

Billis (also for sailors, Seabees, Marines)

(He addresses LIEUTENANT CABLE, referring to Bali Ha'i.)

Right now that island is off limits due to the fact that the French planters have all their young women running around over there.

(He pauses to observe the effect of these significant words.)

Of course, you being an officer, you could get a launch. I'd even be willing to requisition a boat for you.

(Making a quick shift.)

It would take a lot of persuading to get me to go over there... But another thing goes on over there—the ceremonial of the boar's tooth. After they kill the boar, they pass around some of that coconut liquor and women dance with just skirts on...

(His voice becoming evil.)

...and everybody gets to know everybody pretty well...

Bloody Mary

(Looking straight out at the audience at a passing G.I.)

Hallo, G.I.!

(She holds up a grass skirt.)

Grass skirt? Very saxy! Fo' dolla'? Saxy grass skirt. Fo' dolla'! Send home Chicago. You like? You buy?

(Her eyes scan the audience as if watching the G.I. walk on. Her crafty smile fades to a quick scowl as he passes without buying. She calls after him.)

Where you go? Come back! Chipskate! Crummy G.I.! Sadsack. Droopy-drawers!

Brackett (also for Harbison and Henri)

(He is asking EMILE to volunteer for a mission behind enemy lines.)

Now, before you give us your answer, I want to impress you with three things. First, you are a civilian and you don't have to go. There's no way of making you go. Second, this is a very dangerous mission and there's no guarantee that you'll survive—or that it will do any good. Third, that it might do a great good. It might be the means of turning the tide of war in this area.

Cable

(His uniform is sweat-stained, and there are beads of sweat on his brow. He addresses EMILE, 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. 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. I went over every day till this damned malaria stopped me. Have you sailed over early in the morning? With warm rain playing across your face?

Emile

(He is explaining his past to NELLIE.)

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. 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. But 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 lets NELLIE imagine the rest.)

Liat

(speaking to LIEUTENANT CABLE)

I am Liat. That is how the French sisters pronounce my name. I saw you coming. I watch here every morning for the boat. I knew you would come back. I know you cannot stay away.

Nellie (also for nurses)

(speaking to EMILE after a dinner party he arranged in her honor)

I never had such a wonderful time in my whole life. All these lovely people and that cute old man who spoke French with me and made believe he understood me. And that exciting couple who danced for us. Oh, it's so different from *Little Rock*!

(She screams the last line exuberantly, as if she hopes Little Rock would hear.)

Nellie

(She goes to BRACKETT and immediately plunges into the subject closest to her heart. Her speech is unplanned. She knows she has no right to ask her question, but she must have an answer.)

Captain Brackett, I know this isn't regular... It's about Emile de Becque. I went to his house a week ago to... You know how people have arguments and then days later you think of a good answer... Well, I went to his house, and he wasn't there. I even asked the children—he has two little children—and they didn't seem to know where he'd gone. And then tonight while I was on duty in the ward—we have a lot of fighter pilots over there, and you know how they talk—about “Immelmans” and “wingovers” and things. I never listen usually but they kept talking about a Frenchman—the Frenchman said this, and the Frenchman said that... and I was wondering if this Frenchman they were talking about could be... my Frenchman.