

EMILE MONOLOGUE

EMILE. But it *is for* you. It is for my friends to meet you and - more important - for you to meet them; to give you an idea of what your life would be like here. I want you to know more about me - how I live and think. It is why I am here - why I killed a man.

(He turns away to gather his thoughts.)

When I was a boy, I carried my heart in my hand...so... when this man came to our town - though my father said he was good - I thought he was bad. *I* was young... He attracted all the mean and cruel people to him. Soon he was running our town! He could do anything - take anything - I did not like that. I was young. I stood up in the public square and made a speech. I called upon everyone to stand with me against this man. And do you know what they did? They walked away! Because they saw him standing behind me. I turned, and he said to me, "I am going to kill you now." We fought. I was never so strong. I knocked him to the ground. And when he fell, his head struck a stone and...

(He turns away and lets NELLIE imagine the rest.)

I ran to the waterfront and joined a cargo boat. I didn't even know where it was going. I stepped off that boat into another world -

(He looks around him, loving all he sees.)

- where I am now...and where I want to stay.

Nellie, will you marry me? There are so few days in our life, Nellie. The time I have with you now is precious to me...

NELLIE/EMILE DIALOGUE

NELLIE. (*Turning to EMILE.*) Oh, aren't they adorable! Those big black eyes staring at you out of those sweet little faces! Are they Henry's?

EMILE. They're mine.

NELLIE. (*Carrying out what she thinks is a joke.*) Oh, of course, they look exactly like you, don't they? Where did you hide their mother?

EMILE. She's dead, Nellie.

NELLIE. She's...

(She turns.)

Emile, they *are* yours!

EMILE. Yes, Nellie. I'm their father.

NELLIE. And...their mother...was a...was...a_

EMILE. Polynesian. And she was beautiful, Nellie, and charming, too.

NELLIE. But you and she...

EMILE. I want you to know I have no apologies. I came here as a young man. I lived as I could.

NELLIE. Of course.

EMILE. But I have not been selfish. No woman ever hated me or tried to hurt me.

NELLIE. No woman could ever want to hurt you, Emile.

(Suddenly, feeling she must get away as quickly as she can.)

Oh, what time is it? I promised to get that jeep back!

(She looks at her wristwatch.)

Oh, this is awful. Look at the time!

(She grabs her cape. EMILE tries to stop her.)

EMILE. Nellie, wait, please. I'll drive you home.

NELLIE. You will do no such thing. Anyway, I couldn't leave the jeep here. I've got to get it back by...

EMILE. Don't go now, Nellie. Don't go yet, please.

NELLIE. (*Rattling on very fast.*) Oh, this is terrible! I won't be able to face the girls at the hospital. You can't imagine the way they look at you when you come in late... I'll call you, Emile. I'll come by tomorrow.

(*Suddenly remembering.*) Oh, no! Oh, dear! There are those awful rehearsals for Thanksgiving Day - I'm teaching them a dance and they want to rehearse night and day - but after that...

(*Shifting quickly.*) Oh, thank you for tonight, Emile. I had a wonderful time. It was the nicest party and you're a perfect host. Good-bye. Please stay here, Emile. Don't come out to the jeep, please.

EMILE. (*Grabbing her arms, feeling her slipping away from him.*) Nellie, I love you. Do you hear me, Nellie? I love you!

NELLIE. And I love you, too. Honestly I do... Please let me go! Please let me go!

CABLE/EMILE DIALOGUE

EMILE. (*Peering through the semi-darkness.*) Lieutenant Cable?

CABLE. (*Putting his fingers to his lips in a mocking gesture.*) Ssh! Lieutenant Cable is supposed to be in his little bed over at the hospital.

EMILE. You have not been well?

CABLE. I'm okay now Fever gone. They can't hold me in that damned place any longer. I'm looking for a guy named Billis, a great guy for getting boats. (*His voice rising, tense and shrill.*) And I need a boat right now I've got to get to my island.

EMILE. (*Worried by CABLE's strangeness.*) What?

CABLE. That damned island with the two volcanoes on it. You ever been over there?

EMILE. Why, yes, I...

