, stopping, pillaging and scalping?

Fogg In practice also. All included.

Gent 2 But the scalping? How would he prevent that?

Fogg *[Patting his breast pocket, as if there is something concealed within it.]*
Oh, there are ways... That gentleman could take such a journey.

Gents I'd like to see you do it.

Fogg If you wish.

Gent 1 When?

Fogg At once.

Gent 2 Absurd!

Gent 1 A wager then.

Fogg I happen to have forty thousand pounds in freshly minted Bank of England notes here in this bag. I will wager half of it.

Gent 2 Twenty thousand pounds!

Gent 1 In freshly minted Bank of England notes!

Fogg And the other half will serve as expenses.

Gent 2 You could lose it all with just one unforeseen delay!

Fogg In this age of reason, this age of science, this age of truth, this great Victorian Age, the unforeseen does not exist. It has been foreseen.

Gent 1 You are joking with us, sir.

Fogg A true English gentleman does not joke when he is talking about something as serious as a wager. I will bet twenty thousand pounds that I can go around the world in eighty days, in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or in one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes, returning to this very room in the Reform Club, on Saturday December 21st. Do you accept?

Gents We accept.

Fogg Then you had better excuse me, for the Dover train leaves at a quarter to nine. P.M..

Fogg leaves the Reform Club.

No. 7 Saville Row.

Passepartout has just poured himself a bath. He takes off his clothes and climbs into it.

Passe. Now this is just what I want in a job. Mr Fogg is nothing like my last employers. He is not fanciful or unpredictable. He won't go chasing around the country on the lookout for adventure. He won't be brought home from a tavern on the Haymarket riding piggy back on a policeman's shoulders. Why, he won't even come home tonight earlier than midnight. I imagine that we shall get on well together, Mr Fogg and I. Very well indeed...

Passepartout drifts into a comfortable doze.

Fogg enters.

Fogg Passepartout? Passepartout? Passepartout!

Passepartout wakes with a start and jumps out of the bath.

Passe. Monsieur! It is not midnight.

Fogg No. We are going around the world.

Passe. Around the world!

Fogg In eighty days. We haven't a moment to lose.

Passe. Of course. Socks? Shirts?

Fogg selects an enormous tome from the bookshelf. He places it in the distinctive bag.

Fogg 'Bradshaw's Continental Railway Steam Transit and General Guide' – this is all we need. Now, get yourself dressed and meet me downstairs.

He hands **Passepartout** the distinctive bag.

And bring this bag. Don't let it out of your sight. There are twenty thousand pounds inside.

Passe. Twenty thousand pounds!

Fogg Of course. Twenty thousand pounds in freshly minted Bank of England notes. What else will be honoured wherever we go?

They set off.

Sequence Two – En Route

A glorious montage of Victorian travel.

Narrator By cab to Charing Cross...

The night train to Dover...

The ferry to Calais...

Passe. Monsieur!

Fogg What ever is the matter?

Passe. Alas! In my hurry – I – forgot –

Fogg What?

Passe. To turn off the gas in my room.

Fogg Never mind. We will let it burn.

Passepartout relaxes.

At your expense.

A sign reads 'Days passed – 1'.

This sign, as with all the time markers that follow, appears delightfully in a most unexpected place.

Narrator The train to Paris, and on Thursday October 3rd, 8.40 A.M. leave Paris for Turin.

A sign reads 'Days passed – 2'.

Passe. Leave Paris for Turin? How will we cross the Alps? A hot air balloon, perhaps?

Fogg Don't be ridiculous. This is no time for such romantic nonsense. We must travel at speed. At speed, I say, at speed. A hot air balloon is far too slow. We shall take the train.

Passe. Over the Alps?

Fogg There is a tunnel.

Passe. Oh.

Narrator Friday October 4th, 6.35 A.M. arrive at Turin, and change on to the 7.20 A.M. train for Brindisi...

A sign reads 'Days passed – 3'.

Narrator Saturday October 5th, 4 P.M. arrive at Brindisi, to sail on the *Mongolia* at 5 P.M. for Suez!

Sequence Three – Suez

A sign reads 'Days passed – 6'.

Fogg At this point we are neither behind nor ahead of our schedule.

A vision of Suez at the end of the nineteenth century. Heat, hustle and bustle, the quayside teeming with industrious labourers.

Narrator Suez! The mouth of the great canal and the gateway to India!

Suez! Monument to the genius of invention and the power of industry!

Suez! Thrilling to the bustle of travellers of every nation!

Suez! Suez!! Suez!!!

The words echo across the vast Saharan plains.

The quay at Suez.

Passepartout steps off the boat and on to the quay. He approaches **Fix**, who is busy examining the traffic.

Passe. Am I in Suez?

Fix Thought that would be obvious.

Passe. In Egypt?

Fix In Egypt.

