

# The Lost World

Dinosaurs in the unexplored jungles of South America? Simply preposterous!

Adapted by Bryon Cahill • Based on the novel by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle • Illustrations by Omar Rayyan

## CHARACTERS

(main characters in **boldface**)

### Narrators 1, 2, 3

Gladys Hungerton, *a young woman*

Edward Malone, *a newspaper reporter*

Professor George Challenger, *an explorer*

Police officer

Lord John Roxton, *a world-famous sportsman and a traveler*

Professor Arthur Summerlee, *a professor of comparative anatomy*

Gomez, *a native guide*

Drums

William, *a London gentleman*

**Narrator 2:** They are sitting in the drawing room of the Hungerton estate. Edward leans forward and takes her hands.

**Gladys Hungerton:** Oh no. Why do I have this strange feeling that you are about to propose to me?

**Edward Malone:** Now how do you know I was about to propose?

**Gladys:** Don't women always know? Do you think any woman in the world has ever been caught by surprise? But please, for the sake of our friendship, do not.

**Edward:** I have outgrown our friendship, Gladys. I want to hold you in my arms and never let you go.

**Gladys:** Don't spoil what we have together with these foolish thoughts of love, Edward! Why can't you control yourself?

**Edward:** I didn't invent it! It's nature. It's love.

**Gladys:** Well, it may be love for you, but I have never felt it.

**Edward:** But why can't you love me, Gladys? Is it my appearance?

**Gladys:** If you must know, it goes much deeper than that. I am in love with someone else ... an **ideal**.

**Edward:** What? Preposterous! What is this imaginary man like? If you will only give me a clue as to what you are looking for in a man, I will be him!

**Narrator 3:** Gladys laughs.

**Gladys:** Well, in the first place, I don't think my ideal would speak like that. He would be a harder, sterner man, not so ready to adapt himself to a silly girl's **whim**.

**Narr 1:** Edward is **rapt** with attention, making mental notes of everything she says.

**Gladys:** Above all, he must be a man who could act, who could look Death in the face and have no fear of him, a man of great

## SCENE 1

London 1910

**Narrator 1:** Edward Malone, a reporter for a British newspaper, the *Daily Gazette*, is at the home of his dear friend Gladys Hungerton.

### \* vocab

**IDEAL:** a standard of perfection or excellence

**WHIM:** an impulsive thought or notion

**RAPT:** deeply engrossed or absorbed



deeds and strange experiences. I could only love a man of adventure and danger.

**Narr 2:** Heat rises in Gladys's face. Her enthusiasm makes her all the more beautiful to Edward. He stands.

**Edward:** Very well. I shall become this man of danger! For you, my love.

**Gladys:** Oh please. Don't change for me, Edward. A man should seek adventure because he cannot help himself, because it is natural for him to do so. The man in you should cry out for heroic expression.

**Narr 3:** Edward is taken by the notion that he could become a greater version of himself.

**Edward:** It is women like you, dear, who make men what they are. Just you wait and see. You have given me this chance, and I intend to take it! By George, I'll do something in this world yet! Then I will return to you. And we shall be happy together.

**Narr 1:** Edward bows low, bids her farewell, and leaves.

## SCENE 2

**Narr 2:** Edward marches into his editor's office at the *Daily Gazette* and demands an assignment that is out of the ordinary and dangerous.

**Narr 3:** Edward's editor laughs at first, thinking the young man must be joking. But finally he assigns him to interview Professor George Challenger, who has just returned from South America and has made some strange claims about what he found

there. Several other journalists have already tried to speak to the man but have failed. In each case, the professor ended up assaulting the reporter.

**Narr 1:** Intrigued, Edward heads to Professor Challenger's home. Mrs. Challenger greets him and leads him into the drawing room. There, the professor sits at a large desk covered in books, maps, and diagrams.

**Narr 2:** Professor Challenger is a large man with an enormous head, a full beard, square shoulders, and a strong build.

**Professor George Challenger:** Well? What now? I imagine you are here to ridicule me, just as the journalists who came before you have.

