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HAITI

BY

WILLIAM DU BOIS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE
CHRISTOPHE
JACQUES
BERTRAM
ANDRE
GUY
HAITIAN SOLDIERS
DAUGHTER
MOTHER
FIRST WOMAN
OLD MAN
SECOND WOMAN
THIRD WOMAN
JOSEF
BOULE
DUVAL
PHILLIPE
ROCHE
BOUCHER
ARMAND
JEAN
LECLERC
ODETTE
PAULINE
AIMEE
FIRST SERVANT
SECOND SERVANT
HAITIAN SOLDIERS
HAITIAN CITIZENS

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

SCENE I - A country house on the island of St. Domingue, Haiti,
in 1802. Just before dawn.

SCENE II - Several hours later.

ACT II

An evening several months later.

ACT III

An evening eight months later.

HAITI

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE: The small salon of a fine country house on the outskirts of Cap Francois (the present-day Cap Haitien), principal seaport on the north coast of the island of St. Domingue (present-day Haiti.)

It is the 10th year of the French Revolution, but the ghost of the ancien regime still hovers in the room, military and bare though it is.

Dead centre stands a fine oval table, pure Louis Seize...loaded with maps, inkpots, Christophe's sabre-belt and saddle-bag. Behind the table, a small armchair, with its twin to right of table. A chaise longue, cluttered with the General's capes and hats, stands Down Right. Down Left is a good sized leather "Pouf," or hassock. Against the upper right wall is a cupboard, most of its drawers gaping empty. A bell-rope near cupboard. There is no other furniture in the room.

Double doors in the Right wall give to a hallway. Double doors in the Left wall give to another salon.

Back Centre, two tall French windows, with jalousies. These should be merely another pair of "slatted double doors," on oiled runners, so that they can be opened or closed in a few seconds (and yet, when they are closed, look like tall "Venetian blinds.")

The French windows give to a terrace with a balustrade. Thrusting up lustily from the middle of this terrace in clear view of the audience when the jalousies are open, is the trunk of a big cabbage palm. Beyond the balustrade, thick tropic-garden backing...a solid wall of green foliage.

TIME: Just before dawn.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: Jalousies are closed tightly. Candles are burning on tables - Left and Right stage.

TWO NEGRO SOLDIERS are stationed on upper balcony, one facing front of window, the other on an angle at window Left stage. TWO NEGRO SOLDIERS are stationed beneath balcony, one to right of door on Right stage, the other to right of door on Left stage.

AT RISE OF
CURTAIN (cont'd):

At the table, in his faded blue-gold uniform, sits TOUSSAINT (L'Ouverture), the great Negro Leader, now old, gray and tired.

In the chair at Right of table - sits JACQUES, a slender mulatto in the middle forties, also in uniform. JACQUES has a fine, sensitive face, grown old too soon in the constant strife of the past.

Across the frame of jalousies, with the velvet rage of a balked tiger, paces CHRISTOPHE - Commander in Northern Haiti, responsible to no one but TOUSSAINT, this epitome of Negro revolt wears his general's uniform with an instinctive dignity.

No one speaks for several beats, no one moves but CHRISTOPHE, who paces Left to Right stage.

A distant EFFECT of TROOPS on the move. Faint BUGLES, the RATTLE of shouldered muskets, a NEGRO VOICE calling "Right wheel - Maaaarch!"

CHRISTOPHE

They're waiting for the dawn before they'll make a move!

TOUSSAINT

(sitting at table)

This time, all France has come to attack us.

CHRISTOPHE

(standing at table L.S.)

They haven't dared land!

JACQUES

They will when it's light.

CHRISTOPHE

And then - ?

TOUSSAINT

(with quiet finality)

You have my orders.

CHRISTOPHE

General Toussaint, let me try -

TOUSSAINT

You have my order!

(CANNON - pause - CANNON)

CHRISTOPHE

Yesterday - before you arrived - I could have blown them out of the water.

TOUSSAINT

Bonaparte would send more.

CHRISTOPHE

Always this Bonaparte! The National Assembly in Paris gave us our freedom ten years ago. Haiti is OURS.

JACQUES

In Paris today they still call our island St. Domingue - and it's still French soil.

CHRISTOPHE

"Liberty, equality, fraternity" - if your skin is white enough.

JACQUES

Don't expect a Revolution to have a sense of humor, Henry.

CHRISTOPHE

(to TOUSSAINT)

Bonaparte is sending Leclerc and this pocket court to make us slaves again!

(looks with compassion at TOUSSAINT,
who does not budge)

Forgive me, General Toussaint...but I must make you see - !

TOUSSAINT

I do, Christophe. Too well, perhaps.

CHRISTOPHE

Look! Napoleon's handbill!

(rummaging roughly through mass of
papers on table)

Leclerc's aide was showing them through town yesterday - under a flag of truce! D'you wonder I wouldn't let those ships past the harbour mouth?

(tosses the handbill in front of TOUSSAINT)

Here! Straight from the Tuilleries! Read this part!

TOUSSAINT

(reading)

"Rally to the captain-general Leclerc, who brings you abundance and peace! Rally about him, citizens! And remember this: Whoever shall dare to act apart from his orders, him the wrath of the Republic shall devour - as fire devours your dry canefields! Signed: The First Consul - Bonaparte."

(BOOM OF CANNON)

CHRISTOPHE

They've started! Let this army land?

TOUSSAINT

He sends them in the name of the Republic -

CHRISTOPHE

Must we belong to France forever? Why not to ourselves?
 (He breaks off as BERTRAND - breathless
 with news, but smartly disciplined -whips
 in through Left door, clicking his heels
 D.R. until he is noticed.)

BERTRAND

Colonel Petion, reporting to General Christophe. Skirmishers have
 been putting out from the French fleet in longboats. Colonel Petion
 requests your order to open fire.

CHRISTOPHE

He will hold his fire. If they move beyond the beach - he'll fall
 back on Cap Francois. If they enter the town - he'll put it to the
 torch!

BERTRAND

Still without resistance, General?

CHRISTOPHE

You heard!

(BERTRAND clicks his heels, wheels smartly
 and exits Left. CHRISTOPHE looks full at
 TOUSSAINT, drawing himself up as though
 "At attention"...TOUSSAINT, with a faint
 smile, rises.)

Your orders now, Toussaint L'Ouverture?

TOUSSAINT

(crosses upstage to Left window)

Come here, Christophe -

(He calls CHRISTOPHE and JACQUES)

--you too, Jacques.

(JACQUES goes to TOUSSAINT)

Look out there - across the plain - at our hills! Dark, deep, crowned
 with sun! Those hills will still be ours, - and they will fight for
 us now. You understand me?

CHRISTOPHE

(with new hope)

You'll let us hold the passes!

TOUSSAINT

Did you think I'd give up all we won together - First I will taste
 General Leclerc's "abundance-and-peace" - from a safe distance - from
 the flanks of that mountain!

(He crosses over to table Right and dons his
 hat and cape, then he crosses over to table)

Yes, keep our hills, and give Leclerc the seaboard - until we learn
 how "brotherly" he intends to be. Is it true they've brought their
 women?

CHRISTOPHE

By the dozens!

JACQUES

Bonaparte is sending us his sister Pauline. She's Madame Leclerc now -

CHRISTOPHE

A little Tuilleries - on our island!

(ANDRE appears in Left doorway)

ANDRE

Colonel Petion falls back - before a rapid advance.

CHRISTOPHE

(to ANDRE)

How many have they beached?

ANDRE

At least three line regiments, General.

CHRISTOPHE

Time to go, Ouverture.

ANDRE

(saluting TOUSSAINT)

General Tousseint will find horse and escort waiting.

CHRISTOPHE

(to ANDRE)

That'll do - to your detail.

ANDRE

General.

TOUSSAINT

(to CHRISTOPHE)

Dessalines joins me Monday. Be with us soon! And don't feel too superior to Leclerc, until he gives you the right!(crosses to L.S.;
to JACQUES warmly)

Jacques! Don't let him take too many risks. You're both much too valuable.

(TRAMPING OF FEET)

(With a brave sweep of his regalia, he
crosses over to stage.)Good-bye, Henry - I'd give a great deal to stand in those fine boots today...I can just remember when I was thirty - and believed in liberty, equality, and my own gods - all at once.

(crosses to L.S.; blows out candle)

You won't need this - the sun's almost up. Let's hope Leclerc, and Mme. Pauline, like our sun - as well as we do.

(He exits - Left, the TWO SOLDIERS,
wheeling solemnly, follow TOUSSAINT)(CHRISTOPHE, his energy released, snatches
papers on table)

CHRISTOPHE

I could still smash them on the beach - while they're feeling their way in the mist. You should have sided with me, Jacques! I don't understand you today. No one has more reason than you - to hate them.

JACQUES

No one, Henry!

CHRISTOPHE

(still at table)

That night old Moreau rode to town for his billiards - I was only a boy...Moreau still carried the bull whip he'd used on you - in that same garden. You licked your broken bones well - but you never really walked again.

(7 CANNON SHOTS)

(He runs up on Balcony - to Left window,
looking through telescope)

JACQUES

(takes off coat, puts it in saddle bag;
pulls bell rope)

Please, Henry!

(4th AIDE enters, R.S., JACQUES tosses him
the saddle bag)

Take this, please.

(4th AIDE goes out with the saddle bag.
As AIDE exits CHRISTOPHE comes down stairs)

CHRISTOPHE

(stops at foot of stairs)

Where's your uniform?

JACQUES

(at Left of table)

In your saddle bag - on its way to the hills.

CHRISTOPHE

(crosses to JACQUES)

What do you mean?

JACQUES

I've a favor to ask you, Henry. Order me to remain behind -

CHRISTOPHE

Here?

JACQUES

(out with it, in a rush)

As maitre-d'hotel of this estate - a spy - whatever you like! But I must stay on awhile - in this house.

CHRISTOPHE

(to JACQUES)

Are you out of your mind?

(ANDRE whips in from terrace)

ANDRE

General Christophe...Colonel Petion reporting! The town is burning,
as you ordered - all of it -

CHRISTOPHE

Warn me when they've reached this hill! Wait - outside!

(ANDRE goes out)

Now my friend! Are you forcing me to arrest you?

JACQUES

I am your friend, Henry! Isn't our friendship strong enough to -

CHRISTOPHE

(cuts in, furiously seizing JACQUES by
shirt-front, eye to eye)

Be sure which side you're on!

JACQUES

(quietly, not flinching)

I am quite sure, Henry Christophe. So are you.

CHRISTOPHE

(lets JACQUES go, pulls bell rope at L.S.)

Talk fast, then, I've a busy morning ahead.

(snatches map from table)

Why the monkey rig?

JACQUES

(GUY enters L.S.)

I can't tell you - till we're alone.

CHRISTOPHE

You'll have to!

(hands paper to GUY)

Take this to Petion - it's his route of march. Quickly!

(as GUY runs out L.S.)

(CHRISTOPHE is working hard at his map.
JACQUES stands above him, fighting hard
to get his attention)

JACQUES

You were young when this was the Moreau estate. When I was a Moreau
house slave. How well do you remember them?

CHRISTOPHE

(not looking from his map)

The old one? Too well!

JACQUES

And his sick son? Gaston Moreau?

CHRISTOPHE

They say he lived and died in his library.

JACQUES

(forcing himself to go on)
That sick son's wife...how well do you remember her?

CHRISTOPHE

Only vaguely.

JACQUES

She was called Marguerite. Would you care to see her - miniature?
(He takes picture from his shirt; puts
it on the map CHRISTOPHE is studying.)

CHRISTOPHE

Well?

JACQUES

She gave me that picture - over twenty years ago.

CHRISTOPHE

Indeed? You must have been her favorite slave.

JACQUES

I was her lover.

CHRISTOPHE

Her...what?

(He rises and looks at JACQUES)

JACQUES

Gaston Moreau's wife was the granddaughter of a slaver, and a Gold Coast Queen.

(CHRISTOPHE looks again at the miniature,
drops it, pulls bell rope)

CHRISTOPHE

(as GUY appears from Left)

Wait in the courtyard! Clear this floor! I'll ring when I want you -

(TWO SOLDIERS downstairs exit - Center)

GUY

We can't wait long, General - they're coming up the hill to -

CHRISTOPHE

Outside! All of you!

(TWO SOLDIERS on Balcony come downstairs
and exit Left)

JACQUES

(as GUY exits, closing door)

Thank you, Henry.

CHRISTOPHE

You mean this - this Marguerite was - one of us?

JACQUES

(Left Center)

An octeroon. Lovely - rich - white. Her parents were well-buried in Martinique. Who'd question her here?

CHRISTOPHE

(Left Center)

But you - ?

JACQUES

The revolution came - the whites were thinking of sending their women away - we agreed she should go for awhile, too. Then we risked saying good-bye in the garden - and old Moreau staggered out and - found us...He saw a slave, daring to speak to his son's wife - no more than that! But for that crime alone - he stood over me with a leaded whip - doing his drunken best to beat out my life....

(sighs)

When I knew I'd live again, Marguerite was in England.

CHRISTOPHE

She's coming back to you today - is that it?

JACQUES

Marguerite died in England just twenty years ago - childbirth. But my daughter is aboard Leclerc's flagship.

CHRISTOPHE

Your daughter?

JACQUES

With her husband. A Colonel Boucher, on Leclerc's staff.

CHRISTOPHE

Boucher! He's the one who spoke with me yesterday...the one who spread these handbills through the town...

(breaks off)

Does your daughter know that you, that her mother was -

JACQUES

Of course she doesn't! No one but you will ever know!

CHRISTOPHE

Then why would you risk your life to -

JACQUES

To learn how well she's prospered - To hear her mother's voice again, on her lips - !

CHRISTOPHE

How is she called?

JACQUES

The Moreaus christened her Odette.

CHRISTOPHE

(crosses to R.S.; pulls bell rope)

Her father is adjutant to a general. She should be proud to know him.

(4th AIDE is heard scrambling up the stairs, pell-mell)

JACQUES

(as he hears him coming)

I suppose I was a fool to tell you!

(CANNON and RIFLE SHOTS)

CHRISTOPHE

(X to stage Left; putting on coat)

Not such a fool, Jacques!

JACQUES

You don't mean you -

(breaks off as AIDE enters)

CHRISTOPHE

Clear this table!

(4th AIDE quickly gathers up everything, leaving table bare)

We're going at once. All but my adjutant!

JACQUES

(clicking his heels)

General!

CHRISTOPHE

From this moment, you head my Intelligence Service in Cap Francois. You know how to send messages - who'll meet you -

JACQUES

Yes, General -

(4th AIDE has cleared room, GUY breathless with news, appears on terrace)

CHRISTOPHE

Well?

GUY

Their skirmishers are almost at the gate, General. We're holding the road open!

CHRISTOPHE

Clear the road, and stand at Lorette! I'm with you.

(AIDE runs out)

My hat and gloves, butler!

(JACQUES assists him, with a bow)

Greet her as you wish - or not at all. But I'd be proud - if I were she.

JACQUES

I'm afraid the General is a hopeless idealist.

(opens Right door)

CHRISTOPHE

(opening wall panel instead)

I'll go the short road.

JACQUES

I'd quite forgotten that extra door.

CHRISTOPHE

A good butler should remember everything -

JACQUES

Good-bye, Henry - I can't begin to thank you -

CHRISTOPHE

Keep your head - if you can.

(He exits, pulling panel shut behind him)

JACQUES

Yes, Henry - I'll try to - keep my head.

(goes to open French windows, listening to the approaching din of war. Flames flicker beyond the garden. Hoarse "white" voices sing the Marsellaise...a spatter of musketry...several NEGROES, a cross-section of Haitian life, mass in helplessly on edge of terrace...a hoarse babble of terrified voices.)

VOICES

They're coming -

Thru the town - from all sides -

My house is burned, my barn -

My garden's trampled under -

All I could save was this -

Help us, Jacques!

Tell us what to do!

Where shall we go JACQUES!

JACQUES

Go to Lorette - up the pass. Go to Christophe - in the hills!

(He watches them go, pulls the jalousies shut, blows candle out on S.R. and exit R.S.)

(off stage)

To the hills!The hills

CURTAIN falls slowly

END OF SCENE I ACT I

ACT I

SCENE II

A few hours later. As the lights go up, it is bright sunlight in the garden, but the room, empty and waiting, is still shadowed, save where the broad ladder of sun falls through the chinks in the jalousies.

Sporadic musket shots. A few distant shouts. Then, from directly off Right of terrace, the EFFECT of several soldiers approaching, the VOICES OF DUVAL and AIDES:
"Column - halt! Open order - Maaaarch!"

DUVAL

(off stage)
Force the gate!
(sound of wood splintering)
Give a hand, you two!

(EFFECT BUILDING)

PHILLIPE

(off stage)
Shall we cut through the garden?

DUVAL

(off stage)
Cut down that hedge! We're taking no chances!
(furiously)
Deploy, squareheads...you might be walking into ambush.!

(2 SHOTS)

OFF STAGE VOICES

(1) Watch that hedge. (2) It's down Sir.

