

RAIN

Adapted by David Jacklin
from the screenplay by
Maxwell Anderson
and the novella by
W. Somerset Maugham

Final

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CHARACTERS

HOBSON, a marine private, 18-20
Sergeant Tim O’HARA, a marine stationed at Pago-Pago, 30-ish
AMEENA, a Samoan woman married to Horn, 40s to 50s
Joe HORN, a transplanted American, running a general store at Pago-Pago, 50s to 60s
MRS. MACPHAIL, the British wife of Dr. Macphail, 30-ish
MRS. DAVIDSON, the American wife of Mr. Davidson, 50-60
Dr. MACPHAIL, a British doctor, 40-ish
Alfred DAVIDSON, an American missionary, 60+
QUARTERMASTER Bates, of the S.S. Orduna, English, 40-ish
SADIE Thompson, an American woman, 23

In Act Two, Davidson reads aloud Psalm 24. For those who can’t find a Bible, here it is:

- 1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
- 2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?
- 4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
- 6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob; Selah.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
- 8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.
- 10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

PRONUNCIATIONS:

Apia: A town on the island of Upolu in the Samoan chain. Pronounced: ah-PEE-ah.
Iwelei: a barricaded brothel district in 1920s Honolulu. Pronounced: EV-il-eh.
Pago-Pago: A village on Tutuila Island. For some reason, pronounced: PAHNG-go PAHNG-go.
S.S. Orduna: a fictional ship. The Or-DOO-na.
Tomakin Islands – a derivation of Makin Island in the Gilberts (Kiribati), northwest of Tutuila.
Watashi wa shinpai – part of “I should worry” in Japanese. Wa-TAH-she-wah-SHIN-pie.

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RAIN

Act One

THE SCENE: Horn's "general store and hotel" in the village Pago-Pago, Tutuila Island, in the South Pacific around 1930. The building is rough, well built but in a state of disrepair. There are open "windows" upstage through which we see a porch and, beyond that, a beach and ocean, with a few palms; a main doorway is centre between them. To SR, the bottom of a flight of steps is seen, leading to a second floor. A door DS of the steps leads to a store-room which is also where the Horns live. To SL a counter, with a few shelves behind it, containing various canned and boxed goods (not too many). SL of that another door leads in to another room. Beaded curtains hang over each doorway. A table RC with some chairs and a few other chairs are scattered about the room. Rain beats incessantly down outside and the sound is constant throughout most of the play.

(As the lights come up, AMEENA, wife of Joe HORN, is on the porch. AMEENA is half Samoan and dressed in a mu-mu. She is a large woman. She is staring into the rain, trying to see down the beach. After a moment, Sergeant O'HARA enters and comes up onto the porch.)

O'HARA: Hello, mamma! How's it by you today?

AMEENA: All same, all time. Old man plenty maka fight, all same

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O'HARA: Having a rough time this morning, ain't we? Where's the old man?

AMEENA: What you want, huh?

O'HARA: Cigarettes.

AMEENA: Cigarettes, no got, yet.

O'HARA: That's just it. The Orduna's come in. If we don't get Horn down to the docks for his cigarettes, my boys will tear down the store. Where's Horn? *(AMEENA tilts her head toward the inside.)* Asleep, huh? Well, we'll have that bird on his feet and down to the docks pronto.

AMEENA: I think so, no.

O'HARA: I think so, yes. *(He sticks his head in and yells loudly.)* Horn! Horn! Front and center! Earthquake! Fire!

AMEENA: How you talk!

O'HARA: What's the matter, mamma? The old man acting up again?

AMEENA: What do you say? My husband very good man.

(HORN comes out of the SR door. He is an older man, possibly balding and a little overweight. He wears once-white tropic ducks, well wrinkled. He is hung over.)

HORN: *(Irritably.)* What's all this? What's all this?

O'HARA: Relax!

HORN: *(He comes out to the porch.)* Where am I?

AMEENA: Home.

HORN: *(Looking around and sinking into a chair.)* To be sure.

O'HARA: The Orduna's in, Joe.

HORN: Well, what of it?

AMEENA: No canned corn, no bacon, no fig-a's, no corn' beef.

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O'HARA: And no cigarettes. On your feet, man. Fall in!

HORN: Wait! Wait! It's much too early in the morning for life's burdens!

O'HARA: *(Pulling him up and moving him along.)* Watch your step.

HORN: Oh, well, if I must, I must. I'll be down to the dock directly.

(O'HARA eyes him suspiciously, but exits. HORN finds a bottle, takes a drink and starts off toward the beach but the MACPHAILS and the DAVIDSONS enter first.)

MRS. MACPHAIL: I wonder why it must rain. *(To HORN.)* Doesn't it ever stop?

HORN: Yes, ma'am. Well, bless my soul! This is a treat. How do you do, Mrs. Davidson?

MRS. DAVIDSON: Greetings, Mr. Horn.

HORN: Our poor island is honoured.

DAVIDSON: Doctor and Mrs. Macphail. Mr. Horn.

HORN: How do you do? Are you leaving soon?

DR. MACPHAIL: I was wondering: what does Pago-Pago mean?

HORN: I don't think it means anything at all, sir.

DR. MACPHAIL: Well, it's certainly well named. Unusual weather, of course?

HORN: Of course.

DR. MACPHAIL: What will it be like in Apia?

AMEENA: *(Exiting through SR door.)* Unusual.

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(Drawing MRS. MACPHAIL aside.)* You remember what we were talking about the other night?

MRS. MACPHAIL: You mean about terrible marriage customs and the naked moon-dancing? Oh, yes!

MRS. DAVIDSON: *This island is where it happens! Right here! Have you told Dr. Macphail yet? What did he say?*

MRS. MACPHAIL: Well, he never says very much, but I'm sure he felt it was perfectly awful.

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(Turning to the men.)* A little more efficiency on the part of the authorities and we wouldn't be kept waiting so long.

DAVIDSON: We'll only be here for an hour or two. *(To HORN.)* We're taking the schooner this afternoon for Apia.

HORN: Not this afternoon, I'm afraid. *(Showing DAVIDSON a sheet of paper.)*

MRS. DAVIDSON: What's the matter, Alfred? Has anything happened?

DAVIDSON: Unwelcome news. We cannot sail for Apia this afternoon.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Not sail today? How is that?

DAVIDSON: One of the sailors aboard the schooner has come down with measles. They cannot start until it is certain that none of the rest of the crew are infected. It may mean a delay of several days.

DR. MACPHAIL: I think I prefer the measles.

MRS. MACPHAIL: But where can we stay?

DAVIDSON: At the general store. Horn? We shall have to ask you to put us up.

HORN: That's tough luck – for you folks, I mean.

MRS. DAVIDSON: It's ridiculous to be delayed for a little thing like measles. Can nothing be done?

DAVIDSON: Well, it's possible I can persuade the governor to make an exception in our case. I'll go to see him, now.

(DAVIDSON leaves.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(To MRS. MACPHAIL.)* We've stayed with Mr. Horn before. Tomorrow you and I will have to sew the mosquito netting, or the nights will be unendurable.

DR. MACPHAIL: Why not sew them today? I have no fancy for being eaten up tonight.

MRS. DAVIDSON: I prefer not to do any sewing on the Sabbath. It would be different if one were indecently exposed by a tearing in one's clothing, for instance, but, under the circumstances, it might be a very bad example for the natives.

HORN: I hear life's terrible back home in the States, now.

DR. MACPHAIL: How so?

HORN: Everybody being made to behave.

(MRS. DAVIDSON sniffs and leads MRS. MACPHAIL up the stairs.)

DR. MACPHAIL: Yes, we live in the day of the new commandment: Thou Shalt Not Enjoy Thyself.

HORN: I saw it coming twenty years ago. That's why I left Chicago. I wanted peace. Friend, you behold here the last remnants of an earthly paradise. That's my quarrel with reformers like Davidson: they won't let it alone.

DR. MACPHAIL: Yes, I can readily see how a reformer might feel a little out of place, here. Sort of like a school-marm waking up in a harem.

HORN: Now, take these islanders. They're naturally the happiest, most contented

people on Earth. They ask nothing except to eat and sing and dance and sleep. They're satisfied with what the trees and the sea and the winds give them. Along comes Mister Davidson and tells them they're lost souls. They've got to be saved, whether they want to be or not.

DR. MACPHAIL: Too bad man couldn't develop a soul without losing the Garden of Eden.

HORN: You're a philosopher, Doctor.

DR. MACPHAIL: No, I just look around me.

HORN: Ditto, brother – and I guess we both see the joke. And now – welcome to Villa Horn.

(O'HARA sticks his head in.)

O'HARA: Hey, Joe! What's the hold-up?

HORN: If my guests will pardon me for a few minutes, there are cigarettes to be collected.

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(O'HARA and HORN draw aside.)

O'HARA: What's the matter, Joe?

HORN: If there's anything I hate, it's reformers.

O'HARA: So, that's what's the matter with them?

HORN: Yeah! You'd better watch yourself while that lovely couple is on the island. They'll break your back to save your soul.

O'HARA: What's that stiff old missionary coot's bag?

HORN: An investigator of native conditions. A professional reformer. He wields more influence in the South Seas than the sun, the planets and the American government.

O'HARA: Pearls of wisdom.

HORN: Pearls of wisdom.

(SADIE enters, followed by HOBSON and the QUARTERMASTER, carrying her luggage, including a

small gramophone.)

SADIE: ... and I said, “No, not now, it’s too hot, but *(Singing.)* ‘in the cool, cool, cool of the evening, I’ll be there!’”

(Laughter.)

Moses on a mountaintop! So this is the sunny South Seas. What a place – nothing but quiet and mud. *(Looks at her mud-covered shoes.)* Farewell, pretty ones, farewell. You ain’t looked like that since I walked home after my first car ride with a boy. Take that stuff and put it down anywhere, boys. Well, I guess my chances of drying out before I get to Apia are shot.

QUARTERMASTER: Well, I shouldn’t worry about that, Sadie. With all this heat, you’ll soon be as dry as a blotting pad.

SADIE: Oh, *watashi wa shinpai, watashi wa shinpai.* That’s “I should worry” in Japanese. Mr. Horn, you’re climate’s bunk.

HORN: Sorry, Miss, it’s the best we’ve got.

SADIE: Oh, I’m not blaming you. Say, what’s about this delay? How long am I booked for this burg, do you know?

HORN: Well, I’d compose myself for a two week stay.

SADIE: *(Whistles.)* Well, that being the case, what can’t be helped, can’t be helped, as the saying goes.