Passe. And in Africa?

Fix In Africa.

Passe. In Egypt, and in Africa! This world is truly extraordinary.

Fix Indeed.

Passe. I am sorry to bother you, but do you know where the Consul's office is?

Fix The white building, end of the quay.

Passe. Thank you. I shall go and tell my master.

Fix Good.

Passepartout makes to go, but is arrested by **Fix**'s behaviour.

Passe. I am sorry to bother you again, but what are you doing?

Fix I am watching and laying in wait.

Passe. Watching and laying in wait! Why?

Fix I am a detective. Watching and laying in wait is what detectives do. Especially detectives from Scotland Yard. I may even put on a disguise shortly.

Passe. Scotland Yard! Who are you watching and laying in wait for?

Fix The gentleman thief who robbed the Bank of England in the early hours of last Wednesday, and brutally murdered a guard.

Passe. How will you recognise him when you see him?

Fix I won't recognise him, I will feel his presence. I have a sixth sense. A sixth sense is, you know, the chief tool of the Scotland Yard detective. For instance, from your accent I can tell that you are French.

Passe. But I don't have a French accent.

Fix No, but you've travelled about a lot.

Passe. But how...?

Fix Elementary.

Passe. Remarkable. Truly remarkable. So, how will you feel the presence of the villain?

Fix My aforementioned sixth sense.

Passe. Yes.

Fix My acute powers of observation.

Passe. Yes.

Fix And I have a description...

*He hands **Passepartout** a piece of paper.*

Passe. *[Reading.]* 'A well-dressed gentleman, with polished manners. Tall, about forty years of age, handsome features, hair and whiskers light, a clear eye, face a little pale. And magnificent teeth.' Why, that sounds just like –

Fix He won't get far.

Passe. That description has the singular resemblance of...

Fix ... an honest man. I know. The greatest robbers always look like honest men. It's in the teeth. Always the teeth. Show me an honest man with magnificent teeth and I'll show you a criminal mastermind.

Passe. A criminal mastermind? It couldn't be. No, he's an English gentleman. A true English gentleman.

Fogg appears on the quay.

Fogg [To **Passepartout**.] The Consul's office?

Passe. White building, end of the quay.

Fogg The steamer leaves again at one o'clock. Do not miss it.

Passe. No, monsieur.

Fogg Thank you.

Fogg gives Fix a flashing smile.

Fix cannot believe what he has just seen.

Fix Why, that was... Magnificent teeth. My sixth sense never fails! So, what does he want in –

Fogg exits at a dignified pace towards the Consul's office; the actor playing Passepartout somewhat more hurriedly.

The Consul's office.

Consul [Pinging a bell.] The British Consulate, Suez.

Fogg enters, Fix following his movements from a discreet distance.

Fogg Here is my passport. Kindly do me the favour to visa it.

He hands the Consul his passport.

Consul You are Mr Phileas Fogg?

Fogg I am.

Consul And you have a servant with you?

Fogg Passepartout. Unfortunately, he's French.

Consul Yes, but he doesn't have a French accent.

Fogg No, he has travelled about a lot. How do you know about his accent?

Consul Never you mind. You are from London?

Fogg Yes.

Consul And you are going...

Fogg To Bombay.

Consul On board...

Fogg The *Mongolia*.

Consul Very good. A visa is not necessary for that journey.

Fogg No, but the visa will prove I came via Suez.

*The **Consul** stamps and signs the passport, then hands it back to **Fogg**.*

***Fogg** exits at a dignified pace; the actor playing **Passepartout** somewhat more hurriedly.*

***Passepartout** enters.*

Fix Excuse me. A word with you.

Passe. Sorry. I am in a bit of a rush. I need to buy socks and shirts. We left with only this bag.

Fix Then let me walk with you. I know an excellent shop for socks and shirts.

Passe. How very kind.

Fix You left London in a hurry then?

Passe. Don't let me miss the steamer.

Fix You have an hour. It's only twelve o'clock.

***Passepartout** pulls out his watch.*

Passe. Twelve o'clock? No. It's ten.

Fix Your watch is slow.

Passe. My watch? An heirloom, passed down from my great-grandfather. It doesn't lose five minutes in a year. It's the perfect timekeeper. Besides I took the care to check it by Big Ben, just before we left.

Fix You must have kept your watch on London time, which is two hours behind that of Suez.

Passe. What?

Fix As we travel around the world the sun appears to rise at different times, depending upon where we are on the globe. The clocks are set accordingly, so that at the same moment it is twelve o'clock here in Suez it is ten o'clock in London. You should reset your watch in each new country.

Passe. Reset my watch? Never.

Fix Then it will not agree with the sun.

Passe. The sun will be wrong then.

Fix You left London in a hurry?

Passe. I should say.

Fix And when did you leave?

