

“The Most Dangerous Game” by Richard Connell

*Two men on a Yacht at night.*

Whitney: Over there somewhere is a large island. It’s a mystery...

Rainsford: What Island?

Whitney: Old maps call it “Ship-Trap Island.” People are afraid of the place. I don’t know why—some superstition, or rumor.

Rainsford: I can’t see it.

Whitney: You have good eyes, but even you can’t see through a moonless Caribbean night.

Rainsford: True. Ugh, it’s like moist black velvet.

Whitney: It will be light in Rio. We should make it in a few days, and we’ll have great hunting in the Amazon.

Rainsford: Yeah, the best in the world!

Whitney: For the hunter, not for the jaguar.

Rainsford: Don’t talk rot, Whitney. You’re a big game hunter. Who cares how the jaguar feels?

Whitney: Well, maybe the Jaguar does. Never mind, but if it did understand one thing it would be the fear of death and the fear of pain.

Rainsford: Nonsense! This heat is making you go crazy. The world is made up of two kinds of people the hunter and the hunted. Luckily we’re the hunters. Do you think we’ve passed the island yet?

Whitney: I can’t tell in the dark, but I hope so.

Rainsford: Why?

Whitney: The place has a bad reputation.

Rainsford: Cannibals?

Whitney: No, even cannibals wouldn’t live in such an awful place. But everyone has heard how bad this island is. Did you notice how jumpy the crew was today?

Rainsford: Now that you mention it—they were a bit strange. Even Captain Nielsen.

Whitney: I must admit even I did feel something like a sudden chill.

Rainsford: Pure imagination. One scared, superstitious sailor can make everyone afraid.

Whitney: Even if it is imagination, I'm glad we're sailing away from this Island. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford.

Rainsford: I'm not sleepy. I'm going to smoke another pipe.

Whitney: Goodnight then, Rainsford. See you at Breakfast.

Rainsford: Right. Goodnight Whitney.