

START

SCENE TWO

SFX: FOG HORN, WAVES CRASHING, LOUD WIND

Actor Four stands on a bench, holding a ship's wheel, Actor One throws on a seaweed covered poncho. Actors Two and Three hold SPRAY BOTTLES and spritz water into the air toward the scene.

CAPTAIN

(yelling over the storm)
Bosun! We're nearing the eye of the storm. Hoist the mizzen and raise the top sail!

BOSUN

(Irish, yelling over the storm)
What's that, Captain?

CAPTAIN

I said we're nearing the eye of the storm!

BOSUN

What, I can't hear you!

CAPTAIN

The blasted rain is coming down so hard!

Actors Two & Three spray directly at the Captain.

CAPTAIN

(to actors)
NOT THAT HARD!

Actors Two & Three exit.

BOSUN

What was that, sir?

CAPTAIN

Nevermind! What is the report today?

BOSUN

Due to high winds volleyball has been cancelled.

CAPTAIN

What else?

BOSUN

And...the buffet is down.

CAPTAIN

Damn it.

BOSUN

And you're gonna have to change
your own linens, if'n you don't
mind, sir.

CAPTAIN

What is this nonsense? We need all
hands on deck!

BOSUN

Sir, the men are not well!

CAPTAIN

How's that?

BOSUN

They've all taken ill!

CAPTAIN

How ill?

BOSUN

Dead, sir. Every last one!

CAPTAIN

Every single one?

BOSUN

All but you, me and the passenger.
He's been asleep all day. In fact,
he's slept every day since we've been
on the ship. I can only assume he's
overdone it with the Dramamine.

The wind picks up and storm rages.

CAPTAIN

Then, by God, bring him above deck.
The wind is picking up and we're
taking on water. I don't know how
much longer she'll hold in this
squall.

BOSUN

Aye aye, sir!

SOUND STOPS. LIGHT SHIFT.

CAPTAIN

Captain's log. October 11, 1897.
With a trembling hand and a
screaming stomach, I attempt to
chronicle the terrifying events of
the past few days aboard the SS
Stoker. When the ship left port in
the Baltic Sea, she carried thirty-
six souls. Since then, however,
they've all succumbed to a
mysterious illness of the blood,
leaving no clue, apart from what
appear to be tiny bite marks on
their necks. I assume it is somehow
related to an aviary disease, as
there have been reported sightings
of a bat flying from cabin to
cabin. The lone passenger below
decks has not surfaced in days. I
sent our Bosun down to retrieve
him, but neither has returned. I
can only imagine they have
succumbed to the same fate as the
rest. I am now left alone at the
helm of what is essentially a ghost
ship, battling thirty foot swells
and winds of eighty knots or more.
If I should meet my watery end,
please tell my wife and my mistress
that she was the only woman I ever
loved.

SFX: A GIANT WAVE GROWS IN FRONT OF HIM

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Can that be a wall of
water? Here it comes...the big
one...I go down honorably with my
shiiiiih--

SFX: VACUUM SOUND lights shift immediately to:

END