(In the darkness of the wide-open doors on stage Left a bayonet shines into the room. The marine JOSEF - a lank, stripling chauvin springs into the room like a gamey rooster, bayonet pointing into corners. Nothing. JOSEF rushes up on Balcony and opens window on Left stage, then opens window on Right stage.)

(As JOSEF is opening the window on Right stage - the marine BOULE - a hacked veteran strolls lazily in Right leaning on doorjamb watching his younger colleague with sardonic eyes)

BOULE

(at foot of stairs)
Anything worth killing?

JOSEF
(on balcony Right stage)

Nothing!

BOULE
(He spots decanter)

Nooooo?

(goes greedily to table on
Right stage, taking decanter)

What about baby?

JOSEF

Look out, now! It's probably poisoned --

BOULE
(pauses with decanter halfway
to his mouth)

There's a thought!
(offers it to JOSEF)

Here -- you try it first.

JOSEF
(continuing his search of the room,
flipping up the window drapes with
bayonet)

I enlisted to fight.

BOULE
(caressing the decanter, holds it
critically to the light)

This little darling never stopped a fight since the world began.
(thirst overcoming caution)

Well, we only die once!
(drinks a small swallow, reacts
joyfully, then gulps)

Cognac!

JOSEF
(opens third window)

Nothing in my opinion, this house is empty.

(I SHOT)

OFF STAGE LEFT VOICES

(1) Look over that wall. (2) Deploy. (3) I'll check to the right.

BOULE
(sitting)

So's the town. They've run for the bush. They always do!

JOSEF
(seeing DUVAL coming, R.)

ATTENTION!

(BOULE snaps to his feet, as DUVAL strides in through Right doorway... a hard shelled young captain, with the fiery medallion quality so common in those imperial years. DUVAL thoroughly scans the room)

DUVAL

(at window)

At the brandy so soon, Boule?

BOULE

(standing, puts bottle back)

Sorry, Captain, I-- was just sampling --

DUVAL

(pointing to jalousies)

Spring that!

(JOSEF comes downstairs, BOULE rolls back the jalousies revealing the sun-drenched garden, a flood of blond light pouring through the metallic ever-green palm, and bamboo leaves)

BOULE

(on terrace, warily)

The garden, sir!

DUVAL

(walking down stage)

Really? How clever you are this morning, Boule!

(pointing to Left doors)

See what's in there!

(BOULE hurries, as DUVAL whacks him with flat of sword. JOSEF stands gaping)

You too, drag-tail!

(BOULE and JOSEF bayonets pointed are about to spring the Left doors, when the doors slowly open from within. All tense, waiting. DUVAL draws his pistol. The Right doors swing wide, and JACQUES in his red-piped butler's vest, enters suavely, bowing to DUVAL)

JACQUES

Monsieur!

DUVAL

(ignoring him for the instant, he is so obviously unarmed and harmless)

Have a look Boule.

(BOULE darts in through Right doors. JOSEF guards JACQUES, hovering near him with cocked musket. DUVAL concentrates on the butler.)

And who may you be?

JACQUES

(X to DUVAL; with silky politeness,
perfectly at ease)
Maitre d'hotel of this estate, captain.

DUVAL

Where's everyone?

JACQUES

Gone, sir -- since dawn.

DUVAL

(picks up handbill on table;
shows it angrily to JACQUES)
Didn't they read this handbill? We're not here to hurt anyone!

JACQUES

It was the cannonading, sir--I'm afraid they misunderstood.
(BOULE returns, stands at attention, L.)

BOULE

The rooms are empty, Captain Duval. A dining room, kitchen and sort
of a library.

DUVAL

(nods curtly, without turning from
JACQUES)
Don't let me catch you in a lie, now! There's no one in this house
but you?

JACQUES

Or in all Cap Francois, sir! The whole town ran away when the general
set fire to it --

DUVAL

(grimly)
Christophe, eh?

JACQUES

The Governor of Northern Haiti...

DUVAL

Haiti! So you have even changed the name of the island! Hummmm!
We'll see later what you really know! Take him out, Boule! Both of
you!

(2 SHOTS)

(BOULE goes to JACQUES, collars him)

JACQUES

Don't let them hurt me, captain - I've always been a good servant -
I -- I've done nothing - I --

DUVAL

(more kindly)
Don't twist his collar off, Boule. Just see he doesn't run away.

BOULE

(to JOSEF)

Come along, Josef!

(JOSEF and BOULE march JACQUES
over to Right, during this
PHILLIPE enters with an armload
of maps, etc. which he puts on
table)

JACQUES

Please, Captain I won't be shot, will I?

BOULE

Come along.

(JOSEF and BOULE drag JACQUES
off right stage and close door)

VOICES OFF STAGE RIGHT

(1) Corporal of the guard.
(3) Very good sir!

(2) Report with detail to headquarters.
(4) Detail forward march.

PHILLIPE

(enters from Left door crosses to
table Left; arranging maps)

Well, we've hacked over all the garden! Roche is in the courtyard now,
giving out fatigue. Colonel Boucher too...

DUVAL

(at stage Center)
(with contempt)

Boucher? Don't tell me he's ashore so soon?

PHILLIPE

(behind table at Left stage)

Think he could wait to count up his wife's dowry?

DUVAL

(quickly)

That's enough, Phillipe.

PHILLIPE

(crosses to DUVAL)

But everyone knows that he --

DUVAL

I said that's enough!

(sees ROCHE coming off Right)

Attention!

(They snap to attention as ROCHE
enters Right. He is a porcine
martinet, hardened by years of
tropic service. He crosses to
desk, places hat then goes behind
table)

ROCHE

(at table, speaks to PHILLIPE)

Well, don't stand there gaping! Find Leclerc - wherever the hell he's pushed on to. Tell him we've found a place to sit down,
(sits down)

PHILLIPE

At once, Colonel Roche!

(He exits Left, pausing in doorway to salute BOUCHER, who enters slowly)

(BOUCHER is a cross between Tallyrand and Marst. His movements are slow, sure and feline. He might be any age, race or creed. His manner is as dandified as a uniform will allow, but one never loses sight of his strength and cunning.)

BOUCHER

(crosses to stage Center; stops, looks at DUVAL; lightly sneering)

Well, Duval! In the thick of the war, like a good soldier?

DUVAL

(hating him, clicks heels)

At your service, Colonel Boucher!

BOUCHER

Thank you so much. You may relax - for the present.
(ignoring DUVAL, he speaks to ROCHE; goes up stage to doorway, turns)

Look at that map, Roche: D'you know where we are?

ROCHE

Perhaps a mile beyond the town, Colonel.

BOUCHER

(taking everything in with care; testing the table with a silky connoisseur's hand; walks down stage and to Left side of table)

No, no! This house! These grounds! My friends, do you realize this is part of the old Moreau estate?

ROCHE

You don't mean it, sir! How fortunate for you -
(corrects himself)

--and Madame your wife -

BOUCHER

(testing chair)

Very pretty, eh? And these black scoundrels leave it untouched! Considerate of them, no?

ROCHE

You've the only house in this valley, Colonel. By God, they gutted the town for us!

BOUCHER

(checking up, crosses to Left stage)
 It will give me pleasure to offer General Leclerc a headquarters.
 (examining the fine woodwork of the door)
 Charming, charming! Odette's going to love this. Let's hope none
 of it is damaged...

(MARCHING BEGINS)

(BOUCHER completely absorbed in
 his inventory, exits Right)

ROCHE

(watching him go)
 Yes, the general will plant his stern here and like it!
 (ROCHE, unbuttons tunic, sprawls back in
 armchair, running a finger round his neck,
 wiping off the sweat)
 Hell and molasses, boy, unbutton! This is a fight, not a dress-parade!

DUVAL

(opens tunic)
 Thanks, Colonel. Only ----

ROCHE

Only what?

DUVAL

If it's a fight -- where are they?

ROCHE

(at table, points off stage)
 Up there with the goats - daring us to come after 'em!

DUVAL

(at upstage door)
 When do we start?

ROCHE

You and Boucher brought the white flag ashore yesterday--would you like
 to cross swords with 'em - in the bush?

DUVAL

(crosses to pouf)
 Why not? It's my job.

ROCHE

(feet on table)
 Well, you'll do nothing so romantic -- there isn't elbow room.
 (He spits reflectively under desk)
 I fought over this terrain when there was a king at Versailles -- I know!
 (DUVAL breaks his restless roaming,
 puts a foot on pouf, listens,
 elbow on knee)
 Ever drag a battery through a jungle, squat in some blind ravine, trying
 to remember north from south - and still nothing real to fight? Wake
 up with a tarantula on your sleeve - ? Ever find your pockets in the
 morning with their guts gone? That's war in the tropics, my boy.

(ARMAND appears in Left door, clicking heels, sharp. ROCHE looks up)

Well? Don't expect me to take my feet down for you!

(DUVAL strolls upstage looking out into garden...mopping his brow)

ARMAND

The commissary, Colonel! They've signalled from the flagship for permission to land.

ROCHE

(taking feet off table, as he takes a swig of cognac)

(MARCHING STEPS)

Did I say this was a fight, Michel? It's more like a boar hunt - with a basket lunch! Beach all the cooks we've got!

(ARMAND salutes and exits, Left, closing door)

DUVAL

(up stage Center, at door)

One sweep of cane-fields, right up the mountains...

ROCHE

(gets up and crosses to door)

A sugar-plum for Paris! Can you picture Nappy letting these black scoundrels keep it?

DUVAL

(shrugs)

That's General Leclerc's problem, not ours.

ROCHE

(beating dust from uniform)

Uh - huh! Leclerc's got his orders --- and don't you forget it.

(sighs eloquently)

He'd carry 'em out faster if he'd left that wife of his in Paris.

There's a problem in any language!

(goes to table and takes a swig of cognac)

(BOUCHER with his slow feline walk, returns from left in time to hear this)

BOUCHER

(crosses to pouf and sits)

Poor Pauline! Without Odette, she would have died of mal de mer!

(runs finger over woodwork to see if dusty)

(ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
off stage Left)

ROCHE

Well, Colonel! How'd you like your wife's dowry?

BOUCHER

(crosses to Left stage to pouf.

Always cutting indirectly at DUVAL)

No jokes before Captain Duval -- please! He's so young - he might misunderstand.

ROCHE

(down stage)

So this is Madame's plantation, now. They didn't come smarter -- or meaner -- than her grandfather. I'm told his slaves took four days to kill him -- and enjoyed every moment.

(ATTENTION! off stage
Left)

BOUCHER

Thank Heaven Odette was a child in England then!

(PHILLIPE enters Right snapping
to attention)

PHILLIPE

The Captain-General!

(ATTENTION! off stage
Left)

JEAN

(off Right)

This way, General Leclerc!

(LECLERC, trailed by ARMAND and JEAN,
enters from right as ROCHE, BOUCHER
and DUVAL come to attention where
they stand)

(LECLERC bursts into the room, magnificent
in his new uniform, taking possession with
the assurance, and the slight disdain, com-
mon to all conquerors)

LECLERC

(behind table Right stage)

At ease.

BOUCHER

(the perfect, suave toady)

We thought you were leading your skirmishers, sir.

LECLERC

(looking at map from back of table;
walk from Right to Left)

I was.

(still busy with maps)

Fourche is deploying now...in the skirts of the woods--but I'm afraid
there's no fight in this Christophe! All he can do is burn...and run.

(to PHILLIPE)

Find Potin - police the town thoroughly.

(PHILLIPE exits, LECLERC beckons
to ARMAND)

Thibault will stand at Lorette - where the road enters the bush.

(ARMAND exits, LECLERC beckons JEAN)

LECLERC (continued)

Send my compliments to the flag-ship -- Madame Leclerc may come ashore and look at houses.

ROCHE

(at stage Right near pouf)

Sorry, General. This is the only house left -

BOUCHER

(at pouf; to LECLERC hastily)

Part of my wife's estate, general. May I offer it to you in both our names?

LECLERC

Thank you, Colonel. It's fortunate someone has a whole roof to give me.
(to JEAN)

You may so advise Madame Leclerc.

(JEAN exits Left)

I suppose your lady is mad to get ashore, too, Boucher?

BOUCHER

(at pouf)

Mad enough to swim, sir!

LECLERC

(walking freely about then
back to table)

Too bad we couldn't allow it sooner.

(generally)

Well, gentlemen! Our first headquarters!

(pats the cognac bottle)

I see we've a cellar.

DUVAL

(crosses halfway to table)

And a butler with it, sir. I took him prisoner --

LECLERC

Did you, Duval? I'm sorry. We don't want prisoners - this must not degenerate into war, you know! We are here to repossess the land for the Republic of France -- as peacefully as possible - that is all.

(goes behind table)

DUVAL

My mistake, sir.

LECLERC

(at table)

A whole town razed - just because this Christophe was too stubborn too!
(breaks off, sits down)

I suppose my gunboats made him lose his head. I must be kind from now on.

ROCHE

(at down stage Right)

They understand gunboats, better, General.

LECLERC

(behind table)

Your experience may permit you to contradict me, sir...but I shall try to be their friend, first --

(sighing)

---after they give up their arms, of course.

(crosses to table)

ROCHE

You can't be their friend and make them work too, General...and we all know the First Consul means to restore slavery...

LECLERC

(grandly guarding a very open secret)

I cannot discuss the First Consul's plan now, Roche!

(during this PHILLIPE whips in from Center stage; hands DUVAL a printed scroll, and exits)

DUVAL

Yes, Phillipe!

(to BOUCHER)

The General's proclamation, Colonel.

BOUCHER

Well, don't stand there like a lout - read it!

DUVAL

Very good, sir.

(opens scroll)

"Citizens of Cap Francois! Put yourself under the protection of the Republic! Give up your weapons, your unwise leaders. It is not yet too late to avoid the punishment of a traitor!"

LECLERC

Conciliatory but firm, eh? I'm placarding the town with these! Pin it up, Duval - let's see how it looks!

(DUVAL crosses Right stage, pins proclamation on the wall)

ROCHE

Too bad no one's left to read 'em.

LECLERC

Roche, you are a thorn in my side today.

BOUCHER

After all this is not the general's first campaign!

ROCHE

It's his first in the jungle, sir.

LECLERC

I shall give them a month to turn in their billhooks. Then I shall issue an amnesty. You'll see them come back to their masters - their plantations --

(shrugs eloquently)

---wherever they belong!

(rising)

LECLERC (continued)

Come, gentlemen, let us inspect, our future home --
 (gracefully bowing to BOUCHER)
 --pardon me - Colonel Boucher's.

DUVAL

(upstage center)
 But the prisoner, sir - I mean, the butler!

LECLERC

All in good time, Duval -- all in good time!
 (LECLERC goes R. intimately
 with BOUCHER)
 Considerate of them, leaving us a maitre d'hotel, eh, Boucher?

BOUCHER

One can always use a native servant, sir.

(BOUCHER and LECLERC exit Right)

ROCHE

(grimacing at DUVAL)
 Yes, Colonel -- make him your friend -- and maybe he won't poison you.
 (ROCHE exits Right)

(DUVAL picks up map, goes upstage Center,
 then exit through upstage door to the Left)

(They have scarcely cleared on terrace
 when there is a murmur of JOSEF and
 ODETTE'S voices from hall Left.)

JOSEF

(off Left stage)
 Madame Boucher....!

ODETTE

(off Left stage)
 I tell you, I will come in!

JOSEF

(off Left stage)
 I'll be shot for this!

ODETTE

(off Left as she appears)
 Let me pass - or I'll shoot you now!

(ODETTE sweeps in from Left, as JOSEF
 appears behind her in Left doorway,
 sputtering ineffectually. She crosses
 to left of pouf quickly, with a gay,
 adventurous abandon. JOSEF is in
 doorway.)

(ODETTE is slender, dark, pale and distur-
 bingly lovely. Her eyes take in the room
 eagerly.)

JOSEF

(in the room)

No ladies were to leave the flagship before Madame Leclerc!

ODETTE

(tossing him a gold piece)

Then don't announce me! Do go fall asleep again!

JOSEF

But really, Mme. Boucher! Don't you see, I -

(He exits Left stage)

ODETTE

(crosses to upstage window, looks out on terrace, runs back into room upon hearing a foot step)

Quickly, or I'll take back that gold piece.

(DUVAL comes in with maps, crosses to table, stops, looks toward ODETTE with surprise)

(DUVAL speaks very coldly to ODETTE)

ODETTE

Oh - it's you, Captain! I thought perhaps -

DUVAL

Madame Boucher! How did you get ashore?

ODETTE

Bribed my way, on the commissary.

DUVAL

(still very formal)

But - it isn't safe. The town's still burning....

ODETTE

Yes - I singed my wings a little, getting this far. But I - simply couldn't wait.

DUVAL

(behind table)

Won't you - rest a bit?

ODETTE

(sits on pouf)

Thank you. I am - rather out of breath. Is my - husband here?

DUVAL

Colonel Boucher is on the terrace, I'll call him.

ODETTE

Not yet, please. Let me really catch my breath...Please continue your work. I shan't disturb you...

DUVAL

(at table)

Sorry, Madame. I am - too concerned - for you.

ODETTE

Don't be. I'm not in the least afraid. Why should I be afraid? After all, this is my country!

DUVAL

And your plantation - if we're to believe the maps.