**Edward:** No, sir, I ...

**Challenger:** All men are slaves to their senses. Men need to see things with their own eyes in order to believe.

**Edward:** Go on.

**Challenger:** You are aware—or probably, in this half-educated age, you are not aware—that the area surrounding some parts of South America's Amazon River is still only partially explored? It was my business to visit this little-known backcountry and to examine its animals. However, what I discovered was unlike anything I had ever imagined I would see. Let me ask you, Mr. Malone, do you believe in dinosaurs?

**Edward:** It has been proved they existed, Professor, yes.

**Challenger:** What would you say if I told you that dinosaurs

are not extinct? What if I told you there are many prehistoric creatures living today in a remote area of the Amazon River basin? What would you say to that?

**Narr 3:** Edward tries not to smile.

**Challenger:** You would mock me too?

**Narr 1:** The professor charges at Edward, pushing him out of the drawing room and into the hall.

**Challenger:** Out of my house, journalist!

**Narr 2:** The man rushes at Edward again and tackles him. The two men roll down the hallway and out the front door. A police officer spots the fight and rushes over to break it up.

**Police officer:** What is the meaning of all this?

**Edward:** This man attacked me.

**Police officer:** Again, Professor?

**Challenger:** He does not believe me! Nobody believes me!

**Narr 3:** Edward, though nearly out of breath from the surprise attack, sees an opportunity and speaks up.

**Edward:** You can release him, Officer. I don't intend to press charges.

**Narr 1:** The police officer **reluctantly** lets Challenger go with a promise of prison if there are any more public disturbances.

**Edward:** I have spoken with the other journalists, Professor. They say you never showed them any proof of your discoveries. I do not believe you, either ... yet. But prove it to me. Take me to see your dinosaurs.

## SCENE 3

**Narr 2:** Three weeks later, Edward finds himself on a ship bound for South America. His editor has financed the journey, and Edward intends to write about what he sees.

**Narr 3:** Also aboard the ship are Lord John Roxton, an explorer familiar with the Amazon area, and Professor Arthur Summerlee, a scientist who has been chosen by his **distinguished** peers to **validate** the expedition's findings.

**Narr 1:** The men don't talk much during the voyage. When they land on the South American continent, it is a few days' journey to Manáos, Brazil. Only there, under a makeshift **veranda**, do they really begin to size up one another.

