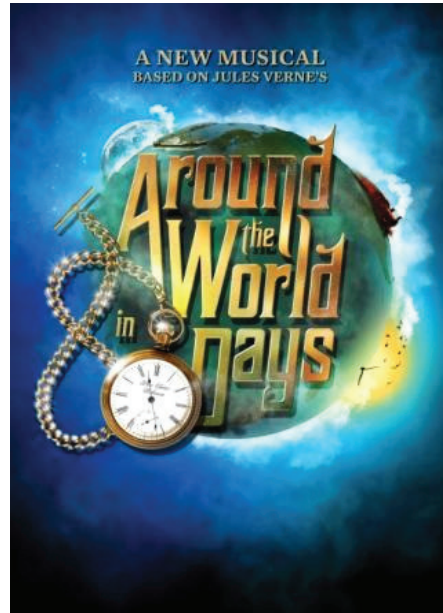


AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS



Book & Lyrics by
Chris Blackwood

Music by
Piers Chater Robinson

Based on the novel by Jules Verne



International Theatre & Music Ltd

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Around the World in Eighty Days

Based on *Around the World in Eighty Days* by Jules Verne

Book and Lyrics by Chris Blackwood

Music by Piers Chater Robinson

Cast

Phileas Fogg

Passepartout

Inspector Fix

Aouda

Members of The Reform Club

Gauthier Ralph (Rafe), Director of The Bank of England /
Brigadier General Sir Francis Cromarty

Andrew Stuart, an engineer / John Bunsby / Captain Speedy

Thomas Flanagan, a brewer / Judge Obadiah / Elder Hitch

John Sullivan, a banker / Mr Oysterpuf / Mudge

Samuel Fallentin, a banker / Colonel Stamp W. Proctor

Mr Carstairs

Forster

Dolly, a maid

Thomas, a butler

Consul

Kim, an Elephant Driver

High Priestess of Kali

Miriam, 1st wife of Elder Hitch

Ruth, 2nd wife of Elder Hitch

Blue Lotus

Reverend Samuel Wilson

Chorus of Butlers and Maids plus miscellaneous no-named characters
which may be played by members of the Ensemble

Musical Numbers

Act I

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Overture | |
| 2. His Name Is Fogg | Carstairs, Passepartout & Cast |
| 3. Around The World In Eighty Days | Fogg, Passepartout & Reform Club |
| 4. I Always Get My Man | Fix & Cast |
| 5. Elephant Song | Fogg, Cromarty, Passepartout,
Kim & Cast |
| 6. The Dragon Tattoo | Blue Lotus & Male Cast |
| 7. All At Sea | Bunsby, Fogg, Fix, Aouda & Cast |

Act II

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Around The World In Eighty Days (Reprise) | Fix & Cast |
| 2. What Do I Know | Aouda |
| 3. Time to Do Some Electin' | Fogg, Proctor, Fix, Aouda & Cast |
| 4. That's Reason To Rejoice | Hitch, Aouda, Passepartout,
& Female Cast |
| 5. Morning Star | Mudge, Fogg & Aouda |
| 6. Stuck With You | Fix & Passepartout |
| 7. Would Have, Could Have, Should Have | Fogg |
| 8. What Do I Know (Reprise) | Fogg, Aouda & Cast |
| 9. Around The World In Eighty Days (Finale) | Cast |

Around the World in Eighty Days

The style of this production allows for theatre groups to cross gender many of the non-singing roles. As it has a very high comic style, female members of a company can play roles such as Captain Speedy, Mr Oysterpuf and Reverend Wilson etc. as 'gentlemen'. It has many roles and can also be presented in a way that is suitable for all groups with a high volume of female members. It is all down to the comic characters they can play. False beards and moustaches will add to the humorous quality of the piece. Bandits, servants, townspeople, natives are all interchangeable regarding speaking roles.

Main Characters and Suggested Doubling

Phileas Fogg	40 years old. The epitome of the British stiff upper lip. Stoic, reserved. Upright and gentlemanly. Politeness embodied. Rational, calm, generous and with complete self-control. Unfazed by anything. Totally centred on one thing – proving that the world can be traversed in eighty days.
Passepartout	30 years old. Wily French valet of Fogg. Acrobatic, physical. Comical. Honest, exudes warmth. Brave. Flamboyant. Excitable and resourceful. He is fiercely loyal to his master.
Inspector Fix	50 years old. Single minded, dyed-in-the-wool old school policeman. East End cockney. Comical in his unshakable belief that Fogg is the robber of the Bank of England. Proud of his reputation as a tenacious man of the law. His motto – I always get my man. Easily frustrated.
Aouda	20 -30 years old. Parsee Indian princess. Educated in England. Demure. Sometimes displays a quiet strength. Beautiful and emotional. Caring, thoughtful and loyal. She grows to love Fogg for his kind heart and care.
Gauthier Ralph	50-60 years old. Pronounced 'Rafe'. Director of the Bank of England. Portly. Old school British. Full of gout, senior member of the club. Proud.
Brig.Gen. Sir Francis Cromarty	50 years old. Gilbert and Sullivan's Major General. Archetypal Upper Class Englishman.
Andrew Stuart	45-55 years old. An engineer. Pessimistic, sneering, slightly slimy. The chief disbeliever. Upper class. Thin and willowy.
John Bunsby	45-55 years old. A salty seadog. The sea is his home. Ravished by sea related accidents. Eye patch, peg leg... you name it, he has it.
Captain Speedy	50 years old. Irascible. Salty sea dog. Red faced and hot tempered.