ODETTE

(standing, looking around)

Those maps! If you knew...how I've studied them...I've gone through that door a hundred times. Only it's real, now...

DUVAL

- and still yours, Madame.

ODETTE

(crosses to DUVAL)

Must we be this formal forever? Surely I know you well enough to say Michel - after all our talks together.

DUVAL

(trying hard to control his emotions)

Please do, Madame.

ODETTE

Odette!

DUVAL

(giving in to ODETTE)

Odette...

ODETTE

(looks around room, goes upstage center,
looks out on terrace, then back into room)

- and tell me all that's happened since you landed!

DUVAL

Shall I read you the General's proclamation?

ODETTE

(crosses to table)

I think I've heard enough proclamations since we left France. What's behind them all, Michel?

(DUVAL shrugs)

Don't be like the others! All I get from them are evasions. Surely you don't think Napoleon is giving these black men freedom?

DUVAL

Protection is a better word, Madame.

ODETTE

(Crosses to pouf and sits)

Protection! You mean, an iron on their necks again!

DUVAL

Can we let them govern themselves?

ODETTE

We might let them try.

DUVAL

May I argue that point - when I know them better?

ODETTE

(standing, crosses to table)

I've never known them - and yet, I can see their side so clearly. So could you - if you'd stop being a soldier for a moment.

(again she breaks the nearness, and crosses to read proclamation)

"Give up your weapons, your unwise leaders." Why shouldn't they have leaders, as well as we? Didn't they kill off tyranny here, while we were killing a king in Paris? I'll tell you more, Michel. Army or no army, I'd set them all free if -

DUVAL

- if they didn't belong to your husband, in your marriage settlement?

ODETTE

(turning to Right of table)

Exactly. Do you think me quite mad? I see! A good officer mustn't say what he thinks.

DUVAL

(standing facing right)

A good officer thinks as Napoleon does.

ODETTE

(sitting in chair right)

But he can't help listening, can he, Michel?...In those days, there were nearly a hundred slaves to each white master..human beings - starved, shackled - driven like cattle from barracks to cane-field. Can you blame them for seizing freedom? Why should they give it back to us - to anyone? It's a clear-cut case, Michel: Far more important than black against white. It's injustice, masquerading as brotherly love. It's a brand-new tyrant, come to take away another people's right to live.

(BOUCHER on balcony right, daintily applauding)

BOUCHER

Bravo, my dear! But why the breathless pause? Do go on. Your ideas are quite amusing.

ODETTE

(looking up)

You shouldn't have listened, Rene.

BOUCHER

(on steps)

And why not? Don't tell me I've spoiled a rendezvous, Captain?

DUVAL

(at right of table)

I should have informed you that Madame was ashore, sir.

BOUCHER

Quite right. You really mustn't take too many chances, Odette - my patience has limits.

ODETTE

Thank you, Rene. I shan't presume on your goodness.

BOUCHER

(at bottom of step)

Get on with your work, Captain! And do sit down, my dear. In your grandfather's salon. Would you believe it was the "GREAT CHRISTOPHE'S" headquarters yesterday?

ODETTE

(crossing to Left stage)

Christophe! The one you bargained with?

BOUCHER

(downstairs)

One bargains only with one's equals! The great, ranting nabob. By spring, I'll see him hanged, gold braid and all.

(lightly, above ODETTE. A hand on her shoulder)

Any objections, my dear, humanitarian wife? But don't make an old soldier talk of war. Comfort him a little.

(puts arm around ODETTE)

Isn't she a lovely thing, Duval? Quite better than I deserve.

DUVAL

(standing)

Quite, sir.

BOUCHER

(to DUVAL)

You'll never make a diplomat, Captain. Your emotions are - much too near the surface.

(PHILLIPE enters from Left stage)

PHILLIPE

The adjutants' compliments. Will the Colonel inspect the regiment before fatigue?

BOUCHER

Directly.

(PHILLIPE salutes and exits Left)

BOUCHER

Don't worry, Captain - I don't expect an apology for your rudeness. We must both remember that duty comes before our private quarrels. Once more, I leave Madame Boucher to your care. Don't let her stray too far, will you?

(BOUCHER exits Left. DUVAL is on his feet instantly, crossing with agitation to ODETTE)

Don't, Michel!

ODETTE

I can't sit by any longer! You know I love you!

DUVAL

ODETTE

(at pouf)
Yes, Michel - I know.

DUVAL

You mean nothing to him. All he wants is your land. I know I've not enough rank to challenge him.

ODETTE

Thank God for that, at least!

DUVAL

Don't thank God too soon! This is a young man's century. Perhaps they'll give me my regiment yet. Then we'll see.

(VOICES are heard off stage Left)

PAULINE

(off Left)
Where does this stairway go?

ARMAND

(off Left)
To the small salon, Madame Leclerc -

PHILIPPE

(off Left)
Careful, Madame - it's rather dark -

ODETTE

(seizing chance to break scene)
Madame Leclerc!
(laughter)

DUVAL

(starts up stage to doorway)
I see...I...shan't annoy you.

ODETTE

(X in front of DUVAL)
Michel! Come here...Give me your word to - obey orders? For awhile?

DUVAL

For awhile Madame!
(DUVAL sweeps ODETTE into his arms, kissing her, steps back, salutes smartly and exits via terrace)

PAULINE

(off Left)
Really, this isn't a bad copy of the Luxembourg!

BOUCHER

(off Left)
One step more, dear lady.

(ARMAND comes in opening door wide)

ARMAND

The salon, Mme. Loclerc!

(PAULINE sweeps in gaily, pausing a step.
She is a lovely, porcelain-and-peach bloom
girl, with a spoiled doll's manner)

(BOUCHER comes in, squiring PAULINE
attentively)

(AIMEE the maid enters, fearfully. She
carries a reticule, shawls and a hooded
bird-cage)

PAULINE

(at Center of stage, displeased and pouting)
Well, Odette! I hear you bribed them to row you ashore ahead of me!

ODETTE

(at Left side of table, not flinching)
I am too guilty, Madame.

PAULINE

My other ladies are still on shipboard - with cotton in their ears.
(to BOUCHER)
You should beat her oftener, Colonel - she's much too daring a female.

BOUCHER

(at pouf)
Zeal for my safety brought her, Madame! Besides, we had to make sure
our "little place" was fit to receive - the new queen.

PAULINE

Indeed! Quite artful, aren't you?
(impressed, nevertheless starts Right)
"The new queen"! Well, with a brother like mine - why not? Is it
safe to proceed?

ARMAND

Reasonably, Madame.

PAULINE

The atomizer, Aimee - I'm taking no chances.
(The MAID minces into room, crosses
to Right stage opening reticule,
taking out a spray, with which she
"clears" the air as PAULINE sails
gaily about the room)

PAULINE
 (crosses to Left Center)
 This heat! Are those windows wide?

PHILLIPE
 Wide as they'll go, Madame.

PAULINE
 (crosses to pouf)
 Then I'll sit down here.
 (looks about for a place to sit)

ARMAND
 (instantly proffers arm-chair)
 Here, Madame!

PAULINE
 (points to pouf, the MAID covers
 it instantly with a shawl)
 No - here.
 (PAULINE sits gingerly on pouf)
 I don't feel safe enough to lean back - yet.

BOUCHER
 (to PHILLIPE)
 Warn the General, Phillipe.
 (PHILLIPE exits quickly on terrace)
 (ARMAND and JEAN stand like attentive
 sentinels behind PAULINE)

PAULINE
 This is most flattering, gentlemen - but why so close? Is something
 apt to pounce on me?

BOUCHER
 No, Madame - we all feel our responsibility.

PAULINE
 (at ODETTE, who is seated now)
 Odette didn't - flying ashore when I needed her most. When the books
 are written she'll get the credit for being the first woman to land.
 The next time there's history to be made, I'd like to make it.

BOUCHER
 (at Left of pouf)
 I'm sure she'll be more discreet in the future.

PAULINE
 (airily, to ODETTE)
 Oh, you're forgiven this time! Especially since you - and the Colonel
 (BOUCHER bows)
 - are providing such an amusing home for me.
 (to AIMEE)
 That'll do, Aimee! You may give Louis his bath.

PAULINE (continued)

(AIMEE exits Right with the bird-cage)

Your hand, Boucher! I must see everything at once!

(squired by BOUCHER, PAULINE takes
in the room)

I've brought a painting of that eccentric brother of mine, you know -
this panel is just the place for it.

(business at wall)

...and a big mirror here to balance it....

(business at windows)

...and some rather gay portieres here....You don't mind my furnishing
your house for you, Odette---?

ODETTE

Madame overwhelms me.

PAULINE

(at stage Center)

Tell me whom can we invite to our first assembly? How many of these
Colonials are presentable?

BOUCHER

Very few, I'm afraid. I hear most of them are too black.

PAULINE

(at table)

How formidable! And yet - how fascinating, too....

(crosses to pouf)

I've never seen a really black man!

(LECLERC comes in sweeping from ter-
race. PHILLIPE attends him, sees
him in, then wheels and exits left)

LECLERC

Ladies!

PAULINE

My love!

LECLERC

(at pouf)

So soon and so welcome.

(kissing PAULINE)

May a dusty Trojan refresh himself?

(to ODETTE)

And Madame Boucher!

ODETTE

(a deep curtesy)

Captain-General!

LECLERC

(at down Right)

Come, Madame - no more formalities! We are one family now - building
Colonial France anew.

ODETTE

(at Left of table)

Thank you so much.

LECLERC

(to PAULINE)

And does my wife approve the shelter so kindly offered us?

PAULINE

It's too good to be true, Charles. I won't believe it's real, until I've had my lunch.

LECLERC

Poor pet! Her first meal in two months.

PAULINE

(crosses to windows)

Couldn't we put a table up in those gardens? After all, your war is practically over by now...

LECLERC

(indicating his maps)

Practically, my dear, but - it's still a war - if you don't mind too much?

ODETTE

(at Right stage; abandons her courtly manner,
facing LECLERC directly)

So we're calling things by their right names now, General?

LECLERC

(to ODETTE)

Madame, if these people won't see where their best interests lie - someone must make them!

BOUCHER

For the last time, Odette - !

ODETTE

Don't explain to me, Rene.

(crosses)

I understand quite well now.

BOUCHER

And where are you going?

ODETTE

(pointedly)

For a breath of fresh air!

(goes out on terrace)

PAULINE

(attracting the Men)

Now Charles, - put away those silly maps. You know you can't make head or tail of this country yet.

LECLERC

(humoring PAULINE, a bit nettled, he's charmed by her pretty wiles)

Yes, my love - yes! But the Colonel has some chores for me first, I'm sure.

BOUCHER

(with gratitude)

Only the prisoner, sir - shouldn't we question him?

LECLERC

Prisoner? Oh, yes! Duval caught us a real aborigine! Would you like to see him, Pauline? As a kind of aperitif?

PAULINE

We'd adore it, - wouldn't we, Odette?

(SHE turns, realizing ODETTE is not in the room)

Now where has she gone?

* BOUCHER

Madame seems to be admiring the garden.

(to ARMAND)

Have the fellow sent in.

(ARMAND exits right)

They have him locked up down the hall, General.

PAULINE

(gets up and crosses stage)

A real black man! I can hardly wait!

LECLERC

Boucher, are you sure he won't frighten the ladies?

PAULINE

Now, Charles, I won't be cheated out of my thrill!

BOUCHER

(at back of table, calls)

Boule! Where are you?

BOULE

(off stage)

Coming, Colonel!

PAULINE

(at pouf)

Dear! Now I am a bit giddy. I'm going to sit down again, after all.

(LECLERC goes above pouf, guarding PAULINE as she sits down with a shivering sign)

(BOULE comes in doorway, stands up from door, and beckons JACQUES to follow)

BOULE

This way!

(JEAN at Right stage, JACQUES, slowly stumbles, shoulders hunched, eyes down)

Try to walk like a man, can't you?

(ODETTE comes in from terrace; as she enters, JACQUES raises his eyes. Their eyes meet for a long moment. JACQUES stands, rooted to the spot)

ODETTE

(comes downstage a little, looking JACQUES over)

So this is one of them!

JACQUES

(an instinctive step towards her)

Yes, my lady.....

(JACQUES seeks resemblance)

BOULE

(instantly intervenes)

Keep quiet! And stand back!.....

(JACQUES humbly draws back. ODETTE comes to the front of the map-littered table, leans back against it ----looking JACQUES over, smiling)

PAULINE

Here, Boule! Let me look at him....Well! I'd no idea they were so tame!

(BOULE backs to wall)

LECLERC

Didn't Duval say he was butler here?

BOUCHER

(from behind table, left)

Don't let the waistcoat deceive you, General -- he probably stole it.

JACQUES

(seeking to disarm inquisitors)

No, Colonel -- no! I have always been a servant in this house.

PAULINE

(sitting on ramp)

Josephine has a yellow one at the Tuilleries--but I like his color better. Keep him for your salon! He'd look too amusing in a turban.

LECLERC

(at stage Center)

Not so fast, Pauline.

(downstage toward JACQUES)

So you're a servant here?

JACQUES

Maitre d'hotel, general.

LECLERC

And why didn't you run away with the others?

JACQUES

I wasn't afraid, sir -- I belong here -- so here I stayed.

BOUCHER

To spy on us, perhaps.

JACQUES

(at table Right)

To serve you, Colonel --- as I was born to do.

BOUCHER

How many regiments are with Christophe?

JACQUES

Christophe, Colonel? He never lived here. This estate makes rum, -- not trouble.

LECLERC

Rum, eh? I hope they left some in the cellar.

JACQUES

(shows keys in his pocket)

All of it, General, I -- I kept the keys.

LECLERC

(to BOUCHER)

He does know the right answers.

PAULINE

Please, Charles -- we must keep him!

LECLERC

(to JACQUES)

You speak the patois, of course?

JACQUES

All the dialects, sir.

PAULINE

There. You're an interpreter, too.

LECLERC

What's your opinion, Colonel?

BOUCHER

I'm not convinced he's telling all he knows.

PAULINE

And I insist he serve us our lunch ----- !

LECLERC

Boucher, she gives us no choice!

(pulls JACQUES over to him)

Here, let me rub your head for luck.

(JACQUES crosses for General to rub his head)

PAULINE

But after all, it's for Odette to decide, Charles!

ODETTE

(beckons JACQUES closer)

What's your name?

JACQUES

Jacques, my lady.

ODETTE

Just Jacques?

JACQUES

Slaves have one name only.

ODETTE

So they have,.....Boule! Take him to the kitchen....Tell them he's to be my salon steward---give him a coat ---

(BOUCHER, intent on hurting, crosses to ODETTE)

BOUCHER

---and curry him if he needs it.

(to JACQUES)

Well, what are you waiting for? You have your orders. And you're luckier than you deserve.

JACQUES

Thank you, Colonel.

(looks hard at ODETTE, then bows deeply)

.....Madame.

(JACQUES exits Right followed by BOULE)

PAULINE

Well, it seems you've got at least one slave back, Odette.

ODETTE

(who has been oddly affected by JACQUES' exit - still staring after him, comes back with a start to what PAULINE is saying)

Your pardon, Madame.....Yes, one slave back!

PAULINE

Wasn't it strange, how he looked at you? Almost as though he knew he was your property.

(PHILLIPE enters from terrace, with a sheaf of papers, which he puts on the table)

PHILLIPE

Reports of commissary-harbour police -- ordinance. When may they have the general's attention?

BOUCHER

(to PHILLIPE)
I'll take them, Phillipe.

PHILLIPE

Colonel!
(salutes BOUCHER, and waits)

BOUCHER

(X to PHILLIPE)
These lists are complete? Ordnance - everything?

PHILLIPE

Quite, Colonel.

LECLERC

(making to join BOUCHER at the table)
I'm afraid our dejeuner must wait, Pauline.

PAULINE

You let them drive you so!

BOUCHER

If the General will permit me - I'll be glad to handle these details.

LECLERC

Granted, Boucher, granted.

PAULINE

But I wanted the Colonel to lunch with us, too.

LECLERC

(crossing stage)
Now, my dove!

PAULINE

At least, Odette can join us now.....
(ODETTE comes over stage, until
BOUCHER's voice stops her)

BOUCHER

----after one word with me,
(to ODETTE)
Surely you don't mind waiting, Odette?

ODETTE

(senses what is coming)
Of course not, Rene.

LECLERC

At table then, in fifteen minutes.

PAULINE

----and if you hurry, we'll save some cold punch for you,
(to PHILLIPE and ARMAND)
Your arms, Gentlemen!
(PHILLIPE and ARMAND on either side
of PAULINE. She sweeps out right)

LECLERC

(smiling fatuously)

Isn't she enchanting?

(He gives his side-burns a twirl, and exits after PAULINE and AIDES)

(BOUCHER is busy with papers. ODETTTE remains rigid and waiting. Finally unable to endure the suspense, she takes a step towards him)

ODETTTE

(sitting at table)

Well, Rene.

BOUCHER

(sitting at table)

Do I have to say what I've kept you for?

(busily adds up figures with quill pen)

ODETTTE

I'm afraid you'll have to ----

BOUCHER

(calmly continuing over her line)

I shall be the richest man in this colony, -- thanks to my marriage to you. I gave you a name -- you bring me wealth -- it should be a good bargain. I look forward keenly to its --- fulfillment.

