

## 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)*