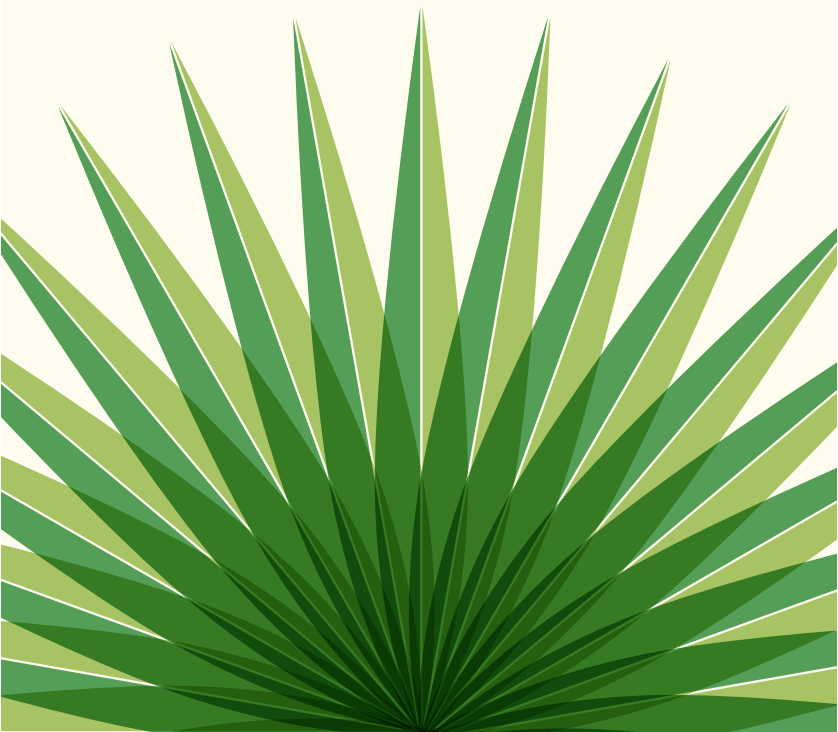




HACIENDA PARADISO

a play by
Josh Worth



Hacienda Paradiso

by Josh Worth

A play in 2 acts

Based on actual events
which occurred in the 1930s
on Floreana Island in the Galapagos

© 2015 Josh Worth. All Rights Reserved
Contact josh@joshworth.com for performance rights

CHARACTERS

FRIEDRICH RITTER

30s. A German dentist, philosopher, and misanthrope. Wild hair and a goatee. No front teeth.

DORE KOERWEIN STRAUCH

Mid 20s. A discontented bank teller from Berlin. Friedrich Ritter's mistress and disciple. Simple clothing. No front teeth.

HEINZ WITTMER

40s. A balding, down-to earth, retired government official. Served in the German army in WWI. Mustache and glasses. Often smokes a pipe.

MARGRET WITTMER

40s. Wife of Heinz. A kind-hearted German Hausfrau.

BARONESS WAGNER-BOSQUET

30s. Possibly an Austrian aristocrat. Louder and more vivacious than her physical presence might suggest. Wears skirts, riding boots, and loose-fitting tops. Often carries a riding crop and a pistol in a holster.

ROBERT PHILIPPSON

Late 20s. German. The dark, dashing "husband" of the Baroness. Often shirtless.

RUDOLF LORENZ

Late 20s. German. The Baroness' skinny blonde lover and traveling companion. Tattered clothing.

CAPTAIN ALLAN AINSWORTH

50s. An American millionaire, biologist, musician, and frequent visitor to Floreana. Sophisticated and well-kempt.

JOSEPH GARTNER

30s. An American marine biologist and friend of Capt. Ainsworth.

SETTING

Floreana Island (Charles Island), located in the Southern Galapagos. 1929-1934

ACT I

ACT I: SCENE I - FRIEDO

*The rustle of giant palm fronds. Animals and birds crying.
Distant waves.*

*Lights come up slightly to focus on FRIEDRICH RITTER and
his mistress, DORE STRAUCH.*

*Dore has one hand over her eyes. Friedrich leads
her by the arm.*

DORE

Don't walk me off a cliff...

FRIEDRICH

You may open your eyes.

She does.

DORE

This is it?

FRIEDRICH

Our home.

Dore looks around.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

It is essentially an extinct volcanic crater which forms a natural basin for this vegetation. And here, in the center, is a spring which feeds the river, and the river... crashes down over a waterfall just up ahead.

DORE

It's splendid. Absolutely splendid.

FRIEDRICH

Then it's settled!

Friedrich reaches into the spring and scoops a handful of water. He stands and looks out to the sea.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

In the name of the Ritters, I take possession of thee, o lovely valley, against all comers, and with thine own pure waters, I christen thee "Friedo," our garden of peace.

He sprinkles the ground with the water from his hand.

DORE

What is the name?

FRIEDRICH

Friedo.

DORE

Friedo. Ah yes.

Pause.

FRIEDRICH

It's a combination of our names. Friedrich and Dora.

DORE

Oh. I see.

Pause.

FRIEDRICH

This is our home, Dore. The Eden of a new world.

DORE

It's wonderful! It's just what we dreamed of.

FRIEDRICH

You see?

She looks around, breath-taken.

DORE

It makes me want to dance, Friedrich!

FRIEDRICH

Then by all means, dance!

Dore begins twirling around, hindered by her bad leg.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Dance, my love! Dance to the music of nature's silent melodies!

ACT I: SCENE 2 - FRIEDO

CAPTAIN ALLAN AINSWORTH *and scientist* JOSEPH GARTNER *walk up the rocky path that leads to Freido. They stop to rest.*

AINSWORTH

Just a bit further.

GARTNER

Are you sure we'll be welcome, Captain?

AINSWORTH

Difficult to say. It would seem a bit rude though, not to at least check in and say hello, seeing as though we're the only human visitors these two have had in the last eight months. Think of it as part of our biological research. If we're going to catalogue the flora and fauna of the Galapagos, would it make sense to overlook such unusual specimens of our own species?

GARTNER

No. No it wouldn't... Something romantic about it, at least... "The Adam and Eve of the Galapagos"... You think they'll expect us to go nude?

AINSWORTH

Difficult to say.

GARTNER

Is that one of them up there?

AINSWORTH

It would appear so.

Ainsworth waves.

GARTNER

Is he wearing pajamas?

AINSWORTH

It would appear so.

GARTNER

Better than nothing, I guess.

AINSWORTH

Hello! Doctor Ritter!

The men continue up the path. Friedrich enters to meet them.

Lights come up on Friedo. Some indication should be made that a structure has been built and a garden cultivated.

AINSWORTH (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Captain Allan Ainsworth, of the Velero III and this is my first mate Joseph Gartner.

FRIEDRICH

Welcome to Friedo.

AINSWORTH

We've anchored at Post Office Bay for a few days of study. We hope we're not intruding.

GARTNER

We've read so much about you.

Dore enters.

FRIEDRICH

Gentlemen, may I present Dore Strauch. My... companion. Dore, this is Captain Ainsworth and Mister Gartner.

DORE

Welcome! Please. Come. Have a look around our home. You'll have to excuse our work here. There's still much to be done.

AINSWORTH

It's astounding. Just astounding what you have achieved in less than a year. Wouldn't you agree, Mr. Gartner?

GARTNER

Astounding.

FRIEDRICH

Thank you, gentlemen. It's wonderful to have an appreciative eye by which we might gauge our progress.

AINSWORTH

I'm glad to hear you say that, Dr. Ritter. From the rumors, I had the impression that you were averse to the idea of intruders.

GARTNER

We're also relieved you're wearing clothes.

DORE

What's that?

GARTNER

All the accounts say that, in addition to being vegetarians, you're also avid nudists.

DORE

No!

FRIEDRICH

We have been known to commune with nature in the manner in which it created us.

DORE

Only on hot days.

FRIEDRICH

I made mention of that fact in a letter I sent to a German publication a few weeks after we first arrived. It was a detail meant only to illuminate the extent of our privacy...

GARTNER

Didn't come off that way.

FRIEDRICH

It's appalling - the way in which the truth is bastardized by the misguided scrawlings of young writers looking to sensationalize any behavior which is the least bit out of the ordinary.

AINSWORTH

You know, Dr. Ritter, I happen to own several papers in California.

FRIEDRICH

I'm sorry, I didn't mean-

AINSWORTH

Not at all. My boys are perfectly guilty of that sort of thing. Which is why I was wondering if you'd allow me to publish an account of your life here, written in your own hand, in your own words.

DORE

Oh, Friedrich...

FRIEDRICH

That's a very kind offer, Captain...

AINSWORTH

Think you can have something written before we set sail? Day or two?

FRIEDRICH

I'm sure of it.

AINSWORTH

Normally we pay our writers, but I wouldn't guess money buys much on Floreana. Is there anything you're lacking that we might have aboard the yacht?

FRIEDRICH

We could use some oil for our lamps.

AINSWORTH

I think we have some to spare.

DORE

Some soap... And flour.

AINSWORTH

How about this? We'll move the *Velero* around to Black Beach anchorage and the two of you can come aboard tomorrow evening. You can spend the night on board and we'll send you off with whatever provisions you need.

DORE

You would do that?

AINSWORTH

The men would be delighted to have an audience for our musical recital. We're working on Lizst's *Liebesträum in A Flat*.

GARTNER

I play the piano. And the Captain is quite an adequate cellist.

DORE

That would be simply lovely...

(To Friedrich) And you thought we shouldn't allow visitors...

Friedrich glares at her.

ACT I: SCENE 3 - FRIEDO

Months later. Although there is still nothing spectacular about it, additional improvements have been made to Friedo. (These additions to the set can be made by Friedrich and Dore themselves in a brief interlude between scenes)

Friedrich looks through a pair of binoculars.

FRIEDRICH

The man is bald. The woman is pregnant, but seems to be managing.

DORE

Pregnant? I can't imagine...

FRIEDRICH

I should have never written that article... Soon, we'll be surrounded by dull suburbanites who think of Floreana as a fashionable destination for leisure and relaxation.

DORE

I wish you would have let me plant the flowers.

FRIEDRICH

I've heard enough about the flowers.

DORE

You didn't have to kill them.

FRIEDRICH

Did you want us to appear as though we had been spending our time on such meaningless pursuits as flower gardening?

DORE

What's wrong with flowers?

FRIEDRICH

And why is the table set?

He begins to remove the silverware.

DORE

Don't touch it!

FRIEDRICH

We don't even know if we'll be inviting them to dine with us.

DORE

Please... Please, Friedrich. After all the back-breaking work, and the fainting spells, the piling of these stones. Digging the hardened soil. Please don't remove my Nirosta ware.

He stares at Dore in disbelief, then hands her the silverware he has collected.

She holds a knife up to the light, then polishes it on her shirt.

FRIEDRICH

They're here.

Carefully, Dore returns the SILVERWARE TO THE TABLE.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

HELLO!

HEINZ *and* MARGRET WITTMER *enter.*

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Welcome, one and all to Friedo, our island paradise. I am Doctor Friedrich Ritter and this is Dore Strauch.

HEINZ

Heinz Wittmer. My wife Margret.

MARGRET

It's an honor. You're practically legends back in Germany.

FRIEDRICH

So we've heard. Come. Sit down.

HEINZ

Thank you. We're exhausted.

