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Casement

an original screenplay by

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London, April, 1916

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB. DAY.

MAIR, a principal officer at the British Ministry of Information, entering the club vestibule, somewhat nervously. He is breathless from hurrying, and looks worried. He fingers his hat-brim as BENSON, the club porter, a stately figure in frock coat etc., approaches.

MAIR

Sir Ernley Blackwell, please.

BENSON

What name shall I say?

MAIR

Mair.

BENSON

Will Sir Ernley be expecting you?

MAIR nods, BENSON gestures him forward

BENSON

This way, sir.

BENSON leads the way through rooms where members sit about with newspapers, drinks, etc. Seated in an armchair in a quiet corner, SIR ERNLEY BLACKWELL, a thin, bespectacled, balding, grim-faced man in middle age, leaning intently over a boxful of official-looking documents spread before him on a low table

BENSON

Mr Mair, Sir Ernley.

BLACKWELL looks up, does not rise; he is a figure of authority, as we see from MAIR's eager, obsequious expression

BLACKWELL

(frowningly consulting his
pocket watch)

Ah; at last.

MAIR

I'm sorry I'm late, sir. There was
a cart horse fell down in
Piccadilly and---

BLACKWELL

Yes, yes, I'm sure. Sit. (MAIR sits down in chair opposite desk, still fingering his hat) Will you take something? Tea?

MAIR glances at the glass of whisky and soda at BLACKWELL's elbow

MAIR

Tea, yes, please.

BLACKWELL

(to BENSON)

Some tea, Benson, please. And bring me a top-up, will you?

BENSON

Certainly, sir.

BENSON goes off

BLACKWELL

I'll come to the point, Mair. This Casement business.

MAIR

Yes, sir.

BLACKWELL

The trial opens in a week. The charge will be high treason. The verdict is not in doubt. He will hang.

MAIR

Yes, sir.

BLACKWELL frowns, wearied by MAIR's monotonous servility

BLACKWELL

I thought it best to speak to you here, at the club, rather than in the office. It's a . . . it's a delicate business. When sentence is passed, there will be protests, appeals, petitions. All manner of busybodies and do-gooders will be battenning on the government to grant the fellow clemency. They must not succeed.

MAIR

Yes, sir.

BLACKWELL
 (becoming exasperated)
 You do understand the gravity of
 this matter, don't you, Mair?

MAIR
 I think so, sir.

BENSON comes with tray bearing tea things, and whisky
 decanter and soda siphon; BLACKWELL and MAIR look on in
 silence as BENSON sets out the tea, pours the whisky, etc.,
 then departs.

BLACKWELL
 The fact is, the fellow's not only
 a traitor; he's also the worst kind
 of pervert. (he waits while this
 sinks in; MAIR nods earnestly, not
 understanding) Completely depraved.

MAIR
 I see, sir.

BLACKWELL
 And we want the country to know it -
 -- the country, and beyond. When Mr
 Bernard Shaw and his bog-trotting
 cohorts start bleating for mercy
 for Casement, and urging
 intervention by the Pope and
 President Wilson and the Lord knows
 who else, we need to be in a
 position to show them what kind of
 creature it is they're defending.
 (he takes two large, bound
 notebooks from his briefcase, lays
 one of them on the table, holds up
 the other) This was among
 Casement's things. His diary.
 Scotland Yard turned it up. I want
 it copied. And I want the job done
 in days rather than weeks. Do you
 understand?

MAIR eyes the diaries doubtfully

MAIR
 May I look? (BLACKWELL nods, MAIR
 takes the diary, flicks through it)
 Handwriting seems clear enough, but
 there's a lot of it.

BLACKWELL
 A loquacious fellow, our Mr
 Casement.

MAIR

Days, you say, sir?

BLACKWELL

Days. I have directed Jameson in registry to assign you a team of typing ladies. They will work in shifts, round the clock, day and night, until the job is done. You will supervise them. Pick the ones we can trust; I want no loose talk about the office, or outside. Do you understand?

MAIR picks up the second volume

MAIR

This one, sir, it's in another hand.

BLACKWELL

Yes. It's a piece of evidence Casement himself supplied to us, when he was working on the Putumayo affair, down in Brazil, or Peru, or wherever it was. It's a journal kept by a fellow called Normand, one of the dagoes Casement was trying to indict down there.

MAIR

It's in English.

BLACKWELL

This Normand spent some time here in London, it seems.

MAIR

(reading)

It's pretty hot stuff, sir.

BLACKWELL

Foul, yes.

MAIR

(puzzled)

You want this copied, too, sir?

BLACKWELL

No. I'd like you to get one of your . . . experts to have a look at it.

MAIR

One of my . . . ?

BLACKWELL

Oh, come on, man, you know what I mean. One of your . . . what shall we say . . . your handwriting experts.

MAIR gazes at him, uncomprehending; then light dawns

MAIR

Pettigrew's boys, you mean?

BLACKWELL

If that's the fellow's name.

MAIR

Well, Pettigrew himself, of course, he's our master forger---

BLACKWELL quickly holds up a hand

BLACKWELL

I did not hear that word.

MAIR

No, sir; of course, sir. (frowns)
Only, I'm still not quite clear as to what exactly . . .

BLACKWELL sighs at the other's slowness

BLACKWELL

As you'll see, Casement's diaries themselves are damning, quite damning; however, I'm concerned they do not show sufficiently clearly just how depraved and rapacious the fellow is. The other villain, Normand, now, he's very specific; very.

MAIR is flicking through the pages of the Normand diary

MAIR

It seems to be women with him, though, not boys and whatnot.

BLACKWELL

Well, of course, your man might have to alter the odd detail, change a "she" to a "he", that kind of thing.

MAIR gazes at him for a long moment in silence

BLACKWELL

(impatiently)

I'm not talking about full-scale falsification --- we don't need that, Casement has given plenty of evidence of his foul habits. However, the odd interpolation, the odd telling detail, expertly inserted, (he makes a gesture of slipping one hand smoothly under the other) well . . . it could only help our case, afterwards . . .

MAIR, understanding at last, nods slowly.

BLACKWELL

You see what I'm driving at? Casement is guilty, and will hang, there's no doubt of that. With thousands of our lads dying every day in Flanders, there is certainly no chance of a scoundrel like that being let off the gallows. But we don't want to hand the Irish yet another martyr --- we've given them enough of those already. They think him a saint, over there. Well, we'll show them his cloven hoof. And if we have to make the print of that hoof a little more well-defined . . . (pause; they gaze at each other in silent complicity) Right; well; all that's clear, yes?

MAIR

Yes, sir.

BLACKWELL

Off you go, then; I want you to start right away. Jameson is expecting you.

MAIR rises, BENSON comes forward at once with his hat; MAIR hesitates, his expression showing that he is still a little troubled by what he is being asked to do

MAIR

I wonder, sir . . .

BLACKWELL

Yes?

MAIR struggles to articulate his doubts, but fails; BLACKWELL rises, puts hand on MAIR's shoulder, propels him avuncularly from the room, out of BENSON's hearing

BLACKWELL

Listen to me, Mair. Keep this in mind. Casement has, or had, a great reputation in the world. Humanitarian, defender of the underdog, freer of slaves, all that. The fact is, he was never anything more than a vain and self-opinionated mediocrity made into a man of consequence by a few suffering niggers and the cheers of a mob of Irish ruffians. We know it; the world must be made to know it, too.

MAIR

Yes, sir.

Lucan, Co Dublin, late summer 1909

SPA HOTEL. DAY.

Beautiful sunny day. ROGER CASEMENT, early forties, is walking in the hotel gardens, in white linen suit and Panama hat. Ladies and gentlemen strolling past; the women eye admiringly CASEMENT's handsome figure. Young waiter approaches.

CASEMENT

Well, Jimmy?

JIMMY

There's a man to see you, Mr Casement.

CASEMENT

(playful)

A man, Jimmy? What sort of a man?

JIMMY

A gentleman. On a private matter, he says.

CASEMENT

A private matter? Well then, lead the way.

SPA HOTEL. DAY.

CASEMENT, preceded by JIMMY, walking into the hotel lobby. CASEMENT stops at sight of WILLIAM TYRRELL, carrying a hat and stick, standing waiting, looking about. He spots CASEMENT, comes forward, smiling, hand outstretched.

TYRRELL
Casement; there you are.

CASEMENT
William Tyrrell. Well well.

TYRRELL
I say, you do look peaky. Malaria?

CASEMENT
Something like it. Damned nuisance. Avoid the Tropics, William, that's my advice. (pause) What brings the Foreign Office to Dublin?

TYRRELL
(laughs)
Oh, Casement, always suspicious!

CASEMENT
(laughs)
I have cause to be, where you people are concerned.

TYRRELL
(looking about)
Is there a bar in this blessed place, or is it all spa water?

CASEMENT
This way.

They go into the bar; BARMAN approaches.

TYRRELL
(to CASEMENT)
What will you take?

CASEMENT
Quinine tonic.

TYRRELL
(unenthusiastically, to BARMAN)
Two tonic waters.

BARMAN
Very good, sir.

TYRRELL
(looks about doubtfully)
Decent place, this? Decent quarters? What's the chow like?

CASEMENT smiles at TYRRELL's attempts to be offhand.

CASEMENT

What is it, William? Is it the sack?

TYRRELL

Good God, man, no! The very idea.

CASEMENT

Then . . .?

BARMAN brings their sodas. They drink.

TYRRELL

Here's health. (pause) Know anything about the Putumayo?

CASEMENT

(shrugs)

Tributary of the Amazon?

TYRRELL

The province, I mean.

CASEMENT

(considers)

Big place. Claimed by Peru, as I recall.

TYRRELL

Know what its main product is? Rubber.

Pause

CASEMENT

Go on.

SPA HOTEL. DAY.

CASEMENT and TYRRELL strolling through the grounds.

TYRRELL

. . . Peruvian Amazon Company, run by a chap called Arana; complete scoundrel. The company's registered in London. British investors, mostly. . .

(MORE)

TYRRELL (cont'd)

Well, it was the usual thing: the Anti-Slavery people pushed HMG, HMG pushed Arana --- British money, you see: awkward --- Arana resisted like hell, said the Indians working for him were happy as Larry, HMG said, "See?", the Anti-Slavers said, "No, we definitely don't see!", HMG turned on Arana again, until finally, and most reluctantly, he agreed to an inquiry. . . Are you catching my drift?

CASEMENT

(laughs ruefully)
I fear I am.

TYRRELL

What's needed, of course, is someone of consular status. Preferably someone with a reputation for the highest probity and tenacity of purpose, a champion of the downtrodden.

He smiles, stops, turns, looks at CASEMENT with meaning. They walk on again..

CASEMENT

This person of "consular status" --- what kind of brief would he have?

TYRRELL

Very strong, very specific. (stops again; earnestly) Look here, Casement, the Foreign Secretary himself has authorised me to tell you, to assure you, that you would have a completely free hand, and the full support of the Foreign Office. (pause) What do you say?

CASEMENT

I shall have to think it over.

TYRRELL

Not for too long, eh? Those Indians are in a bad way.

CASEMENT

So are the blacks of the Congo: is anything being done about my report on them?

TYRRELL

We're trying, old man; we're trying.

CASEMENT

My dear William, you've been trying
now for five years and more ---
with what result?

TYRRELL shrugs; they walk on.

TYRRELL

You're the only man for it, you
know --- the Putumayo, I mean ---
the only one with the weight to
carry it through.

CASEMENT

Call me by telephone here tomorrow.
I shall have an answer for you
then.

TYRRELL

I know you won't let us down.

CASEMENT

(lightly)
"Us"? If I go, it will not be for
Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign
Office.

TYRRELL

(abashed)
No, no, of course not.
(puts on his hat) Well;
I'll telephone you.
TYRRELL walks away; CASEMENT stands
thinking

TRAIN. DAY.

CASEMENT in railway carriage, travelling through England. He
is reading a book, but now and then lifts his eyes to look at
a boy of thirteen or so on the seat opposite him, travelling
with his mother. Fade to:

CASEMENT HOME. NIGHT.

CASEMENT, aged thirteen, standing in a lamplit hallway trying
to eavesdrop on his sister, NINA, who is twenty-one, as
DOCTOR speaks to her in a low voice, shaking his head. DOCTOR
bows, exits. CASEMENT goes forward timidly, looks into NINA's
face; she will not meet his eye.

CASEMENT

Is Daddy going to get well?

NINA, lips compressed, shakes her head.

CASEMENT
 (wonderingly)
 Then we'll be orphans.

NINA
 Yes, Roddie. We'll be orphans.

CASEMENT looks at her expectantly, as if he thinks she can say or do something to reverse the catastrophe of their father's impending death. She looks back at him bleakly, turns angrily and strides away. Fade to:

TRAIN. DAY.

CASEMENT smiles sadly at the little boy opposite, who turns shyly to his mother.

LIVERPOOL RAILWAY STATION. EVENING.

CASEMENT alighting from train, looking eagerly toward the ticket barrier, where he sees his cousin, GERTRUDE BANNISTER, waiting for him. She is a pleasant-looking woman, small in stature, and with a slight limp; she is nine years younger than CASEMENT. They embrace, laughing.

CASEMENT
 (fondly ironical)
 Gertrude, my dear, dear cousin! I
 would hardly have known you.

GERTRUDE
 Don't say I've changed --- look at
 you! Brown as a native.

CASEMENT
 Come along --- I'm going to take
 you to dinner.

HOTEL DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and GERTRUDE at dinner

CASEMENT
 . . . and what did you say his name
 is?

GERTRUDE
 (blushing)
 Parry. Sidney Parry.

CASEMENT
 (teasingly)
 And to think, you always said that
 you would only marry me.

GERTRUDE

(gaily)

Oh, yes, I was hopelessly in love with you.

CASEMENT

When was that?

GERTRUDE

I was ten, and you were nineteen. When you announced that you were going to Africa it quite broke my heart. I wept for weeks, every night.

CASEMENT

(taking her hand,
laughing)

Darling Gee, I would have taken you with me, if I'd only known.

GERTRUDE

And I would have gone, too, without a second thought!

CASEMENT

I'm crossing to Ireland in a couple of days; come with me.

GERTRUDE

Heavens! what an idea.

CASEMENT

Do come; say you will. You'll soon be married, and your Mr Parry will whisk you off to a life of wedded bliss and I shall probably never see you again!

GERTRUDE

And what about my work? A school teacher can't just put down her stick of chalk and fly off on any old whim!

CASEMENT

Come for the weekend.

GERTRUDE

(laughing)

My dear man, it's impossible!

LIVERPOOL DOCK. DAY.

In driving rain, CASEMENT and GERTRUDE, laughing, run together toward the gangplank of a steamer, while PORTER follows behind with their bags; they get aboard just as the gangplank is about to be withdrawn

GERTRUDE

Roger Casement, you have the devil's own powers of persuasion!

CASEMENT

You know very well you wanted to come!

BOAT DECK. EVENING.

The sun has come out. CASEMENT is standing at the rail, smoking. SAILOR approaches, their eyes meet, CASEMENT smiles; SAILOR about to stop, but CASEMENT, spotting GERTRUDE approaching, hurriedly looks past him.

CASEMENT

Have a good rest?

SAILOR casts a sceptical glance at GERTRUDE and then at CASEMENT, and saunters off.

GERTRUDE

That saloon is full of cigar smoke. Really, men are such beasts--- (she breaks off, points past CASEMENT's shoulder) Roddie, look: Ireland. (they stand looking at the coast of Ireland) Is it still home for you, after so long away?

CASEMENT

Oh, of course; always. One never really leaves, does one. And yet . . . (pause) Funny, our position --- the "Anglo-Irish", I mean. You English think we're Irish, the Irish think we're English, while we don't quite know what we are. (pause) My mother had me baptised in secret --- she was Catholic, did you know? I remember it. I was four. . . (pause; then he laughs) So you see: I'm even suspended between two faiths! (pause; his look turns troubled) I have a recurring dream, you know, it terrifies me. It's always the same, exactly the same.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

I'm standing in front of a mirror, staring at my reflection --- or rather, my reflection is staring at me, with a sort of awful, knowing smile. Nothing happens, nothing at all, until suddenly my reflection steps forward, shouldering its way through the glass and out of the mirror, and takes hold of me and embraces me and somehow sinks into me, this alien version of myself, and I . . . (smiles, with an effort) I wake up screaming!

Pause.

GERTRUDE

Oh, Roddie, I wish . . .

CASEMENT

What do you wish, my dear?

GERTRUDE

I wish you were not so . . . so driven. (in a rush) I wish you could be happy!

CASEMENT

(startled, smiling)

Happy? But I am! I'm the happiest chap you could meet --- look at me!

GERTRUDE does look at him, standing before her, smiling, handsome, elegant; she smiles too, but the troubled look stays in her eyes

MURLOUGH BAY, COUNTY ANTRIM. DAY.

Wonderfully fine, sunny autumn day. CASEMENT, GERTRUDE and CASEMENT's sister NINA are jogging merrily along the coast road in a pony-and-trap, driven by CASEMENT. NINA, now in her fifties, watches the gaiety of the other two with a sour expression.

CASEMENT

(singing)

Jogging to the fair,

Me and Moll Malone . . .

MURLOUGH BAY. DAY.

GERTRUDE and NINA are seated on rocks above the sea; below, the water breaks and CASEMENT's streaming head appears; he waves up at the women, smiling.

GERTRUDE
 (calling to him)
 Aren't you frozen?

CASEMENT
 It's wonderful!

CASEMENT swims strongly toward a landing place in the rocks, pulls himself from the water and stands, hands on hips, in black leotard bathing trunks, looking out to sea. We see GERTRUDE looking at him with admiration and vain longing.

GERTRUDE
 (softly, forgetting
 herself)
 Heavens, isn't he handsome!

NINA glances at her ironically, and she blushes.

NINA
 Yes; too much for us.

GERTRUDE, lost again in admiration of CASEMENT's physique, misses the significance of the remark.

GERTRUDE
 Like . . . like a Greek hero.

NINA
 For goodness' sake don't let him hear you, his head is quite swollen enough as it is!

TEA ROOMS, BALLYCASTLE. DAY.

CASEMENT, NINA and GERTRUDE are having afternoon tea.

GERTRUDE
 Will it be dangerous?

CASEMENT is startled by the notion

CASEMENT
 For me, you mean? Shouldn't think so. Who would I be in danger from?

GERTRUDE
 Well, the natives . . .

CASEMENT
 (smiling)
 My dear, some of the nicest people I knew in the Congo were cannibals. No no, it's your so-called civilised gentleman one has to be wary of. I've met plenty of them, too.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)
 And besides, I like being in
 danger; it makes me feel as if I am
 alive.

BALLYCASTLE. DAY.

Outside the tea rooms; GERTRUDE walks ahead, while NINA waits at the door; CASEMENT comes out, stowing his wallet in his pocket; he and NINA walk along together.

NINA
 She's infatuated with you, you
 know.

CASEMENT
 Who, Gee? Don't be ridiculous.
 She's going to be married.

NINA
 You shouldn't flirt with her.

CASEMENT
 (laughing)
 I do not flirt with her!

NINA
 You flirt with everyone.

CASEMENT
 You're becoming fanciful, sister.
 You have too much time to brood.
 You should marry.

NINA
 I shall, when you do.

CASEMENT glances at her, looks away

Whitehall, London, October, 1909

FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY.

CASEMENT sits wrapped in greatcoat and scarf, waiting in a gaunt anteroom. Large double doors open, and JACKSON, a lackey, enters

JACKSON
 The Foreign Secretary will see you
 now, sir. This way, please.

CASEMENT follows him along a corridor and into an office. JACKSON withdraws, walking backwards and closing the double doors. SIR EDWARD GREY, the Foreign Secretary, in high collar, frock-coat and striped trousers, is sitting at a desk before a tall window with a view of the spires of Westminster. As CASEMENT enters, GREY rises with a show of warmth.

GREY

Ah, Mr Casement, so good of you to come.

CASEMENT

Sir Edward.

GREY

You're well?

CASEMENT

Not very; touch of fever.

GREY

Oh, too bad. I should think you must find it fearfully cold in these parts, no matter what the season?

CASEMENT

Twenty years in the Tropics does tend to thin the blood.

GREY

Yes, yes, no doubt. You did fine work in Africa.

CASEMENT

Thank you.

Pause; GREY frowns, embarrassed.

GREY

I know, Mr Casement, that you feel that we at the Foreign Office did not act firmly enough on your investigation into the Congo rubber trade. These things are . . . complicated.

CASEMENT

It was --- is --- a slave state the Belgians are running out there.

GREY

Quite. But there are always other considerations, I mean other than the moral ones. Germany would have liked nothing better than for us to lose Belgium as an ally . . .

CASEMENT

You must forgive me, Sir Edward; I am not a politician.

GREY

No. I often wish, myself, that I were not.

Pause; GREY's attention wanders as he broods on the difficulties of his job; his eye falls on an illustrated ornithological book on his desk; he riffles the pages.

GREY

Know anything about birds, Mr Casement?

CASEMENT

(baffled)
Birds . . . ?

GREY

Waterfowl, that kind of thing?

CASEMENT

I'm afraid . . .

GREY

(sadly disappointed)
No, I suppose not . . .

It's a hobby of mine.

(pause) They're not entirely dissimilar to us, you know, birds. They have their attachments, their disputes, their territorial claims, just like human beings . . .

CASEMENT nods, trying to seem interested. GREY frowns, forgetting what they are supposed to be talking about; then he remembers

GREY

Forgive me: you'll want to know about the Amazon. (he picks up a thick sheaf of papers from his desk, riffles through them.) We have dispatches from our people down there. Mr Cazes, the consul at . . . what is the place called? --- Iquitos --- tells us the natives are being badly treated. It seems we have interests in this Peruvian Amazon rubber company. It has British shareholders, I'm told, British directors, even. This is embarrassing.

CASEMENT

Embarrassing?

GREY
 (with wintry smile)
 We are acutely conscious
 of the plight of the
 natives, of course.
 (pause) I want you to go
 down there, Mr Casement,
 and find out how matters
 are and report back to
 us.

CASEMENT
 (ironical)
 As I did in the Congo?

GREY blandly ignores the challenge

GREY
 Exactly. It seems we have some
 British citizens working down
 there. Barbadians. One of the
 anomalies of empire: we acquire
 citizens in the unlikeliest of
 places. They will provide an
 ostensible reason for your
 inquiries. And now . . .

He rises, indicating the interview is at an end CASEMENT
 rises also.

CASEMENT
 When would you wish me to leave?

GREY
 Right away, I should think. No time
 to lose, eh, Mr Casement . . .?

DRURY LANE. EVENING.

Smoky autumn evening. CASEMENT walking in gaslight through
 the theatre-going crowds, glancing about with narrowed,
 hopeful eye. Spots a loitering young man, DAVY, in a cheap
 suit, bowler hat set at a jaunty angle, flower in his lapel.
 CASEMENT stops, they eye each other, smiling.

CASEMENT
 Waiting for a friend?

DAVY
 (thick Cockney accent)
 Sort of.

CASEMENT
 Anyone in particular?

DAVY
 I'm a particular sort of chap.

CASEMENT

I can see that. Thing is, I was waiting for a friend, who hasn't turned up. Now I'm left with a spare theatre ticket.

DAVY

Oh, yes?

CASEMENT

Pity to waste it; the ticket, I mean.