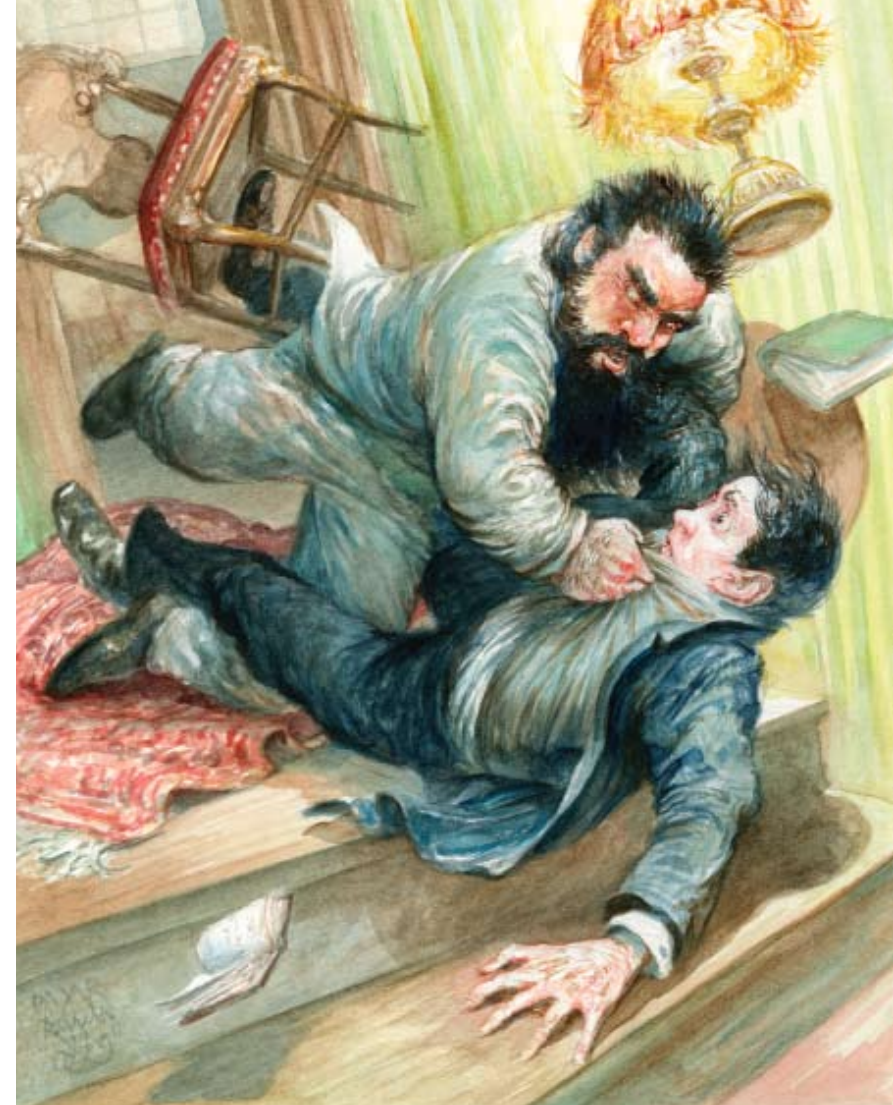
**Lord John Roxton:** Ah, smell that air. I adore this place. Every time I come here, it is like coming home.

**Professor Arthur Summerlee:** Roxton, I honestly don't know why you love it here. It seems to be all wood and marsh and swampy forest and unpenetrated jungle. Who knows what it may shelter? I must admit, I never believed Challenger's claim of discovering prehistoric wildlife. But actually being here in this desolate place gives me pause.

**Roxton:** It's dangerous, I'll grant you that. Some years back, I was exploring that no-man's-land between Peru, Brazil, and Colombia. In that great district, the wild rubber tree flourishes. But it has become a curse to the natives.

**Edward:** Oh, how so?

**Roxton:** At the time, a handful



of villainous men dominated the country. They armed those natives who would support them, and turned the rest into slaves, terrorizing them with the most inhuman tortures in order to force them to harvest the rubber. I intervened on behalf of the wretched victims, but I received nothing but threats and insults. I then formally declared war against Pedro Lopez, the leader of the slave drivers. I ended up killing him with my own hands!