CABLE. I went over there every day till this damned malaria stopped me. Have you sailed over early in the morning? With warm rain playing across your face? Beginning to see her again like last night. De Becque, would you reconsider going up there with me to Marie Louise Island? I mean, now that you haven't got so much to lose? We could do a good job, I think - you and I.

(EMILE doesn't answer.)

You know, back home when I used to get in a jam, I used to go hunting. That's what I think I'll do now. Good hunting up there around Marie Louise. Japanese carriers...cargo boats...troopships - big game.

(He looks at EMILE, considering how much headway he has made.)

When I go up, what side of the island should I land on?

EMILE. The south side.

CABLE. Why?

EMILE. There's a cove there...and rocks. I have sailed in behind these rocks many times.

CABLE. Could a submarine get in between those rocks without being observed?

EMILE. Yes. If you know the channel.

CABLE. And after I land, what will I do?

EMILE. You will get in touch with my friends, Basile and Inato - two Black men - wonderful hunters. They will hide us in the hills.

(The music stops.)

CABLE. *(His eyes lighting up.)* Us? Are you going with me?

EMILE. *(A new strength in his voice.)* Of course. You are too young to be out alone. Let's go and find Captain Brackett.

(He starts to exit.)

CABLE. *(Following EMILE.)* Wait till that old bastard Brackett hears this. He'll jump out of his skin!

EMILE. I would like to see this kind of a jump. Come on!

BLOODY MARY MONOLOGUE

Lootellan, you like Liat... Marry Liat! You have good life here. Look, Lootellan, I am rich. I save six hundred dolla' before war. Since war I make two thousand Jolla' - war go on I make maybe more. Sell grass skirts, boars' teeth, real human heads. Give all de money to you an' Liat. You no have to work. I work for you. All day long, you and Liat be together! Walk through woods, swim in sea, sing, dance, talk happy. No think about Philadelia. Is no good. Talk about beautiful things and make love all day long. You like? You buy?

BILLIS DIALOGUE

BILLIS. Here you are, Sweaty Pie! Put them down, Professor. These beautiful skirts were made by myself, the Professor here, and three other Seabees in half the time it takes your native workers to make 'em. See? No stretch! Look 'em over, Sweaty Pie, and give me your price.

(At this point, an altercation starts upstage near the washing machine.)

SAILOR. Look at that shirt!

STEWPOD. Take it up with the manager. *(He points down to BILLIS.)*

SAILOR. *(Coming down to him.)* Hey, Big Dealer! Hey, Luther Billis!

BILLIS. *(Smoothly.)* What can I do for you, my boy? What's the trouble?

SAILOR. *(Holding up his shirt, which has been laundered and is in tatters.)* Look at that shirt!

BILLIS. The Billis Laundry is not responsible for minor burns and tears.

(He turns back laconically to BLOODY MARY.) What do you say, Sweatso? What am I offered?

(The SAILOR hurls his shirt at a surprised STEWPOT. The PROFESSOR, meanwhile, is showing the beautiful work they do to some other SAILORS and SEABEES.)

PROFESSOR. *(Holding up a skirt.)* All handsewn!

QUALE. Gee, that's mighty nice work!

BILLIS. *(To BLOODY MARY, confidentially.)* Do you hear that, Sweaty Pie? You can probably sell these to the chumps for five or six dollars apiece. Now, I'll let you have the whole bunch for...say...eighty bucks.

BLOODY MARY. Give you ten dolla'.

BILLIS. What?

BLOODY MARY. Not enough?

BILLIS. You're damn well right, not enough!

BLOODY MARY. *(Dropping the skirt at his feet.)* Den you damn well keep.

BILLIS. (*Following BLOODY MARY.*) Now look here, Dragon Lady... (*pause*) What's that you got there? A boar's-tooth bracelet? Where'd you get that?

(She points to the twin peaked island.)

Over there on Bali Ha'i?

BLOODY MARY. (*Smiling craftily.*) You like?

BILLIS. (*Taking bracelet and showing it to G.I.S who have huddled around him.*) You know what that is? A bracelet made out of a single boar's tooth. They cut the tooth from the boar's mouth in a big ceremonial over there on Bali Ha'i. There ain't a souvenir you can pick up in the South Pacific as valuable as this...

(To BLOODY MARY.) What do you want for it, Mary?