DAVY

What's on, then?

CASEMENT

(broadening smile)

Does it matter?

DAVY

(also smiling broadly)

Not particularly.

They turn together and go toward the theatre.

PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

Crowded pub, noisy with after-theatre chatter. CASEMENT and DAVY at the bar, DAVY with a pint of beer, CASEMENT toying with a glass of whiskey.

DAVY

. . . Hadn't a flipping clue what was going on. All that talk! And that bloke, the king, Richard whatever---

CASEMENT

The second.

DAVY

Right --- what was his problem?

CASEMENT

Duty weighed heavily on him.
(musing) "I wasted time, and now time doth me waste."

DAVY

(grins)

You're wasting no time tonight.

CASEMENT smiles, touches DAVY's wrist fondly

HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Hotel door opening, PORTER entering, switching on the light. Behind him, CASEMENT entering, pocketing key; after him, somewhat hesitantly, DAVY.

PORTER
There you are, sir.

CASEMENT
(giving him a tip)
Thank you.

PORTER
(to CASEMENT, with sly
glance in DAVY's
direction)
Have a pleasant night, sir.

CASEMENT gives him a hard but not unamused look; PORTER goes out, still faintly smiling, softly closes the door behind him.

DAVY
What's he got to grin about?

CASEMENT
(shrugs)
Drop of whiskey, Davy?

DAVY
Ain't you got no beer?

CASEMENT
'Fraid not. (pours himself a drink,
lifts glass in a toast) Sláinte.

DAVY
What?

CASEMENT
Gaelic: "Here's health."

DAVY
(stares, laughs)
What --- you Scotch, are you?

CASEMENT
(amused)
Irish; can't you tell?

DAVY
Well, I'm blowed --- a Paddy!

CASEMENT
We're a passionate race, Davy, the
Irish.

DAVY

Oh, yes?

CASEMENT

So it's said.

He comes and stands close to DAVY, smiling into his face. Then the smile fades, he puts his hand behind DAVY's neck, draws his face toward his. Fade.

HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

CASEMENT in shirt sleeves, sitting at a small table, writing in his diary by lamplight. DAVY lying in bed, covered to the waist by sheet and naked above that, soundly asleep. CASEMENT pauses in his writing, rises, goes and stands looking down at DAVY, smiling fondly. DAVY wakes up, gazes sleepily at CASEMENT, who sits down on the side of the bed.

CASEMENT

Do you know, Davy, I met the Foreign Secretary today.

DAVY

Who?

CASEMENT

The Foreign Secretary. Sir Edward Grey. Know him? No? He talked to me about birds.

DAVY

Birds?

CASEMENT

Ornithology, yes. It seems he's an enthusiast. For birds. He's sending me to South America.

DAVY

Why? What have you done?

CASEMENT

What have I . . .? (laughs) Oh, no, no, it's not penal servitude . . . or not exactly. I'm to investigate the rubber trade. The natives, it appears, (imitates GREY's voice) "are being mistreated". (grimly pensive) I can just imagine.

DAVY, struck by something in CASEMENT's tone, sits up in bed.

DAVY

Who are you?

CASEMENT

Hmm? (considers) I'm . . . an Irishman. (pause; he considers again, then shakes his head ruefully) And that seems to be it.

DAVY

What do you do for a living?

CASEMENT

I'm a civil servant.

DAVY laughs, finding this highly implausible

DAVY

A pen pusher? You? Come on.

CASEMENT

Spent a lot of time abroad. Africa. The Belgian Congo. I was British consul. The natives were being mistreated there, too. I did a report on it, for the Government.

DAVY

And what happened?

CASEMENT

Nothing much. Stern diplomatic notes were sent. King Leopold of the Belgians declined to be intimidated, I'm afraid. (pause) Know what they do in the Congo, the whitemen? They force the natives to gather rubber, and if a man fails to fill a certain quota --- a very high, in many cases an impossibly high, quota --- they chop his ears off, sometimes his hands, too. I've seen overseers coming downriver with the rubber cargoes, wearing necklaces of human ears, human hands. Not a nice place. Chap I met out there calls it the "Heart of Darkness". That about catches it.

DAVY

Why did you stay so long?

CASEMENT

Oh, because I loved it. Hated it, and loved it. I was nineteen when I went out. Fell for the place straight away. (pause) I should think I'm the only whiteman who ever swam the Nkisi, biggest river between Manyanga and Stanley Pool.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

I used to swim all those rivers,
the Kwilu, Lukungu, Inpozo,
Lunzadi; full of crocodiles, the
lot of them. But the greatest was
the Nkisi, hundred metres broad,
rushing down to the falls . . .

DAVY

What were the niggers like?

CASEMENT

(fondly)

Like children.

DAVY

(sniggers)

---And hung like horses.

CASEMENT

(smiles indulgently)

Yes, some of them; but . . .

. (pause) I suppose I
loved them, too. (DAVY
sniggers again) Oh, not
the way you're thinking.
Just . . . like children.
(pause) Would you say you
were happy, Davy?

DAVY

Happy? Don't know. I suppose so.

CASEMENT

What would it take to make you
really happy?

DAVY

That's easy: money; the readies,
lots of 'em. I want to get married,
see.

CASEMENT

Have you got a girl?

DAVY

I have. She's a corker, my Daisy.
Money, a little house, couple of
kids, that would do me nicely. What
about you?

CASEMENT

Me?

DAVY

What would make you really happy?

CASEMENT
 (considers; smiles)
 I suppose, to know who I am.

DAVY, made uneasy by CASEMENT's sadness, takes his hand, pulls him to lie down on the bed.

DAVY
 Tell me about them rivers again,
 and you swimming in them.

HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

CASEMENT at the little table, writing in his diary as before, wearing a dressing gown now, while DAVY lies in bed, watching him.. It is plain they have been making love. CASEMENT finishes, puts down the pen, closes the diary. C/U the diary. Cut to:

London, April 1916

WESTMINSTER OFFICE. DAY.

C/U the diary, camera pulls back to show MAIR sitting at his desk in his cramped, cluttered office, with the diary on the desk before him. He is speaking on the telephone.

MAIR
 Mr Pettigrew? Got something for
 you. Little job . . .

London, late summer, 1909

LONDON. DAY.

The house of ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. CASEMENT enters, pauses on the threshold. A salon is in progress: various ladies and gentlemen, some in "bohemian" outfits. MRS GREEN approaches and greets him. She is a widow in her late fifties.

MRS GREEN
 You must be Mr Casement.

CASEMENT bows

CASEMENT
 Mrs Green. Thank you for inviting
 me.

MRS GREEN
 I'm honoured you came. (indicates
 guests) My little salon. You must
 not smile; we have some interesting
 people; Miss Nightingale called in
 last week, and today (exaggerated
 whisper)we have Mr Shaw!

(MORE)

MRS GREEN (cont'd)
 Have you met him? Come along, I'll
 introduce you.

She leads him across the room to where BERNARD SHAW is
 holding forth to a group of admiring LADIES.

MRS GREEN
 Mr Shaw, I'd like you to meet Mr
 Roger Casement.

SHAW
 Ah, Casement, yes; I've heard of
 you. You did well in that Congo
 business. I read your report; a
 very fine piece of work.

CASEMENT
 I wish the Government had admired
 it as much as you do, Mr Shaw.

SHAW
 (waves a hand)
 Oh, politicians!

MRS GREEN
 (to CASEMENT)
 But was nothing done?

CASEMENT
 A little; not enough, of course.

SHAW
 As a historian, dear Alice, you'll
 know that governments can keep
 themselves extremely busy doing
 nothing.

MRS GREEN
 It's always the same: England
 fiddles while poor, down-trodden
 countries burn. I read the other
 day that England overtaxes Ireland
 to the tune of two or three
 millions every year. And still
 England claims we are dependent on
 her!

SHAW
 When Englishmen set to work to wipe
 the tear out of Ireland's eye, you
 can be sure they'll buy the
 handkerchief at Ireland's expense.

The admiring LADIES laugh excessively

CASEMENT

Yet here we are, three Irish folk,
lovers of our country, no doubt,
and where are we? --- in London.

SHAW

You do not have to live in a place
to love it.

CASEMENT

Perhaps. But England, I find, has a
knack of luring us to her bosom,
especially if we have a talent to
amuse.

SHAW narrows his eyes, suspecting he is being mocked

SHAW

Are you thinking of anyone in
particular, now, Mr Casement?

CASEMENT

(shrugs)

Well . . . the case of Oscar Wilde
springs to mind.

The LADIES look at each other somewhat apprehensively at the
mention of the name of Wilde.

SHAW

Poor Oscar! I would not have put
him forward as a shining example of
Irishness or Irish manhood.

CASEMENT

No? And why would that be, Mr Shaw?

SHAW

(coldly) I knew the man; let's say
no more. (to the LADIES) Now, if
you'll excuse me, dear ladies, I
must be off to put a troupe of
puppets through their paces (to
MRS GREEN) Yes, I have another play
in rehearsal, God forgive me.

MRS GREEN takes SHAW's arm to escort him to the door

MRS GREEN

(to CASEMENT)

Don't you stir, I'll be back as
soon as I've seen off this ruffian.
We have much to talk about.

CASEMENT bows to MRS GREEN and to the LADIES, and moves away
and looks about the room; a BISHOP in gaiters and frock coat
catches his eye. MRS GREEN returns.

MRS GREEN

Now, Mr Casement. (she takes his arm, steers him into an alcove, where they sit down together on a sofa) I think you offended Mr Shaw.

CASEMENT

(feigning innocence)
By mentioning the name of Oscar Wilde?

SHAW

By charging him with being court jester to the English --- as you very well know.

CASEMENT

I didn't intend offence. But I do think the man a charlatan.

MRS GREEN

(exaggerated shock)
Ssh! That is blasphemy.
(they both laugh) But now: I want to know how you are planning to contribute to the cause.

CASEMENT

The cause . . . ?

MRS GREEN

Home Rule for Ireland, of course. Freedom!

CASEMENT

(smiling)
Ah . . . I am not a revolutionary, Mrs Green. I'm afraid I am not even sure that I am a republican.

MRS GREEN

But you do believe in Home Rule?

CASEMENT

Ye-es. But I should like, first, to know who, at home, will do the ruling. (pause) Even in Ireland we have our petty tyrants, awaiting their chance.

MRS GREEN

Well, then: who should rule?

CASEMENT

I often think that if we had fifty men of leisure and means, who could give the country the kind of service the English aristocracy is trained to give theirs, we should achieve far more than Mr Redmond's Irish Parliamentary Party is ever likely to do---

MRS GREEN

Ah, Mr Casement, if we had fifty men like you --- if we had five . . . !

CASEMENT

(laughs lightly)

I'm afraid I can be of no use to you, Mrs Green: I'm off on my travels again.

MRS GREEN

Oh, yes? Where to this time?

CASEMENT

South America . . . (smiles) For my sins.

PARK. NIGHT.

In moonlight, men are "cruising" the park. CASEMENT strolling along, smoking a cigar, eyeing likely partners. Suddenly he encounters the BISHOP from Mrs Green's salon. BISHOP is in mufti, and obviously cruising too.

CASEMENT

Good evening, Your Grace.

BISHOP, outraged and frightened at being so jauntily addressed, hurries on. CASEMENT stands watching him go, laughing to himself.

On the upper Amazon, Brazil, August 1910

SS HUAYNA. DAY.

CASEMENT standing on boat deck, gazing into the dense jungle of the river bank. VICTOR ISRAEL, early thirties, approaches.

ISRAEL

Mr . . . Casement, isn't it?
(proffering his hand) Israel;
Victor Israel.

CASEMENT

Ah, yes; you were at the Captain's table.

ISRAEL

Of course, I know who you are.

CASEMENT

Oh, yes?

ISRAEL

I read the newspapers, Mr Casement.
I take an interest in anything that
touches on my business.

CASEMENT

Which is . . .? (ISRAEL proudly
hands him a business card) "Pacaya
Rubber Company". Rubber. I see.

SS HUAYNA. DAY.

CASEMENT and ISRAEL, both smoking cigars, strolling the deck.

ISRAEL

. . . There are still dozens of
savage tribes along all the Amazon
tributaries. They're of no use to
anyone, unless they're tamed and
put to labouring. This is the
system, you see.

CASEMENT

The "system"?

ISRAEL

Yes. First you stake out your
settlement, then you subdue the
Indians; the government at Lima
grants the concession, and you
bring in your workers.

CASEMENT

You have a concession, I take it?

ISRAEL

Yes, (gestures) above Iquitos.

CASEMENT

How big?

ISRAEL

(shrugs)
Impossible to say, until it's all
surveyed. I estimate, a million
acres, maybe more.

SHIP'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

The Captain's Table. A dozen or so diners, including
CASEMENT, and the ship's surgeon, DR WILSON

WILSON

. . . All of them, Peruvians, Brazilians, all robbers. Forced labour is the least of their crimes. Ask the Captain --- he's been on this river for many a year, he knows.

CASEMENT

(to CAPTAIN)

Is this how you find it, Captain Buston?

BUSTON

What's that?

CASEMENT

Your doctor here has been telling me how the rubber companies treat the Indians.

BUSTON

Mistreat them, you mean. All slaves, every one. The natives and the rubber trees alike are reckoned the personal property of the estate owners. I've seen native children for sale in the markets, as if they were so many chickens for the pot. (shakes his head) It's a dirty business.

CASEMENT

Mr Israel is not with us tonight?

WILSON

(taps his stomach)

Got a dose.

BUSTON

(darkly)

Well deserved.

CASEMENT

He tells me he has a million acres upriver.

BUSTON

(grimly)

Is that so? He's done well; they always do, his kind. Came out here from London ten, eleven years ago. Ran a little huckster's shop up at Iquitos. Now he's quite the swell. (mutters) Damned Shylock.

DECK. NIGHT.

CASEMENT sitting in a deckchair, writing in his diary. Sounds of the jungle all around. ISRAEL approaches; CASEMENT quickly closes the diary and holds it guardedly on his lap.

ISRAEL (INDICATING DECKCHAIR)

May I?

CASEMENT

Of course. (ISRAEL sits, wincing) I hear you had a bad tummy?

ISRAEL

(grimacing)

This country, Mr Casement, this country . . .

CASEMENT

Pleasant tonight, though. Cooler.

ISRAEL

Of course, you are well accustomed to the Tropics. (pause) I never get used to the heat.

CASEMENT

You were speaking of your business, the other day. I wonder: do you employ native workers?

ISRAEL

Oh, dear me, no!

CASEMENT

But they collect the rubber, the Indians?

ISRAEL

Of course. But my workers, my overseers, them I hire from Barbados --- British subjects!

CASEMENT

(ironical)

I take it the Indian does not abandon his freedom voluntarily in order to collect your rubber for you?

ISRAEL

(smiling)

You disapprove, Mr Casement.

CASEMENT

I'm simply trying to learn, Mr Israel;

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

that is what I am here to do. How, for instance, is the Indian "subdued" --- that was your word, I think?

ISRAEL

Oh, there's fighting, of course. They resist; they often kill our people, burn our property; but in the end they are reduced. How would you do it?

CASEMENT

I am not a businessman.

ISRAEL

(smiling)

I realise that.

CASEMENT

The British Government recognises the rights of the natives in our colonies. Our white settlers cannot simply take land away from the natives as they wish.

ISRAEL

(smirking to himself)

I see. We are not so . . . gentle, here. You have heard of our Senhor Arana?

CASEMENT

Oh, I have.

ISRAEL

He showed us the way. The rubber tappers that were here before him, those that could be bought, he bought, the rest he drove out by force.

CASEMENT

Does this seem the right way, to you?

ISRAEL

It is the only way. I told you, Mr Casement, these are not people like you and me; these are savages.

CASEMENT

Even savages have rights, surely . . . ?

ISRAEL

I ask again: what would you do, supposing the government here were to offer you a large concession of land, on which there were wild Indians and you could do nothing with it or them until they had been conquered? What would you do?

CASEMENT

I am not a Peruvian, or . . .

He pauses awkwardly; ISRAEL smiles smoothly

ISRAEL

Or a Jew?

CASEMENT

I was brought up in another school of thought from you.

ISRAEL

You mean, I suppose, a better school of thought --- a nobler school of thought. Believe me, Mr Casement, there is nothing noble in the making of an empire. England tells herself and the world that she is bringing civilisation to the lower races. It is a convenient disguise for relieving them of their land and their wealth.

ISRAEL

I am not English.

ISRAEL

But you work for England. (pause) I ask yet again: what would you do in my position?

CASEMENT

I wouldn't accept a great tract of territory, as you have, on the conditions laid down for you by a foreign government.

ISRAEL

Ah, but that is no answer.

CASEMENT

Forgive me, sir: what you have done smacks to me of robbery on a grand scale.

ISRAEL

Who is to say, Mr Casement, what is rightful ownership? The Indians are here by accident; we come with a purpose.

CASEMENT

Does prior occupancy not give them a claim to ownership?

ISRAEL

They don't work the land---

CASEMENT

But that is what they should be taught to do, surely --- till the soil, reap the harvest, not simply be pushed aside, or slaughtered like animals.

ISRAEL

People like me, we put the land to use, for the benefit of all. If we make a profit by it, is that not a fit recompense for the risks we take?

CASEMENT

What risks? You walked into a virgin land and ravished it, as the conquistadores did, centuries ago.

ISRAEL

(smoothly)

You seem to have made up your mind already, before you have set foot in the place.

CASEMENT

I have seen other places, and met people like you in them.

ISRAEL

(regretful smile)

Mr Casement, I fear we have no more to say to each other. Our points of view are too divergent.

CASEMENT

Yes, I fear they are. We have a different conception of the relations between men, and how they should be.

ISRAEL

I think you are a romantic, Mr Casement. While I am a realist. I wish you good night.

ISRAEL rises from the deckchair and steps away backwards, bowing, and when he has gone, CASEMENT sits gazing before him, frowning.

Putumayo region, Peru, autumn, 1910

IQUITOS. EVENING.

CASEMENT with the British Consul to Iquitos, DAVID CAZES, waiting in hallway of the large, well-appointed house of JULIO ARANA. Enter JULIO ARANA, mid-forties, and his brother LIZARDO; the latter comes forward smoothly, while JULIO hangs back, his gaze fixed on CASEMENT.

LIZARDO

Ah, Consul Cazes; you are very welcome to our house.

CAZES

Senhor Arana, may I introduce Mr Roger Casement. Mr Casement, Senhor Lizardo Arana. And . . . (JULIO ARANA comes forward watchfully) his brother, Senhor Julio César Arana.

CASEMENT hesitates pointedly before taking JULIO ARANA's hand, while looking sharply into his eyes.

JULIO

Welcome to Iquitos, Mr Casement.

ARANA HOUSE. NIGHT.

Dinner is in progress.

LIZARDO

(to CASEMENT)

. . . The Jew was right, the land was not being used. We have put it to use. The Indians did nothing, we have given them work. Where is the wrong in this?

CASEMENT

It's not the philosophy, but the methods your people use, that are in question.

LIZARDO

This is a cruel country, Mr Casement We cannot wear --- how do you say it? --- the velvet glove.

CAZES

We hear terrible things, Senhor Arana. Murders, maimings, beatings. There is this man Normand. I have the most appalling reports on his behaviour. He is an educated person, has lived in London? Yet the stories that are told of him . . . that he roasted two natives boys over a stove, until one of his own men took pity on them and put a bullet in them to end their agony. Can this be true?

LIZARDO shrugs, shows them his empty hands.

LIZARDO

Everyone lies in this country.

CASEMENT

(sarcastic, looking pointedly at LIZARDO)
Everyone?

JULIO ARANA has hardly taken his eyes off CASEMENT

JULIO

(to CASEMENT)
These things, they are the price that must be paid.

CASEMENT

For what?

ARANA

For progress. You believe in empire, yes?

CASEMENT

I believe in civilisation.

JULIO

It has its price, too.

ARANA HOUSE. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and JULIO ARANA standing on the verandah overlooking the town, smoking cigars; ARANA is holding a half-full brandy glass, and is a little drunk

ARANA

. . . My father was a maker of hats. (laughs) Panama hats, of course! He was a fine craftsman, proud of his work. (scowls) He was a fool.

CASEMENT

You didn't think to follow him in the family business?

ARANA

(laughs loudly)
 Making hats? Ha! (broods)
 Twenty years ago I was up on the Colombian border, trading with the caucheros. Liquor, leather goods --- guns, too. Dangerous business. The Colombians ---(makes spitting gesture) pah! Within ten years I was mayor here in Iquitos. I was one of the first to see how valuable rubber was going to be in the new century. I set up an office in New York, two years later I floated my company on the London Stock Exchange. (grins) I have come a long way from hats, Senhor.

CASEMENT

You know why I'm here, of course.

ARANA

(laughs)
 To save the Indians.
 (pause; broods) You Europeans, you know nothing of how things are here.

CASEMENT

I aim to find out. That's what my Government has sent me here to do.

ARANA puts on an elaborate show of mock-courtesy

ARANA

Of course, Senhor Casement, as I wrote to Sir Edward Grey, we will offer you every facility to make your investigations. Our people will guide you. The Putumayo is, as my brother says, a cruel place. We would not wish you to come to . . . harm.

CASEMENT looks at him with an ironical smile, makes a little bow

CASEMENT

Thank you, but I think I prefer to make my own way.

ARANA scowls at him drunkenly

ARANA

I am a patriot, you know? A Peruvian patriot. I love my country. Do you know how that is, to love your country?

CASEMENT

I have some small idea.

ARANA

The country itself, I mean; the land; the soil.

CASEMENT

And the people?

ARANA

(laughs dismissively)
People are worthless.

CASEMENT

Even Peruvians?

ARANA eyes him with a sly grin

ARANA

You are an Irishman, yes? You hate the English?

CASEMENT

How could one hate an entire people?

ARANA

Sixty years ago they let millions in your country die of hunger --- oh, yes, I have read history, I am an educated man.

CASEMENT

The weak are mistreated and exploited everywhere. We have a duty to protect them. The Indians on your land, for instance.

ARANA broods drunkenly

ARANA

Why do you worry about the Indians? They are not even people.

CASEMENT

Their souls are as white as ours.

ARANA stares at him for a long moment, then laughs loudly

ARANA

You are a fool, Senhor Casement.
Just like my father!

IQUITOS. NIGHT.

Tropical night. CASEMENT strolling along the dockside; people of many races strolling past. CASEMENT spots an INDIAN BOY, fourteen or fifteen, very beautiful, but barefoot and dressed in rags; CASEMENT smiles at him; they pass each other by, stop, turn their heads at the same time and look back at each other, smiling.

IQUITOS. NIGHT

CASEMENT and INDIAN BOY walking together; INDIAN BOY leads CASEMENT into the shadows behind a high stack of lumber.

IQUITOS. NIGHT.

INDIAN BOY steps out from behind lumber pile, counting bank notes. After a moment CASEMENT appears, and stops suddenly in surprise and dismay, meeting ISRAEL among the evening strollers. ISRAEL stops, ready for a chat.

ISRAEL

Mr Casement! Well met by moonlight!

CASEMENT

(brusquely)

Mr Israel! You must excuse me, I'm afraid; I have an appointment.

CASEMENT hurries away, ISRAEL stands watching him in puzzlement, then spots the INDIAN BOY sloping off with his money. ISRAEL smiles to himself, nods.

London, April 1916

WESTMINSTER OFFICE. DAY.