(tosses down pen; rises)

And I shan't permit Captain Duval to cheat me of my own enjoyment.

ODETTTE

Rene! There's been nothing between Captain Duval and me. What's in your mind now? Say it!

BOUCHER

Well, to be frank, I have a premonition that Captain Duval won't die of old age.

ODETTTE

I see.

BOUCHER

(rising)

Let me make sure you do. There'll be an expedition into the hills, to bring back those guerilla leaders.

(thinking it out, savoring every detail)

I shall recommend Captain Duval as an officer who needs danger to bring out his best...and you, and I, will comfortably await results... here.

(stacks papers neatly, crosses stage)

So convenient, having Duval to do my slave-hunting! Otherwise, I might have to lead the expedition myself!

(BOUCHER is at Right exit when JACQUES comes in. He is wearing a butler's coat and carries a tray)

JACQUES

Your pardon, Colonel. I came for the glasses.

BOUCHER

(crosses stage Right, speaks to JACQUES)

Ready to work so soon, eh? I didn't know your race could move that fast.

(in door)

Do compose yourself, Odette! You better go up to one of the bedrooms and freshen up a bit. You must look your best when you come down to dejeuner. .

(BOUCHER exits softly, Right)

(JACQUES crosses agitatedly to the window. Leans in frame, staring off)

(ODETTE gets command of herself, turns back to room, watching JACQUES at his work)

ODETTE

(turns)

Jacques.

(He pauses)

It is Jacques?

JACQUES

(turns)

Yes, Madame.

ODETTE

(crosses to JACQUES halfway, then sits on pouf - speaking gently)

When you first saw me -- here - why did you take that step towards me?

JACQUES

Forgive me, Madame I ---

ODETTE

Why did you stare so? Why are you staring now?

JACQUES

Madame reminds me -- of someone -- I'd almost forgotten -

ODETTE

I?

JACQUES

(respectfully makes to take a glass from the table)

May I have all the glasses!

ODETTE

Put down that tray --- come here --- who are you?

JACQUES

(crosses to ODETTE)

Your slave.

ODETTE

I thought there were no slaves here.

JACQUES

We were all slaves a few years ago. I am too old to forget.

ODETTE

Who was your master then, Jacques?

JACQUES

Colonel Moreau.

ODETTE

Moreau?

JACQUES

(simply, without any overtone of meaning)
You would be his granddaughter, Madame.

ODETTE

But how did you know I was---

(struck)

Yes-----how could you know?

JACQUES

Because you are your mother's image.

ODETTE

(sees the point, but still a bit puzzled)
Of course -- you would have known my mother ---

JACQUES

She was called Marguerite...You are called Odette. You see, I was the Colonel's houseman, Madame --- I had charge of the family records -- the library ---

ODETTE

The library where my father worked!

JACQUES

Yes, Madame --- that room in there.

ODETTE

But you must tell me everything! I never saw my father, you know ---

JACQUES

I know.

ODETTE

(opens a locket, shows him a miniature)
Here is a miniature of my mother. They kept it for me after she died. I haven't even a picture of my father. What was he like? Don't be afraid, Jacques -- talk to me.

JACQUES

(taut and cold)
Gaston Moreau was a shadow in a chair --- waiting to die.

ODETTE

You say I've my mother's face. Look at me, Jacques! Don't I remind you of him, too ----- a little?

JACQUES

(keeps his distance)

Yes, Madame -- a very little.

ODETTE

Can't you remember more?

JACQUES

No, Madame. He has been dead too long.

ODETTE

(sighs; gives up)

Very well. You may take the glasses.

JACQUES

(starts up stage but stop on next speech)

Yes, my lady.

ODETTE

Now I'm beginning to doubt you are a servant here. How do I know you weren't one of the leaders, when they struck for freedom?

JACQUES

(turns)

Madame, I am an old steward who wants to keep his place.

ODETTE

Suppose I told you that you were free to go to join Christophe in the hills? That I want to see you win?

JACQUES

(eyes alight, but subdued again, as she turns)

I was born a part of the Moreau earth, I should like to end my days as they began. May I go now?

ODETTE

Yes, you may go.

JACQUES

(takes glasses from desk up stage; crosses to Right stage; exits closing door)

Thank you, Madame.

(a wall panel opens revealing CHRISTOPHE. His sword is gone, a pistol is stuck in his belt. He comes to Right, watching ODETTE instantly. She does not turn until he speaks.)

CHRISTOPHE

Don't move, please. And don't cry out. I won't hurt you. All I want is that paper under your hand....

(business with papers)

A list of ordinance. Perfect.

ODETTE

Who are you? How did you...get into this room?

CHRISTOPHE

The cane-break - three cellars...and up through that wall, like an old-fashioned ghost.

(putting papers back, exactly as he found them)

You see, this job was too important to trust to anyone.

(sharply as ODETTE crosses)

Don't go too near that bell-rope, please --

(pistol ready)

I might have to -- use this.

ODETTE

You must be -- Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE

Do they know my name in Paris?

ODETTE

The Tuileries can talk of nothing else. Since you sent your manifesto of freedom to Bonaparte...

CHRISTOPHE

....Signed and sealed.

ODETTE

Yes.

CHRISTOPHE

It seems this army is his answer.

ODETTE

You plan to stand against it?

CHRISTOPHE

That depends on Bonaparte and what plans he has.

ODETTE

Haven't you guessed them by now?

CHRISTOPHE

Fairly well, Madame. But my orders are to wait.

ODETTE

Oh. You do take orders?

CHRISTOPHE

(standing at attention)

From General Toussaint - my commander-in-chief.

ODETTE

Yes...you are what I thought you'd be.

(MARCHING BEGINS)

CHRISTOPHE

(clicks heels, bows)

Thank you, Madame. You may ring that bell when you like - my visit is over.

(whips over toward wall-panel)

ODETTE

(continuing her own thought)

I can see, they'll never yoke your neck again.

CHRISTOPHE

(in frame of wall-panel)

Or the necks of my people, Madame.

ODETTE

(crosses to Left stage)

May I ask one question before you go?

CHRISTOPHE

I hope I've time to answer.

ODETTE

Why did you - take this chance? Surely you are too important to risk.

CHRISTOPHE

(back into room a pace)

It is also important to know what we are fighting for. How much fraternity the French have really learned, after all.

ODETTE

Very little, I'm afraid.

CHRISTOPHE

Good. Then I am sure what's at stake in this war.

ODETTE

Your liberty.

CHRISTOPHE

More than that, Madame - the chance to win a world of our own, at last.

ODETTE

Even if it means driving us out forever?

CHRISTOPHE

Would you admit us to your world? Give us a share in your lives - your work?

ODETTE

Never, Christophe. I wish you luck.

CHRISTOPHE

You wish me luck? Who are you?

ODETTE

Is that important?

CHRISTOPHE

You aren't - Odette Moreau?

ODETTE

Yes, that is my name. How did you guess it?

CHRISTOPHE

I wish I could tell you that, Madame. I wish I could tell you - many things.

ODETTE

Why don't you try!

CHRISTOPHE

Not with an unfought war between us!

(He slams the wall-panel shut, as he disappears.)

(BOUCHER appears in Right doorway)

BOUCHER

Why Odette - you are pale as death.

ODETTE

Am I Rene?

BOUCHER

And shaking like a leaf! What has happened?

ODETTE

(runs upstairs)
Nothing...I tell you, nothing!

SLOW CURTAIN - UP AND DOWN

ACT II

SCENE I

TIME: A hot spring night, a few months later.

SCENE: A polished, effete room done in the best Directoire manner.

An oval table from the scene in Act I remains. Directly in front of it, the back touching, stands a lovely slender-legged sofa, decorated with small stitched pillows. Behind the table is a carved armchair, shining gilt, extremely uncomfortable.

Down Left stands a handsome tapestry armchair, beside it, a small tabouret with Faience lamp.

Against the Right wall upstage, stands a tall open secretaire, map-crammed, and a light chair. Bell rope beside secretaire.

Against the Left wall upstage, stands a small serving table, with a stand of decanters and glasses. On the wall above hangs a painting of the young Napoleon in the David manner, brooding in his white and green uniform against a background of thunderclouds and death.

Frivolous portieres frame the French windows.

Through the curtain, as from far off Right, comes dance music, of the period. (A violin and bullfiddle give the illusion.)

AT RISE OF CURTAIN:

Off stage Right music.

DUVAL wearing a Colonel's uniform now paces across the windows, with a kind of febrile restlessness. LECLERC, haggard and twitching with indecision, half sits, half lies on sofa. His coat is off and sprawled on the floor. His eyes look down, unseeing at an open map which trails over from the table across back of sofa. ROCHE sits comfortably in the armchair, his feet stuck out. BOUCHER sits on sofa with waiting air. At the secretaire Upstage Right, the 1st AIDE is busy making notes. Two SERVANTS enter from Stage Left carrying trays with glasses and exit Right Stage.

LECLERC

(sitting in chair back of table, pointing at spot on map)

Morne du Loup! I remember when I had him pinned against that mountain..

ROCHE

(dryly)

Yes, General -- so do I.

MUSIC PLAYING

LECLERC

(bangs map with fist)

Pocketed! And he vanished! Where? How?

ROCHE

WARNING FOR CHANT

Don't look at me, sir!

LECLERC

They know what we're thinking -- before we think it!

BOUCHER

Not tonight, they don't!

LECLERC

(picking that up sharp)

I've promised them too much! How can they believe me?

BOUCHER

Toussaint is tired enough to believe anything.

LECLERC

(rising; walks up and down)

Boucher I can't do it! Pretending I want peace, pretending I'll make them all brigadiers.

ROCHE

Well, we get the mulattoes on our side-- all of them who'd rather sleep than fight--

BOUCHER

Why, they've lost more by desertion than death!

LECLERC

(crosses to love seat)

And I must feed the deserters.

BOUCHER

Only till the fighting's over, sir. We can end the fighting here, tonight.

LECLERC

It was your idea to call this truce. To me, it shows weakness.

(to DUVAL)

Well, my brand-new Colonel- what's YOUR opinion?

DUVAL

(crosses from window to Stage Center)

My vote is to go on fighting in the open, sir! Toussaint and Christophe couldn't muster four full regiments between them.

CHANT BEGINS

(swelling barbaric rhythm, sad and yearning.
Far off, yet insistent, it gradually insinuates
itself into the scene, a subtle obligato....
part of the mystery of the night beyond the
open shutters)

LECLERC

But those four regiments hold the passes. Dessoline has our second
army bottled in Port-au-Prince - and I've nothing to write the First
Consul but excuses.

BOUCHER

Let me have my way. We'll make Napoleon a present of the whole island.

CUT DANCE MUSIC

DUVAL

See here, Boucher! Toussaint is coming here tonight, under a flag of
truce.

BOUCHER

And did I ask for your opinion?

LECLERC

(looking at picture, bows head)

Stop this wrangling. It's enough to bring back my fever.

CHANT INCREASES

The First Consul's letters have been most impatient.

(LECLERC listens to the singing)

Will they never stop that moaning?

BOUCHER

It's the moon that starts them.

DUVAL

(back of table)

You grow used to it in the hills.

BOUCHER

Don't parade your campaign forever, Duval. You came out of the hills
a Colonel. Doesn't that satisfy you?

DUVAL

I am quite satisfied, Boucher. Thank you for making my promotion
possible-- so soon.

LECLERC

(a vague unhappy gesture)

Thick as flies in the town for months, now they'll squat all night
under my gateposts-- hoping Toussaint will make peace.

BOUCHER

They're hungry, and they're idle-- can we afford to disappoint them?

WARNING FOR
"MARSEILLAISE" CHEER

LECLERC

(walks downstage; listens to a few beats of chanting)

You say they have no minds-- no hearts! Then tell me in what heart of darkness that cry was born? What are they asking of me? How can I stop it!

ROCHE

Stop the war.

LECLERC

(walks to Left then to Right)

Yes, it is my duty-- to end the butchery. But what comes after? They'll still be thick as flies-- idle-- hungry-- how will I stop their crying then?

ROCHE

Shackle 'em-- work 'em! They will soon be too tired to yowl!

LECLERC

I can still remember when I wanted to be kind.

WARNING
BEGINNING OF CHEERS

(BLACK VOICES off stage, jubilant now.
Distant mingled chanting of the "Marseillaise"
and scattered shouts of "Vive Christophe",
"Vive Christophe" -- all this sustained, drawing nearer)

ROCHE

(on balustrade of terrace)

They are cheering someone....

LECLERC

It can't be Toussaint -- so soon--

ROCHE

But it is, sir-- riding through your gate with his staff.

BOUCHER

(going out on porch)

He's early--that means he's anxious.

(LECLERC peers out cautiously)

LECLERC

(joining BOUCHER)

Let's have a look at these black Napoleons!

ROCHE

Study them well, General.

LECLERC

Enough torches to set fire to the world--

BOUCHER
That's Christophe, on Toussaint's right--

WARNING TO END CHANT

(The "MARSEILLAISE" swells to a throbbing barbaric frenzy)

LECLERC
(back in room)
The "Marseillaise"! What right have they to sing the "Marseillaise"?
(to PHILLIPE)
Is my staff waiting?

PHILLIPE
(rising, at attention)
The escort at the gate, sir-- the personal welcome in the drawing room.

LECLERC
Join them. And remember, Phillipe-- they're our equals-- at least, for the next hour!

PHILLIPE
(saluting)
Yes, General!
(wheels and exits Right)

OFF STAGE VOICES
(1) Suttone who will be the first to dance with CHRISTOPHE. (2) I'll be the first.
(3) Oh! No I'll be the first. (4) (Laughter)

LECLERC
(folding arms, leans back thoughtfully in window frame)
So that's the great Christophe. He would ride a white horse! How high he holds himself.
(his mind made up at last)
Too high!
(stands at table left)
Boucher I will hear your plan.

BOUCHER
(re-enters the room and goes to table)
Permit us to -- detain them.

LECLERC
And their armies?

ROCHE
(in room blowing dust from his palms)
Without these two...we'll be fighting a rabble. Not an army.

BOUCHER
Your sabalterns could end the war.

CUT CHEERS

LECLERC

(tauntingly, not trusting himself to go again
to the windows)

Are they in the courtyard?

ROCHE

(peering covertly off Stage)

Dismounting, sir-- two aides to each bridle-- the whole staff at
attention---

LECLERC

Let's hope they're properly- flattered.

(sitting)

Come here, Colonel-- it's your plan-- should we receive them here,
now?

BOUCHER

(behind table)

By no means, sir. Let them mingle with our guests. Build up their
feeling of importance--

ROCHE

And oil the joints with rum--

LECLERC

Well? Go on.

BOUCHER

(His victory over his superior is now complete)

Leave the rest to us, sir!

(JACQUES enters from Right, carrying a tray
of glasses. He crosses over, cat-foot as
always)

JACQUES

(as he crosses)

Should I close the curtains, General?

(ALL turn, startled to find JACQUES in room)

BOUCHER

Haven't I warned you not to walk in here without knocking?

JACQUES

Your pardon, Colonel.

(offers tray)

A little swizzle?

BOUCHER

No, no-- serve the others!

JACQUES

(crosses to love seat offering tray to LECLERC)

Fresh limes, General--I picked them myself.

LECLERC

(absently rubs JACQUES' head)

For luck.

ROCHE

(taking glass from tray)

Get rid of this fellow before you regret it, General.

LECLERC

Nonsense! Hasn't he brought us luck?

JACQUES

Thank you, General!

(He puts tray on table and busies himself brushing behind table)

ROCHE

(downs his drink in a gulp, bangs glass down)

We have your authority to proceed then, sir?

LECLERC

--- and full responsibility.

ROCHE

Accepted! May I begin?

WARNING FOR LINES
OFF STAGE

LECLERC

Why not?

BOUCHER

(at table Left)

And take Duval with you-- perhaps he learned a little diplomacy in the hills!

ROCHE

Come, Michel-- let's welcome our guests.

DUVAL

(crosses to Left Stage; speaks to LECLERC)

Only under your orders, General.

LECLERC

Under my orders!

(DUVAL and ROCHE exchange salutes with LECLERC, and exit Left)

OFF-STAGE VOICES

(1) They are here.

(2) They are coming through the gate.

(3) How tall Toussaint is.

(4) That's Christophe on the white horse.

LECLERC

Why d' you resent Duval's promotion, Boucher? He earned it.

BOUCHER

I am always annoyed when I underestimate a man's vitality, sir.

LECLERC

Eh?

BOUCHER
Oh-- your pardon! I was thinking aloud.

JACQUES
(persuasively, offering the coat to LECLERC)
Your coat, General?

LECLERC
I can't think in that hair-shirt.

JACQUES
....but Madame Leclerc is coming, sir.

LECLERC
(hastily donning the coat, with JACQUES' help)
What would I do without you?

(PAULINE in brilliant evening dress, sails in through Right door just as LECLERC begins snapping shut the tunic buttons. PAULINE comes from upper balcony Right)

PAULINE
(acidly)
Caught again, Charles!

LECLERC
(trying to laugh it off)
So contrite, my love!