Thomas Flanagan	45-55 years old. A brewer. Irish. Brawny, red cheeked and strong. Down to earth.
Judge Obadiah	50 years old. Irritable. Thinks he is always in the right. Suspicious of everyone. A little addled.
Elder Hitch	40 years old. High and mighty. A preacher.
John Sullivan	40 years old. A banker. Upper class. Immaculate and precise.
Mr Oysterpuf	35-45 years old. Long suffering clerk of the court. Knows he will always be in the wrong even if he is in the right with Judge Obadiah. Wants an easy life.
Mudge	60 years old. A backwoodsman. Fully bearded and grizzly. Kind hearted.
Samuel Fallentin	40 years old. A banker. Good natured. Down to earth.
Col. Stamp Proctor	40-50 years old. Hell-raising, southern states soldier. Goatee beard. Likes his whiskey. Easily provoked and ferocious. Staunchly true to those he respects.
Mr Carstairs	55 years old. The Head of the Servants' Labour Union. Very Upper class. Upright. The epitome of the manservant.
Forster	35 years old. Mr Fogg's ex-butler. Put upon. A man pushed to his limits. Retains some of his upright demeanour but is a broken man.
Thomas	20 upwards. A butler. Quite upright and upper class.
Dolly	20 upwards. A maid. Cockney and quite cheeky.
Kim	18 upwards. Female. As a young boy. South Asian Indian Elephant driver. He is wily and clever. Becomes loyal to Mr Fogg. Almost a tour guide.
High Priestess of Kali	30 upwards. A fearsome bloodthirsty creature. A banshee.
Miriam	20 upwards. Elder Hitch's First wife
Ruth	20 upwards. Elder Hitch's Second wife
Blue Lotus	30-40. A femme fatale. Beautiful, sexy, alluring. Wicked. Seductress.
Rev. Wilson	Any age. Typical English country vicar.

A World of Adventure - Author's Notes

When starting out on my journey with Jules Verne, I was struck by the notion that, like our protagonist Phileas Fogg, I was setting myself a challenge too. How could I produce a set of larger than life characters and show the constantly changing continents and locations on one stage?

Around the World in 80 Days, with its rich treasure chest of colourful characters and situations, was a novel I had long wanted to adapt as a stage musical. Each time I begin a project, I see it played in my mind's eye; I hear the voices of the characters and see them move like chess pieces across my imaginary stage.

I try to give each show a distinct style but also allow for the creativity of the director and performer. And yes, it is true that I have my own vision of how it should be produced but I am always amazed and delighted at the ingenuity of the companies who choose to stage it. It was for this reason that I took on such an exciting project as Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days*.

I chose to set the piece in something akin to one of the East India Company's warehouses; a company which traded overseas and folded a few years before our story begins. Like our world and the British Empire things were changing. I hoped that a warehouse full of travelling trunks, costume skips, various bric-a-brac would be building blocks enough to create the many countries and transport across the globe. I wanted to create a true ensemble piece where each and every performer would be an indispensable part of the show, creating elephants, sleds, steamships and myriads of other settings and modes of transport right before the eyes of the audience.

I felt it was necessary to keep the playing area moving without scene change and this is why the cast create locations as the show moves swiftly onward on a multi functional set. Clever lighting can be used to delineate many different playing areas, in both space and time. No covering incidentals and clumsy long set changes to slow the pace of the show and only underscore to pick out a few moments for pathos or adventure.

I wanted larger than life characters to fill the stage creating breakneck farcical moments and comedy, though still able to produce softer emotional moments. It should be cheeky, playful and exciting, using physical comedy, and all the ingenious ideas each company can bring to it.

Although the script can be quite specific in its stage directions, it can be as elaborate or as minimal as a company wishes. I am sure that an innovative cast and director can bring out the fun and excitement of creation in a thousand different ways.

In a world where theatre has become able to show the most minute detail using projection and high tech gadgetry, I chose to write something that would remind the audience how to use their imagination. After all, the mind is the most fantastic piece of technology we have.

I hope that this new and exciting piece will inspire you to take risks, be creative and, above all, have fun.

CHRIS BLACKWOOD

MUSIC CUE 1. OVERTURE

Act I

The stage is set to look like a large warehouse full of travelling cases, trunks and crates. Paraphernalia of long forgotten grand tours is dotted around. There is a gantry that runs the length of the stage and steps on either side leading up to it. A rostrum is on the outer sides of each set of steps. All look to be made from crates and packing cases. Behind this whole structure is a cyclorama, which can be seen through the middle opening and above the gantry. Many of the travelling trunks are used to suggest scenes by opening them to reveal a different continent or to build structures such as trains and boats. Central on the gantry is a box which can be sat in and holds the elephant costume. It juts out forward of the gantry structure. Each trunk to be used as a change of scenery can be marked with the country in order to help the actors. There is a large banner hanging which reads 'Around the World in 80 Days' which is removed during the overture. Actors mill about the stage, moving trunks, placing props etc.

The time is 1872. The place is London. As the banner is removed, an officious bank clerk stands on the gantry with a table full of wads of banknotes. He is speaking to a crowd of identically top-hatted and moustachioed gentlemen.

Clerk Gentlemen, you now stand in one of the grand old institutions of Great Britain. Established in 1694, the Bank of England keeps a watchful eye upon the investments of the most successful companies across the globe. *(Drawing the crowd's attention to the front)* As you may have observed, gold, silver and banknotes are freely exposed, so convinced are we by the honesty of our patrons. To prove this, you will see neither a grating nor a guard anywhere throughout this immense hall. Now if you would move through to the main drawing office...

During this speech another identical top-hatted, moustachioed gentleman has climbed the steps on the opposite side of the gantry and has helped himself to the banknotes on the table stuffing them into a carpet bag. As he descends the steps, he drops a wad of banknotes and the clerk stops him from the gantry.

Clerk Stop! *(Waving the money that has been left)* My dear sir, I think these are yours.

The gentleman takes the notes and scurries down the steps, as the rest of the identical gentlemen reach the bottom. He is indistinguishable from the rest. The clerk turns to see the table is empty.

Clerk *(Calling out as he wheels the table offstage)* Mr Fredericks, it's happened again!

A newspaper seller in a sandwich board enters on the gantry. The Sandwich board reads 'Audacious Robbery at the Bank of England'. The gentlemen all stand looking up at the gantry.

Seller Bank of England Robbed! Read all about it! Fifty Five Thousand Pounds stolen! Scotland Yard issues likeness of suspect!

Two Victorian pictures of a top-hatted, moustachioed gentleman appear on either side, hanging from the gantry. As they see the hanging pictures, the gentlemen all turn front.

Gentlemen Good God!

All the men scuttle off as a number of butlers and maids all enter with chairs. Two tear down the hangings and begin to fold them neatly. As the servants have settled, a train porter wheels a large packing trunk onstage. He leaves it centre stage. The packing trunk bursts open and out steps Passepartout, brushing himself off with his handkerchief. He is dressed in a bowler hat, striped morning trousers, a bright yellow waistcoat and a black morning jacket and carries an umbrella. He has a pencil moustache. A very dapper Frenchman.

Passepartout Zut alors! Never trust the public transport of England! *(Hailing a maid)*
Excusez moi, this is the Servants Labour Union?

Dolly It is. Join the queue.