MAIR at his desk. There is a tap at the door

MAIR

Come in.

PETTIGREW enters. He is a dapper little man, excessively neatly dressed, carrying a bowler hat and furled umbrella. MAIR obviously does not like him, and is a little fearful of him., a fact he tries to hide behind a show of officiousness

MAIR

Ah, Pettigrew. You're late.

PETTIGREW

(smiles)

Am I, Mr Mair? Very sorry,
sir, very sorry. (pause)
You have something for
me?

MAIR goes to a safe in the wall,
opens it, takes out the CASEMENT
and NORMAND diaries, returns to his
desk, places the diaries on the
desk before PETTIGREW

MAIR

Mix and match job.

PETTIGREW

Oh, yes? May I? (MAIR nods,
PETTIGREW picks up the diaries,
glances through them.) Who are the
gentlemen concerned?

MAIR

That one is a fellow called
Normand. Some kind of dago. The
other is Casement --- Sir Roger,
(snickers) as was.

PETTIGREW

(impressed)

Casement, eh? Well well.
(reads some more, smiles)
He has been a naughty
boy, hasn't he.

MAIR

Not naughty enough for my master.
He wants it spiced up. He thinks
the other one might give you
inspiration. That Normand, now he
was really naughty.

PETTIGREW takes out a magnifying glass, scrutinises the
handwriting in both diaries

PETTIGREW

Shouldn't be too difficult.

MAIR

It's got to be good, Pettigrew.

PETTIGREW

(smiles)

I'll handle it personally, Mr Mair.

MAIR

And it's got to be quick.

Upper Amazon, 1910

BRITISH CONSULATE, IQUITOS. DAY.

CASEMENT working at a table before open french windows that look down on the town and the river; he is reading through large sheafs of paper; CAZES enters

CASEMENT

It's worse than you led me to expect, Cazes. Worse than the Congo, even. These poor Indians . . .

CAZES

One of the Barbadians has come down from the Putumayo. You should speak to him. He worked for the Aranas up there.

CASEMENT

Will he speak to me?

CAZES considers, shrugs

CAZES

He might. He's not the worst of them.

CASEMENT stands up, walks to the window, stands looking out at the sunlit scene

CASEMENT

This place could be a paradise; the Aranas and their like have turned it into a hell. (pause) All right, let's see your Barbadian.

CAZES

He's downstairs.

BRITISH CONSULATE. DAY.

CASEMENT and CAZES entering the consular office; sitting on a bench, FREDERICK BISHOP, a large, muscular blackman of about forty; his clothes are threadbare, his sandals worn, he holds a straw hat on his knees. He stands up, shoulders back and head held high; he is dignified and proud, and very much his own man

CAZES

This is Mr Roger Casement, from London.

CASEMENT
What is your name?

BISHOP
Frederick Bishop, sir.

CASEMENT
You work for the Arana brothers?

BISHOP
(nods)
Mr Brewster, he hired me.

CASEMENT turns inquiringly to CAZES

CAZES
(shrugs)
Arana's agent in Barbados.

CASEMENT
(to BISHOP)
Does the company treat you well?

BISHOP looks from CASEMENT to CAZES and back again, shrugs

CASEMENT
Have you seen Indians mistreated?
Have you seen them being beaten?

BISHOP
Many times.

CASEMENT
Where?

BISHOP
Everywhere. Chorrero, Occidente,
Entre Rios . . . (pause) Matanzas.

CASEMENT catches something in the way the last name is spoken

CASEMENT
Matanzas? Who is the boss there?

BISHOP
Normand.

CASEMENT
You worked with him? (BISHOP nods)
Is he a bad man?

BISHOP's only reply is a stony stare

CASEMENT
I am not trying to trick you, or
make you say things against
yourself.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)
We know about this Normand, the things he does. Others have told us.

BISHOP
(with passion)
Normand is the worst.

CASEMENT glances at CAZES, back to BISHOP

CASEMENT
Yes, that's what we've been told.

BISHOP
He makes us beat the Indians.

CASEMENT
(gently)
Have you beaten them?

BISHOP
Many times. The workers, their women, their children; everyone.

CASEMENT
He makes you whip them if they don't produce enough rubber, yes?

BISHOP
That, and because he likes it.

CASEMENT
Likes beating them?

BISHOP
I saw him flog a boy here (points to his groin), until he was all broken.

CASEMENT
Normand did this?

BISHOP
Yes.

CASEMENT
And the boy?

BISHOP
He died.

Pause

CASEMENT
(gently)
You've seen many die?

BISHOP nods, casts his eyes downward; pause

CASEMENT

(briskly)

Do you speak the Indians' language?

BISHOP

Pretty much. I been here five years.

CASEMENT

I want you to come and work for me. (BISHOP stares at him) I'm on my way to the Putumayo, to see for myself what goes on there, then I shall report back to my Government in London, so that something can be done to help the Indians. I will pay you to be my guide and my interpreter. You needn't be afraid: I shall protect you, from the Aranas, from Normand. You will be with me, they will not harm you. I give you my word.

BISHOP

And . . . after?

CASEMENT

You mean, when I am gone? (turns to CAZES) Can you arrange for him to return to Barbados?

CAZES

(shrugs)

Yes, I suppose so. But look here, Casement---

CASEMENT

(to BISHOP)

When we are finished, you can go home. Well? Will you shake my hand?

CASEMENT proffers his hand; BISHOP gazes at it for a long moment; it is obvious no whiteman has ever made such a gesture before; he wipes his own hand on his trousers, takes CASEMENT's hand; solemnly, they shake.

IQUITOS. DAY.

CASEMENT on the verandah of a supply store, checking over a pile of purchases: tents, cooking pots, a rifle, etc. ISRAEL, passing by, spots him, stops.

ISRAEL

Mr Casement! Good day to you.

CASEMENT eyes him without enthusiasm

CASEMENT

Good day, Mr Israel.

ISRAEL

I have been thinking over our conversation. I was struck by your speaking of --- how did you put it? --- the "relation between men". I did not understand what you meant, until (sly smile) I saw you the other evening, by the river . . . (pause; smoothly:) You will be making a report here, as you did in the Congo? I trust, Mr Casement, that my name will not appear in it?

CASEMENT gazes at him stonily, realising he is being blackmailed; BISHOP comes out of the store, carrying more purchases; seeing him, ISRAEL's expression changes to a frown

ISRAEL

(to BISHOP, sharply)
What are you doing here?

CASEMENT

This is Frederick Bishop, my guide.
Do you know him?

ISRAEL

Excuse me, I have urgent business .
. .

ISRAEL hurries away; CASEMENT turns to BISHOP

You know our Mr Israel?

BISHOP

(grimly)
I know him. I worked for him.

CASEMENT

(smiles)
You know his secrets, then.

BISHOP says nothing, only stares grimly after the departing figure of ISRAEL

CASEMENT

I think that's everything, don't you? Let's be on our way!

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT and BISHOP on deck as ship docks. Occidente is a shanty-town

CASEMENT
Where is this?

BISHOP
Occidente, Boss.

CASEMENT
(sarcastic)
Looks a splendid spot.

OCCIDENTE. EVENING.

CASEMENT and BISHOP arriving in the compound of the rubber station. BISHOP is carrying CASEMENT's bags, while CASEMENT is using a furled black umbrella as a walking stick. The Station House is a ramshackle wooden structure with a verandah of sorts, with all the windows open on the terrible heat of the day. The house stands in the middle of a bare clay space, surrounded on four sides by grass-roofed shanties. Before the house a fire smoulders, tended by a young INDIAN WOMAN and her CHILD, a boy of seven or so; dogs and pigs root about in the bare soil. From the house comes FIDEL VALARDE, a big, handsome, smiling, dangerous-looking Peruvian.

VALARDE
Welcome, welcome gentlemen!

He comes forward, and as he passes by the INDIAN WOMAN he casually cuffs her head, sending her scampering off with the CHILD.

CASEMENT
Senhor Valarde?

VALARDE
Si, si! Fidel Valarde, at your service! (he spots BISHOP, frowns uncertainly)

CASEMENT
Mr Bishop you know, I think?

VALARDE looks at BISHOP with narrowed eyes, then puts on his smile again and turns to CASEMENT

VALARDE
Come, come into the house!

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT and VALARDE in the living room of the Station House, seated in cane chairs on either side of a low bamboo table on which there is a flagon of wine and two clay mugs. BISHOP stands at the doorway, sentrylike.

VALARDE

Is good wine, Mr Casement, yes?
From Portugal, imported. To your
health!

He drinks, eyeing CASEMENT over the rim of the mug

CASEMENT

I wish to speak to some of your
people.

VALARDE

My "people"?

CASEMENT

Yes, your workers; your Indians.

VALARDE

What for? I tell you everything.

CASEMENT

(smiling, smoothly)
Yes, I'm sure you'll be very frank
and informative. But the
Government, you understand --- the
British Government --- would wish
me to hear witnesses from all
sides.

VALARDE

The Indians, they know nothing of
the business.

CASEMENT

Perhaps, but I need to hear, at
first-hand, something of the
conditions under which they work.
You do see my point?

VALARDE

You speak their lingo?

CASEMENT

Alas, no; but Mr Bishop here, he
has a very fair grasp of the
language --- don't you, Mr Bishop?

BISHOP gazes dead-eyed at VALARDE, nods

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT in his room in the Station House, unpacking his
bags. He goes to the door, stands looking out at the
compound. The INDIAN WOMAN is squatting by the fire tending a
cooking-pot. Despite the squalor, it is a peaceful, sunlit
scene. He steps out on to the verandah;

in a hammock strung between a verandah pole and a palm tree, a trio of small INDIAN BOYS, including the INDIAN WOMAN'S CHILD, are wrestling each other in an openly sexual game, laughing and squealing. CASEMENT watches them, smiling fondly. The CHILD looks at him and smiles sweetly in return.

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT sitting at a bamboo table, writing up his diary; the three INDIAN BOYS from the hammock are now crowded at one of the glassless windows, watching him, fascinated. The CHILD climbs through the window and timidly approaches the table. CASEMENT looks up in surprise

CASEMENT

Hello there, old man. What's your name, eh? (points to himself)
Roger: my name. Roger. (points to the CHILD) You?

CHILD

Omarino.

CASEMENT

Omarino. That is a very beautiful name. Omarino: "Little Homer".

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT at the table as before, writing his diary, with OMARINO standing beside him, the two INDIAN BOYS gone from the window. OMARINO shyly leans against CASEMENT'S shoulder, and without pausing in his writing, CASEMENT puts his arm innocently around the boy's waist.

OCCIDENTE. NIGHT.

CASEMENT in his room, lying on a pallet, sleeping uneasily. Sound of many voices. He opens his eyes, rises, looks out to see hundreds of Indians, mostly naked, many of them painted and adorned with feathers, shuffling into the compound. He goes out, watches them gather. The Indians are cowed. Some glance at him shyly, smile timidly. He smiles back. He notices that many of them are badly scarred, as from floggings. FREDERICK BISHOP approaches, leading the INDIAN WOMAN.

CASEMENT

What's going on?

BISHOP

Valarde, he has ordered a dance.

CASEMENT

A dance?

BISHOP

This woman wants to talk with you.

CASEMENT

Oh, yes?

BISHOP

She was burned. Normand, she was with Normand. Then he said she was sick, (points to his groin) there, and that she made him sick, too.

CASEMENT

Where was this?

BISHOP

At Matanzas. I was working for him. He hung her over a fire. (gestures to the woman, who displays scars of burning on her inner thighs) He made me beat her. Then he put burning sticks in her.

CASEMENT

Sticks?

Shamefacedly, INDIAN WOMAN mimes pushing sticks into her vagina.

CASEMENT

(grimly)

I see. (to BISHOP) And her husband? The boy's father?

BISHOP speaks to the INDIAN WOMAN in her language, she shrugs, replies.

BISHOP

(to CASEMENT)

Dead; killed.

CASEMENT

How?

BISHOP

Flogged to death.

CASEMENT

(to WOMAN)

Who did this?

INDIAN WOMAN

Normand.

Suddenly VALARDE appears; seeing him, the INDIAN WOMAN hurries away.

VALARDE

Now, Mr Casement, you will see how happy our workers are. Look! They have come to enjoy themselves!

CASEMENT looks with extreme scepticism at the miserable gathering of Indians.

OCCIDENTE. NIGHT.

The "dance" is in progress. To the dull beating of drums, the Indians move in a shuffling dance around the fire, blazing now, in the middle of the compound. CASEMENT and BISHOP stand on the sidelines, watching. CASEMENT notices in one of the huts a number of INDIAN WOMEN, dressed in a motley assortment of clothes, who are also watching the dance.

CASEMENT

Who are those women?

BISHOP

Normand's. He is here. They are his wives.

CASEMENT

How many wives has he got?

BISHOPS shrugs

OCCIDENTE. NIGHT.

Very late. CASEMENT on his pallet, sleepless. Outside in the compound, the fire has died to embers. Indians lie about on the ground, sleeping. CASEMENT rises, goes outside. He sees movement and lights in the hut where NORMAND'S WIVES are housed. He approaches, hears the women inside whispering in excitement and fear; the one word he can make out, repeated over and over, is "Normand". Just then, from out of the jungle comes NORMAND himself, dressed half European, half Indian style, and sporting a broad-brimmed white hat. He is a figure out of a nightmare. A pair of feral-looking hounds lope ahead of him; behind, his Indian bearers stagger along, hugely overburdened. When NORMAND reaches CASEMENT he stops, and the two men look at each other. NORMAND wears a malign smile; he gives the impression of being able to see into CASEMENT's very soul. Then he passes on, into the house. Returning to his hut, CASEMENT encounters BISHOP.

BISHOP

(peers closely at
CASEMENT)

You all right, Boss?

CASEMENT

(quietly)

Frederick, I think I have just come face to face with the Devil.

He walks on, into his hut. From the direction of NORMAND's hut, the shrieks of women, whether in joy or pain or terror it is impossible to tell. The hounds set up a baying. As CASEMENT looks out of his hut, he sees NORMAND come to the door of his hut and stand for a long moment, apparently looking directly at CASEMENT. Swelling sounds of the jungle.

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

Morning after the "dance". CASEMENT comes out into the compound, a towel slung over his neck. Looks about in puzzlement. VALARDE approaches, smiling and friendly as ever.

VALARDE

Good morning, Senhor Casement! You slept well, after our celebrations?

CASEMENT

Where are the Indians?

VALARDE

(shrugs)

Gone.

CASEMENT

The young woman, the young Indian woman, she was by the fire yesterday, when we arrived.
(VALARDE shrugs) May I see her?

VALARDE

She's gone too.

CASEMENT

Where?

VALARDE

(smiles)

With Normand. He take her with him. Maybe he marry her, eh!

Laughing, VALARDE strolls away.

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

CASEMENT in his room, writing in his diary. BISHOP appears in the doorway. CASEMENT sees from his expression that he has bad news; he closes his diary, rises, goes to his bag, takes out a revolver, stows it in the waistband of his trousers.

JUNGLE. DAY.

BISHOP with CASEMENT following; they enter a clearing, halt. We glimpse what they are gazing at in horror: the young INDIAN WOMAN crucified between two trees, horribly mutilated.

CASEMENT

(quietly)

The child? She had a child with
her, a boy.

BISHOP shrugs; CASEMENT turns on his heel, stalks away

OCCIDENTE. DAY.

VALARDE in his office, working at his desk. CASEMENT, with
BISHOP after him, bursts through the doorway. CASEMENT is
holding the revolver at his side.

CASEMENT

(icily furious)

Where is he?

VALARDE

(startled)

Who?

CASEMENT

Normand.

VALARDE

(shrugs)

I told you, he left; this morning,
early.

CASEMENT

Where has he gone to?

VALARDE

Matanzas.

CASEMENT

(to BISHOP)

Get some supplies
together. (to VALARDE) I
shall need a guide, and a
bearer; two, perhaps.

VALARDE sits back expansively on
his chair, smiling

VALARDE

You are leaving us already, Mr
Casement?

CASEMENT

I'm going to Matanzas. (VALARDE
nods, pretending to be impressed)
How long a march is it?

VALARDE

Two, three days. (CASEMENT turns to
leave) Mr Casement.

CASEMENT

Yes?

VALARDE

Normand . . . he is a strange man.

CASEMENT

He is a murderer, and you know it.
You are all murderers.

CASEMENT stalks out. BISHOP lingers; he and VALARDE gaze at each other without expression.

JUNGLE. DAY.

CASEMENT and BISHOP on the march along an unpaved road. BISHOP in the lead, with an Indian GUIDE, CASEMENT behind them, with umbrella as walking stick; two INDIAN BEARERS following, with bundles of supplies, and CASEMENT's bags.

JUNGLE. DAY.

CASEMENT and BISHOP sitting on the bank of a stream, eating a lunch of bread and fruit; CASEMENT has taken off his boots and is massaging his swollen calves.

CASEMENT

These damnable sandflies, they're worse even than mosquitoes.

Nearby, the BEARERS and the GUIDE sit in a huddle, talking among themselves in low voices

CASEMENT

They're having a great chin-wag;
what are they talking about?

BISHOP

Normand.

CASEMENT

(sighs grimly)
That name seems to be on everyone's lips.

BISHOP

They are afraid, they don't want him to see them. They say he'll think they have betrayed him, being with us.

CASEMENT

Do they think he would harm them, even when they're with us?

Pause; BISHOP gazes across the river, remembering

BISHOP

There was an Andoke, one of their chiefs. Normand wanted the man's wife, so he took her, said he could have her back if he brought in double loads of rubber. The man was already carrying more than he could bear. Normand laughed at him each day when he came in. You are lazy! Normand would say to him, and let the man see him putting his hand on his wife.

CASEMENT

What happened?

BISHOP

In the end, the man refused to work any more. He loved his wife, said he would not live without her. Normand put him in the cepo (extends his legs and arms, mimes being locked in the stocks), flogged him, left him to die of hunger.

CASEMENT

And the woman? The wife?

BISHOP

She went into the river.

BISHOP still looking across the stream, now CASEMENT notices his expression change, looks where he is looking. On the far bank of the stream, a line of silent INDIANS in single file emerge from the jungle, carrying huge bales of rubber on their backs, held in place by a broad leather strap that fits around their foreheads; they walk very slowly, bent almost double. Beyond them, through the trees, NORMAND's white hat can be seen bobbing along. The INDIANS pass from view. The last one in the line, however, an OLD MAN, collapses silently and falls with his face in the river. CASEMENT and BISHOP jump up, wade across the stream, pull the OLD MAN from the water. He lies on the river bank, moaning. CASEMENT is horrified to see the scars of repeated floggings on his back and thighs. BISHOP kneels and holds the OLD MAN's head up. OLD MAN mutters some words.

BISHOP

He says he's dying.

CASEMENT wades across the stream, takes a whiskey flask from his bag, returns, pours a little of the whiskey between the OLD MAN's lips, but it flows out at the corners of his mouth; he is dead. BISHOP lays him down on the sand.

CASEMENT

Look at the scars . . .

He peers off along the river bank, where NORMAND's white hat is still to be seen.

CASEMENT

I'll see that scoundrel hanged.

JUNGLE. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and BISHOP sitting on the ground over a small fire, drinking tea from mugs. Night sounds of the jungle all around them.

CASEMENT

. . . My father was a great man. He went to Hungary to fight against the Turks, rode all the way to London to bring a letter from General Kossuth to the British Prime Minister. The world acclaimed him a hero. How could a son be expected to live up to that, eh? (rueful smile) But I have tried, Frederick; I have tried. (pause) What about you? Your mother and father still alive?

BISHOP

(shrugs)

Maybe. They left me when I was a child.

CASEMENT

Left you?

BISHOP

At the mission. My father was a slave, brought from Africa.

CASEMENT

Do you remember him? Your mother?

BISHOP frowns, concentrating

BISHOP

I see faces, but, I don't know: maybe it is them, maybe not. My mother crying.

Pause

CASEMENT

So much pain in the world, Frederick; so much pain.

BISHOP lifts his head, listening, frowning. CASEMENT puts his hand on his revolver

CASEMENT
What is it?

BISHOP rises, walks a little way out of the firelight, then returns.

BISHOP
Gone.

CASEMENT
What?

BISHOP
The Indians. They were afraid.

CASEMENT
Did they take our supplies? (BISHOP
nods; pause) I'm going on.

BISHOP
Long way, Boss.

CASEMENT
You go back, if you wish.

BISHOP
(smiles)
Where is there for me to go back
to?

CASEMENT is obviously moved

CASEMENT
(blurts out)
It's the only thing, you know; the
only thing: friendship, I mean.

BISHOP does not quite know what to make of this; they stand awkwardly, listening to the thrumming noises of the jungle.

JUNGLE. DAY.

Tropical rain falling. BISHOP leading the way along a narrow track, CASEMENT following, his umbrella up. BISHOP turns to say something, but seeing the umbrella, bursts into laughter.

CASEMENT
If there's one thing the English
can do, Frederick, it's make a
decent umbrella.

JUNGLE. DAY.

CASEMENT, drenched and shivering, sitting under the inadequate shelter of trees, on his knees trying to light a fire. Rain still falling. BISHOP appears, with a bunch of bananas and a small, unidentifiable animal he has shot.

CASEMENT

What's that?

BISHOP holds up the animal by its back legs, inspects it.

BISHOP

Dunno . . . Peccary?

CASEMENT

Well, we'll eat it, whatever it is -
-- if I can get this blasted fire
going.

JUNGLE. NIGHT.

Rain has stopped. CASEMENT and BISHOP asleep beside the guttering remains of the fire. CASEMENT suddenly screams, clawing at his chest as if trying to pull something out of himself

BISHOP

What, Boss --- what is it?

CASEMENT wakes, stares wild-eyed at BISHOP

CASEMENT

(relieved) Frederick, it's you.
Dear God . . . (sits up, shivering,
rubbing his eyes) Mirrors . . . I
dream of mirrors . . .

JUNGLE. DAY.

Morning; glaring sunlight, the jungle steaming. CASEMENT bathing his swollen, fly-bitten feet in a pool of water; he looks exhausted and hungry and feverish. BISHOP, unheard, comes up behind him and stands looking down at him.

BISHOP

What are we doing, Boss?

CASEMENT, startled, whirls about, drawing his revolver.

CASEMENT

God, man, don't creep up on me like
that. (pause) What do you mean,
what are we doing? We're going to
find the boy.

BISHOP

He's maybe dead now. (CASEMENT scowls at the suggestion, takes on a stubborn look) Many lost children in the world, Boss: why this one?

CASEMENT

I don't know. Normand . . . (pause) I can't let it go. (pause; his eyes glitter, and he sounds slightly delirious) I've never believed in anything much, you see. Oh, I've observed the common pieties, but belief . . . well. (pause) What do you see when you look inside yourself, Frederick? I mean, are you full, full of things --- memories, convictions, love and hatred, all that? (BISHOP, not knowing how to reply, remains impassive) When I search inside myself, it's as if I'm in a huge vault, in the darkness; a huge, echoing, empty vault. (long pause; suddenly animated) But duty, now, that's a thing. A support; a . . . crutch. (pause; he looks about as if noticing the place for the first time; mildly:) You know, we might die here . . .

BISHOP, hearing something, gestures him to be silent; they listen, peering into the walls of the jungle all about them.

CASEMENT

What did you hear?