**Challenger:** May I come in?

**Narr 2:** The three men turn their heads to see Challenger standing just outside the veranda.

**Challenger:** Come, there is much day ahead of us! We must begin our journey, for it will be a long one.

**Narr 3:** Challenger pats Edward roughly on the back before he turns and walks away.

**Narr 1:** Roxton rushes ahead and catches up to Challenger. The

### \* vocab

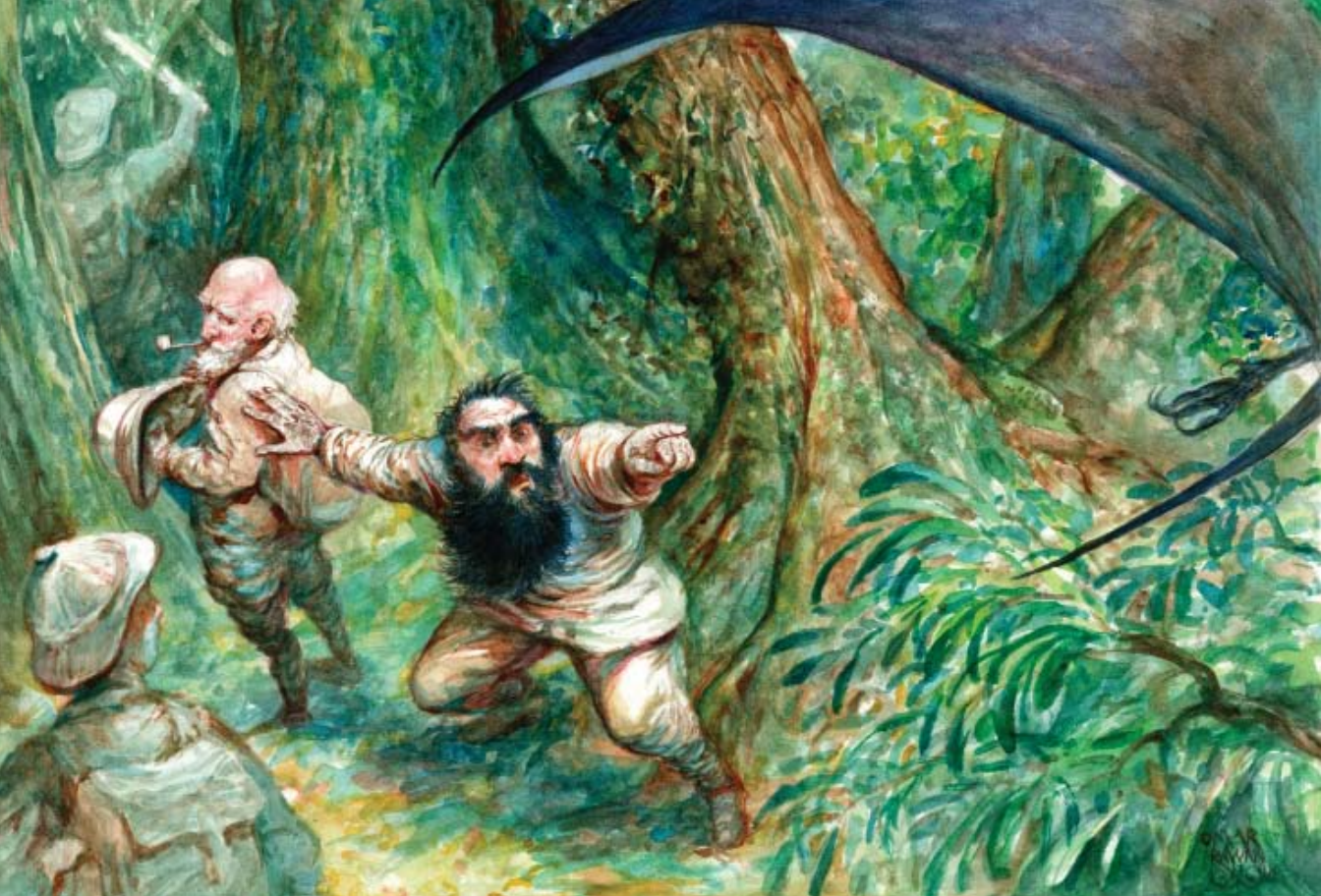
**RELUCTANTLY:** unwillingly

**DISTINGUISHED:** marked by excellence or distinction

**VALIDATE:** confirm

**VERANDA:** a large porch, usually roofed and partly enclosed





other two men follow.

**Roxton:** I am compelled to tell you, sir, that I do not recognize you as the leader of this expedition.

**Challenger:** Is that a fact? Perhaps you would care to tell me how you would define my exact position then?

**Summerlee:** I believe we are all in agreement here, George. Lord Roxton should lead us. You are a man whose **veracity** is on trial. We are the committee setting out to try you. You walk, sir, with your judges.

**Challenger:** Dear me! In that case, you will lead and I will follow. For now, that will suffice. But I feel obliged to tell you that I have been lost in this jungle before, and we will need a guide.

**Edward:** Splendid.

## SCENE 4

**Narr 2:** The men hike, canoe, and bushwhack through thick vegetation for three days. They come to a village and employ several natives to assist them, including a guide named Gomez to lead them through the jungle.

