

SEYMOUR:

The Columbia Broadcasting System presents the Mercury Theatre on the Air!

MXF

SEYMOUR:

Ladies and gentlemen, the star and director of the Mercury Theatre, Orson Welles!

WELLES:

Good evening. On Thursday July 14th, at 2:29 in the afternoon, aviator Howard Hughes set his big, twin-motored monoplane "World's Fair 1939" down at Floyd Bennett Field for a new record in round-the-world flying. From take-off to landing, the trip of almost fifteen thousand miles took just three days, nineteen hours and seventeen minutes. That was about three months ago. But back in the 1870's, so Jules Verne tells us, a group of English gentlemen made a wager on what they were confident was a sure thing. Their club-mate, Phileas Fogg, had the fantastic notion that a man, traveling from West to East, could get around the world in eighty days. His attempts, as I think you'll agree, remain, at the least, more incredible than Mr. Hughes achievement-

SEYMOUR:

And that's the story of adventure and break-neck speed that Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre On The Air bring to life for us tonight! Jules Verne's "Around The World In 80 Days" with Orson Welles as Phileas Fogg!

MXF

FOGG:

My name is Phileas Fogg-

PASSEPARTOUT:

Oui, Monsieur

FOGG:

I will tell you of my personal habits and what I require of a servant

PASSEPARTOUT:

Oui, Monsieur

FOGG:

-I am a man of simple tastes, without relatives or family. I have my tea and toast at twenty-three minutes after eight, my shaving water at thirty-seven minutes after nine. I dress at twenty-seven minutes after ten. At twelve o'clock you will serve me my lunch consisting of a boiled fish with Redding sauce of the finest quality, a slice of roast beef, garnished with mushrooms, a rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and a piece of cheddar cheese. The whole washed down with two cups of tea. With my lunch I read The London Times. At a quarter-to-four, you will bring me The Evening Standard. At five minutes to six, you will bring me my hat and cane; I dine at The Reform Club. At midnight, you will serve me a glass of ale, and a chicken sandwich-

PASSEPARTOUT:

Oui, Monsieur

FOGG:

-You see that the duties of my servant are not arduous. My present servant has been with me for four years. I've been forced to dismiss him; he brought me my shaving water this morning at a temperature of eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six. That is an unpardonable offense. Do you understand?

PASSEPARTOUT:

Oui, Monsieur.

FOGG:

You are a Frenchman, and your name is John-

PASSEPARTOUT:

-Jean, if does not displease monsieur. Jean Passepartout. To be frank, I have had several trades. I have been a traveling singer, a circus-rider, a vaulter like Leotard, a dancer on a rope like Blondin. I have been a professor of gymnastics and I was sergeant fireman at Paris. I have all in my papers notes of remarkable fires. Now wishing to settle down, and having learned that Monsieur Phileas Fogg is the most exact and most settled gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have presented myself to monsieur in the hope of living tranquilly with him.

FOGG:

You are well recommended to me. You understand my conditions?

PASSEPARTOUT:

Yes, sir.

FOGG:

What time have you?

PASSEPARTOUT:

Fifty-two minutes after five.

FOGG:

Hm. That is a fine large silver watch you have, but it is slow-

PASSEPARTOUT:

Pardon, monsieur, but that is impossible-

FOGG:

-You are four minutes slow. It does not matter; it suffices to note the difference. That from this moment, fifty-six minutes after five o'clock, p.m., Wednesday, October 2nd, 1872, you are in my service. And now, bring me my hat and cane. It is time for me to get to my club!

MFX

NEWSBOY:

Extry! Extry! Robbery!! Read all about the robbery of The Bank Of England!!! Fifty-five thousand pounds stolen by daylight? read all about the big robbery? Paper!! Extry!!!

SFX:

GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMING (6 CHIMES)

STUART:

Your deal, Mr. Fogg-

FOGG:

Hm. It's a heart

FALLENTIN:

-My lead, I believe.

FOGG:

And my trick-

FLANAGAN:

(reading) -"Fifty-five thousand pounds" (to the group) Hm. That's a lot of money. As one of the directors of The Bank Of England, what about it Mr. Stuart-

FALLENTIN:

The bank will write that off as a total loss, I suppose

STUART:

-I believe, on the contrary we shall quite soon, put our hands on the thief. Detectives? the most skillful in the world! They're being sent to America and the continent, to all the principal ports; it's very difficult for the man to escape. (getting back to the game) Queen of Spades? my trick, I think.

FLANAGAN:

Have you a description of the thief?

STUART:

He is not a thief

FALLENTIN:

(incredulous) -What? Not a thief? the man extracted fifty-five thousand pounds in banknotes- in broad daylight- from the paying room of The Bank Of England-

STUART:

Ten of hearts. (back to the subject at hand) I don't think so

FOGG:

I trump you. The Morning Chronicle assures us he is a gentleman

STUART:

-At the actual moment that the packet of banknotes was stolen, our cashier was occupied in registering a receipt for three shillings and sixpence. His eyes couldn't be everywhere, but he had, through all that time noticed a well-dressed gentleman of good manners, and distinguished air, going in and out of the paying room. We have a very accurate description of him-

FALLENTIN:

-I still believe that the chances are in favor of the thief, who seems to be a very skillful and determined fellow -

STUART:

-There's no single country in the world in which he can take refuge!

FALLENTIN:  
Nonsense-

STUART:  
-Where, do you suppose he might go?

FALLENTIN:  
Oh, I don't know about that. After all, the world is big enough.

FOGG:  
It was once upon a time. (to FLANAGAN) Your turn to cut, sir.

FLANAGAN:  
How 'once upon a time'? Has the world grown smaller by any chance?

STUART:  
No doubt! I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world has grown smaller, since we can go round it today in ten times quicker than we could a hundred years ago. And in this robbery case will make the search more rapid-

FLANAGAN:  
-And make the escape of the thief easier, too.

FOGG:  
Your lead, Mr. Stuart? diamonds or trumps?

FALLENTIN:  
Just because it's possible now to go around the world in three months-

FOGG:  
In eighty days, sir. Since the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, has opened it's new section between Osaga and Allahabad, one can go around the world in eighty days. I have here a calculation made by the Morning Chronicle: From London to Suez by rail and steamer 7 days. Suez to Bombay, steamer- 13 days. Bombay to Calcutta, rail- 3 days. Calcutta to Hong Kong, steamer-13 days. Hong Kong to Yokohama, steamer- 6 days. Yokohama to San Francisco, steamer- 22 days. San Francisco to New York, rail- 7 days. New York to London, steamer and rail- 9 days. Total- 80 days.