BISHOP shrugs, but continues to peer into the jungle, holding his rifle at the ready.

MATANZAS. DAY.

CASEMENT and BISHOP emerge into a clearing at the edge of the station compound; more shanties, with a wooden Station House in their midst; the place seems deserted, and is eerily silent. CASEMENT shivery with fever; they stop, he stands leaning on BISHOP's arm for support. They advance on the station house, BISHOP still supporting CASEMENT. When they arrive before the station door, which is standing wide-open, CASEMENT, almost collapsing, sits down on the steps to rest, while BISHOP cautiously goes forward and peers into the darkness beyond the door, then goes inside. CASEMENT lifts his head, looks about. There are faces watching him from the shadows under the trees surrounding him, or perhaps he only imagines them. He stands up, goes into the house.

STATION HOUSE. DAY.

CASEMENT wandering through the rooms; the atmosphere, partly due to CASEMENT's fevered condition, is that of a waking dream. The living room walls are covered with pictures torn from magazines: news photos from the Russo-Japanese war, advertisements, pictures of Parisian can-can dancers, a framed certificate from the London School of Book-Keepers with NORMAND's name engraved in copperplate. CASEMENT goes into the dining room: a circular table is covered with a white tablecloth and elaborately set for afternoon tea for two: bone china cups and saucers, silver cruets, an ornate cake stand, etc. CASEMENT stands in the doorway, staring. There is a step behind him, he whirls about, but it is only BISHOP.

CASEMENT
Look at this.

They stand gazing at the table

BISHOP
No one here, Boss.

Distantly, from the jungle, there is the sound of a gunshot, followed after an interval by two answering shots from another direction

CASEMENT
(whispers)
He's coming . . .

STATION HOUSE. DAY.

CASEMENT, his revolver drawn, standing beside a window that looks out on to the compound and the jungle. Tense silence. He turns to look at the window, where his reflection is faintly visible in the glass. He looks to the front again, and we see coming toward the window NORMAND. When he is close enough to the glass to fill the reflection of CASEMENT's face, CASEMENT turns his head and sees him. CASEMENT's look of terror as his recurring nightmare of the mirror and his own reflection seems to be taking place in reality.

STATION HOUSE. DAY.

CASEMENT hurrying into the front hall. BISHOP, his rifle at the ready, is standing facing the open front door. CASEMENT halts. Another tense silence. Behind them in the hallway, silently, NORMAND appears. He is dressed in a grotesque parody of an English gentleman: frock coat, striped trousers, riding boots, a white shirt with wing collar and a flowing black necktie, his broad white hat, and carrying a riding crop. He stands for a moment watching the two men, smiling to himself.

NORMAND

Good day, gentlemen!

CASEMENT and BISHOP whirl about, pointing their weapons. NORMAND smiles broadly, sweeps off his hat and makes a deep bow

NORMAND

You are very welcome to my home.

Behind CASEMENT and BISHOP there appear in the doorway, silently, three HALF CASTES, two with rifles, one with a machete.

NORMAND

Please, gentlemen, put down your weapons, they are no use to you here. (to BISHOP) Ah, Frederick! You have come back to us!

STATION HOUSE. DAY.

In the dining room. CASEMENT and NORMAND at the tea table, being served by two INDIAN MAIDS, who scurry about in silent terror, trying to anticipate their master's wishes. To one side BISHOP stands, without his rifle, while opposite him are ranged the three HALF CASTES, watching him and CASEMENT narrowly.

NORMAND

. . . Two years I lived there. Wonderful, wonderful. High Holborn, Kensington, Peckham Rye. I remember all the places. Tell me, Mr Casement, what do you think of English women? I think they are the finest in the world. So proud, so elegant --- and such white skin! Ah yes, the flower of womanhood. (frowns) French women, now---

CASEMENT

I want the boy.

NORMAND

(mildly, with feigned interest and surprise)
You don't care for women, eh? Well well: everyone to his taste, as the Londoners say.

CASEMENT

I will not leave without him.

NORMAND
 (elaborate frown of
 puzzlement)
 Who?

CASEMENT
 The Indian boy. He was with his
 mother.

NORMAND puts on a show of trying intently to remember.

NORMAND
 An Indian boy, his mother . . . ?
 Where did you see them?

CASEMENT
 You know.

NORMAND
 (shrugs)
 There are so many Indians:
 mothers, fathers, sons .
 . . (leans forward
 confidentially) Do you
 not find, Mr Casement,
 that they all look alike?

CASEMENT
 I'll pay you for him.

NORMAND stares at him, then laughs loudly

NORMAND
 (to HALF CASTES)
 He has come to buy a boy! But, Mr
 Casement, I can give you one ---
 two --- a dozen --- as many as you
 like!

CASEMENT
 Is he alive?

NORMAND makes a show of suddenly remembering.

NORMAND
 Ah, wait: I think I know the one
 you mean. Little fellow, smiles all
 the time --- or used to. Come: I'll
 take you to see him.

MATANZAS, DAY.

NORMAND leading the way across the compound, with CASEMENT
 close on his heels, and BISHOP and the HALF CASTES following.

NORMAND

. . . You know, Mr Casement, the rubber trade here is coming to an end. Five years from now the trees will all be worked out; there will be nothing left of the Putumayo.

CASEMENT

Not even Indians.

NORMAND

(laughs as at a clever witticism)

Yes, they will be gone, too, like the trees!

(puts on pious expression) It must be the will of God, Mr Casement.

Behind the shanties, they come to a clearing, in the middle of which stands a set of stocks, into which OMARINO is clamped. He looks at CASEMENT with a mixture of terror and hope

NORMAND

Is this the one you mean?

CASEMENT

(aghast)

How . . . how could you . . .

NORMAND deliberately misunderstands

NORMAND

Yes, yes, you are right, it is not easy: the cepo is made to hold them fully-grown. But my carpenters have adjusted it. Shall I demonstrate? (goes forward, leans down and points to the sockets where the child's arms and feet are clamped) You see the blocks that have been inserted? Mahogany. Come, look, it's real craftsmanship.

CASEMENT

Let me take him, please.

NORMAND

You still want to buy him?

CASEMENT

I have no gold.

NORMAND paces up and down, hand to chin, pondering; he stops, smiles, then signals one of the HALF CASTES to release the child from the stocks. NORMAND puts his arm around the child's shoulders.

NORMAND

Let us make a bargain: you give me (points to BISHOP) this treacherous fellow here, and I'll give you the boy. What do you say? Is that not a fair exchange?

CASEMENT looks at the armed HALF CASTES, then back to NORMAND, as if to say, I have no power to bargain with you. NORMAND shakes his head

NORMAND

No no, Mr Casement, you mistake me. Of course, I could keep Frederick anyway, with your agreement or not. But I am offering you a free choice. We are both Christian gentlemen. I give you my word, you give me yours. Say that you agree to leave this fellow here, and I guarantee that you and the child will go free. Come, Mr Casement; it is an experiment I am making. I want to see how an Englishman will conduct himself, out here, in the heart of the jungle, where we do not play cricket.

CASEMENT

I am not English. I'm Irish.

NORMAND

(laughs, shrugs)

Then you are --- what do you say? --
- an honorary Englishman. It's all the same.

Long, tense pause, as CASEMENT looks from NORMAND to BISHOP to OMARINO. BISHOP meets his eye, smiles faintly, nods, then launches himself at the HALF CASTES. CASEMENT moves to help him, but one of the HALF CASTES pushes him back, covering him with his rifle. After a brief, savage struggle, which NORMAND greatly enjoys, the HALF CASTE with the machete fells BISHOP with a fatal blow. NORMAND comes forward, turns BISHOP over with the toe of his boot, shakes his head and makes a tut-tutting sound.

NORMAND

Foolish fellow. And now my experiment is ruined. (pushes OMARINO toward CASEMENT) Here, take him; I gave you my word.

(MORE)

NORMAND (cont'd)
 (OMARINO stands between the two of them, frozen in terror) I wonder how you would have chosen? I shall never know . . . But then, you will not either, will you, Mr Casement?

CASEMENT steps forward, puts his arm around the boy, stares at NORMAND with contempt, then turns with the boy and walks off into the jungle. Behind them, NORMAND stands with hands on hips, laughing loudly.

JUNGLE. DAY.

CASEMENT and the child stumbling through the trees. Night is falling, the night-sounds of the jungle growing in intensity. CASEMENT, at the end of his strength, collapses into the undergrowth. OMARINO stands helplessly beside him, shaking him by the shoulder and peering about in terror. Slowly from the surrounding trees a band of INDIAN MEN step forward, armed with bows and arrows.

JUNGLE. DAY.

The INDIAN MEN tracking through the jungle, dragging a makeshift pallet on which CASEMENT lies, fevered and only half-conscious, cradling OMARINO on his chest.

ENTRE RIOS. DAY.

The dockside, where the SS Huayna is moored. The INDIAN MEN arrive, with CASEMENT and the child in tow. On the bridge, CAPTAIN BUSTON and DR WILSON. PoV BUSTON, looking down.

BUSTON
 Good God, Wilson, look --- it's what's-his-name, the Irishman!

ENTRE RIOS. DAY.

CASEMENT, semi-conscious, being lifted on board, still clutching OMARINO to him, under the directions of DR WILSON

WILSON
 What happened to you, man?

CASEMENT smiles at him, unable to speak.

IQUITOS. DAY.

Quayside. The Huayna has docked. CASEMENT, still ill but on his feet, disembarking, with OMARINO. CAZES is there to meet them.

IQUITOS. DAY.

CAZES leading CASEMENT and the boy into the Consulate. MRS CAZES waiting in the hall.

CAZES.

Mr Casement has come back to us, dear.

MRS CAZES looks with misgiving at the boy, who is clad only in a loincloth.

MRS CAZES
And who is this?

CASEMENT
Omarino is his name.

MRS CAZES
(sniffs)
I think, perhaps, a bath for the
child . . .

CASEMENT
That would be very kind of you, Mrs
Cazes.

All stand contemplating OMARINO, who smiles shyly and goes and buries his face in embarrassment in the front of CASEMENT's trousers. Then MRS CAZES leads the child away.

CAZES
By the way, I have something that
may interest you.

CASEMENT
Oh, yes?

CAZES leads the way to his private office. Once they are inside, he carefully locks the door, goes to his desk and unlocks a drawer, extracts a notebook, hands it to CASEMENT, who looks at him enquiringly.

CAZES
It's Normand's --- his diary, I
suppose you might call it.

CASEMENT
Where did you get it?

CAZES
Bishop brought it down with him
from the Putumayo. He gave it to me
that day your hired him ---
remember?

CASEMENT
I remember.

He riffles through the diary

CAZES

I didn't look at it until after
you'd left. Pretty vile, eh?

CASEMENT

(reading)

Vile, yes . . .

IQUITOS. NIGHT.

CASEMENT asleep under mosquito netting. He tosses and turns, gripped by a nightmare. He opens his eyes in terror to see a figure leaning over him, indistinct and sinister behind the netting.

CASEMENT

(wildly)

Keep away. Keep away!

CAZES

(in nightshirt)

It's me, Cazes.

CASEMENT sits up, claws his way out of the netting.

CAZES

You'd better get up. It's the boy.

CASEMENT stares at him, alarmed.

IQUITOS. NIGHT.

CAZES leading CASEMENT into tiny bedroom under the eaves. In candlelight, OMARINO lies on a cot, unconscious and in a fever. An INDIAN MAID is tending him. CASEMENT kneels by the bed.

CASEMENT

(to CAZES)

What is it?

Behind him, MRS CAZES enters

MRS CAZES

Measles.

CASEMENT

(staring at her)

Is it bad?

MRS CAZES says nothing, but looks at him, tight-lipped, offering no hope.

CEMETERY. DAY.

CASEMENT and CAZES standing by newly dug small grave.

CASEMENT

Something of my self is buried here.

CAZES

You were that fond of him, the boy?

CASEMENT

(as if he has not heard)

Something of my . . .
innocence. (they walk
away from the grave) How
strange: they can't
withstand our mildest
childhood illnesses.
(bitter laugh) What price
civilisation?

London, Spring 1911

FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON. DAY.

CASEMENT, in tweed cloak and with a muffler round his neck, pacing up and down an ornate hallway. He is drawn and ill-seeming, though much of his strength has returned. A door opens, and ERNLEY BLACKWELL comes into the hall, carrying a thick sheaf of papers.

BLACKWELL

Mr Casement. Blackwell is the name, Ernley Blackwell. The Foreign Secretary has asked me to speak to you.

CASEMENT

I had hoped to see Sir Edward himself.

BLACKWELL

He's with the P.M.

CASEMENT

I can wait.

BLACKWELL

He's likely to be a long time. (he smiles coldly) This way, please.

He stands back, ushering CASEMENT into his office. CASEMENT hesitates, seems for a moment as if he might refuse the offer, but then steps forward and through the door, BLACKWELL following.

BLACKWELL

Do sit, Mr Casement.

CASEMENT sits down in a chair before the desk, BLACKWELL takes his place behind it. He sets down the pile of papers on the desk before him..

BLACKWELL

I have been looking through your report on the Putumayo. You are certainly . . . (smiles coldly) thorough, Mr Casement.

CASEMENT

I have laid out the facts, no more.

BLACKWELL

And shocking facts they are.

CASEMENT

It is nothing less than a programme of extermination the Peruvians are carrying out. Entire peoples are disappearing.

BLACKWELL

Peoples?

CASEMENT

Tribes.

BLACKWELL sniffs; it is apparent that he doubts that the Indians can legitimately be called "people".

CASEMENT

You read the man Normand's diary?

BLACKWELL

I glanced through it. Not an edifying document.

CASEMENT

It is first-hand evidence of the foul way he and his kind treat the Indians. It is abominable.

BLACKWELL

So you say, Mr Casement . . . (he picks up the papers, hefts them for their weight) repeatedly.

CASEMENT

I doubt it can be said often enough, or forcefully enough. The Putumayo Basin is a hell on earth.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

The Indians of the region are not only murdered, flogged, chained up like wild beasts, their wives raped, their children sold into slavery and outrage, but they are swindled into the bargain. The condition of things there is the most disgraceful, the most lawless, the most inhuman, I believe, that exists anywhere in the world today, and far exceeds in depravity and demoralisation the Congo regime at its worst.

Pause

BLACKWELL

You seem to forget, Mr Casement, that your brief in the Putumayo was to enquire into the condition and treatment of British subjects there. This man Bishop . . .

He riffles through the report, searching for BISHOP's name

CASEMENT

He was my . . . he was my friend.

BLACKWELL looks at him sharply, frowning, then back to the report

BLACKWELL

Yes, here he is. I understand that he died . . .?

CASEMENT

He was murdered.

BLACKWELL

It is not in your report. Why is that?

CASEMENT looks away, with an expression of pain; pause

CASEMENT

(controlling himself)

Can you tell me what action is to be taken on my report, before it is too late?

BLACKWELL

(blandly)

Too late for what, Mr Casement?

CASEMENT

To save the Indians.

BLACKWELL
(consulting the report
again)

You say the rubber trade there is
in decline, that in a matter of
years the trees will be exhausted?

CASEMENT
So I was told.

BLACKWELL
By . . .?

CASEMENT
Armando Normand.

BLACKWELL
In that case, is it not that the
problem will solve itself, so to
speak?

CASEMENT stares at him, incredulous.

CASEMENT
Have you any conception, Mr . . .
what did you say your name was?

BLACKWELL
(icily)
Blackwell.

CASEMENT
Have you any conception, Mr
Blackwell, of the depths of
suffering and misery we are dealing
with here?

BLACKWELL
My concern, Mr Casement, is the
interests of Great Britain,
wherever they may lie. I understand
that the Barbadian workers in the
Putumayo region holding British
citizenship, of which there were no
more than a handful, have now
returned to Barbados --- those of
them still living, that is.

CASEMENT
And the Peruvian Amazon Company,
which has English investors and
English directors?

BLACKWELL

The Arana brothers have promised reform of the company and its work practices. We have no reason to disbelieve them.

They sit gazing at each other, CASEMENT stony-faced, BLACKWELL calmly, politely smiling. CASEMENT rises.

BLACKWELL

I shall tell Sir Edward that we spoke.

CASEMENT

(coldly)

Thank you.

He goes to the door. BLACKWELL rises, strides forward swiftly, gets to the door first, opens it.

BLACKWELL

Good day, Mr Casement.

CASEMENT stands looking into his face, seeming about to express his fury; instead, he turns with a black look and strides out the door.

London, April 1916

PUB. EVENING.

The pub is almost empty at this early evening hour. PETTIGREW is sitting in an alcove with a glass of gin and water, reading The Times. Enter a young man, the WRITER, shabbily dressed in a checked suit and sporting a bright red necktie. He spots PETTIGREW, sighs, squares his shoulders as if to tackle an unpleasant task.

WRITER

Evening, Pettigrew.

PETTIGREW

Ah, there you are --- at last.
(WRITER sits down with a sigh)
Drink?

WRITER

You buying?

PETTIGREW

But of course. What will you have?

WRITER

Gin and bitters.

PETTIGREW

Don't get up --- I'll fetch it for you. (goes to the bar, returns with glass) There you are. Cheers!

WRITER takes a cautious sip, eyeing PETTIGREW suspiciously.

WRITER

What's up?

PETTIGREW

(ignoring question)
How is your novel coming along?

WRITER

It's not.

PETTIGREW

(with exaggerated dismay)
You haven't given it up, have you? (WRITER shrugs)
You must keep on. I have great hopes for you as a chronicler of our time.

WRITER

(bitter laugh)
You have, have you?

PETTIGREW

I have.

WRITER

You've never read a word I've written.

PETTIGREW

I don't need to. You have great potential, I can tell. Someday you'll be up there at the Garrick Club, supping with Mr Bennett and Mr Wells, you mark my words.

WRITER

All right: what is it; what do you want?

PETTIGREW

I need the benefit of your imagination.

WRITER

Oh? Another blackmail job, is it?

PETTIGREW

Blackmail is an ugly word.

WRITER

As a matter of fact, it's not; it's rather a beautiful word, as words go.

PETTIGREW

(pointing to WRITER's glass)

Another?

WRITER

Am I going to need it?

PETTIGREW

(smiling)

You're so suspicious! You'll like this job; you'll enjoy it.

He takes their glasses and goes to the bar; WRITER glances idly at the newspaper lying on the table; a headline reads: CASEMENT TRIAL OPENS TODAY.

London, summer, 1913

LONDON. EVENING.

Dinner is in progress at the home of GERTRUDE BANNISTER and her husband SIDNEY PARRY, with CASEMENT and NINA CASEMENT as guests

CASEMENT

. . . Appalling, simply appalling: poverty, hunger, typhus epidemics. I saw a mother of three lying on a bed of filthy straw, she had not eaten for a week or more. The children's eyes --- oh! I went down there, of course. I wanted to see for myself. Appalling.

GERTRUDE

What is to be done?

CASEMENT

We've raised a little money. The children of the area will have a free meal a day for a year. It's not much, but it is something.

PARRY

I say, bravo!

CASEMENT

(to GERTRUDE)

I wish all his fellow-countrymen had your husband's heart, Gee dear. (to PARRY) It was little enough, Mr Parry, compared to what is needed for the region.

PARRY

And this is along all the coast, you say?

CASEMENT

Well, there's poverty all over Connemara, but it's the islands that are the hardest hit.

GERTRUDE

To think there should be such horrors in our own back yard!

CASEMENT

The Irish Putumayo, I call it.

GERTRUDE

They'll listen to you --- the government, I mean?

CASEMENT

Oh, my dear, they did not listen to me on the Congo, or on South America --- why would they listen to me on the plight of Ireland?

PARRY

But things have improved in those places, surely, the Congo, the Amazon?

CASEMENT

Somewhat, somewhat. Our efforts were not all in vain. But when the Government wound up the Peruvian Amazon Company, do you know who they appointed to handle the liquidation? Julio Arana, chief cause of all the sufferings of the Putumayo! Now he's back there, in power again, and no doubt working his old devilry.

PARRY

But Sir Roger---

CASEMENT

(laughing)

Oh, no, please, no "sirring"! Among my friends I am no "sir".

NINA

(warningly)

Roddie . . .

CASEMENT

Forgive me, Parry. I meant no offence to your country or your King---

PARRY

(mildly)

My King . . . ?

CASEMENT

---but there are many in Ireland who would regard me as a traitor for accepting a knighthood and kneeling to the Sovereign. Yet it is an honour, of course it is, even if as I suspect it was meant to placate and silence me.

GERTRUDE

(to NINA, laughing)

Him? Silent?

Pause

CASEMENT

(to GERTRUDE and NINA)

I've decided to retire from the Foreign Service, you know.

NINA

(sharply)

Retire?

CASEMENT

When I went to the Putumayo, the Treasury knocked four hundred pounds a year off my Consul-General's salary --- without telling me. I only found out from my bank.

GERTRUDE

No!

CASEMENT

Yes! Aren't they beauties? And now they're putting me on reduced pay, I presume because the illnesses that plague me --- illnesses contracted in the service of His Majesty's Government --- are keeping me from working full-time. So I have decided: I shall take my pension, and bow out.

GERTRUDE

But what will you do?

CASEMENT

Oh, I'll find something to occupy me and keep me out of trouble.

NINA

(to GERTRUDE, bitterly)
He has taken on a new cause, you know. He's joined the "fight for freedom".

PARRY

Freedom?

NINA

Home Rule for Ireland.

CASEMENT

(laughing)
Oh, I would go farther than that, Nina. Independence is what we need.

GERTRUDE

(laughs)
A republic, is it!

CASEMENT

(laughing)
And why not, may I ask?
(to PARRY) Your country
is bent on war, Mr Parry.

PARRY

Germany is hardly a great lover of peace.

CASEMENT

True. Both England and Germany are preparing to fight, and faster than the world suspects. If it comes to it, I wonder who will prove the stronger.

PARRY

I should think the answer to that is obvious

CASEMENT

(mildly)

I like the Germans, what I've seen of them. They're a clean, honourable people. (PARRY is about to give a sharp reply, but GERTRUDE lays a restraining hand on his wrist) It could be that German manhood, in the end, might triumph over British finance. (glances at PARRY, laughs lightly) Forgive me, Mr Parry, this must sound like treasonous talk to an Englishman. (to GERTRUDE) Nina and I are going over to Ireland on Friday. I've been away from home too long. I need the good clean air of Antrim to scour the Tropics out of my poor lungs.

His light tone cannot dispel the shadow that has fallen over the table; GERTRUDE gives PARRY a significant look, and visibly he restrains himself, and smiles

PARRY

A cigar, Mr Casement?

CASEMENT takes a cigar case from his pocket

CASEMENT

Will you take one of mine? They're the best Brazil can offer.

GERTRUDE, relieved the tension is dissipating, rises

GERTRUDE

(laughing)

Come along, Nina, let's leave these two to their detestable vices.

PARRY

I say, don't go!

Another moment of tension and embarrassment, as it is apparent PARRY regards with dismay the prospect of being alone with CASEMENT.

LONDON. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and NINA walking home after dinner at the PARRYS

NINA

. . . I wish you wouldn't talk like that about Germany and her "manhood", especially in front of Mr Parry.

CASEMENT

(laughs)

Well, it's what I believe, Nina.

NINA

Even you don't have the right to say everything you think whenever and wherever you like.

CASEMENT

I've kept my opinions to myself for too long.