Pause.

DORE

Let me show you around. We can go out to the garden and pick some vegetables for our meal.

The group saunters into the garden. Dore stoops to pluck vegetables from the ground. She places them in her apron.

FRIEDRICH

It seems I've been having some trouble with a wild boar who persists in trampling our sugar cane.

HEINZ

Why don't you shoot it?

FRIEDRICH

It's not that simple-

MARGRET

The Ritters are vegetarians, remember Heinz?

DORE

As Nietzsche said, "He who uses the animal is used by the same animal and one knows not where nor how suddenly oneself becomes a cow." Are you familiar with Nietzsche, Frau Wittmer?

MARGRET

Only in name, I'm afraid.

FRIEDRICH

In my nutritional studies, I have calculated that on a diet of figs alone, a man could live to the age of 140.

DORE

This is where we had planned a flower garden.

MARGRET

Really? You must lend me some seeds.

DORE

Of course, one must remember the words of Lao Tse. "Concern yourself with the depths not the surface. With the fruit, not the flower." Have you read much Lao Tse?

MARGRET

No... A Chinaman, is he?

DORE

Yes. Um...

Dore notices that Margret is staring at her teeth.

DORE (CONT'D)

You've noticed my teeth.

MARGRET

I'm sorry. I didn't mean-

DORE

It's quite alright. Doctor Ritter suggested we remove our teeth before traveling to avoid the risk of dental complication.

MARGRET

Oh.

DORE

We do have a pair of dentures which we share when need be.

MARGRET

Such wonderful variety, you have. Do you see the tomatoes, Heinz? That's the first thing I'd like to plant.

FRIEDRICH

This is only the beginning, of course. When we return to the house, I must show you my design for "The Friedo Egg" - a plan which arranges our dwelling in accordance with the philosophical system I have been devising.

HEINZ

Hmm.

FRIEDRICH

It will be in the shape of an egg - with our house acting as the yolk, and the outer fence as the shell. The gardens - or egg white - will be oriented to make use of the natural powers of the earth's magnetic polarities.

HEINZ

Interesting.

DORE

(To Margret) How long do you have?

MARGRET

I'm sorry?

Dore points to Margret's belly.

MARGRET (CONT'D)

Oh... Just a few months left... You're fortunate to have a physician so close at hand.

DORE

Yes...

FRIEDRICH

Do we have everything we need, Dore?

DORE

I think so.

FRIEDRICH

Then let us return to the house and enjoy a meal together.

MARGRET

That would be lovely.

FRIEDRICH

And afterwards, I will lead you to Watkin's Cave where you will find shelter during the difficult months to come.

DORE

The caves were named for a buccaneer who used them as a hideout... Feasting on tortoise flesh. Murdering... perhaps even cannibalizing the slaves he had been smuggling.

MARGRET

How frightening.

DORE

Yes. I was often awoken during the night by ghostly noises... But I'm sure you'll be fine.

ACT I: SCENE 4 - FRIEDO

*Dore is alone, preparing to retire for the night.
Friedrich enters.*

DORE

Friedrich! I was afraid you'd stay through the night.

FRIEDRICH

Of course not. I'd had enough of them. I find it difficult to understand why such a conventional couple would aspire to make their way on this desolate isle.

DORE

She wasn't remotely interested in my observations on Lao Tse. I was hoping they might provide better companionship.

FRIEDRICH

Companionship?

Pause.

DORE

What I mean is... we've grown so used to each other over these past few years. I feel as though I can have entire conversations with you even on days when you don't say a word to me...

FRIEDRICH

I think you're looking for a girlfriend to gossip with. Someone upon whose ears you can unload the burdens of your tiresome existence.

DORE

Not at all.

FRIEDRICH

I know what you think of me.

DORE

Friedrich... My love... I assure you... You are so much more to me than a man... nearer to a god. An example of all that man can attain in the spiritual and intellectual planes... So you must understand that for me... Your mere presence can be overwhelming at times. The strain it puts on my being is often too much to bear... So it is the fault of my own weakness that I seek out simpler, more frivolous stimulation for my inferior mind.

Pause.

FRIEDRICH

I understand...

DORE

I am fortunate to have you to rely upon.

Dore looks out at the sea. A look of fear overtakes her.

DORE (CONT'D)

What's happening to the sky?

FRIEDRICH

Where?

DORE

Look. The clouds are a deep, glowing orange. They seem to be on fire.

FRIEDRICH

Strange. The sun went down two hours ago.

Friedrich looks through his binoculars.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

A volcanic eruption... Amazing.

DORE

Where is it? How close?

FRIEDRICH

Fernandina, I believe.

DORE

What will happen?

FRIEDRICH

I don't know.

DORE

What if it spreads to Floreana? What if the water rises and engulfs us?

FRIEDRICH

Then that is what will happen... We bear witness to the birth of new lands. New possibilities. The lava that spills may one day form the foundation for an advanced society. A society which may very well draw its wisdom from the writings and thoughts which I am in the

process of formulating... The world and its inhabitants are evolving at this very moment.

ACT I: SCENE 5 - FRIEDO

Heinz approaches Friedo carrying a mail bag. He is greeted by Friedrich and Dore.

DORE

Herr Wittmer. What a pleasant surprise.

FRIEDRICH

What brings you to Friedo today?

HEINZ

I was down to Post Office Bay this morning. Picked up some mail for you.

Heinz hands the bag to Friedrich.

DORE

Mail?

HEINZ

There's a ship landed. Some new arrivals.

DORE

Visitors?

HEINZ

More like neighbors, judging by the pile of supplies they unloaded. They're staying in the abandoned Norwegian buildings.

FRIEDRICH

I don't believe it.

DORE

What are they like?

HEINZ

Germans, I think. A woman - claims to be royalty. She's with two men. One seems like he's her husband, the other's some kind of servant... They know about you two of course. Probably on their way to see you right now. Weren't too far behind me.

Friedrich opens the mail bag and removes a tattered envelope.

FRIEDRICH

Look at this mail! Most of it's been opened... Some of the letters don't even have envelopes.

HEINZ

That's how it was when they handed it to me.

FRIEDRICH

They opened my mail?

HEINZ

Captain Rugger said they were an odd bunch. Said they were up to some strange things on the trip over... Wouldn't say what.

FRIEDRICH

This is most disturbing.

DORE

How is Margret, Herr Wittmer?

HEINZ

It's getting close to baby time... You think we might call on you when the time comes, Dr. Ritter?

FRIEDRICH

I'm afraid that would be impossible.

HEINZ

Impossible?

FRIEDRICH

I didn't journey all this way only to be troubled by house calls, Herr Wittmer.

HEINZ

I'm sorry, I assumed-

FRIEDRICH

My days as a physician ended when I left Berlin...

HEINZ

Oh. Well then...

DORE

Thank you for stopping by.

Heinz exits.

Friedrich picks up his binoculars and looks down the valley.

FRIEDRICH

They're quite close.

Dore begins to tidy up.

DORE

Is it okay if I display my silverware?

FRIEDRICH

If you must.

DORE

You think she'll even notice? What am I saying? If she's royalty I'm sure she's accustomed to luxuries of all sorts.

FRIEDRICH

Then why is she coming here?

He puts down the binoculars.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

They're arriving late, so they must assume they'll be spending the night.

DORE

Should I prepare some bedding?

FRIEDRICH

Let's not appear too anxious.

DORE

I'm not anxious. I just-

FRIEDRICH

I didn't say you were.

DORE

I know. I'm not.

THE BARONESS *enters accompanied by* RUDOLF
LORENZ *and* ROBERT PHILIPPSON.

BARONESS (O.S.)

Doctor Ritter! Guten Tag! Fraulein Strauch!

LORENZ

Watch your step, Baroness.

BARONESS

Aah. Doctor Ritter.

FRIEDRICH

Yes. Welcome to Friedo.

DORE

Our island paradise.

BARONESS

How lovely.

LORENZ

Allow me to introduce Baroness Eloise Wagner de
Bosquet.

*The Baroness extends her hand to Dore,
anticipating a kiss. Dore offers only a handshake.*

DORE

A pleasure to have you, Baroness.

LORENZ

And I am Rudolf Lorenz.

FRIEDRICH

Yes. Welcome.

PHILIPPSON

Robert Philippson.

BARONESS

(Hugging Philippson playfully) My baby! My husband... It's so nice to meet you in person, Doctor Ritter. I understand you are a great philosopher and seeker of truth. Lorenz. A chair.

Lorenz pulls up a chair. The Baroness sits and rests her feet.

FRIEDRICH

Herr Wittmer informs us you plan to make Floreana your home.

BARONESS

Herr Wittmer... Such a dull man.

We hear the braying of a donkey.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

What was that? Was that an ass?

DORE

That was Burro. I should feed him.

BARONESS

We could use a pack animal. May we borrow him?

DORE

He doesn't take well to strangers, and he's very-

BARONESS

I see... Shoes!

Lorenz kneels and removes the Baroness' shoes.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Oh my feet. How do you stand the sharp rocks?

FRIEDRICH

I constructed these sandals from animal hides.

BARONESS

Animal hides? I thought you were vegans.

FRIEDRICH

These animals expired from natural causes.

BARONESS

Ah yes. Natural selection. Survival of the fittest. Would you two say you are the fittest?

DORE

I'm sorry?

BARONESS

For survival?... Darwin?

DORE

Yes. I'm familiar with Darwin.

BARONESS

Lorenz, did you not hear me say my feet were sore?

Lorenz kneels and massages her feet.

PHILIPPSON

Could I trouble you for some fresh water?

BARONESS

For me as well.

LORENZ

And for me!

BARONESS

You had your water today!

LORENZ

I'm sorry.

Dore pours water from a pitcher into two glasses.

She hands the glasses to Philippson and the Baroness.

Philippson tilts the glass over his head and lets the water trickle slowly over his hair.

The Baroness sips her water while Lorenz looks on.

FRIEDRICH

What is it exactly, that you intend to do here on our island?

PHILIPPSON

Your island?

BARONESS

Well yes, Robert. They were here first. They're allowed to call it "theirs" even if it isn't.

FRIEDRICH

I beg your pardon?

BARONESS

What do we intend to do, you ask? Yes. What do we intend?

FRIEDRICH

Yes.

BARONESS

"Explain your intentions."

DORE

If you don't mind, that is.

BARONESS

Of course not. How sweet... I intend to construct a hotel on Floreana. A hotel called - Robert...

PHILIPPSON

Hacienda Paradiso.

BARONESS

Yes. And this Hacienda Paradiso, this hotel - resort, if you will, shall attract millionaires.

PHILIPPSON

American millionaires.

BARONESS

Men on their yachts, sailing the oceans of the world searching for an escape from the pressures of society. You aren't the only ones who yearn to suckle from Mother Nature's bountiful teat, you know...

FRIEDRICH

Is that so?

BARONESS

And these men of means, having heard tales of a faraway Eden, will arrive on our shores, bearing gifts and luxuries in exchange for a brief stay in a place more splendid and magical than any on earth.

DORE

Oh my.

BARONESS

Modern society can be so cold, so judgemental - well, you've experienced that yourselves... Our desires are at times held to the most unreasonable scrutiny. Where is the compassion? The understanding? Hm? Where Robert?

PHILIPPSON

The Hacienda Paradiso.