QUARTERMASTER: That job in Apia’ll keep all right, Sadie. I shouldn’t worry about it.

SADIE: Oh, *watashi wa shinpai.* Make the best of things today, ‘cause it’ll be worse tomorrow. Besides – *(She runs a finger along HOBSON’S jaw.)* – I like the boys here. *(To O’HARA.)* Hello, Handsome. When did you leave Kansas?

HORN: She got you that time, O’Hara.

SADIE: Oh, don’t mind me, Handsome. I came from Kansas once, myself ... as fast as I could hoof it. *(She holds out her hand to O’HARA.)* How are ya?

O’HARA: Fine.

SADIE: So, how much does this palatial establishment run – per beetle, that is?

HORN: *(Opens door left and points.)* Room and board, a dollar twenty a day.

O'HARA: Say, that's kind of steep, Joe.

HORN: No place better on the island.

O'HARA: That's true, Miss ...

SADIE: Thompson, Handsome. Sadie Thompson. Tell you what, Horn. A dollar a day and I get my own board.

HORN: Well, I don't know.

SADIE: That's all I got, chum. All I can shell out.

HORN: Well ...

O'HARA: The lady needs a place to stay, Horn.

HORN: All right.

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SADIE: Thanks, Horn. Thanks, Handsome.

O'HARA: That's okay. I'm very pleased to meet a lady.

SADIE: What's all this 'lady' stuff? Do I look like I drink tea with my pinky out?

HOBSON: Don't bother with him, Sadie. He's new here and besides, his eyesight's bad.

SADIE: Yeah, I know. His is bad and your's is good. But mine's better and I choose Handsome, here. You boys go through those packages and see if you can come up with something you like, but don't get run over.

QUARTERMASTER: *(Looking through SADIE's luggage.)* I'll find it.

SADIE: *(She puts on foot up on a chair and smooths her stocking. The men can't help but follow her motion.)* I suppose I'll find it pretty slow down in Apia, won't I, Grand-paw?

HORN: *(Pulling his eyes off her leg.)* Things ought to brighten up considerable after you get there.

SADIE: Oh, Mister Horn! *(To O'HARA.)* Say, I'd have thought you'd been thirsty

enough to locate it by instinct. Here, I'll look. *(She pulls a bottle from her luggage.)* There's the shy Kentucky refugee. Who's got a corkscrew?

HORN: *(Holding one up.)* Here you are, Sadie.

SADIE: Thanks, matie. *(She works the corkscrew into the cork and pulls it, holds up the bottle.)* Well, here's bubbles! *(She drinks from the bottle.)*

QUARtermaster: Ain't that a beautiful sight! After you, delight of my gizzard.

O'HARA: I'll find a glass for you, Miss Thompson.

SADIE: What for? Down the hatch! *(She drinks.)*

QUARtermaster: Now, there's a lady after me own heart.

SADIE: *(Handing the bottle to O'HARA.)* Friend of mine slipped me that just before I left Honolulu. "Not that you'll need it, Sadie," said she.

QUARtermaster: And, right she was, Sadie. You're not the type that needs hootch to pep you up.

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SADIE: Ah, what's more hootch?

HOBSON: *(Holding up a record.)* Holy cats, look at this! The Wabash Blues!

(He puts the record on the gramophone and winds it up.)

SADIE: Music and a nip of liquor. That's what a rainy day is for, says I. Come on, boys, let's hit the beach. Can you dance, Handsome?

O'HARA: No, Miss Thompson. I'm a club-foot. I never could twist my legs right.

SADIE: Well, I'll learn you before I leave. That's a threat. Quartermaster here is great little stepper. You ought to see him take the floor. For one with his brains and years, you'd be surprised. *(The music starts.)* Come on, Ethelbert, let's show these island boys how hip we skip in the gay cafés of Honolulu.

QUARtermaster: Righto. Let's have a go at it. *(Handing his cigar to HOBSON.)* Here, park my cabbage. *(To SADIE.)* Now, nothing too fancy, now.

SADIE: Nothing fancy? Brother, I've still got my sea-legs.

(They foxtrot to the record. MRS. DAVIDSON comes down the stairs to see what's happening.)

QUARtermaster: Dah, dee, deet, dah. Dah, dee, deet, dah!

SADIE: Doo, dee, doo, dee, doo, dee, doo. Easy, now! Easy on my corns!

QUARtermaster: Don't worry none.

(As they dance past O'HARA, he smacks her behind.)

SADIE: Oooh! Thank you! *(To Quartermaster.)* Pick 'em up and put 'em down, dearie. Pick 'em up light and put 'em down easy! That's it. The word to remember is "glide", too.

O'HARA: That's the stuff, Mazie. Now hit the high side!

SADIE: Now get in the rhythm, McNulty – with both legs. Come on now, glide! Attaboy!

MRS. DAVIDSON: Young woman!

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SADIE: You've got the swing, now, Bertie.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Young woman!

SADIE: *(Still dancing.)* What?

MRS. DAVIDSON: This is Sunday, young woman. Have you no respect for the Lord's Day?

SADIE: Were you speaking to me?

MRS. DAVIDSON: I'm simply reminding you that this is the Sabbath.

SADIE: Sabbath? Yesterday was ... Saturday! Right you are.

MRS. DAVIDSON: I say this must stop!

QUARtermaster: I say, mum, are we disturbing you?

MRS. DAVIDSON: Whether I am being disturbed or not is of no consequence. There are six days in the week to dance, if you must dance. Mr. Horn, is this sort of thing general in your store?

HORN: Well, it's a general store, ma'am.

SADIE: *(Looking at MRS. DAVIDSON with disgust.)* Oh, enough said. Complaints registered. We'll go to my private suite. No objections, Mr. Horn?

HORN: No objection as far as I'm concerned.

SADIE: Come on, Ethelbert. Come on, boys, we're moving. You bring the records, Handsome, and you bring the hootch, little one. Drop in later if you feel like it, Mr. Horn. Always glad to see you.

(SADIE, QUARTERMASTER, O'HARA and HOBSON exit into SADIE's room. MRS. MACPHAIL comes down the stairs.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: Mr. Horn, who is that young woman?

HORN: Her name, ma'am, is Thompson, as far as I know.

MRS. DAVIDSON: I mean what is she?

HORN: *(I didn't inquire. She was on the Orduna, wasn't she?)*

MRS. DAVIDSON: I am aware she was. *(She is joined by MRS. MACPHAIL.)* I am afraid Mr. Davidson will not like this at all.

(DAVIDSON comes in from the porch.)

DAVIDSON: I've argued it out to the governor, but there's nothing to be done.

MRS. DAVIDSON: That means a week here.

DAVIDSON: Two weeks, probably.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Well, we'll prepare for the worst. Mr. Davidson and I will take the upstairs room on the right. The MacPhails can take the one on the left. *(To MRS. MACPHAIL.)* It's very sunny – when the sun does shine. Two weeks of nothing to occupy us.

DAVIDSON: Enforced inactivity is likely to prove wearisome. The only thing to do is to portion off the day to different occupations. Certain hours of the day will be set aside for study; certain hours for exercise, rain or shine; and, too, certain hours will go for ... *(He looks toward SADIE's room as music bursts forth.)* ... recreation.

DR. MACPHAIL: Recreation may be hard to find.

DAVIDSON: Someone appears to have found it.

MRS. DAVIDSON: It's a person from second class. Exceedingly common. Frightfully dressed. In fact, she looks rather ... fast to me. Perhaps you noticed her on the boat.

DAVIDSON: No.

DR. MACPHAIL: I met her. Rather a good natured girl, on her way to a position in Apia.

DAVIDSON: What kind of a girl?

DR. MACPHAIL: Oh, just an ordinary human being. Not overly prosperous, I should say.

MRS. DAVIDSON: I think it's perfectly outrageous for her to bleat that music out, don't you?

DAVIDSON: She's just playing her own machine. It's not our right to interfere. Doctor, we might visit the Naval Hospital tomorrow if it interests you.

DR. MACPHAIL: It's a busman's holiday, but I'll go.

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(The sound of a ship's whistle is heard from the harbor.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: The Orduna must be going out before her scheduled time.

MRS. MACPHAIL: She must be leaving quickly to avoid any chance of the measles coming on board. I hate to see her go. She seemed to be our last link with home.

(The music stops and the gang comes out of SADIE's room, boisterously.)

QUARTERMASTER: *(Kissing SADIE.)* So long, my darling! Bye-bye!

O'HARA: Bye-bye, matie!

SADIE: You'd better hurry along or you're going to get left.

QUARTERMASTER: Right-o, Sadie. I'm sorry I can't stay for lunch, but I'm off, but I hopes I see you again sometime because you're a good kid and I likes you.

SADIE: I'll tell you what you do. Write me a nice little loving postcard, will you?

QUARTERMASTER: Right-o, a nice little postcard.

SADIE: And once you write it, just drop it in the ocean.

QUARTERMASTER: Well, bye-bye.

SADIE: Toodle-oo.

QUARTERMASTER: Aloha.

SADIE: Sayonara.

QUARTERMASTER: *(He can't top that. After a beat.) I'm off. (He walks unsteadily toward the door, passing the DAVIDSONS on his way. He sings:) In the frozen north, in the land of the Eskimo ... Goodbye, Mr. Davidson (He circles the table drunkenly as he sings, ending back where he started.) ... I got stranded on the Mary Jane and I guess I never will get home again ... Goodbye, Mr. Davidson ... I dreamed I was living with a gumdrop darling, and she's very nice ... Goodbye, Mr. Davidson ... to me. If I do wrong, then she ... Hello, Mr. Davidson!*

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DAVIDSON: You'd better get aboard, Quartermaster, as fast as you can.

QUARTERMASTER: Right-o. Well, goodbye, everybody. Goodbye, folks. *(He wanders out onto the porch and out of sight, singing:) And, she's very nice to me. If I do wrong, then she treats me right, 'cause she stays out most every night and I can do no wrong. ... Goodbye, Mr. Davidson! (He is gone.)*

O'HARA: Come on, the tea's getting cold!

(O'HARA and HOBSON go into SADIE's room. SADIE starts to follow, then stops when she sees DAVIDSON staring at her. After a moment, she follows the marines. The music resumes.)

DAVIDSON: How long has this been going on?

MRS. DAVIDSON: Since she walked in the door.

DAVIDSON: Where did those marines come from?

MRS. DAVIDSON: They just appeared from nowhere, in her wake. If we're to have a

fortnight of this sort of thing, I don't know what we shall all feel like at the end of it. (*DAVIDSON thumps the table firmly with his fist.*) What's the matter, Alfred?