Passepartout Queue? What's that?

Dolly You must be German.

Passepartout *(Appalled)* Mais, non, je suis Français !

Dolly That explains the waistcoat. Take a seat.

Passepartout Where should I take it?

Dolly *(Pushing him into an empty chair)* Sit down. You're not the only servant looking for work, you know.

Passepartout takes a newspaper from his pocket and begins to read it. A flustered butler, Mr Forster, enters with a suitcase.

Forster The man is monstrous! Unbearable! How I kept my position as long as this is miraculous.

Mr Carstairs, the secretary of the Servants Labour Union, enters.

Carstairs Mr Forster, this behaviour is neither seemly nor befitting to a gentleman's gentleman.

Forster My tether is truly at an end, Mr Carstairs. He's barbaric.

Carstairs Mr Forster, kindly moderate your outbursts. Remember you are an Englishman.

Forster Look at me! I'm a shadow of my former self, Mr Carstairs. Tick-tock, tick-tock... everything to the second. That man doesn't need a servant, he needs a metronome. I have left his service, Mr Carstairs. Nothing would entice me back there, Mr Carstairs. *(Exiting)* And further more, Mr Carstairs, I'm joining the French Foreign Legion.

Carstairs *(Turning to the servants)* It seems a position has just this moment become vacant. Step forward if you are searching for employment?

All, including Passepartout, uniformly stand and take one step forward.

Carstairs Very good. The employer is Mr Phileas Fogg.
Everyone takes one step backward and sits. Passepartout is left standing.

Carstairs Congratulations, Mr...

Passepartout Passepartout. Jean Passepartout. At your service.

Carstairs Not at mine, dear sir. At Mr Fogg's.

Passepartout You don't want to see my credentials?

Carstairs I think, for once, we can waive the formalities. Report to him at Number Seven, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens at eleven o'clock precisely and may I extend to you my deepest sympathies.

Passepartout Sympathies? For what? Wait! Who is this Mr Fogg?

MUSIC CUE 2. HIS NAME IS FOGG

Fogg, Carstairs, Passepartout & Servants

Dolly Who is Mr Fogg? Why, the whole of London knows Mr Fogg.

Passepartout I am Parisian

Thomas I'm sorry to hear that. No matter, your survival at his hands is still somewhat dubious.

Carstairs *A gentleman's gentleman should always be aware*
He should blend into the decor like a table or a chair
He should always be unflustered

Servants *Untarnished and discreet*

Carstairs *Though his master be the talk of ev'ry tavern on the street*
There is nothing that can faze him be it tempest, flood or fire

All *We accept there's one exception Mister Phileas Fogg Esquire*

Dolly *Who could decimate a man with just a solitary stare?*

Thomas *Break him in a single moment, fill his soul with deep despair?*

Dolly *Though there's some who'd call him strange or odd*

Thomas *Bizarre or simply quaint*

Servants *He could try the steadfast patience of the saintliest of saint*
His name is Fogg, it's Mr Fogg
So particular, perpendicular Mr Fogg

*Ev'ry duty will be reckoned
By the tick of ev'ry second
He's unnerving, never swerving Mr Fogg*

Thomas *Ev'ry drop of shaving water must always be just so
Heaven help the simple servant if it's one degree below
Everything is right on schedule, not as easy as you think
All his peccadilloes drive an honest man to drink*

Dolly *He'll expect his house in order like the workings of a clock
There's a label on each tie and time of day for ev'ry sock
To math'matical precision, you'll be hounded night and day
Till you'll wish you'd never left the port of jolly old Calais*

Servants *His name is Fogg, it's Mr Fogg
So meticulous it's ridiculous, Mr Fogg
Not a fellow in the borough*

Thomas *Is so galling*

Dolly *Or so thorough*

Servants *So exacting, it's distracting, Mr Fogg.*

Carstairs *(alarmed)* The time, Mr Passepartout! Time is of the essence. Mr Fogg abhors tardiness.

Passepartout looks at his pocket watch and runs across the stage as Fogg enters. Frock-coated and meticulously dressed in top hat and carrying a cane.

Fogg You must be the new servant.

Passepartout Monsieur Ferg.

Fogg *(correcting)* Fogg.

Passepartout *(pronouncing slowly and painstakingly)* Ferrrrrrrg!

Fogg Fogg.

Passepartout Ferrrrrrrrrrrg!

Fogg You are French?

- Passepartout I should hope so or I wouldn't understand a word I say.
- Fogg I trust your references are in order.
- Passepartout *(Taking out his references)* Mais oui, I can turn my hand to anything, monsieur. As you can see, I've been a singer, a fireman, a tightrope walker...
- Fogg *(ignoring and looking at his pocket watch)* You're late. What time do you make it?
- Passepartout *(looking at his pocket watch)* Eleven twenty-two.
- Fogg Your watch is slow.
- Passepartout C'est impossible, monsieur! This is an impeccable timepiece.
- Fogg Nonetheless, it is four minutes slow.
- Passepartout But monsieur...
- Fogg Take note, Passepartout. From this moment onwards, eleven twenty six on the morning the 2nd of October, 1872, you are working for me. Here is your schedule. I shall return from the Reform Club at midnight.

Fogg hands the schedule to Passepartout and walks away. During the next verse, the servants set up the table and chairs of the Reform Club, just in time for Fogg to sit and open his newspaper on the last note.

- Passepartout I've seen waxworks at Madame Tussaud's with more life than my new master. But this will suit me just fine...

(Sung) A quiet life, a normal life

Just the simple peace and quiet with no stress or strife

And the only bit of drama is when someone coughs too loud

Or a slightly funny shape to the occasional passing cloud

I'll be content to trade adventure in

Away from all the noise and din

A little place where tedium is rife

For just a chance of living a simple happy quiet life

It's a life that's so sublime

Everything is right on time

I'll be happy with his schedule

From his breakfast time to bed, you'll

See that everything I do is right on time
I work for Fogg, that's Mr Fogg
Fine upstanding
Servants *But demanding Mr Fogg*
Passepartout *I'll be happy with my duster*
For a life that's so lacklustre
Servants *So fastidious that it's hideous, Mr Fogg*
It's Mr Fogg, that's Mr Fogg
Take a sabbatical, he's fanatical, Mr Fogg
Every servant he will rile'em
Till they're sent to an asylum
Makes you bilious, so punctilious
Damn that Mister Fogg
Makes you bilious, so punctilious
Supercilious Phileas Fogg

As the servants and Passepartout exit, only Fogg is left on stage obscured by his newspaper. The members of the Reform Club enter. Of different shapes and sizes. Gauthier Ralph, a portly short man, Andrew Stuart, a sour faced man, John Sullivan, a tall man, Samuel Fallentin, a short man and Thomas Flanagan, a brawny Irishman.

