

Rainy season

It is hot in the tropics.
Add the coolness of the English and things can
Sizzle.

Here we are - our setting a bungalow, pitch roof, wide verandahs,
stilted amidst the encroaching rainforest,
not too far from the rubber crops, but far enough from the huts of the
coolies.

LT: green or
yellow

Here are the people who live in this fine house:

Constance, her golden hair in marcelled waves,
nails polished, knees rouged, lipstick painted in a Clara Bow
-clearly our heroine -
but who is there to appreciate all this feminine pulchritude?

Certainly not her husband, the new Estate Manager of the plantation -
Gerard F O T H E R I N G A Y
pronounced "fungi": English, you know.
he's a big man in every way, big like a brick wall
with a tiny pencil moustache, still black,
while his hair I suppose we should call silver.
Twice his wife's age -
no, he can't be our hero.

But wait, here come some interesting possibilities walking
(walking!)
up the path.

Tanasee, a few paces behind her husband, dusky eyed and demure, lovely
and lissom.

However, I should probably warn you at this point that she has very little
dialogue.

But her husband, Ananda - oh my goodness!
Perhaps not tall, but tall enough.
He was like a good cup of coffee - dark, strong, steamy, with this deep rich
voice -
and oh, he smelt good...
- sorry! distracted myself there for a moment!
Yes. **This** is how a hero should look.

But poor old Gerard, he just doesn't see it.

Ah yes, you still hold that small plantation on the edge of mine.

Interested in selling? I could give you a good price for it.

My Father sold most of his land to the British.

I will hold on to what is left for my people, for my sons.

That's all very fine but I daresay you'll find it rather too difficult to
manage by yourself.

To manage a plantation like that you need to understand rubber,
business, all the things we brought.

What must be understood is my land and my people.

Well, that doesn't take much – you're a simple people.

Even a tie seems to be too complicated for you. Haw!

Tanasee saw all that is happening between these two.

Her husband Ananda had always been the most important man around
here.

But perhaps things are changing.

Gerard did not encourage them to linger but Constance invited them to
visit again

Before the rains come

And the roads are impassable.

The days are long and humid leading up to the rains.

Not a pleasant time for a woman to make the long walk between the
plantations.

That is why Ananda preferred to visit the bungalow alone.

Sometimes, when Gerard was there, not even going on to the verandah.

Just standing outside,

watching.

The tropics are hot before the rains.

Constance is

Hot.

LT: red, pink
or orange

And Gerard seems unable to relieve her.

her draping silks cling to her flesh.

Spray water

Alone in her bedroom she removes the dress

Slowly.

Play

Then her shoes

'Summertime
,

Rolls the stockings down her legs

languidly

lingeringly

And reclines out on the bed hung with netting.

Outside amid the trees

Ananda watches.

A drop of rain falls and trickles down his manly chest

tic toc

Constance stretches

She is ready for her ...nap.

Song?

Tanasee came up the path and joined Ananda

Just in time to see Gerard at the rubber trees

He was yelling at some natives, people they know,

Brandishing his gun at them

They were angry at his threat to their land which it was Ananda's duty to protect.

Raindrops fall on their faces

Spray water

Tic toc tac

tic toc tac

On their clothes.

Time for them to leave this British place and return to their home.

But Ananda stops, turns on his wife

 You go on

Tanasee glances back at house he wants her to leave.

Constance is leaning out from the verandah,

Arms shining pale in the green gloom.

LT: green

And again Ananda orders Tanasee

Go home now.

She walked with her usual grace to the turn in the road
and there looked back through the rain to her husband.

A drum roll of thunder,

Drum roll

the heavens crack,

Tear paper

the rains fall

split

split

splinter.

Rainmaker

It does not cool the air

No, the rain itself is hot on the skin.

Ananda walked into rainforest

Following the undulating Constance.

Song? (There

The rains conceal them both

may be

But Tanasee has already seen everything she needs to see.

trouble

ahead?)

The rains fall

Rainmaker

But this did not keep Ananda away from the bungalow.

Often he went

His silk baju melayu gleaming wetly

His dark legs strong as he strode up the mud path.

Until Constance helped him.

Now he has a suit, tie, shiny black shoes and a big black umbrella.