DAVIDSON: Of course. It just occurred to me that the woman's out of Iwelei.

MRS. DAVIDSON: The thought came to me when I first saw her, but, of course, I didn't dare speak of it.

MRS. MACPHAIL: What's Iwelei?

MRS. DAVIDSON: The, uh, plague spot of Honolulu. The ... Red Light ... district. What are you going to do, Alfred?

DAVIDSON: What do you expect me to do? I'm not going to have this house turned into a brothel. I'm going to stop it.

DR. MACPHAIL: She has a number of men in there – Marines. Don't you think it's rather rash to go in now?

MRS. DAVIDSON: You know Mr. Davidson very little, if you think that fear of physical danger is going to stop him in the performance of his duties.

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(DAVIDSON pushes open the door to SADIE's room.)

DAVIDSON: *(Exiting into the room.)* Stop!

(SADIE laughs OFF. There is the sound of a phonograph needle being scratched across a record. The music stops.)

SADIE: *(OFF.)* Hey!

DAVIDSON: *(OFF.)* This has gone far enough!

O'HARA: *(OFF.)* We'll see about that!

(There is the sound of thumping and furniture moving. O'HARA pushes DAVIDSON back into the room, fists ready. SADIE and HOBSON follow.)

Next time, I'll get sore!

SADIE: There ain't going to be a next time. When you bust into a lady's room, get someone to introduce you, first, fella. *(She turns back to O'HARA and*

HOBSON.) Fall in, sweethearts!

*(They exit back into SADIE's room, laughing.
DAVIDSON, recovering, goes to the stairs.)*

MRS. DAVIDSON: Alfred! Alfred! *(DAVIDSON goes up the stairs out of sight.)* I don't know what he'll do but I wouldn't stand in that creature's shoes for anything in the world.

*(Lights down. The sound of the rain comes up, then down.
Lights up on HORN, sitting on the porch the next day. DR.
MACPHAIL comes up onto the porch out of the rain.)*

HORN: Hello, Doc.

DR. MACPHAIL: *(Shaking the water from his clothes and hat.)* Hello.

HORN: Been out for a walk?

DR. MACPHAIL: About two steps. Like walking through hot pea soup.

HORN: What time of day is it? **PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS**

DR. MACPHAIL: Going on six. A whole hour to put in before dinner.

HORN: Been to the hospital today?

DR. MACPHAIL: No. Davidson's too busy. Nothing left to do but twiddle my thumbs.

HORN: Why twiddle?

DR. MACPHAIL: Enforced idleness makes them restless.

HORN: Back in Illinois, where I was raised, it was generally believed that a person who stayed away from business more than one working day in every ten years, was a loose, dangerous and depraved cagger. *(He looks down and sees his bottle of Pastis just out of reach.)* You don't see a bottle around here anywhere, do you, Doc? *(MACPHAIL picks up the bottle and holds it out to HORN.)* Have a drink.

DR. MACPHAIL: *(Turning the bottle upside down. It is empty.)* Not just now.

HORN: *(Taking the empty bottle and rising.)* Well, the offer still holds. There's more in the store. Now, what was I saying?

DR. MACPHAIL: The subject, I believe, was the evil of too much work.

HORN: So it was. There's a lot too much misdirected energy in this world, Doc.

DR. MACPHAIL: Are you speaking biographically or autobiographically?

HORN: Confidentially. That was a mighty foolish thing Davidson did. That Sadie Thompson girl wasn't doing any harm.

DR. MACPHAIL: I suppose it's a question of viewpoint.

HORN: He's after me for letting her have a room.

DR. MACPHAIL: What business is it of his? It's your house, isn't it?

HORN: Yes, but people like that have got a lot of influence. Once they get down on a trader, he might as well shut up shop and quit.

DR. MACPHAIL: Surely, he isn't asking you to turn this poor girl out into the rain?

HORN: No, not exactly. He knows there'd be no place for her to go, except a native hut. Though she'd do better to go to one than stay here, now that he's on to her.

DR. MACPHAIL: Just what does he want you to do?

HORN: Well, he said he wanted to be fair to her and to me, but he wouldn't stand for any "doings".

DR. MACPHAIL: What do you think, Horn? Is she a ... out of Iwelei, that Honolulu place?

HORN: I don't know. I don't care. What if she is? We've all crossed thresholds we don't brag about.

(SADIE comes out of her room, in a silky kimono or robe.)

SADIE: Hello, Doctor.

DR. MACPHAIL: Good evening.

SADIE: Evening, Joe. *(She goes onto the porch and stands, back to the men, listens to the rain.)* My, the merry waters sprites do carry on, don't they?

HORN: Why, I ...

SADIE: *(She pulls open her robe and lets air in.)* Oh, don't let's mention the heat. Just get around to get myself dressed and it's almost time to go to bed. *(She closes the robe and comes back into the room.)* I've been playing solitaire all afternoon, trying to decide what to have for supper – tuna fish or beans. And beans won. Then I played beans against tamales, just for something to do, and tamales got the say. Got any canned tamales, Mr. Horn?

HORN: I guess so. Poke around until you find them.

SADIE: Lots of time. There's so much time lying loose around this island, somebody ought to bottle it up and send it back where they need some. *(Takes out a cigarette. To MACPHAIL.)* You don't mind, do you, seeing we're here by ourselves, if I sit down and have a skag with you boys?

DR. MACPHAIL: Not at all.

HORN: Have a drink.

SADIE: Thanks. *(HORN pours her a drink. MACPHAIL lights her cigarette.)* You haven't seen that marine sergeant I call "Handsome" around, have you?

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HORN: No, not today.

SADIE: Oh, it don't matter. I just wanted to ask him something. If you do see him, tell him to drop around this evening, will you?

HORN: Uh – you know what I said to you last night – as friend to friend, get me – I'd go slow on company for a day or two.

SADIE: 'Til Davidson gets over his terrible experience, huh? You think I'm to blame for what happened?

HORN: I ain't blaming anyone.

SADIE: What harm was we doing? Just talking and singing. Not a word or a thought out of the way when, bang, goes the door open and in he comes, knocking the phonograph over. "Here", I said. "Quit that!" And then he begins to bawl us out. Well, the boys naturally thought he was just crazy, so they put the skids under him.

HORN: I know. Anyway, I wouldn't attract his attention any more than I had to, just now.

SADIE: *(Laughing.)* Well, if it comes to that, he'd better not attract mine. I've never known anyone like him and I don't want to. *(A pause as she looks at the two men. She leans intently in to HORN.)* Say, what kind of an egg is the governor of this place? Do you know?

HORN: The governor?

SADIE: Yeah.

HORN: Oh, a pretty good sort, I'd say. Why?

SADIE: Oh, nothing. I just wanted to know, that's all. *(A pause.)* The nerve of him. Going to see the governor about me. *(To MACPHAIL.)* Did you ever hear the like of it?

DR. MACPHAIL: How do you know he went to see him about you?

SADIE: O'Hara told me. He reported O'Hara for drinking. I don't want him to get into any trouble over me.

HORN: Oh, I guess O'Hara can take care of his-self.

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SADIE: Yeah? Well, so can I, if it comes to that.

DR. MACPHAIL: Miss Thompson, I'd be careful.

SADIE: Of what?

DR. MACPHAIL: I'd be careful for my own good. You can't tell.

SADIE: Give me strength! That old tin-buster don't mean a thing to me. If he minds his own business, I'll mind mine, but if he's looking for trouble, I'll see that he gets it, that's all.

(MRS. DAVIDSON and MRS. MACPHAIL are heard OFF.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(OFF.)* Mr. Davidson's opinion of people is never wrong.

MRS. MACPHAIL: *(OFF.)* Oh, really?

SADIE: Methinks I hear the winds of reform, whistling down the chimney. This is where the low hussy frolics off to buy her supper. Where do you keep your canned tamales, old partner?

HORN: If there's any left, you'll find them on that shelf, by the door.

(She takes her drink and goes into the store-room.)

SADIE: Anyway, there's no ill-feeling between any of us, is there?

HORN: Huh?

SADIE: Well, I wouldn't say the doctor's been exactly ... chatty. *(MACPHAIL laughs quietly.)* Life just teems with quiet fun.

(She disappears from view, as MRS. DAVIDSON and MRS. MACPHAIL enter.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: Has Mr. Davidson returned yet?

DR. MACPHAIL: Not yet. How's the headache, Mrs. Davidson? Any better?

MRS. DAVIDSON: Very little.

(The two women sit at the table.)
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DR. MACPHAIL: Uh... that girl, Miss Thompson, I have an idea she's sorry for what happened.

MRS. DAVIDSON: If she knew what she'd really done, she'd be sorrier still. Mr. Davidson has a wonderful heart and no one in trouble has ever gone to him without being comforted, but he has no mercy for sin.

HORN: Did you find your tamales, Sadie?

SADIE: *(Entering from the store-room.)* Yeah.

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(To MRS. MACPHAIL.)* Don't look around. Here she comes, now.

SADIE: Yes, here I come now. Why shouldn't I come now? See here! Let's settle this. I'm paying for my own room here; isn't that so, Mr. Horn?

HORN: That's so, Miss Thompson.

SADIE: Please tell your guests that I have just as much right here as they have.

HORN: Now, Miss Thompson, there isn't anyone saying you haven't.

MRS. DAVIDSON: *(To MRS. MACPHAIL.)* Don't look at her. Don't speak to her.

SADIE: *(Coming very close to MRS. DAVIDSON.)* No, I wouldn't, if I was you.

(She exits into her room. The door slams.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: She's brazen! Outrageous!

MRS. MACPHAIL: Don't! You'll only harm yourself.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Oh, it's foolish, I know, but it's the first time I've ever had words with a woman ... of that sort. Well, there's one comfort. We shan't have to suffer this sort of thing much longer. Mr. Davidson is attending to that.

(HORN and MACPHAIL exchange looks. Enter MR. DAVIDSON to the group.)

HORN: Hello, Davidson.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Alfred, please change your wet clothes.

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DAVIDSON: No, I shall be going out again, probably.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Again? Oh, Alfred, you must try to get a little rest. Alfred, you must.

DAVIDSON: My wife is like Martha: worry about anything – but mostly about me. I do not know what I should ever have done without my dear wife. In the early days of our work, it was she who gave me strength and courage to go on.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Alfred, just before you got back, that girl spoke to me. She jeered and screamed at us. What are you going to do about it?

AMEENA: *(Comes from store-room.)* Dinner ready, by and by. *(She goes back in.)*

DR. MACPHAIL: Strange how thoughts run to food when there's nothing else to think of.

