

Last days O. P. Cabin

Yes, what are your plans when you get there?

I really don't know. If I'm caught, I suppose I shall be arrested and sent back to Shanghai.

How are you going to get ashore if you haven't got a passport?

Won't they let me land?

~~[xxx]~~

Last Days Cabin P. O.

You won't tell me.

I don't want to bother you any further with my problem.

It's been sixteen days since we left Shanghai.

It seems years ago.

Under the circumstances, I think we got along very well.

Yes.

Perhaps too well.

(Paulette doesn't answer)

Last days Cabin P. O.

I think you know that these last few days, in spite of myself, in spite of everything, whether it complicates my life or involves me in a scandal, I don't give a damn. I love you. I loved you the first moment I set my eyes on you.

Last days Cabin P. O.

(Paulette thoughtfully)

P: In three days we'll be in America.

O: Counting the hours, eh?

P: I've counted many of them.

O: I'm sorry I couldn't make your journey more comfortable.

P: Don't apologize. You've been exceptionally kind to an uninvited guest.

Under the circumstances, I think we got along very well.

O: Too well.

Last days Cabin P. O.

(Paulette is collecting her belongings. She has a little grip into which she is putting them.)

O: What are you doing?

Oh, packing my belongings.

Your worldly possessions.

They are more than I had when I came on the boat.

We land tomorrow afternoon at four.

This is our last day.

I can't believe it.

Last days Cabin P. O.

Tomorrow we arrive.

Tomorrow. This is the last day. I can't believe it.

It's been sixteen days since we left Shanghai.

Is that all?

Last Days Cabin O. P.

Don't apologize. You've been more than generous to an uninvited guest. I should think you'd be very glad to get rid of me.

What are you going to do when you arrive?

I've very well so far. Thanks to your kindness and generosity.

~~{xxx}~~

Last Days Cabin O. P. Love

(P is packing)

O: What are you doing?

Packing my worldly possessions.

Good heavens, yes. Tomorrow we arrive.

Yes, tomorrow's the last day.

In seventeen hours, we'll be in America.

Counting the hours, eh?

I've counted many of them.

I'm sorry I couldn't make your journey more agreeable.

2 OK

What other reasons?

Isn't that enough?

Yes, but you said there were other reasons.

I'm sorry but I won't tell. Besides you'll have a different opinion of me.

I think you are wonderful.

I want you to continue thinking I'm wonderful.

(Harvey burst into the room). There's a rumour that a stowaway is on board and to be on the lookout, in case any valuable are missing.

Who told you this?

The purser. He's coming here to warn you.

(There is a sharp rap at the door. Natasha, Ogden and Harvey all scoot into the next room.)

When one has difficulty in understanding the beauty of language. O

But then what is my opinion in these matters against the world's endorsement of these plays?

[below the typescript text]

I believe that there are too many footnotes. I think we delve too much into the logic of the play. Shakespeare's play's are essentially for entertainment.

O then simplifies it:

There's the notion here that average school boys or non-college man, learning that for the first time enacted on stage could understand. Thus we procrastinate.

To me it is more cultural than entertaining and for some reason the cultural stirs up an antagonism in me when I'm confronted with it in the theatre. The term "classic" also leaves me with the same feeling.

A classic is something that long endures, at least it is to me, and the reason for its duration is its element of truth.

O: I feel as guilty as hell.

N: You've ruined my innocence.

O: What are you going to do when you get to San Francisco?

N: I never think so far ahead.

OK. O: I know, but what are you going to do with your life?

N: What does anybody do with their life?

Justice is a long long trail of unending

How frail is one's reputation. A rumor can shatter it  
beyond repair.

It's as frail as one's reputation.

I suppose a realist gives an account of his own feeling, no  
matter how objective they are.

War was supposed to have ?? All the decencies that  
civilization demanded. I'm beginning to wonder if the  
halcyon days had any decencies. Does not civilization, as  
much as war, have demoralizing processes? Perhaps  
civilization has a less quickening effect?

C: Hallo, Ogden. I expected to find you in your cabin. They told me you had been ill.

O: When were you there?

A moment ago.

O: Who told you I had been ill?

C: The girl.

O: What girl?

C: The stewardess.

O: What was she doing there?

C: She came to see if she could be of any service.

Hallo, Ogden. I was in your cabin a moment ago. They told me you had been ill.

Who?

The girl.

What girl?

The stewardess.

Oh.

What! You are not dressed yet? We'll be in Kobe in a half an hour. You'd better hurry.

But I must go askew like this.

Haven't you any clothes?

Only my evening dress.

Well, I suppose you'll have to wear that. Wait a moment. There's a lady's shop upstairs. They'll have something. What size do you take?

You mean for a dress?

Yes, hurry up. We haven't much time. Let me see. You're about five foot three.

This is funny.

3B

All right, leave it there and come back in a few moments.

Hudson: Very well, sir. (exits)

O (to P): Lock that door. (P locks it and Ogden exits into sitting room and picks up menu, then returns to bedroom.

(O, giving P the menu): Here, mark what you want.

(Harvey taps the handle of the door, then knocks. P jumps and Ogden disappears into the next room)

Harvey: Ogden! Are you ready?

4B

(O pantomiming that she remain where she is)

Ogden: Oh, wait a minute. Go into the other room.

(Harry enters sitting room, then looks at Ogden with alarm)

H: Aren't you ready yet? Say, what's wrong. You look as though you've seen a ghost.

You are telling me. I knew ?? ?? ?? ?? the last of this.

What do you mean?

(Clark knocks on the door and Ogden jumps.)

Ogden: Oh, come in.

(Clark enters): Good morning. Aren't you fellows ready for lunch?

No. I'm having something up here and Harry go easy with that cigar. My stomach isn't any too good this morning.

Sorry. (He puts it out.) What were you up to last night?

Harry: You'd be surprised.

(Another knock and Hudson enters)

Hudson: The dining room will be closed in ten minutes, sir. If you need anything.

Ogden: Oh, wait a minute.

(He exits into bedroom and cut to bedroom)

(Og takes menu from P and exits)

Og: Here. (He hands menu to Hudson who studies it a moment.)

[Final scene?]

Cello plays as they leave Hawaiian Island.

Paulette weeps.