BLOODY MARY. Hundred clonal

BILLIS. Hundred dollars!

(Shocked, but realizing he will pay it, he turns to the PROFESSOR and STEWPOT and takes money from his pocket.)

That's cheap. I thought it would be more.

PROFESSOR. I don't see how she can turn them out for that.

BLOODY MARY. Make you special offer Big Deala. I trade you boar's-tooth bracelet for all grass skirts.

BILLIS. (*Grabs skirts from the PROFESSOR, throws them at BLOODY MARY's feet.*) It's a deal.

BLOODY MARY. Wait a minute. Is no deal till you throw in something for good luck.

BILLIS. Okay. What do you want me to throw in?

BLOODY MARY. (*Taking money from one of his hands, shakes the other one.*) Hundred dolla'. Good luck!

BILLIS. You don't run into these things every day. They're scarce as hens' teeth.

PROFESSOR. They're bigger, too.

BILLIS. That damned Bali Hal!

BRACKETT/HARBISON DIALOGUE

BRACKETT. Lieutenant, who are you, anyway?

CABLE. I'm Lieutenant Joseph Cable, sir. I just flew in on that PBV.

BRACKETT. A joyride?

CABLE. No, sir. Orders.

BRACKETT. A Marine under orders to me?

CABLE. Yes, sir.

BRACKETT. I'm Captain Brackett.

CABLE. How do you do, sir?

BRACKETT. This is Commander Harbison, my Executive Officer.

(CABLE and HARBISON exchange salutes and handshakes.)

Well, what's it all about?

CABLE. My Colonel feels that all these islands are in danger because none of us has been getting first-hand intelligence, and what we need is a coast watch.

HARBISON. A coast watch?

CABLE. *(Drawing a rough map in the sand.)* A man with a radio hiding out on one of those enemy-held islands, where he could watch for ships when they start down the bottleneck...down this way.

BRACKETT. *(Turning to HARBISON.)* What do you think, Bill?

HARBISON. Well, sir, our pilots could do a hell of a lot to enemy convoys with information like that.

BRACKETT. You'd have to sneak this man ashore at night from a submarine.

CABLE. Yes, sir.

HARBISON. Who's going to do it?

CABLE. Well, sir...The been elected.

(Pause.)

BRACKETT. *(After exchanging a look with HARBISON.)* You've got quite an assignment, son.

HARBISON. How long do you think you could last there, sending out messages, before the enemy found you?

CABLE. I think I'd be okay if I could take a man with me who really knew the country. Headquarters has found out there's a French civilian here who used to have a plantation on Marie Louise Island.

HARBISON. Marie Louise! That's a good spot. Right on the bottleneck.

BRACKETT. What's this Frenchman's name?

CABLE. Emile de Becque.

BRACKETT. *(Suddenly excited.)* Meet me in my office in about half an hour, Cable.

(He starts off followed by HARBISON.)

CABLE. Yes, sir.

BRACKETT. Come on, Bill! Maybe we'll get into this war yet!

LT. ADAMS MONLOGUE

ADAMS. (*Accompanies the following speech with descriptive gestures.*) Well, sir, we'd been out about an hour - it was still dark, I know. Well, we were flying across Marie Louisa. The enemy anti-aircraft spotted us and made that hit. That's when Luther...er...this fellow here - that's when he...left the ship. I just circled once - time enough to drop him a rubber boat. Some New Zealanders in P-40s spotted him though and kept circling around him while I flew across the island and landed alongside the sub, let Joe and the Frenchman off. By the time I got back to the other side of the island, our Navy planes were flying around in the air above this guy like a thick swarm of bees.

*(He turns to grin at **HARBISON**, who gives him no sympathy. He clears his throat and turns back to **BRACKETT**.)*

They kept the enemy guns occupied while I slipped down and scooped him off the rubber boat. You'd have thought this guy was a ninety-million dollar cruiser they were out to protect. There must have been fifty-five or sixty planes. My co-pilot watched this whole thing, you know, and he thinks that this fellow Billis down there in the rubber boat with all those planes over him caused a kind of...diversionary action. While all those enemy were busy shooting at the planes and at Billis, on the other side of the island, that sub was sliding into that little cove and depositing the Frenchman and Joe Cable in behind those rocks.