PAULINE
(starting downstairs, not to be mollified)
This is Odette's home-- and mine-- not the barracks! If you won't set the example!....

LECLERC
But my dear-- we were working!
(finishes buttons, shows himself off gaily)
There! Do I look like your husband now?

PAULINE
(crossing him)
That barbaric chant has ruined my cotillion, too!

MUSIC BEGINS

LECLERC
We'll have it stopped at once.

PAULINE
As though you could---!
(sighs, leans peevishly against chair Down Left)
Don't try, pray. I've quite resigned myself.
(an afterthought)
Leave us Jacques....
(JACQUES inclines respectfully, and exits Left)

OFF STAGE ----- GENERAL TOUSSAINT

PAULINE (cont'd)

(blazing)

Now! What are those blacks doing in my salon?

LECLERC

But Pauline-- I've explained!

PAULINE

Why can't you end your war out-of-doors?

FADE-OUT CHANT

BOUCHER

(from Upstage)

We must be friendly, Madame-- observe the atmosphere.

LECLERC

(ominously calm)

....and you, my dear, must help!

PAULINE

(flicks her fan; crossing over)

It was the Colonel's inspiration-- to fill Odette's house with this horde of barbarians.

LECLERC

(cuts in)

Two generals and their aides are not precisely a "horde".

PAULINE

(cuts in)

And you expect me to play hostess to a mob of slaves in epaulettes?

LECLERC

The generals shall be welcomed properly. You shall do your share.

(incisively)

Your hand, chérie!

PAULINE

(qualling)

Charles, I won't--

LECLERC

Your hand!

PAULINE

No, Charles!

LECLERC

I command it!

PAULINE

(offering her hand to LECLERC)

I shall faint-- as promptly as possible.

(They cross over Left)

LECLERC

A Bonaparte never faints.

PAULINE

(crosses to Stage Left)

This is a fine time to remind me.

(As they go out, ODETTE appears, in Left door)

So you need a breather, too, dear? I don't blame you!

(LECLERC and PAULINE exit Left)

OFF STAGE VOICES

(1) Isn't he distinguished.

(3) He doesn't look well.

(2) I never thought I would
ever see him.

(4) What a beautiful uniform.

(ODETTE enters from Left, meeting BOUCHER'S
inquiring look. ODETTE is in flaming evening
dress)

BOUCHER

You should be in there, Odette.

(ODETTE starts to speak, then reels a little.
BOUCHER looks at her coldly, making no move
to assist her. She sits on corner of divan,
ripping her handkerchief to shreds, staring
straight ahead)

ODETTE

(sitting)

Christophe is here--

BOUCHER

First Pauline! Now you--

ODETTE

Christophe-- and Toussaint--

BOUCHER

(at table)

Shall I pour you some cognac?

ODETTE

Please -- no. I'll be myself-- in a moment. Just don't make me--
go in there.

BOUCHER

(coldly)

My dear girl, you must get hold of yourself-- quickly.

ODETTE

Why didn't you warn me?

BOUCHER

(turns Upstage)

Old Moreau would be proud of his granddaughter tonight!

(CHRISTOPHE, between two black AIDES ap-
pears in the frame of the windows, utterly
at ease)

BOUCHER

(snapping to attention, obsequiously)
General! I'd heard you were inside.

CHRISTOPHE

This is one engagement I prefer to approach from the rear.

BOUCHER

(over shoulder, to AIDES)
Join Toussaint!
(SERVANTS enter with drinks from Stage Right)

LAUGHTER - VOICES

(The AIDES exit Left. CHRISTOPHE, hat under arm, his cape thrown back, comes into room)

CHRISTOPHE

I am intruding?

BOUCHER

On the contrary. My wife, Monsieur.

CHRISTOPHE

(looking around)
Madame!
(He makes a perfect bow. ODETTE, a ramrod down her back, does not budge)

BOUCHER

So you join our party from the terrace. General Toussaint hasn't lost his way, also.

CHRISTOPHE

(politely turning away from ODETTE, examines with interest the portrait of Napoleon)
Our commander-in-chief has just entered the salon.

(ODETTE gets up, starts out, stops at steps)

BOUCHER

Then I must be remiss no longer. My wife is a bit faint just now.
(up to ODETTE, unseen by CHRISTOPHE he grabs her wrist, torturing it)
Would you escort her-- in a moment or two?

CHRISTOPHE

(still obliquely to scene, studying the portrait)
If Madame permits.

BOUCHER

(at steps, gives ODETTE'S wrist an extra turn)
We'll expect you, Odette-- in command of yourself. In the meantime, you may entertain our guest.

(He smoothly transfers his wrist-twisting to a hand-kissing ceremonial, as CHRISTOPHE definitely turns into the scene)

Five minutes, my love!

BOUCHER (cont'd)

(clicks heels)
General
(BOUCHER exits Left)

MUSIC UP

CHRISTOPHE

(Downstage)
So we meet again.

ODETTE

(at table)
Under a flag of truce, this time. You may breathe easily, for the moment.

CHRISTOPHE

(crosses to Left door)
Only for the moment. You didn't tell about our last meeting?

ODETTE

What makes you think I didn't?

CHRISTOPHE

Your manner.

ODETTE

After all, I could hardly inform my husband that I'd let you get away.

CHRISTOPHE

Hardly, Madame Boucher. I appreciate your position. My last appearance in this house is a - nightmare you wish to forget. Only you can't.

ODETTE

No, Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE

The king of the slaves! Here he stood, in your midst. He might have been tracked down, if you'd sounded an alarm. But you didn't Madame. You let him go, with good wishes. Have you regretted it since?

ODETTE

No, Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE

Do you know why?

ODETTE

Because you have had my sympathy, from the first--

CHRISTOPHE

The humane aristocrat, whose heart is great enough to pity us! Do you think that is the only reason you let me go? Can't you see that an instinct, greater than yourself, forced you to--

ODETTE

(as he takes an instinctive step toward her)
Don't come any nearer!

CHRISTOPHE

I could explain a great deal to you..if you are not afraid of the truth.

ODETTE

Very well, General. My orders are to listen.

CHRISTOPHE

Thank you. Shall I begin?

(sharp - on - cue, JACQUES appears from Left, shoots a quick look at CHRISTOPHE which stops him dead)

CUT MUSIC

JACQUES

Your pardon, Madame... but the presence of General Christophe is requested in the grand salon... he is expected to lead the next quadrille.

CHRISTOPHE

Indeed?

JACQUES

(meaningly)

By express order of General Toussaint.

CHRISTOPHE

I see. That leaves me no choice. Your servant, Madame... I shall use my opportunity-- later.

(CHRISTOPHE bows to ODETTE, and exits quickly, Left)

CHEERS

OFF STAGE -- VIVE CHRISTOPHE

JACQUES

(as he feels ODETTE'S tension)

They expect Madame Boucher, too, -- is Madame ill?

ODETTE

No, but I- I do think-- I'll..

(She reels, steadying herself against back of chair Left Stage)

(JACQUES going instinctively to steady her, realizes he must not touch her ... drops his arms to sides and tries to pull himself together)

Don't trouble, Jacques, I'll manage.

CHANT BEGINS

JACQUES

(Feeling he must do something pours a small glass of rum, hastens to her with it)

Please- drink this.

ODETTE
Yes. Thank you.
(She drinks rum)

JACQUES
(crosses to Left)
Madame is better?

ODETTE
Much.

JACQUES
Shall I tell Colonel Boucher?

ODETTE
No! Say you couldn't find me-- say anything!

WARNING

JACQUES
(left of table)
Very well, Madame.

ODETTE
(fascinated by the singing)
If only they'd be quiet-- for one moment!

JACQUES
If Madame wishes I can stop them.

ODETTE
Do.

JACQUES
(crosses quickly out to center of balustrade,
calls off)
Down there by the gates! D' you hear me?

NEGRO VOICE
(Off Stage)
Hooooooooola! Jacques!

JACQUES
Quiet!
(He goes to Left of terrace, calling some-
thing off in Patois, which does not come
through to audience. He is answered by a
long wait from the Negro Voices, then dead
silence, as though each had expelled his
breath in a long sigh.. ODETTE, on stage,
parallels this "sigh". JACQUES quietly re-
turns, drawing portieres shut over the win-
dows)

CHANT STOPS

They won't annoy you now, Madame.
(crosses back to Center of stage)

ODETTE

But how did you do it?

JACQUES

I said their future was in the balance. I told them to hold their breath-- and wait.

ODETTE

(at back of table)

And they obeyed you-- our salon steward.

JACQUES

(crosses to table)

I speak their language.

ODETTE

Sometimes, Jacques, I wish I had learned to speak it, too.

JACQUES

May I ask Madame why?

ODETTE

Something to do-- something to help me forget this endless war--

JACQUES

I could teach Madame the Patois in a few weeks--

ODETTE

Good. I've been meaning to ask you-- we'll have our first lesson tomorrow..

JACQUES

It will be a great pleasure, Madame.

ODETTE

That'll do!

(crossing him)

They'll be needing you in there-- I'm quite recovered.

JACQUES

Madame has been so kind to me-- I was forgetting! I'm glad she wants to-- learn our language..

(He smiles, sighs, realizing he has nothing more to use as a pretext to stay)

Good night, Madame.

ODETTE

(sits at table)

I've changed my mind-- they'll have to do without you for a moment. I want someone to talk to-- and you're a good listener.

(She smiles -- she laughs)

It is very strange, isn't it, Jacques... of course, you don't really understand a word I'm saying-- no how could you? -- And yet, sometimes, I think that out of this whole island.. you're the only one who does understand.

JACQUES

Madame honors me too highly,

ODETTE

Yes, you just smile at me-- and my fears slip away, my heart stops racing..I'm so at peace with you, Jacques! Why? No, don't speak--- how could you answer a question like that?

JACQUES

I am sorry, Madame---

ODETTE

And what right have you to pity me?

JACQUES

No right at all, Madame. But I have pitied you, with all my soul. And almost from the day you came-- I've wished there was some way you might - go back.

ODETTE

Leave Haiti?

START MUSIC OFF STAGE

JACQUES

Before Christophe wins this war.

ODETTE

So you think Christophe has a chance?

JACQUES

(at table)

Yes, Madame. And I would wish you safely back in Paris when he - seizes that chance.

(DUVAL appears in doorway, Left. ODETTE deep in her own thoughts, does not notice his entrance. JACQUES smiles, backs over to Right)

Forgive me for saying so much.

(HE exits Left, bowing DUVAL into the room)

LAUGHTER AND
OFF-STAGE VOICES

DUVAL

(stops at left of love seat)

Your servant, Madame Boucher.

ODETTE

(leaps up, her face alight, crosses to DUVAL)

Michel!

DUVAL

I - tried to come to you sooner - but Leclerc has -

ODETTE

I can't believe it's you - safe! -

DUVAL

That's a better welcome!

(kissing her hands)

ODETTE

If you knew what I've gone through - not even able to send you word - not daring to ask if you were alive or dead.....

DUVAL

You'd have heard soon enough, if my name were on a casualty list.

ODETTE

You're wearing a new coat. With epaulettes -

DUVAL

(meets her eyes, squarely)

- My reward for taking Morne du Loup from them.

ODETTE

My compliments, Colonel Duval.

DUVAL

Ironic, isn't it? Winning promotion in a war you've hated from the start?

ODETTE

You're a good soldier - you couldn't help getting ahead.

DUVAL

Then why are we separated? Do you think I want to go on killing them? After all, being a colonel has - compensations.

ODETTE

(sensing what is coming)

How do you mean?

DUVAL

(at table)

I can apply for transfer. Stop fighting for something I know is wrong. Go back to France, where I'm needed -

ODETTE

Back to France - ?

DUVAL

And take you with me - once I've settled with Colonel Boucher.

ODETTE

(sitting at right of chair)

Michel - Don't even say it!

DUVAL

He did his best to have me killed by proxy. Why shouldn't I return the compliment, direct?

ODETTE

I suppose nothing can stop you from challenging him -

DUVAL

(at table Left Stage)

- and killing him, as efficiently as possible!Don't, - please! This is my affair, from now on. Within a week, you and I will be sailing for another world.

ODETTE

(sitting)

I wish life were that simple, Michel.

DUVAL

(kneeling in front of ODETTE)

There's real work waiting for me in Paris - on Bonaparte's staff - once they break the peace with England. Surely you'll be happier, out of it -

ODETTE

I wish I knew.

DUVAL

Odette! What's come over you, since I saw you last?

ODETTE

You mean, where has my courage gone?

DUVAL

(gets up, walking Upstage to window)

It's this place, I know. The whole crawling black mystery out there! I felt it, too, up in the hills---a kind of doom, hanging over both of us - if we stay too long.

ODETTE

(thinking her own thoughts)

I think it began with Christophe.

DUVAL

Christophe?

ODETTE

The day we landed - when he came into this room, -

DUVAL

You saw Christophe - here?

ODETTE

He wanted Leclerc's papers! After he'd read them - he got away - through that panel - the one they walled up last month--

DUVAL

(strikes panel with fist - solid)

The tunnel to the cane mill, eh?

ODETTE

(sitting on chair, Right Stage)

I let him go, Michel - d' you understand? I didn't even cry out..... What sort of woman am I, keeping such secrets to myself? I didn't dare tell anyone but you - and even you are looking at me like a stranger.

DUVAL

(at front of table)

Yes - you are a woman under a spell!

ODETTE

Can you break it for me, Michel?

DUVAL

I'm taking you back to Paris, once I've settled my account with Boucher.

ODETTE

(to DUVAL)
 Promise you won't fight him!

DUVAL

No one can stop that, Odette, not even you -

(BOUCHER has come on quietly from Left Stage.
 - he now cuts into scene)

BOUCHER

Exactly, my dear. If young men will run to meet trouble with open arms - why should one poor slut try to stop them?

(politely to DUVAL)

Surely I may call my wife a name she's so richly earned - with your co-operation?

DUVAL

You'd best leave us, Odette.

BOUCHER

Go-- you have my permission.

DUVAL

(pressing ODETTE'S hand)

Please, my dear!

(ODETTE looks from BOUCHER to DUVAL, then draws herself up, hurrying off Left)

MUSIC

(DUVAL lashes BOUCHER across the cheek with his gloves)

BOUCHER

(reflectively rubbing the spot with his finger tips)

Very pretty. In fact, quite operatic.

DUVAL

Fourché will be glad to act for me -- I'll have him call on you at once.

BOUCHER

(at right of table)

Fourché will do nothing of the kind. This is not the Ecole Militaire -- we've a war on our hands. I can't afford to shoot you till it's over.

(HE makes a small, ironical bow)

So sorry.

DUVAL

(faces BOUCHER)

You'll meet me tomorrow!

BOUCHER

Only if Christophe and Toussaint are behind bars.

DUVAL

Very well, Colonel. Your orders?

BOUCHER

Roche and Phillipe are working in there now, on those black aides..... the first step is to get them drunk as possible. Step two, we let Christophe smell a rat -- we let him run for cover.

DUVAL

And Toussaint?

BOUCHER

Toussaint will be my job. I'm going in there now, to join the group around him. If Christophe's staff has downed enough rum, I'll give him his head.....let him go where he likes.....if he does choose the garden.....make sure he -- meets a bayonet.

DUVAL

(taking step nearer)

Very good, Colonel. I needn't repeat I don't like any part of this.

BOUCHER

You were in the hills a long time, Duval. Don't let me believe you've made friends with them. A court-martial might solve our private quarrel nicely.

DUVAL

I'll settle that my way tomorrow, sir.

BOUCHER

You'll find your company scattered through the garden-- I suggest you join them without further boasting.

DUVAL

(salutes smartly)

Your servant, Colonel!

(DUVAL exits quickly, Left of terrace)

(Sharp on cue, CHRISTOPHE, flattened against the outside wall of terrace, works his way into room back to the window jamb, obviously an eavesdropper; he first makes sure DUVAL has cleared on terrace. Then he darts over left, watching BOUCHER safely off down the stair. Crosses over, furiously slapping his belt, starrng the fact he is unarmed. During this, JACQUES comes quietly in from left)

LAUGHTER
GLASS CRASH

CHRISTOPHE

(turns, as he hears JACQUES, relaxes)

Oh, it's only you, butler.

JACQUES

They're all in the grand salon- you needn't pretend - not to know me.

CHRISTOPHE

Good. I want to talk to you!

JACQUES

(determined to get his inning first)

And I to you, Henry. What were you telling Mme. Boucher just now?

CHRISTOPHE

Nothing, my friend. You didn't give me a chance. But I was about to ask her help. To explain why it was her duty to -

JACQUES

Keep your voice down!

CHRISTOPHE

(toward door at Left, goes on)

Her duty to see that you go unharmed in this house.

JACQUES

(crosses to Left Stage)

I ask nothing of her, Henry. I never shall. She belongs to their world - not ours.

CHRISTOPHE

Don't be too sure of that!

JACQUES

I was never more sure of anything. Let me keep my secret, Christophe! Let her leave Haiti - before you win this war!

CHRISTOPHE

(ironically)

So I'm winning the war! Thank you for your confidence.

VIVE TOUSSAINT

JACQUES

Have you lost yours, so soon?

