

SCENE 2

The quarterdeck, a short while later. YUISA is crouched on the grating. Apart from a necklace of feathers which vaguely covers her breasts, she wears only a loin cloth. RALEIGH, curious, KEYMIS, apprehensive, DICK, embarrassed, and WAT, appreciative, form a distant ring round her.

RALEIGH Is this their garrison? One maidy?

KEYMIS She was sufficient.

WAT Two would have routed you?

(WAT saunters forward. YUISA tries a kick. He retreats hastily)

RALEIGH You made thorough search?

KEYMIS Every cranny. The village is long abandoned. Shall I let her go?

RALEIGH No.

KEYMIS No?

RALEIGH Us needs an interpreter.

WAT She speaks English?

RALEIGH Us'll learn her English.

KEYMIS Her?

(They look again at YUISA)

WAT Why not?

RALEIGH It will be small work for you, Lal. A fellow of Balliol.

KEYMIS In mathematics.

RALEIGH You've the art. That's what signifies.

KEYMIS But she's a woman.

RALEIGH My Bess learnt passable Latin.

DICK Perhaps Master Keymis thinks of our people.

RALEIGH A woman on a ship? Shame on your superstition.

KEYMIS My mind was on the practical.

RALEIGH This is the quarterdeck. There's none but us may tread it save in battle. Who can harm her here?

KEYMIS (*Looking at WAT*) Even so...

(**RALEIGH** also looks at **WAT**, who is still appreciating **YUISA**)

RALEIGH What do you eye, you? Remember us are virgin soldiers of a virgin queen. That the queen has been dead these fifteen years changes nothing.

WAT How could I forget?

RALEIGH With ease. Us are offering protection, and God knows her looks in need of it. What would you judge hers provenance?

KEYMIS There's a brand on her arm. (**RALEIGH** steps forward) Have a care!

(**RALEIGH** ignores him. **YUISA** claws at him)

RALEIGH This is where us lack Godwin. (*He approaches her again, this time more cautiously*) Gently, m'bird.

YUISA Wu'a! (No!) (*She spits at him*) Buticaco!
(BASTARD!)

RALEIGH I'm sorry, m'maidy, but... Hold her.

(**WAT** ducks round a flailing arm as he tries to pin them behind her back. **RALEIGH** grabs it)

WAT She is fierce.

RALEIGH With reason. This mark is Spanish work, poor maidy.

KEYMIS There were none near here in '96,

RALEIGH They must have raided. When I tell to three, us'll let her go. One. Two. Three.

(They step back out of reach. YUISA glowers at them, hand over the brand on her arm)

WAT Who could take a woman and brand her as a beast?

RALEIGH I've known men do worse. Us must give her sanctuary until us find her a place of safety. For the mean time her'll be our interpreter. That's a gain for us, a great gain. But all on this ship must remember that us are no Spaniards. The people of this country are our hosts. Us don't rape their daughters.

WAT She shall have my personal protection.

RALEIGH Her shall not. Whatever us do else, us must keep our welcome in this country.

KEYMIS It's good policy, Wat.

RALEIGH No, Lal, it's common decency. Tell her to have no fear. Us don't molest women.

KEYMIS Speak to her?

RALEIGH How else?

(KEYMIS advances very reluctantly)

KEYMIS *(Very slowly and carefully)* Do you speak English?

RALEIGH Us know her don't.

KEYMIS We haven't asked... Habla Espanol? *(No reaction)* Parlez-vous Francais?

YUISA Ita. (I DON'T UNDERSTAND)

KEYMIS Linguam latinam -

YUISA Osama, sanaca, ita. (LOOK, YOU IDIOT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND)

RALEIGH For God's sake, Lal. Her's not your Balliol scholar.

KEYMIS She may be priest taught.

RALEIGH Does her look it? (To **DICK**) You try.

DICK Me?

RALEIGH You'm hers age.

DICK But she's stark naked.

WAT Oh, no, women have more delights to come.

RALEIGH Stop your lewdness you and fetch her food.

WAT I'm a servant now?

RALEIGH You would be useful, you?
(**WAT** exits unwillingly)

RALEIGH Begin.
(**DICK** advances, not wanting to look at **YUISA** and not wanting not to look at her)

RALEIGH Her won't bite.

KEYMIS She will. Believe me.
(**DICK** kneels in front of **YUISA**, staring at the deck)

RALEIGH Look at her, boy.

DICK She's not clad.

RALEIGH This is their modesty. They wouldn't think her shamed a church.

KEYMIS Watching her is a safer course, Dick.
(**DICK** lifts his eyes and quickly lowers them)

DICK Friends.

(No response. He gets up and goes to the barrel. He takes a ladle of water and offers it to YUISA. She knocks it away)

DICK Espanol - no. No espanol. Espanol bad. Mucho bad. Espanol... *(He beats the desk with his fist. YUISA stares at him)* English good. English friend. *(This time he tries holding his palm out. He looks at YUISA's face)* Frien...

(The word dies as he stares into YUISA's eyes)

RALEIGH Haven't you seen a woman's face before?

DICK Not hers.

YUISA Baneke osama na'kia? *(WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?)*

(This brings DICK back to life. He gets up and shakes KEYMIS's hand)

DICK Friend. *(RALEIGH's)* Friend. *(He kneels again and offers his hand to YUISA)* Friend.

(YUISA does not take it)

YUISA Frenda?

(DICK again tries offering her water. Again YUISA will not take it. He drinks some himself, then offers it a third time. This time she takes it. She drinks, eyeing DICK suspiciously. DICK reaches to take the ladle back. YUISA refuses. She tests its utility as a club. DICK places his hands on the deck and inches forward. YUISA is wary. He tries again. She pins his hands with her feet, pushes herself up and stands over him, ladle in hand)

DICK Friend.

(He looks up, finds himself looking at her groin level. And quickly looks down again. YUISA lifts his chin using the ladle)