BARONESS

The rooms of our hotel will have doors, but not out of necessity. What happens in those rooms will be secret and sacred no matter if the doors are opened or closed. Our guests will enjoy an unprecedented level of freedom in which the deepest, most primal desires can be brought to fruition... Within a tasteful and refined atmosphere, of course.

FRIEDRICH

And who will construct this hotel?

BARONESS

The three of us. And some workers we're bringing from Ecuador.

FRIEDRICH

It sounds to be a most challenging endeavor.

BARONESS

Yes. I thought you, of all people, would appreciate it. Are there wild dogs on this island?

FRIEDRICH

What?

BARONESS

Baby, remind mummy to go dog hunting sometime soon. The best way to tame a dog is to shoot it in the stomach with a small calibre weapon, then nurse it back to health. When the creature has recovered, it harbors such gratitude that it will offer you its unconditional

obedience. Men and dogs are alike in that way, wouldn't you agree, Fraulein?

Dore is silent.

ACT I: SCENE 6 – POST OFFICE BAY

*The next day at Post Office Bay – a landing near the shore.
The “post office” is nothing more than a barrel on a post.*

*The Baroness and Philippson are relaxing as Lorenz
arranges a pile of belongings.*

BARONESS

I'm not feeling well after the horrendous breakfast that woman prepared. What were those things?

PHILIPPSON

Figs.

BARONESS

Figs. Luckily we have enough stores to last us for several months before we're forced to ingest figs again.

LORENZ

They're supposed to prolong your life.

PHILIPPSON

Was anyone speaking to you? His mind doesn't seem to be on his work.

BARONESS

You know what to do.

She hands him her riding crop.

PHILIPPSON

(To Lorenz) Kneel down.

Lorenz kneels. Philippson raises the riding crop to strike him when Heinz enters.

BARONESS

Herr Wittmer. How nice to see you.

Philippson lowers the riding crop. Lorenz rises and returns to his work.

HEINZ

And how are things here?

BARONESS

We're just preparing to transport a few of our belongings to your orange grove. It was so nice of you to make the area available to us. Fresh water is so scarce.

HEINZ

Yes. About that. Frau Wittmer would appreciate it if you wouldn't wash your feet in the drinking water.

PHILIPPSON

Excuse me please.

Philippson exits.

BARONESS

He's trying to finish a magazine article.

HEINZ

Oh... I brought the donkey. I'd like to take that rice off your hands, if you don't mind.

BARONESS

Not at all. What did we say? Twenty-six sucres?

HEINZ

I beg your pardon?

BARONESS

The rice. It costs twenty-six sucres.

HEINZ

No, no. I already bought it from Captain Rugger for eleven.

BARONESS

My price is twenty-six.

HEINZ

Your price? It's not yours to sell.

BARONESS

It's here with my belongings, isn't it?

HEINZ

You said you'd watch it for me.

BARONESS

Exactly. I've watched it and now I'm selling it.

HEINZ

That's piracy!

BARONESS

Piracy? How exotic.

HEINZ

We have barely any money left. That rice is a precious commodity.

BARONESS

Obviously.

HEINZ

I'm not paying you for rice I've already purchased... And you are certainly no longer welcome to camp in our orange grove.

BARONESS

Herr Wittmer, I am accompanied by two very capable men. And I myself am as good as a third.

She taps the end of the revolver in the holster around her waist.

HEINZ

This is ridiculous. There is no reason for-

BARONESS

Yes?

HEINZ

We need to do our best to get along.

BARONESS

I couldn't agree more.

ACT I: SCENE 7 - FRIEDO

Friedrich is writing at his desk. Dore is tending to the garden.

FRIEDRICH

(Writing) Floreana is no longer the isolated paradise we once knew. These latest arrivals are devoid of all respect for the rigors of self-reliance-

We hear the braying of a donkey.

DORE

Burro! Burro is back from his walk. I can't imagine why those Norwegians would leave behind such a gentle and kind-hearted animal. And to abuse him the way they did.

FRIEDRICH

I don't understand why you choose to lavish your attention on a simple-minded beast. Your efforts to relate to it do nothing to raise its intellect, and only degrade your own.

Heinz rushes in.

DORE

Herr Wittmer?

HEINZ

It's Margret. She's in horrible pain.

FRIEDRICH

It sounds like you have a child on the way.

HEINZ

She already had the baby.

DORE

She did? A boy or a girl?

HEINZ

She's been screaming for three days. The placenta was not expelled.

FRIEDRICH

I see.

DORE

What does that mean?

FRIEDRICH

It can be quite dangerous.

DORE

Can you help her?

FRIEDRICH

I could. But it's really not our concern.

HEINZ

She's my wife!.

FRIEDRICH

And it was your choice to bring her to a remote island during her pregnancy.

HEINZ

But you're a doctor!

FRIEDRICH

I was a doctor.

DORE

But Friedrich!

FRIEDRICH

It should not be left to me to deal with the consequences of another man's decisions.

DORE

You can't just let her suffer! What if it was me in the same circumstances?

HEINZ

Please. I will repay you with whatever we have.

Pause.

DORE

Friedrich. The poor man is begging.

Pause.

Friedrich

Very well then. We must leave at once.

ACT I: SCENE 8 -
THE HACIENDA PARADISO

Friedrich, Dore, Heinz and Margret with a baby strapped on her back. They are walking up the path to the Hacienda Paradiso.

HEINZ

I want to thank you again for coming to our aid. I know you were reluctant at first.

FRIEDRICH

Please don't mention it. You have already repaid me with the sackful of chickenfeed.

DORE

(Looking at the baby.) Little Rolf. Hello little Rolf. He's gotten so big. He is truly adorable, Frau Wittmer. You're so lucky.

MARGRET

Who knows? Maybe you'll have one of your own.

FRIEDRICH

Nonsense. She IS AS BARREN AS these rocks.

DORE

Friedrich...

FRIEDRICH

It's true. No sense in hiding it. She was stricken with sclerosis several years ago. It left her with a limp and rendered her incapable of reproduction.

HEINZ

That is unfortunate.

FRIEDRICH

But, from misfortune arises new hope. For if it were not for her ailment, Dore would not have sought treatment at my clinic, and we would never have met.

Friedrich puts his arm around Dore for a moment. She is surprised. Margret notices.

MARGRET

I do believe Floreana's first native has brought a new-found sense of camaraderie to our little island... Even the Baroness, when she visited, came with a tin of Quaker Oats.

HEINZ

And she left her revolver at home.

MARGRET

And now an invitation to a gathering at the legendary "Hacienda Paradiso." Who would believe it?

DORE

I'll admit, I've been dying to see it.

HEINZ

Don't know how they could even see what they're doing.
All night, crashing and banging, yelling, trees falling.
Then in the day, dead silent.

*As they walk, a light comes up on the Baroness
and Philippon at the HACIENDA PARADISO,
which is nothing more than a makeshift shelter
adorned with expensive looking fabrics and
furnishings.*

BARONESS

Welcome, guests. Please, make yourselves comfortable.

Dore and Margret have a look around.

DORE

It's quite nice, what you've done.

MARGRET

Such a well cultivated flower garden.

BARONESS

Thank you... It is a pleasure to have you all here. Isn't this nice? There is so much to celebrate. A new year. The first guests of the Hacienda Paradiso. The birth of Floreana's first native. Little Rolf Wittmer. Isn't he cute?

MARGRET

Thank you for having us Baroness.

HEINZ

Yes. We're hoping this can be a friendly, neighborly gathering.

BARONESS

We are, aren't we? And why not? That's what we are. Neighbors. Living together in harmony.

MARGRET

Where are the Ecuadorians?

BARONESS

Oh them? I sent them away. Dirty people.

(To Philippson) My baby, why don't you pour everyone a nice glass of guarapo so that we might toast.

He pours.

PHILIPPSON

Guarapo is a distillate of sugar cane, you know. We make it ourselves.

FRIEDRICH

Yes. We've been making it for years.

DORE

I believe I gave the recipe to Herr Lorenz when we were all visiting at the Wittmer's. Where is he, by the way?

PHILIPPSON

Ill.

BARONESS

He's not a healthy man. He's staying in the Norwegian houses at Post Office Bay. He said he didn't want to risk infecting the baby.

DORE

How considerate.

Philippson pours.

BARONESS

And now the toast. If I may quote from the sign you might have seen at the foot of the path... "Life! This small portion of eternity-

We hear the braying of the donkey.

DORE

Burro! He's at the gate. Please excuse him... Continue.

BARONESS

"Life! This small portion of eternity- which is bound to a clock, is so short - so let us be happy - let us be good! Let us share with one another -

The donkey complains again.

DORE

He smells the food.

BARONESS

"Let us share with one another the happiness and peace that God planted in our hearts and souls when we left the restless metropolis and journeyed away to the

quiet of the ages, which has spread its cloak over the Galapagos.”

They toast.

The donkey brays.

DORE

I should go see him.

Dore exits.

BARONESS

I should say, Doctor Ritter, if she treats you as well as she does her donkey, what a happy man you must be!

MARGRET

It was a most eloquent toast, Baroness.

BARONESS

Why thank you, Frau Wittmer. In my position, I have been fortunate enough to have been exposed to the orations of some of Europe's most prominent intellectuals. I suspect their erudition may have had a positive influence on my choice of words... Robert, why don't you show our guests around the grounds? Show them the site of the miracle.

PHILIPPSON

Follow me.

MARGRET

What's this now?

PHILIPPSON

The Lord God appeared to the Baroness and instructed her to strike her fist upon a wall of rock, and there would appear a gushing spring.

Philippson leads Friedrich and the Wittmers away.

The Baroness arranges some silverware on a table.

Dore returns.

DORE

Oh... Where are the others?

BARONESS

Off to tour the grounds.

Dore notices the cutlery.

DORE

Oh. Christofle ware.

BARONESS

Yes. A family heirloom. From my father's side of the family. My father was an important Austrian official. He superintended the construction of the Baghdad railway, you know.

DORE

Hmm.

BARONESS

Now this is nice, isn't it? We have a chance to talk. Tell me, here on this island, just you and the Doctor... It must be terribly romantic.

DORE

Yes. I'm a fortunate woman.

BARONESS

And... Is Doctor Ritter as passionate about you as he is about his philosophies?

DORE

I am his fellow pilgrim on the path to final wisdom.

BARONESS

Yes. I can see that. But when the sun goes down?

DORE

Oh.

BARONESS

Come now, you coy little thing. I think you'll find I'm quite knowledgeable in matters of male and female relations.

DORE

Is that so?

BARONESS

I would venture to guess that Doctor Ritter sets some high standards for you... With regards to his pleasure.

Pause.

DORE

He is particular.

BARONESS

Yes... Robert says the same about me. And of course Lorenz, I give him a little treat with the hand every few months and he'll do whatever I ask.

Dore attempts to hide her shock. The Baroness is oblivious.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

But I'm sure a woman such as yourself has no difficulty fulfilling a man's desires. Why else would he have brought you here?... But then I'm sure you have demands of your own-

DORE

No. My only concern is for Friedrich's strength of spirit.

BARONESS

You mean to say there is no discussion in your relationship, of the satisfaction of the female partner? That must be most distressing for you. A man who concerns himself with natural harmonies and the alignment of polarities and such...

DORE

It's really not important. As Nietzsche says, "the woman's purpose is the recreation of the warrior."

BARONESS

Is it now?