NINA

Oh, Roger! --- you are the most opinionated man I've ever met.

CASEMENT

But I've changed them, my opinions, you see.

NINA

About what?

CASEMENT

About England and the English, for a start.

NINA

Oh?

CASEMENT

I always knew them to be greedy and overbearing and all the rest of it, but I thought they were at least honourable; they are not. They don't keep their word, Nina.

NINA

You make it seem so . . . so personal. As if you had been personally insulted.

CASEMENT

And so I have been, though that's the least of it.

NINA

They've given you a knighthood.

CASEMENT

As I said, that was only to keep me quiet. My reports on the Congo and the Putumayo have been ignored, delayed, watered down. I've seen that in the end they were an embarrassment to them. If they had moved as they should have on my calls for action, it would have interfered with their political and economic manoeuvrings. And so they preferred to leave those poor, innocent people to the mercy of the Aranas and the King Leopolds of this world. I feel disgust, Nina --- disgust and anger and helplessness.

NINA

Such passion! But we're not good at passion, our people; it tends to sound forced, when we try for it.

CASEMENT

One has to believe in something, Nina. One has to make oneself believe.

NINA

And Ireland, Home Rule --- you really mean to take up all that?

CASEMENT

Yes. I have taken it up. If I can't shame them into action on the Putamayo, perhaps I can help to force them to give us our freedom..

NINA

(sceptical and scornful) "Us" . . .
? (pause) Think of it, Roddie.
There is so much you could do, still. The whole world knows your name. You could do --- you could do anything.

CASEMENT

When I went to Connemara and saw the condition of the people there, as bad, nearly, as anything in Africa or South America, I suddenly realised where my duty lay --- where it has lain all along, if only I could have seen it.

NINA

(bitterly)

And what will "Ireland" do for you?
What did "Ireland" do for any of
us, our people? Did Ireland help us
when our father died, and we had to
throw ourselves on the mercy of our
English cousins? Yes, Roddie,
remember that: it was England that
took us in.

CASEMENT

(quietly)

Don't be bitter, Nina.

NINA

I'm not bitter. I see things as
they are. It's only when a person
can't find anything else to love
that he starts talking about love
of country.

Out of the shadows, two young men approach, talking and
laughing. As they pass by, one of them glances at CASEMENT,
smiles. The two pass on, and separate. The YOUNG MAN who
smiled at CASEMENT pauses, looks after CASEMENT, who turns,
and returns the look. NINA is aware of what is going on.
CASEMENT and NINA stop outside their lodgings.

CASEMENT

You go up, I'll be in presently.

NINA gives him a long look.

NINA

You should be careful, Roddie.

CASEMENT

(with forced gaiety,
exaggerated Irish accent)

Sure, amn't I always
careful, me dear! (normal
accent) If the Congo and
the Amazon couldn't bring
me down, what chance does
poor old London have?

He tips his hat to her and turns
jauntily to follow the YOUNG MAN.
She watches him go with worried
expression.

LONDON. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and YOUNG MAN amid greenery, standing close together
face to face.

YOUNG MAN

Well, you're a night owl, aren't you.

CASEMENT puts his hand to the front of YOUNG MAN's trousers.

CASEMENT

And here's the furry fellow I'm hunting.

LODGING HOUSE. NIGHT.

CASEMENT returning from his adventure in the park. He lets himself in quietly, tiptoes up the stairs. Outside NINA's room he pauses, taps very lightly on the door.

CASEMENT

(whispers)

Nina?

No reply; he goes into his own room, lights the lamp, takes off his jacket, sits down at writing table, takes out his diary and begins to write in it rapidly. As he writes he smiles to himself, obviously thinking of his recent encounter

TRAIN. DAY.

CASEMENT and NINA travelling toward Belfast

NINA

When do we get to Belfast?

CASEMENT consults his pocket watch

CASEMENT

Eleven.

Pause

NINA

What did you mean, the other evening, when you said you had already taken up the Irish cause?

CASEMENT

They want me to help set up an Irish Volunteer Force. Carson and his people have the Ulster Volunteers; we must have a force of our own. They're sending me to America, to raise funds.

NINA

This is a dangerous game you're embarking on, Roddie.

CASEMENT

It's no game, Nina. I've never been more serious.

NINA

Do you really believe in all this?
I mean, really?

CASEMENT

(avoiding her eye)
I'm committed to it. Isn't that enough?

BELFAST OUTSKIRTS. DAY.

In a field, a large crowd of Ulster Volunteers is listening to EDWARD CARSON, late fifties, vigorous, bulldog-like, addressing them from a makeshift stand. Thunder of Lambeg drums in the background. CASEMENT and NINA among the crowd.

CARSON

Will we accept Home Rule? We shall not. Will we accept Rome Rule? We shall not. I say to you, good men and true, the heart of Protestant Ulster will not be broken by London or by Dublin. We have the arms, we have the men, we have the will. A great Englishman has said it for us: "Ulster will fight --- and Ulster will be right!"

Loud cheers. We see CASEMENT's eyes fixed on CARSON with foreboding and admiration; there is in his eyes something of the same expression that fills them at the sight of a beautiful and desirable young man. CARSON sits down, his place is taken by FREDERICK SMITH, an Englishman of forty.

NINA

Who's this?

CASEMENT

Smith, Frederick Smith. A London Tory.

SMITH

. . . Nor shall we shrink from the consequences of Ulster's resistance to Home Rule, not though the whole fabric of the Commonwealth be convulsed! (cheers) We are warned that it is treason we are contemplating. Well, I say to the Government today: I do not care twopence whether it is treason or not. It is what we are going to do! (cheers)

BELFAST OUTSKIRTS. DAY.

The anti-Home Rule meeting has ended, CASEMENT and NINA walking away among the crowd.

CASEMENT

Carson is a patriot, in his way,
but Smith is in the game for what
power it might win him in London.

NINA

What does he want?

CASEMENT

To be Attorney General, some day. I
don't doubt he will succeed, on the
backs of Irishmen, and at the cost
of the Home Rule Bill.

London, March, 1914

HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

CASEMENT, hat in hand, waiting in the rooms of the leader of the Irish Party, JOHN REDMOND. REDMOND enters.

REDMOND

Sir Roger. John Redmond. How do you
do.

CASEMENT

How do you do, sir.

They shake hands warily, taking the measure of each other

REDMOND

Has someone shown you about the
House?

CASEMENT

(coldly)
I know the House of Commons very
well, thank you.

REDMOND

Of course, of course. Sit down
there. Cigar?

CASEMENT

No, thank you.

REDMOND

We are both busy men; I'll come to
the point.

(MORE)

REDMOND (cont'd)

As leader of the Irish Party, I am under very strong pressure from His Majesty's Government to accept a significant amendment to the Home Rule Bill. (takes his time lighting a cigar, blows smoke at the ceiling) The six counties of Ulster are to be excluded --- temporarily -- from the terms of the Bill.

Pause

CASEMENT

Partition.

REDMOND

As I say: temporarily.

CASEMENT

And will you accept?

REDMOND

It is the best deal we'll get, at present.

CASEMENT

I see.

REDMOND

I hope you do. Now, what I want to talk to you about is the Volunteers. I know that you and your friends have been enlisting young fellows by the thousand. I have to tell you, I don't like it.

CASEMENT

Which aspect do you not like, Mr Redmond? The large numbers? The enthusiasm? The love of Ireland that these young men display?

REDMOND

It will take only some gang of Yahoos to attack a police barracks or overturn somebody's car to bury the Home Rule Bill.

CASEMENT

I wonder, Mr Redmond, if you fully understand the nature of this phenomenon. These are not Yahoos we are recruiting. They are the flower of young Irish manhood.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

(REDMOND snorts derisively) Carson and his stone-faced Ulster cohorts, those selfish bigots who have suffered no injury, are free to arm and drill against us, who have never hurt Ulster, while Protestant pulpits resound with yells for a holy war; why should we---

REDMOND

(wearily)

Please, Sir Roger, no speeches, I have to listen to enough of those in my working day.

CASEMENT

---Why should not we, who speak gently and mean harm to no man, why should we not be free to arm and drill against those who have always hurt us? England connives with Carson, depending on him to destroy Home Rule. Who have we? --- only ourselves. If we had the officers, and the rifles, in six months we would have a hundred and fifty thousand fine young soldiers, ready and able.

REDMOND

(appalled)

Ready and able for what?

CASEMENT

For whatever task they might be called upon to perform.

Pause

REDMOND

This is an army you're assembling, Casement. An army of sedition.

CASEMENT

It is not an aggressive force.

REDMOND

There isn't a rifle put into a soldier's hands that won't be fired, sooner or later. You're talking rebellion.

CASEMENT

I'm talking of ensuring that Home Rule will be implemented despite threats of force, from whatever quarter.

REDMOND

Are you not threatening force yourself, with your hundred and fifty thousand armed rebels?

CASEMENT

Mr Redmond, you know as well as I that the Union is simply a polite word for England's armed occupation of Ireland. Nevertheless, I want no rebellion.

REDMOND

There are others who do. Behind you and your Volunteers I spy the hand of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Those are the boys that will not shrink from shedding blood, Irish as well as English.

CASEMENT

The threat of force from Carson and his Ulster Volunteers must be met by a threat of equal force from our side. It's the only way.

REDMOND

No, sir: parliamentary politics is the only way.

CASEMENT

Perhaps the time for politics is past.

Pause

REDMOND

What's come over you, Casement? You were always an empire man at heart.

CASEMENT

I've seen the price of empire. I've seen it being exacted from the flogged hides of blacks and South American Indians. I have seen what English rule has done to our own country. It's time for action.

A bell rings.

REDMOND

Well, speaking of action, there's the division bell: I must go and vote.

REDMOND goes to the door, opens it, as CASEMENT rises and comes forward to leave.

REDMOND offers his hand, CASEMENT hesitates, then accepts it. REDMOND smiles in sardonic amusement at CASEMENT's intensity.

REDMOND

Well, Sir Roger, I don't mind you getting an Irish republic . . . if you can.

CASEMENT frowns, says nothing, exits.

London, April 1916

LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

WRITER climbing narrow, ill-lit stairs. He stops at an unmarked door, knocks. Sound of many locks inside being undone, then the door opens a crack, PETTIGREW peers out cautiously, then smiles.

PETTIGREW

Ah. Come in, my boy, come in.

WRITER enters, PETTIGREW peers out to the landing and down the stairs, then withdraws, and shuts and locks the door. The room has a sagging bed, a chair, a wash stand. In one corner there is a raised writing desk, with a table beside it on which are inks, pens, brushes, etc.: a forger's equipment. On the writing desk, CASEMENT's diary is standing open, where PETTIGREW has been working on it.

PETTIGREW

Sit down, sit down. I was just going to make some tea --- fancy a cup?

WRITER paces about the room in restless irritability

WRITER

Haven't you got anything stronger?

PETTIGREW puts on look of deep shock

PETTIGREW

Oh, no; no drinking here. You need a clear head for this sort of work.

WRITER

You need a filthy mind, is what you need.

PETTIGREW

(sweet smile)
That's why I hired you,
dear boy. (pause) Well,
what have you got for me?
(MORE)

PETTIGREW (cont'd)

WRITER shrugs, takes some folded pages from an inner pocket, hands them to PETTIGREW, who takes them eagerly and scans them; a smile of approval spreads across his face.

PETTIGREW

This is very good. Oh, dear me, yes, this is very good. (pause) You've got a real flair for this work, you know. The way you've adapted our Mr Normand's little adventures into Casement's style, well, it's worthy of . . . (casts about) why, of Mr Dickens himself!

WRITER

(sourly)

I hope it's more plausible than Dickens or we'll both be in trouble.

PETTIGREW

Oh, it's plausible, all right. More than plausible: it's the man himself, in all his stylish perfidy. If between us we don't manage to hang him, well then, there's no justice in the world.

SS Oskar II, mid-Atlantic, October 1914

DECK. DAY.

CASEMENT is strolling on deck. He spots a burly, blond young man in his mid-twenties, ADLER CHRISTENSEN, leaning on the rail, who returns his questioning look. CASEMENT stops and takes up a position beside him, also leaning on the rail.

CASEMENT

We seem to be making good headway: Copenhagen by tomorrow evening, they say.

CHRISTENSEN

Ah, no good, no good. Too slow.

CASEMENT

You know about ships, do you?

CHRISTENSEN

I've sailed enough of them.

CASEMENT

Ah, a seaman. I guessed as much, from the cut of your jib. My name is . . . (momentary hesitation) Landy. James Landy.

CHRISTENSEN
Adler Christensen.

They shake hands

CASEMENT
(smiling)
Well, Mr Christensen, would you
care to join me for a glass of
grog?

SHIP'S BAR. DAY.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN sitting at the bar with mugs of beer
before them.

CHRISTENSEN
. . . Ah, bloody bad business,
bloody bad. Ran off from home when
I was twelve, stowed away on a
collier bound for New York. Worked
as a fireman on half a dozen tubs.
Out of work now, and I tell you,
hungry half the time.

CASEMENT
So you're returning home, to
Norway?

CHRISTENSEN
(shrugs)
I have people there.
(pause) You?

CASEMENT
I've been in New York for some
months. Business.

CHRISTENSEN
Are you American?

CASEMENT
Yes.

CHRISTENSEN
You don't sound it.

CASEMENT
Lived abroad a lot.

CHRISTENSEN
Where you bound for --- Copenhagen?

CASEMENT
Christiania.

CHRISTENSEN
 (with a grimace of
 distaste)
 My hometown.

CASEMENT
 Ah. I've never been there. Perhaps
 you might show me something of the
 city? I would pay, of course. Here;
 (takes out his wallet, offers bank
 notes) something on account.

CHRISTENSEN looks from the money to CASEMENT and back again.
 We can see him judging what will be required of him in
 return. He takes the money. They smile at each other, and
 CASEMENT lifts his mug in a toast.

CASEMENT
 Norway, and Ireland: hands across
 the sea, young Christensen . . .
 (softly) Adler.

Christiania (Oslo), Norway, October 1914

CHRISTIANIA. DAY.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN alighting with their baggage from a
 taxi outside the Grand Hotel. PORTER comes to take their
 bags. They enter the hotel.

HOTEL. DAY.

CASEMENT
 Right then, Adler, do you stuff.

CHRISTENSEN goes forward to the reception desk, speaks in
 Norwegian. RECEPTIONIST looks at him coldly, turns to
 CASEMENT

RECEPTIONIST

You are Mr Landy, of New York?

CASEMENT
 Ah, you speak English.

RECEPTIONIST
 Of course. Welcome to Christiania,
 sir. Please sign here. (CASEMENT
 signs the register) Shall I have
 the porter bring up the bags, or
 will your (looks disdainfully at
 CHRISTENSEN) . . . "man" take them?

CHRISTENSEN about to flare up in anger, CASEMENT gives him a
 look.

CASEMENT
The porter, please.

HOTEL. DAY.

CASEMENT, CHRISTENSEN, PORTER in CASEMENT's room..
CHRISTENSEN boyishly enthusiastic, walking in and out of the connecting door between this room and his.

CASEMENT
(looking helplessly at
coins in his hand)
Here, Addy, come and help me with
this blessed money, I can't make
head or tail of it.

CHRISTENSEN
(selecting coin from
CASEMENT's palm)
That's enough.

PORTER gives CHRISTENSEN a sour look, exits.

CASEMENT
How does it feel, being home again
after all these years?

CHRISTENSEN
Norway is not my home.

CASEMENT
Where, then?

CHRISTENSEN
(shrugs)
Nowhere.

CASEMENT takes him in his arms.

CASEMENT
Poor old Addy. When Ireland is
free, you'll come with me there.
It's a beautiful place. We'll tramp
the Glens of Antrim together, two
free men under God's good sky.

CHRISTENSEN detaches himself from CASEMENT's embrace.

CASEMENT
(briskly)
And now, I have some
business to see to . . .
(takes up his cloak and
stick) Will you unpack?

CHRISTENSEN
 (surly and sarcastic)
 Oh, yes, sir, certainly, sir.

CASEMENT stands irresolute for a moment, then smiles unhappily, exits.

HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Enter CASEMENT with hat and stick and wearing his tweed cloak; he stops short in the doorway. CHRISTENSEN is sitting at the bureau, with CASEMENT's diary open before him..

CHRISTENSEN
 (with sly smile)
 Get your "business" done?

CASEMENT calmly takes off his cloak, puts down his hat and stick

CASEMENT
 (mildly)
 Do you always read other people's diaries?

CHRISTENSEN
 (grinning)
 Who is this "Casement", then?

CASEMENT ponders, then shrugs.

CASEMENT
 All right, I'll tell you. My name is not Landy, it's Roger Casement. Have you heard of me? (CHRISTENSEN shakes his head) Good. I'm an Irishman --- an Irish patriot. I've been in America, raising funds for a Volunteer force to fight for Irish freedom. Now I'm on my way to Germany, to organise an Irish Brigade among Irish prisoners of war from the British army. Do you believe me?

Pause; CHRISTENSEN gazes at CASEMENT without expression, then suddenly bursts into laughter.

CHRISTENSEN
 No!

CASEMENT joins him in loud laughter

CHRISTIANIA. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN walking along a busy street.

CASEMENT

. . . Irish, yes, but a British citizen. It will be dangerous for me, going to Germany, with this war now starting. They will stop at nothing, the English, when they are threatened.

They stop, turn to face each other.

CASEMENT

Will you come with me?

CHRISTENSEN

(shrugs)

Why not? I've nowhere else to go.

CASEMENT smiles with satisfaction, they turn and walk on

CASEMENT

Right then, my young Viking: let's go and have our dinner! I suppose you eat reindeer, up here . . . ?

HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

CASEMENT, in dressing gown, sitting at desk by lamplight, working on papers. CHRISTENSEN, in nightshirt, wanders in sleepily from the adjoining room. He stands behind CASEMENT, looking over his shoulder.

CHRISTENSEN

What's that?

CASEMENT

A cypher. From the Germans.

CHRISTENSEN

The Germans?

CASEMENT

I went to the legation yesterday.

He turns from the papers, puts an arm around CHRISTENSEN's hips. CHRISTENSEN steps away, yawning.

CHRISTENSEN

Tired . . .

Without warning, the door to the room is opened from outside, and a FIGURE, whose features it is too dark to make out, looks in, murmurs what might be an apology and quickly withdraws. CASEMENT rises quickly, goes to the door and pulls it open, but the FIGURE is nowhere to be seen. CASEMENT shuts the door, stands frowning. CHRISTENSEN meanwhile is examining a heavy leather pouch CASEMENT has left unattended on the bed. He picks it up, hefts it, impressed by the weight.

CASEMENT, wagging a finger in smiling reproof, comes and takes it from him.

CHRISTENSEN
What's in it?

CASEMENT
(smiling)
Never you mind.

CHRISTENSEN scowls, stalks through the door into his own room. CASEMENT, alarmed, follows him CHRISTENSEN sitting on his bed, sulking.

CASEMENT
Oh, look, Addy, I'm sorry. I do trust you, only . . . Here, I'll show you.

He opens the pouch, revealing a cache of gold coins

CHRISTENSEN
Gold . . .

CASEMENT
Two thousand dollars.

CHRISTENSEN
Where did you get it?

CASEMENT
Some of it by fund-raising, the rest from my American sponsors.

CHRISTENSEN
So it's yours?

CASEMENT
(considers)
Well, in a way, I suppose. I'll have to account for it, of course.

CHRISTENSEN gazes avidly at the gold

HOTEL. DAY.

Morning; CHRISTENSEN, still in nightshirt, sits at desk, hurriedly copying out the German cypher. Sounds of CASEMENT singing in his bath.

CASEMENT
(off)
"Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen . . ."

Sounds of him getting out of the bath. CHRISTENSEN folds the copy of the cypher and slips away into the other room.

CASEMENT enters from the bathroom, with a towel around his waist.

CASEMENT
Adler . . . ?

He pauses by the desk, notices the disorder of the papers, frowns, then shrugs, and turns and goes into the other room.

CASEMENT
(off)
(jocularly) Are you going
to get up at all today,
you lazy layabed . . . ?

HOTEL DINING ROOM. DAY.

CASEMENT sitting after lunch, with newspaper and cigar. CHRISTENSEN enters, makes his way through the tables. Some of the other guests look at him and frown, disapproving of the presence of a member of the "lower classes"

CASEMENT
Well? Did you see them? Are they
well?

CHRISTENSEN sits down, shakes his head

CHRISTENSEN
They are old.

CASEMENT smiles sympathetically

CASEMENT
All the same, you're lucky; my
father and mother were dead while I
was still a child.

CHRISTENSEN
(shyly)
I told them about you.

CASEMENT
(pleased)
Did you, now! And what did you tell
them?

CHRISTENSEN
I said I was travelling with an
English gentleman who had been
decorated by the King.

CASEMENT
(laughing)
What! You made me an Englishman?

CHRISTENSEN

An Englishman they understand;
Irish . . . (shrugs; pause) I
thought . . . I thought we might .
. . that you might . . .

CASEMENT

You want me to meet them?
(CHRISTENSEN squirms embarrassedly)
But of course I will; of course.

HOUSE. DAY.

The Christensen home, clean and tidy, but cramped, with obvious signs of poverty. CHRISTENSEN's MOTHER is a large, awkward, shy woman. CHRISTENSEN's FATHER is crippled, and on crutches. CHRISTENSEN stands with CASEMENT at his side.

CHRISTENSEN

(in Norwegian)

This is Sir James Landy.

Awkward silence, then CASEMENT strides forward, takes MOTHER's hand, kisses it

CASEMENT

It's a very great pleasure to meet
you, Mrs Christensen. (goes to
FATHER, vigorously shakes his hand)
Mr Christensen, how do you do!

MOTHER

(flustered, to
CHRISTENSEN, in
Norwegian)

Don't stand there, Adler,
fetch him a chair! (to
CASEMENT, still in
Norwegian) You are very
welcome to our home, sir.
Please will you sit down
and take something to
drink?

She signals to FATHER, who rises
with difficulty, takes a bottle and
glasses from a cupboard, sets them
on the table. Everything is awkward
and clumsy, but CASEMENT has
successfully broken the ice. He
sits down at the table, FATHER
pours him, CHRISTENSEN and himself
a drink, lifts his glass in a
toast.

FATHER

(in Norwegian)

To your health, Sir Landy!

All three drink, while MOTHER looks on, nodding and beaming. CASEMENT catches CHRISTENSEN's eye, smiles.

HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

CASEMENT answering an urgent knock at the door. It is CHRISTENSEN, greatly agitated. He comes inside, while CASEMENT glances into corridor, shuts the door

CASEMENT

What is it?

CHRISTENSEN

The English, they--- they---

CASEMENT

The English?

CHRISTENSEN

I was walking along, and a car drove up slowly beside me, big car, chauffeur. A man in the back ordered me to get in. We drove to a house in Drammensveien. I was brought upstairs, into a room, there was another man, tall, grey beard. He locked the door. He said his name was . . . what was it? . . . Findlay. An Englishman. He asked me about you.

CASEMENT

Me?

CHRISTENSEN

He asked who it was I was travelling with. I said Landy. He said he knew that was not your name. He said you were the Irishman, Casement. He said that since you were travelling on a false passport, no one would notice if you disappeared.

CASEMENT

Disappeared? That was the word he used?

CHRISTENSEN

He said if someone was to knock you on the head he would be well paid.

