SIMON wears a wedding ring. MARTY and MURRAY start out geeky with glasses, and later wear MAX and BUBBA need to have dresses, shawls and hats similar to FLORA, DORA and NORA need cheerleading outfits. They could carry HESTER and ESTHER need old-fashioned (but not long) dresses, The CAPTAIN should wear a sea captain's jacket and hat, preferably. Costumes are basically modern day cruise wear. However, some effect of lightning flashes. (like a hammer hitting a pipe), thunder, alarm, splash. Did somebody say we're getting off CAPTAIN CAPTAIN: There can't be good news. 'Tis June 10! LEFT, ISHMAEL ENTERS UP CENTER. HESTER and ESTHER are sitting in their chairs. CAPTAIN ENTERS (They lead SIMON OFF LEFT. Flounder: "Titanic." (They lead SIMON OFF LEFT. NORA: Girls, this is stupid. We're acting like we tossed our money overboard. I'm sure they looked like Brad Pitt and Orlando Bloom (or other current star) I told my mother. I didn't want Mommy to worry. I don't have anything about that… (Points to herself and SIMON.) (Realizes.) Oh, oh, you were having too much fun! You know? I'd stay away from that kind of young lady. (Disappointed.) I guess it was just wishful thinking. (Realizes.) You said you didn't tell anybody we'd be on this trip… apparently that's all we'll be doing on this trip. (Disappointed.) You know? I'd stay away from that kind of young lady. (Disappointed.) I guess it was just wishful thinking. (Realizes.) You said you didn't tell anybody we'd be on this trip… apparently that's all we'll be doing on this trip. (Disappointed.) You know? I'd stay away from that kind of young lady. (Disappointed.) I guess it was just wishful thinking.
ANCHORS AWEIGH!
A Farce at Sea
By Craig Sodaro

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th># of lines</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CAPTAIN CREEG</td>
<td>50s</td>
<td>longtime seaman</td>
<td>87</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHRIS</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>social director</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAOMI</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>crew member</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td>NICOLE</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ISHMAEL</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darcy</td>
<td>20s</td>
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<td>20s</td>
<td>purser, captain's niece</td>
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<td>PRINCE ALEXANDER</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>spoiled monarch</td>
<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>DE GOO (AL)</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>32</td>
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<tr>
<td>MAX</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>small-time hood</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUBBA</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRUDENCE DE MILO</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>aka Big Edie Schultz, a big-time hood</td>
<td>58</td>
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<tr>
<td>VIOLET</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>her partner</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HYACINTH DIVINE</td>
<td>40s</td>
<td>famous romance novelist</td>
<td>80</td>
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<tr>
<td>MS. PITTS</td>
<td>50s</td>
<td>her secretary</td>
<td>26</td>
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<tr>
<td>FLORA</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>librarian</td>
<td>35</td>
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<tr>
<td>DORA</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>another</td>
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<tr>
<td>NORA</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MADELINE MARKS</td>
<td>40s</td>
<td>domineering mother</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARTY</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>one of her sons</td>
<td>31</td>
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<tr>
<td>MURRAY</td>
<td>20s</td>
<td>the other</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HESTER</td>
<td>70s</td>
<td>nap-taking passenger</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ESTHER</td>
<td>70s</td>
<td>her sister</td>
<td>56</td>
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<tr>
<td>SIMON</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>devoted husband</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACKIE</td>
<td>30s</td>
<td>his journalist wife</td>
<td>76</td>
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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE
Scene One: The lounge of the S.S. Flounder, June 9, late morning.
Scene Two: A hallway of the ship, shortly after. Played before the curtain.
Scene Three: The lounge, after dinner that evening.

ACT TWO
Scene One: The lounge, later that night.
Scene Two: A hallway, a short time later. Played before the curtain.
Scene Three: The lounge, the following morning around 7:30.

SETTING
The setting is the lounge of the small cruise ship, S.S. Flounder. There are wing entrances LEFT and RIGHT and another UP CENTER. A large cabinet or closet is UP LEFT. UP RIGHT is a bar that characters can hide behind. Three comfortable lounge chairs are grouped DOWN RIGHT. A table with three chairs is DOWN LEFT. The décor indicates we’re on a ship—portholes, two or three life preservers, pictures of ships at sea. The style is a bit old-fashioned, with a large, stuffed flounder (cardboard or papier-mâché) hanging on one wall.
SAM: Jarvis, if I don't come home with a queen bee on my arm, JARVIS: AL
HYACINTH: Hmmmmm… Get out your notebook.
MS. AL: You know something, Jarvis, when I'm king I'm going to fire you!
JARVIS: (ENTERS RIGHT, followed by MS. PITTS.) Squeaky McNeil. Now, c'mon! Let's prowl, Squeaky!
JARVIS: Oh, sir, the fishing this far out at sea isn't very good unless...
SAM MURRAY: (With disdain.) AL: Shows what you know, Jarvis. She's got the hots for me. C'mon.
JARVIS: You appear rough all over, your highness.
JARVIS: Listen! Women these days don't fall for nice guys! They want...
MS. PITTS: (EXITS RIGHT with JARVIS.)
DARCY: Everything all right? I thought I heard shouting.
VIOLET: My head!
ISHMAEL: Flounder: But I don't like the... Sunfish: And her sister ships, the... Barracuda:... it goes too fast!
SAM: Now run along! Hurry up or you'll miss the last tender.
HESTER: Leave us out of it, dears. We just want to sit in our chairs...
CHRIS: Well, we've got all kinds of exciting things planned for the rest...
ESTHER: What are we waiting for?
SAM: The owners are on board the...
ANCHORS AWEIGH!