Flanagan Terrible business at the bank, Ralph.

Ralph Blasted nuisance! £55,000 stolen!

Stuart A pretty penny, I must say. Thief's probably long gone.

Ralph On the contrary, there's no conceivable way the criminal will escape our clutches. We've sent the best detectives in the business all over the world. Every point of entry and exit. He'll never get away with it.

Sullivan Of course he won't. British justice is the best we have in this country.

Ralph Nevertheless, he has robbed the Bank of England blind.

Flanagan He must be a Bank director.

Ralph Excuse me, we don't rob. We take bonuses. It's an entirely different kettle of fish.

Stuart Flippancy aside, the thief is an intelligent man and a man like that will not be caught.

Ralph There isn't a single country he can hide in.

Stuart The world is a big place.

Fogg *(folding his newspaper, methodically)* That used to be true, gentlemen, at present one can traverse the globe in a mere eighty days.

Stuart Eighty days?

Fogg Eighty days! The opening of a new section on the Indian Peninsular Railway has made it entirely possible.

Fallentin Gentlemen, Mr Fogg is entirely correct. It says so in the Morning Chronicle. From London to Suez via the Mont Cenis Tunnel and Brindisi.

Fogg Seven days.

Fallentin Suez to Bombay

Fogg Thirteen days.

Fallentin Bombay to Calcutta

Fogg Three days.

Fallentin Calcutta to Hong Kong

Fogg Thirteen days.

Fallentin Hong Kong to Yokohama

Fogg Six days.

Fallentin Yokohama to San Francisco

Fogg Twenty two days.

Fallentin San Francisco to New York

Fogg Seven days.

Fallentin And from New York to London

Fogg Nine days.

Fallentin Giving you a total of...

Both Eighty days.

Stuart Ah, but this is all conjecture, Fogg! Your whole schedule takes nothing into account. Bad weather, adverse winds, shipwrecks, derailments... Good God, man, it only takes a wet leaf on the line and British transport comes to a halt.

Fogg I have taken into account every such eventuality.

Stuart Heaven knows what sort of drama these foreign johnnies'll come up with. They're savages out there, you know. They'll have your scalp for a tea cosy as soon as look at you. And, when it gets to four o'clock in the afternoon, some of them don't even stop for tea.

All *(mortified)* Good God!

Fogg The whole venture is quite feasible.

Sullivan In theory, Fogg, you may be right... ah, but in practice...

Fogg In practice too.

Stuart I'd like to see you prove it. I'd bet £4,000 that such a journey in eighty days is impossible.

Flanagan By thunder, old man, you have to be joking.

Stuart I never joke where money is concerned.

Fogg I am fully prepared to prove my point.

Stuart When?

Fogg Straight away. I have £20,000 deposited with Baring Brothers and I am quite willing to risk them...

Sullivan £20,000? Twenty thousand that you could lose as a result of an unexpected delay.

Fogg There is no such thing as the unexpected.

Stuart It can't be done.

Fogg I expected you to say that. Gentlemen, I bet my entire £20,000 against anyone that I will traverse the globe in eighty days or less. Do you accept?

MUSIC CUE 3. AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

Fogg, Passepartout & Reform Club

Stuart *It's preposterous*

Sullivan *It's absurd*

Ralph *Quite the most fantastic thing I've ever heard*

Flanagan *But to risk a fortune on a foolish wager...*

Fogg *Never fret.*

Fallentin *It can't be done*

Stuart *By anyone.*

All *I'll take that bet.*

Fogg Very well, Gentlemen, the Dover train leaves at eight forty-five this evening and I shall be on it. I will be back in the drawing room of the Reform Club in precisely eighty days, in other words, 1,920 hours, or if you prefer, 115,200 minutes.

Fogg *Lesser men would call it reckless*
Foolish, rash or simply feckless
Say it's just a joke or passing phase

Reform Club *A passing phase*

Fogg *It can be done, it will be done*
And, yes, my friends, I am the one
To travel round the world in eighty days

Reform Club *In eighty days! No!*

Fogg *An English man will say that's where we differ*
The thought just makes my upper lip get stiffer
By boat, by train, by God, by chaise
I'll make it round the world in eighty days

Reform Club *Around the world in eighty days*
Let's hope that you can parlez-vous a little old francais
Around the world in eighty days
From Brindisi across the sea to Suez then Bombay
The place is going native
The weather's blazing hot

Stuart *And if you're not creative*
You could wind up in a pot

Reform Club *The globe is full of dangers, you could die a thousand ways*
But since you must, I'm sure we trust
You'll get around the world in eighty days

Stuart I went abroad once. Didn't like it. Full of foreigners.

Reform Club *You'll cross a dark and savage land*

Stuart *It's full of snakes and bellyaches*

- Reform Club** *I think you understand*
From old Calcutta's shining sea
It's lucky if that leaky skiff will ever leave the quay
The pirates run their shipping
It's never fun and larks
- Stuart** *Adventure's not so ripping*
When you're torn apart by sharks
- Reform Club** *The globe is full of dangers, you could die a thousand ways*
But since you must, I'm sure we trust
You'll get around the world in eighty days
- Fallentin Next stop, Hong Kong. The Pearl of the Orient.
- Stuart How can anyone say anything bad about the Chinese? Whatever
unspeakable things they eat, they have the good manners to wash it
down with tea.
- Reform Club** *Better get a ticket from Hong Kong Bay*
Navigate the hurricane come what may
You can be the picture of health, old man
If you get to calmer, Yokohama in Japan
- Stuart Nippon! Land of tiny trees and even tinier people.
- Fallentin Now onto San Francisco by steamship.
- Reform Club** *Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light*
A part of our Empire that was but not quite
America's only a heartbeat away
You can tell by the tea that they chucked in the bay
- Ralph I thought that was in Boston.
- Stuart Damned Americans! Know nothing about geography.
- Reform Club** *Who knows what ghastly perils wait*
To trouble you when passing through each horrifying state
And should you cross the great divide
To get to Blighty is a mighty feat to do beside
We're sorry if we're skittish

*But there are certain times
It simply isn't British
To be seen in foreign climes
So save yourself the hardship, bring back the old malaise
Go to Brighton
Go to Hove
Go to Bournemouth
But by Jove
You will never get around the world in eighty days
Never, never eighty days.*

The Reform Club members move up onto the gantry and look down as Fogg walks across the stage.

