

IN 80 TAGEN UM DIE WELT: DIE NEUE REISE  
(MUSICAL - HÖRSPIEL)

Englische Fassung  
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Buch:  
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SCENE 1: INT SMALL ROOM

SFX: SECOND HAND OF CLOCK TICKING

VICTORIA: In the last 80 days, I have travelled across continents and oceans, been robbed, attacked, almost beaten to death in the street, trekked the african bush, and even survived a shipwreck. If I do not wish to talk, I won't. If you are working for those men in the Reform Club who lost their wager on my account, you will have the authorities to reckon with.

OFFICER: Sir, I think Miss Fogg should remain restrained. She knocked one of my men *out* when they tried to bring her here.

VICTORIA: They attacked me for no reason and got what they deserved. Who are you?

MELVILLE: (*Sigh*) You are here because there are many aspects of your 80 day journey which have significance to the Crown's security. As to your question, we are servants of her majesty Queen Victoria's Scotland Yard.

VICTORIA: Scotland Yard does not kidnap ordinary citizens.

OFFICER We do if you are an anarchist.

VICTORIA: (*Laughs*) An anarchist? I do not believe you are who you say you are. Scotland Yard would never mishandle a citizen, let alone a woman, as you.

MELVILLE: Officer, stand down. Show her our documents.

PAPERS SHUFFLING AND BEING THROWN ON THE TABLE

VICTORIA: You are *the* Chief Inspector William Melville? What have I done that Scotland Yard should feel it necessary to detain and chain me here?

MELVILLE: If we remove the restraints, Miss Fogg, do you promise not to become violent?

VICTORIA: Yes.

GETTING OUT OF CHAIR, FOOTSTEPS WALKING , KEYS  
CLANGING, CHAINS BEING REMOVED.

MELVILLE: We live in dangerous times, Miss Fogg, which is why we were so “expedient” in accompanying you here. Now that you know who we are, we would appreciate your full account of your trip from departure to your arrival. Do you consent?

VICTORIA: You forcibly took me from the Reform Club, restrained me, attached God knows what to my arm (probably to test my truthfulness) and *now* you ask for my consent? I demand legal counsel.

MELVILLE: Ah, that would have been possible had this interview taken place *officially*. Trust that whatever you say will be in service of the Crown. You do have the right to remain silent, however knowing you would be charged with treason for withholding critical intelligence.

VICTORIA: Officially or unofficially?

MELVILLE: Witty. A cup of tea before we begin? You will be here a long time.

VICTORIA: (*sighs*) I suppose I might as well.

MELVILLE: Officer, you heard the lady.

FOOTSTEPS - OFF  
SOUND OF TEA BEING POURED.

Milk or sugar?

VICTORIA No thank you.

OFF -SOUND FOOTSTEPS RETURNING.  
CUP BEING PLACED ON THE TABLE.  
FOOTSTEPS BACK TO CHAIR, SITTING DOWN IN CHAIR  
SOUND OF SIPPING TEA, TEACUP BEING PLACED IN SAUCER

MELVILLE: Ready, officer? Good. The time is 6pm, Thursday, September 9th, 1897. You are Miss Victoria Fogg, Date of Birth September 9, 1876?

VICTORIA: Yes. Well, no. My name is actually Veda Fogg. That was my birth name. We had it changed later, but I prefer it now.

MELVILLE: No matter. You will be addressed as Miss Fogg for the purposes of this interview. Oh, I see today is your 21st birthday. My sincere congratulations.

VICTORIA     Thank you.

MELVILLE:     You are the only daughter of Phileas Fogg from Saville Row, London, England and the Princess Aouda of Bunderkhand, India.

VICTORIA:     Yes.

SIPPING TEA, TEACUP BEING PLACED IN SAUCER

MELVILLE:     In your own words, can you describe what you were doing the morning of the day of your departure, June 21, 1897.

SCENE 2: INT FOGG home on Saville Row  
MUSIC FROM "VICTORIA"

FOGG:     Lucy, the bath was unacceptable. It was almost a scalding 88 degrees Fahrenheit.