FLANAGAN:  
Yes, that makes eighty days; it doesn't include bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, railroad accidents, and such-

FOGG:  
It includes everything

FALLENTIN:  
Even if the Hindus or the Indians tear up the rails, or they stop the trains, plunder the cars, and scalp the passengers-

FOGG:  
It includes everything? Two trumps

FLANAGAN:  
Theoretically, you are right, Mr. Fogg, but practically

FOGG:  
Practically also, Mr. Flanagan

FLANAGAN:  
I'd like very much to see you do it

FOGG:  
It depends only on you. Let us start together

FLANAGAN:  
Heaven forbid, Mr. Fogg! I would willingly wager? four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible

FOGG:  
On the contrary, it is quite possible

FLANAGAN:  
-Well, do it, then!

FOGG:  
Go around the world in eighty days

FLANAGAN:  
Yes

FOGG:  
I am willing

FLANAGAN:  
When

FOGG:  
At once. Only I warn you, Mr. Flanagan, I shall do it at your expense

STUART:  
Gentlemen, this is folly! Let's continue with our game. Your lead Mr. Fogg

FOGG:  
-Deal again, please. There's a mis-deal-

FLANAGAN:  
Mr. Fogg? I'm taking you up! I wager four thousand pounds

FALLENTIN:  
My dear Flanagan, you're not serious, are you

FLANAGAN:  
-When I use the word "wager", it is always serious.

FOGG:  
Very well. I have twenty thousand pounds deposited with Baring Brothers. I'm willing to risk them-

FALLENTIN:  
Twenty thousand pounds! Twenty thousand pounds, when the slightest unforeseen delay would make you lose

FOGG:

-The unforeseen does not exist.

FALLENTIN:

But, Mr. Fogg, this period of eighty days is calculated only as a minimum-

FOGG:

-A minimum, well-employed, is always sufficient-

STUART:

-It means you must jump mathematically from the trains into the steamers, and from the steamers onto the trains.

FOGG:

I shall jump? mathematically-

STUART:

You are joking

FOGG:

-A true Englishman never jokes when so serious a matter as a wager is in question. Gentleman, I bet twenty thousand pounds against who-will that I will go around the world in eighty days or less; that is, in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or one hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred minutes. Do you accept?

ALL ACCEPT:

FOGG:

Very well. The Dover boat starts at eight forty-five. I shall take it.

FLANAGAN:

This very evening-

FOGG:

-This very evening. As today is Wednesday, the 2nd of October, I shall be due in London in this very card room of the Reform Club, pell mell, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at eight forty-five p.m. In default of which the twenty thousand pounds, at present deposited to my credit with Baring Brothers, will be yours gentlemen? in fact and in right. Here is a check. A check for the full amount.

FALLENTIN:

Mr. Fogg? If you are taking the eight-forty five train for Dover, would not like to stop the game now, and make your preparations-

FOGG:

-I am always prepared, sir. (back to the game) Diamonds are trumps. Your lead, Mr. Flanagan.

MFX

FOGG:

(calling out off mike) Passepartout! (beat) Passepartout!

PASSEPARTOUT:

(from off mike) Oui Monsieur!

FOGG:

Passepartout, it is the second time that I have called you.

PASSEPARTOUT:

But it is not midnight, Monsieur! I do not expect you-

FOGG:

-I know it? and I do not find fault with you. Prepare yourself. We leave in ten minutes. No trunks are necessary; only a carpetbag. In it two woolen shirts and three pairs of stockings; the same for you. We will purchase on the way. You may bring down my mackintosh and traveling-cloak, also stout shoes, although we will walk but little or not at all. Also, take this bag and take good care of it! There are twenty thousand pounds in it-

PASSEPARTOUT:

But

FOGG:

-Yes?

PASSEPARTOUT:

Monsieur is thinking of leaving home?

FOGG:

Yes, Passepartout? we are going around the world.

MFX

FOGG:

Dover. It is now eleven twenty-two. We've gained forty seconds already-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(crying out, very upset) -Monsieur!

FOGG:

Yes?

PASSEPARTOUT:

Monsieur, I just remembered a terrible thing-

FOGG:

-Yes, what is it?

PASSEPARTOUT:

In my haste, monsieur, in my disturbed state of mind- I have forgot- mon dieu-

FOGG:

-Forgot what?

PASSEPARTOUT:

To turn off the gas in the kitchen? it will burn!!

FOGG:

For nineteen hundred and twenty hours- a gross piece of negligence, which will be charged against your wages. At the rate of two and one-half cubic

feet per hour, and three farthings per cubic foot, on the day of our return you will owe me exactly three shillings and ten pence farthing!

MFX

STUART:

(narrating) From the saloon of the Reform Club, our bet didn't take long to find it's way into the press. It was widely discussed and criticized. Some took sides with Phileas Fogg; the majority declared him a visionary. The Times, The Standard, The Evening Star, The Morning Chronicle, and eight other papers of large circulation declared against Mr. Fogg; the Daily Telegraph alone came out in his favor. Enormous bets were made for or against him at Lloyd's, and among private individuals. Bonds were issued, and were immediately issued on the London Stock Exchange. For two days the market in Phileas Fogg was firm, above par. Enormous transactions were made! Five days after his departure, a long article appeared in the bulletin of the Royal Geographical Society. It treated the question from all points of view, and demonstrated, clearly, the folly of the enterprise. The article made a great sensation! "Phileas Fogg" declined. Buyers were scarce: The odds against him rose, from five and ten-to-one, to twenty-to-one! Fifty! Finally a hundred-to-one! At nine o'clock, on the ninth of October, a telegraphic dispatch arrived in London?

SFX:

TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(narrating telegram) Suez to London. Rowan, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard:: I have the bank robber, Phileas Fogg. Send with out delay warrant of arrest to Bombay, British India. Detailed report follows by mail. Am following him. Fix, Detective.

MFX

FOGG:

(narrating) Left London Wednesday October 2nd, 18:45, pm. Left Paris, Thursday October 3rd, 8:40am. Arrived Turan, Friday October 4th, 6:35am. Left Turan, Friday, 7:20am. Arrived Brindisi, Saturday October 5th, 4am. Boarded "Mongolia", Saturday 5pm. Arrived in Suez, Wednesday October 9th, 11am. Two hours gained.

MFX

SFX:

DOOR KNOCKS/OPEN/CLOSE

FIX:

(rushing up to mike) His Majesty's Consul! Are you His Majesty's Consul?

CONSUL:

I am-

FIX:

(speaking rapidly) -My name is Fix. Detective of Scotland Yard, covering the port of Suez.



CONSUL:  
Well Mr. Fix-

FIX:  
(speaking rapidly) -Mr. Consul, I have strong reason for believing that the man who robbed the Bank Of England of fifty-five thousand pounds has taken passage aboard the Mongolia!