DAVIDSON: As it happens, there's a great deal to think of. This Thompson woman, you say, spoke to you?

MRS. DAVIDSON: Yes, she thrust herself in upon us with low insults.

DAVIDSON: The governor tells me the affair is no concern of his, but, if I find her incorrigible, I shall see to it that he acts. I'm afraid he has no backbone.

DR. MACPHAIL: Meaning he won't do exactly as you want, whatever it is you want.

DAVIDSON: I want him to do what is right.

DR. MACPHAIL: There may be differences of opinion as to what is right.

DAVIDSON: If a man had a gangrenous foot, would you have patience with anyone who hesitates to cut it off?

DR. MACPHAIL: Gangrene is a matter of fact.

DAVIDSON: And is not evil?

DR. MACPHAIL: To me, it has always seemed a matter of opinion. Anyway, the poor thing will only be here until the boat for Apia goes.

DAVIDSON: And, after she gets to Apia?

DR. MACPHAIL: I can't see how that concerns us.

DAVIDSON: That's where you and I differ, doctor. It would be best if I spoke to her.

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MRS. DAVIDSON: Alfred, why would you want to speak to her?

DAVIDSON: I cannot act until I have given her every chance.

MRS. DAVIDSON: She'll only insult you.

DAVIDSON: Let her. Let her spit on me. She has an immortal soul and I must do all in my power to save it.

(He goes to the door to SADIE's room and knocks.)

Miss Thompson, I want to talk to you.

SADIE: *(OFF.)* I'm eating my supper.

DAVIDSON: It cannot wait until you are through.

SADIE: *(She opens the door.)* Well, I guess the supper can stand by, if it's that important. *(She opens the door wide to invite him in.)*

MRS. DAVIDSON: Alfred! Not in there.

DAVIDSON: Doctor, Mrs. Macphail, would you excuse us for a few minutes?

MRS. DAVIDSON: I shall go to our room, Alfred, and get ready for supper. Perhaps the Macphails can do the same.

MRS. MACPHAIL: *(Rising.)* Certainly.

DR. MACPHAIL: Oh, very well. I don't know how much readying supper needs around here, but ...

DAVIDSON: Thank you.

(The MACPHAILS and MRS. DAVIDSON go up the stairs. HORN starts to leave, returns for his bottle, then exits, shaking his head. SADIE brushes past DAVIDSON and into the room. She sits at the table, outwardly brazen, but still nervous.)

Miss Thompson, I am going to give you a gift – the most precious gift that life can offer.

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SADIE: You want to give *me* something?

DAVIDSON: Yes, I want to give you something.

SADIE: I guess I'm not following you.

DAVIDSON: The gift I offer is free.

SADIE: I don't know why I get all this attention from you, Mr. Davidson. Maybe you mean well, but I can worry along without you. I go my own way and don't ask any favours.

DAVIDSON: Those who have the key of salvation offered to them and fail to open the door will be destroyed.

SADIE: Oh, I see! But I don't get destroyed, Mr. Davidson. I make out, one way or another. If that's all, I'll go back to my tamales. I'm hungry.

DAVIDSON: You are hungry for the bread of the Spirit. You are thirsty for the waters of Eternal Life.

SADIE: I guess you mean right, Mr. Davidson, and I'm grateful. You know, just between ourselves, I had a feeling you were laying to get me for that little

trouble we had.

DAVIDSON: You mistake me, but, I think, not willfully.

SADIE: They all said you were sore, but I didn't think a man as big as you could hold a grudge over a little misunderstanding.

DAVIDSON: This is all beside the point, Miss Thompson. The thing that concerns me now is that you be given your chance before I act.

SADIE: My chance for what?

DAVIDSON: You chance to be saved.

SADIE: Oh, don't you worry about me. You see, I'm a happy-go-lucky sort of a girl. It's true I'm broke now, but that don't worry me. I'll be all right as soon as I get to Apia. I've got friends there.

DAVIDSON: Yes? What sort of friends?

SADIE: Just friends. A girl I used to work with is there – with some American boys who've opened up a sugar plant. She wrote me I could have a job as cashier. I'm pretty quick with figures.

DAVIDSON: You've lived in Honolulu, haven't you? What did you do there?

SADIE: Had a job.

DAVIDSON: What kind of a job?

SADIE: Well ... part of the time I had sort of a singing job. My voice ain't so bad, if you don't listen too hard.

DAVIDSON: Before you went to Honolulu, where did you come from?

SADIE: Oh, the life story? *(She's told it before. Glibly.)* Well, I was born in Kennesaw, Kansas, if that means anything, but Ma and Pa got the California fever, sold the farm and bought a place near Los Angeles. I was about fifteen then, I guess. Then Ma died and Pa ... *(She pauses. Glibness gone.)* ... Pa and me didn't get along so well, so I went to San Francisco. I worked there up until the time I went to Honolulu.

DAVIDSON: And why Honolulu?

SADIE: I don't know. I wanted a change, I suppose.

DAVIDSON: A change? Well, Sadie Thompson, this gift I offer you is all about change. What are you going to do about it?

SADIE: Do about it? I don't know what you're talking about. See here! I told you I wasn't asking anything from anybody. I can take care of myself. Up or down; in or out, jack or broke, what's the odds? Wherever night takes me, that's my resting place. That's my way. *(She smiles a little.)* Thanks, though, for the interest. It's kind of you. I'm mighty glad you ain't sore at me, 'cause, well, I like to keep friends with everybody.

DAVIDSON: Miss Thompson, I see I must be patient with you – try and make you understand. What happened the other day is of no importance. Do you imagine what you or those marines said to me makes any difference?

SADIE: You sure are all to the good, Mr. Davidson. Now, listen. I know oil and water don't mix. I'll keep to myself. I'll be as quiet as a mouse, honest I will. Those ladies won't even know I'm under the same roof as them. Besides, I don't want any more black looks.

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DAVIDSON: Oh, you will get no more black looks from them, my child. They're only waiting for the moment when they can be your friend, to help you with your burden.

SADIE: You don't know ladies like I know 'em. You don't need a spy-glass to see that those ladies and me will never be shipmates.

DAVIDSON: Sadie Thompson, this is your chance. If you will accept atonement without resentment or grief, He will find the way for you.

SADIE: *(Stares at him quizzically.)* Mr. Davidson, you got me stalled. What are you driving at? What am I supposed to atone for?

DAVIDSON: Your life.

SADIE: What about it?

DAVIDSON: You've had your own soul in trust and you've failed. It is my task to show you the way to redeem it.

SADIE: Don't I have nothing to say about it, then?

DAVIDSON: You can choose but one of two paths.

SADIE: What's the *second* choice?

DAVIDSON: Destruction.

SADIE: And, who's going to destruct me?

DAVIDSON: The powers which afford no harbour for evil.

SADIE: Powers? You? What are you going to do?

DAVIDSON: My duty.

SADIE: Yeah, I know. You went to see the governor about me, didn't you?

DAVIDSON: You're right, Miss Thompson. I have been to see the governor.

SADIE: So all that about letting by-gones be by-gones; calling quits on that bust-up we had was just bunk, huh? Yeah, I know your kind, you ... !

DAVIDSON: Stop! Are you ready to put away your sins? To live a righteous and decent life? To pray for forgiveness? If not, be it on your own head!

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SADIE: (*Dancing a couple of steps.*) Hey, hey!

DAVIDSON: You are an evil woman, Sadie Thompson! You shall not carry your infamy to other places. You shall not go to Apia!

SADIE: Who do you think you are, standing there, calling me names?

DAVIDSON: Do you deny that you are a harlot, that you have escaped from Iwelei?

SADIE: All right, mister! I've listened to all I'm going to. Now, you listen to me. You just told me *I've* got to be careful. Well, *you'd* better be careful! Lay off me! – or I'll show you what happens when I get mad!

(*She stomps back to her door.*)

DAVIDSON: The devil in you is strong, Sadie Thompson. Evil has claimed you.

SADIE: You take care of your own evil and I'll take care of mine! I know what you want. You want another scalp! Well, you don't get mine. You want to make me over your way? Well, you just try it!

DAVIDSON: (*Taking her shoulders.*) This is your last chance, Sadie Thompson. Kneel

with me and pray.

SADIE: *(Turning on him with flying fists.)* Let go of me!

DAVIDSON: *(Letting go and stepping back.)* Sadie Thompson, you are doomed!

SADIE: Aw, you make me laugh!

(She slams the door in his face. DAVIDSON immediately dons his rain gear and heads out the door, passing O'HARA on his way in. MRS. DAVIDSON has come down stairs and accosts O'HARA before he can enter the room.)

O'HARA: *(Saluting her.)* Evening.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Young man, I should not come here, if I were you.

O'HARA: Why?

MRS. DAVIDSON: You're likely to get into more trouble than you're in already.

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O'HARA: Ma'am, this isn't my first year away from home. I ain't been run over yet.

MRS. DAVIDSON: Do you know what kind of a girl this Sadie Thompson is?

O'HARA: *(Grinning.)* Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DAVIDSON: My advice to you is to keep away from bad company.

(SADIE has come from her room on hearing O'HARA's voice and comes to the door.)

SADIE: Bad company present. *(She takes O'HARA's arm.)* Excuse us, won't you? We're going to go set a bad example for the natives.

(She pulls O'HARA toward her room.)

MRS. DAVIDSON: Mr. Horn!

(MRS. DAVIDSON exits into the storeroom, calling. SADIE stops at her door and turns back into the room.)

O'HARA: *(A hand on the doorjamb so he looks down to her.)* What's the matter? You feeling low?

SADIE: Low? Maybe. It's this rain, I guess. It makes me jumpy. Makes me want to knock my head against a wall. It's worse when it don't rain. When the sun comes out for a minute, you think you're in a steam-room.

O'HARA: Try getting out for a walk.

SADIE: I was out, this morning. I went to see that island family you told me about. They slammed the door in my face so fast, you'd have thought I had small pox. Being an orphan's a wonderful thing. *(She shakes off her mood and smiles up at O'HARA, hooking a finger in his belt and pulling him toward her room.)* Come on, Handsome.

(She starts into the room with O'HARA. HORN comes out from the store-room in time to see them.)

HORN: Sadie, please. You want to get me in a jam?

SADIE: *(A beat.)* Okay, Joe.

HORN: Thank you.

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SADIE: Sorry, Handsome. 'Nother time. *(SADIE takes O'HARA out onto the porch.)* Listen to that rain. Don't it make you want to scream? But when you do, what good does it do? You don't have any strength left. You're hopeless, miserable.