**Roxton:** I don't see why this man is necessary. I could lead us anywhere!

**Challenger:** This isn't just *anywhere*, Lord Roxton. Besides, knowing what I know from my first expedition here, it is always better to have a native who knows the land.

**Narr 3:** The men slog on for another six days. As they walk through miles and miles of dense, luxuriant jungle, the men slowly become aware of a repetitive beating sound.

**Edward:** What is that?

**Roxton:** Drums. War drums.

**Gomez:** Yes, sir, war drums. Wild men who live in the jungle, they watch us every mile, kill us if they can.

**Edward:** How can they watch us?

**Gomez:** They know. They have their own way. They watch us. They talk the drum talk to each other. Kill us if they can.

**Roxton:** Well, Gomez, it's a good thing we've got you with us then! Surely these natives won't attack their own kind!

**Gomez:** They are not my kind.

**Narr 1:** The drums beat on, as if they are repeating one phrase over and over.

**Drums:** We will kill you if we can. We will kill you if we can.

**Edward:** Are we in danger?

**Summerlee:** Significantly more so than we were in jolly old England, I would say!

**Drums:** We will kill you if we can. We will kill you if we can.

**Challenger:** How much farther to the mountain, Gomez?

**Gomez:** Half day's walk.

**Summerlee:** A **plateau** atop a mountain, you say? I have never heard of, nor could I imagine, such a place.

**Challenger:** Start imagining.

**Drums:** We will kill you if we can. We will kill you if we can. We will kill you. We will kill you. We will kill you if we can.

**Narr 2:** As the afternoon drags on into the evening hours, the drums begin to fade away.

**Roxton:** Sounds as if the natives are retreating.

**Gomez:** None will come here. Too much afraid. Curupuri.

**Roxton:** Curupuri is the spirit of the woods. It's a name for any kind of devil. The poor beggars think that there is something fearsome in this direction, and therefore they avoid it.

**Summerlee:** Well, that's a piece of good luck, isn't it?

**Challenger:** Here is another ...

**Narr 3:** The group emerges from the jungle. Before them lies a great mountain. Challenger takes his pack off his back and rests it on the ground. As he is bending down, he speaks.

**Challenger:** Behold, we have arrived at the base of the ...

**Narr 1:** A huge gray bird swoops down and flies just a few feet

above him. It disappears into the shadows of the trees.

**Challenger:** Did you see it? Summerlee, did you see it? It would have made off with my head had I been standing upright!

**Narr 2:** Summerlee is staring blankly at the spot where the creature disappeared back into the jungle.

**Roxton:** What do you claim it was?

**Challenger:** Why, don't you know, Roxton? You have just laid eyes on your first pterodactyl!

**Narr 3:** On hearing the impossible word, Summerlee's trance is broken.

**Summerlee:** Pterodactyl my foot! It was a stork, if ever I saw one!

**Narr 1:** Challenger is too furious to speak. He picks his pack off the ground and marches forward, muttering to himself.

**Edward:** What do you think it was, Lord John?

**Roxton:** I would not care to guess, but I daresay that I will risk my reputation as a sportsman that it wasn't any bird I've ever seen before.

**Narr 2:** The group moves forward for another hour before making camp.

## SCENE 5

**Narr 3:** In the morning, the men are up and moving once again with the first light.

**Narr 1:** Challenger points out a particular tree.

**Challenger:** It was on that tree right there where I saw my first pterodactyl on my previous trip.

He was perched right there, staring at me. Of course, Professor Summerlee will understand that when I say "pterodactyl," I mean, of course, "stork."

**Narr 2:** Edward chuckles.

**Challenger:** Only it is the kind of stork with no feathers, a leathery skin, **membranous** wings, and teeth in its jaws.