LUCY:     I'm sorry, sir.

VEDA:     Ignore Papa, Lucy, we have to hurry. Take that bag there.

FOGG:     Am I to be disrespected in my own home after being practically *boiled alive* at my old age?

VEDA:     "Almost 88 degrees Fahrenheit" is 87 degrees, which is only a degree more than you prefer. Why are you making such a fuss, when I am about to leave?

FOGG:     Victoria, must you leave Saville Row? The household is falling apart without you as we speak. I paid for those private tutors so you could stay here, not go away.

VEDA:     Papa, I think you enjoy moaning. It was you after all who encouraged me to seek a profession.

FOGG:     Your teaching contract does not require you to stay at the faculty residences. Why live among strangers when you could return home after work? It is only an hour and a half trip with the train.

VEDA: Oh dear Papa. I hope they won't be strangers for long, but friends I can have intelligent discussions with; like-minded New Women of the era.

FOGG: There are mobs of people coming in from all over the country for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations tomorrow. Why leave London today when we could watch the procession comfortably here near Saville Row tomorrow? You can move in the day after.

VEDA: Papa, we've been over this. Because of the Jubilee tomorrow, most of my colleagues will be leaving early for the summer break and won't return till September. They organized this luncheon in my honor to get to know me before the semester starts in the fall. You detest crowds and noise. You wouldn't want to watch the parades anyway. Where is your coat? You promised you wouldn't mope and go straight to the Reform Club for the private exhibition as soon as I leave. All five hundred and seventy-six steps.

FOGG: (scoffs) I beg your pardon? I am not moping.

VEDA: Oh dear, I see that this is coat number 3-11, not 3-10. Lucy, please pay more attention.

FOGG: No, this time Lucy didn't make a mistake. She was so busy washing your bloomers that she hadn't any time to re sew the buttons on 3-10. The 3-11 coat will have to do for my daughter's farewell.

VEDA: I'm glad to see you so flexible today.

MUSIC: OFF -"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" BEING PLAYED BY  
TRUMPETS

Oh no, I hear the bands outside already rehearsing. We must hurry, Lucy, otherwise we won't have a chance of getting through the crowds.

DOOR OPENS AND SOUND OF CROWDS, STREET NOISES OF  
HORSES, CARRIAGES, AND A BAND REHEARSING

FOGG: And thus the chaos descends.

VEDA: Will you behave after I leave? Don't answer. Please don't be too hard on Lucy. Kiss me farewell.

FOGG: (gently) Victoria, even if I don't like you going, I'm glad you are. I know your mother would be proud of you.

CHORUS: **SONG 1: VICTORIA**

**CHORUS**

God save our gracious Queen  
God save our noble Queen  
God save the Queen

Victoria!  
Get the banners up,  
Get the singers get the drums  
For Victoria!  
For her big parade  
We're gonna celebrate  
Victoria!  
The leader of an Empire!

**VERSE 1 (VICTORIA)**

What a sight, what a view  
All the people who love you  
Victoria  
Marching in the streets  
Thousand men at your feet  
Victoria  
Oh is this the world that's coming?  
Where we can be so much more  
Than just a mother, wife and daughter  
Are we standing at the door  
Oh Victoria  
New women of the Empire!

**REFRAIN 2 (VICTORIA & CHORUS)**

Victoria  
What a woman can be  
When you make her the Queen  
Victoria  
In a world of men  
You can be yourself  
Victoria  
Lady of an Empire!