DORE

I think I'll catch up with the others.

BARONESS

Very well then. Remember, I'm here if you ever need to borrow some clothes.

Dore exits.

The Baroness continues preparing the feast.

Friedrich enters from the opposite side of the stage.

FRIEDRICH

Oh. Have you seen Dore?

BARONESS

She went trotting after you.

FRIEDRICH

Oh.

BARONESS

It must be difficult having a love-sick woman with a head full of romantic notions trailing you into the wilderness. You - an esteemed philosopher. A visionary.

FRIEDRICH

She is a capable, spiritually sound companion.

BARONESS

And after all, "the woman's purpose is the recreation of the warrior."

FRIEDRICH

You've read your Nietzsche.

BARONESS

And I've read your philosophy as well.

FRIEDRICH

So it's you who's been reading my mail.

BARONESS

Now now, Doctor.

FRIEDRICH

There are certain rules of conduct that must be respected, even this far from civilization.

BARONESS

Do you want to discuss your philosophies or not?

FRIEDRICH

Was there something you didn't understand?

BARONESS

Yes. What I don't understand is: You sit there pouring over academic nonsense, like a dim-witted child, attempting to re-stack the stones of all creation in a way which places you at the pinnacle... And when that fails, you turn to the East, and align your soul with the polarities of nature - to let its energies flow through you, and around you like -

FRIEDRICH

What is your point?

BARONESS

Nature is violent and ruthless. It preys on the weak. It devours each one of us and sends insects to pick the last morsels of meat from our bones... So as you sit idly by, typing your little notes, I shall conquer this island. I shall be your Empress, and you will be my slave.

Long pause.

FRIEDRICH

Let me tell you a story, which may correct some of the misguided assumptions you have made regarding my character.

BARONESS

I love stories.

FRIEDRICH

When I first established my home here, long before your arrival, I found that, at regular intervals, my vegetable garden was being trampled by a wild boar.

BARONESS

Hideous creatures...

FRIEDRICH

One night I was awakened by its heavy footsteps and the sound of the breath which escaped through its snout. I stepped outside and gazed into its red eyes. We scrutinized each other for what seemed like hours, until suddenly, it tore through the garden and charged at me. I fired my rifle at its haunches and stopped it in its tracks. It turned and walked away... But as I watched

the blood leaking from the wound I had inflicted, I knew that the beast would return. For the next few nights, I listened for it, and when it returned, I shot at it, sometimes missing, sometimes grazing its flesh, but never once thwarting its determination to wreak havoc on the small patch of order I was attempting to force into its world.

BARONESS

How bothersome.

FRIEDRICH

So I poisoned some bananas with arsenic and left them in its path. When I awoke, the bananas had been eaten. I hoped the boar had gone into the woods to die... But it returned in a fortnight... I dug a pit, covered it with leaves and baited it with yucca. The boar took the bait but avoided the trap and left even greater devastation in its wake... I then constructed an elaborate guillotine using an axe and some wire to strangle the creature. This left little more than a small laceration around its neck... So I tried a trip wire rigged with logs to crush it. This failed as well... Now...at the time I was excavating the foundation for Friedo, I had acquired some dynamite from an Ecuadorian merchant vessel. I placed several sticks which were left over from the project near the tomato plants - a favorite of the boar.

BARONESS

Dynamite? A little excessive, don't you think?

FRIEDRICH

I waited all night until the beast was in position, then activated the detonator. The creature was launched eight feet in the air and landed on its back, covered in soil. It lay there, breathing heavily, then righted itself and walked calmly into the woods... What did I do then, you ask?

BARONESS

Yes. What did you do then?

FRIEDRICH

Having made use of firearms, poison, traps and explosives... The next night, as I lay in bed, I focused my mind and imagined an impenetrable wall of willpower and fierce determination around my garden. When I heard the bull approaching, I stepped outside, and once again met its gaze. It stood at the perimeter of my mental wall and looked at me with its familiar, devilish tenacity. After several moments, it took a step backward, turned away... and never set foot in my garden again...

BARONESS

Is that so?

FRIEDRICH

So do not lecture me about nature's penchants for chaos, Baroness. I have seen how relentless it can be, and I have stood my ground.

BARONESS

So you say.

FRIEDRICH

If you wish to make Floreana the setting for your ridiculous, hedonistic tourist attraction, you will have to do so without my compliance with your decree of imperial entitlement.

BARONESS

In that case, I suggest you fortify that wall of yours with a few more pebbles of half-baked philosophy.

Lights down.

ACT II

ACT II: SCENE I - THE WITTMER'S

Dore and Friedrich at the Wittmer's with Heinz and Margret.

DORE

Oh Margret. Your garden is withering away.

MARGRET

This drought has taken its toll. How are you faring?

DORE

Just as poorly. Our well is almost dry. Most of our chickens have died off and there's nothing left of our tomatoes.

MARGRET

This is supposed to be the rainy season, but we've hardly had a drizzle.

HEINZ

It is a difficult time for all of us. And I'm afraid that what I am about to tell you will only add to your difficulties.

FRIEDRICH

What is it?

HEINZ

There has been... an unfortunate accident. I wanted to deal with it in an honest fashion.

FRIEDRICH

That's most admirable.

HEINZ

We have had so many problems already. With the rice, the goods from the Ecuadorian ship, and now with my boat missing... I wanted to avoid any misunderstandings.

FRIEDRICH

Of course.

HEINZ

You have trouble with wildlife in your garden, don't you Doctor?

FRIEDRICH

It has been a problem in the past.

HEINZ

Nothing makes me angrier than a creature who gets into a plot of land I've been working on. Especially when so many of our crops are dying. And normally, I just step outside with my rifle and shoot the thing repeatedly until it's dead...

FRIEDRICH

Yes. Everyone on this island is aware of your technique.

An uncomfortable silence.

HEINZ

Please. Come with me.

Friedrich, Dore, and Heinz step offstage, leaving Margret and little Rolf.

Dore screams.

DORE (O.S.)

Burro! No, not my little Burro... My little baby Burro.

Dore enters frantic, followed by Heinz and Friedrich.

HEINZ

I'm very sorry about this.

DORE

(To Heinz.) How could you? How could you do this?

HEINZ

It was dark. I had no idea it was your donkey.

FRIEDRICH

It's quite alright. The animal served us well and was on its last legs. It had been missing for some time now.

DORE

You wouldn't allow me to go look for him!

FRIEDRICH

Quiet, Dore.

DORE

You didn't love Burro the way I did!

FRIEDRICH

(Losing his temper.) That is because I'm a rational man, not an ignorant woman with a head full of romantic notions.

DORE

You were always jealous of Burro.

FRIEDRICH

Jealous of a donkey, was I?

DORE

(Unhinged) Yes. You were jealous of a donkey. You were jealous of his ability to feel affection without condition!

FRIEDRICH

Inhabiting the emotional world of a donkey is not something I aspire to.

DORE

Perhaps you should!

Friedrich slaps Dore across the face, sending her to the ground.

Margret gasps.

HEINZ

Please, Doctor. She's upset. No need to strike the poor woman.

FRIEDRICH

I am a capable judge of the appropriate methods for maintaining a woman's obedience.

MARGRET

But Doctor...

DORE

(Standing.) No. No. As Nietsche said, "The happiness of man is, 'I will.' The happiness of woman is 'He wills.' Forgive me Friedrich, for my outburst.

Silence.

FRIEDRICH

If we're quite through with this nonsense, I believe there is more to this incident than is immediately apparent.

MARGRET

What do you mean?

FRIEDRICH

There were other injuries on the hide of the animal besides the wounds from the rifle... The fur seemed to have been worn away and the skin around the neck and muzzle was raw and broken where ropes had been secured.

DORE

But we never used bare rope.

MARGRET

The Baroness?

FRIEDRICH

I believe she made harsh use of the beast at the Hacienda. She tormented and starved it until it was too weak and hungry to serve her purposes... She, or one of her men, must have set the donkey free nearby, knowing it would begin marauding your garden at the first sight of food.

MARGRET

You honestly think this was planned?

DORE

Burro interrupted her toast.

HEINZ

If I hadn't met the woman, I would say you're delusional...

FRIEDRICH

I suggest we pay a visit to our neighbors.

Margret and Dore exit.

MARGRET

Come along, Fraulein. We will give the beast a proper burial.

ACT II: SCENE 2 -
THE HACIENDA PARADISO

The Baroness and Phillipson are looking out at the path that leads to the Hacienda. Lorenz is nearby performing a chore.

BARONESS

It looks as though our neighbors have decided to grace us with their presence. Lorenz, bring us some refreshments.

Lorenz stops what he's doing and begins pouring beverages.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Not for everyone! For Baby and me.

Lorenz does as he's told.

Heinz and Friedrich enter.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Doctor. Herr Wittmer.

FRIEDRICH

Save your pleasantries, woman. We have come to demand that you cease the development of your settlement and depart from Floreana aboard the next vessel that comes ashore.

BARONESS

And why would I do that?

FRIEDRICH

You are no longer welcome here. I am preparing a letter to the Ecuadorian Magistrate stating your criminal transgressions and asking that you be admitted to a qualified institution for psychiatric treatment.

BARONESS

Is that your medical opinion, doctor? It might serve you well to turn your diagnostic eye upon yourself and your own crackpot theories.

Lorenz hands the beverage to the Baroness. She takes a sip.

HEINZ

We're asking you to leave.

BARONESS

Herr Wittmer... You're being rude.

HEINZ

You're aware that the Ritter's donkey is no longer with us?

BARONESS

Is that what this is about? The Fraulein was upset about the departure of her beloved ass and sent you here to hold me accountable.

FRIEDRICH

It was my decision to come here.

BARONESS

Of course. I forgot. You have no concern for a woman's desires.

HEINZ

We also know that you set my boat adrift after I refused to let you use it.

BARONESS

Are you hearing this, Baby?

Baby nods and begins massaging the Baroness' neck.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Am I suddenly the cause of every misfortune which befalls you? Like yourselves, we are merely attempting to forge a better life and construct a haven of peace and freedom in the wilderness.

HEINZ

And we have tried to respect that, just as we expect-

BARONESS

But these accusations only deepen my suspicions of the bias the doctor holds against me.

FRIEDRICH

And what bias is that?

BARONESS

You find it inconceivable that your vision and ambition have been exceeded by a woman... I understand, of

course. It must be difficult for a man such as yourself to watch as I succeed in making the Hacienda Paradiso the foremost destination for the world's wealthiest travelers.

HEINZ

You haven't entertained a single guest!

BARONESS

Our hotel is attracting a class of people more powerful and accomplished than you could ever dream of. Men who decide the fates of millions with a single letter or a signature on a check. And as I, a woman, become a source of influence and inspiration for these figures, like Cleopatra, or Helen of Troy, causing profound reverberations in the spiritual life of the earth, where does that leave the great Doctor Ritter? As a trivial footnote in the annals of history. An übermensch who was über nothing but a toothless woman.

Philippson laughs.

FRIEDRICH

You're mad. Where are these important guests? Hm? Where is the swimming pool and the chamber music? All I see is some corrugated steel and a few garish draperies. You're a victim of psychotic delusions.

BARONESS

Delusions? Perhaps you haven't read the headlines... Lorenz, show my uninformed subjects the latest news.

Lorenz hands some newspapers to Friedrich and Heinz.