**Narr 3:** Challenger grins, sufficiently pleased with his joke.

**Summerlee:** And I suppose the "pterodactyl," as you call it, just left you alone?

**Challenger:** Of course not! It took wing and attacked me, and I shot it.

**Edward:** You killed it?

**Challenger:** Yes, of course! It was either him or me, God bless it!

**Roxton:** How is it then that you came home from your first expedition with no proof?

**Summerlee:** Excellent question!

**Challenger:** I have told numerous journalists! Must I continue to repeat myself? I *did* have proof! I had several specimens on one boat, which, I am terribly pained to report for the hundredth time, sank in the Atlantic Ocean.

**Summerlee:** But somehow you managed to survive?

**Challenger:** I was on a second

### \* vocab

**VERACITY:** correctness or accuracy

**PLATEAU:** a land area having a relatively level surface considerably raised above adjoining land on at least one side

**MEMBRANOUS:** thin, pliable, often referring to plant or animal tissue



ship, of course! Why do you think I always travel separately from the rest of my team? In case just such a misfortune happens!

**Summerlee:** But ... that makes no sense! It could very well have been *your* boat that sank!

**Challenger:** Yes, but then the specimens would have been saved, would they not? Don't make me bash you, Arthur!

**Narr 1:** Challenger, all red in the face, looks as if he might actually attack any or all of his men.

**Edward:** That's all behind you now, Professor. Let's continue. Onward and upward, no doubt?

**Narr 2:** Gomez, who has been mostly quiet since the drums faded away, is the first to pick up the pace.

## SCENE 6

**Narr 3:** In two days, the troop is nearing the mountain's peak. During one of their stops for water, Edward notices something amazing through a break in the trees.

**Edward:** Is that ... ? Look!

**Narr 1:** The other men follow Edward's pointing finger and can now clearly make out that the mountain up ahead splits in two and there is a wide chasm between the mountain's peak and a great plateau.

**Narr 2:** A large beech tree acts as a bridge between the two.

**Challenger:** Ha-ha! We are nearly there now, gentlemen! Do you see the bridge? My men and I felled it on our last expedition. Come! I will race you to the top!

**Narr 3:** Challenger runs ahead, eager as a schoolboy. He reaches

the top and crosses the tree bridge with no fear. When he reaches the plateau on the other side, he urges the other men to come across.

**Narr 1:** With much **trepidation**, Edward is the last to crawl over.

**Summerlee:** Ha! You made it, old boy! We all did!

**Roxton:** Wait. ... Where is Gomez?

**Narr 2:** They look back, but it is too late. Gomez has managed to lift the other end of the tree, drag it to the mountain's edge, and drop it in the chasm.

**Summerlee:** (*stunned*) I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

**Gomez:** (*from the other side*) See me now, Lord John Roxton, you English dog! I have waited and waited, and now has come my chance! You cursed fools are trapped there in your lost world!

**Roxton:** What have you done, Gomez? You have killed us!

**Gomez:** Your bones will whiten up here, and none will know where you lie or come to cover them. As you lie dying, think of Pedro Lopez, whom you shot and killed five years ago on the Putomayo River. I am his brother, and come what will, I can now die happy knowing his memory has been avenged!

**Narr 3:** Laughing maniacally, Gomez turns and runs away.

**Narr 1:** With a stern **countenance** and a keen eye, Roxton shoots him expertly in the back. The traitor falls, on his side of the mountain, and dies.

**Roxton:** I have been a blind simpleton. I should have

remembered that these people have long memories for blood feuds. I have surely killed us all.

**Challenger:** Nonsense. We'll figure out a way down later. You are an excellent marksman, sir! Now come. ... Let's explore!

**Edward:** Did that really just occur?

**Summerlee:** I gather it won't be the end of impossible things we witness up here, my boy. Look sharp.

## SCENE 7

**Narr 2:** With their packs, guns, limited food, and ammunition, the party advances on the plateau.

**Narr 3:** Challenger is excited to be back and moves ahead of the party. He leads them to a swamp where half a dozen pterodactyls are sleeping quietly.

**Challenger:** (*whispering*) If you value your life, remain quiet.

**Narr 1:** They tiptoe past the mighty **carnivorous** reptiles, giving them a wide berth.

**Summerlee:** Professor Challenger, I owe you an apology. Sir, I was very much in the wrong. I never could have imagined such a thing as we just witnessed.