**VERSE 2 (OLIVIER PASSEPARTOUT)**

Why does everyone seem to walk unison  
Victoria?  
When I follow the beat, I feel like I defeat myself  
Oh would I still be a son of yours  
or cast away forever more  
If I choose love instead of duty's pledge?  
Oh Victoria  
Mother of the Empire

**REFRAIN 2 (OLIVIER PASSEPARTOUT & CHORUS)**

If the world could be  
Where I could be me  
Victoria  
No black and white  
No reason to hide  
Victoria  
Mother of our Empire

**BRIDGE (LUCY SHAW)**

Were you once a girl like me  
With simple dreams and simple needs Before the black had veiled your  
crown And all the walls came crumbling down

**FINAL REFRAIN & CODA (ALL & CHORUS)**

Victoria  
Get the banners up,  
Get the singers, get the drums  
For Victoria  
For her big parade  
We're gonna celebrate  
Victoria  
The leader of an Empire! (God Save the Queen)

SCENE 3: INT SMALL ROOM

SFX: SECOND HAND OF CLOCK TICKING

MELVILLE: For the record, you ran into your godbrother, Olivier  
Passepartout around 10 am in London before you caught your  
train to your posting at Steele's Lady's College in Wimbledon.

VICTORIA: Yes, that's right.

MELVILLE: Our records show that he has been practicing law in Edinburgh the past 4 years. Do you know why he was there on that particular day in London?

VICTORIA: To attend the wedding of a friend, I believe.

MELVILLE: Yes, young Lord Alfred Cray, another member of the Reform Club. Does your father know him?

VICTORIA: Most likely not. Father used to go to the Reform Club to play whist religiously, but he stopped some time when I was a child.

MELVILLE: If you were starting a new position of employment that morning, why did you take on your father's wager? Why did you accept a posting you were going to reject at the first opportunity?

VICTORIA: The wager had not been set at that time. And I didn't reject the posting: they rejected me.

SCENE 4: INT. DINING ROOM AT STEELE COLLEGE FACULTY RESIDENCE  
WOMEN CHATTING, CUTTLERY BEING USED

HEADMISTRESS: Could someone please pass Miss Fogg the pork sausage. She only has potatoes and greens on her plate.

VICTORIA: No thank you. I am quite content.

HEADMISTRESS: Roast beef?

VICTORIA: Sorry, I do not eat beef.

TEACHER 1: Do you have a special diet of some sort, Miss Fogg?

VICTORIA: Yes, I am a vegetarian.

TEACHER 1: I've never met a vegetarian before. How exciting!

HEADMISTRESS: I apologize, Miss Fogg. If I had been aware of your special diet, I would have asked the cook to prepare fish for the luncheon instead.



VICTORIA: (chuckles softly) I am quite happy with what has been served, thank you Headmistress.

TEACHER 2: We are very honored to be teaching with you this coming year. It is very rare for a woman to take the Tripos exam at Cambridge and to succeed.

HEADMISTRESS: Yes, the board was quite impressed with your references, Miss Fogg. You seem to have had every faculty member from Girton College at Cambridge singing your praises.

VICTORIA: You're too kind. I can't tell you how much I am looking forward to working alongside all of you.

TEACHER 1: I'm curious, Miss Fogg. How does one become a vegetarian? Did you slowly wean yourself from meat? First beef, then chicken, then fish, I suppose?

VICTORIA: I was always a vegetarian. My mother was one as well.

TEACHER 2: Oh, a family tradition! And how did she become one?

VICTORIA: (hesitating) It was her culture. She was hindu, you see.

TEACHER 1: Hindu. They are Indians, are they not?

(SOUND OF CUTLERY, PLATES & CHATTER STOP)

VICTORIA: Yes.

TEACHER 2: And British subjects, like the Scots and the Welsh.

HEADMISTRESS: You don't look or sound Indian.

VICTORIA: Perhaps because I am half...

(SOUND OF WOMEN'S GASPS, CHATTERING)

And I've only been to India once when I was very young.

HEADMISTRESS: Fogg...Oh, that's why the name was so familiar. Your father is Phileas Fogg, the one who married *that Indian* he saved from

being sacrificed to a heathen god by her village. Your mother was a heathen herself, wasn't she?  
(MORE CHATTERING, STANDING UP FROM THEIR CHAIRS)

Ladies, I am so very sorry. You are all excused. My apologies.

VICTORIA: What is happening?

Teacher 1: How dare you deceive us all.

VICTORIA: Pardon me?