FRIEDRICH

What is this?

PHILIPPSON

It seems we made the pages of several Berlin papers.

HEINZ

(Reading) “Baroness Seizes Control of Galapagos Island.”

FRIEDRICH

(Reading) “Revolution on Pacific Island.”

HEINZ

“Woman Proclaims Herself Empress. Local Opposition Imprisoned?”

PHILIPPSON

Sensational, isn't it?

FRIEDRICH

Absurd!

HEINZ

“Doctor Friedrich Ritter, the former German dentist who opposed her reign of terror, has been captured and put in chains...”

FRIEDRICH

I have never heard a more outrageous pack of lies!

Friedrich rips the pages from Heinz's hands, throws them on the ground, and stomps on them. Friedrich's abrupt action causes Philippson to spill his drink on his trousers, which he removes immediately.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

I can tell you, it will require more than fictitious "chains" to prevent my resistance to your aims of supremacy!

BARONESS

There, there, Doctor Ritter. Maintain your composure. Such emotionalism is better suited to Fraulein Strauch than to a scholarly, contemplative man such as yourself.

FRIEDRICH

(Attempting to compose himself) I am reacting as any rational man would react when face-to-face with a madwoman.

BARONESS

A rational man would see a woman such as myself and savor her presence, like the bouquet of a fine wine. As does my husband here.

Philippson is waving his pants in the air, attempting to dry them.

FRIEDRICH

Him? A rational man?

BARONESS

Perhaps you could use a period of relaxation. Why not stay a few nights at the Hacienda Paradiso and immerse yourself in the lush pleasures of my company.

FRIEDRICH

I couldn't imagine anything less pleasurable.

BARONESS

I'm sure Fraulein Strauch could. From what she tells me, a pleasurable experience is a rare thing with you.

FRIEDRICH

What are you saying?

BARONESS

Oh, you know how women like to talk.

Philippson waves his pants in Friedrich's face.

Friedrich pushes him away, causing him to trip and fall to the ground.

HEINZ

We should go, Doctor.

BARONESS

Yes. I'm sure the womenfolk are anxiously awaiting the return of their heroic masters.

Heinz and Friedrich exit.

The Baroness extends a hand to help Philippson off the ground.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Stand up, you fool.

ACT II: SCENE 3 - FRIEDO

Dore is seated on the veranda.

Lorenz enters, surreptitiously. He is weary and disheveled.

LORENZ

Fraulein?

DORE

(Startled) Herr Lorenz... What are you doing? I didn't even hear you - sneaking around in the underbrush.

LORENZ

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

DORE

What is it? Please. Join me on the veranda.

He sits beside her.

LORENZ

Thank you. You're so kind.

DORE

Is everything alright? You're absolutely filthy.

LORENZ

I'm sorry. I'm not well.

DORE

Can I get you something to eat?

LORENZ

Do you have any of those pineapple cakes?

DORE

I think I do.

She stands and moves to the kitchen.

DORE (CONT'D)

What's troubling you, Herr Lorenz?

LORENZ

Please, call me Rudolf.

DORE

Then you must call me Dore.

LORENZ

You're so kind. I must appear a desperate, pitiful sight. I disgust myself. I can't even bear my own stench. I'm so very sorry.

DORE

Please, Rudolf. It's quite alright.

Dore places a plate of cakes and some tea in front of Lorenz. He begins devouring the cakes.

LORENZ

She's starving me, you know... The things I withstand. The beatings. The abuse. I should have died months ago.

DORE

Don't say such things.

LORENZ

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you... Look at my hands!

He shows her his hands. They are bruised and scarred.

LORENZ (CONT'D)

I dropped a window frame and cracked it. The Baroness was furious and ordered Philippson to thrash my fingers with a riding crop. It's too much! The burden of the entire enterprise rests on the bones of my rotting skeleton.

DORE

Drink some tea.

He sips some tea and begins whimpering pitifully.

LORENZ

I have given over my entire soul to this woman and she treats it like a little charm that she can hang from her bracelet, a bit of decoration off whose tarnished metal she can admire her own reflection.

DORE

Slow down, Rudolf. Tell me everything.

LORENZ

I was a happy, normal man once! I owned a little shop in Paris, you know. Selling knick-knacks for ten times their proper value. The Baroness became my business partner. I trusted her with everything, including the

book-keeping. But she entered the income, and not the expenditures. She ran my little shop into the ground, the way she does with everything placed in her care...

DORE

But you stayed together.

LORENZ

I loved her! And she needed me. I know she did.

DORE

Yes. Well... when did she meet Herr Philippon?

LORENZ

You mean "Baby?" At the Colonial Exhibition at the Bois de Vincennes... I knew they were in love, but I didn't care. The three of us made plans to start anew on Floreana, after reading the accounts of your idyllic lifestyle. I was supposed to oversee the building of the hotel and perform light manual labor! I don't know what I did. Was I too dedicated? Too weak in my convictions? Now her attentions are lavished on Philippon and I am left to attend to their whims... I have to get back! If she knew I was here, there's no telling what might happen. You won't tell her, will you?

DORE

Of course I won't. You can trust me.

LORENZ

She'll send him after me...

DORE

Stay here with me for a bit longer.

Pause.

DORE (CONT'D)

I know what it's like, Rudolf, when one's being is so deeply intertwined with that of another... It reaches a point where separation would be like ripping your heart in half, causing you to bleed to death from the inside.

LORENZ

Yes.

DORE

And when the object of such a love is oblivious to your longing... the connection becomes a thing of pain, rather than beauty... Perhaps that is what is most unbearable - The thought that if the burden of that passion were shared, rather than weighted so heavily on you alone, how truly joyous your life on this earth could be.

LORENZ

But you and the doctor... Adam and Eve...

DORE

A false paradise... Back in Berlin, when we were lying on the roof of his clinic, pretending that a cloud drifting by was our little island... I never imagined the brutal struggle of it all... The chipping away of the crusted ground, the endless slashing of branches and weeds. This toil has caused scars to form around the love we once

shared... transforming it into a callous, ugly thing... He hates me... There is no other way to describe it.

LORENZ

Don't say that. There's hope.

DORE

(Beginning to sob) With the Baroness and her wickedness... I fear that Friedrich's frustration will only deepen as his dream of a philosopher's sanctuary withers away... He is a great man, Rudolf. An important thinker with ideas that could transform the world...

(Attempting to compose herself) Oh, God. I can't be like this. It's my duty as a woman to stand beside him, to strengthen him. But I am weak and limping.

She sobs uncontrollably.

LORENZ

People like us... We don't belong in this place...

Lorenz places his arm around her and begins to cry as well.

Friedrich enters, unnoticed.

FRIEDRICH

What is the meaning of this pathetic display?

DORE

Friedrich!

Lorenz removes his arm from around Dore.

FRIEDRICH

What is he doing here?

DORE

We were just having tea.

LORENZ

Forgive me for intruding, I-

DORE

He has nowhere to turn.

FRIEDRICH

So you've turned him into a girlfriend to confide in. What have you been telling him? Is this how the Baroness learns of our intimate relations?

DORE

What?

LORENZ

But I haven't said-

FRIEDRICH

Any information which has been divulged to you will go no further than this veranda. Do you understand?

LORENZ

Of course.

FRIEDRICH

(To Dore) And you... I will deal with later.

LORENZ

Please. We were only –

FRIEDRICH

Shouldn't you be at the Hacienda polishing the boots of your mistress?

LORENZ

Please have mercy on me, Doctor... You are a great thinker. If you could impart some piece of wisdom which could help me escape from my dire situation.

FRIEDRICH

It doesn't require a great thinker to know that you should immediately remove yourself from the service of that horrible woman and depart aboard the next available vessel.

LORENZ

If I could only afford the price of passage. She won't let me near the money - even though most of it is mine.

Pause.

FRIEDRICH

If it's a question of money, then I may have a proposition for you.

LORENZ

Anything.

FRIEDRICH

If you plan to return to Friedo for pineapple cakes during the coming weeks, I ask that you keep me informed of the goings-on at the Hacienda Paradiso, so that I might better judge and act upon the intentions of the Baroness.

LORENZ

You want me to spy?

FRIEDRICH

In exchange for your services, I will finance your transport back to Berlin.

LORENZ

But if she finds out... you can't possibly begin to understand. I fear that at any moment, I will displease her and be dispersed - with a quick bullet to the head.

FRIEDRICH

If that is a state of affairs which you enjoy, then by all means, reject my offer... Now... If you'll excuse me, I must continue the letter I'm writing to the Ecuadorian Magistrate. Captain Ainsworth is expected to arrive tomorrow and I'm hoping he'll agree to deliver it.

The lights focus on Friedrich as he sits at his desk.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Let me see. Where was I? My concentration!.. Yes. Here.

(Reading) I have not examined the woman medically, but I suspect that she is in the early stages

of paralysis cerebri, resulting in megalomania and delusions of grandeur.

(Writing) This Baroness, as she calls herself, is an example of nature's most perverse tendencies. She is a fiendish combination of ambition and degradation whose presence can only be attributed to the machinations of an otherworldly, satanic force which distorts the harmonious intentions of the universe in order to suit its own selfish, destructive purposes. She is a shadow sent here to block out the light which my philosophies were meant to shed upon humanity - ideas whose benefits far outweigh whatever short-term profits your government might mistakenly believe it can obtain as a result of its cooperation with this woman's commercial exploits. But how can I continue in my efforts to formulate the philosophical foundations for a harmonious society while this malicious woman is allowed to transform the locale of my utopian prototype into a playground for the devil himself? Please, dear sir, do not allow this cancer of evil to spread any further through the property placed under your legal jurisdiction. I am confident that the activities outlined on pages four through twelve of this letter are enough to warrant her incarceration. I anxiously await your intervention. Yours very truly, Doctor Friedrich Ritter.

Friedrich picks up the pages of his letter and attempts, with limited success, to arrange them into an orderly stack.

ACT II: SCENE 4 - FRIEDO

Ainsworth, Gartner and Friedrich are resting. Dore serves them refreshments.

DORE

There you are, gentlemen.

GARTNER

Thank you, Dore.

FRIEDRICH

And thank you again for the supplies. The rice alone may very well save our lives during this horrible drought.

AINSWORTH

I can't believe the devastation which has occurred over just a few months.

GARTNER

What is that putrid rotting smell?

FRIEDRICH

A wild bull fell off a cliff near the Hacienda Paradiso and they have neglected to attend to its carcass. Unfortunately the stench is the least of their offenses.

AINSWORTH

Oh yes. "The Baroness." We've read all about her.

FRIEDRICH

She is a cruel, devilish figure who has brought to Floreana nothing but trouble.

GARTNER

And publicity...

FRIEDRICH

In fact, I have a letter I have written to the Ecuadorian Magistrate which I would like you to deliver. Dore, where is the letter?

Dore hands Ainsworth a thick envelope.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

It is a recommendation that she be committed to a sanitorium.

AINSWORTH

It's that bad?

FRIEDRICH

Worse.

AINSWORTH

She's asked us to visit, you know. When we arrived, there was a funny, nervous man on the beach with a formal invitation for us.

FRIEDRICH

Lorenz. Her man-slave.

AINSWORTH

We had to turn it down since we'll be departing shortly.

We hear voices from offstage.

FRIEDRICH

Oh, dear god. It's her.