CHRISTOPHE

Not I! It's Toussaint.....I couldn't let him walk into their hands alone.

JACQUES

No.

CHRISTOPHE

How could he believe Leclerc's promises? "Commissions in the army of France-- a place in the sun for our black brothers--let us talk things over like friends--"

(again he slaps his empty belt)

-- unarmed! And still we came----like two pigeons to the snare!

JACQUES

What's in Toussaint's mind?

CHRISTOPHE

Peace---no matter what we pay for it.

JACQUES

Yes--- I was afraid of that.

CHRISTOPHE

What can we do, Jacques?

JACQUES

(nods soberly, looks intently at CHRISTOPHE)

We must go our way.

CHRISTOPHE

You--- and I?

JACQUES

You and I!

CHRISTOPHE

And let them take him?

JACQUES

They'll take you, too, if you stay---

CHRISTOPHE

(draws himself up)

They'll -- take me? Not tonight!

JACQUES

There's a brig in the harbour, clearing tomorrow for Brest---Boucher means to have you both aboard-----

CHRISTOPHE

One more word with Toussaint--it's my duty.

LAUGHTER
MAISELLAISE

(Steps are heard off left. CHRISTOPHE relaxes, strolls up to left of table. JACQUES goes smoothly to serving table, picks up the tray)

JACQUES

Rum, General?

CHRISTOPHE

Yes--- a small one.

(JACQUES pours a drink, hands it to CHRISTOPHE, who stands, drink in hand, facing Right, as BOULE and AIDE enter, supporting between them one of the BLACK AIDES of Toussaint, already far gone in liquor)

JEAN

(to CHRISTOPHE)

Your pardon, General-- I thought this room was empty.

(BLACK AIDE almost falling, BOULE and AIDE catch him)

BOULE

Where can he sleep it off?

CHRISTOPHE

(indicating Right door)

Stretch him out in here -- I'll see to him later-----

BOULE

(hurrying BLACK AIDE over to Right)

The library for you, soldier! I'll read you to sleep myself!

JEAN

Thank you, General. Heads up, fellow!

(BOULE and AIDE carry the BLACK AIDE off Right. CHRISTOPHE soberly closes the door after them)

JACQUES

(a worried whisper)

That was Toussaint's bodyguard-----

CHRISTOPHE

In there with you -- get him to join me - no matter how!

JACQUES

Very good, sir--

(step heard off Left Stage)

I hope you enjoyed the aperitif.

(JACQUES bows in Left door, then exits.

BOUCHER enters quickly. BOUCHER crosses toward CHRISTOPHE, not speaking for a moment)

BOUCHER

Alone so soon, General?

CHRISTOPHE

(with glass of brandy in hand, crosses to window)

Clearing my head a bit.

BOUCHER

I thought we left you drinking with your Aides.

CHRISTOPHE

(upstage at door)

You left my AIDES drinking, Colonel Mouche ----

BOUCHER

(at table)

Boucher, sir.

CHRISTOPHE

(walks downstage, looks BOUCHER over dispassionately)

My error -- Boucher. My memory should be better. You are the one who came ashore under a white flag-- a few months ago?

BOUCHER

- only you're under the white flag now.

CHRISTOPHE

-- with no handbills up my sleeve.

BOUCHER

(still diplomatic)

Perhaps those handbills were ill-advised.

CHRISTOPHE

(to small table, quotes from memory)

"Whoever dares act apart from Captain-General, will be burned as the fire burns dry sugar cane."

(smiling dryly, he toasts the picture of Napoleon)

Sorry, Caesar!

(slapping glass down on table very hard)

BOUCHER

(sardonically)

I came up to entertain you - now you are entertaining me.

CHRISTOPHE

I hope you'll always find me so versatile.

(Breaks off, as TOUSSAINT appears slowly in Right door. TOUSSAINT looks even older and greyer than we remember him. He comes in to the room like a man whose doom has been sealed long ago. CHRISTOPHE goes warmly to him)

General Toussaint!

BOUCHER

(with silky politeness)

Really, our guests of honor should be inside.

TOUSSAINT

The Colonel is right, of course. But I've just lost my personal aide--- and I.....

CHRISTOPHE

(takes it up quickly)

Andre?

(jerks thumb Right Stage)

He's in there -- too drunk to stand. Two of the Colonel's men are making him --- comfortable.

TOUSSAINT

(starts to cross)

I see. Shall I---?

CHRISTOPHE

The Colonel would be glad to make sure ---

(menacingly above BOUCHER)

-- wouldn't you, Colonel?

BOUCHER

Of course. Will you excuse me?

CHRISTOPHE

(escorting BOUCHER to door)

Naturally.

BOUCHER

Thank you.

(He goes, cautiously, crab-wise. CHRISTOPHE closes door, watching TOUSSAINT, who stands like a man in a trance)

TOUSSAINT

How they've made things over!

(crosses to window and back to Center of stage)

CHRISTOPHE

(crossing to TOUSSAINT - after locking door)

Do you know why I sent for you?

TOUSSAINT

(indicating Right door)

They'll hear!

CHRISTOPHE

Let them! They can't get at us!

(goes to TOUSSAINT)

We must go back!

TOUSSAINT

(sitting on love seat, wearily)

Must we, Henry? It's a long journey, up to those hills.

CHRISTOPHE

(goes on, impulsively)

Leclerc's at rope's end now. We can hold the passes a few months more -
 -- until England breaks the peace with France. Until Bonaparte begins
 -- sending us conscripts to kill --

TOUSSAINT

I have killed enough.

CHRISTOPHE

With the British fleet off the Cape, and this whole coast rotten with fever -- ! I could show Leclerc a war that'd curl those sideburns!

(breaks off)

I had no right to say so much.

TOUSSAINT

No, Christophe -- not while I am Haiti.

CHRISTOPHE

General, I am at your disposal.

TOUSSAINT

Then come here.....

(CHRISTOPHE comes a pace nearer)

Suppose I gave you the right to go beyond protests -- to do what you would?

CHRISTOPHE

What do you mean?

TOUSSAINT

You understand me, Christophe. I have held you back too long.

(with quite authority)

Lock those doors.

(CHRISTOPHE bolts the Left doors. During this, TOUSSAINT unfastens his sword, and as CHRISTOPHE turns, smartly clicks his heels, tendering the sword to CHRISTOPHE. Standing...)

It's your war now, my friend.

CHRISTOPHE

(dazed)

You're resigning your command -- to me?

TOUSSAINT

From this moment, you are Haiti.

CHRISTOPHE

(eyes glowing, crosses to TOUSSAINT)

You're letting me have my way!

TOUSSAINT

I'm letting you finish what I began; I'm asking you to lead this people down the path I opened for them. It will be a long journey, Henry Christophe. I don't envy you -- too much.

(HE impulsively clasps CHRISTOPHE'S hands)

Now hadn't you better go?

CHRISTOPHE

(bewildered anew)

Go?

TOUSSAINT

While you can. It's the last order I'll ever give -- go back to what's left of our army - alone.

CHRISTOPHE

(rueful business with sword)

You pass this on to me --- do you think I'd take it back without you?

TOUSSAINT

I am giving myself up, Henry -- make up your mind to that.

CHRISTOPHE

They've a brig in the harbour -- they plan to take us both aboard.

TOUSSAINT

A brig? I'm honored.

CHRISTOPHE

That means France -- prison.....I won't let them take you! I can't.

TOUSSAINT

Just because a stubborn old man is ready to die! Don't spoil everything for his sake, Henry. He isn't worth it.

VOICES OFF STAGE

(1) Help! Help!

(2) Shut up!

CHRISTOPHE

(darts to Right door and listens)

Andre's waking up!

(as he listens, a gasp, a grunt, a muffled cry, comes from within Right door)

TOUSSAINT

Someone put him to sleep again.

CHRISTOPHE

You're coming back with me, Ouverture!

(frantically going along wall, he tries panel)

This panel -- it won't open--they've put masonry behind it!

(comes a step toward Right door)

We can still go by the roof---

TOUSSAINT

I'm too tired to climb so high.

(a discreet rattle of doorknob Right)

CHRISTOPHE

(holds out hand to TOUSSAINT)

Ready, General?

TOUSSAINT

I am staying, Henry-- that is final.

(CHRISTOPHE, hearing a faint noise off stage, glides along Right wall upstage; he crouches back in the shadows at Right, while TOUSSAINT stands rigid and alone in the pool of light shed over table Center.

The form of JOSEF, his musket ready, appears on right of terrace, approaches the wide-open windows)

CHRISTOPHE

Quiet! Someone's on the terrace.

JOSEF

(takes a step into frame of windows)

Don't move--- I've my eye on you!

2-1-28

CHRISTOPHE

(In one spring, he catches JOSEF by the throat, toppling him back onto terrace, sending the musket slithering off-stage)

Have you, my friend!

(JOSEF and CHRISTOPHE struggle on balustrade; as they struggle, the pounding on Right door grows more insistent. TOUSSAINT heeds it, he goes to windows and closes them. TOUSSAINT, trembling a bit, reopens the window. HE now draws himself up proudly; he puts up the lamp. Right door swings open. The WHITE AIDE and BOULE enter, followed by BOUCHER)

OFF-STAGE
VOICES

BOULE
This door is locked.
JEAN
Open up in there.
BOUCHER
Force it - what
are you waiting
for?

TOUSSAINT

Do come in, gentlemen.

BOUCHER

(curtly)
Who locked that door?

TOUSSAINT

Christophe, Colonel.

BOUCHER

And may I inquire why?

TOUSSAINT

To ask my permission -- in private-- to leave your party.

BOUCHER

Indeed? And where's he hiding now?

TOUSSAINT

I couldn't say, Colonel. Try the nearest mountain.

(At a gesture from BOUCHER, the WHITE AIDE and BOULE push the jalousies back, revealing the terrace...empty now. BOULE and AIDE rush to the terrace)

BOULE

(off stage)
Josef -- where are you! Josef.

JEAN

(leaping balustrade)
Here's your friend, Josef!

BOULE

(leaning over balustrade)
God!

JEAN

(below balustrade)

He must have broken every bone ---

BOULE

(off stage)

Is he breathing?

JEAN

No--he's about as dead as any man could be.

BOULE

(off stage)

Poor little drag-tail!

BOUCHER

(from window)

Boule---Wake up those fools in the garden!

(BOULE goes into room and BOUCHER leans briefly
over balustrade -- looks down)

Yes--Christophe did a good job.

JEAN

(from behind balustrade)

What shall I do with him, sir?

BOUCHER

Let him lie--he can't tell us anything.

(coming back into room)

Perhaps General Toussaint will be less taciturn.

(at TOUSSAINT)

How did this happen?

TOUSSAINT

The young man committed suicide, Colonel.

BOUCHER

Suicide---?

TOUSSAINT

To try to stop Christophe --!

BOUCHER

He won't get far!

TOUSSAINT

That is a matter of opinion.

(JEAN comes in waiting for orders)

BOUCHER

This soldier's death is a matter of fact. In the circumstances,
General, I must ask for your arms.

TOUSSAINT

Sorry ----- I passed them on.

BOUCHER

Then I trust you'll make no trouble for us?

(ROCHE, PHILLIPE and ARMAND enter with pistols cocked from Upstage Center. TOUSSAINT looks from them to BOUCHER, smiling wryly)

TOUSSAINT

You are all quite safe from me Colonel.

BOUCHER

(to ROCHE)

Take over the prisoner.

ROCHE

But -- where's the big one?

(crossing quickly, he peers off stage)

BOUCHER

(bored, busy at the desk with papers)

Sorry--he is temporarily at large.

ROCHE

(crosses to Upstage door)

But damn it all sir -- that's impossible--

(He breaks off, looking down over balustrade at the broken body of JOSEF)

BOUCHER

As you see, Josef did his best --

(BOULE, PHILLIPE, and ARMAND move nearer TOUSSAINT)

ROCHE

Hmmm! Broke for the garden, did he? Leave him to Duval! What are we waiting for, Phillipe?

(contemptuously indicating TOUSSAINT)

Take him out--the back way!

(PHILLIPE closes in on TOUSSAINT. BOUCHER still busy at table, keeps daintily out of it)

PHILLIPE

(taking TOUSSAINT by the arm crosses to Right Stage)

Come along, General---

ROCHE

(rips off TOUSSAINT'S epaulettes)

He was a General!

(to PHILLIPE)

You know where the coach is! See if it is ready. Armand keep the windows up till you're at the harbour.

PHILLIPE

Yes, Colonel.

(PHILLIPE solemnly salutes, and with TOUSSAINT, starts to cross to Right door. TOUSSAINT, suddenly very old and broken, staggers a bit)

ROCHE

(going for TOUSSAINT with a wolfish sadism)
I'll straighten him up for you!
(ROCHE makes to seize TOUSSAINT by the collar, doubling his free fist as he does so.
TOUSSAINT raises his head, draws himself up to full height, stops ROCHE with a look)

TOUSSAINT

I will walk alone.
(Erect and proud the old GENERAL exits Right)

ROCHE

(snorting)
See them out, Jean!
(JEAN exits Right)

BOUCHER

Perhaps you'd best take over the garden detail, Roche.

ROCHE

(bursting out with it)
I'll lay odds that someone warned 'em!

LANTERNS
PASSING IN GARDEN

BOUCHER

(ironic)
Not really?

ROCHE

They walked into the trap so tamely, too!

BOUCHER

--- and then Christophe walks out again. How do I explain that to the Captain General?

ROCHE

(at table)
Let's bag him first, and explain afterward. Give me a quarter-hour, before you report to Leclerc.

BOUCHER

I'll surely not report this too soon!
(salutes exchanged)

Carry on.

(ROCHE exits quickly Left of terrace, crossing DUVAL, who comes, very quick and taut, into the frame of the windows)

DUVAL

(furiously at BOUCHER)
The garden's full of lanterns! Who ordered that patrol -

BOUCHER

(seated)

I did, Duval -- any objections?

DUVAL

(at table)

But why--?

BOUCHER

Because you bungled your job beautifully. Because our friend Christophe is out there, very much at liberty.

DUVAL

(crossing quickly, looks down into the broken shrubbery back of balustrade)

I see.

BOUCHER

How brilliant of you.

DUVAL

(in the room)

But why be so sure he made for the garden?

BOUCHER

There are only two exits from that terrace. You had men watching both of them?

DUVAL

Certainly.

BOUCHER

And still he got through. Very strange -- and very interesting.

DUVAL

I see. If Christophe does break through -- you'll pin the blame on me.

BOUCHER

Someone must take it.

DUVAL

Yes, that's one way of avoiding our engagement tomorrow!

BOUCHER

No, Duval. I shan't deprive myself of the pleasure.

DUVAL

Would I be too rude if I reminded you there's a man hunt we should join?

BOUCHER

After you, my dear Colonel -- after you.

(DUVAL crisply salutes, and goes Left of terrace. BOUCHER is on his feet instantly, watching DUVAL with lynx-eyed care, he opens secretaire drawer takes out two pistols and goes up to the window frame.)

ODETTE enters from left and watches BOUCHER.

DUVAL, along the balustrade of terrace, has not quite left the view of the audience.

BOUCHER studies priming of the pistols, thoughtfully, then his mind made up, whirls on his heels, aims dead for the small of Duval's back a few paces away)

ODETTE
(stops BOUCHER with her voice)

Wait, Rene.

BOUCHER

Well?

ODETTE

I saw what you were about to do -

BOUCHER

(backs to table)

Did you, Odette. Then don't interfere.

(CHRISTOPHE drops from palm tree, unseen by BOUCHER)

ODETTE

(as she sees CHRISTOPHE)

Don't go out there, Rene!

(BOUCHER exits quickly, through the narrow crack in the jalousies; instantly, we see the shadow of CHRISTOPHE spring upon BOUCHER. A muffled cry, a muted scuffle then in the crack of the jalousies CHRISTOPHE slowly appears. BOUCHER'S two pistols prominent in his belt. HE pulls jalousies shut, leans back against them, panting, smiling at the tranced ODETTE)

SILHOUETTE OF
BOUCHER AND
CHRISTOPHE
STRUGGLING

CHRISTOPHE

Sorry - he fought a bit harder than the other.

ODETTE

Where's Colonel Boucher?

CHRISTOPHE

I wouldn't go out there, if I were you -

ODETTE

(a muted scream)

What have you done?

CHRISTOPHE

I've killed him - madame.
(crosses to staircase)

ODETTE

(wildly)
Why did you do it? Is the truce over?

CHRISTOPHE

There can be no truce in a war for freedom until our people have conquered; when I say our people do I make myself clear?
(He is halfway upstairs, now)

ODETTE

(watching him mesmerized)
I -- don't understand -

CHRISTOPHE

(on balcony)
How could you be under the same roof with Jacques - and not understand?
(CHRISTOPHE is busy trying to make his escape)

ODETTE

Jacques?

CHRISTOPHE

Jacques! Your father. Ask him to match that picture around your throat - that picture of Marguerite!

ODETTE

No - No.

CHRISTOPHE

Your mother's.

ODETTE

You're lying.

CHRISTOPHE

(kicks open window on "gallery", peers out then stands looking down at her, from height of gallery.)
Ask him how he came by it. Ask him why he's risked his life to be near you!