CONSUL:  
Indeed, Mr. Fix-

FIX:  
(speaking rapidly) -A Frenchman came up to me on the pier with a passport, which his master decided to have visa-ed. The description on this passport is identical to that? which we received at the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police! I told him that his master must present himself in person at your office to establish his identity-

CONSUL:  
I shall be interested to see. That was a heavy robbery

FIX:  
-A magnificent robbery; fifty-five thousand pounds! And one-fifth of the money recovered for the man who apprehends him!!

CONSUL:  
Mr. Fix, I earnestly hope you are right; but from a mere cable description do you not fear you are mistaken? That this might be an honest man after all?

FIX:  
(in a conceited way) Mr. Consul, great robbers always resemble honest people. Honest faces are the very one that must be unmasked. It is a difficult task; to solve such mysteries is not a trade so much as an art! We detectives feel these people, rather than know them.: : CONSUL: If the man is what you suppose, I doubt he will present himself at my office. A robber does not like to leave behind him the tracks of his passage-

FIX:  
Mr. Consul, if he is a shrewd man, as I think? he will come

CONSUL:  
-To have his passport visa-ed-

FIX:  
-Yes. Passports serve only to incommode honest people, and to aid the flight of rogues. I promise you that his passport will be in perfect order; but I hope you will not visa it.

CONSUL:  
And why not? If his passport is regular, I have no right to refuse my visa-

FIX:  
-But Mr. Consul, I must detain this man until I have received from London a warrant for his arrest.

CONSUL:

You have no proof, Mr. Fix-

FIX:

-Mr. Consul, you know who I am. You know I represent Scotland Yard. Do you think I would detain? an innocent man? I am asking you to help me capture a man who has stolen fifty-five thousand pounds-

CONSUL:

-That, Mr. Fix, is your business. But I-I cannot, as Her Majesty's Consul, legally-

SFX:

DOOR KNOCK/OPEN/CLOSE

CONSUL:

-Er? come in.

FOGG:

(coming up to mike) You are the consul, sir?

CONSUL:

I am-

FOGG:

(at mike) -Here's my passport. May I ask you to visa it?

CONSUL:

(reading) You are-You are "Phileas Fogg, esquire"-

FOGG:

-Yes, sir.

CONSUL:

This man is your servant-

FOGG:

-Yes, a Frenchman named Passepartout.

CONSUL:

You come from London-

FOGG:

-Yes.

CONSUL:

And you are going-

FOGG:

-To Bombay.

CONSUL:

Well sir, you know this formality of a visa is useless, and that we no longer require the presentation of a passport-

FOGG:

-I know it, sir, but I wish to prove, by your visa, that my trip to Suez.

CONSUL:

Er- very well, sir. Here it is.

SFX:

PASSPORT BEING STAMPED

FOGG:

(going off mike) I thank you sir. Good day!

SFX:

DOOR OPENS/CLOSES

FIX:

Now will you admit, Mr. Consul, that this phlegmatic gentleman resembles, feature for feature, the robber whose description I have received?

CONSUL:

I-I agree with you; but you know that all descriptions-

FIX:

-I have a clear conscience in the matter! Since you will not help, I will take other steps. His servant seems to me less mysterious than the master; moreover, he's a Frenchman, who cannot keep from talking! I shall not let him out of my sight. I shall follow them to the ports; I shall follow them to Bombay; if necessary, I shall follow them around the world!!!

MXF

SFX:

TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX (narrating telegram) Suez to London, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard. I have bankrobber, Phileas Fogg. Send without delay, warrant for arrest. Bombay. Fix, detective.

SFX:

SHIP'S FOGHORN BLAST/STEAMSHIP SOUNDS

FIX (narrating telegram) From Suez to Bombay, voyage uneventful. Fogg leaves his cabin only to play whist. Plays thirty rubbers a day. No chance to speak to him. French servant more communicative. I've exchanged several drinks with him. Says his master carries an enormous sum of money with him in fresh, new banknotes. He has proffered one thousand pounds to Chief Engineer if he makes Bombay two days ahead of time.

SFX:

TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(narrating telegram) Bombay to London, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard. Arrive Bombay, two days early. Warrant not here. Following bank thief to Calcutta. Send warrant there! Fix, detective.

MXF

SFX:

TRAIN SLOWING DOWN TO A STOP

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

(off mike) Passengers! Passengers! Leave the train! All passengers leave the train-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(running up to mike) M'sieu! M'sieu

FOGG:

Yes

PASSEPARTOUT:

M'sieu, it is a calamity

FOGG:

Explain yourself

PASSEPARTOUT:

-M'sieu, we are stopped! There is no more railway!!

FOGG:

(calling off mike) Conductor-

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

(coming up to mike) Yes

FOGG:

Conductor, where are we

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

Osaga, sir, where the railway ends

FOGG:

(outraged) -This railway is not finished?!?!

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

(unperturbed) No sir-

FOGG:

The papers announced the opening of the line three weeks ago

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

-The papers were mistaken sir. (as if reciting from a memo) "From Osaga to Allahabad, the tracks are not finished. Passengers must be otherwise transported"-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(to FOGG) M'sieu, what a calamity!! This delay will ruin us

FOGG:

(having regained his composure) -It was provided for. We have gained two days, which we can afford to lose. The steamer leaves Calcutta for Hong Kong at midnight on the twenty-fifth. This is only the twenty-third. We shall arrive at Allahabad tomorrow and Calcutta on the following day. How far is it from here to Allahabad?

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

Eighty miles, sir.

FOGG:

How may one get there?

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

Ooh, there are many ways, sir. Four-wheeled palkigharis, zebus carts, palanquins-

FOGG:

-How long does it take to reach Allahabad by these methods?

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

About two days sir? perhaps three-

FOGG:

-That's too long! Is there no faster means of transport?

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

No sir-

FOGG:

(losing his patience again) -Think!

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

Hm? there's only one thing can go from here to Allahabad in less than two days? but that is not attainable-

FOGG:

-What is it?!?

BRITISH CONDUCTOR:

An elephant, sir-

FOGG:

-Thank you! I shall acquire an elephant!

MFX

FOGG:

(bidding on elephant) Ten pounds an hour-

PARSEE:

No sir

FOGG:

Fifteen pounds

PARSEE:

-I and my elephant, your honor, we could not consider it! His name is Kiouni (kee-YOO-nee). He is an elephant of combat! Very swift and very strong-

FOGG:

Thirty pounds

PARSEE:

(chuckling) But no, sahib

FOGG:  
Forty pounds

PARSEE:  
For so small a sum, I cannot let him out of my sight! He is my only treasure, your honor; how do I know I should ever see him again

FOGG:  
Then I will buy him from you

PARSEE:  
(acting like he's wavering) -Thi-this is not possible, sa-

FOGG:  
I will give you a thousand pounds

PARSEE:  
(reeling FOGG in) Sahib, for such a beast, that is nothing

FOGG:  
Twelve hundred

PARSEE:  
No sahib

FOGG:  
Fifteen hundred

PARSEE:  
Sir, I love him as though he were my own child

FOGG:  
Eighteen hundred

PARSEE:  
I am not a greedy man, your honor

FOGG:  
-Two thousand pounds!!!!