Passe. Last Wednesday, the same day as your robbery.

Fix And where are you going?

Passe. Straight ahead.

Fix And is your master...rich?

Passe. I happen to be carrying an enormous sum of freshly minted Bank of England notes here in this bag.

Fix Why does he need so much money?

Passe. Well, I cannot lie, he says –

Fix You cannot lie?

Passe No, I cannot lie.

Pause.

That is the truth.

Fix That could prove rather convenient. So, tell me, why does he need so much money?

Passe. He says we are going around the world in eighty days.

Fix Nonsense! No one goes around the world in eighty days. That, sir, is clearly a lie!

Passe. No, that, monsieur, is clearly the truth.

Fix Pah! *[Aside.]* No doubt – his master is the robber. Weigh up the facts: the implausible excuse for leaving London hurriedly, a large sum of bank notes stuffed in a bag, the exactness with which he matches the description. Most importantly, the sixth sense of the detective. I must handle this carefully. He has, after all, already killed a man, and now he is desperate and on the run. I shall go and see the Consul immediately.

Passe. *[Who has overheard this last sentence.]* You will go and see the Consul immediately?

Fix Exactly.

Passe. Very good.

***Fix** makes for the Consul's Office. The actor playing **Passepartout** races ahead.*

The Consul's Office.

Consul *[Pinging a bell.]* The British Consulate, Suez.

Fix That man must be arrested. He is the gentleman thief who robbed the Bank of England.

Consul Really?

Fix And brutally murdered a guard.

Consul And you are?

Fix Fix.

Consul Fix?

Fix Fix of the Yard.

Consul The Yard?

Fix Scotland Yard.

Consul You don't have a Scot's accent.

Fix No, I've travelled about a lot. I am Fix of the Yard. I have a sixth sense and a mastery of disguise. That man must be arrested.

Consul Are you sure he is your man? He's got a very honest face. Magnificent teeth.

Fix Magnificent teeth. Precisely. What is his name?

Consul I'm afraid I cannot reveal that information.

Fix Then I shall go and ask his servant.

Consul His servant?

Fix Yes. His servant. His servant cannot lie.

Consul Oh dear. Excuse me...

Fix races outside the office. Passepartout is there, just in time.

Fix What is your master's name?

Passe. Mr Phileas Fogg.

Fix Nonsense! No one is called Mr Phileas Fogg. That, sir, is clearly a lie!

Passe. No, that, monsieur, is clearly the truth.

Fix I shall have to go back to the Consul's Office.

Passe. Back to the Consul's Office?

Fix Yes. The Consul's Office.

Passe. Excuse me...

The Consul's Office.

Consul *[Pinging a bell.]* The British Consulate, Suez.

Fix Can you keep that man here until I have a warrant for his arrest?

Consul I'm afraid not. His passport is in order. He even has a visa.

Fix Then send a telegram to London for a warrant to be despatched immediately to... Where did he say he was going?

Consul I'm afraid I cannot reveal that information.

Fix Then I shall ask his servant.

Consul Really?

Fix Yes. Really. His servant cannot lie.

Consul Oh dear. Excuse me...

Fix races outside the office. Passepartout is there, just in time.

Fix Where are you sailing to next?

Passe. Bombay.

Fix Nonsense! No one sails to Bombay. That, sir, is clearly a lie!

Passe. No, that, monsieur, is clearly the truth.

Fix I shall have to go back to the Consul's Office.

Passe. Ah. Excuse me...

The Consul's Office.

Consul *[Pinging a bell.]* The British Consulate, Suez.

Fix A telegram asking for a warrant to be despatched immediately to... to...

Consul Bombay?

Fix Yes, Bombay. Why not? I will follow the rogue, taking passage on board the... What ship did he say he was travelling on?

Consul I'm afraid I cannot reveal that information.

Fix Then I shall ask his servant.

Consul Really?

Fix Yes. Really. His servant...

Consul ... cannot lie. Excuse me...

Fix races outside the office. Passepartout is there, again just in time.

Fix On what ship?

Passe. The *Mongolia*.

Fix Nonsense! No one names a ship...

Passe. ... the *Mongolia*. That, monsieur, is clearly a lie!

Fix No, that, sir, is clearly the truth.

Passe. Aha! The Consul's Office?

Fix The Consul's Office.

The Consul's Office.

Consul [*Pinging a bell.*] The British Consulate, Suez.

Fix I will follow the rogue, taking passage on board the *Mongolia*, and arrest him there, in India, on English ground.

Consul Very good. Will you be speaking to the servant again?

Fix No.

Consul Good. Why not?

Fix You can't believe a word he says.

Passe. Quite.

Fix And he might recognise me. I shall endeavour to keep out of his way.

Consul An excellent plan.

Sequence Four – En Route

We see the Mongolia's journey into the Red Sea and beyond.