*The Baroness enters with Philippon by her side.
They ignore Friedrich and Dore.*

PHILIPPSON

Allow me to introduce the Baroness Wagner de Bousquet.

AINSWORTH

Hello there. Captain Allan Ainsworth. And this is my First Mate Joseph Gartner.

BARONESS

We know who you are. But what I don't know is why you must decline my invitation to take advantage of the accommodations at the Hacienda Paradiso - the premiere destination for world-class travelers.

FRIEDRICH

It's nothing more than a flimsy, over-decorated hut.

BARONESS

You'll have to excuse the good doctor. His senses have been dulled by a diet of figs.

Gartner and Ainsworth laugh nervously.

AINSWORTH

We'd very much like to pay a visit, but as I informed the gentleman at the bay, we're scheduled to depart for

Isabela this evening. We only stopped off to deliver some goods to Dr. Ritter.

BARONESS

Oh, what a shame.

AINSWORTH

But we'll be passing by Floreana in a month or two. We could stop by then. I know the rest of the crew would be thrilled to make your acquaintance.

GARTNER

(*To Ainsworth*) I know Mr. Johnson would be interested.

BARONESS

Who's he?

AINSWORTH

One of the men we're traveling with. Mr. Emory Johnson, a Hollywood film director who would probably enjoy capturing a bit of the Floreana lifestyle on celluloid.

BARONESS

A film director! How glamorous. I was once an actress in Paris, you know. A critic said of my performance as Medea that I possessed a "captivating hypnotic quality." And the book I'm writing at the moment could easily be translated to the silver screen. It's called *The Empress of Floreana*. I could play the Empress myself. As an aristocrat, I have a special, authoritative presence about me - which would make me a perfect subject for a film.

DORE

You are as much an aristocrat as you are an actress.

BARONESS

And what do you know you toothless little monster?

AINSWORTH

Now now...

DORE

I know a real Baroness would not be using spoons and forks engraved with a seven pointed star. A seven pointed star is the mark of a Countess.

BARONESS

That silver belonged to my grandmother! She happened to be a Countess.

Dore moves slowly towards her own collection of tableware.

DORE

Do you notice how difficult it is to keep valuable metals untarnished in a tropical climate?

Dore flashes a knife from her set of "Nirosta" ware.

DORE (CONT'D)

But a stainless steel piece such as this is very easy to maintain. Nirosta ware... An entire set. No polish necessary, just a wipe with a clean cloth... It's vastly

superior to nickel-plated silver, and also far more expensive than your second-rate Cristofle ware.

BARONESS

Impossible. Robert, Darling? How much did we pay for our cutlery, not including the engravings?

Philippson stares at her. The others are aghast as the Baroness realizes her indiscretion. Dore is victorious.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to keep track of which silver came from where? There's so much! I've always had so many things - even as a child. Music boxes. Dollhouses with little chests of drawers which opened and closed. My mother knew the craftsmen. She had a most illustrious reputation. She was a lady in waiting in the Queen's court. There would be wonderful balls and parties where she introduced me to the most sophisticated people. And my father took me traveling in the Middle East and India where I shot a tiger. It's where I developed my skills as a marksman. During the war I was a spy in Constantinople and posed as a dancer at a nightclub where I met my first husband - a dashing French Air Force officer. And the dresses he bought me! They were discussed in Parisian society in greater detail than the budget debates of the Senate. I still have some if you'd like to borrow one.

DORE

That's quite alright.

BARONESS

As a schoolgirl in Brussels, I often wore lace embroidered with the most intricate patterns. Birds of paradise and tortoises. French lace. The finest.

PHILIPPSON

It's very dry here on this veranda.

BARONESS

It is.

PHILIPPSON

She's been working herself to death at the Hacienda...

BARONESS

I have.

PHILIPPSON

And you, "Doctor" - what kind of doctor would do this to someone? I have a mind to crush your skull!

Philippson raises his fist to Friedrich. Friedrich takes hold of his arm and stares him in the eye. Philippson wilts in defeat.

AINSWORTH

Please. Please, gentlemen.

The two men calm down.

AINSWORTH (CONT'D)

It worries me to see this kind of incivility on what could otherwise be an island paradise.

BARONESS

(Suddenly coming to her senses) That's so kind of you, Captain. To be concerned for our state of affairs... But I look around here, at these sacks of rice and flour, at the lamp oil and the blankets, and I wonder if your concern is more greatly weighted in favor of certain parties.

DORE

They're gifts from one group of friends to another.

GARTNER

We didn't want to insinuate, by bringing you supplies that you were somehow unable to manage on your own.

BARONESS

While it's true that my settlement is quite self-sufficient, I am not the kind of woman who would ever look unfavorably upon the goodwill of others. You must understand, Gentlemen, resources can sometimes be quite scarce on this island, so as a close-knit community, we make a point of ensuring that the things we do have are evenly distributed.

FRIEDRICH

If only that were true.

BARONESS

What do you mean, Doctor? Are there things besides these which you've been unwilling to share?

FRIEDRICH

You know exactly what I mean.

BARONESS

Do I?

AINSWORTH

Mr. Gartner, may I have a word with you in private?

Gartner and Ainsworth move aside, leaving the others in a standoff.

FRIEDRICH

You're wasting your time practicing your manipulative tactics on the Captain. He has been a close friend and confidante of mine for years now. He just recently informed that a publication in the states intends to publish one of my philosophical papers.

BARONESS

I didn't realized they printed philosophy in the funny pages.

Gartner and Ainsworth rejoin the others.

AINSWORTH

My apologies to you all. As a gesture of goodwill, I've decided that we shall accept the Baroness' gracious invitation and join her for a short stay at her settlement.

BARONESS

Wonderful news!

AINSWORTH

Perhaps you and Mr. Philippon would like to come aboard the Velero for the night and in the morning you can lead us back to this Hacienda of yours.

BARONESS

Splendid. I simply adore yachts.

AINSWORTH

Would it be okay if we brought some other members of the crew as well?

BARONESS

Of course! There's plenty of room for everyone. And we mustn't forget your friend from Hollywood.

Friedrich and Dore stand in silent disapproval.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Well then... It will be dark soon if we don't hurry. Shall we?

AINSWORTH

Well Doctor. Dore. I guess we'll be leaving you now. Once again, it was delightful to see you. Your progress and fortitude continue to astound me.

FRIEDRICH

Thank you, Captain. I really hope you're not allowing your concern for us to distract you from your research.

BARONESS

Don't be insulting. These gentlemen are quite aware, I'm sure, that although science and study can teach us many things, it is only through direct experience that we find true enlightenment.

The Baroness, Ainsworth and Gartner exit with Philippson trailing behind.

DORE

It's nothing to worry about, Friedrich.

FRIEDRICH

I'm not worried.

Pause. Dore chuckles to herself.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

What's so amusing?

DORE

Did you hear the way she reacted when she fell into my trap with the silverware?

FRIEDRICH

It was no surprise.

DORE

No surprise? Did you hear her? Who knew that aristocratic exterior was so fragile, or that her rambling lunacy ran so deep?!

FRIEDRICH

Of course I knew that. All your little “trap” did was spark the Captain’s curiosity and lead an otherwise dignified man into the belly of the beast.

ACT II: SCENE 5 -
THE PATH TO THE HACIENDA

Friedrich and Heinz are obstructing the path by slashing at branches with machetes.

Heinz stops, picks up a canteen and takes a drink of water.

HEINZ

What would you say? Another three hundred yards?

FRIEDRICH

Maybe more.

HEINZ

A lot of work.

FRIEDRICH

The sooner we obstruct the path that leads from our homes to that den of aberration, the better.

HEINZ

I'm with you...

Friedrich slashes savagely.

HEINZ (CONT'D)

You might want to take a drink of water. You're looking flushed.

FRIEDRICH

I'm fine.

Pause.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Are you just going to stand there?

Heinz is taken aback for a moment, then resumes working.

HEINZ

We can hack away at these branches all we want but that won't get rid of her.

FRIEDRICH

I want it to be quite clear to everyone here that there is no connection, either physical or philosophical, between our two settlements.

HEINZ

I just hope when she finds out about this that it doesn't provoke some form of retaliation. We're just trying to keep things peaceful around here. Trying to raise a family.

FRIEDRICH

I'm aware of your domestic ambitions.

HEINZ

You speak of them as though they're unworthy.

FRIEDRICH

Not unworthy... Just simple.

HEINZ

Simple am I?

FRIEDRICH

Astoundingly simple. You're here in this faraway place, on the remote frontiers of civilization, and yet you insist on distracting yourself with brute notions of procreation and mundane utilitarianism.

HEINZ

It may not be ambitious or high-minded to love and care for a family, but there's nothing simple about it. Wondering if your loved ones will make it through another night in the wilderness you've chosen as your home, listening to your wife screaming in agony as your sickly new-born sucks the last drops of nourishment from her body... It's not something that any amount of philosophy can get you through.

Voices are heard offstage.

Lorenz approaches, looking nervous.

FRIEDRICH

Herr Lorenz.

LORENZ

I musn't be seen.

FRIEDRICH

What is it?

LORENZ

It's a delicate matter. But I haven't much time.

LORENZ (CONT'D)

We're on a hunting expedition. They'll be here any minute... It was late last night. I heard them whispering while they thought I was asleep on the floor.

FRIEDRICH

Whispering about what?

LORENZ

Go back to your shelters. Get out of this field.

FRIEDRICH

Why should we do that?

LORENZ

She knows you're out here. She's planning an accident. A hunting accident aimed at the Doctor.

HEINZ

She's planning to shoot him?

LORENZ

Nothing serious. Just an injury to the leg.

More voices are heard. Friedrich clutches his machete.

Lorenz darts away.

Gartner enters followed by Philippon. They are carrying rifles.

GARTNER

Ah. Good afternoon, gentlemen. Doing some gardening?

FRIEDRICH

You might say that.

GARTNER

So dry out here. Don't know how you stand it.

Gartner takes a drink from his canteen.

Friedrich's eyes dart nervously, scanning the area for danger.

HEINZ

How are you and your men enjoying your stay at the Hacienda?

GARTNER

It's dry there too. The donkeys are all withered and most of the chickens have died off.

PHILIPPSON

We have enough stores to last through the drought.

GARTNER

Sure. It's quite comfortable... We shot the film, you know. A tale of a lady pirate and her prisoner. Mighty fine entertainment, I must say. We were about to pack up when the Baroness had the idea to take us on a little hunting expedition.

PHILIPPSON

Have you seen a couple of cattle pass this way?

HEINZ

Just a few flamingos.

PHILIPPSON

Flamingos? The Baroness has been wanting some for her zoo.

GARTNER

Her zoo?

FRIEDRICH

Where are the others?

GARTNER

Most of the crew is coming around from the side of the woods with the Ecuadorians. The Captain is coming down the hill with the Baroness. Not sure where Lorenz went.

FRIEDRICH

Herr Wittmer, I think it's time we headed back.

PHILIPPSON

Why not join us, Doctor? Or hunting not your game?

FRIEDRICH

I'm afraid it's not.

PHILIPPSON

Perhaps you could just observe. I think I see the cattle coming through the trees.

GARTNER

Where?

Philippson, standing close to Friedrich, takes aim and fires.

Pause. Philippson steps away.

Another shot rings out. Gartner falls to the ground, holding his side. He screams.