PARSEE:  
I cannot refuse a favor for so noble a gentleman. Sahib, you may have my beast. And I will be your guide-

FOGG:  
(calling off mike) -Passepartout!

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(coming from off mike) Oui, m'sieu-

FOGG:  
-The carpetbag! We start at once!!

MFX

FIX:  
(calling from off mike) Mr. Fogg? Mr. Fogg-

FOGG:  
Sir

FIX:  
(speaking rapidly at mike) Mr. Fogg, allow me to introduce myself. My name is

FOGG:  
-Mr. Fix, I believe.

FIX:  
It is indeed, sir? though it surprises me that you know it-

FOGG:  
I always know the names of my fellow passengers. Can I be of service to you sir

FIX:  
Mr. Fogg, you have acquired this elephant; the only one within twenty miles

FOGG:  
That is correct, sir

FIX:  
And with it you hope to reach Allahabad tomorrow

FOGG:  
I do, sir

FIX:  
-Then I beg you sir? I am in as a great a hurry to reach Calcutta as yourself? if only you will permit me to accompany you, I shall be more than happy?

SFX:  
TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:  
(rapidly narrating telegram) Detective Fix to Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard. October 23rd, left for Sergey (sur-GAH), 11:30am, on elephant back. Phileas Fogg in one of the howdahs, I in the other. The French servant between us, astride the animal, the Parsee guide pitched on the elephant's neck. As night falls, we enter the jungle, proceeding at a steady rapid pace. As we proceeded the forest grew denser. Fogg is untiring; the man is made of iron! Towards morning we entered the territory of Bundelcund (BOON- dull-kund), Allahabad only twelve miles to the northeast. At a little before two the elephant, showing signs of uneasiness, suddenly? stopped.

SFX:  
BRAHMIN TRIBESMAN MARCHING/DRUMS/CHANTING

PARSEE:  
(calling off mike) Kiouni! Hut-hut!

FOGG:  
Why has he stopped?

PARSEE:

I do not know, sir. I will see. (pause) Brahmin (BRAH-meen) sir? it's very dangerous. They come towards us? we must remain still? if the elephant is hidden behind these trees, they will not see us?(to elephant) Suttee (suh-TEE)!

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) ? First came the priests, with mitres on their heads. Behind them in a car with large wheels, was a statue with four arms, it's body colored dark red, it's eyes haggard, it's hair tangled, it's tongue hanging out, it's lips covered with henna and betel (BEET-uhl). Around it's neck was a collar of scarves; around it's waist, a girdle of human hands?

FOGG:

What is that statue they're dragging?

PARSEE:

Kali (KAH-lee)? the Hindu goddess of love? and death-

PASSEPARTOUT:

Of death, perhaps. Of love, never! That ugly, old witch!! Now, in my country we

PARSEE:

-Shh! Silence!!

(PAUSE AS BRAHMINS GET LOUDER)

PASSEPARTOUT:

(noticing something) Sacre Bleu- look- look there!! A woman!!! She beautiful!

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) ?Two priests were dragging by the arms, a young woman half-conscious, deathly pale. Her neck, her shoulders, her ears, her arms, her hands, her toes were loaded down with jewels, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and finger-rings. Behind her were guards with naked sabers carrying the body of an old man, dressed in silk and gold! They disappeared among the trees?

FOGG:

Tell me? what is "suttee"?

PARSEE:

"Suttee," sir, is a human sacrifice. The woman you have just seen will be burned in the woods tomorrow at the early part of the day? on the funeral pyre of her husband-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(indignantly) Burned alive, oh, the villains

PARSEE:

Yes, sahib



FOGG:

-This corpse, then was her husband?

PARSEE:

Yes, sahib, the prince, her husband, the Rajah of Bundelcund. As a child, they betrothed her to him. She has never seen him. In Allahabad, they seized her.

FOGG:

Where are they taking her?

PARSEE:

To the pagoda of Pillaji (pill-AH-gee), two miles from here; there she will pass the night, waiting for the sacrifice.

FOGG:

Hm. And the sacrifice will take place-

PARSEE:

-At the first appearance of day.

FOGG:

Hm. There will be no sacrifice. We will save this woman-

FIX:

(surprised) Save her

FOGG:

I have still twelve hours to spare; I can devote them to her

PASSEPARTOUT:

Bravo, m'sieu, bravo?you are a man of heart

FOGG:

-Occasionally, Passepartout, occasionally? when I have the time.

MFX

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) ?Waited for nightfall. Half past twelve, reached the pagoda? of Pillaji! Found it heavily guarded?

PARSEE:

We can do nothing before dawn, sir-

FOGG:

We will wait

PARSEE:

-You know sir, that we not only risk our lives, but-but horrible punishments if we are taken-

FOGG:

I know that. We will wait

FIX:

But good Gad, Mr. Fogg, didn't you say that you must make

FOGG:

-Mr. Fix? it will do if I reach Allahabad tomorrow before noon. We will wait.

MFX

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) A little before dawn, men began to move in the pagoda. The hour had come in which the unfortunate woman? was to die! Beside me stood Phileas Fogg. His face was white and drawn. The French servant had vanished. (beat) The doors of the pagoda were now opened. An intense light came from the inside; we could see the victim all lighted up, being dragged by two priests to the outside. She seemed to be drugged. In Phileas Fogg's hand I saw the glint of an open knife. The crowd began to move toward the river. There stood the funeral pyre of the rajah's body. In the half-light we could dimly see the victim motionless, stretched beside her husband's corpse. A torch was brought? then, there took place, a most extraordinary occurrence!

SFX:

BRAHMINS GASP

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) The dead rajah moved! He was seen suddenly rising upright, like a phantom. Raising the young woman in his arms, descending from the pyre amidst clouds of smoke? he advanced rapidly towards us, between the lines of Brahmins groveling on the earth with terror! Now he was only a few yards off-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(yelling from off mike) Quick! Quick, my master run

FOGG:

(yelling off mike) Passepartout

PASSEPARTOUT:

(urgently) -Yes, but quick-quick-quick run before they see-

SFX:

ANGRY BRAHMINS YELLING/GUNS GOING OFF

FIX:

(continuing to rapidly narrating telegram) -Bullets flew around us and an arrow pierced Phileas Fogg's hat! (pause) Soon we were out of range. At 11:45, we entered the streets of Allahabad. The young woman we had rescued from death lay still unconscious? in the arms of Phileas Fogg!

MFX

SFX:

TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(rapidly narrating new telegram) Calcutta to London, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard. October 25th, 4pm. Had Phileas Fogg and French servant arrested today! Charge: abducting Indian princess. Rush warrant for arrest on bank robbery charges! Fix, detective.