Fogg Passepartout! *(Pause)* Passepartout!

Passepartout enters, putting on his jacket

Fogg This is the second time I have called you

Passepartout Monsieur, you're back.

Fogg *(with slight sarcasm)* How very observant. Well done.

Passepartout But you said you would return by midnight.

Fogg I trust it hasn't put you out. *(Pause)* Fetch my bag.

Passepartout *(getting his carpet bag)* Is monsieur going somewhere?

Fogg Correction. *We* are going somewhere. Around the world to be precise.

Fogg opens a trunk and takes out a number of wads of banknotes.

Passepartout *(nonchalantly, exiting)* Of course. I will pack at once... *(Sudden understanding, incredulous)* Around the world?

Fogg In eighty days. No time to explain.

Fogg drops the banknotes into the incredulous Passepartout's carpet bag. Passepartout's jaw drops ever wider as the piles are dropped in.

£20,000 should be enough, don't you think?

Passepartout Mon dieu!

Fogg Treat it with care.

Passepartout Like a woman, monsieur.

Fogg A woman?
Passepartout I wouldn't mind getting my hands on it.
Fogg Is that all you French ever think about?
Passepartout Ummm... I sometimes think about wine. Clothes, monsieur?
Fogg We shall buy what we need on the way. Is that everything?
Passepartout It is.
Fogg Then we are on our way.

Steam starts to fill the stage as they walk and the sound of steam trains fill the air. The cast are waving British flags. General hubbub.

Fogg Gentlemen, the time has come. I trust that the various stamps in my passport will suffice as regards the places I have been.
Ralph Not necessary, old man. You are an Englishman and an Englishman is as good as his word.

Fogg Nevertheless, it shall be done.

Stuart Eighty days. That's the wager.

Fogg And not a second later.

Cast
Around the world in eighty days
You'll never get a better bet, it's Britain's latest craze
Around the world in eighty days
He'll inspire the Empire in a hundred thousand ways

Passepartout *I think I've left the gas on*

Fogg *Dear fellow, don't get tense*
If you have left the gas on
It'll burn at your expense

Passepartout *(spoken) Mon Dieu!*

Cast
Pour plaudits on this fellow, he deserves the greatest praise
He can do it, yes he can
He's a true blue Englishman
And he's sure to get around the world in eighty days

Stuart *Never, never, never eighty days*

Fogg *Still I have found*

The prospect's sound

To go around the world in eighty days

Cast *Eighty days...Eighty days...Eighty days...*
Around the world in eighty days.

Fogg and Passepartout step into the steam and are gone as we hear a train whistle and the chug of a steam train. The crowd disperses as Fogg enters, writing in his journal. Passepartout follows.

Fogg Left London, Wednesday 2nd of October, 8.45pm. Arrived Paris,
Thursday 3rd of October, 7.20am.

A Frenchman in a striped shirt, with a string of onions round his neck and wearing a beret passes them wheeling a bicycle.

Passepartout Ah Patee!

Frenchman Bonjour, je suis un français typique.

Fogg Left Paris, Thursday 3rd of October, 8.40am.

Frenchman Au revoir!

Frenchman exits.

Fogg Arrived in Turin, Friday 4th of October, 6.35am

An Italian in national dress enters.

Italian Ciao. You want to buy souvenir from Turin, signor?

Italian holds out what is obviously the Turin Shroud.

Passepartout I'm not buying that. There's a stain on it.

Fogg Left Turin, Friday 4th of October, 7.20am.

Italian Arriverderci!

Italian goes to exit.

Fogg Arrived Brindisi, Saturday 5th of October, 5pm.

Italian turns on his heels.

Italian Ciao, again.

Passepartout Haven't I seen you before?

Italian I have a brother in Turin.

Passepartout Ah.

Fogg Where could we find the steamship Mongolia, my good man?

Italian The Mongolia, signor? It's just coming into dock now.

There is a loud steamer foghorn as a large steamer stove pipe and a ships wheel is brought onto the gantry, two life rings are hung which read SS MONGOLIA. The captain steers. Fogg and Passepartout climb the stairs to the gantry and stand.

Fogg Boarded The Mongolia, Saturday 5th October, 5pm.

Captain Next stop, Suez.

Italian Arriverderci!

MUSIC CUE 4.

The foghorn is heard again. As the lights go down on the gantry and the Italian exits, a couple of Egyptians in fez enter. They pull on a camel on wheels laden down with carpets etc. A uniformed British official enters, swatting himself with a horsehair whip. This is the British Consul. Inspector Fix, a typical cockney policeman type, dastardly moustached, dressed in pith helmet and white suit, enters.

Consul Damn these foreign flies. At least British ones have the etiquette to keep their teeth to themselves. Of all the godforsaken places to be stationed. Suez!

Fix *(to Egyptian)* Boy! Where is the British Consul?

Egyptian *(Pointing)* He's the only one not wearing a fez, effendi.

Fix Good. *(Fix goes to walk and steps into camel dung)* And clean up after that filthy animal. This place is worse than Whitechapel.

As Fix drags his foot behind him, trying to rid himself of the dung, the British Consul watches him.

Consul I know a marvellous doctor who could reset that leg, you know.

Fix Sorry?

Consul Never mind. What can I do for you?

Fix I'm looking for the steamship Mongolia.

Consul *(Sniffing)* Can you smell something... er...funny?

Fix What?

Consul Nothing. The Mongolia, you say? It'll be up the canal in no time. Magnificent canal, this, you know. Cut the time of the trade routes in half...

Fix I ain't got time for a bleedin' history lesson. I'm on the trail of a dangerous bank robber. Pinched 55,000 quid from the bank of England. Brazen, he is.

Consul I vaguely remember seeing something in the Times...

Fix Yeah, well, I'm here to arrest the felon and I believe he's on the Mongolia.

Consul And you are?

Fix Inspector Fix. Scotland Yard. I need a warrant for arrest.

Consul We can't just hand arrest warrants out willy-nilly. It's just not... well... British. If we just started handing out warrants left right and centre for this and that, where would we be? I'll tell you where we'd be... Italy.