HEADMISTRESS: Did you suppose you could teach young English women to be role models of society when you are so far from the mark? The council would have never allowed it if they knew. Your impertinence to sup at our table in disgusting pretense is something I would expect only from one of your kind. And to think that by employing you, you have stolen this position from a worthier candidate and wasted our time. Shame on you. Please remove yourself from our society immediately.

VICTORIA: Headmistress, I am quite at a loss for words at your anger. I have not deceived anyone. I was born here, grew up in England. My mother converted to the church of England after she married my father. I assure you, I share an upbringing as English as all of you. I was interviewed by the clergy, the city council, and by you for this position. You have read my recommendations from my former tutors, seen my exam results.

HEADMISTRESS: Now that we have uncovered the lie of your identity, how can anyone believe that your accomplishments are real? Your father is one of the richest men in England. He could have bought these accolades.

VICTORIA: Your accusation is not just insulting to myself or my father, but all the academics at Girton. Headmistress, I would be a great asset to your college. You said so yourself just minutes ago.

HEADMISTRESS: As long as I live and breathe, a half-breed mongrel will never teach here. I know your lot, my father fought against you in the Indian rebellion of 57. A disloyal, ungrateful and untrustworthy race.

VICTORIA: I did not fight your father in 1857, I wasn't even born. Why should being half-Indian disqualify my accomplishments?

HEADMISTRESS: A true Englishwoman would understand. The fact that this escapes you proves my point. Enough. Ladies, please remove Miss Fogg from my sight.

(MORE CHATTERING, STANDING UP FROM THEIR CHAIRS,  
STEPS TOWARDS VICTORIA, SCUFFLE)

VICTORIA: Let go of me! I will leave on my own. If you would just let me know where you kept my baggages, I'll be on my way.

TEACHER 2: (*apologetically*) Um...Sorry, Miss Fogg. I'm afraid they've already been put outside.

VICTORIA: Put outside? What do you mean?

(QUICK FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS A WINDOW)

You've thrown my belongings on the street!?!

HEADMISTRESS: Best you leave quickly before someone steals them. Good day.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS, WOMEN  
WHISPERING, DOOR OPENS & SHUTS CLOSE. SOUNDS OF  
THE STREET, HORSES, CARRIAGES, PEOPLE)

VICTORIA: **SONG 2: A WORLD FOR ALL OF US**

**VERSE 1**

Why can't they see me?  
Why can't they see beyond themselves  
See the person I know to be myself?  
Why is it so hard  
To think the world can be a place  
That's very different from the one they know today?  
Maybe they're right  
Maybe they've won the fight.

**REFRAIN 1**

Should I keep trying? Should I keep looking up?  
Ever reaching for the stars  
If I keep fighting against the tide  
Strong enough to rise above  
Will it ever be enough  
Or will the world never catch up?

**VERSE 2**

When I was younger  
I used to have so many dreams  
Of what I'd do and who I wanted to be  
Now that I'm older and life has shown its face  
I see my dreams and hopes begin to fade  
Maybe they're wrong  
Maybe I'll show them all

**REFRAIN 2**

If I keep trying, if I keep looking up,  
Ever reaching for the stars  
If I keep fighting, go that extra mile  
Pull the world to me on top  
and make a world for all of us...

**SCENE 5: INT SMALL ROOM****SFX: SECOND HAND OF CLOCK TICKING**

MELVILLE:           After the incident at the College, you returned to London. What time?

VICTORIA:            Between 2 and 3pm.

MELVILLE:           Your father was seen at the Reform Club exhibition at 330pm, several hours after you told him to go. Do you know why he did not leave earlier as you intended for him?

VICTORIA:            Father has always been reluctant to leave the house. I can't remember him any other way.

MELVILLE: Then why did he go at 3:30pm, after you had returned to Saville Row? Wasn't he happy you had returned?

VICTORIA: He needed some air, I suppose.

MELVILLE: That sounds like you argued?

#### SCENE 6: FOGG HOME

FOGG: No daughter of mine is a quitter. There will be other opportunities.

VICTORIA: Where? Papa, don't you understand? I can try and try till I am blue in the face. It doesn't matter. None of my accomplishments matter.