O'HARA: Don't talk like that, Sadie. It don't sound like you.

SADIE: Aw, forget it. I'll get over it. I just had a run-in with that Davidson.

O'HARA: Yeah?

SADIE: Yeah.

O'HARA: What about?

SADIE: He's not going to let me go to Apia. And anyone with two glass eyes can see that, this side of the Equator, he's right and I'm wrong. I just don't know what devil's trick he'll use to stop me.

O'HARA: Well, I don't see what he can do.

SADIE: Yeah, neither do I, but we don't call the shots, do we? There's something about that old crow that ain't human. He's deep; creepy. It's his eyes. They seem to look right into you and know what you're thinking. *(She smiles and playfully punches his arm.)* Something tells me I'm going to need friends soon, Handsome. I'm far from home.

O'HARA: You just keep your chin up. It'll be all right.

SADIE: It's not knowing what's going on. Being here alone, with the ... rain. I feel about so big, like a kid do in a bad dream. Things coming at you, you yelling for help and nobody hears you.

O'HARA: Any time you yell for help, I'm right here. Don't you forget that.

SADIE: Thanks, Handsome.

O'HARA: Hey, looka here. If something should go wrong, that is, about you getting to Apia, what'll you do?

SADIE: What'll I do? You mean, you're afraid something will go wrong?

O'HARA: No, no! But you might as well make plans. If that old nose-pusher gets around the governor somehow, what'll you do?

SADIE: *(Turning away.)* I don't know.

O'HARA: Go back to the States?

SADIE: No! There's no way they could make me go back, is there?

O'HARA: I don't see how – unless you want to.

SADIE: Well, I don't want to go back to the States, yet awhile, anyway. Going back don't mean anything to me.

O'HARA: It don't to me, either. *(SADIE has pulled herself into a closed up ball.)* You don't want to go to Honolulu either, I suppose?

SADIE: No.

O'HARA: You could go to Sydney.

SADIE: Where's that?

O'HARA: Australia!

SADIE: Australia? What'll I do there? I ain't a kangaroo.

O'HARA: Living's cheap, they say. Work's easy to get. I'm heading that way, just as soon as I shed these hash-marks.

SADIE: Yeah? When's that?

O'HARA: A month and three days.

SADIE: What'll you do there, Handsome?

O'HARA: Going into the building business. Old shipmate of mine wants a partner. Lefty's been after me to get my discharge and come in with him. You'd like Lefty. Me and him joined the service same time, twelve years ago.

SADIE: I'm glad you're fixed, Handsome. You ought to do fine.

O'HARA: Two times Lefty and me joined up. When it comes to number three, "Nix" says he, so I stood up with him and the bride and they shoved off to Sydney, me throwing the rice.

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SADIE: *(Laughing at his enthusiasm.)* I bet he'll be glad to see you.

O'HARA: If you go to Sydney, Lefty and Maggie'll put you right what to do.

SADIE: Yeah, can't I just hear Lefty's wife yelping with joy at the sight of me?

O'HARA: Aw, don't worry about Maggie. Youse two would get along swell.

SADIE: Baby boy, I know females. You don't.

O'HARA: Maggie ain't that kind of dame. She's square from the toes up. Funny thing, them that kick highest always seem to settle down hardest. Lefty met her in Honolulu. They were nuts over each other right from the start. It never mattered to either of them that they ... met in Iwelei.

SADIE: Iwelei!

O'HARA: Yeah. Knowing the worst to begin with isn't always the worst way to begin, is it? 'Course, if there's some reason you're set for Apia; if there's someone there ...

SADIE: I'm not looking forward to Apia with any wild joy.

O'HARA: And, then, of course, if you go to Sydney now, I'll be hoving in sight in a few weeks. That might not mean so much to you, maybe.

SADIE: I ain't got so many friends, Handsome, but what I can do with one more. You're a awful funny fellow, Handsome.

O'HARA: I guess I'm the dumbbell king, all right. How about it?

SADIE: Huh? How about what?

O'HARA: Changing your route and going to Sydney.

SADIE: Sure! Why not? I guess no one can stop me from doing that. What a simp I was, getting the wind up over nothing. Here I was, jumping with the shakes 'cause that dismal crumb wouldn't let me go to Apia. Well, Apia, my foot! It's Sydney for me!

(A phone rings in the room. After a few rings, AMEENA comes in to answer it.)

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AMEENA: *(Into the phone.)* What belonga you want? Okay, I make go. *(She looks around and, seeing SADIE on the porch, comes to the door.)* Fella maka fona belonga you.

SADIE: What'd she say?

O'HARA: You're wanted on the telephone.

SADIE: Me? Who's calling me? *(She goes to the telephone and AMEENA hands her the ear-piece before exiting.)* Hello? *(She listens a moment, then looks to O'HARA.)* It's the governor's office.

O'HARA: What do they want?

SADIE: *(Into the phone.)* What do you want? *(She listens again.)* I won't go back! They can't make me! I got reasons, I tell you! *(She listens again, then hangs up the phone, slowly.)*

O'HARA: What's the matter!

SADIE: The governor's ordered me back to San Francisco on the next boat.

O'HARA: Holy cow! *(He thinks for a moment.)* Listen, Sadie, I'll tell you what you do. Go see the governor. Tell him you want to go to Sydney. Ask him to let you stay here until the Sydney boat leaves. That'll only be three or four more days.

SADIE: Will he see me?

O'HARA: Hurry up, before he goes to supper! You want me to go with you?

SADIE: Yeah, will you? Wait'll I get my coat! I'll make him listen.

(She runs to her room and comes back with her coat, as the MACPHAILS and MRS. DAVIDSON come down the stairs, HORN comes from the store-room and DAVIDSON from the porch. SADIE stops when she sees DAVIDSON.)

So, you're back, are you? You low down skunk! What have you been telling the governor about me?

DAVIDSON: I've been hoping to have another talk with you, Miss Thompson.

SADIE: You miserable snail-crusher. I wouldn't talk to you if you and me was the only two people left on earth. You're so mean it makes me sick even to look at you. *(She spits.)* That's what I think of you. Coming to me with all that guff about salvation, then going and having me deported on top of it. Why, you low life bastard –

O'HARA: Sadie!

DAVIDSON: I'm wholly indifferent to the abuse you think fit to heap upon me.

SADIE: Filling the governor up with a lot of filthy lies about me and now I'm supposed to beat it on the next boat!

DAVIDSON: You can't expect him to let you stay, under the circumstances.

SADIE: Yeah? What did the governor know or care about me until you went to him and hauled your hooks into me! It's you did it! You did it all!

DAVIDSON: I won't deceive you, Miss Thompson. I urged the governor to take the only steps consistent with his obligations.

SADIE: Oh, why couldn't you let me be? Was I doing you any harm?

DAVIDSON: If you had been, I would be the last to resent it.

SADIE: You don't think I had intentions to stay in this rain-hole, do you?

DAVIDSON: You are being given every opportunity of getting out.

O'HARA: Come on, Sadie! Don't say any more.

(O'HARA pulls SADIE toward the porch.)

SADIE: You! I bet, when you was a kid, you caught flies and tore their wings off. I bet you stuck pins in frogs just to see 'em wiggle. I know you! Why, you'd tear the heart out of your grandmother if she didn't think your way and tell her your were saving her soul, you psalm-singing hypocrite!

(O'HARA pulls SADIE out. They exit.)

DAVIDSON: The very existence of that woman is a scandal. You'll be glad to hear that the governor has acted at last.

DR. MACPHAIL: How did you convince him?

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DAVIDSON: Men in authority often seek to evade their responsibility. They speak as though evil out of sight ceases to be evil. I finally had to point out to the governor that the foundation I represent in Washington is not entirely without influence. The Golden Gate from Sydney is due next Tuesday. Miss Thompson will sail on that.

DR. MACPHAIL: Four days more.

(DAVIDSON is still standing at the foot of the stairs.)

DAVIDSON: *(To his wife.)* Are you ready?

(They go up the stairs and out of sight.)

DR. MACPHAIL: Well, that settles Sadie Thompson's hash, I guess.

(They exit up the stairs. Lights down.)

END OF ACT ONE

RAIN
Act Two

The Scene: as before

(The next day. The MACPHAILS watch the rain.)

MRS. MACPHAIL: Mrs. Davidson tells me she hasn't closed her eyes ever since that girl came to live under the same roof as her.

DR. MACPHAIL: The founder of her religion wasn't so squeamish.

MRS. MACPHAIL: Don't goad Mr. Davidson, dear. Please drop it.

(O'HARA and SADIE come onto the porch. O'HARA comes in to the room.)

O'HARA: 'Scuse me, doc. Miss Thompson isn't feeling well. Would you see her for a moment?

DR. MACPHAIL: Certainly.

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O'HARA: She's right out here.

(MRS. MACPHAIL goes up the stair and exits.)

DR. MACPHAIL: I'm sorry you're not feeling well.

SADIE: I'm not really sick. O'Hara said that just 'cause I had to see you.

DR. MACPHAIL: Yes?

O'HARA: I got to get back for inspection. I'll see you later. Keep your chin up.

SADIE: Thanks, Handsome.

(O'HARA starts off as HOBSON enters.)

HOBSON: Lucky me! I been looking all over for you, Sarge.

O'HARA: What's up?

HOBSON: What's up? Every Shore Patrol on the island. What have you been doing, lately? You're booked for the brig!

O'HARA: *(Surprised.)* That right?

HOBSON: Yeah. Fall in, Sarge. Get back and tell the CO your side of it.

O'HARA: My side of what? *(Shrugging it off.)* Okay, let's go.

*(The two exit. SADIE looks anxiously toward
MACPHAIL.)*

SADIE: Doc, you know what Davidson's doing to me, don't you?

DR. MACPHAIL: I don't know exactly what I can do.

SADIE: The governor said he'd let me wait for the Sydney boat. I thought, maybe, you wouldn't mind asking asking Mr. Davidson if he'd let me wait and go to Sydney instead of ... back home. It's only three or four days longer.

DR. MACPHAIL: I'll ask him.

SADIE: Tell him I can get work in Sydney. Tell him I just can't go back to San Francisco now. There's reasons. Will you please?

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DR. MACPHAIL: I'll do what I can.

SADIE: Thank you. Thank you.

(MACPHAIL calls up the stair.)

DR. MACPHAIL: Oh, Davidson!

DAVIDSON: *(OFF.)* What is it, doctor?

DR. MACPHAIL: I wanted to speak to you about something. Shall I come up?

DAVIDSON: *(OFF.)* No, I'll come right down.

SADIE: Tell him I ask his pardon. Tell him I'm sorry.