Fix I have a description of the man.

Consul You may have a portrait done in oils and signed by the artist, dear fellow, but without notification from the Commissioner of Scotland Yard, a warrant cannot and will not be issued. Simple as that.

Fix At least slow the man down. Detain him 'til I have the warrant.

Consul If his papers are in order, I can do nothing but stamp them and send him on his way.

Fix Bloody red tape!

Consul Of course. It's what makes Britain great. (*Sniffing*) Are you sure you can't smell anything?

Fix I smell felony, sir.

Consul No, that's not it.

Fix That crook is on the Mongolia. I can feel it in my water.

Consul I wish you every success in your endeavours, Mr Fix. Oh, and I'd advise you to stay out of the noonday sun, it sends Englishmen a little loopy, you know.

Consul twitches freakishly and Fix flinches. Consul exits. The Foghorn blows once more and the gantry is illuminated. Fogg gives the passports to Passepartout who descends the stairs.

Fix The Mongolia! And if I'm not mistaken a cargo full of suspects!

Passepartout Excusez moi, could you point me in the direction of the British Consul? I need our passports stamped.

Fix That gentleman I saw you just talking to...

Passepartout My master, yes?

Fix The owner of said passport, is he?

Passepartout He is.

Fix Well, if he wants it stamped with a British visa, he's going to have to prove his identity by presenting himself in person.

- Passepartout He won't be too pleased. He's in a bit of a hurry, you see.
- Fix I bet he is. Left London in a rush, did you?
- Passepartout Like a flash. Last Wednesday Mr Fogg came back from his club and ten minutes later, we were on our way round the world.
- Fix Around the world?
- Passepartout In eighty days.
- Fix Bit of a nutter, is he, your Mr Fogg? Rich is he?
- Passepartout I should say so. Carrying a fortune with him. Fresh banknotes. Doesn't mind spending it either. Promised the chief engineer of The Mongolia a huge bonus if he gets us to Bombay ahead of time. Talking of time, I'd better get back to Mr Fogg.
- Fix You should have a little look round the bazaar. After all, you have plenty of time. It's only midday.
- Passepartout *(Taking out his pocket watch)* Midday? Mais non, it is only nine fifty-two.
- Fix Your watch is slow.
- Passepartout My watch is as accurate as the day it was made.
- Fix You've kept London time which is two hours behind Suez. You need to set your watch to the right time in each country.
- Passepartout Alter my watch? Never. *(Sniffs)* Can you smell something funny?
- Fix Not a thing.
- Passepartout No matter.
- Passepartout turns and goes back up to the gantry, where he delivers the news to Fogg.*
- Fix *(Aside)* I knew it! This Mr Fogg is my man! I can smell villainy a mile off. The whiff of skulduggery is in the air. *(To Egyptian)* Here, boy!
- Fix goes behind the camel with the Egyptian and comes out the other side in a ludicrous beard, kaftan and fez just as Passepartout and Fogg pass on their way to the British Consul, who appears at the other side of the stage.*
- Passepartout I am sorry, monsieur, the man on the quayside told me you had to go in person.
- Fogg No matter, Passepartout, we shall adhere to every rule and regulation just as every Englishman should.
- Passepartout I'm a Frenchman.
- Fogg Try to keep it in check, there's a good man. Come along.

Fix follows them.

Consul Good day to you. You're lucky you caught me. I was just closing up for the afternoon. Doesn't do for a man to be out in this blazing sun at midday. Sends people loopy, you know.

He twitches freakishly. Passepartout flinches as does Fix in his disguise. Fogg maintains his demeanour.

Fogg Not to worry, old man. Just a little matter of a British visa. Could you stamp the old passport?

Consul *(Taking the passport and reads it)* And you are Mr Phileas Fogg?

Fogg I am.

Passepartout He is.

Consul And this is your manservant, Passepartout?

Fogg He is.

Passepartout I am.

Fogg We've just come from London and we're on our way to Bombay.

Consul Very well. Can you smell something funny?

Passepartout eyes up the disguised Fix, who looks elsewhere.

Fogg Not at all.

Consul Ah, must be the sun.

The Consul twitches freakishly. Fix and Passepartout flinch. Fogg maintains his demeanour.

Consul You are aware that visa formalities are unnecessary and that passports need not be shown?

Fogg I am. I just need proof that I have been through Suez.

Consul Fair enough.

The Consul stamps the visa. Fogg takes it and he and Passepartout make their way to the gantry once more.

Consul *(waving)* Enjoy Bombay. Don't drink the water.

Fix *(tearing off his disguise)* You see?

Consul Oh, very good, Mr Fix. Fooled me completely.

Fix Not the disguise, that Fogg fellow. He fits the description of the thief exactly. I'll get to the bottom of this. That loose lipped Frenchy's bound to let something slip given the right push. Send a telegram to London with an urgent request for an arrest warrant.

Consul And you?

Fix I'll get on board their boat and follow the thief to India, and when we're in British territory, in Bombay, I'll go up to him calmly, warrant in me hand and say politely, 'You're nicked!' How long do I have before the Mongolia sets sail?

Consul You have just enough time to sing a short but insightful song about villainy.

Fix Good.

MUSIC CUE 5. I ALWAYS GET MY MAN

Fix and Cast

Fix *I've always lived me life by the book
Every chance I've had has been took
I remember when me father said 'Life brings its own reward'
Which really was ironic 'cos they locked him up for fraud
Me mother wept and beat her chest and cried 'He should be free'
But I had gone and dobbed him in 'cos honesty's my policy
Whenever I feel reflective
I'm glad I'm a great detective
So felons beware, I'll always be there
I'm famous for always getting my man
So give me some dark skulduggery
Filled with a pinch of muggery
Haven't a care, I'm floating on air
I'm famous for always getting my man
Some blokes are happy with their literature and arts
I'm never happy less there's piles and piles of body parts
Whenever I'm bored and listless
There's some bloke who's killed his mistress
I'll put him away to cheer up my day
I'm famous for always getting my man
When there is a death in Venice or
Anything crammed with menace or*

*Lecherous fling, I'll make them swing
I'm famous for always getting my man
I find adventure gripping
No more than when Jack was ripping
A murderous spree just fills me with glee
I'm famous for always getting my man
I'll unearth the clues on any crime that's there
I love digging up the dirt as much as Burke and Hare
If there is a crime I'm handle-ing
Murder or maim or mangle-ing
Take it from me, I guarantee
I'm famous for always getting my man*

*I like the strain of busily
Dissecting something grisly
Just take a look, I'll find that crook
I'm famous for always getting my man
I'm grateful to get saluted
When someone is executed
I'm happy to serve what they deserve
I'm famous for always getting my man
Some blokes like to study poetry and at flowers
I can study bloody guts for hours and hours and hours
When Sherlock begins deducting
I easily find I'm sucked in
To robb'ries galore, who's keeping score?
I'm famous for always getting my...
Famous for always getting my...
Famous for always getting my man*

Fix

(to Consul) How am I for time?