**Challenger:** Few can, my dear friend and colleague.

**Narr 2:** A few hours later, the men enter a large forest.

**Narr 3:** Edward volunteers to climb the biggest tree near them and have a look around. He shinnies his way up the tree's trunk and perches himself on a high branch. From there, he can



just make out a lake a few miles north.

**Narr 1:** He shinnies back down the tree.

**Summerlee:** And?

**Edward:** The forest clears just a couple miles north of here. There is a lake.

**Challenger:** A lake? Are you sure? I didn't see a lake when I was last here.

**Summerlee:** Well then, I guess you haven't discovered everything on this plateau have you, Professor?

**Roxton:** Excellent!

**Summerlee:** It is up to you, young fella, to name the lake. You saw it first, and by George, if you want to call it Lake Malone, you have that right!

**Edward:** I can think of but one name for this pristine beauty. And that is Gladys.

**Summerlee:** Lucky girl! Very well then! Let us go forth to visit Lake Gladys!

**Challenger:** Boys will be boys.

**Narr 2:** When the men arrive at Lake Gladys, they freshen up, drink, refill their canteens, and make camp.

**Challenger:** We don't know who or what may be watching us tonight. I think it is safe to say that we should take turns keeping watch. Tomorrow, we will head deep into the forest. Who knows what we may find!

**Summerlee:** What we ought to be doing is finding some way out of this terrible trap we have fallen into! It is amazing that your

brain is still turned toward getting us farther into this strange land. I say that we should be figuring out how to get out!

**Challenger:** Duly noted. Thank you for volunteering for the first watch, Arthur.

**Narr 3:** Throughout the night, they take turns guarding one another from danger. The forest is full of strange screeches, howls, and cracklings.

**Narr 1:** Surprisingly not tired, Edward takes a walk back toward the forest to stretch his legs.

**Narr 2:** After walking just a short

### \* vocab

**TREPIDATION:** fear or alarm

**COUNTENANCE:** look or expression on one's face

**CARNIVOROUS:** meat eating





distance into the forest, he hears a mighty rustling nearby and is frozen in place.

**Edward:** (*softly*) Professor Challenger? Is that you?

**Narr 3:** A tremendous roar nearly knocks Edward to the ground. With a scream of terror, he turns and bolts farther into the woods.

**Narr 1:** Edward runs and runs, his limbs aching and his chest heaving. He hears the thudding of giant feet and the panting of monster lungs close behind.

**Narr 2:** Suddenly, there's a crash.

Edward falls through space and into darkness.

**Narr 3:** Ten feet down, in a pit, Edward looks up at a fearsome beast. The moonlight shines upon its huge projecting eyes, the enormous teeth in its open mouth, and the gleaming fringe of claws upon its short, powerful forearms.

**Narr 1:** This is surely one of the great flesh-eating dinosaurs, the most terrible beasts to have ever walked this earth.

**Narr 2:** Edward faints in the mud of his deep, lifesaving hole.

## SCENE 8

**Narr 3:** Sometime later, Edward wakes and climbs cautiously out of the pit. As soon as he is back on the forest ground, he runs desperately for the lake.

**Narr 1:** He arrives at Lake Gladys to find the camp deserted. The group's belongings are scattered in wild confusion over the ground; close to the smoldering ashes of the campfire, the grass is stained crimson with a hideous pool of blood.

**Narr 2:** He calls frantically for his friends, but there is no answer.

**Narr 3:** Just as Edward is about to give up all hope, Roxton comes bursting out of the forest.

**Roxton:** Malone! There you are! Where have you been? Never mind. Quick! Every moment counts. Get the rifles, both of them. I have the other two. Now grab all the cartridges you can gather. Fill your pockets.