DR. MACPHAIL: Better get into your room now, Miss.

*(With a trepidacious look to the stairs, SADIE exits into
her room. DAVIDSON comes down.)*

DAVIDSON: Well, doctor, what can I do for you?

DR. MACPHAIL: Uhm ... it's about Miss Thompson. You see, she really doesn't want to go back to San Francisco. She wants to remain here until she can take the boat for Sydney. The governor has no objection and, if you have none ...

DAVIDSON: I'm sorry, doctor, but it is useless to discuss the matter.

DR. MACPHAIL: The girl has reasons for not wanting to return to San Francisco. I don't see that it makes any difference if she goes to Sydney instead. It's only a matter of a few days.

DAVIDSON: Well, you mean this interference for the best, but my mind is made up.

DR. MACPHAIL: You want to know what I think? I think you're heartless, tyrannical.

DAVIDSON: I'm sorry you should think that of me, doctor. Believe me, my heart bleeds for that unfortunate young woman but I cannot find it in my conscience to change my decision. However, if the governor wishes to do so on his own account, be it on his head.

DR. MACPHAIL: He won't. And, you know why.

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DAVIDSON: Please don't bear any malice toward me because I cannot accede to your wishes. I respect you very much, Dr. Macphail, and I should be sorry if you thought ill of me.

DR. MACPHAIL: I've no doubt you have a sufficiently good opinion of yourself to bear mine with equanimity.

(He walks away from DAVIDSON, who goes up the stairs and exits. MACPHAIL crosses to SADIE's door and knocks. She comes out expectantly.)

I'm sorry. Don't give up hope, Miss Thompson. I think it's a shame, the way they're treating you. *(An impulse.)* I'll see the governor, myself.

SADIE: Will you? Will you, now?

DR. MACPHAIL: *(Getting his rain gear on.)* Now.

SADIE: Oh, you're awful good. Awful good! You don't know what this means to me, doctor.

DR. MACPHAIL: Don't cry, Miss Thompson. I think I can do something.

SADIE: God bless you.

(MACPHAIL exits through the door onto the porch and off. SADIE looks out at the rain. Slowly, she becomes aware of DAVIDSON's voice, reading Psalm 24 aloud from upstairs. She listens. AMEENA comes in from the store-room, carrying a box. She sees SADIE listening to DAVIDSON's voice and stops.)

DAVIDSON: *(OFF.)* The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein ...

AMEENA: Let me tell you. Mr. Davidson, he belong gone be atua.

SADIE: What's that? What are you saying?

AMEENA: All same, I know. He belong be atua.

(SADIE looks to her, then up the stairs; DAVIDSON continues to read; HORN enters with a smaller, box.)

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SADIE: What's she saying?

HORN: What were you saying, Ameena?

AMEENA: All same, I know. *(Pointing upward.)* He atua.

HORN: A witch doctor. A species of wizard, if you please. Knew everything, saw everything. Lived by the power of thought. A grilled goat-chop had no charms for him. When hungry, he simply ferreted out a devil and ate him up for seasoning ...

SADIE: Aw, cut it! That kind of talk gives me the woollies.

(HORN piles his box on AMEENA's and she goes out to the porch and off with the boxes. HORN sits and pulls out a bottle. DAVIDSON reads, off.)

Let me have a drink, will you, Joe? *(SADIE takes the bottle from him and drinks, staring upward.)* That's Davidson up there, isn't it?

HORN: Sounds like his voice.

SADIE: What's he saying?

DAVIDSON: *(OFF, but clearly.)* Amen.

HORN: He says "Amen."

(There is silence as DAVIDSON's drone stops. SADIE listens a moment to the rain, then takes another drink.)

SADIE: *(She corks the bottle and hands it back.)* Either that stuff's jinxed or I am, Horn. Can't seem to feel it. Maybe the atua's after me. What's that the old jig does? Sees everything? Knows everything? That's the kind of an eye Davidson has. Looks right into you. I guess it wouldn't be any use to try and hide much from him, would it?

HORN: Not much.

(MACPHAIL comes onto the porch and in from the rain.)

SADIE: What'd he say?

DR. MACPHAIL: I'm sorry, Miss Thompson.

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SADIE: That's all right. Thanks, just the same.

(SADIE stares out at the rain. MACPHAIL touches HORN on the shoulder and beckons him aside. The two go into the store-room and exit. DAVIDSON comes down the stairs. SADIE sees him and heads for her door, but stops.)

I'm sorry for what I said to you today. For everything that's happened. I ask pardon.

DAVIDSON: I guess my back is broad enough to bear a few hard words.

SADIE: You got me beat. I'm all in. Oh, don't make me go back to San Francisco, please. I'll go anywhere else you say.

DAVIDSON: Why don't you want to go back there?

SADIE: Well ... my folks live there and ... I don't want them to see me like this.

DAVIDSON: I understood you had no people.

SADIE: I got a father.

DAVIDSON: You said your father was in Los Angeles. That's not the reason, Miss Thompson. Why you don't want to go back there?

SADIE: I told you.

DAVIDSON: No. You haven't told me.

SADIE: Well ... it's this way. I'm trying to go straight and ... if I go back there, I can't go straight.

DAVIDSON: What will prevent you?

SADIE: There's a man back there.

DAVIDSON: And he won't let you?

SADIE: Yeah, yeah. You see ... I'm scared he'll get me again.

DAVIDSON: Who is this man?

SADIE: Uhm ... sort of a politician.

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DAVIDSON: I see. And you fear his influence, eh?

SADIE: Yeah! Yeah, that's it. You see, I'm scared of him.

DAVIDSON: How would he know that you have returned?

SADIE: Aw, he'll know.

DAVIDSON: Miss Thompson, San Francisco is a big place. It should not be difficult for you to keep out of his way, if you really want to. If you desire to go straight, my foundation will help you until you are on your feet. This man you fear need never know you are in the city.

SADIE: He'll know, I tell you. All the boats coming in are watched.

DAVIDSON: Are you telling me every ship coming in to San Francisco is being watched on the chance that you are on it?

SADIE: *(She's caught.)* Yes.

DAVIDSON: Come, come, Miss Thompson. These evasions are getting you nowhere. Why are you afraid to return to San Francisco?

SADIE: I told you! 'Cause I can't just fade there!

DAVIDSON: Shall I tell you why you are afraid to go back? This politician you fear wears a badge. What you fear is the police. The courts! The penitentiary!

SADIE: *(Grabbing his arms.)* Oh, don't send me back, please! I'll be good! Honest, I will!

DAVIDSON: Is that it? The penitentiary?

SADIE: But, I'm afraid! They'll nab me again the minute I get off that boat. It'll be three years. Three years! Oh, give me a chance, will you?

DAVIDSON: I'm going to give you the finest chance you've ever had.

SADIE: I don't have to back?

DAVIDSON: Yes, you have to go back. You will sail for San Francisco Tuesday, as the governor has ordered.

(She lets go of his arms and sits, head in hands.)
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If you are truly repentant, you will accept this punishment and offer it as atonement for your sins. When you want me, Sadie Thompson, I will come. At any hour of the day or night, I will come. I shall be waiting for your call.

(He starts back up the stairs.)

SADIE: Mr. Davidson! Wait a minute. *(She stands at the foot of the stairs, looking up at him.)* Mr. Davidson, I *am* bad. But I want to be good, only I don't know how. *(Slowly.)* So, I tell you what: you let me stay here, with you, and then – *(With emphasis.)* – you can tell me what to do and, *no matter what it is*, I'll do it for you.

DAVIDSON: I see, more than ever, that you must go back. You must serve your time.

SADIE: You telling me, even if I repent and want to be good, I've still got to go to the penitentiary?

DAVIDSON: Yes. You've got to go.

SADIE: You send me back there and that's my finish.

DAVIDSON: No, it will be your beginning.

SADIE: But, I didn't do nothing, I tell you!

DAVIDSON: Innocent or guilty, you mudy serve your sentence. It's the only way you can prove you are worthy of the Lord's mercy.

SADIE: The Lord's mercy? What are you talking about? Where's your mercy? Well, chum, all that repenting stuff is off!

DAVIDSON: It was never on, Miss Thompson. You will go back to San Francisco!

SADIE: Orders straight from your private Heaven, huh? Oh, no, Mr. Davidson, your god and me could never be shipmates. And, the next time you talk to him, you can tell him this for me: Sadie Thompson is on her way to HELL!

DAVIDSON: Stop! This has gone far enough!

SADIE: Oh, no, it hasn't! You've been telling me what's wrong with me – now, I'm going to tell you what's wrong with you! You keep yelling at me to be punished, to go back and suffer! You don't know what I've suffered! You don't know; you don't care – you don't even *ask* – and you call yourself a Christian!

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(DAVIDSON, eyes raised, intones the Lord's Prayer.)

Why, you're nothing but the atua! You're a miserable witch doctor, that's what you are! You believe in nothing but power – you're big, you're strong and you've got the power to hang me! All right! Well, I've got the power to stand here and say you hang me and be damned to you!

DAVIDSON: ...lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.

(SADIE stares at him as he prays.)

Oh, Lord, hear Thou my prayers for this lost sister. Close Thy ears to her wild and heedless words. Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

(SADIE slowly moves to the stairs.)

Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive

those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom; the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever.

(SADIE begins to mouth the words of the prayer with him.)

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

SADIE: ...Heaven.

(DAVIDSON slowly comes down the stairs and stands, hands wide, imparting a blessing on her, as she sinks to her knees at the foot of the stairs.)

SADIE &
DAVIDSON:

Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom; the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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(Lights to black. The sound of rain becomes more intense, then fades again as the lights come up on HORN reading a book aloud and AMEENA listening to him.)

HORN: Everything turneth; everything goeth.
Eternally rolleth the wheel of existence.
Everything dieth; everything blossometh forth again.
Eternally runneth on the years of existence.
Thus spake Zarathustra.

Ah, good old Nietzsche.

AMEENA: You speak fine, Joe. What you mean?

HORN: Tomorrow, *she* goeth.
Thus endeth that episode.

(O'HARA comes in from the porch.)

O'HARA: How is she?

AMEENA: Not so good.

O'HARA: Has she wondered why I haven't been around?

HORN: Nope.

O'HARA: You old pelican, didn't you tell her they had me in the brig?

HORN: Nope. She didn't ask.

O'HARA: She didn't ask?

HORN: Nope. She didn't even enquire about you.

O'HARA: Well, the last time I seen her, we were pretty good friends.

HORN: You don't suppose she's had time to think about you or anything else, with Davidson getting her ready to go back to San Francisco?