CASEMENT

What did you say?

CHRISTENSEN

I said nothing. I said your name was James Landy, from New York. He laughed.

CASEMENT

And then?

CHRISTENSEN

(shrugs)

I said I wanted to leave. He asked if I would come back.

Pause; CASEMENT pacing, agitated, thinking.

CASEMENT

See if the desk has a street directory.

CHRISTENSEN speaks in Norwegian into the phone. They wait, tensely. Tap at the door, PORTER hands CHRISTENSEN the directory, withdraws. CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN pore over the book.

CASEMENT

What number was the house you were brought to?

CHRISTENSEN

Seventy-nine.

CASEMENT

It's the British Legation.

They stare at each other. CASEMENT, remembering, looks at the door.

CASEMENT

That fellow who put his nose in the other night . . . (pause) I'll speak to the Germans. They must get us out!

TAXI. DAY.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN travelling through the city on the way to the German Legation. CASEMENT keeps glancing anxiously out of the back window.

CASEMENT

Look, that car behind; I think it's following us.

CHRISTENSEN peers out at the car, in which there are three men

CHRISTENSEN

That one --- I think he's the one
who picked me up this morning.

CASEMENT

Tell the driver to turn right ---
now.

CHRISTENSEN speaks urgently in Norwegian to the DRIVER, who wrenches the wheel and the taxi makes a sharp turn, throwing the passengers to the side.

CASEMENT

Now --- stop! You go on.

CHRISTENSEN again speaks in Norwegian, the DRIVER brakes suddenly, and CASEMENT jumps out, hides in a doorway, while the taxi starts up with CHRISTENSEN inside and goes on. From his hiding place, CASEMENT sees the following car turns the corner on squealing tyres and follow the taxi. CASEMENT, pulling up the collar of his tweed cloak, sets off on foot.

GERMAN LEGATION. DAY.

CASEMENT waiting at the front door, and glancing nervously over his shoulder. Door is opened, he slips inside.

GERMAN LEGATION. DAY.

CASEMENT sitting alone on a large sofa in the centre of a vast, ornate, silent room. A clock ticks. Slowly, CASEMENT extends one hand before him and gazes at it. The hand is trembling. Door opens, COUNT VON OBERNDORFF enters; he is middle-aged, wearing a tailcoat and striped trousers, high collar, and sports a monocle. He is carrying a sheet of paper in his hand.

OBERNDORFF

Herr Casement, how do you do? I am
Count von Oberndorff, Minister here
at the Legation.

CASEMENT

How do you do, sir.

OBERNDORFF

(glancing at the paper)
We have decoded your letter from
our Washington ambassador.
Everything seems in order. I have
telegraphed to Berlin, and expect a
reply very soon.

CASEMENT

Circumstances have changed since
yesterday.

OBERNDORFF

Oh?

CASEMENT

My valet was picked up this morning by British agents.

OBERNDORFF

(astonished)

Here, in Christiania?

CASEMENT

He was taken to the British Legation. A man called Findlay spoke to him.

OBERNDORFF

Findlay, yes: he is the British Minister here. He spoke to your valet himself?

CASEMENT

He offered him a bribe if he would help to arrange my assassination. More: he seemed to suggest my man might do the deed himself.

OBERNDORFF stares at him in amazement for a moment, then cannot keep from smiling

OBERNDORFF

My colleague, Mr Findlay, offered money to have you murdered? Come, Herr Casement, really . . .

CASEMENT

Your colleague? But Germany and England are at war!

OBERNDORFF

That does not mean we cease to behave in a civilised manner; we are diplomats, after all. I know Minister Findlay very well. I cannot believe that he---

CASEMENT

I tell you, my life is in peril! You must get me to Berlin without delay.

OBERNDORFF

And I tell you, Herr Casement, I have telegraphed to Berlin, and must await their reply.

(MORE)

OBERNDORFF (cont'd)

If you wish, I can arrange for one of our security officers here to accompany you to your hotel. Where is your valet now?

CASEMENT

At the British Legation.

OBERNDORFF

(with astonished laugh)

At the---? Has he been kidnapped a second time?

CASEMENT

Findlay had asked him to return. I said he should go, if only to find out what plans they have for getting rid of me.

OBERNDORFF

(smiling)

Let us hope they do not assassinate him.

CASEMENT takes up his hat and stick from the sofa

CASEMENT

(stiffly)

I shall await your word at my hotel.

OBERNDORFF

Would you like me to send a man with you?

CASEMENT

Thank you, no. I am not afraid of England's ruffians.

OBERNDORFF

(suppressing his amusement)

I am very glad to hear that, Herr Casement. I shall telephone you as soon as I have heard from Berlin. In the meantime . . .

He extends his hand, which CASEMENT takes, but not without a brief hesitation

STREET. EVENING.

Early twilight has fallen. CASEMENT is hurrying through the shadowy streets toward the hotel, the collar of his cloak pulled up; he keeps glancing about, seeming to see menace in the face of every passer-by.

HOTEL. NIGHT.

CASEMENT enters his room, shuts the door behind him, leans his back against it, closes his eyes in relief. He starts when there is a tapping on the door behind him.

CASEMENT

Who is it?

CHRISTENSEN

(off)

Adler.

CASEMENT opens the door, CHRISTENSEN enters.

CASEMENT

Well?

CHRISTENSEN

I saw him again.

CASEMENT

Findlay?

CHRISTENSEN

He talked again about kidnapping you.

CASEMENT

Go on.

CHRISTENSEN

He said if I could get you to some place on the Skaggerack or the North Sea they would have a man-of-war ready and would take care of you.

CASEMENT

What did you say?

CHRISTENSEN

I smoked a cigarette in his face, and used bad language to him, and said I would do nothing to harm Sir Roger without being paid. He said he would give me five thousand pounds in gold if I would deliver you to him. I said I wanted guarantees, but he said I must take his word of honour. Then he gave me a hundred kroner.

CASEMENT

A hundred kroner? How much is that?

CHRISTENSEN
(shrugs)
Five dollars.

Pause, then suddenly CASEMENT begins to laugh, and goes on laughing until he is helpless; CHRISTENSEN at first is indignant, then he too begins to laugh

CASEMENT
(laughing)
Five dollars! Oh, Addy.

CASEMENT, weak from laughing, sits down on a chair; CHRISTENSEN goes to him, takes the hundred kroner from his pocket, offers them

CASEMENT
What's this?

CHRISTENSEN
The hundred kroner. You take it.

CASEMENT stops laughing, sits looking at the money; he is very moved.

CASEMENT
My dear Adler . . . my dear, dear
Addy.

HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

CASEMENT in street clothes, CHRISTENSEN still in bed.

CASEMENT
Come on, up with you.

CHRISTENSEN
(groggily)
What . . . ?

CASEMENT
Up you get, come, come! We're going
shopping.

STREET. DAY.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN walking through a street of fashionable shops.

CASEMENT
Now, what can we get you for a
hundred kroner? Tell me what you
would like.

SHOP. DAY.

CASEMENT, smiling happily, sitting on a gilt chair, while CHRISTENSEN in front of a mirror tries on a silk waistcoat, attended by a frock-coated SHOP MAN

CHRISTENSEN
You like this one?

CASEMENT
It's very beautiful. And so are you.

SHOP MAN glances at CASEMENT in surprise, immediately puts on blank expression again.

STREET. DAY.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN emerging from shop, turning back toward the hotel. Across the street, a MAN IN RAINCOAT glances at them covertly, turns and starts to walk along the opposite side, shadowing them.

CASEMENT
(whispers)
You see him? Do you know who he is?

CHRISTENSEN faintly shakes his head

CASEMENT
Have no fear, they can do nothing to us here. They wouldn't dare.

HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

CASEMENT at desk, writing a letter. CHRISTENSEN lounging on a sofa in his new waistcoat and shirt sleeves, smoking a cigarette and watching CASEMENT with a covert smile of amused contempt.

CHRISTENSEN
What are you writing?

CASEMENT
Just a minute, let me finish.

He writes a last line, sits back and reads over the letter with smile of satisfaction

CASEMENT
(reading)
"Dear John Devoy: Arrived safe here, and have spoken to our friends. They are very well disposed, and I am confident they will go the whole road with us. . .
blah blah blah . . .
(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

Meantime, the "sanitary pipes" will be furnished and on a big scale, with a good stock of "disinfectants". Enough for fifty thousand health officers at least. . . . blah blah blah . . . all arrangements complete . . . blah blah . . . I shall wire by the arranged code from the Scandinavian firm . . . our head agent in the old country has been advised . . . blah blah blah blah blah . . ." Now, listen to this bit, I like this: "It was fine when John Bull thought all the work in this war would be done by the Russians and the French and he would come in at the end to divide the spoils and keep the lion's share for his own belly. But it is getting plainer every day that our friends can and will dispose of the Russian bear and the French tiger-cat, and then have their strong hands free to tackle the sea-serpent of Albion . . ." What do you think?

CHRISTENSEN

What is it?

CASEMENT

It's a fake letter from me to John Devoy, the head of the Irish Republican Brotherhood in the United States, which you will carry to your Mr Findlay.

CHRISTENSEN

Why?

CASEMENT

To confuse old John Bull. I feel like playing a little game with the old boy.

TRAIN STATION. NIGHT.

CASEMENT standing in train doorway, scanning the busy platform. OBERNDORFF arrives, with SECURITY MAN from the Legation.

OBERNDORFF

(breathless)

Herr Casement, we have been told there is a British agent on the train.

CASEMENT
 (offhand, still scanning
 the platform)
 Oh, yes?

OBERNDORFF
 Watch for the Engelholm junction,
 and switch there from this section
 of the train to the Sassnitz
 section. We have reserved a
 sleeping compartment for you. Do
 you understand? Herr Casement?

CASEMENT
 Eh? Yes, yes, the Engelholm
 junction, Sassnitz section. I
 understand.

But his attention is still on the milling passengers.
 Suddenly he smiles in relief, seeing CHRISTENSEN hurrying
 through the crowd.

CASEMENT
 There he is! (CHRISTENSEN arrives,
 breathless) This is my valet.
 Adler, this is Count von
 Oberndorff.

OBERNDORFF glances at CHRISTENSEN with frank disdain, nods
 briefly.

OBERNDORFF
 (to CASEMENT)
 You will be met in Berlin by Count
 von Zimmermann. He is the Under
 Secretary of State at the Foreign
 Office.

CASEMENT, in his relief at CHRISTENSEN's safe arrival, is
 hardly listening.

CASEMENT
 (to CHRISTENSEN)
 Well, did you manage it?
 (CHRISTENSEN looks
 anxiously at OBERNDORFF,
 but nods) Excellent work!
 Did he swallow the bait?

CHRISTENSEN
 He didn't open it while I was
 there.

CASEMENT
 But what did he say?

CHRISTENSEN

He said you were a dangerous rascal.

CASEMENT

(delighted laugh)

Did he, now! Oh, that's a good one.

OBERNDORFF

(coldly)

Herr Casement . . .

CASEMENT

Yes, Count, forgive me. We had a little business to complete, Adler and I. Switch at Engelholm, I have that.

OBERNDORFF

Here are the tickets for the sleeping compartment.

He hands CASEMENT the tickets

CASEMENT

My thanks to you for all your help, Count. Perhaps we shall meet again, someday; perhaps you will come to Ireland, when we have won our freedom.

OBERNDORFF

(coldly)

Indeed. And now, auf Wiedersehen. I wish you good fortune.

OBERNDORFF and SECURITY MAN turn and walk away, while CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN climb into the train and CASEMENT shuts the door behind them.

CASEMENT

My God, Addy, I was so worried. What was I thinking of, to put you in such danger?

TRAIN. NIGHT.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN walking along the corridor, glancing into each compartment.

CASEMENT

(whisper)

See any familiar faces?

CHRISTENSEN shakes his head, then stops, staring into compartment at the MAN IN RAINCOAT.

They go into the next carriage, find an empty compartment, stow their suitcases etc., and sit down.

CASEMENT

So: tell me.

CHRISTENSEN

(shrugs)

I gave him the letter. He would not pay me. He asked how he could be sure it was your handwriting. I showed him a note you had written me, with your signature. He kept it, said he would send it to London. Then I left.

CASEMENT

He didn't try to detain you? Did he say he knew we were leaving tonight? (CHRISTENSEN shrugs, looks evasively out of the window) It's a deep game we're playing here. (pause) Watch for Engelholm.

TRAIN. NIGHT.

The train is stopped at Engelholm station. CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN, having switched carriages, arriving breathless in their sleeping compartment.

CASEMENT

(laughing)

What larks, eh, Adler old boy? What larks.

They re-store their suitcases, etc. There is a jolt, and they are thrown together; CASEMENT embraces CHRISTENSEN, laughing

CASEMENT

There goes our raincoated friend. Where will he end up?

CHRISTENSEN

Copenhagen.

CASEMENT

While we steam on to Berlin!

TRAIN. NIGHT.

The beds are unfolded. CASEMENT, in shirt sleeves, is lying propped against pillows on his bunk, smoking a cigarette and watching CHRISTENSEN, who is sitting on his bunk gazing out of the window at the lights of a town going past.

CASEMENT

(gently)

And what did you tell Findlay about
. . . us?

CHRISTENSEN

(avoiding his eye)

I said I was your valet.

CASEMENT

And that satisfied him?

(CHRISTENSEN shrugs; pause) Do you
know Berlin?

CHRISTENSEN nods, still looking out at the lights

CHRISTENSEN

I worked there. I was a waiter.

CASEMENT

Did you like it, the city?

CHRISTENSEN shakes his head

CHRISTENSEN

(miserably)

I am afraid of the Germans.

CASEMENT

(shocked)

Oh, my poor old chap . . .

(rises, goes and sits

beside CHRISTENSEN, puts

an arm around his

shoulders and rocks him

gently, as if he were a

child) Don't worry,

you'll be with me; you'll

be safe.

CHRISTENSEN

What if you find another . . .
"valet"?

CASEMENT

What are you saying? I won't
abandon you, Addy. How could you
think such a thing? (smiles
ruefully) Don't you know what they
say? Sir Roger Casement is always
loyal. (muses, to himself) Yes;
Casement is no traitor.

Gently he forces CHRISTENSEN to turn and look at him; they
sit for a long moment gazing at each other, CHRISTENSEN
miserably, CASEMENT with great tenderness.

CASEMENT

I love you, Adler. Am I allowed to say that? I've never said it to anyone before. I mean, I've never said it and meant it --- I've never loved anyone before. (CHRISTENSEN avoids his eye; he laughs softly) Forgive me, I'm embarrassing you. (pause) I don't expect you to love me; I don't ask that. But I do ask you to be loyal. Can I count on that, Adler, on your loyalty?

CHRISTENSEN looks at him directly, nods; CASEMENT, moved, embraces him.

Berlin, November 1914

GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY.

CASEMENT waiting. Door opens, COUNT ARTUR VON ZIMMERMANN, Under-Secretary of State, enters.

ZIMMERMANN

Herr Casement. Good day. Welcome to Berlin.

CASEMENT

Count von Zimmermann. It is an honour.

ZIMMERMANN

Both the Chancellor and the Secretary of State have asked me to give you their apologies; they are with the Kaiser, at the front. You must make do, therefore, (smiles) with a mere Under-Secretary.

They bow to each other, smiling.

CASEMENT

I must compliment you on your English.

ZIMMERMANN

I was posted to London for some years, when I was with the Diplomatic Service. I liked it very much.

CASEMENT

(surprised)
London?

ZIMMERMANN

London; England; the English people: I'm afraid you find in me something of an Anglophile. (smiles at CASEMENT's surprise)
Everything is upside-down, in these terrible days, Herr Casement --- or Sir Roger, I should say.

CASEMENT

Casement will do. I put no value on English honours.

ZIMMERMANN

Then I find in you something of an anglophobe, yes?

CASEMENT

I feel no personal rancour. Mine is a disinterested hatred.

ZIMMERMANN

Can there be such a thing?

CASEMENT

In regard to a nation, and not its people, yes.

ZIMMERMANN

Yet wars are waged by men; by people.

CASEMENT

The world advances over the bodies of the fallen. It is a terrible fact --- but a fact, all the same.

ZIMMERMANN gives an exaggerated shudder.

ZIMMERMANN

Brr! Blood spills so easily out of words. (briskly) Now: tell me your business.

CASEMENT

It's simply stated. I have been sent to Germany under the sponsorship of an organisation of Irish-American activists. Their leader is John Devoy. The man is a legend --- perhaps you've heard of him?

ZIMMERMANN

(vaguely)
I know the name.

CASEMENT

My tasks are threefold: to secure German military aid for Ireland, in the event of an insurrection; to persuade the German people of the justness of the Irish cause; and to recruit Irish prisoners of war from the British army into an Irish Brigade, to take part in the fight for their country's freedom.

ZIMMERMANN

I see. You think the formation of such a brigade is possible?

CASEMENT

I believe it is.

Pause; ZIMMERMANN considers deeply.

ZIMMERMANN

And you, Herr Casement: forgive my saying so, but you do not seem to me the model of a wild-eyed Irish rebel?

CASEMENT

I have come here willingly, to the heart of the enemy's country --- I mean England's enemy; I know what I am doing, I know the risks I'm taking. If I win, if our cause prevails, it will be a national resurrection --- a free Ireland, a world nation after centuries of slavery. A people lost in the Middle Ages re-found, and returned to Europe.

ZIMMERMANN, a little embarrassed by CASEMENT's rhetoric, turns aside, clearing his throat.

ZIMMERMANN

Certainly, there is something in what you say.

CASEMENT

(smiling)

It is not every day that even an Irishman commits high treason.

ZIMMERMANN starts at the word "treason"

ZIMMERMANN

Believe me, Herr Casement, I appreciate the gravity of the predicament in which you have placed yourself. I shall speak to the Chancellor himself, when he returns from the front.

CASEMENT

Thank you.

ZIMMERMANN

And now, good day, sir. We shall contact you at your hotel when we have news for you. Until then . . .

They shake hands.

HOTEL. DAY.

CASEMENT, in state of high excitement, pacing the room, watched by a bored CHRISTENSEN.

CASEMENT

. . . By God, Adler, things are moving at last. I know I will win support here.

A knock at the door. CHRISTENSEN opens it, mutters something, returns bearing a sheaf of letters.

CHRISTENSEN

(bored)

It's the mail.

Hands the letters to CASEMENT

CASEMENT

(scanning the envelopes)

Let's see, who's here . . . Devoy, worried that I'm frittering away his gold, no doubt. One from my sister. Ah --- and one from Alice, my dear old Mrs Green!

He tears open the letter, reads; his face falls.

CHRISTENSEN

Bad news?

CASEMENT

She will not write to me again, she says. "I must break off all communication with you, bitter though it is . . ."

CHRISTENSEN

Why?

CASEMENT

Because I've come here, to Germany.
I never thought . . . (in sorrowful
wonderment) She was my friend. . .

CHRISTENSEN is not listening; his attention has been caught by a paper on CASEMENT's writing table.

CHRISTENSEN

(casual)

What's this?

CASEMENT

What?

CHRISTENSEN

Map or something, is it?

CASEMENT

Show. (CHRISTENSEN holds up the
sheet of paper) Oh, it's a chart.

CHRISTENSEN

Of what?

CASEMENT

What?

CHRISTENSEN

(impatient)

What's it a chart of?

CASEMENT

Minefields, if you must know.
British navy minefields off the
coast of Ireland.

CHRISTENSEN

Where did that come from?

CASEMENT

They showed it to me here. Their
spies turned it up. I made a
tracing. It might come in useful.
Now put it away, like a good chap.

CASEMENT returns to gloomy contemplation of MRS GREEN's letter; CHRISTENSEN continues to study the minefield chart with deep interest.

LIMBURG. DAY.

CASEMENT arriving at prisoner of war camp in German Foreign Office car.

The car stops before a command post, CASEMENT alights. He is met by GENERAL DE GRAAF, a jolly man wielding a riding crop.

DE GRAAF
Ah, Herr Casement. Welcome to
Limburg.

CASEMENT
General de Graaf. It is an honour.

DE GRAAF
Come along, I'll show you round.
It's all your chappies here.

CASEMENT
I cannot say how impressed I am by
the way you Germans have mastered
the language of the enemy.

DE GRAAF
Enemy? Oh, I see what you mean.
(laughs; stage whisper) I was a
chum of the late king, you know.
Good old Teddie; we had some royal
times together --- (laughs)
"Royal"! That's funny, yes?

DE GRAAF marches off, swishing his riding crop. CASEMENT follows after him. They come to a wired-in compound. Inside, a couple of hundred disgruntled prisoners in tattered British Army uniforms lounging about, with armed guards patrolling here and there.

DE GRAAF
There they are. Grim lot, eh? Hope
you can put some life into them.

LIMBURG. DAY.

DE GRAAF and CASEMENT standing on the steps of one of the prison huts, DE GRAAF loudly addressing a group of unimpressed NCO prisoners.

DE GRAAF
Men, this is a famous countryman of
yours, Sir Roger Casement. I am
sure many of you know of him, and
the fine work he did in . . .

CASEMENT
(stage whisper)
The Congo.

DE GRAAF
The Congo, yes. Where "plucky
little Belgium" never committed a
single atrocity.

(MORE)

DE GRAAF (cont'd)
 (waits for laugh, none comes) He wishes to speak to you about a very important matter. He has an offer to make to you, with the full support of the German Government. Herr Casement.

DE GRAAF steps aside, CASEMENT comes forward.

CASEMENT
 Good afternoon, men. I have come here to urge you to join in an Irish Brigade, that will fight for our country's freedom, if, or I should say when, German forces land on Irish soil. Now---

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

How much are the Germans paying you?

CASEMENT
 (rattled)
 Now, I know that you were tricked into joining England's war . . .

His voice is drowned out by a rising chorus of boos. DE GRAAF comes forward, signals to the guards, who advance on the crowd. The booing subsides.

DE GRAAF
 Where's Robinson? He's a good man.
 (calls) Robinson!

CORPORAL JOHN ROBINSON steps forward from the angry crowd of soldiers.

DE GRAAF
 Sir Roger, this is Corporal John Robinson. Perhaps it will be best if the Corporal takes you about, and you can speak informally to the men. What do you think, Corporal?

ROBINSON
 (Northern Irish accent)
 I don't think the men are much interested in what he has to say, General.

LIMBURG. DAY.

CASEMENT and ROBINSON walking about the camp, CASEMENT using his umbrella as a walking stick. Groups of soldiers stand about, glowering and muttering.

CASEMENT

Do I hear Antrim in your accent,
Corporal?

ROBINSON

Ballymena.

CASEMENT

I know it well. Ballycastle is my
town.

ROBINSON's coldness is not going to be warmed by talk of
home.

CASEMENT

(gently)

I've come here to offer the men
their self-respect. They are Irish
men, fighting for an English cause.

ROBINSON

I am not fighting for England.

CASEMENT

Then for whom?

ROBINSON

Most of us here were on the retreat
from Mons. We saw what the Germans
did.

CASEMENT

(shrugs)

Oh, the atrocity stories.

ROBINSON

(bitter laugh)

Stories!

They come to a wall of angry-looking NCOs, which does not
yield to let them through.

ROBINSON

Stand back there now, lads. Show a
bit of respect.

The soldiers surround CASEMENT and ROBINSON.

FIRST SOLDIER

(to CASEMENT)

You've some cheek, boyo.