**Edward:** What's happened? Where are the others?

**Roxton:** The ape-men!

**Edward:** Ape-men?

**Roxton:** Yes, they look like apes, but they are men! Or vice versa, I'm not really sure. Perhaps they are of the very species that has so often perplexed humankind: the missing link! But they are awful, *awful* creatures, and they have kidnapped Challenger and Summerlee. I just barely escaped myself. We were looking for you, lad!

**Edward:** Oh no! It's all my fault! I was ... chased by a huge dinosaur in the woods. Do you believe me?

**Roxton:** I will believe anything now. Come, there's no time!

**Narr 1:** Roxton and Edward rush off together with their guns.

**Narr 2:** They run at top speed until they reach the ape-men's village far past the other side of the lake.

**Narr 3:** From behind some shrubbery, they watch carefully as several ape-men forcibly move Challenger, Summerlee, and six unfamiliar men to the edge of a cliff.

**Edward:** They will be killed! We have to save them! Who are the other men with them?

**Roxton:** My best estimate is they are natives of this strange world. It appears that they and the ape-men are natural enemies and we, Edward, have caught ourselves right in the middle of their long war.

**Edward:** We have to do something!

**Narr 1:** Just then, the sound of drums is heard.

**Drums:** We will kill you if we can. We will kill you if we can. We will kill you. We will kill you. We will kill you if we can.

**Narr 2:** From all directions, a score of natives move in and begin to fight the ape-men.

**Narr 3:** Amid all the commotion, Edward and Roxton rush in with their guns blazing, grab the professors, and run.

**Narr 1:** As they run from the battle, Edward turns and looks back. The natives are clearly the victors. He turns away in horror as they force the surviving ape-men over the cliff to their deaths.

## SCENE 9 London

**Gladys:** But ... I don't understand. Why are you telling me all of this?

**Narr 2:** Edward is out of breath from telling his story.

**Edward:** Don't you see, darling? I am now a true adventurer! I am a hero! Just as you always wanted!

**Gladys:** Oh ... Edward.

**Edward:** Don't you want to hear how we escaped that vile land? You see, though the treacherous Gomez had destroyed our bridge to the outside world, Professor Challenger devised an incredibly clever balloon contraption that was filled with noxious volcanic gas! In this we—

**Gladys:** That's very nice, Edward. I am sure it's all very exciting. But you see ... I am married.

**Narr 3:** Edward stops dead in his tracks. Staring into the eyes of the woman he had always thought he loved, he now sees nothing.

**Edward:** You're ... married?

**Gladys:** Yes, Father is letting us stay here until we decide on a house of our own. And oh, Edward, I've told my husband, William, all about you. We have no secrets, you see. And he is very excited to meet you! Your article in the *Daily Gazette* has the whole town buzzing. Is it true what you say? Did you really bring back a live pterodactyl?

**Edward:** Yes. An amazing specimen, indeed. ... Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll be going.

**Narr 1:** Edward shows himself out.

**Narr 2:** Outside the Hungerton house, he meets William, Gladys's husband, just returning home from work.

**Edward:** Good afternoon.

**William:** Good afternoon to you, sir.

**Edward:** Might I ask you, are you the William who married Miss Gladys Hungerton?

**William:** I am one and the same.

**Edward:** Might I ask you, sir, how did you do it?

**William:** I beg your pardon?

**Edward:** How did you win her hand? Have you discovered some hidden treasure? explored some uncharted wilderness? Are you, sir, in fact, a pirate?

**William:** (*chuckling*) Dear heavens, no! I am an accountant!

**Narr 3:** Edward laughs, in spite of himself.

**Edward:** Very good, sir! Very good indeed!

**Narr 1:** Edward Malone, timid journalist turned epic adventurer turned free man, pats the accountant on the back and walks into town, where he is to meet a world-famous sportsman who is planning a return trip to the lost world. Suddenly, Edward knows he will be going with him. ■

### Write About It

Imagine a "Lost World" of your own—and you are trapped there! Tell your tale, using as much imagery and detail as you can so your readers can really picture it. What are the dangers? What kinds of creatures live there? How did you get there, and how will you escape?