O'HARA: What's he been doing to her?

AMEENA: Praying.

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O'HARA: Praying?

HORN: Praying.

O'HARA: Got her beached with the psalm stuff, eh?

HORN: Beached and delirious, I'd say.

O'HARA: He took pretty good care to get rid of me before he started, didn't he? Well, I'll beat him to it, tonight.

HORN: How did you get out?

O'HARA: *(Flexes his right fist.)* Walked out.

HORN: Mm! What's the doings, O'Hara? You arouse my curiosity.

O'HARA: If I was you, I'd ease off to bed and not have any curiosity.

HORN: Oh, you would, would you? And why would you do that?

O'HARA: So's I wouldn't be blamed for anything, in case anything happened.

HORN: Sounds like another row starting. Most unlucky day of my life, the day that Orduna came into port. Ameena! Lock up! *(She moves about, closing up and shutting down.)* I like my comfort. For five days now, this whole household has centred on that tormented good time girl in there, with Davidson and Old Nick wrestling for her soul. *(He shudders.)* It's got me nervous.

O'HARA: Cheer up. It won't centre around her much longer.

HORN: What do you know about it, being in the brig all week? There hasn't been such a casting out of devils since the first chapter of Exodus. The last vestige of mortal sin lurking in that poor girlie's heart has been torn out. Wait'll you see her. She's like a victim they've got trussed up for sacrifice to some bloody idol. It'll make you sick to look at her.

O'HARA: Get her out to me. I'll tend to the rest of it.

HORN: Gladly. My mind is blank save for one thing: tomorrow, Miss Sadie Thompson will be off on the deep blue sea.

O'HARA: You bet she'll be.

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HORN: *(Knocking on SADIE's door.)* Miss Thompson? You're wanted.

SADIE: *(OFF.)* All right.

(HORN and AMEENA go off to bed. SADIE comes out slowly. She is dressed demurely with a long dress, buttoned to the neck and covering her arms. She looks bedraggled and tired. She speaks softly.)

O'HARA: Sadie! You look awful sick.

SADIE: Hello, Sergeant. I was hoping I'd see you before I left. You've been awful kind. I'll never forget. I want to thank you.

O'HARA: Looka here, Sadie. How long will it take you to get packed?

SADIE: I'm pretty well packed now.

O'HARA: That's good. Hobson'll be along any minute; he'll tote your bags. You hurry up and get your own clothes on now, as fast as you can.

SADIE: My own clothes?

O'HARA: You're leaving tonight.

SADIE: *(She shakes her head.)* My boat doesn't leave until tomorrow morning.

O'HARA: Your boat's leaving tonight, and I'm going to see you get aboard it.

SADIE: I must wait for Mr. Davidson. He's going to see me on board.

O'HARA: Mr. Davidson isn't going to see you off.

SADIE: *(The faintest trace of interest.)* He isn't? What's happened? Where is he?

O'HARA: What's happened is you're not going to San Francisco. You're leaving in a few minutes, for the Tomakin Islands, on a junk. Then you're going to Sydney.

SADIE: *(Backing slowly away from him.)* But ... what would Mr. Davidson say if he came back and found me gone?

O'HARA: You know the old shouter better than I do, but I don't mind admitting that the sight of his face at that moment would slip me considerable quiet fun. You've had a bad time, these last few days, I can see. But that's over.

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SADIE: It's mighty sweet to go to all this trouble for me.

O'HARA: This ain't one small bit of what I'd like to do for you.

SADIE: You doing this sort of makes me want to cry ... but ...

O'HARA: But what?

SADIE: I can't.

O'HARA: Why can't you?

SADIE: I'm going through with ... what I've got to go through with.

O'HARA: Are you afraid of Davidson? He'll never get his hooks in you again. I promise that.

SADIE: Oh, Handsome, it's awful hard for me to make you understand. I can't understand it myself, except that it's happened.

O'HARA: Sadie, these sort of things don't make you happy. You don't realize you

ain't yourself. Forget Davidson and ... and come with me.

SADIE: No, I can't! I coan't! You don't know what you're saying. You haven't any idea what you're saying!

O'HARA: I won't let them send you to San Francisco with no one to take care of you. In Sydney, in a couple of weeks, you'll ... you'll have me. Remember Lefty and Maggie?

SADIE: *(Covering her ears.)* I won't listen! I won't listen!

O'HARA: Can't you repent in Sydney, as well as in San Francisco, if you've got to repent?

SADIE: Oh, you don't understand. I've got to go back. I've got to be punished for what I've been.

O'HARA: What's that you're saying?

SADIE: When I get back to San Francisco, Handsome, I've got to go to the penitentiary for three years. *(O'HARA rises slowly, speechless.)* Mr. Davidson says it don't make any difference whether I did what they say I did. He says it's the only way of letting me square myself. He says I've got to accept punishment by man as a sacrifice for my sins.

O'HARA: *(Suddenly grabbing her and pulling her to her feet.)* Listen to me! Go into your room and pull on your proper clothes as fast as you can.

SADIE: Let go of me! Let go! *(He lets her go.)* Don't you dare do that again! I want you to go away, do you hear? Go away!

O'HARA: Sadie! Sadie!

SADIE: I mean it! Go away!

O'HARA: Aw, Sadie, listen, please!

SADIE: Aw, Handsome, why can't you let me alone?

(HOBSON comes up onto the porch.)

O'HARA: Here's Hobson, Sadie, come to say goodbye. He's going to put your things aboard the junk for you.

SADIE: No! Oh, don't! Why doesn't Mr. Davidson come? Where is he? Where is he?

(She wanders away from O'HARA, nearly frantic.)

O'HARA: *(To HOBSON)* See whether her luggage is ready to go. That old peeler's got her mind just jammed. We're taking her whether she wants to go or not.

(HOBSON goes into SADIE's room, returns with her suitcases and exits off the porch.)

SADIE: Oh, he's ... he's taking my things! He mustn't take my things!

O'HARA: Sadie, don't. Someone will hear you.

SADIE: Let me go! Go away! Oh, Handsome, why can't you let me be?

O'HARA: Don't you see, Sadie? You ain't yourself.

SADIE: I am! I am myself. That's what I've been trying to tell you. Mr. Davidson's different from you and me. He's a holy man. He's made me different. I've been born all over again, Handsome. Can't you see?

O'HARA: Yeah, I see. And, I see something else. I told you, if you ever needed a friend, I'd be there. Well, you need a friend, right now. You're not going to San Francisco. You're going to Sydney. Sadie, out there, you've got your whole life before you. We'll go away where Davidson or this rain or anything else can't bother us. Just you and me, like Lefty and Maggie – fifty-fifty. You'll be Mrs. Tim O'Hara. It'll be Sydney and us. The whole works – against the penitentiary. And, I'm taking you whether you want to go or not!

SADIE: No! No, you mustn't! You mustn't! I'm saved, I tell you. You'll send me to hell. Mr. Davidson! Mr. Da —

(DAVIDSON comes in from the porch.)

DAVIDSON: It seems I got here just about in time. All evening, I had a peculiar feeling you were in danger.

O'HARA: Sadie, don't listen to him.

DAVIDSON: I'm sorry for you, O'Hara. What you are trying to do is a serious offence.

O'HARA: What you're trying to do would make a hyena cry!

DAVIDSON: You're trying to abduct Sadie Thompson. You've made an attempt to defeat the law. It's likely to go hard with you!

O'HARA: That's my lookout! What kind of a man are you, getting this poor kid so she's half crazy; sending her where she'll have to go to prison! You're one choice specimen, Davidson, I'll say that for you. They don't make your kind every day!

DAVIDSON: You are a lecherous, head-strong man, O'Hara! You are breaking barracks, attempting a high-handed crime! You defy the authority of state and God. You cannot go on this way and I shall see to it that you do not.

O'HARA: Begging your pardon, might I ask what you think you're going to do about it?

DAVIDSON: Back to your barracks as fast as you can and report here to me tomorrow, after Miss Thompson has gone.

O'HARA: Ha! Where do you get these ideas? If it's advice you're ladling out, keep it! On such rare moments as I think, I think for myself!

DAVIDSON: This is not helping your case. Watch what you say!

O'HARA: I'm here to watch out for Sadie and see that she don't come to any harm. You and me are going to settle some things before she does any sailing.

(O'HARA raises his fists and starts for DAVIDSON.)

SADIE: You're wrong, Handsome! *(O'HARA stops at her voice. She comes between the men.)* I know what I'm doing. I'm sorry, but I see clear.

O'HARA: See clear? He's got you like you're doped.

SADIE: I see what you don't see. What's happened to me don't happen to everybody. I was nothing; I was nobody. Now, I'm something – somebody! It's a wonderful thing to know you're being made of some account. The only thing I can't see is – how it's happened to me.

O'HARA: Is that the way it is, Sadie?

SADIE: Yes.

O'HARA: What do you want me to do?

SADIE: I don't want you to do nothing ... 'cept ... 'cept don't do nothing more.

O'HARA: All right. I'll tell Hobson to bring your things back. Sadie, if you and me never see each other again, I want to say this: I'll never forget you. Ever. *(He starts to walk away, then stops.)* If you'd like, I'll come back tomorrow and put your things aboard the boat for you – if you want me to.

(O'HARA exits.)

SADIE: Don't blame O'Hara, Mr. Davidson. It was all my fault.

DAVIDSON: No, my child, it was not your fault. In the last few days, you've become very close and dear to God. He has tested you and found you true. Tonight he sent the devil to tempt you, but you thrust away that devil. Tonight, your soul has been lifted, cleansed, glorified with the Rain of Heaven.

SADIE: When you're here, everything's all right but, when you're away, I get to thinking how wicked I used to be and I can't believe it's all forgiven. The days aren't so bad but the nights ... I think and wonder. If the nights are bad now, what are they going to be like when ... when I'm alone?

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DAVIDSON: When you're alone, my strength will come to you through prayers which will always be on my lips. Little by little, you will grow stronger, surer, until presently the time will come when sin and terror will be powerless to penetrate the great love that God has wrapped around you. Then will you be redeemed. The Kingdom and the Glory will be yours.

SADIE: Yes. Yes! When you talk like that, I'm not afraid. That old life I led don't belong to me at all. It wasn't me. It was someone else. When I feel like that, Mr. Davidson, does it mean I'm redeemed?

DAVIDSON: Yes, Sadie.

SADIE: This time tomorrow, I'll be on the seas. I suppose we'll never meet again.

DAVIDSON: Not in this life, Sadie, probably.