ODETTE

(rushes upstairs, pauses halfway)
You're lying! For the love of God, tell me you're lying!

CHRISTOPHE

Keep him safe for me for both of us. He is worth it.
(HE leaps out. As CHRISTOPHE disappears from view, there are shouts from garden, musket shots)

1 SHOT

BOULE

(off stage)
There he goes- up the palm tree.

1 SHOT

2-1-35

ARMAND

(off stage)
He's on the roof now, you fool!

1 SHOT

ROCHE

(off stage)
Shoot him down!

2 SHOTS

CHRISTOPHE

(from roof)
People of Haiti! Toussaint is taken!

LINES BUILDING
UP OFF STAGE

(During this ARMAND comes up on
terrace crashing door and enters)

ARMAND

Mother of God! Look, Madame!
(The lank shadow of BOUCHER'S body is pro-
jected into room - he has been hanged by
CHRISTOPHE'S sabre-belt, and now sways
gently from a branch of the palm tree)
It's Colonel Boucher!

CONTINUING OF
RIFLE SHOTS

ODETTE

(a vibrant whisper)
Yes - Colonel Boucher...

ROCHE

He's on the roof you fool, come out here with that musket.

(ARMAND leaps out to terrace, takes aim at
roof, fires..CHRISTOPHE fires back, ARMAND
reels out of sight, clutching his shoulder.)

(a swelling murmur of BLACK VOICES from the
garden)

CHRISTOPHE

(from roof)
Toussaint is taken, people of Haiti! To arms!

ODETTE

(alone on stage, echoing it)
To arms...to arms..

RIFE FIRE AS
CURTAIN DESCENDS

M E D I U M F A S T C U R T A I N

MUSIC

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME: A sultry night, some months later.

SCENE: The room is a shabby beauty now, too weary to keep up appearances. Some of the slate on jalousies are broken, the portieres are sagging and dirty. Smudged maps are stuck up on the wall.

There is an empty bottle on one table, one bottle with liquid on table Left Stage; there are glasses on the table, and one bottle on floor.

Accouterment trails over floor, on the table Center Stage; there is a welter of papers and maps.

The jalousies are half ajar.

DUVAL, his tunic unbuttoned - unshaven, haggard--stands at Up Stage window.

ROCHE enters quickly from Right. He is in a dusty uniform...

DUVAL

(Upstage)

God! You startled me! I'm jumpy as a cat.

ROCHE

(at table)

Easy, boy, easy...Well, the coach is ready.

(enter SERVANTS from Right balcony, carrying baggage. They exit Left)

DUVAL

Have they finished packing up Pauline?

ROCHE

Almost.

(He bangs down his dusty hat)

Our would-be queen is well out of it!

DUVAL

Just in time, too -

(pointing off stage)

- if each of those fires means a regiment.

ROCHE

(at upstage window Right - snorts)

There he sits on Milot - Why won't he come down and eat us up?

DUVAL

(at door)

Christophe has waited eight months - I suppose he can wait a while longer - for us to turn tail and run.

(bitterly)

- Into the arms of England!

ROCHE

I'd prefer Admiral Stewart's hug to Christophe's, any day!

(back at table)

What's Leclerc thinking? If he'd only tell us - !

DUVAL

(at table)

In my opinion, our Captain General ceased to think some time ago. All he has left is the will to play Napoleon, with his back to the sea.

ROCHE

And the sea is full of English!

(ruffling papers, making notes)

D'you know how many died of fever yesterday?

One hundred and seven in barracks alone!

Michel, I saw service in Egypt - I was at Rivoli and Marengo - but damned if I can fight yellow fever.

(He goes on terrace. Swears under his breath, slapping his neck)

Sacre! These mosquitoes eat you alive!

DISTANT RIFFLE
SHOTS AND CON-
TINUING THRU

DUVAL

(at desk with a stamped paper)

Admiral Stewart sent another note yesterday - offering to take us safe aboard if we'd give Christophe the town. Leclerc tore it to bits.

ROCHE

(at table Left Stage)

Penned on this fever coast, with a few itching marines holding the gates shut - ! For what?

DUVAL

"The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders."

ROCHE

(sitting on love seat -- scowls at the portrait of Napoleon)

Humph! That sounds like his wisdom! I don't mind telling you. I wish I were going on the convoy with Madame Pauline.

AIMEE ENTERS
WITH BAGGAGE
AND BIRD-CAGE
FROM BALCONY
RIGHT AND
EXITS LEFT

DUVAL

(at table)

I wish Odette were!

ROCHE

You don't mean she is - staying here?

DUVAL

So I'm informed.

ROCHE

But - she must realize it's no longer safe to -
 (breaks off)
 Good God, man, go to her at once and persuade -

DUVAL

(at love seat - quietly cutting in)
 Odette refuses to see me.

ROCHE

But I thought - you and she -

DUVAL

So did I - once.

ROCHE

Then let me tell her!

DUVAL

My friend, everyone has warned her - or tried to. She refuses to leave the island.

ROCHE

Her grandfather died here. Does she want to follow his example?

DUVAL

I might have answered that, eight months ago, I can't today.

ROCHE

You've not had a word with her?

DUVAL

(walks to table)
 I've done everything but smash in her door. Don't let's talk about it!

(ARMAND enters from Left Stage)

ARMAND

Colonel Fourché's report from skirmish line!

ROCHE

Well, spit it out!

ARMAND

(turns to love seat)
 Can't you hold our salient a half hour more, sir, without help.

DUVAL

(with weary irony)
 Perhaps Admiral Stewart will let me write to Paris for a division or two!

ARMAND

I am to see the Captain General.

ROCHE

The Captain General's ill. You'll take Fourché his orders from me.

ARMAND

(salutes)

Colonel Roche!

ROCHE

Abandon your salient. Fall back.

ARMAND

To Lorette, Colonel.

ROCHE

And why not?

ARMAND

All units?

ROCHE

What's left of 'em! Start moving!

(ARMAND salutes quickly and exits Left)

There! I've said it, Michel.

DUVAL

What would they think of our brand of discipline, in Paris?

ROCHE

(to table)

Pray God we live to face a Paris court-martial!

DUVAL

Well, I've waited two hours to report to Leclerc-- What'll I tell him now?

ROCHE

(at window Left of terrace, shyly)

I'm giving final instructions to Mme. Pauline's escort. Want to help?

DUVAL

Anything to get under cover - till I catch my breath.

(JACQUES steps out from behind door Right, obviously eavesdropper. Listens intent in frame of windows. The above action takes place after DUVAL and ROCHE exits. JACQUES looks in both directions, then picks up lamp and starts signal. Effect of another light picking up the signal in the dark garden. During this, ODETTE appears from upper balcony, watching JACQUES, unobserved by him)

ODETTE

(at foot of love seat - downstairs)

Jacques!

JACQUES

(crosses to table)

Mme. Boucher?

ODETTE

(at table)

What were you doing on the terrace?

JACQUES

I was lighting the lamps for evening, Madame.

(restores lamp to table)

Sometimes, the wick of this one - smokes a little, I light it in the fresh air.

ODETTE

(Xs in front of table; turns)

Shouldn't you be upstairs - helping with Mme. Leclerc's trunks?

JACQUES

I'll go at once.

(SHE sinks apathetically into armchair)

Might I ask Madame if --- ?

ODETTE

(sitting chair left; starting violently as his voice brings her back)

Yes?

JACQUES

Your trunks, Madame - when are they to go aboard the convoy?

ODETTE

I am not going aboard the convoy.

JACQUES

(at table)

Madame Boucher - you don't intend to stay on - now?

(at table -- bewildered, gropes for words for the first time in play)

Madame, I..that is..ever since the night your husband died I've tried to..warn you. You must leave Haiti, Madame!

ODETTE

(looks up, wearily)

Must I?

JACQUES

(going directly to her)

Christophe is on that mountain! The whole island is his - and he's closing in here like -

ODETTE

You know everything, don't you?

JACQUES

Those are his campfires! Madame can see, with her own eyes--

ODETTE

Yes, I can see a great deal. For example, I saw you signaling from the terrace a moment ago. I've known for months that you're the most efficient spy - and I haven't lifted a finger to stop you.

JACQUES

Perhaps Madame was unwise to let me go unpunished. Now it doesn't matter what they do to me - not if that last message got through.

ODETTE

I suppose you mean tonight is the end.

JACQUES

Fourché's brigade is falling back on Lorette - what Christophe has been waiting for. My message said, "Attack - on your whole line - within the hour." When those campfires begin to wink out - you'll know he's coming.. Then you will have to leave us, Madame.

ODETTE

(gets up, crosses to love seat, then turns)

I am never leaving Haiti.

JACQUES

(back of table half way)

Not even if that garden is a battlefield?

ODETTE

I am the last person on this island Christophe would harm. You know that.

JACQUES

I don't understand, Madame --

ODETTE

(crosses toward table)

Haven't we both pretended long enough?

(She snaps the chain of her locket, tosses it on the table between them)

Wouldn't you like to match this with your own? You needn't look so startled, it's just my mother's miniature!

JACQUES

So that's why you have been so changed.

ODETTE

Isn't it a good reason?

JACQUES

Christophe did tell you - that night?

ODETTE

And I've kept the knowledge to myself, ever since. Do you wonder I've seemed mad to everyone in this fever trap?

JACQUES

(halfway to love seat)

I suppose you've hated me, all that while?

ODETTE

No. It isn't hate. When I thought you were an old slave, too tired to leave this house, I loved you...Now I know...I'm just afraid...of this island - of you - of everyone!

JACQUES
 (a step nearer)
 Odette--

ODETTE
 (looks at him)
 Should you call me that?

JACQUES
 (a few steps closer)
 Don't acknowledge me - don't stay here a moment more -

ODETTE
 What else is there?

JACQUES
 Put even the memory behind you. Leave Haiti.

ODETTE
 Where could I go?

JACQUES
 (a little closer)
 This Colonel Duval - you love each other, don't you?

ODETTE
 I couldn't.

JACQUES
 You could make him very happy. Don't eat your heart out - trying to solve a problem no one could solve, honestly! Who can reproach you, if you choose to stay with them?

ODETTE
 Wouldn't you - ?

JACQUES
 I least of all. Let our secret die with me.

ODETTE
 You send me away, that easily?

JACQUES
 Yes - the night that the French lose Haiti forever.

ODETTE
 Suppose I - said I would go? Will you promise me one thing?

JACQUES
 Whatever you ask.

ODETTE
 You say your work is over here. Give me your word to leave at once. Get safely back to Christophe. You see, I - couldn't leave while you were still in danger.

JACQUES
 It's a good bargain - Madame Boucher.

Promisel

ODETTE

If you'll promise, too!

JACQUES

ODETTE

(leans back)

Yes - I'll - go back.....

JACQUES

And so will I.

(He backs off to terrace, going into deeper shadows with each word)

No.....

ODETTE

(at upstage window--she turns as JACQUES' voice recedes)

Where are you?

JACQUES

(from the shadowed garden)

You are speaking to a ghost that will never trouble your dreams again. Goodbye, Odette....

ODETTE

(at table, turns to door)

Goodbye.....

(Abruptly, as though to call him back, she rushes to the French windows, but JACQUES has vanished now. ODETTE slowly returns to room, starts to cross over Left, as the Left door opens, and DUVAL comes quickly in)

DUVAL

May I, Madame? Colonel Roche forgot his lists.

ODETTE

(starts toward door)

I was just going. --

DUVAL

Must you - always? Odette!

(His voice stops her on the threshold of the door)

What has happened to us?

ODETTE

I don't know what you mean.

DUVAL

When I pass you in the halls, you won't even speak. I've got to know why.

ODETTE

No - don't come any nearer---

DUVAL

Why, Odette? For God's sake, look at me!

ODETTE

(meeting his eyes)

Well, Michel?

DUVAL

Our plans were made, the night Boucher died. I'd even written for my transfer! Why did you shut yourself in your room - weeks on end? Refuse to see me - ?

ODETTE

(on stairway)

I was - badly shaken. I needed time to think.

DUVAL

I love you. I want you to marry me. You can't put off answering me forever.

ODETTE

I know, Michel. Would you like your answer now?

DUVAL

(bracing himself)

If I may.

ODETTE

(draws a deep breath)

I have decided to go aboard the convoy, with Pauline.

DUVAL

Thank God!

ODETTE

Will I hear from you?

DUVAL

Odette!

ODETTE

(starts toward DUVAL)

You do love me enough to follow me - that far?

DUVAL

Darling - why did you keep me waiting so long?

ODETTE

Enough to follow me - without a question?

DUVAL

Set your own terms - your own time.

ODETTE

(going upstairs)

ODETTE (cont'd)

No -- don't kiss me now,

(She breaks away from him. DUVAL starts to follow, pulls up short, as BOULE comes through Right Stage carrying a wicker demijohn)

BOULE

Your pardon, Colonel - may I come through, and bring a friend?

DUVAL

(from Left of table)

Yes, Boule - of course,

BOULE

You're back early from the lines, sir.

DUVAL

I've a report to make to the Captain General. Take these lists to Colonel Roche. You'll find him in the courtyard.

BOULE

Very good, sir. When I stopped by the Captain General's room to leave this one's brother - he was dressing.

DUVAL

Thanks for the warning.

BOULE

Trust me, Colonel.

(HE salutes and ambles out Left. DUVAL pulls himself together as LECLERC is heard coming)

LECLERC

(up on balcony Left Stage)

Let go my arms, you idiot!

JEAN

(off Right Stage)

Not too fast, General!

LECLERC

(starts down stairs)

I'll stand on my own feet yet awhile...

(HE enters on the line, assisted by the 2nd and 3rd AIDES...LECLERC is a death mask of himself in filthy rumpled shirt and breeches)

Duval, eh?

DUVAL

General Leclerc!

LECLERC

At ease, all of you, I'm quite all right - anyone but a fool of a doctor could see thatI'm quite...all right. Well, let's have the news from Morne du Loup - and for your sake, I hope it's good. First - however, I'll clear my head.

(He pours and gulps drink)

DUVAL

But General - the doctor said that rum - in your condition-

LECLERC

Damn the doctor!

(grins at DUVAL)

Well? Out with it! Was Morne du Loup retaken as I ordered?

DUVAL

General, the fact is -

LECLERC

(cuts in, peevishly)

Where's Armand! Didn't he take my orders? Armand!

(ARMAND enters from Left, runs off.

LECLERC bangs desk like a spoiled child)

Armand!

DUVAL

General! Armand is on patrol, with Colonel Roche -

LECLERC

Colonel Roche, the great slave-killer! He should be here, too!

DUVAL

(to JEAN)

Call him back. He's hardly out of the courtyard.

(JEAN rushes off terrace)

LECLERC

(standing in front of love seat, he watches
JEAN go off)

Thanks to Roche, Christophe turned my flank last month - thanks to him, Fourché has dug in at the river - and thanks to him, we've twenty British ships of the line anchored off the Cap -

(correcting himself, with a famous snicker)

Your pardon - that last we owe to my charming brother-in-law..for breaking the peace with England.

(faces front)

Well, don't hang about like mutes at a wake - why aren't you at Morne du Loup, losing your lives for France?

DUVAL

Captain General, I must tell you that we have suffered another retreat.

LECLERC

(cuts in)

Retreat? I ordered you to take the mountain!

DUVAL

(at table)

Will the General allow me to finish?

LECLERC

(crosses to love seat)

Why? I know beforehand what you'll say. You're afraid. Roche - Fourché - the whole pack of you! I'm the only man in this rotten army who believes in victory!

LECLERC (cont'd)
 (breaks off as ROCHE appears in window)
 Do come in, it's quite safe. And what's the latest from my friend
 Fourché?

ROCHE
 (at window with JEAN)
 Fourché has fallen back on Lorette, sir.

LECLERC
 (standing, almost screaming)
My order was to take Morne du Loup!

ROCHE
 (levelly)
 Your order was impossible to execute, General. In my opinion --
 Lorette is a safer position.

DUVAL
 (back of table)
 In mine also, General.

LECLERC
 (in a cold waiting tone)
 Explain yourselves more fully, gentlemen.
 (snapping at AIDES)
 Clear out! You'll take no gossip back to mess tonight!
 (The AIDES quietly withdraw. LECLERC pours
 himself another drink)
 Speak freely, Roche - but I'd advise you to choose your words.

ROCHE
 Very good, sir. We're in a rough spot - we must make our decision
 quickly..without asking a sick man's opinion.

LECLERC
 Quite frank about your superior, aren't you?

ROCHE
 It's bad weather for manners, General.

LECLERC
 So you fall back on Lorette?

ROCHE
 Yes!

DUVAL
 To have our men within striking distance of the beach -

LECLERC
 (standing, cuts in)
 - the boats - and Admiral Stewart's fleet!

ROCHE
 If we must be taken - let it be by someone our own color.

LECLERC

(to mirror Left Stage)

The black man's devil - begging me to run to my boats - just because a few campfires are burning on Milot.

ROCHE

(facing Right Stage)

Has the General any idea what's back of those campfires?

LECLERC

(starts back to table)

Not yet! But I shall

(HE reels, almost collapsing)

I shall.....