Consul Just enough for a big finish.

Fix Then Mr Fogg, you have found your match. One more time...

Fix *Just hereabout these premises*
This bloke has found his nemesis
Inspector Fix

Consul *Biggest of dicks*

Fix *I'm famous for always getting my man*
Don't want to be dramatic
But honestly I'm ecstatic
With Fogg in my sight I'm awash with delight
I always get my man
I'll foil his evil plan
I'll catch as no one can
'Cos I'm famous for getting my man

Chorus *He always gets his man*

Fix *My man*

Chorus *He always gets his man*

Fix *My man*

Chorus *He always gets his man*

Fix *My man*
I always get my man

MUSIC CUE 6.

The Mongolia's foghorn is heard and Fix runs up onto the gantry as the chorus waves off the ship. The Reform Club members enter with the Times newspapers up in front of them.

Ralph The newspapers are full of this wager. There are bets being taken all over London. Seems people will do anything for money.

Stuart There is only one honest way to make money. The way I did - inherit it.

Sullivan The City is going mad with the news. Fogg has left Suez already. They'll be well on their way to Bombay by now.

They carry on reading their newspapers as a light comes up on the gantry. Fix is standing looking out over the sea. Passepartout walks past and spies him.

Passepartout Ah, monsieur, it is you!

Fix So it is. You still travelling with that mad Englishman?

Passepartout I am. Very good to see you again, monsieur...

Fix Fix.

Passepartout Monsieur Fix. Have you made this trip before?

Fix Ah... well... yes... er... I work for P&O.

Passepartout So you must know India.

Fix Like the back of my hand. Full of exotic beasts and dusky maidens with great, big ... beauty.

Passepartout Let's hope I have time to look around.

Fix Still in a hurry then? Where's your Mr Fogg? I never see him on deck.

Passepartout Mr Fogg thinks the landscape gets in the way of his journey. He spends most of his time playing whist with the other passengers. For me, travel expands the mind.

Fix That presupposes you have one in the first place.

Passepartout Can you smell something funny?

Fix Must be the sea air.

Lights down on the gantry, back to the reform club except Ralph.

Sullivan I see that Lord Albermarle has bet £5,000 on Fogg winning his wager.

Stuart He should keep his money, Fogg'll never do it.

Flanagan That's not what the Times says. Says he's arrived in Bombay two days ahead of schedule.

Stuart That's impossible.

Flanagan It's the British Press; it must be true.

Stuart Bombay already! Damn that man!

MUSIC CUE 7.

Lights up on gantry where Fogg and Passepartout disembark. There are Indian natives and priests in various places on the stage. A bustle of an Indian city. Fix watches intently from the gantry as they walk away.

Fogg *(Looking at his watch)* It is now precisely four thirty. The train for Calcutta leaves at exactly eight o'clock. You have the list of items you need to buy.

Passepartout I do, monsieur.

Fogg And I do not need to emphasise how important it is to be at the station on the dot.

Passepartout No, monsieur.

Fogg Very well. I shall go directly to the passport office.

Passepartout Will you not be taking in the sights? The temples? The ruins?

Fogg We have ruins in England. I can see a better class of rubble at home.

Fogg exits. Passepartout looks about him. A snake charmer starts to play his flute and a snake arises from his basket. Passepartout watches in fascination then takes out a scissors and snips the wire that attaches the snake to the flute. Passepartout exits.

MUSIC CUE 7 FADES

Fix disembarks and taps on the wall of packing cases. A door opens in the wall just enough for head and shoulders to pop out. The native who pops his head out is wearing a turban.

Fix Is this the Bombay Police Headquarters?

Native It is.

Fix I need to see the Chief.

Native One moment, sahib.

The native disappears and comes back wearing a policeman's helmet.

Fix Are you the Chief of Police?

Native I am

Fix You look exactly like that other bloke.

Native You just can't get the staff nowadays. Now what is it you want?

Fix I am Inspector Fix and I believe you have a warrant here for the arrest of a dangerous bank robber. It was sent from London.

Native No warrant.

The native slams the door. Fix taps it again. Native opens it in a turban.

Fix I need a warrant.

Native One moment, sahib.

The native disappears and comes back wearing a policeman's helmet.

Fix Oh, this is just barmy.

Native You again. There is no warrant here.

Fix Then issue one. We're talking about a hardened criminal here.

Native British law has its precedents and this is not one of them. Now get away from here before you feel the wrong end of my truncheon!

The door is slammed once more.

Fix Damn! There's nothing for it but to keep this blasted Fogg in my sights until the warrant arrives.

Fogg passes by with the carpet bag and Fix follows him at a distance. They exit. The Indian crowds disperse as two large doors open in the wall. Two Indian priests enter and go to their knees, chanting. They face down, arms outstretched. Passepartout enters.

Passepartout Ah, what a day! If this journey ended right here I could die happy. Each temple more magnifique than the last!

The two priests come up on their knees and once more face down, arms outstretched. Passepartout watches them.

Passepartout Well, when in Rome...

Passepartout goes to his knees chanting. As he goes face down, arms outstretched, the two priests come up. He comes up, they go down. This happens a number of times with Passepartout trying to get into synch. As Passepartout goes down, the priests look to his feet, look to each other and then, grabbing an ankle each, pull Passepartout up into a handstand.

Priest #1 These are shoes.

Passepartout They are, though they're of more use the other way up.

Priest#2 You desecrate our temple with your filthy shoes!

Passepartout How dare you! They're freshly cleaned this morning.

Priest#1 Sacrilege! You are an animal!

The priests take off his shoes. Passepartout tries to get upright but they beat him down with his own shoes and shout at him.

Passepartout Wait! Ow! Wait! I thought you were supposed to be pacifists.

Priest#2 In your case, we'll make an exception.

MUSIC CUE 8.