SADIE: I'll be in prison three years. That's a long time. What'll I do when I come out? What'll I be? Hours and hours, I've wondered.

DAVIDSON: I've wondered, too. Here in the rain, the darkness is full of eyes. I have seen things I never saw before. *(He changes his tone.)* Sadie, you don't have to

go back to San Francisco.

SADIE: But, didn't you tell me I had to make a sacrifice?

DAVIDSON: Yes, but I repeat, you don't have to go back unless you truly want to.

SADIE: But, I do want to! I haven't anything else to offer. It's the only thing I've got to give – and I want to give it.

DAVIDSON: *(Raising his head in prayer.)* I thank Thee! I thank Thee.

SADIE: Why do you say that, Mr. Davidson?

DAVIDSON: Because my every prayer has been answered. I prayed that there might come into your heart so passionate a desire for this atonement which you now lay as a thank offering at the feet of your Redeemer that, even if I offered to let you go, you would refuse.

SADIE: I hope I'll be strong enough to go through with it.

(He holds her shoulders and looks into her eyes.)
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DAVIDSON: You will be strong. There will to be no more fear. Your radiance is beautiful. You'll be one of the Daughters of the King. That's what you are now, Sadie: one of the Daughters of the King. Radiant. Beautiful.

SADIE: I think I'll go now. Try and get some sleep.

DAVIDSON: Tomorrow will be a very busy day for you; you'll need all your strength.

(He guides her toward her door.)

SADIE: Goodnight. *(She pauses.)* If I wake up tonight ... and I get afraid ... can I call you?

DAVIDSON: When I hear you call, I will come.

SADIE: I will try. Goodnight.

(She enters the room and closes the door. He stands, staring at the door, for a long moment. His lips silently form the words of The Lord's Prayer. Then, slowly, his hand raises and he pushes the door open. SADIE stands just inside the door. Lights down. The sound of rain becomes more intense.)

Lights up, later that same night. After a moment, HORN enters from the store-room. He walks toward the counter as MACPHAIL comes down the stairs.)

DR. MACPHAIL: Hello, Horn. You still up?

HORN: Yep. Reading. Want anything?

DR. MACPHAIL: No. I'm off to bed. There's an uncanny concentration about the rain tonight.

HORN: Perhaps. Everybody in?

DR. MACPHAIL: Davidson's still out. Can't sleep.

HORN: Can't sleep, eh?

DR. MACPHAIL: Has uneasy dreams, his wife tells me. *(He thinks for a moment, then:)*
Goodnight. *(He goes up the stairs.)*

HORN: Goodnight. *(He picks up his book and walks toward the porch.)*

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Everything goeth; everything returneth.
So rolleth the wheel of existence.
Everything dieth; everything blossometh forth again.
So runneth the years of existence.

(He takes a drink from his bottle.)

Ah! Thus spake Zarathustra.

(Lights down. The sound of rain becomes more intense, then fades away entirely as the lights come up again on a bright, sunny morning, no clouds, no rain. HORN is asleep in his chair. After a moment, HOBSON comes running in.)

HOBSON: Doc! Doc! Doc! We need you!

HORN: *(Waking with a start.)* What's all this? What's all this?

HOBSON: Doc! Say, Doc! Joe! Where is he?

(He runs up the stairs and we hear pounding off.)

HORN: Where am I? *(He looks around.)* Oh!

DR. MACPHAIL: *(OFF.)* What is it? What's wrong?

HOBSON: *(OFF.)* You're needed, Doc. Pull on your pants. Quick.

DR. MACPHAIL: All right, all right. I'm coming.

(MACPHAIL and HOBSON come down the stairs, MACPHAIL still pulling on his clothing.)

HORN: What's going on?

HOBSON: Down on the beach. It's awful. This way, Doc!

HORN: Shall I bring your instruments, Doctor?

HOBSON: Don't bother. Come on!

(MACPHAIL and HOBSON run out, toward the beach, and exit. HORN picks up his book.)

HORN: Everything dieth; everything blossometh forth again.
So runneth the years of existence.

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(He takes a drink from his bottle. AMEENA comes in from the store-room.)

What are they saying?

AMEENA: All same, bad things. Dead ... on the beach. *(She exits.)*

HORN: Who's dead? Not ... *(He looks toward SADIE's room, sighs.)* Now, that's just too bad.

(MACPHAIL comes back into the room.)

Well? What happened?

DR. MACPHAIL: *(He shakes his head and runs his hand over his face.)* Throat cut from ear to ear. Still holding the razor. Quite cold. Must have been dead some time.

HORN: That's just too bad. *(A beat.)* Someone ought to go for the police.

DR. MACPHAIL: Hobson's gone.

HORN: I don't see it. He must have had her wore down to nothing but a nub.

DR. MACPHAIL: Her? *(He looks at SADIE's door.)* No! Not Miss Thompson. Davidson!

HORN: Davidson! Well, if that don't beat all. *(A beat.)* I hope they don't bring him in here. I don't like men that die that way. They don't rest easy.

DR. MACPHAIL: In point of fact, I expect they'll take him to the mortuary.

(MRS. MACPHAIL comes down the stairs.)

MRS. MACPHAIL: Mrs. Davidson stopped me upstairs. She's in a dreadful state about her husband. She heard him leave Miss Thompson's room at two, but he went out and hasn't been back all night. If he's been walking about since then, in that rain last night, he'll be absolutely dead. Is that what the noise is all about? What's the trouble?

DR. MACPHAIL: My dear, we found Mr. Davidson on the beach.

MRS. MACPHAIL: Oh, no! Is he ill?

DR. MACPHAIL: He's taken his own life.

MRS. MACPHAIL: But why? Why? Why would he do it?

DR. MACPHAIL: I don't know. I want you to go up and break the news to Mrs. Davidson.

MRS. MACPHAIL: But I can't. I can't!

DR. MACPHAIL: You must. It'll come better from another woman. Please.

(MRS. MACPHAIL goes up the stairs. O'HARA runs in. His shirt has dark patches where his chevrons used to be.)

O'HARA: Joe! Where is she? Where's Miss Thompson?

HORN: You know about it, do you?

O'HARA: One of the boys told me. I came as fast as I could, in case Sadie needed me. You don't think ... there isn't any chance she's mixed up in this, is there?

DR. MACPHAIL: What do you mean?

O'HARA: I mean, did she ... ?

(The men pause to consider, looking toward SADIE's door..)

HORN: No! He did it himself. He did it himself! Didn't he, Doctor?

DR. MACPHAIL: It certainly seems that way.

MRS. MACPHAIL: *(OFF.)* Stephen! Stephen! We need you!

(DR. MACPHAIL runs up the stairs, then returns supporting MRS. DAVIDSON along with MRS. MACPHAIL. The three go out onto the porch.)

O'HARA: *(About MRS. DAVIDSON.)* Pretty cool, I'd say.

HORN: Yeah. Well, anyway, I'm glad I didn't have to tell her.

O'HARA: *(Indicating SADIE's door.)* I wonder how *she's* taking it?

(Having seated MRS. DAVIDSON outside, the MACPHAILS come back into the room.)

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MRS. MACPHAIL: She wants to see him. Where would they have taken him?

DR. MACPHAIL: To the mortuary. She'd better not see him till he's been fixed up a little.

MRS. MACPHAIL: We'd better go down with her.

HORN: How did she take it?

MRS. MACPHAIL: She nearly fainted, at first, but didn't cry. Now, she's trembling like a leaf.

DR. MACPHAIL: We'd better go back out to her.

(Suddenly, the gramophone bursts into raucous music.)

MRS. MACPHAIL: What's that?

HORN: She hasn't played that thing since Davidson went after her.

O'HARA: She don't know, yet.

HORN: Look here. Why would she be playing that thing this morning, when, at noon, she's going on a journey she's terrified to make? Why?

O'HARA: How should I know?

HORN: Well, you and her ...

O'HARA: I'm not with her.

HORN: Who's going to tell her? You?

O'HARA: It'll come better from you.

HORN: Oh, all right. *(He crosses to SADIE's door and knocks.)* Miss Thompson.

SADIE: *(OFF.)* Yeah?

HORN: Let me in. It's Horn.

SADIE: *(OFF.)* Nobody comes in. Stay where you are. I'll be out when I'm ready.

HORN: It's very important, Miss Thompson.

SADIE: *(OFF.)* Okay, coming out.

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(The door slowly opens. SADIE steps out in her flouncy best and totally unlike what she was the night before.)

Hello, Horn. What's with all the noise this fine morning? *(Sees O'HARA.)*
Hello, Handsome. What are you doing up so early?

O'HARA: Sadie!

SADIE: *(Looking down at herself.)* Surprised to see me all dolled up, huh? Well, why not? I had to put on my best this gay and glorious day, didn't I? Besides, I'm radiant – beautiful! You didn't know that, did you? Could hardly believe my eyes when I saw that sun this morning. Do I feel fine? I'll say I do! I'd race you to the beach, if it wasn't for these pesky heels.

O'HARA: Sadie, turn off that phonograph.

SADIE: Why?

O'HARA: She can hear it.

SADIE: Who?

O'HARA: Mrs. Davidson.

SADIE: *Watashi wa shinpai!* I should care what Mrs. Davidson thinks? Or, for that matter, what *Mister* Davidson thinks? My advice to him is to pin on his wings and fly!

O'HARA: *(He grabs her by the shoulders.)* Sadie, listen to me!

SADIE: *(She shakes him off.)* Let go of me! Don't you put your hands on me! You're all alike, you men! You – and him – and all of you!

O'HARA: Joe, turn off that phonograph!

SADIE: Stay out of my room, Joe! That phonograph stays on!

O'HARA: Sadie! Something has happened.

SADIE: You bet something has happened! *(She begins to flail her fists at O'HARA.)* You filthy, dirty pigs! You're all the same, all of you. Pigs! Pigs!

O'HARA: *(He pulls her under control.)* Sadie! Davidson's killed himself!

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SADIE: *(She stops struggling. After a long beat.)* Killed himself?

O'HARA: They found him on the beach this morning – dead.

SADIE: Well, what do you know? *(She pries O'HARA's fingers from her arms.)* I thought the joke was all on me, but it wasn't. I guess I *can* forgive him. Turn it off, Joe, please.

(HORN turns off the phonograph. Silence until he returns.)

O'HARA: I'm sorry for you, Sadie.

SADIE: *(Picking up a cigarette and matches from the table.)* I'm sorry for me, too. I'm sorry for you. I'm sorry for him. *(She strikes a match.)* I'm sorry for everybody in the world, I guess.

(SADIE begins to light her cigarette. Lights down.)

END OF PLAY