MFX

FIX:

(rapidly narrating another telegram) Calcutta to London, October 25th, 11:10pm. Phileas Fogg and servant freed on payment of one thousand pound fine! Sailing Hong Kong tonight with Indian princess!! Am following them. Rush warrant Hong Kong! Fix, detective.

MFX

SFX:

FOGHORN BLOWS/TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(rapidly narrating another telegram) Hong Kong to London, November 7th. Warrant received too late! Fogg left for San Francisco tonight aboard special charter. Following him. Arrange expedition proceedings, San Francisco. Fix, detective.

MFX

SFX:

FOGHORN BLOWS/TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(rapidly narrating another telegram) San Francisco to London, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard. Phileas Fogg, French servant and Indian princess arrive San Francisco, December 3rd. Leaving 6pm for New York! Advise Her Majesty's Consul, New York, arrange expedition. Fix, detective.

MFX

SFX:

TRAIN CHUGGING/TELEGRAPH CLICKING

FIX:

(rapidly narrating another telegram) Salt Lake to London, December 5th. Traveling same train as Fogg and party. Have them under constant surveillance. Fix, detective.

MFX

SEYMOUR:

You are listening to a CBS presentation of Orson Welles and The Mercury Theatre On The Air in an original adaptation of Jules Verne's "Around The World In Eighty Days". The performance will continue after a moment's intermission. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System. (pause) Jules Verne's "Around The World In Eighty Days", as adapted for radio by Orson Welles and performed by The Mercury Theatre On The Air.

SFX:

TRAIN CHUGGING/WHISTLE BLOWING

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) Parbleu! What a country, this America! December 3rd, we leave San Francisco. There are men fighting in the streets; they are electing a justice of the peace!!! December 5th, twelve thousand buffalo stand on

the railroad? we cannot proceed for three hours!! December 6th, passed Great Salt Lake three thousand feet above the sea, Mon dieu! Tonight, we will be in (pronouncing carefully) O-ma-ha? we are in the sixty-fifth day of our journey. By the calculations of my master Phileas Fogg, we are not behind and we are not ahead. Between Hong Kong and Yokohama, we have lost a day; but on the Pacific Ocean, we have caught it up! In this my master is mad, of that there is no doubt? it is not permitted to a man of sound mind to pass his life by jumping from a steamer into a railway car, from a railway car into a steamer! Already from the carpetbag he has taken for ships, for trains, for bribes, for elephants, more than seven thousand pounds!! If he loses his bet, surely he is ruined? but he gives no sign! With us, always, was Mr. Fix? this one, I do not like. Surely, he is spying upon my master? always, he is asking me questions. I tell him nothing. With us, also, was the beautiful Princess Aouda? in India, she is in danger of death! My master takes her with him to England. I do not understand?with a woman so beautiful, he is always so cold! So formal! Mon dieu, these English! He has taught her to play whist; all day they sit! All day they play-

FOGG:

-Madam, your turn to cut.

AOUDA:

Hearts are trumps, Mr. Fogg-

FOGG:

Your lead, Mr. Fix

FIX:

(deciding) -Er, seven of clubs.

SFX:

TRAIN SLOWING TO A STOP

FOGG:

Hm, the train has stopped. Passepartout, come with me, we will see what has happened. Excuse me madam?

SFX:

CROWD NOISE

FOGG:

Engineer! What is this? Why did we stop?

ENGINEER:

(gruffly) Well, this is Medicine Bow, sir. Word just come through the bridge is shaky. Can't pass-

FOGG:

-And what do you propose to do?

ENGINEER:

Well, couldn't say, sir. Guess we're stuck. Bridge is shaky; it won't bear the weight of the train-

FOGG:

You will not, I suppose, remain here and take root in the snow

ENGINEER:

-We telegraphed Omaha for a train; it'll be six hours, at least, before it gets here.

FOGG:

Cannot the river be crossed in a boat?

ENGINEER:

Naw, can't be done? creek's swollen with the rain, it'd never make it-

FOGG:

(outraged) -"Make it"?!? I fail to understand- I have contracted with the Central Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to (pronouncing) Chi-ca-go!! I demand that the Central Pacific Railroad fulfill its contract!!! In addition to that, here is one-hundred pounds-

ENGINEER:

(not comprehending) Wha

FOGG:

-At the present rate of exchange, four-hundred and eighty-three dollars and twenty-two cents? if I am in Omaha tonight!

ENGINEER:

(thinking about it) Well, ahem, there might be a way to pass it-

FOGG:

On the bridge

ENGINEER:

Yeah, on the bridge

FOGG:

With our train

ENGINEER:

Yeah, with our train

PASSEPARTOUT:

(fearfully) But the bridge threatens to fall, M'sieu Fogg

FOGG:

Nonsense

ENGINEER:

It's my idea that by rushing the train over a full speed you have a chance of passing

PASSEPARTOUT:

(muttering) Mon dieu, mon dieu, mon dieu

FOGG:

Er, how much chance

ENGINEER:

-Umm. Forty percent, maybe fifty.

FX:  
(beat)

FOGG :  
Hm. What are we waiting for? Come Passepartout! Let us return to our whist game and to the Princess Aouda; I left a very interesting hand-

SFX:  
TRAIN STARTING/RUNNING FULL SPEED

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(continuing his narration) Then comes that terrible moment. The train starts? first it goes back? and then forward towards full speed! It goes faster? faster and faster? then at the bridge

SFX:  
TERRIBLE SHAKING OF THE TRAIN ENGINE

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(continuing his narration) Then when we crossed

SFX:  
BRIDGE COLLAPSE

FIX:  
(crying out) -Good heavens!! What was that?!?

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(to FIX) Sacre bleu? that was the bridge? falling behind us.

FOGG:  
I think we shall win this hand, Mr. Fix.

MFX

FOGG:  
(narrating journal) December 8th. Arrived Medicine Bow. December 8th. Attacked by Red Indians. Arrived Fort Kearney? twenty hours behind time. December 8th, left Fort Kearney 8am, by ice sled. December 9th, arrived Omaha, 3pm? fourteen hours behind time. December 10th, arrived (pronouncing) Chi-ca-go, 4pm eight hours behind time. Left (pronouncing) Chi-ca-go 4:30pm by special train. December 11th, arrived New York 9:35am? Steamship "China" sailed 9:10pm- we've missed it!!!

MFX

SFX:  
FOGHORN BLOWING

FOGG:  
(yelling off mike) Officer! Come sir, when does the next ship sail?

DOCK OFFICER:  
Well, the "Perrier" leaves on December 14th, sir-

FOGG:  
-And arrives in England, when?

DOCK OFFICER:

Doesn't go to England? it lands in Hague, December 24th sir-

FOGG:

-Is there any vessel which arrives in England December 21st?