SECOND SOLDIER

What about Belgium, eh?

ROBINSON

Lads, lads . . .

ROBINSON makes to stand in front of CASEMENT to protect him, but he is pushed, he trips, falls over.

THIRD SOLDIER
(to CASEMENT)
Go off back to Berlin and kiss the
Kaiser's arse!

They press toward him. FIRST SOLDIER cuffs him on the side of the head. CASEMENT retreats, swinging his umbrella in an arc before him to hold off the soldiers. He stumbles, is about to fall when a young soldier, DAN BAILEY, steps forward and takes him by the arm and hurries him away from the mob

CASEMENT
(breathless)
Thank you. What is your name?

BAILEY
Bailey, sir. Dan Bailey. (grins)
I'll join up with your brigade, if
it'll get me out of this hole.

LIMBURG. DAY.

At the gates, CASEMENT being accompanied to his Foreign Office car by DE GRAAF.

DE GRAAF
. . . Well, you tried, Herr
Casement.

CASEMENT
(disgusted, despairing)
They're mercenaries, General,
mercenaries pure and simple. Even
if I had the means to bribe them, I
wouldn't do it.

He gets into the car, sits stonily upright in the back seat as he is driven away, while soldiers gathered at the wire fence shout abuse after him.

HOTEL ROOM, BERLIN. DAY.

CASEMENT prostrate in bed, lying on his back and gazing blankly at the ceiling. CHRISTENSEN enters on tiptoe, with a glass and spoon.

CHRISTENSEN
I asked the hotel doctor for a
tonic. He said you should drink
this.

CASEMENT does not respond in any way. CHRISTENSEN puts down the glass on the bedside table, ambles about the room, bored. Stops at a bureau, on which CASEMENT's diary is lying.

CHRISTENSEN opens the diary idly, flicks through the pages, reading a sentence here and there.

CHRISTENSEN

I'm thinking I might go home for a while. To Norway. My mother, she's old. I'll come back. A week, two at the most.

He dithers. CASEMENT very slowly turns his eyes until he is looking into CHRISTENSEN's face.

CASEMENT

(hoarse whisper)

Don't leave me, Addy. This attack will pass, it's happened before. My nerves . . .

CHRISTENSEN

My father is sick. He needs to go into the hospital. They have no money. (he looks at the leather pouch) You have gold . . .

CASEMENT

I've told you, Addy, it's for . . . it's for the cause---

CHRISTENSEN

(snorts in contempt)

The cause! You believe in your precious cause about as strongly as I do. It's just a game you are playing!

CASEMENT

Addy . . .

CHRISTENSEN storms out of the room, slamming the door.

Berlin, February, 1915

SANATORIUM. DAY.

Seen from outside, CASEMENT, in dressing gown and slippers, standing in frost-covered conservatory, gazing out blankly at snowbound grounds of the sanatorium. He seems a broken man. NURSE enters behind him.

NURSE

Herr Casement?

CASEMENT starts, turns to her.

CASEMENT

(hollow voice)

Yes?

NURSE

There is a gentleman to see you.

She hands him a calling card

CASEMENT

Show him out here, will you, nurse?
Thank you.

NURSE withdraws, re-enters with ROBERT MONTEITH, mid-thirties, a handsome, vigorous man of military bearing. He extends his hand.

MONTEITH

Robert Monteith, Sir Roger. This is a great honour.

CASEMENT

(wearily suspicious)
The Americans sent you?

MONTEITH

(smiling) I'm an old army man. They thought I'd be the one to train your Irish Brigade.

CASEMENT

My . . . ? (tonelessly) Oh.

MONTEITH

How did the recruiting go?

CASEMENT gazes at him for a moment, then laughs, and immediately turns his head aside

MONTEITH

Sir Roger, are you all right . . . ?

CASEMENT

I'm sorry. I could get no more than a couple of dozen to sign up for the Brigade. It was all hopeless. I failed.

SANATORIUM. DAY.

CASEMENT and MONTEITH sitting in the conservatory

MONTEITH

What will you do?

CASEMENT

(shrugs hopelessly)
I don't know. I can't go home, I'll be arrested as a traitor, but how can I stay here?

MONTEITH nods, frowning; he hesitates, not knowing how to say what he has to say.

MONTEITH

Sir Roger, there's something else.
(pause) It's about your . . . your
man, Christensen.

CASEMENT

What about him?

MONTEITH stands, paces

MONTEITH

We have a source in London, in the
Foreign Office.

CASEMENT

Yes?

MONTEITH

He saw some letters from Findlay,
in Christiania.

CASEMENT

Findlay?

MONTEITH

The British Minister to Norway?

CASEMENT

I know, I know.

MONTEITH

The letters were about Christensen,
Adler Christensen.

CASEMENT

Yes, they picked him up, they
questioned him.

MONTEITH

No; that's what he told you. It was
he who went to them.

CASEMENT

What do you mean?

MONTEITH

When you landed in Christiania he
went to Findlay at the British
Legation and offered to sell them
information about you: who you
were, where you were bound for,
what your purpose was.

CASEMENT

No, no, that's all wrong. They picked him up, and tried to bribe him; they wanted him to murder me---

MONTEITH

No, Sir Roger. (pause) Christensen asked them for five thousand dollars. He said he'd set you up to be kidnapped by them. He showed them letters of yours, too---

CASEMENT

Yes, I know --- I wrote a letter purposely and had him bring it to Findlay, it was a sort of prank---

MONTEITH

No, these were . . . (awkwardly) other kinds of letters. Notes from you to him . . . Private things. (pause) I'm sorry.

CASEMENT sits staring before him for a long moment, trying to absorb the news.

CASEMENT

(as if to himself)
I trusted him . . .

MONTEITH

We're getting him out. We've booked his passage to New York. Our American friends will deal with him.

CASEMENT

Deal with him . . .?

MONTEITH

Don't worry, he's a small fish. They'll find him something to do, where they can keep an eye on him.

CASEMENT

I'd like to see him, before he goes.

BERLIN, RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

CASEMENT and MONTEITH standing among the crowds of travellers. CASEMENT, obviously still ill, wrapped in his cloak and wearing a muffler and hat. They see coming through the crowds CHRISTENSEN, escorted by two of MONTEITH's MEN, in slouch hats and trenchcoats. Seeing CASEMENT, CHRISTENSEN tries to turn away, but MONTEITH's MEN skilfully prevent him.

CASEMENT
Adler. How are you?

CHRISTENSEN says nothing, stands with lips compressed, staring away.

CASEMENT
(to MONTEITH)
Five minutes?

MONTEITH hesitates, then nods to MONTEITH'S MEN, who stand aside.

MONTEITH
(to CHRISTENSEN, smiling
for the benefit of
passers-by)
We'll be right behind you; try
anything, and we'll break your
legs.

CASEMENT and CHRISTENSEN set off walking through the station hall, with MONTEITH and his MEN following at a distance

CASEMENT
You're going back to New York.

CHRISTENSEN
(snorts)
Pah!

CASEMENT
You'll be all right there. Mr Devoy
and his people will see you right.

CHRISTENSEN
I'm being transported, like a
criminal.

CASEMENT
I'll miss you.

CHRISTENSEN
Then tell them not to send me back.
(whispers) We could go to
Christiania, tell no one; live
there. You have the gold . . .

Pause

CASEMENT
Why did you do it, Adler? Why did
you betray me?

CHRISTENSEN
I don't know. I had no money, I
thought they would pay me.

CASEMENT

And did they? (CHRISTENSEN shakes his head bitterly) Oh, my poor Addy; you didn't even get your thirty pieces of silver.

CHRISTENSEN

(angrily)

They weren't interested in you. You thought you were so important, but they didn't care about you. They said you were a fool. They said you weren't worth five thousand dollars --- they said you weren't worth fifty.

CASEMENT

(mildly)

I'm sure it's true. Not worth five --- wasn't that what Findlay gave you that day, five dollars? (pause) I could have given you a life, Adler. England will get out of Ireland sooner or later: we could have gone there, we could have worked---

CHRISTENSEN

Listen to what you're saying! It's all you ever do, dream, and lie to yourself. I wouldn't have gone to Ireland with you. I wouldn't have gone anywhere, even Christiania. I'm glad I told the English about you.

CASEMENT

I'm sorry to have made you so angry, Adler. I only wanted you to be happy. I thought that's what you wanted, too. I'm a bad judge of men, always was. (he stops, extends his hand) Will you shake my hand? For the sake of old times, if nothing else.

CHRISTENSEN looks at CASEMENT's extended hand, then turns away with a sneer. MONTEITH and his two MEN come up. CASEMENT looks a last time at CHRISTENSEN.

CASEMENT

Goodbye, Adler.

MONTEITH's MEN march CHRISTENSEN away, while CASEMENT and MONTEITH stand looking after them.

Ammersee, Summer, 1915

LAKESIDE. DAY.

CASEMENT, in white linen suit and straw boater, sitting by the water's edge, watching the holiday-makers. He is drawn and ashen-faced, a man sick in spirit. A BLOND YOUNG MAN walking past carries, and gives him an inviting look. CASEMENT turns his face aside, gazes out emptily over the water.

Berlin, March 1916

SANATORIUM. DAY.

Cell-like white room, furnished with a metal bed, a chair, a wash-stand. CASEMENT sitting on the chair, gazing expressionlessly out of the window. There is a knock at the door.

CASEMENT

Komm.

NURSE enters, with MONTEITH excitedly behind her. MONTEITH waits impatiently as NURSE leaves. He is about to speak, but CASEMENT interrupts.

CASEMENT

He was right, you know: they're just like us.

MONTEITH

(baffled)
What? Who?

CASEMENT

Sir Edward Grey. He talked to me once about birds. I've been studying them since I came here. What he said is right: they preen and strut and fight, just like us.

MONTEITH

I've come from the German Foreign Office. They've heard from Devoy in New York. There's to be a rising in Ireland at Easter.

CASEMENT

(frowning)
A rising?

MONTEITH

Pearse and the rest. They'll move on Easter Sunday. We've asked the Germans for arms.

CASEMENT

(his interest quickening)
And?

MONTEITH

I asked for a hundred thousand rifles. They will give no more than twenty thousand.

CASEMENT

That's not enough. Not nearly enough.

CASEMENT rises, goes to the window and stands gazing out.
MONTEITH watches him

CASEMENT

It must be stopped.

MONTEITH

(baffled)
The shipment?

CASEMENT looks at him.

CASEMENT

The rising. It will be wholesale slaughter.

CASEMENT opens a cupboard, takes out his suitcase, throws it on the bed, begins to pack hurriedly. MONTEITH, increasingly concerned, looks on.

MONTEITH

You're not well enough for this, Casement.

CASEMENT continues packing

CASEMENT

I'm going to Ireland. They must get me in somehow. Maybe on a trawler.

MONTEITH

Have sense, man. Your nerves are in pieces.

CASEMENT glares at him.

CASEMENT

My nerves will have to look out for themselves. I'm going home.

HOTEL, BERLIN. DAY.

MONTEITH pacing the lobby. CASEMENT enters.

MONTEITH

Well?

CASEMENT

I've been back and forth all morning between the Admiralty, the General Staff and the Foreign Office. Why did I ever think to trust the Germans? They are swine. They want to be rid of me. They'll supply a submarine, at least I got that out of them. We sail tomorrow night.

MONTEITH

It's madness, and you know it. You'll no sooner put foot on Irish soil but they'll have you.

CASEMENT

What matter?

MONTEITH

Go back to America. You'll be of use there.

CASEMENT

I'm no use anywhere, now, except in Ireland. I must be with them. I must be with the men. If they are to fall, I'll fall alongside them. (pause) You can still withdraw, if you wish. I'll think no less of you. (MONTEITH gazes at him reproachfully in silence) No, of course not; forgive me.

SUBMARINE. NIGHT.

The submarine has surfaced, and lies on a calm sea off the Kerry shore. CASEMENT and MONTEITH standing on the deck, gazing landward. A full moon is shining, and the coast of Kerry is plainly visible. SAILORS are preparing a cockleshell boat.

MONTEITH

Well: here we are. (ironically)
Home at last.

CASEMENT

Home at last.

MONTEITH
How do you feel?

CASEMENT
I've never felt so sound, so whole,
so united in myself. To be doing
something, after all this time.
Action is life, Robert.

DAN BAILEY approaches.

CASEMENT
Who's this?

BAILEY makes a clumsy salute

BAILEY
Dan Bailey, sir.

CASEMENT
So it is: my first recruit. And
what are you about?

MONTEITH
He wants to go with us.

CASEMENT gives BAILEY a long, hard look

CASEMENT
You know the risks?

BAILEY shrugs, grins

BAILEY
It's a lift home, that's how I see
it.

The three stand watching the SAILORS lowering the boat into
the water.

MONTEITH
I was talking to the captain; you
know he's the chap who sank the
Lusitania?

Pause

CASEMENT
So much death . . .

The three climb into the cockleshell, and MONTEITH and BAILEY
begin paddling.

CASEMENT
(laughs)
Look at us: three men in a boat,
off to invade Ireland!

BANNA STRAND. NIGHT.

The sea has risen, the cockleshell is buffeted by the waves and at last is overturned and the three men are thrown into the water.

BAILEY
(panicking)
I can't swim!

CASEMENT puts an arm around his shoulders and swims strongly with him until they reach the overturned boat. The three reach land clinging to the boat. CASEMENT, exhausted from the effort of sustaining BAILEY, collapses at the water's edge.

MONTEITH
You saved his life.

CASEMENT
(smiles weakly)
I was always a strong swimmer . . .

BEACH. NIGHT.

CASEMENT, MONTEITH and BAILEY staggering up the beach, to an old rath, where they stop to shelter.

CASEMENT
We'll rest here till it's light,
then make for Tralee.

BAILEY peers fearfully into the darkness

BAILEY
Jesus, it's dark

MONTEITH
Don't whine, man; you needn't have
come.

BAILEY
I thought there'd be someone here
to meet us.

CASEMENT
(grimly)
So did I.

BANNA STRAND. DAWN.

MONTEITH and BAILEY asleep, CASEMENT awake, lying on his back and gazing at the dawn coming up; despite being wet and cold, he is smiling. MONTEITH wakes up.

CASEMENT
(softly)
Do you hear them?

MONTEITH

What?

CASEMENT

The larks.

BANNA STRAND. DAWN.

CASEMENT sitting on the grass, MONTEITH getting his kit ready for departure. BAILEY appears, fastening his trousers after relieving himself.

CASEMENT

You two go on; I'll wait here a while, till the sun comes up.

MONTEITH

I won't leave you.

CASEMENT

No no, go on; I'll be all right. I just need to rest a little longer, then I'll catch up with you.

MONTEITH and BAILEY look at each other; BAILEY shrugs. CASEMENT is turning a small glass phial in his fingers.

MONTEITH

What's that?

CASEMENT

Curare. The Germans gave it to me, in case . . . (laughs softly) Do you know where it comes from, curare? South America. The Putumayo Basin. Life has its ironies.

MONTEITH shoulders his kit, stands irresolute; CASEMENT rises, offers his hand.

CASEMENT

Goodbye, Robert. Good luck.

MONTEITH

Goodbye. I . . .

He cannot find the words for all he wants to say; CASEMENT smiles, nods his understanding, clasps a hand on his arm.

CASEMENT

Go carefully. You too, Dan.

MONTEITH and BAILEY set off across the dunes, CASEMENT stands watching them go

BANNA STRAND. DAY.

CASEMENT, alone, sitting on a ruined wall of the rath, his face turned blissfully toward the now risen sun. He is still listening to the larks singing. A POLICE CONSTABLE suddenly appears, armed with a rifle. CONSTABLE seems more alarmed at the sight of CASEMENT than CASEMENT is to see him.

CONSTABLE
Don't move, you!

CASEMENT
(rising)
Good morning, constable.

They stand looking at each other for a moment, then CASEMENT lifts his eyes once more to the sky and the surrounding countryside, savouring his last moments of freedom.

London, Easter Sunday, 1916

EUSTON STATION. MORNING.

CASEMENT, in handcuffs, alighting from train, with a guard detachment of four SOLDIERS. A CID DETECTIVE is there to meet him.

DETECTIVE
You are Roger Casement?

CASEMENT
I am.

DETECTIVE
I am a CID officer. I must warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence against you.

CASEMENT
I am an Irish patriot. Whatever I have done, I have done it for the cause of Ireland.

WHITEHALL. NIGHT.

MAIR walking along a lamplit corridor. Out of the shadows PETTIGREW rises to meet him.

MAIR
(startled)
Jesus Christ! I didn't see you there.

PETTIGREW
I've been waiting for you, Mr Mair.
I don't like to be kept waiting.
(MORE)

PETTIGREW (cont'd)
When you give me the job you said
it was urgent.

MAIR
Have you done it?

PETTIGREW
Of course. I have a reputation to
keep up, haven't I?

He produces the diaries, wrapped in brown paper, hands them to him. MAIR unwraps them, goes and stands under the lamplight to look through them.

MAIR
Very nice, Sammy, very neat. Mr
Blackwell will be pleased.

PETTIGREW
I'll be needing my money. Cash,
mind, as usual.

MAIR
You'll get your money.

SCOTLAND YARD. DAY.

CASEMENT sitting before a bare table in an interrogation room. He is still wearing the soiled clothes he wore at Banna Strand. His hands are manacled before him. A POLICE OFFICER stands impassive behind him. All is silent, then suddenly the door is thrust open and two men enter: BASIL THOMSON and CAPTAIN REGINALD HALL. They do not look directly at CASEMENT, but busy themselves bringing chairs forward, sitting down, setting out their papers. At last THOMSON looks at CASEMENT

THOMSON

I am Basil Thomson, head of CID. This is Captain Reginald Hall, chief of Naval Intelligence.

CASEMENT
(smiling)
Good morning.

THOMSON
You're in a very great deal of
trouble, Casement.

CASEMENT does not respond; THOMSON signals to the POLICE OFFICER.

THOMSON
Take off the manacles.

POLICE OFFICER removes the cuffs, CASEMENT chafes his wrists.

HALL

You are aware that treason is a capital offence?

CASEMENT

I'm sure it is.

THOMSON

Why did you return to Ireland?

CASEMENT

There is to be a rising, by the Irish Volunteers. I wanted to stop it.

THOMSON

To stop it?

CASEMENT

Our men are expecting help from Germany: weapons, artillery, officers.

THOMSON

And will they not get it?

CASEMENT

Too little. A rebellion will be futile. Your soldiers will butcher our people. It must be stopped. Will you speak to the authorities straight away?

THOMSON

(chuckles)

We are the authorities.

HALL

You would inform on your own people?

CASEMENT

My aim is to prevent useless bloodshed. Will you let me go over to Dublin and talk to the leaders? I think they'll listen to me; I think I can convince them.

THOMSON

You expect us to release you?

CASEMENT

I'll come back, I'll give myself up; you have my word of honour on that.

THOMSON and HALL look at each other and smile.

CASEMENT

I beg you to act. There is no time to lose.

HALL

We intercepted the German guns, you know. The ship was captured. We scuttled it off Cork harbour.

CASEMENT

And the guns?

HALL

Sunk.

CASEMENT presses a hand to his forehead

HALL

We knew about that ship, you know; we let it through our patrols. We knew about the submarine, too. (smiles) We were waiting for you, Sir Roger.

Pause, while CASEMENT absorbs this

CASEMENT

I ask again: will you move to stop the rising?

HALL

This ploy to save yourself is futile, Casement. We know everything about you. We know this rebellion is your idea, your plan. The Germans sent you to Ireland with the guns so that you might lead it.

CASEMENT stares at him, then laughs

CASEMENT

I went to Ireland to try to save the lives of my fellow-countrymen. Had I remained free, and the rising had taken place, I would have joined it, and willingly. But my aim was to prevent it. Surely that must be your aim, too. Will you act?

THOMSON and HALL sit gazing at him impassively

CASEMENT

My God --- you'll let it happen, won't you. You want the excuse.

HALL

There is an infection that needs lancing; this may be the time to do it.

Pause

THOMSON

We've been to your old lodgings. We found . . . (takes CASEMENT's diary from his briefcase, lays it on the table) this.

CASEMENT

My diary.

THOMSON

Yes. Bad form, I know, but I've been having a look through it. You are not discreet, Sir Roger.

CASEMENT

It's private; you have no right---

THOMSON

There are things here, Sir Roger, that could not be printed in any age or in any language.

CASEMENT

Printed? Who would wish to print them?

Again the two interrogators sit gazing stonily at CASEMENT

THOMSON

We captured young Bailey.

CASEMENT

And Monteith . . . ?

THOMSON

(shrugs)
We'll get him, too.

HALL

Bailey has made a statement. He's been very co-operative.

CASEMENT

I shall want him as well defended as myself. If he hasn't the means for it, I'll find them.

HALL

(sarcastic)
Very large of you, I'm sure.

THOMSON

You don't pick your friends well,
Sir Roger. The Norwegian,
Christensen, for instance---

CASEMENT

(eagerly)
You have news of him?

HALL

He gave your American friends the
slip, it seems. He's back in
Norway. He's offered to testify
against you.

CASEMENT lowers his eyes.

HALL

You know he was betraying you all
along? Supplied us with all manner
of interesting information,
documents too . . .

He takes from his pocket the copy of the minefield chart
CHRISTENSEN made in Berlin and lays it on the table; CASEMENT
looks at it, remains impassive.

THOMSON

You will be sent from here to the
Tower of London.

CASEMENT

(bitterly ironic)
The Tower! I'll be in good company,
among the ghosts there.

THOMSON

The charge against you most likely
will be high treason.

CASEMENT is impassive. THOMSON and HALL rise, pack up their
papers, prepare to go. THOMSON holds the diary in his hand,
gazes at CASEMENT

THOMSON

You put yourself up as a champion
of the natives, but all the time
you were abusing them yourself.

CASEMENT

I abused no one.

THOMSON

Oh, you think that the fact that
you paid for your pleasure
exonerates you?

CASEMENT looks away; pause; THOMSON and HALL exit.

TOWER OF LONDON. DAY.

The cell is small, containing a table, a bed, a lavatory bucket. CASEMENT, haggard and unshaven, still wearing the filthy clothes from Banna Strand, is watched constantly by two GUARDS inside the cell, while a third watches him through a glass panel in the cell door. Suddenly the cell door is thrown open and WARDER enters, escorting GERTRUDE BANNISTER and GEORGE GAVAN DUFFY.

WARDER

Visitors for you, Casement. (to DUFFY:) Ten minutes.

WARDER leaves, slams door

GERTRUDE

(shocked)
Oh, Roddie . . .

CASEMENT

Gertrude, my dear --- is it you?

GERTRUDE

Oh, my poor, dear Roddie . . . (she embraces him, wincing at the smell of his clothing) Look at the state of you!

CASEMENT

I'm in a bad way, Gertrude. They will allow me no change of clothes, I can't wash, I'm bitten by rats, I . . .

GERTRUDE notices a large, angry swelling on CASEMENT's hand.

GERTRUDE

Your hand, what happened to it?

CASEMENT

Curare.

GERTRUDE

What?

CASEMENT

Poison. You must rub it into a wound, they told me. I tried, but it didn't work. Perhaps it was not curare at all, perhaps the Germans gave me a placebo. Another of their little surprises.