Friedrich dives for cover.

HEINZ

What happened?

FRIEDRICH

Get down!

Heinz crouches down. Gartner begins to moan. Staying low, Friedrich investigates Gartner's injury while Philippson remains standing - a look of anger on his face.

GARTNER

Oh God!

HEINZ

You've been shot!

FRIEDRICH

Some water.

Heinz hands Friedrich some water which he pours on Gartner's stomach. Gartner screams in agony.

HEINZ

Man down!

BARONESS (O.S.)

Man down? Are we in the infantry now?

The Baroness enters with Ainsworth.

AINSWORTH

Dear God! What happened? John! Are you alright?

BARONESS

(Unconcerned.) What was it? A stray bullet?

The Baroness draws closer.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Mr. Gartner? Oh dear.

FRIEDRICH

The bullet appears to have passed through the stomach muscles without hitting the kidney.

AINSWORTH

Will he be alright?

FRIEDRICH

If we can remove the bullet.

AINSWORTH

Let's get him back to the ship, we've got some decent supplies on board. How are you Gartner? Can you move?

GARTNER

It hurts.

BARONESS

There there, dear. I'm here with you.

Lorenz appears.

AINSWORTH

Where did the bullet come from?

BARONESS

It was the Ecuadorians, on the other side of the forest.

AINSWORTH

You fired a shot as well. And there was one other shot.

PHILIPPSON

That was me.

AINSWORTH

(To the Baroness) You were aiming in this direction.

BARONESS

I was aiming at the cattle...

(Leaning down to Gartner) Don't worry. Everything's going to be fine. We should get him to the Hacienda where he can rest. Where he can be looked after properly.

AINSWORTH

This man needs a hospital. We need to get him back to the mainland as soon as possible.

LORENZ

I will go with him.

BARONESS

You'll do no such thing... And where were you? You must have fired the shot.

FRIEDRICH

Captain, I suggest you notify the authorities on Guyayaquil.

BARONESS

Nonsense. It was an unfortunate accident.

FRIEDRICH

The Ecuadorians were too far away, and the bullet entered from the wrong side. The cattle were a hundred yards up... The shot came from you, Madam.

BARONESS

From me? How dare you suggest such a thing? I am an expert marksman. I could shoot the wings off a fly from a thousand paces.

FRIEDRICH

Your aim was off this time. The bullet was meant for me.

BARONESS

What are you talking about? Why would I want to shoot you?

FRIEDRICH

You wanted to wound me then nurse me back to health, the way you do with your dogs. To enslave me with my own gratitude.

BARONESS

Do you see what I'm talking about, Captain? Every misfortune attributed to me!

AINSWORTH

Enough! We need to get this man back to the mainland. Doctor Ritter, we'll need your expertise.

Friedrich returns his attention to Gartner.

FRIEDRICH

Of course. We first need to stop this bleeding.

ACT II: SCENE 6 – FRIEDO

Friedrich is writing in his notebook while Dore sweeps the veranda.

FRIEDRICH (V.O.)

(Writing) This essential force which drives us to eat, to procreate, to push forward might seem, to any intelligent student of philosophy and theology, to be the sole will of the divine creator. But it is only one hand of God.

Dore's sweeping blows dust into Friedrich's face.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Haven't you swept enough?

DORE

I'm almost through.

Friedrich slams down his pen.

DORE (CONT'D)

What's troubling you?

FRIEDRICH

What's troubling me? That woman has made an attempt on my life. It's only through poor aim and good fortune that I'm not being bled into submission... And now as I attempt to respect my fortune by working, I find I can hardly breathe from all this dust.

DORE

I'm sorry. But the more drastic action was undertaken by the Baroness. Not by me.

FRIEDRICH

The more drastic action... Do you have any idea what you're saying? Do you even think?

DORE

I think. I do. I think that while you sit there, tormented by the Baroness, you've hardly worked on your gardening.

FRIEDRICH

We're in a drought! What gardening is there to do?

DORE

I will tend to it myself and leave you in peace, then.

Dore exits. Friedrich resumes writing.

FRIEDRICH

The other hand of God strikes down and destroys - like a great sculptor, chiseling away at the granite of life, discarding and smashing to dust those forms which fail to meet the standards of the master design. The divine eye perceives no distinction between the creative and the destructive. It is a singular progress in which man must choose his method of participation. Those driven by evil will opt to participate through violent and destructive means, while the enlightened man will-

There is a rustling noise off-stage. Panic stricken, Friedrich jumps to his feet and takes hold of his rifle.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Who's there? Show yourself!

Lorenz sneaks out from the underbrush.

LORENZ

Don't shoot!

FRIEDRICH

Why do you insist on sneaking around like a mole rat? You're lucky I don't blow a hole through you.

LORENZ

I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. You've every reason to be anxious.

Friedrich lowers his gun and begins to frisk Lorenz.

LORENZ (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

FRIEDRICH

You've come to correct the Baroness' mistake, haven't you?

LORENZ

I mean you no harm. I only wish to tell you what transpired during the visit from the Magistrate.

Friedrich stops frisking.

FRIEDRICH

Very well. Tell me what he said.

LORENZ

The Baroness was granted four square miles of land and fair use of the Wittmer's spring.

FRIEDRICH

Impossible! We were granted only fifty acres. As were the Wittmers... Doesn't the man realize she is dangerous? Did he address our charges?

LORENZ

There was some discussion of her various offences. She dismissed them with a chuckle and a wave of the hand. She called you a disagreeable eccentric, and referred to the Wittmer's as quarrelsome common folk.

FRIEDRICH

How did he respond?

LORENZ

He agreed with her.

FRIEDRICH

What?

LORENZ

He was completely charmed by her every word. As we ate dinner, Philippon and I watched as she seduced the man, right there in front of us. Philippon was visibly

upset, but was powerless... We were forced to sleep outdoors, within earshot of them. In the morning, the man emerged with a most unnerving smile on his face, as if he himself was unsure of what had transpired...

FRIEDRICH

The woman is a whore!

LORENZ

He then congratulated us for our ambition and the progress we had made and invited the Baroness to stay with him for a few week's holiday on Chatham Island.

FRIEDRICH

She attempted to shoot me! She's a criminal and a lunatic and he allows her to roam free, unchecked by a higher authority?

He smashes the butt of his rifle down on his work table, sending his papers flying.

Appalled at himself, Friedrich watches the papers fall to the ground, then crouches to pick them up.

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

Look what she's driven me to, this mistress of yours. It has to stop.

LORENZ

Why not simply abandon all of this? You and Dore can return to Berlin with me.

FRIEDRICH

Get out of my sight! How dare you suggest such a thing?

LORENZ

What other option is there?

FRIEDRICH

Is that why you're here? To persuade me to yield everything I've worked for to a madwoman?

LORENZ

I just want an end to all this!

FRIEDRICH

As do I. But not by retreating in defeat.

LORENZ

What do you suggest?

FRIEDRICH

I don't know. I can't think... She is no longer merely an annoyance to be tolerated or ignored. I can picture her there, reclining amidst her illusions of luxury, biding her time, waiting until my defenses are lowered before making another attempt on my life... But there is no way of anticipating her actions without embracing her own demented logic. And I certainly have no intention of demeaning myself in such a way... No, this has now become a simple matter of self-preservation...

Friedrich is silent.

LORENZ

What is it, Doctor?

FRIEDRICH

If avoidance, reason, and the law can not be used as deterrents, there is only one solution.

LORENZ

What are you suggesting?

FRIEDRICH

I am suggesting what should be most obvious were it not for the inhibitions ingrained in us by the years wasted in our former habitats... It was a mental leap I was unwilling to make until now - now that all traditional methods of maintaining order have been exhausted.

LORENZ

I couldn't allow you to do anything that would cause harm.

FRIEDRICH

Not me. You... Do you know where the Baroness keeps her pistol?

LORENZ

What?

FRIEDRICH

Her pistol. Where does she keep it?

LORENZ

It's usually on her person. What for?

FRIEDRICH

But at night. When she goes to bed.

LORENZ

She hangs the holster on a bedpost... But Doctor.

FRIEDRICH

Quiet! Do not lie to me and pretend that this thought has never crossed your mind. How could it not have, considering the way she treats you. You know what must be done. It is time to act... And when you do, you will forget that it was I who initiated this course of events and you will tell no one of this conversation. Do you understand?

LORENZ

No. I could never. I love her so dearly.

Lorenz begins to sob.

FRIEDRICH

You pathetic worm of a man. Where is your dignity? Was it such a simple matter to hand it over to another without a thought? As if it were a shaker of salt at a friendly supper!

LORENZ

Please, Doctor. There must-

FRIEDRICH

The path to your own redemption is laid out clearly before you. If there is but one shred of willpower left in your sorry soul then seize it! Use it to rid yourself of

your torments and once and for all declare yourself a human being. Can you do that?

Lorenz nods and attempts to control his sobbing.

ACT II: SCENE 7 -
THE HACIENDA PARADISO

Nighttime. Lorenz, the Baroness and Philippson are indoors, preparing for bed.

BARONESS

Lorenz, tomorrow I want you to finish digging that trench. It's taking you forever.

LORENZ

Yes, Baroness.

The Baroness slips off her robe. She is wearing a garish, lacy nightgown.

BARONESS

Fold my robe.

LORENZ

Yes Baroness.

PHILIPPSON

Where shall I sleep tonight, Baroness?

BARONESS

With me, of course! Let me massage your tired muscles.

LORENZ

May I sleep in the other bed then?

PHILIPPSON

I don't want his filthy body soiling my sheets.

BARONESS

You will sleep on the floor as usual.

Lorenz stares at the Baroness. He appears to be in great pain.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Why do you look at me that way?

LORENZ

My back is in tremendous pain from all the digging.

PHILIPPSON

Is he complaining?

BARONESS

I do believe he is. Let's ask him... Lorenz, are you complaining?

LORENZ

No, Baroness.

BARONESS

Because if you are, you can save your complaints for the Ritters.

Lorenz freezes in shock.

PHILIPPSON

We know where you go.

BARONESS

What have you been telling them?

LORENZ

Nothing. Nothing at all. The Fraulein gives me tea and pineapple cakes.

PHILIPPSON

I saw him walking towards Friedo only yesterday.

LORENZ

No. You're mistaken.

BARONESS

What have you told them? Have your allegiances been swayed by tea and pineapple cakes?

LORENZ

I only wanted to create the illusion of tranquility between our two camps. So that-

BARONESS

Let me ask you plainly, Rudolf. Are you a spy?

LORENZ

No.

BARONESS

You're not? But I find spies so alluring. Come closer.

Lorenz stands still.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

I would very much enjoy a kiss from a spy.

Lorenz moves closer, cautiously.

She takes Lorenz's head in her hands and kisses him on the mouth.

Lorenz moans and pulls away. His mouth is bleeding.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

When you pay your little visits, make sure to bite your tongue, Lorenz. That way I won't have to do it for you. Now, what is it you told them?

Lorenz backs away. He stumbles and steadies himself on the bedpost, where the Baroness' holster is hanging.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

(To Philippson) Hold him down... Where is my riding crop?

As Philippson is about to take hold of him, Lorenz removes the pistol from the holster and waves it wildly around the room.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Who told you you could touch my pistol? Put that back immediately.