DUVAL

(assisting him to a chair)

Careful, sir - you'll go under again -

LECLERC

Never mind that, Duval! I'll have your opinion now.

DUVAL

General I am forced to tell you that your men - and your officers - are unwilling to play this game much longer.

LECLERC

More words.

ROCHE

Order another attack, sir - you'll see for yourself.

LECLERC

I am still in command here - what ever notions you have to the contrary. And I am standing my ground. Now be good enough to pour me a drink.

(He fixes ROCHE with a look. ROCHE shrugging, pours a drink, hands it to him)

(ARMAND bursts in from right)

ARMAND

Major Fourché reporting. Snipers are occupying the cane mill at Lorette.

LECLERC

Blast them out!

ARMAND

We've tried that, sir.

LECLERC

Raze the mill, then.

ROCHE

- and leave our gate wide-open to their cannon?

LECLERC

(standing)

For once I stand corrected.

(to ARMAND)

Fourché will wait orders.

(HE crosses between DUVAL and ROCHE. ARMAND
exits)

I've just had an inspiration, gentlemen, not original but adequate. You, Colonel Roche, will lead a house-cleaning expedition into that mill. And you, Duval, will be second in command.

ROCHE

I see.

LECLERC

Wouldn't you like a drink now?

(ROCHE white to the gills gulps one)

Hmmm! Glad to see you need it! Duval?

DUVAL

(crosses to chair Left Stage)

Thank you, no.

LECLERC

(going behind table)

Now I'm quite sure you'll not annoy me much longer, I can afford to tell you something.

(portentuously)

I'm not half so stupid as I seem to you.

ROCHE

We trust not, General.

LECLERC

(sitting)

Thank you. For example, I'm sure Christophe has been getting messages from this house - and I've taken steps to learn the source--

ROCHE

Brilliant, sir, brilliant.

LECLERC

First of all, I've had Phillipe follow every move our salon steward makes--

DUVAL

(sitting)

But Phillipe has watched Jacques for weeks -- so have I.

LECLERC

Exactly. If Jacques is a spy, he's a very clever one. Has it ever occurred to you he may have - a silent accomplice?

DUVAL

Whom d'you mean?

LECLERC

(standing)

Ah! You think I'd tell you everything. just so? No, my friends; you've had your drink - my hospitality doesn't extend further. -To your detail.

(ROCHE snorts)

DUVAL

(halfway to left)

General - if I don't come back -

LECLERC

"If" is such a mild word, Duval!

DUVAL

You know - what Odette means to me - couldn't I - say good-bye - ?

LECLERC

Sentiment is so much prettier at the beginning of a war, Duval! Get out, both of you!

DUVAL

Thank you, General.

(He salutes, exits Left)

ROCHE

Stay with that bottle, sir, and we may still outlive you.

(ROCHE follows DUVAL out Left)

(LECLERC bangs papers on desk, stops..starts to cross over Left, during this PAULINE appears up on balcony Right, she is wearing her travelling costume, she is haggard, and in a billious rage. Behind her stands AIMEE, her maid, loaded down with travelling things.)

PAULINE

Well, Charles, here I am.

LECLERC

(teetering over Left, steadying himself by armchair)

Ready so soon, my dear?

PAULINE

Wait in the coach, Aimee - I'll come down alone.

(AIMEE exits right)

LECLERC

Don't take it so hard, Pauline.

PAULINE

In the same dress I wore when I landed! The clothes have rotted from my back in this lazar house!

LECLERC

But you, my dear, are a flower that never withers -

PAULINE

Shut up, you rum pot! Oh, it was the last straw - Admiral Stewart capturing the gunboat that was to bring my new gowns.

LECLERC

If the Admiral weren't a gentleman, you'd be going back to England in a brig tonight - instead of direct to Amsterdam.

PAULINE

(crosses to LECLERC)

Amsterdam! If Napoleon were here - !

LECLERC

(cuts in)

Will you stop throwing him in my face? He can thank Heaven he's safely in Paris - planning a white man's war.

(He crosses towards Left Stage and back to table)

PAULINE

Wait till he hears what a botch you've made of this one!

LECLERC

(at left of table)

Good-bye, sweet, a pleasant voyage. I hope you are very very seasick.

PAULINE

Thanks. I intend to be.

LECLERC

Shall I call Odette? Or shall we spare her your farewell tears?

PAULINE

(at love seat)

You're a bit behind the times, Charles. Odette is upstairs packing to join me.

LECLERC

What?

PAULINE

In fact, I just promised to hold the coach for her.

LECLERC

You'll do nothing of the sort. If you delay that coach, the grooms will run away!

(PHILLIPE appears right)

Ask Madame Boucher to come here at once.

(PHILLIPE salutes and exits)

Don't let me detain you, chérie. Even minutes are precious, now.

PAULINE

And why this sudden interest in Odette?

(back to LECLERC)

LECLERC

This is no time for curiosity!

LECLERC (cont'd)

(roaring at PAULINE)

Get aboard that convoy, while you've a carriage to take you to the harbor!

PAULINE

(quailing)

Yes, my lord...I'll go.

(breaking away towards door Left)

But don't keep poor Odette too long - I'll need someone to hold my head when I'm sick.

LECLERC

For the love of God, get out!

(PHILLIPE comes in, holds door open, as

PAULINE sweeps indignantly out)

Well? Is she coming?

PHILLIPE

Directly, sir. But here's someone who must see you first.

(ARMAND comes downstairs and exits Left)

LECLERC

(speaks to PHILLIPE who has just entered from upstage window)

Yes, Phillipe?

PHILLIPE

It was he, General - it was Jacques!

LECLERC

Jacques?

PHILLIPE

Madame Boucher's steward, sir -

LECLERC

Go on - you can breathe later.

PHILLIPE

(crossing to love seat)

I was - watching from the garden - someone signaled from that window, with a lamp. The signal was picked up - in the dark, by the wall. I heard a horse gallop off -

LECLERC

You stopped the messenger?

PHILLIPE

No, General. It was black as the tomb - he was gone before I---

LECLERC

So that message cleared - like the others! And how do you know it was JACQUES who signaled?

PHILLIPE

Because they just captured Jacques - at the outpost on the road to Lorette.

LECLERC

Trying to escape?

PHILLIPE

Just that, General! It didn't take us long to hammer a confession out of -

LECLERC

That's enough. Where is he now?

PHILLIPE

Inside, sir. Under guard.

(PHILLIPE crosses to right door)

LECLERC

You will bring him in when I ring. Promptly.

PHILLIPE

(taking a step towards Leclerc)

I don't like to leave you alone, General. You're sure you -

LECLERC

(cuts across this, as though reasoning aloud to himself)

I'm almost sorry, now... Sending Roche to sweep out that mill. He would know how to make them talk - fast. Fast, d'you understand? God knows what that messenger is telling Christophe now!

(leaning on table, very weak, he breaks off as he hears ODETTE coming)

Didn't I order you out once?

(PHILLIPE salutes, and exits Right, crossing ODETTE as she enters, wearing her travelling clothes.)

Forgive me for disturbing the meditations of widowhood, Madame Boucher. But I need help, so badly.

ODETTE

(at bottom of stairs)

Then I'm the last person you should call on, General. I sometimes think I've no mind left.

(ODETTE sits on love seat)

LECLERC

Do sit down a moment, just the same. And forgive my appearance. A man who is dying by inches can't be too particular.

(very silky and polite)

You are in a great hurry to pack, and be on your way?

ODETTE

(standing up)

If you don't mind, General?

LECLERC

(standing)

On the contrary. In fact, I've thought it - most strange - that you should be the only Frenchwoman willing to remain here...This won't take you long. Just a little difficulty about your steward.

(sits)

ODETTE

(sitting)

You don't mean --- Jacques?

LECLERC

What do you really know of him?

ODETTE

Why - no more than you. As I recall, you were in this room - when we decided to keep him here.

LECLERC

He hasn't aroused your suspicions, at any time?

ODETTE

No - not once. Why should he?

LECLERC

(relaxes in chair)

Hmmm! I can't expect a bereaved wife to be too observant, can I?

(springing it, craftily)

Will you be surprised to hear that Jacques has been seen signaling with a lamp - at that window?

ODETTE

(at end of table, left)

No! You mean, before he escaped--?

LECLERC

Who told you he'd escaped?

ODETTE

(trying to cover the slip)

Why, I inferred that --

LECLERC

Jacques only tried to escape. He was stopped, on the road to Lorette.

ODETTE

(a sharp breath, then)

No!

LECLERC

(crosses to table, left)

Of course, we have ways of dealing with spies. Very efficient ways. I merely thought - you might like to help us, a little.

ODETTE

I?

LECLERC

(rings)

After all, he is your servant - you've his confidence. I've often noticed, how devoted he is to you.

ODETTE

I have no wish to question him.

LECLERC

Naturally, the interview might be trying. But it's results could be very valuable to me. You see, it's just possible you could shame a few facts out of him - quicker than all the hot irons at my disposal.

ODETTE

You'd torture him, then?

LECLERC

Indeed yes, Madame - to the best of our ability.

ODETTE

But what could I ask him?

LECLERC

How much information he's given Christophe. What he knows of their plans-

ODETTE

I'm afraid I can't assist you, General.

LECLERC

And I'm afraid you'll have to, Madame. If only to assure me that you are on the right side of this rebellion.

ODETTE

I see.

(JACQUES is brought in between two AIDES....
badly cut up, his shirt in ribbons....)

LECLERC

Too bad - my aides have been a trifle rough with him already. Would you like to be alone with him a moment?

ODETTE

I said I have nothing to ask -

FIRST AIDE

(reaches for JACQUES)

Let me make him speak up, General!

LECLERC

To be frank, Phillipe, it is Madame I want to - speak up.

JACQUES

Madame knows nothing.

SECOND AIDE

Hold your tongue.

JACQUES

I'm sorry Madame. I couldn't be a good servant and patriot, both....

LECLERC

Splendid, Jacques - the most convincing. One last chance, Madame?

ODETTE

I have nothing to ask him.

LECLERC

Take him out, Phillipe.

(JEAN opens door. PHILLIPE grabbing JACQUES
by collar taking him out)

PHILLIPE

This way - we're giving a nice little party outside just for you.

ODETTE

(stops them with her voice)

Where are you taking him?

JEAN

To the wheel, Madame.

ODETTE

No!

LECLERC

(crosses to love seat)

Don't be alarmed. They'll only stretch him a little at first...Of course, if he's too obstinate they'll have to break him eventually - as it were, bone by bone.

ODETTE

Wait - wait! I'll tell you - what I can - I....

LECLERC

(crosses to door, then to window upstage)

Let him come back.

(The AIDES retire from door, letting JACQUES
stumble into room alone)

ODETTE

(going to him)

Your wrists are bleeding. They did hurt you-

JACQUES

Not yet, Madame-

(He leans on table)

- please don't trouble. I'm not worth saving - not now -

ODETTE

Did you think I could stand by and let them -

JACQUES

(breaks in)

They can't hurt me now, really. You see, General - when your men weren't looking - I swallowed a little medicine of my own. It's tor-

JACQUES (cont'd)
 turing me now - much more than you ever could. But it'll - kill me
 sooner..

ODETTE
 (close to him)
 You didn't - you couldn't -

JACQUES
 (falling, still holding ODETTE off with his
 voice)
 Don't touch me - please. It is better so. Thank you for your pity.
 I'll - never forget it -
 (He falls to floor, half hidden by love seat
 and dies.)

ODETTE
 (moves slowly towards JACQUES)
 You're dead. I never even touched your hand. And you're dead.

LECLERC
 (rushes Right Stage)
 He would be a hero - when I needed him most!

ODETTE
 You drunken madman - d'you think anything can save you now?
 (running towards stairs)

BOOM OF CANNON

LECLERC
 (crosses to windows)
 What was that?

ODETTE
 Christophe, coming down from his mountain.

CANNON REPEAT,
HEAVY, INSIS-
TENT

LECLERC
 (hurries upstage, looks out)
 Has he field pieces, too?

ODETTE
 You'll soon learn, General.

CANNON

LECLERC
 Yes....something is moving, up there - I can feel it - as though the
 whole night were closing in on me...his campfires are --- all gone---
 he's coming down!
 (as thought strikes him)
 How did you know?
 (looks at the dead JACQUES)

LECLERC (cont'd)
 He did tell you!
 (PHILLIPE breaks in, breathless with excitement)

PHILLIPE
 General! What are your orders?

LECLERC
 It is - Christophe!

PHILLIPE
 Nothing will hold him - ! We've already fallen back on the town.

LECLERC
 (steadying himself at table, passing his hand
 over his eyes)
 Ask Roche - he'll know what to do.

PHILLIPE
 Colonel Roche is dead in action, sir - at the cane mill-

LECLERC
 (at table)
 So he is! How absent-minded I'm getting! Well, send me Boucher - !
 Colonel Boucher - this lady's husband...

PHILLIPE
 (aghast as he realizes LECLERC is going mad
 before his eyes)
 The General must remember - that Colonel Boucher is dead, too -

LECLERC
 Duval must take charge, then - we'll stand at the road --

PHILLIPE
 The men won't fight, General - they've thrown down their guns --

LECLERC
 (screeching)
Did you hear me?
 (PHILLIPE stares, then exits Right)

(LECLERC, with a wan smile, turns to ODETTE)
 It seems every one is dead but you and I -

ODETTE
 (listens entranced to the growing effect of
 war off stage)
 - and Christophe!

LECLERC
 So JACQUES brought this upon us, after all --

ODETTE
 Fever has given you wit.

LECLERC
 And you helped him - work against me?

(Another CANNON shot punctuates his line..
A palm tree from garden, crashes diagonally
across the terrace, banging against the out-
side wall....the impact sends the picture of
Napoleon slap-down on the floor)

ODETTE

Yes - not even Napoleon can stand against them!

DUVAL

This is no place for white men now!

ODETTE

Too true, Michell!

(as he does not budge)

Well, don't stay and be killed; save yourself.

DUVAL

(quietly toward her)

You are coming to the harbor with me! If I have to carry you -
(PHILLIPE leaps in from terrace)

PHILLIPE

Duval! Help us hold the gate---

DUVAL

(crosses to terrace)

We've blocked the courtyard gate, Odette. That'll give us a moment
here. Stay where you are - I'm coming back for you.

CANNON

EXIT FIRES EXPLOSION

(DUVAL runs to the terrace, a terrific
explosion Left. DUVAL runs out Center
to Left. A HAITIAN AIDE with a pistol
leaps over the balustrade and fires in
the direction of DUVAL)

BUGLE

RETREAT

ODETTE

Michell!

(simultaneously the AIDE is shot, drops
his pistol and falls off Right. PHILLIPE
and ARMAND enter, firing off Right)

PHILLIPE

(comes in through window)

Stand back Madame, you might ---

(A bugle sounds retreat off Center)

ARMAND

SHOTS

There goes retreat! We're off for the beach. Let him lie,
Phillipe, no one can help him now.

(He runs off Right on terrace)

PHILLIPE

(in the window facing ODETTE)

Duval - is - killed! We must all run for our lives, Madame. What are
you waiting for?

PHILLIPE (cont'd)

(He is struck in the back by a bullet and reels off to the Right, firing toward the Left)

SHOT

(A HAITIAN SOLDIER leaps over the balustrade and fires left. Another HAITIAN SOLDIER joins him from the right on the terrace. They go off Left. ODETTE crosses to JACQUES and kneels down beside him. Increase of musket firing. Four HAITIAN SOLDIERS shouting and firing as they pursue the last of the enemy, cross from Right to Left through the garden one at a time. The song of the triumphant Marseillaise begins at a distance. A crashing door off Right. Two HAITIAN SOLDIERS run in through the door down Left and run up to the upstairs windows. Simultaneously an AIDE with pistol crawls up over the balcony and through the window Right. He greets the other soldiers stationed at the window with a joyous shout. At the downstairs window an AIDE runs in shouting "CHRISTOPHE".

SHOT

MEN and WOMEN bearing crude weapons crowd beside him and the HAITIAN SOLDIERS join him from the Right. They are all shouting off stage to the approaching Christophe. Simultaneously a WOMAN with a pitchfork enters upstairs from the Right. She runs to a window, then shouts back to the Right, "Christophe is coming."

A MAN with a bill hook and a LARGE WOMAN with a pike upon which is fastened an Haitian flag run in from the upstairs entrance and crowd into the windows. A MAN with a flag on a pike and a WOMAN with a sword run in from door left, shouting:

"Christophe!" as they start upstairs. They stop on the stairs, leaning over the bannister, shouting toward the Center window. The song comes up strong. Crowd effect builds. The CROWD on the terrace parts and CHRISTOPHE leaps over the balustrade. THE PEOPLE seize him and kiss his hands. The PEOPLE upstairs turn away from the windows and lean over the balustrade inside.

CHRISTOPHE comes into the room with a crowd following him delirious with joy. The people over the balustrade wave their weapons and flags. The song comes up full force. When CHRISTOPHE reaches Center of the Stage, he sees ODETTE rising from beside the body of her father. CHRISTOPHE smiles and bows his head to her with sympathy and understanding.)

M E D I U M F A S T C U R T A I NFINALE