GERTRUDE

We are all with you, Roddie. People are writing petitions --- Mr Shaw, Alice Green, your supporters in America. You must keep up your courage. And this, this is George Gavan Duffy; he has pledged to act as your solicitor.

CASEMENT

Gavan Duffy: that's a name I can trust.

DUFFY

I'm glad to hear it, Sir Roger.

CASEMENT

They let the rising in Dublin go ahead, I'm told. How many did they execute?

DUFFY

All the leaders; sixteen of them.

CASEMENT

Dear God . . .

DUFFY

We have not much time now, Sir Roger. We must discuss your defence.

CASEMENT waves a hand

CASEMENT

I have no defence.

DUFFY

My first task is to assemble a legal team. Artemus Jones will act as junior counsel. He is a friend of Mrs Parry's husband.

CASEMENT

(to GERTRUDE)

Your husband has moved to help me?

GERTRUDE

Of course.

CASEMENT

Please tell him how grateful I am for this kindness. He is a true Christian gentleman.

GERTRUDE

You must keep up your spirits,
Roddie. You must not lose faith. We
are all working for you. I have
been to more Ministries than I can
recall---

DUFFY

You could have no more dauntless a
defender than Mrs Parry.

Pause; DUFFY clears his throat awkwardly.

DUFFY

Mrs Parry, I wonder if I might have
a word alone with Sir Roger? There
are some matters . . .

GERTRUDE

Of course, of course. (embraces
CASEMENT) Never fear, Roddie, I
won't give up.

Exit

DUFFY

(avoiding CASEMENT's eye)
Sir Roger, there is this . . . this
other business.

CASEMENT

What "other business"?

DUFFY

(looking at his hands)
The, ah . . . the diary.

CASEMENT understands; he looks away.

CASEMENT

What of it?

DUFFY

It will be no part of the evidence
against you, of course, and yet . .
. I'm told that extracts have been
passing around the smoking rooms of
London clubs.

CASEMENT

And who released these extracts,
may I ask?

DUFFY gives an elaborate shrug

DUFFY

The Attorney General has taken the extraordinary step of suggesting to me that your diary might be used in your defence.

CASEMENT

In my defence?

DUFFY

He wondered if we might wish to enter a plea of insanity. It seemed a humane gesture.

CASEMENT, speechless for a moment, stares at him, then rises, paces the floor.

CASEMENT

Have you read these extracts?

DUFFY

I have . . . seen them.

CASEMENT

Then you'll know of the horrors I witnessed in the Congo, and along the Amazon. You'll know of the struggles I went through to try to force the British Government to take action in defence of these poor natives daily being beaten, mutilated, murdered. You will know--

-

DUFFY

Yes, Sir Roger, yes, I know all that. But there were other things you wrote about, other . . . experiences.

One of the GUARDS sniggers, quickly regains his composure; CASEMENT slowly sits down again; long pause.

CASEMENT

(quietly, but with force)

All my life, Mr Sullivan, I have been torn in two. It is the fate of many men whose destiny is greatness. I am not ashamed. Great figures have been in the same position as I, great geniuses: Michelangelo, Leonardo---

DUFFY

(impatient)

Yes yes, Sir Roger, but all the same---

CASEMENT

God made this love, not I.

DUFFY

(despondent)

Then the diary is genuine?

I had hoped it might be
forged. (he sits in
silence for a moment,
then shrugs, begins to
pack up his papers) You
will not plead insanity?
(CASEMENT merely stares
at him) I shall speak to
you tomorrow, Sir Roger.

DUFFY rises, turns, waits while
GUARD opens the door, exits.

CASEMENT sits for a long moment
gazing impassively before him

TOWER OF LONDON. DAY.

CASEMENT sitting on his bed, with GUARDS as always in attendance. Ghostly sound of larks singing, surf breaking; CASEMENT smiling to himself. Door opens, GUARD THREE enters, carrying suit of clothes, a shirt, linen, soap and towel, all of which he dumps on table, goes out. CASEMENT rises, examines the clothing.

CASEMENT

(murmurs)

Dear Gertrude . . .

London, June 26th, 1916

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

All the trappings and hubbub of the opening of a great trial: three JUDGES on the bench; legal counsel in robes and wigs; the jury in its box.; an eager public waiting in the well of the court. Noise falls away as the curtains behind the dock are opened and CASEMENT is led in. He is dressed in black, with spotless white shirt, white waistcoat, a white handkerchief in his sleeve; he is well groomed, and looks fit and relatively healthy. He seems indifferent to the attention directed at him from all sides of the court. The KING'S CORONER rises to deliver the charge.

KING'S CORONER

Sir Roger Casement, you stand indicted and charged on the presentment of the Grand Jury with the following offences: high treason, by adhering to the King's enemies elsewhere than in the King's realm, to wit, in the empire of Germany, contrary to the Treason Act, 1351 . . .

C/U CASEMENT's face; he is smiling dreamily, remembering. Cut to:

LA CHORRERA. DAY.

As in Scene 56, the trio of little INDIAN BOYS, including OMARINO, at their sexual game in the hammock. Cut to:

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

KING'S CORONER

Prisoner, how do you plead?

CASEMENT still lost in dreamy remembrance; he returns abruptly to the present. He rises

Cut to:

LA CHORRERA. DAY.

The INDIAN BOYS in the hammock, as before; we see CASEMENT smiling at them fondly, and OMARINO smiling in return

CASEMENT V/O

Not guilty.

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

KING'S CORONER

Chief Prosecuting Counsel, the Attorney General, Sir Frederick Smith.

Smith rises to open the case for the prosecution.

SMITH

The charge upon which the prisoner is arraigned is a grave one. The law knows no graver . . .

He catches CASEMENT's eye; CASEMENT's faint, ironical smile, SMITH impassive.

CASEMENT
 (to himself)
 Why, Freddie Smith, you old fraud!

Cut to:

BELFAST OUTSKIRTS. DAY.

As in Scene 79: in a field, a large crowd of Ulster Volunteers is gathered, listening to SMITH.

SMITH
 . . . Nor shall we shrink from the consequences of Ulster's resistance to Home Rule, not though the whole fabric of the Commonwealth be convulsed! (cheers) We are warned that it is treason we are contemplating. Well, I say to the government today: I do not care twopence whether it is treason or not. It is what we are going to do! (cheers)

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

SMITH continuing his opening address.

SMITH
 . . . until, gentlemen of the jury, in November 1914, he travelled from the United States of America to Germany - a country against which, only two months before, Britain had joined in terrible conflict - there to seek to seduce British prisoners of war from their allegiance. He introduced himself to them as "Sir Roger Casement, the organiser of the Irish Volunteers". He stated that he was forming an Irish Brigade, and he invited all the Irish prisoners-of-war to join it. He pointed out repeatedly, and with emphasis, that in his opinion everything was to be gained for Ireland by Germany winning the war; and that the Irish soldiers who were listening to his address had the best opportunity they ever had of striking a blow for Ireland by entering the services of the enemies of this country . . . Those soldiers who refused to join with Casement --- and they were many; they were the majority --- were put on punishment rations.

(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)
 (CASEMENT starts violently , as if he would rise and dispute the point, but remains silent) The next we hear of the defendant, he has arrived on the southwest coast of Ireland, along with a shipment of weapons sent by the German High Command to arm the Irish insurgents. The German ship was intercepted; the defendant was captured. (pause) Such, gentlemen, in general outline, is the case which the Crown undertakes to prove. The prisoner, blinded by a hatred to this country, as malignant in quality as it was sudden in origin, has played a desperate hazard. He has played it, and he has lost it. Today, the forfeit is claimed.

SMITH, with a dramatic sweep, turns away and resumes his seat.

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

Counsel for the defence, A.M. SULLIVAN, addresses the bench.

SULLIVAN

My lords, the prisoner wishes to make a statement.

CASEMENT stands up in the dock, taking a paper from his pocket.

CASEMENT

My Lords and gentlemen of the jury, I desire to say a few words only with reference to some of the statements made by the prosecution. There are, in particular, four misstatements given in evidence against me, which I wish to refute. First, I never at any time advised Irishmen to fight with Germans on the Western Front. Secondly, I never asked an Irishman to fight for Germany. I have always claimed that he has no right to fight for any land but Ireland. Thirdly, the horrible insinuation that I got my own people's rations reduced to starvation point because they did not join the Irish Brigade is an abominable falsehood. Fourthly, there is an imputation of German gold.

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

I have never sold myself to any man (C/U SMITH with broad, knowing smirk) or to any Government, and have never allowed any government to use me. I left Germany a poorer man than I entered it. (pause) I trust, gentlemen of the jury, that I have made this statement clearly and emphatically enough for all men, even my most bitter enemies, to comprehend that a man, who in the newspapers is said to be just another Irish traitor, may be a gentleman.

TOWER OF LONDON. DAY.

CASEMENT, GERTRUDE BANNISTER and GEORGE GAVAN DUFFY sitting in grim silence, while the usual two GUARDS look on.

CASEMENT

We must not delude ourselves. (GERTRUDE is about to protest, but instead bites her lip and looks away from him.) They're in a hurry to convict. I don't think anything will deter them. I am to be made an example of.

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

The jury returning to the box.. Tense air of expectancy in court.

KING'S CORONER

How do you find the defendant?

CASEMENT, strangely calm, glances idly among the faces of the spectators. Among them he spots DAVY, the young man he picked up in Scene 17, sixteen years older now. DAVY feels CASEMENT looking at him, blushes, smiles, bites his lip, looks away. FOREMAN OF THE JURY rises.

Cut to:

MURLOUGH BAY. DAY.

As in Scene 11. PoV CASEMENT, swimming underwater: blue light, bubbles, the silver surface approached from underneath, CASEMENT breaks through the surface of the water into brilliant sunlight.

PUB. DAY.

PETTIGREW sitting at a small table with a glass of gin before him; he is reading a newspaper. WRITER saunters in, dressed as usual in checked suit and flowing scarlet tie. He sits down at PETTIGREW's table. PETTIGREW smiles at him.

PETTIGREW

You're looking a bit peaky, lad?
Had a shock, have you? Been reading
the papers?

He holds up the newspaper, which bears the headline CASEMENT
GUILTY.

WRITER

I've come for my money.

PETTIGREW

And you shall have it, my boy; you
shall have it.

He produces a wallet, counts out the banknotes on to the
table; as each one falls the WRITER snatches it up, glancing
about guiltily; as the last note is produced, PETTIGREW
snatches it out of WRITER's reach and peers at it with an
expression of mock horror

PETTIGREW

What's this red stain, here? Can
you see it? My old eyes are going.

WRITER peers at the bank note, shrugs

WRITER

I see no stain.

PETTIGREW

I thought I saw a red sort of spot
there, right in the middle. Might
have been blood, I thought.

He cackles, and throws the note into the WRITER's face.

PETTIGREW

Don't spend it all on ink and
paper, now, will you. By the way,
how is the great work coming . . .?

WRITER does not reply, but rises and walks out of the pub.
PETTIGREW, still chuckling to himself, goes back to his
newspaper.

CASEMENT V/O

My Lord, the argument that I am now about to make is
addressed not to this Court, but to my own countrymen . . .

Cut to:

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

CASEMENT addressing the court, reading from a sheaf of papers

CASEMENT

What is the fundamental charter of an Englishman's liberty? That he shall be tried by his peers. With all respect, I assert this Court is to me, an Irishman, not a jury of my peers . . . I have an indefensible right to be tried in Ireland, before an Irish Court and by an Irish jury. This Court, this jury, the public opinion of this country, England, cannot but be prejudiced in varying degree against me, most of all in time of war. I did not land in England; I landed in Ireland. . . . But for (he looks pointedly at SMITH) the Attorney General of England there is only "England" --- there is no Ireland, no right of Ireland . . . Yet for me, the Irish outlaw, there is a land of Ireland, a right of Ireland . . . The Court I see before me now is not this High Court of Justice of England, but a far greater, a far higher, a far older assemblage of justices --- that of the people of Ireland. Since in the acts which have led to this trial it was the people of Ireland I sought to serve --- and them alone --- I leave my judgement and my sentence in their hands. . .

.

HOME OFFICE. DAY.

Hot August day. SIR ERNLEY BLACKWELL standing by the window of his office, looking out on to roofs, spires, etc. Knock at the door.

BLACKWELL

Come.

Door opens, SECRETARY enters

SECRETARY

Mr Thomson, Sir Ernley, from Scotland Yard.

BASIL THOMSON enters, SECRETARY withdraws, closes door behind him.

BLACKWELL

Thomson.

THOMSON
Sir Ernley.

BLACKWELL
Do sit.

BLACKWELL sits behind his desk, THOMSON before it. It is evident there is no love lost between the two men.

THOMSON
Hot.

BLACKWELL
What's that?

THOMSON
Hot. The weather.

BLACKWELL
Quite; quite.

Pause

BLACKWELL
(grimly)
The Cabinet is dithering.

THOMSON
Dithering.

BLACKWELL grimaces impatiently, knowing THOMSON is being purposely obtuse

BLACKWELL
On Casement, of course. Whether or not to hang him.

THOMSON
It's being said that more than one juror has admitted he would have voted "not guilty" if he had heard Casement's speech from the dock before the verdict was reached.

Cut to:

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

CASEMENT continuing his address

CASEMENT
Neither I nor any of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers had quarrel with the Ulster Volunteers . . .
(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)

Our movement was not directed against them, but against (looks again at SMITH) those who misused and misdirected the courage, the sincerity, and the patriotism of the men of the North of Ireland. On the contrary, we welcomed the coming of the Ulster Volunteers, even while we deprecated the aims and intentions of those Englishmen who sought to pervert to an English party use --- to the mean purpose of their own bid for place and power in England --- the armed activities of simple Irishmen. My principal prosecutor, the Attorney General, will well remember, though he may wish to forget, that he was prominent among that band of unscrupulous Conservative politicians who in the Home Rule struggle before the war sought to promote sectarian strife in the North of Ireland for their own party ends; who at that time appealed to Germany for aid and comfort in their campaign to deny Ireland her rights; and who imported substantial supplies of German arms for the Ulster Volunteers as a means of intimidating the Government of the day. (with a bitter smile of triumph and disdain, SMITH rises slowly and slowly walks out of the court) We aimed at winning the Ulster Volunteers to the cause of a united Ireland. We aimed at uniting all Irishmen in a natural and national bond of cohesion based on mutual self-respect. Our hope was a natural one, and if left to ourselves, not hard to accomplish .
 . .

Cut to:

HOME OFFICE. DAY.

BLACKWELL and THOMSON, as before

BLACKWELL

The Government wants to find a way to let him off the rope.

THOMSON

All of them?

BLACKWELL

Of course not. But there are waverers --- the usual ones. But they all fear making a martyr of him, in Ireland, perhaps even in America. (pause) A plea of insanity has been mooted. I have been asked to draw up a memorandum.

THOMSON

And what will you say?

BLACKWELL

That he is an unregenerate sodomite, as his diary attests, but that he is far from insane.

THOMSON

Some people are saying this diary may be not all it seems. That it is a forgery, or that it has at least been . . . tampered with.

They gaze at each other expressionlessly for a long moment

BLACKWELL

My opinion is that the law should be allowed to take its course, and by judicious means afterwards to use the diary to prevent Casement attaining martyrdom. That is what I shall advise the Cabinet.

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

CASEMENT continuing his address

CASEMENT

My Lord, I have done. Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to thank you for your verdict. I hope you will not take it amiss what I said, or think that I made any imputation upon your truthfulness or your integrity when I said that this was not a trial by my peers. I maintain I have a natural right to be tried in that natural jurisdiction, Ireland, my own country . . .

PUB. DAY.

Crowded, noisy pub. WRITER, half drunk, sitting with a pair of prostitutes, talking animatedly, laughing. He spots a newspaper headline: CASEMENT SENTENCE TODAY

OLD BAILEY. DAY.

The court awaits the sentence. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE dons the black cap

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Sir Roger David Casement, you have been found guilty of treason, the gravest crime known to law. The duty now devolves upon me of passing sentence upon you, and it is that you be taken hence to a lawful prison, and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

MR JUSTICE AVORY

Amen!

CASEMENT bows to the bench and smiles, then disappears from view, escorted by WARDERS

10 DOWNING STREET. EVENING.

The Prime Minister, ASQUITH, is dining with the American Ambassador, WALTER PAGE.

PAGE

Well, Prime Minister: and what of Casement?

ASQUITH

A sad case, certainly. Heaven knows what turned him so against us.

PAGE

And the sentence?

ASQUITH

Oh, I rather think the Cabinet has decided not to interfere.

PAGE

Then he'll hang?

ASQUITH

So it would seem. (pause) By the way, have you heard about his diary?

PAGE

I have.

ASQUITH

I should like you to see it.

PAGE

I have. I've been given photographs of it. One of your people at the Home Office---

ASQUITH

Excellent. (pause) And you need not be particular about keeping it to yourself, Mr Ambassador.

PAGE

I rather think, sir, the thing has been circulated widely already. I'm told the Archbishop of Canterbury himself had a copy.

ASQUITH

(thin smile)

But did not read it . . . or so he says.

They smile knowingly at each other

PENTONVILLE PRISON. DAY.

GERTRUDE BANNISTER and NINA CASEMENT in visiting room. CASEMENT is led in by two WARDERS; he is dressed in prison clothes, with prison cap. Both WARDERS stand back.

CASEMENT

Nina! And Gertrude, my dear! It lifts my heart to see you both.

GERTRUDE

Oh, Roddie, Roddie!

CASEMENT embraces both women in turn.

GERTRUDE

But . . . they have put in prison clothes, like a common criminal!

CASEMENT

Never mind, never mind. As the old song says, A felon's cap is the noblest crown an Irish head can wear.

NINA

How is it with you, Roddie?

CASEMENT

To tell you the truth, since I came here I have done nothing but sleep. I sleep and eat and say my prayers, that is my daily round. (pause;

(MORE)

CASEMENT (cont'd)
to GERTRUDE:) What day is it? ---
I'm losing track.

GERTRUDE
Wednesday.

CASEMENT
But should you not be in class?

NINA
(bitterly)
Did you not hear? Did she not tell
you?

GERTRUDE
Please, Nina---

NINA
She has been dismissed from the
school! They had not the decency to
face her in person, but sent her a
paltry cheque in lieu of notice.

CASEMENT
(sorrowful)
Because of me, Gertrude?

He turns aside. GERTRUDE embraces him

CASEMENT
Don't let me lie in this dreadful
pace, Gertrude. Take my body back
to the old churchyard in Murlough
Bay, where I used to swim, and
where we were so happy, in the old
days.

GERTRUDE
I will.

CASEMENT
I don't want to die, but I must.

GERTRUDE
We are working, all of us, to
prevent it. Nina has written to
President Wilson himself. There are
petitions---

CASEMENT
No, my dear, don't delude yourself.
they want my death, nothing else
will do.

GERTRUDE bursts into tears, clutches CASEMENT's hands, then,
overcome, tears herself away and runs from the room.

CASEMENT

(to NINA)

You're angry with me, I think.

NINA

I'm sorry; I can't forgive this waste of a life.

CASEMENT

I did what I thought was right.

NINA

Oh, yes, the "great cause".

CASEMENT

I believed in---

NINA

(furious)

Don't talk to me of causes and beliefs. It's me you're speaking to, not that forty-year-old child who's just run off crying. I know you, Roddie. You threw yourself into this out of pride --- pride, and despair. When I think of the poor people in the world you could have helped, that you could still help---

CASEMENT

I did all I could. I was not listened to.

NINA

You should have made them listen. (she paces, wringing her hands) The waste, the waste! Even still, if you pleaded with them, there could be a reprieve---

CASEMENT

I've told you, Nina: they want me hanged. It's what they've wanted all along.

NINA

And you are giving them what they want!

Pause; they stand gazing at each other, NINA both furious and grieving, CASEMENT calm and sad.

CASEMENT

I am at peace, Nina. That's what I've always wanted.

NINA is about to renew her arguments, but suddenly she loses heart. She embraces CASEMENT and quickly turns and leaves the room.

PRISON YARD. EVENING.

CASEMENT, with the two WARDERS in attendance, standing in a corner of the yard, where a few flowers are growing. CASEMENT, with blissful smile, has his face lifted full toward the setting sun, ignoring the new-built scaffold in the centre of the yard.

PRISON CHAPEL. DAY.

CASEMENT dressed in his own suit, kneeling before the altar, while PRIEST, intoning the Eucharist prayer, places the Host on CASEMENT's tongue.

PRISON CELL. DAY.

CASEMENT, DOCTOR, WARDERS, PRIEST; the sun is blazing through the cell window.

CASEMENT
What a beautiful day!

The five leave the cell, walk along a corridor; they come to a heavy door, which opens on to the prison yard, where the HANGMAN waits on the scaffold. CASEMENT with firm tread mounts the steps. HANGMAN steps forward and binds CASEMENT's hands behind his back. CASEMENT quite calm. As HANGMAN steps in front of him to place the noose over his neck, his face for an instant becomes that of ARMANDO NORMAND, gazing into CASEMENT's face with piercing eyes.

CASEMENT
(hoarse whisper)
You!

HANGMAN is again himself; he places the noose around CASEMENT's neck, stands back, puts his hand on the lever

CASEMENT
Lord Jesus, receive my soul.

HANGMAN jerks down the lever

MURLOUGH BAY. DAY.

As in Scene 11, but this time the camera is the eyes of CASEMENT as he dives into the sea and goes down, and down, and down, into darker and darker, silent depths.

HOME OFFICE. DAY.

GEORGE GAVAN DUFFY entering the office of SIR ERNLEY BLACKWELL, who has risen from his desk to meet him. At another, smaller desk, MAIR is seated.

BLACKWELL
Mr Duffy. What can I do for you?

DUFFY
(angrily)
Mr Blackwell---

BLACKWELL
(smoothly)
Sir Ernley. I have been honoured,
since we last met.

DUFFY
I applied for permission to have
Sir Roger Casement's body, to
return it to Ireland for burial
there. I understand my application
has been refused.

BLACKWELL
It has.

DUFFY
I consider this a monstrous act of
indecenty.

BLACKWELL
You may consider it how you wish,
my dear sir. The law requires that
Casement's body be buried within
the walls of the prison. And so it
shall, in a quicklime grave.

Pause; DUFFY seems about to continue to argue the point, but
sees he is defeated

DUFFY
I have also applied for the
recovery of Sir Roger's personal
effects.

BLACKWELL
Of course. (turns to MAIR) Have you
that list, Mair?

MAIR hands BLACKWELL a typewritten page, he hands it to
DUFFY, who quickly scans it

DUFFY
I see no mention here of Sir
Roger's personal diaries?

BLACKWELL

They are in the hands of the police, and will remain so. (DUFFY makes to protest) --- And now good day to you, sir.

DUFFY turns quickly, exits; BLACKWELL walks back to his desk, takes CASEMENT's diary from a drawer, gazes at it a moment, then hands it to MAIR.

BLACKWELL

Take care of it, Mair. We would not want it to get into the wrong hands.

He smiles; it is obvious he does want it to get into "the wrong hands".

Dublin, February 24th, 1965

GLASNEVIN CEMETERY. DAY.

Newsreel footage. A bitterly cold day, with showers of sleet and snow. In the cold, thousands of silent mourners line the route as the remains of CASEMENT are being reburied.

VOICE-OVER

In February, 1964, the remains of Roger Casement were repatriated from Pentonville Prison and buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.

end