DOCK OFFICER:

None, sir-

FOGG:

Then I must arrange that one shall Come Passepartout and bring the carpetbag!

MFX

FOGG:

Are you the captain of this ship?

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

I am.

FOGG:

I am Phileas Fogg, of London.

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

I am Andrew Speedy, of Cardiff-

FOGG:

-Excellent are you ready to sail?

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

In an hour-

FOGG:

You are loaded for

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Bordeaux

FOGG:

Your cargo

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Gravel

FOGG:

You have passengers

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

No passengers. Never have passengers. That cargo talks too much

FOGG:

Your vessel sails swiftly

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Between eleven and twelve knots. The Henrietta, well known, sail and steam

FOGG:

Do you wish to convey me to Liverpool, myself and three persons

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

To Liverpool? Why not to China

FOGG:

I said Liverpool

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

-No-

FOGG:

-No-

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

No. I'm setting out for Bordeaux

FOGG:

It doesn't matter what price

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

It don't matter what price

FOGG:

But the owners of the Henrietta

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

The owners of the Henrietta are myself. The vessel belongs to me.

FOGG:

I will charter it from you-

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

-No-

FOGG:

No? I will buy it from you

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

-No-

FOGG:

No. Well, will you take me to Bordeaux

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

No, not even if you paid me two hundred dollars

FOGG:

I offer you two thousand

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

For each person

FOGG:

For each person



CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

And there are four of you

FOGG:

Four

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

I'll leave at nine o'clock

FOGG:

-It is half-past eight. At nine o'clock, we will be on board.

MFX

SFX:

TELEGRAPH TYPING

FIX:

(narrating telegram) Commissioner of Police Scotland Yard, New York to London. Sailing tonight with bank robber Phileas Fogg aboard the steamship "Henrietta", bound Bordeaux. This time, positively, he will not escape me. Fix, detective.

SFX:

FOGHORN BLOWING

FIX:

(continuing to narrate telegram) December 11th, off Sandy Hook, at midnight. Passed Fire Island light and headed east at three-quarters speed making nine knots. December 13th. At noon, vessel suddenly changed course, heading northeast. Speed increased to twelve and a half knots. Captain nowhere to be seen! Phileas Fogg at the helm. No whist has been played since we started!! Indian princess remains below? December 14th, find captain missing; detect curious attitude in crew. Last night heard strange noises in captain's quarters. This afternoon, after lunch, still no sign of the captain. December 16th? discover captain has been locked in his cabin for two days! Crew heavily bribed!! Vessel no longer headed Bordeaux, but unknown destination!!! Running into heavy weather. Late this evening, overheard conversation between Fogg and chief engineer? everything now clear?

FOGG:

You are certain of what you say, engineer-

CHIEF ENGINEER:

-I'm certain, sir. Don't forget that since New York, we had all of our furnaces going, and, though we had enough coal to go under a small head of steam from New York to Bordeaux, we've not enough for a full head of steam from New York to Liverpool!

FOGG:

I will take this matter under consideration. (calling off mike)  
Passepartout-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(at mike) -Oui, m'sieu!

FOGG:  
Go below and bring up the captain-

PASSEPARTOUT:  
M'sieu, I fear I shall find a madman

FOGG:  
Do as I say

PASSEPARTOUT:  
Oui, m'sieu

FOGG:  
(to ENGINEER) Engineer, you will keep up your fires and continue on your course until a complete exhaustion of the fuel! Don't let the fires go down; on the contrary, let the fires continue full

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
(from off mike) Where is he??? Where is he

FOGG:  
Ah, good evening Captain

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
Oh you scoundrel

FOGG:  
Captain Speedy, you will forgive me for the slight inconvenience I have caused you, but you were an obstinate man and my business is urgent

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
Where are we

FOGG:  
Seven hundred and seventy miles from London

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
Pirate! What have you done with my ship

FOGG:  
I have sent for you Captain, to ask you to sell it to me

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
No!! By all the devils, no

FOGG:  
Then I shall be obliged to burn her

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
You mean to burn my ship

FOGG:  
Her upper portions, for we are out of fuel

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:  
-Burn my ship!!! A ship that's worth fifty-thousand dollars-

FOGG:

-I offer you sixty-thousand dollars-

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Oh mighty heavens

FOGG:

-Well captain? What do you say?

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

(starting to consider it) And the iron hull will be left-

FOGG:

The iron hull and the engine sir; is it a bargain

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

A bargain

FOGG:

(calling off mike) Passepartout!

PASSEPARTOUT:

(from off mike) Oui, m'sieu?

FOGG:

The carpetbag! Captain Speedy, here's your money! Count it please and don't let all this astonish you. Know that I shall lose twenty-thousand pounds if I am not in London on December 21st at a quarter before nine in the evening. The ship is now mine-

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Certainly, from keel to the truck of the mast, all the wood all the wood she carries-

FOGG:

-Very well, Captain Speedy, you may resume command of your ship. Dismantle the furniture and fire up the debris!

MFX

SFX:

AXES CHOPPING WOOD

FIX:

(rapidly narrating telegram) Poop deck, the cabins and the spare deck were burned today; reached speed of thirteen knots. December 19th. Rafts, masts and spars consumed. December 20th. Railings and remaining portions of the deck, fed to the furnace. At seven in the evening, sighted coast of Ireland and Fastnet Light! At ten o'clock, arrived off Queenstown?

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Mr. Fogg-

FOGG:

-Yes, captain?

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Mr. Fogg, you're a brave man-

FOGG:

Thank you

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

-From the bottom of my heart, I pity you. Everything is against you. You have twenty-four hours in which to reach London; and yet, we are only off Queenstown and there's no more wood-

FOGG:

Is that Queenstown, where I can see the light

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Yes

FOGG:

Can we enter the harbor

CAPTAIN SPEEDY:

Not for three hours! Only at high tide

FOGG:

-Very well. We'll wait.

MFX

FIX:

(rapidly narrating telegram) At one in the morning, what was left of the "Henrietta" made it's way into Queenstown harbor. We landed immediately. At one-thirty, we boarded a train, arriving in Dublin at dawn. Embarked on a Liverpool packet. At twenty minutes before noon on the 21st of December, Phileas Fogg finally landed on the key of Liverpool. He was now only nine hours from London. At this moment with, what I admit was a heavy heart, I approached him and put my hand on his shoulder-

FOGG:

Sir

FIX:

-You are really Phileas Fogg?

FOGG:

(not comprehending) Y-yes sir?

FIX:

Then with this warrant, in the name of the Queen, I arrest you.