Narrator And so we leave Suez on the *Mongolia* for Aden and Bombay, the ship just a fraction lower in the water for the presence of Fix of the Yard and his meagre travelling bag.

Sunday October 20th, and the Indian coast is in sight from the ship.

Fogg Since my departure from London, I have made a gain of two days.

A sign reads 'Days passed – 18'.

Sequence Five – Bombay

The sights, sounds and smells of Bombay assault our senses.

***Fogg**, **Passepartout** and **Fix** step off the ship.*

Fogg Ah, Bombay! I shall go directly to the Consul's Office to obtain a visa, and then have a light dinner. The train for Calcutta leaves at eight. Make sure you are on it.

Passe. Ah, Bombay! I shall go directly to the market to buy fresh shirts and socks, and then explore the wonders of this extraordinary city. The train for Calcutta leaves at eight. I will make sure I am on it.

Fix Ah, Bombay! I shall go directly to the Headquarters of the Bombay Police to collect the warrant, and then arrest this international rogue and his interminable servant. The train for Calcutta leaves at eight. I will make sure they are not on it...

Each goes their separate way.

Bombay is a maze of alleys and back streets, teeming with life and colour. We follow each character's journey through a bewildering kaleidoscope of sights, sounds and smells. We come across each stopping place along the way at the very moment we believe ourselves to be lost.

*We follow **Fogg's** progress.*

The Consul's Office.

Consul *[Pinging a bell.]* The British Consulate, Bombay.

Fogg hands over his passport.

You know that a visa is not required for this journey?

Fogg I do, but require one nonetheless. If you would be so kind as to sign and stamp my passport...

Official Of course.

He does so.

Fogg Is there a good restaurant in Bombay?

Official Local cuisine, sir?

Fogg I should think not.

Official Then the Station Café is very good.

Fogg Excellent.

*We follow **Passepartout's** progress.*

A clothing shop.

Shopkeeper *[Putting two parcels in front of **Passepartout.**]* Socks. Shirts. And to what address would you like these sent, sir?

Passe. I shall be taking them with me. Tell me. What is there of interest to be seen within walking distance of here?

Shopkeeper The Temple on Malebar Hill is particularly striking, but do remember, sir –

Passe. *[Exiting.]* Thank you.

Shopkeeper – to remove your shoes before entering...

*We follow **Fix's** progress.*

The Police Headquarters.

Fix And you're telling me that no warrant has arrived from London.

Sergeant It may come tomorrow...

Fix Tomorrow is too late. The train leaves at eight. He will be on his way to Calcutta by then.

Sergeant Or the day after tomorrow...

Fix Can I arrest this man without a warrant?

Sergeant Impossible.

Fix Take me to the Head of Police.

Sergeant Or even the day after that...

Fix The Head of Police?

Sergeant Of course.

*We return to **Fogg**.*

The Station Restaurant.

Waiter A local speciality, sir. Rabbit stew.

Fogg And is this rabbit?

Waiter Caught this very morning, sir. In the jungle. In a hole. A rabbit hole.

Fogg This rabbit didn't miaow before it was caught?

Waiter A rabbit does not miaow, sir. A rabbit goes... *[A passable rabbit impression.]*

Fogg And does a rabbit have a long tail?

Waiter A rabbit does not have a long tail, sir. A rabbit's tail is... *[He demonstrates.]*

Fogg And does a rabbit creep about on all fours?

Waiter A rabbit does not creep about on all fours, sir. A rabbit... *[He hops around the restaurant.]*

Fogg A rabbit?

Waiter A rabbit.

Fogg In ancient times the cat was considered sacred. Those were the good old days.

Waiter For the cats, sir?

Fogg For the traveller...

Fogg stands to leave.

Waiter But your stew...

Fogg Sorry. I have a train to catch.

*We return to **Passepartout**.*

The Temple on the Malebar Hills.

Passe. The outside of the Temple is indeed magnificent. And as for the interior...

He enters the Temple, without removing his shoes.

... extraordinary.

*An enraged **Priest** stops him.*

Priest You!

Passe. What?

Priest You!

Passe. Me?

Priest Your shoes!

Passe. My what?

Priest Your shoes!

Passe. My shoes?

Priest Take them off!

Passe. What?

Priest Take them off!

Passe. Take what off?

Priest Your shoes!

Passe. I shall not.

Priest You shall.

Passe. I shall not.

Priest Then I shall take them off...

Passe Oh no, you shan't.

Priest Oh yes, I shall.

*The **Priest** swiftly and expertly turns **Passepartout** upside down and removes his shoes.*

Passe. Hey! Stop that.

*The **Priest** growls fiercely, and **Passepartout** makes good his escape, pursued by the **Priest** waving his shoes.*

Sorry. I have a train to catch!

*We return to **Fix**.*