FOGG: You passed the Tripos exam. Only a handful of women have ever done that, let alone men. No one can take that away from you.

VICTORIA: It was a waste of time, Papa. My life is a waste. These accomplishments are only relevant in a bubble, not in the real world. I knew as a woman, I would have difficulty proving myself, but I didn't know that those who should be my allies would be prejudiced against me. These women have known discrimination from men, yet they despise me, a complete stranger, for something I cannot change. How can you tell me there is any reason to try at all?

FOGG: Those women do not represent the world. They cannot dictate your future. Only you can make it. Only you are responsible for your future.

VICTORIA: Papa, if you really believed that, why did you never send me to a school or to university? Why did I only have private tutors? Why did I never enter society like other young girls? The only friends I've ever had were the Passepartout children, no one else. It's because you knew the truth. There's no place for someone like me. You were trying to hide me from the world.

FOGG: I wasn't trying to hide you, I was trying to protect you from..

VICTORIA                    From reality? You did not do me any favours by lying to me or yourself.

FOGG:                        Reality is what you accept it to be. Your mother thought the same thing when she, an educated woman, was forced to marry so young. She thought people's expectations were all there was. And when her first husband died, she thought she would have to die with him as their culture dictated. Her life turned out very different from what she expected.

VICTORIA:                   Well now she's dead, so who cares. If Raj had survived the shipwreck, we wouldn't even be having this conversation. He would be the one whose future you'd pin all your hopes on. He'd carry your name, your legacy. And even with the stigma of being half Indian, as a man he could have pulled it off and never disappointed you.

FOGG:                        I would have encouraged you even if he was alive now. You don't understand how incredible you are, my dear Victoria. You must stop moping and pick yourself up.

VICTORIA:                   That is rich, coming from you. I can't listen to you anymore, Papa. Just leave me alone.

(STEPS RUNNING AWAY, DOOR SLAMMING)

FOGG:                        **SONG 3: FOGG ASKS AOUDA WHAT TO DO**

#### SCENE 7: INT SMALL ROOM

SFX: SECOND HAND OF CLOCK TICKING

MELVILLE:                Did you know what that private exhibition at the Reform Club was about?

VICTORIA:                   I did not know at the time. I found out only after we were already on the ship to Canada. I believe it was a viewing of the Imperial Bhaarat ka dil Diamond, otherwise known as the Heart of India.

MELVILLE: Correct. I'm sure you as an Indian woman, it holds significant cultural importance to your people. The Crown had permitted the Reform Club to display it in honor of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee for their fundraising purposes. Only a select few members were permitted to view the diamond privately the day before the jubilee. A few hours after the viewing, it was discovered that the Bhaarat ka dil had been stolen.

VICTORIA: And this is relevant to me because?

MELVILLE: Your father. He was one of the 20 guests permitted to view it.

VICTORIA: (laughing) Do you really think my father, in his old age, would be even capable of stealing the most valuable diamond of our time?

MELVILLE: If he was capable of brawling at the Reform Club, who knows what else he is capable of?

VICTORIA: Brawling? My father? You're joking.

MELVILLE: According to the interviews we conducted at the Reform Club, your father had a physical altercation with one of the Club members while viewing the diamond.

VICTORIA: (scoffs) My father would never strike out on anyone except...

MELVILLE: ..If provoked. Yes, I hear he had been severely insulted, primarily on yours and your deceased mother's behalf. I will not repeat the words uttered there, for they are not for delicate female consumption. We surmise that this was the time at which the Bhaarat ka dil diamond was stolen, since everyone present was consumed with de-escalating the situation. To pacify your father, the wager was set by the Club to test your abilities & competence, upon which your father left directly. When it was discovered that the diamond had been stolen, everyone was detained, interviewed, and inspected. Your father was the only one we could not interview.

VICTORIA: This is absurd. My father collapsed at the pier and didn't come with me. He almost died. It was in the papers. You must have interviewed him afterwards and found nothing if you are questioning me here.

MELVILLE: (pausing) Could you tell me, Miss Fogg, what transpired after your father returned to you from the Reform Club till the moment of your departure from England?