Lorenz gathers himself and points the pistol at the Baroness. He is about to cry.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Is this what you've been plotting, then? An assassination? You're a spy and an assassin? Oh, Rudolf. I had no idea

you harbored such talents. I would have put them to use long ago.

Philippson slowly approaches Lorenz, wielding the Baroness' riding crop.

BARONESS (CONT'D)

Ritter... How despicable. To turn my most precious ally against me... How could you listen to him? He has no conception of what we are doing here... I'm so disappointed in you... I've always been here for you to love and honor with your affections, haven't I?... And now this?

LORENZ

Forgive me, Baroness.

BARONESS

Put my gun back where you found it and we'll get this all sorted out. I may even let you sleep in the other bed if you're good.

Lorenz shakes his head.

LORENZ

(Distraught) At first it was just a game we played. There was affection in your voice when you issued the orders... I would smile, ever so slightly as I obeyed... I could regulate the degree and timing of the punishments through my own misbehavior... But over time our silent agreement began polluting the essence of the genuine love that was once between us... I can't let it go on like this. I won't have it.

BARONESS

You won't have it? Is that so? How ungrateful you are. How many other people in this world have been allowed to feel a love as strong as yours? To have a figure off whom you can project and amplify all the pain that love entails?... Any schoolboy can skim the surface of love's joyful qualities, but how many men have truly plumbed the rich depths, the tragic darkness of love's wretched cruelty... those things which can only be felt when the heart is ripped open and allowed to bleed freely... If I was cruel, it was only so that you might squeeze every last drop of feeling from this arid existence... It's all I ever wanted for you...

Philippson lunges at Lorenz, striking him with the riding crop.

Black out.

We hear two gunshots.

ACT II: SCENE 8

THE HACIENDA PARADISO

Friedrich, Dore, Heinz and Margret are taking inventory of the Hacienda. Lorenz is writing into a ledger. He's nervous and shaken, unable to look anyone in the eye.

MARGRET

I don't know if I feel right procuring these things from him.

HEINZ

He says they were all bought with his money to begin with.

MARGRET

(To Lorenz) You're sure they have no plans to return?

LORENZ

They've finished here. When the private yacht arrived two nights ago, a man on board promised them land in Tahiti on which they could start their endeavors anew.

HEINZ

And they just left you to straighten all this up for them?

LORENZ

And as soon as I do, I'm headed back to Germany.

MARGRET

At least we no longer have to share our spring water with them.

HEINZ

I guess we'll take the condensed milk. If that's alright by you, Doctor.

FRIEDRICH

That's fine. Can you spare some chicken meat in exchange.

HEINZ

What for? You don't eat meat.

FRIEDRICH

For the donkeys.

HEINZ

We'll bring it up to you tomorrow afternoon.

FRIEDRICH

That would be fine.

Friedrich, Margret and Heinz continue assessing the provisions. Lorenz slumps in a chair and begins crying

Dore approaches him and places a hand on his shoulder.

DORE

You must take their departure as a blessing. You're finally free of her.

LORENZ

Free? I'm only imprisoned by the agony of separation.

DORE

Just try to think of the future. Being back in Berlin. Think of mattresses. Showers. Restaurants.

LORENZ

Being without her, knowing that I will never see her again - it's a different kind of pain. Sharper, but somehow more bearable. More satisfying in many ways than the lingering ache that I had grown so accustomed to.

DORE

I'm so proud of you for not going with her. For finally tearing yourself away.

LORENZ

And I'm still alive.

DORE

Yes you are...

MARGRET

She left her hat on the table. And a picture of her grandmother...

Lorenz stands and makes a few notes in his ledger.

LORENZ

There are another four sheets of corrugated steel...

HEINZ

I'm afraid that's all the money I can spare.

LORENZ

Very well. I'll be back in September to dismantle the rest. Whatever is left after that is yours to do with as you see fit.

DORE

They're gone! How wonderful it is!

Dore begins dancing, wobbling unevenly on her bad leg.

The others watch her for a moment.

Friedrich

Stop dancing, you stupid woman.

ACT II: SCENE 9 - FRIEDO

Friedrich is writing in his journal as Dore prepares a meal.

FRIEDRICH

(Writing) Lorenz departs aboard a Norwegian merchant vessel tomorrow. Though the secret remains intact, I cannot help but feel the rocks and trees condemn me with the silent knowledge of my participation in this unspeakable act. Dore, in her oblivion, with her tiresome, romantic ideas and trivial concerns has grated on my nerves since the incident. I can not think at all when she is close at hand and even when I am able to avoid her, a single, quick memory of an action or statement of hers disrupts my concentration to the point of losing all rational focus. My work has suffered immeasurably as a result, and I fear that the damage done to my essay on the evolution of a non-ellipsoidal cosmology may be irreparable.

DORE

Will you be ready to eat soon?

Friedrich is silent.

DORE (CONT'D)

It was so kind of the Wittmers to give us some chicken meat.

Silence.

DORE (CONT'D)

If an animal is to die, it is best if its flesh is allowed to take part in the nutritional continuum of the universe.

FRIEDRICH

Please woman! Can't you see I'm trying to write?

DORE

You've been writing so much! I can't wait to read what you've done.

FRIEDRICH

Never.

DORE

What do you mean? I would like to think I have helped inspire you. I should at least be granted the opportunity to enrich my mind through exposure to your ideas.

Friedrich looks at her with hatred.

FRIEDRICH

If there has been one thing on this island that has caused my soul the most distress, it has not been the Satanic boar, or that witch the Baroness, no... it has been you.

Silence. Dore moves closer to him, as if to offer comfort.

Friedrich spits in her face.

DORE

(Wiping her face) I would rather your venom take such form, than have it seep slowly from your

tongue as you offer your grunts and phrases of mock companionship... I have tolerated your callousness and cruelty... I have created a life out of nothing on this godforsaken island...

FRIEDRICH

You created nothing.

DORE

All I have asked for in return is a life of harmony and peace together... But that seems to be too much for you. You have nothing to offer me. You never have. You ran away from the world, thinking that the world wasn't good enough for a man as wise and intelligent as you... But in truth, you were afraid of what everyone else, besides me seemed to know... That despite all your philosophy, you're just a human being. You're one of us.

FRIEDRICH

I am not one of you.

DORE

You're an animal that's born, wanders around in the dark for a short time, then dies - with no greater knowledge of what it all means than a cow or a donkey.

FRIEDRICH

Look around. I have created this. It is the product of my genius. All of it... I see and I create light. I hear and I create sound.

DORE

You're just like everyone else... Perhaps worse... I think you wish the Baroness had never left. You're alone with your delusions of greatness.

FRIEDRICH

How dare you.

Friedrich is about to strike her. But she backs away and returns to her cooking.

Friedrich sits and attempts to regain his concentration.

Silence.

Dore pauses, then exits.

ACT II: SCENE IO - FRIEDO

Friedrich is sitting, slumped in a chair, covered with a blanket.

Margret dabs his forehead with a cloth as Dore looks on.

MARGRET

How long has he been like this?

DORE

Two days.

MARGRET

Why didn't you come to us sooner?

DORE

I thought he would get better. I kept waiting.

Margret looks into Friedrich's eyes.

As Dore comes closer, he snarls and tries to kick her, but his legs only flail.

MARGRET

Doctor Ritter? Can you tell me what to do?

He shakes his head and flails his arm.

DORE

His tongue seems to have swollen in his mouth.

MARGRET

How long did you boil the meat for?

DORE

For several minutes, at least.

MARGRET

You're sure you boiled it?

Pause. Friedrich's nose begins to bleed.

MARGRET (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

Margret wipes the blood away.

MARGRET (CONT'D)

It's not stopping.

DORE

Do you really think it's botulism?

MARGRET

I thought you didn't eat meat.

DORE

We didn't want it to go to waste.

MARGRET

Hm. And you didn't have any?

DORE

I wasn't hungry.

MARGRET

I thought we might pump his stomach, but... I don't know what good it would do at this point.

DORE

What?

MARGRET

Botulism is deadly, my dear. I'm very sorry.

DORE

Then he's dying?

MARGRET

He is.

Silence.

Dore moves closer to Friedrich. He flails at her, then calms down.

He begins trying to speak, but produces only grunts. The blood from his nose is spread over his face.

MARGRET (CONT'D)

He's trying to say something... Give him the paper.

Dore hands him a pen and paper.

He gathers his strength then begins to write.

When he is finished, Dore takes the paper from him.

DORE

Oh...

Margret looks over her shoulder.

MARGRET

“I curse you with my dying breath.”

Dore begins to cry. Margret holds her. Friedrich slumps in his chair.

Silence.

ACT II: SCENE I I - THE WITTMER'S

Ainsworth stands beside Heinz, who is holding Baby Rolf. Margret is preparing a meal while Dore, kneeling near the edge of the stage sorts through a box of papers.

HEINZ

She buried him on her own...

AINSWORTH

The poor woman.

MARGRET

We had a small ceremony at Friedo. After that, she packed everything up and hasn't been back since. Couldn't bear it.

AINSWORTH

So much tragedy in such a short time. The disappearance of Philippon and the Baroness. The loss of the doctor. The death of Lorenz.

HEINZ

Lorenz?

AINSWORTH

Oh no. You haven't heard...

HEINZ

Heard what?

AINSWORTH

It's been in all the papers, but I guess that doesn't mean much to you... Poor man. They found his body washed up on the beach of Marchena with the captain of the skiff that was taking him to San Cristobal.

HEINZ

Really?

AINSWORTH

The body was mummified from salt water.

MARGRET

How horrible.

Silence.

AINSWORTH

No one knows what happened exactly. All kinds of theories and rumors... My guess is they drifted off course and died from dehydration.

HEINZ

He was so excited to leave here...

MARGRET

It's best not to tell the Fraulein of this. Not until she's safely on board and bound for Germany. She was quite fond of the man.

The group falls silent as Dore enters.

DORE

Everything's here. All of Friedrich's work stored safely in a watertight box.

MARGRET

He would be happy to know that.

DORE

It wasn't for him. It's for the good of the world. The philosophies of Doctor Friedrich Ritter are among the most advanced, important thoughts in Western civilization. As his foremost disciple, it is my responsibility to ensure that his legacy be honored and preserved, so that humanity might rise above its shortcomings and live in a state of eternal enlightenment.

Silence.

AINSWORTH

Indeed... This appears to be the last of it, then. My men have taken everything from Friedo and loaded it aboard the Velero.

DORE

Thank you, Captain.

(To Heinz and Margret) So you'll be down to see us off?

MARGRET

As soon as we have our lunch. Are you sure you won't join us?

DORE

No. I've abused your hospitality enough.

MARGRET

Nonsense.

DORE

All the same, I'd just as soon enjoy my next meal at sea.

AINSWORTH

Ready then?

*Ainsworth takes the box from Dore and offers her
his free arm.*

DORE

Thank you, Captain. I don't know how I could have lasted this long without your generosity. You've always acted in accordance with the harmonies of the greater All. I admire you for that.

MARGRET

We'll be down to see you soon, dear.

Dore and Ainsworth exit.

Heinz sits down in a chair and lights a pipe.

Margret continues preparing lunch.

MARGRET

Would you like your figs in a salad or on their own?

HEINZ

A salad would be just lovely... Thank you, Frau Wittmer.

MARGRET

You're welcome, Herr Wittmer.

Lights down.