MFX

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) Ah mon dieu, mon dieu. So, on the eightieth day of his tour around the world, only nine hours from London, with three hours and five minutes to spare, and twenty-thousand pounds at stake, my master was imprisoned here in the Custom House at Liverpool. I am desolate. It is snowing. Mon dieu, what shall I do? All morning we wait. On the porch of the Custom House where we wait, it is damp and cold. But Madame Aouda will not desert my kind master, who sits inside alone. What will become

of him? The last train for London leaves at two o'clock. Alas! I feel my master is ruined!! Ah, mon dieu-

NEWSBOY:

(yelling off mike) -Extry! Extry! Read all about the arrest! Read all about the arrest of the fifty-five thousand pound robber!! Extry! Extry!

MFX

SFX:

CLOCK TOWER RINGING

AOUDA:

The last train has left-

PASSEPARTOUT:

-Ah yes, Madam. This is truly the end! (sighs sadly)

SFX:

DOOR OPEN/CLOSE

FIX:

(yelling from off mike) Mr. Fogg! Mr. Fogg! Aouda! Passepartout-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(angrily) What is it, scoundrel

FIX:

(breathless at mike) I have made a mistake! A terrible thing! Quickly, quickly, come with me hurry! Or your master will be ruined!!!

SFX:

JAIL DOOR OPEN

FIX:

(very excited) Oh Mr. Fogg! Oh Mr. Fogg, forgive me-

FOGG:

Sir

FIX:

Oh pardon me, sir, pardon! I've made terrible mistake, a dreadful error! An unfortunate resemblance sir, you are not the robber you are not the robber!!! The robber was arrested in Edinborough this morning! You may go, sir! You are free-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) -Then my master does a wonderful thing; he wastes five seconds. He goes to the detective. He looks him right in the face. And then, with the only rapid movement he has ever made in his life, he draws both his arms back, and then with the precision of an automaton, with both his fists, he strikes!

SFX:

TWO PUNCHES/BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

FOGG:

(nonchalantly) Take that, sir.

MFX

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) We jump into a carriage and, in five minutes, were at the station. It is forty minutes past two! Phileas Fogg orders a special train-

SFX:

TRAIN CHUGGING QUICKLY

MFX

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) -Six hour and twenty minute later, we are in London. As we enter the station, the clock starts striking.

SFX:

CLOCK TOWER RINGING

FOGG:

(announcing to group) My friends, I've been around the world in eighty days, and fifteen minutes. I've lost.

MFX

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) My master is ruined. With my own eyes in these eighty days, I have watched him spend more than nineteen-thousand pounds of his money? the carpetbag is flat and empty. And tomorrow, the gentlemen of the reform club will cash their cheque for twenty-thousand at Baring Brothers! Sadly, this evening, we return to the house in Saville Row. To be sure the gas is still burning? our neighbors do not know we have returned? the doors and the windows of the house are kept closed? sadly, I cook the dinner. Sadly, I prepare an apartmente for Princess Aouda. Sadly, I tell her the truth? that for my master, as a man of honor, there is only one course open-

AOUDA:

Passepartout, we must do something to prevent it

PASSEPARTOUT:

Madam, I can do nothing by myself. Nothing at all. I have no influence over my master's mind. Could you perhaps

AOUDA:

-What influence would I have? Mr. Fogg is subject to none; has he ever understood that my gratitude for him was overflowing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend, you must not leave him for a single instant!

PASSEPARTOUT:

(narrating) The night passes. M'sieu Fogg has retired. But has he slept? I have watched liked a dog at my master's feet, all night till morning. I have heard him restlessly pacing the floor.

SFX:

DINNER BELL RINGS/DOOR OPENS

PASSEPARTOUT:  
You called sir-

FOGG:

I did. You will prepare the Princess Aouda's breakfast; for myself I will be satisfied with a cup of tea and piece of toast. You will beg her to be good enough to excuse me from luncheon and dinner. I have certain affairs to set in order. You will say that I would like to see her in the library at eight o'clock

PASSEPARTOUT:

-Then you will not go to the club today m'sieu?

FOGG:

No-

PASSEPARTOUT:

(the biggest speech of his life) My master. I wish you to know? that whatever happens? I shall always

FOGG:

-Go.

PASSEPARTOUT:

(sadly) Oui, m'sieu.

MFX

FOGG:

I have desired to speak with you Madam, in order to beg your forgiveness.

Aouda:

Why sir?

FOGG:

Can you ever forgive me, Madam, for having brought you to England-

AOUDA:

(not understanding) I, Mr. Fogg

FOGG:

Be kind enough to allow me to finish. When I thought of taking you so far away from that country, which had become so dangerous for you, I was rich. And I counted on placing a portion of my fortune at your disposal. Your life would have been happy and free. But now Madam, as you know? I'm ruined. I can no longer

AOUDA:

I know it, Mr. Fogg. And I, in turn, ask you? will you pardon me for having followed you? And, who knows, perhaps having assisted in your ruin by delaying you

FOGG:

-Madam, you could not remain in India! Your safety was only assured by removing you so far that those fanatics could not retake you.

AOUDA:

But Mr. Fogg, was it not enough that you should rescue me from a horrible

death, without feeling that you are obliged to assure my position abroad-

FOGG:

-It would have been my pleasure Madam! Events have turned against me; however I ask your permission to dispose? of the little I have left? in your favor.

AOUDA:

But you Mr. Fogg? what will become of you?

FOGG:

I, Madam, shall not need anything.

AOUDA:

But how sir, do you look upon the fate that awaits you?

FOGG:

(simply) As I ought to look at it.

AOUDA:

Whatever the future holds for you, so kind a man as you could never be in want, I am sure. Your friends-

FOGG:

-I have no friends, Madam.

AOUDA:

Your relatives-

FOGG:

-I have no relatives.

AOUDA:

I pity you Mr. Fogg. Solitude is a sad thing. Is there not one heart into which you can pour your troubles? They say that "with two, misery itself is bearable".

FOGG:

(nervously) They? say so Madam.

AOUDA:

Mr. Fogg, you will not think me bold if I ask you whether you might wish, at once, a relative and a friend? Will you have me for your wife? (beat) You close your eyes, Mr. Fogg. Will you not look at me and answer my question?

FOGG:

(with great difficulty) I? love you. Yes, in truth? by everything most sacred in the world? I love you! And I am yours.

AOUDA:

(sighing) Ahhh? my friend.

SFX:

DINNER BELL/DOOR OPEN

PASSEPARTOUT:

Did you ring sir-



FOGG:

Passepartout. You will notify Reverend Samuel Wilson of Marylebone parish of our intention to be married as soon as possible-

PASSEPARTOUT:

Bon, m'sieu

FOGG:

It is not too late to go now is it

PASSEPARTOUT:

-Never too late, m'sieu! It will be for tomorrow, Monday?

FOGG:

(to AOUDA) For tomorrow, Monday, my dear?

AOUDA:

For tomorrow, Monday-

PASSEPARTOUT:

-Yes, m'sieu. Madam.