When Tanasee and he went to the Fotheringay dinners

He lit cigarettes for them

And for himself.

<p>The rains a hush against the bamboo blinds. His smile was broad as he announced the sale of his land All of it now joined into one massive plantation Poor Gerald huffing and puffing there Thinking all the land was now his. Not realising, as he and Constance did, that with nothing dividing the land between Ananda and his woman That <i>he</i> held it <i>all</i> just for a word in her little ear.</p> <p>When he leaned to sign the contract Constance used one hand to brush the bark from the back of his suit</p>	<p>Rainmaker</p>
<p>while the other held a gin and tonic. She smirked at her husband. With the sale of land the two families were closer than ever.</p>	<p>Ice tinkling</p>
<p>Still the rains fall And the waters rise Covering the road into the city. The natives flee to the high country The coolies climb on rooves or evacuate to the towns And to the bungalow come Ananda and Tanasee For shelter and for other needs. And still the rains keep falling,</p>	<p>LT: dim or purple</p>
<p>Isolating them from the outside world,</p> <p>Like one of Constance's organdie sleeves Where you could see the flesh but not much else.</p>	<p>Spray water</p>
<p>There the four of them sit or pace</p> <p>The sound of the victrola, the rattle of the bamboo blinds, the slow turning fan and the never ceasing rain The only sounds While they wait. - Until another sound comes:</p>	<p>Sound FX? record scratch/crack le, shaken sticks, flicking paper, rainmaker</p>

a rescue boat from the city!

Sound FX?

The Fotheringays grab what belongings they can
Scramble to the verandah where the boat is bobbing.
But at this Ananda leaps to his feet, strong and masterful
and grabs his lover by the wrist.

Stop! – you go to your doom!

Stay here with me, my woman -

My people will come for me. They will take us to shelter on high land
they know of.

Constance gave a tinkling little laugh

Not bloody likely!

I'm not staying here wif a bunch of natives!

I've had me roll in the hay -

And very nice it was too, ducky -

And Gerard's got his land wot he wanted

So that's it, I'm gorn, just as fast as this boat can carry me.

Ananda let her go.

She patters on to her husband, already in the boat, reaches out for him to
assist her on board.

But Gerard makes no move to help.

Instead he calls back to her as the boat begins to move away from the
house

My dear, I could forgive you intemperance, ignorance, infidelity

But never your unremitting vulgarity.

The waters between them grow wider, the boat has gone, her husband has
gone, has left her.

She is left here with her ex lover and his wife.

Some might find this a somewhat embarrassing social situation

But Constance can rise to the occasion.

Triangle?

Sleigh bells?

A brilliant smile, a certain suggestion in her walk, she draws close to
Ananda,
Very close.
Close enough for those long strong fingers which had so oft caressed her
throat to reach out now,
And squeeze,
Choking her,
Till neither chatter nor whine nor tinkling little laugh
Would ever be heard again.

Tanasee has seen everything.

Tanasee has always seen everything.

She glides toward Ananda, demure and dainty, with downcast eyes.
but says nothing.

Together they climb to the bungalow roof to wait for help to come
For the people of his land to rescue them.

The slap of raindrops on leaf and flood made it hard to hear
So the boat seemed to appear quite suddenly.

Gerald reaching out to pull Tanasee aboard,
while the pilot brings the boat right up to the roof top.

Ananda, impatient with this English chivalry with the waters rising,
rising

grasps the edge of the boat to swing himself in

Tanasee too reaches out, her hands covering his

As she prises his fingers loose

One by one

and he falls back

back into the flood waters

scrambling, splashing, spluttering, clutching at the receding boat,

Drowning

dying

Dead.

Sound FX:

Water

bubbles/blob

blob blob

The boat pilot

Well meaning certainly, but clearly not grasping the implications of the scene,

looks on in horror, reaching out to try to save Ananda as the floods wash over him.

Tanasee, quietly observant as ever,

pulls the gun from Gerald's holster and shoots him.

Pop balloon

Gerald smiles, well content,

draws her into arms and kisses her deeply with the ease of long practice

Ah, my dear, at least I can always rely on you

And the two of them row away

While the rain waters cover everything.

Rainmaker