He gets up and they chase him out of the temple. The doors close. As the stage crowds with Indian street sellers, Passepartout runs across it, followed by the priests in pursuit. They exit. There is a pause and Passepartout runs on again, this time he grabs some brightly coloured material from a vendor. He wraps himself up in it, until he resembles an Indian woman in a sari. The priests run on, stop and look puzzled. Passepartout taps one and points off. The priest thanks him, stepping on the end of the sari and as Passepartout tries to walk off, he spins out of the cloth, leaving him exposed. The Priests see this and the pursuit continues, chasing him offstage. Indian porters bring on two large trunks which are left standing upright. They open the two large doors in the back wall. Fogg enters

followed by Fix. Fogg stops and looks at his watch. Fix hides behind one of the trunks, taking notes in his notepad.

MUSIC CUE 8 ENDS

Fogg The train leaves in precisely two minutes.

Fix *(aside)* Look at him! Not a care in the world. That's the trouble with gentlemen thieves. Ain't got no decorum.

Passepartout *(Entering out of breath)* Monsieur... my shoes... the temple... priests... *(He mimes being beaten with sticks and running, dressing as a woman etc)*

Fogg watches Passepartout silently. Fix scribbles furiously in his pad.

Passepartout *(Wagging his bare feet)* They took my shoes, monsieur.

Fogg This is no time for charades, Passepartout. We have a train to catch.

They exit through the doors at the back. As steam starts to flow through the doors, Fix comes out of his hiding place.

Fix A crime committed on Indian soil! Aha! I've got my man.

Priest#1 *(Running on with the other priests)* We have lost the infidel!

Fix *(Stopping them)* Not necessarily, gentlemen. The British government looks upon this sort of thing very seriously. Infidels in your temple? If you let this go, the place will be streaming with American tourists before you can say Bangalore. Come with me, I have a cunning plan.

They exit as three Indian porters place the trunks flat on the ground representing a railway carriage. Sir Francis Cromarty enters, a typical British brigadier-general in traditional red tunic and white pith helmet. He sits and starts to read his newspaper. The steam train whistle is heard and the train moves off. Passepartout and Fogg enter and sit across from him. Passepartout looks out of the window at the passing scenery, as they jog about experiencing the bumps of the train as it makes its journey. Cromarty lowers his newspaper and looks at Fogg as he writes in his journal.

Cromarty By Jove, if it isn't Mr Fogg! I never forget a face!

Fogg *(Looking up)* Hmm?

Cromarty Brigadier-General Sir Francis Cromarty. Played whist with you on board the Mongolia. An admirable opponent, I must say.

Fogg Of course. Rejoining your troops?

Cromarty Benares bound. Still making good time on your wager?

Fogg So far, Sir Francis.

Fogg goes back to writing in his journal.

Cromarty Marvellous place India. Got everything. Statues, kedgerree, cricket. If it wasn't for malaria, you'd think you were in Surrey. What time do you make it?

Passepartout (*Looking at his pocket watch*) Three o'clock in the morning, Sir Francis.

Cromarty Poppycock! You're four hours slow. You're set to London time. You need to set your watch in every destination.

Passepartout (*shocked*) I never touch my timepiece, Sir Francis.

Cromarty Suit yourself. (*To Fogg*) Devilishly stubborn fellow, your man, Fogg.

Fogg Sorry, I was miles away. Working out our travel time so far.

Cromarty Quite so. Train seems to be slowing. Never a great lover of the railways, myself. They just encourage common people to travel about needlessly.

A train conductor appears.

Cromarty Has the train stopped?

Conductor No more track.

Cromarty No more track? What do you mean, no more track?

Conductor Train has nowhere to go. End of line.

Fogg The Times said that this line ran from Bombay to Calcutta.

Conductor Never trust a newspaper's sources, sahib. The other passengers know about it, sahib, and have made prior arrangements to travel the fifty miles between here and where the train line begins again in Allahabad.

Cromarty Hellfire! Fifty of the darkest savage miles India has to offer! Dash it all, this is ludicrous!

Fogg Not at all, Sir Francis, there is always a way. (*beat*) Passepartout, go and find some means of transport.

Conductor Most of the alternatives have already been booked, sahib.

Fogg Then we shall have to be creative.

Passepartout exits. The steam is clearing as Fogg and Cromarty steps forward. The train conductor blows his whistle and three Indian porters take off the trunks the passengers have been sitting on.

Cromarty This delay is extremely prejudicial to your interests, eh, Fogg?

Fogg By no means, Sir Francis. I knew unforeseen circumstances would arise. I have two spare days at my disposal. The steamer to Hong Kong leaves Calcutta at midday on the 25th. Today is the 22nd and I have no doubt that we shall reach Calcutta on time.

Passepartout enters.

Passepartout Monsieur, there is nothing.

Fogg Nothing?

Passepartout Well, when I say nothing, there may have been something.

Fogg Show me.

The pile of what seemed to be tarpaulin tied with ropes in the box on the gantry is dropped from it by Kim, an Indian elephant driver. As it is attached to the box, the tarpaulin is magically transformed into an elephant complete with legs, tail and ears. Two Indian natives step behind it and place their feet into the legs of the tarpaulin elephant, manipulating the tail and the trunk. Kim comes down the steps as the travellers approach.

Cromarty By George, an elephant!

Fogg Splendid, Passepartout. We must speak with the owner.

Cromarty Allow me, Fogg. I've spent most of my life in India. I can safely say that I know as much about the customs and character of this place as any native.

Cromarty turns to Kim and speaks loudly, slowly and over enunciated.

Cromarty WE – WANT – TO – HIRE- YOUR – ELEPHANT!

Kim This is as high as he gets, Sahib.

Cromarty (To Fogg) HE – SAYS ...

Fogg I think I've got the gist.

Cromarty (To Kim) HE – SAYS...

Fogg I think I can take it from here, Sir Francis. Look here, fellow, I'd like to rent your elephant.

Kim Not for rent. Kiouni is a very special animal, Sahib. He is a pedigree. His father is a Steinway piano and his mother is an umbrella stand in the palace of Queen Victoria.

Cromarty/Fogg (saluting) God Bless her!

Kim Kiouni has been bred for war.

Fogg Then I would like to buy him.

Kim Are you starting a war?

The elephant takes off Passepartout's hat with his trunk. Passepartout jumps to grab it but the elephant holds it out of his reach.

Fogg One thousand pounds!

Kim No, I could not part with such a noble beast for a sum like that.