MFX

SFX:

CLOCK TOWER CHIMING

FLANAGAN:

Gentlemen, in fifteen minutes, the time agreed upon between Phileas Fogg and ourselves, will have expired-

FALLENTIN:

-At what hour did the last train arrive from Liverpool?

STUART:

Twenty-three minutes after seven. And the next train doesn't arrive until after midnight-

FLANAGAN:

-Gentlemen, if Phileas Fogg had arrived on the train twenty-three minutes after seven, he would already be here; we can therefore consider we have won the bet-

STUART:

I wouldn't be too sure, gentlemen. Mr. Fogg is an eccentric of the first order; his punctuality is his byword! He never arrives too late or too soon. He will appear here at the very last minute or I should be very much surprised. Please continue our game gentlemen. Your deal, Flanagan. This is the rubber game

FALLENTIN:

He has eleven minutes.

MFX

SFX:

DOOR OPENS/CLOSES

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(running up to mike, very excited) M'sieu! M'sieu-

FOGG:  
What's the matter, Passepartout

PASSEPARTOUT:  
(breathless, excited) M'sieu, the marriage, it's impossible

FOGG:  
-Impossible?!? What do you mean-what stands in the way-

PASSEPARTOUT:  
Impossible tomorrow sir

FOGG:  
Explain yourself Passepartout

PASSEPARTOUT:  
It is impossible tomorrow, sir! Tomorrow is Sunday

FOGG:  
(correcting him) Monday Passepartout

PASSEPARTOUT:  
Today is Saturday, m'sieu

FOGG:  
Have you lost your mind?? Today is Sunday

PASSEPARTOUT:  
No sir!!! Today is Saturday

FOGG:  
Saturday?? Impossible

PASSEPARTOUT:  
-Yes, yes, yes, yes!!! You have made a mistake of one day! We have arrived twenty-four hours in the past? today is Saturday, the 21st! We are complete? we have won? we are saved!!!!

MFX

SFX:  
TICKING OF GRANDFATHER CLOCK

FALLENTIN:  
Ten minutes.

FLANAGAN:  
Nine of hearts.

STUART:  
Eight of hearts.

FALLENTIN:  
For my part I doubt I'd believe it was he if I saw him. The "China", the

only steamer from New York that could be of any use to him, arrived yesterday. The name was not on the passenger list. Even with the most favorable chances, Phileas Fogg has scarcely reached America. I calculate twenty-days at least is the time he'd be behind. If, that is, he's still alive-

FLANAGAN:

(chuckling) The thing was senseless from the very start. How ever exact he may be, it is beyond human power to prevent the occurrence of inevitable delays, and a delay of only two or three days would be enough to destroy his chances

STUART:

(sadly) -Tomorrow morning we shall present to Baring Brothers Mr. Fogg's check for twenty-thousand pounds!

FALLENTIN:

Three minutes. Next bid.

FLANAGAN:

Hearts trumps.

FALLENTIN:

Two of clubs.

STUART:

Ten of clubs.

FLANAGAN:

I trump you. Three of hearts-

STUART:

(sadly) -Well-played sir.

FLANAGAN:

One and one-half minutes to go-

FALLENTIN:

Gentlemen. It is now eight-forty-three and a quarter. I propose we resume this game at eight-forty-five pm.

FX:

(beat)

STUART:

Gentlemen. We may safely congratulate ourselves. The bet is won.

FLANAGAN:

One minute? five seconds.

FALLENTIN:

Fifty-seconds left.

STUART:

Forty.

FLANAGAN:

Twenty-five.

FALLETIN:  
Fifteen.

STUART:  
Fourteen.

FLANAGAN:  
Thirteen. Twelve. Eleven. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four.  
Three. Two-

SFX:  
DOOR OPENS

FOGG:  
(coming up to mike) -Good evening, gentlemen. It's a good wager. I'm  
afraid you've lost.

MX

SEYMOUR:  
If you don't mind, Mr. Fogg- that is Mr. Orson Welles- how did a man of  
your character happen to be on time, when all along you thought you were  
late?

WELLES:  
(speechifying) Well, Mr. Seymour, it's this way? you know, speaking out  
of character, and as one of the least punctual of mortals, I'm always  
happiest on the seventy-ninth day of the Jules Verne adventure. Here, for  
a blissful page or two, it does really look as if my life's long list of  
trains missed and appointments forgotten, may be finally justified in the  
delirious unlikelihood of Mr. Fogg losing his bet. We of the world who  
can't read timetables, wind watches or get out of bed, we for whom  
traffic jams were made and for whom the alarm clock never rings, we, more  
than any, regard with benevolent suspicion those incidents which delayed  
the undelayable Englishman. To us they are less like incidents than  
excuses; the whole story's too good to be true. An alibi we'd never dare.  
At least, I'd never dare anything like this? "Excuse me old man, I tried  
to make it but, you see, there was an oriental princess and a tribe of  
red Indians, and then we had to burn up our ship on the way over for  
fuel. I'm sure you know how it is. Most annoying. Hope you'll forgive."  
As I say, it sounds like the ultimate-the magnificent alibi it ought to  
be, but- oh horror- there appears, in the last chapter, a Jules Verne  
"nick-in-time"! An unpredictable split infinitive that flings the truth  
in our teeth and turns the timetables! And hear our envy turns to  
loathing as we, who are always late, realize that the eighty-first day is  
actually the eightieth, that the five minutes after midnight is really  
the eleventh hour. That Phileas Fogg made it and is lost to us. Why Mr.  
Seymour, here's the solution? at a period when your grandfather saw the  
sun pass the meridian eighty times, Mr. Fogg rushing precisely around the  
globe, towards the sun, celebrated this solemn and unavoidable occasion,  
seventy-nine times only, and gained a day. Myself, I don't understand it,  
even after I explained it? but you do I'm sure. You who get there, and  
keep nobody waiting. You probably guessed it before we began. This is  
Orson Welles and for the Mercury Theatre On The Air, we remain, as  
always, obediently yours.

MX

SEYMOUR:

You have just Orson Welles' original adaptation for radio of Jules Verne's classic "Around The World In Eighty Days". It was the 16th in the Columbia Broadcasting System's dramatic series featuring Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre On The Air. In the cast tonight were Ray Collins as Mr. Fix, Edgar Barrier as Passepartout, Eustace Wyatt as Ralph, Frank Readick as Stuart, Arlene Francis as Madam Aouda, Stephan Schnabel as the Parsee, Al Swenson as the Captain, William Alland as the Officer, and Orson Welles as Phileas Fogg. The original music was composed and conducted by Bernard Hermann and David St. Taylor supervised the production for CBS. This is Dan Seymour speaking. Next week "The War Of The Worlds" by H.G. Wells, with Orson Welles as director, producer, and featured artist, supported by the Mercury Theatre On The Air. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System!