ACT ONE
Scene One

1 AT RISE: The lounge. SAM, DARCY, CHRIS, NAOMI, NICOLE and ISHMAEL stand in a line across the STAGE. CAPTAIN paces in front of them.

CAPTAIN: I don’t have to be tellin’ you, crew, on this cruise we be sailin’ into dangerous waters.

CHRIS: Are there sharks, Captain Creeg?

CAPTAIN: Worse!

NAOMI: Flesh-eating piranhas?

CAPTAIN: Worse!

10 NICOLE: Man-eating whales?

CAPTAIN: Worse than all those put together!

ISHMAEL: Jeepers, girls! There’s no such thing as a man-eating whale!

DARCY: Oh, yeah? What about Moby Dick?

15 CHRIS: Yeah, you oughta know about him, Ishmael!

ISHMAEL: Can I help it if my folks loved that book?

SAM: Ishmael’s right! There aren’t any man-eating whales.

DARCY: Well, what can be worse than all those horrible things, Sam?

20 CAPTAIN: I’ll tell you, landlubber! There be word the owner is gonna be aboard the Flounder on this trip.

NAOMI: Oh, that’s not so bad!

NICOLE: Sure! They’re probably real nice and gosh, if I owned a boat like this, I’d be really happy about it. (Looks around.) I guess. I mean, it floats.

CAPTAIN: Happy? Not when you dock this little tub next to those Carnival cruise ships! She looks like a tugboat next to the Queen Mary! Word has it that if this trip isn’t a success, the owner is thinkin’ of takin’ the Flounder out to sea and... and... deep-sixin’ her!

ISHMAEL: She’d make a nice coral reef.

SAM: Ishmael, the Flounder has been Uncle Charlie’s home for 30 years! You wouldn’t want to see your place turned into a coral reef, would you?

30 ISHMAEL: Wouldn’t mind it a bit. My girlfriend’s name is Coral. Coral Reef.
DARCY: That’s ridiculous!

ISHMAEL: (Pulls photo from his wallet.) You want to see her picture?

NAOMI: You don’t have a girlfriend!

NICOLE: You probably cut that picture out of a magazine! (ALL argue.)

CAPTAIN: (Blows his whistle.) All right, crew! This isn’t about girlfriends. This is about saving the Flounder! This little ship’s got a lot to offer.

DARCY: Like what?

CAPTAIN: It’s a classic! Launched in 1951 when ships were ships, not shopping malls! Look at the fine design. And she’s built to last.

ISHMAEL: Captain? I forgot to tell you there’s a leak in my cabin.

CAPTAIN: Get some chewing gum and plug it up!

SAM: Listen, everybody. We should be happy that Uncle Charlie took us on as his crew.

CHRIS: Thank you, Uncle Charlie, even if I do get seasick easily.

CAPTAIN: Oh, don’t go bein’ so grateful. Nobody with experience would sign up for this ship. They all want to be on the new big cruise liners.

SAM: What have they got the Flounder doesn’t have?

DARCY: Three swimming pools!

NAOMI: Clubs!

NICOLE: Broadway shows!

ISHMAEL: Midnight buffets!

CAPTAIN: But we got heart. We got class. We got a crew–to–passenger ratio that would make those big ships envious!

CHRIS: Yeah, ’cause this cruise is only a third full.

SAM: It doesn’t matter, guys. We’re going to show these people the best time they’ll ever have at sea.

ISHMAEL: But they won’t even know each other.

DARCY: Yeah. It’s a singles cruise.

SAM: Then we’ll just have to introduce them to one another. We’ll just have to make sure that… that… romance is in the air.

NAOMI: Yuck. What is that smell?

NICOLE: It’s a little greasy for romance.

CAPTAIN: Dang! She be leakin’ oil again. Ishmael, run down and tighten up the bolts on the oil pan.

ISHMAEL: Aye, aye, Captain! (Runs OFF LEFT.)
CAPTAIN: Just remember, crew, we need to show everyone the best time ever. Especially the owner.

CHRIS: Who’s the owner, anyway?

CAPTAIN: That’s just it. I don’t know. For business purposes, it’s a silent partner. Very silent.

DARCY: How do you know the owner’s going to be on board then?

CAPTAIN: The company lawyer sent me an e-mail. *(Takes paper out of pocket, reads.*) “Owner to be on board this trip. Make sure it’s a success or you go down with the ship.”

CHRIS: Gosh... that about says it all.

SAM: You’re the cruise director, Chris, so make sure there’s never a dull moment.

CHRIS: *(Salutes.*) Aye, aye! I’m off to wax the shuffleboard courts. *(EXITS RIGHT.)*

SAM: And Naomi and Nicole, make sure the dining room service is perfect.

NAOMI: We’ll go polish the forks again right now!

NICOLE: And I’ll, like, spit-shine every spoon. *(EXITS RIGHT with NAOMI.)*

SAM: Darcy, you make sure the cabins are in order.

DARCY: I’ll double the chocolates on everybody’s bed. *(EXITS RIGHT.)*

CAPTAIN: Oh, Sam, I don’t know if we’ll pull this off.

SAM: Oh, come on, Uncle Charlie. You’ve been sailing this ship for 30 years and never had a bad trip yet. What’s wrong?

CAPTAIN: *(Nervous.)* Oh, not a thing, Sam. Not a thing.

SAM: Come on. I know something’s bothering you.

CAPTAIN: Just a bit superstitious, that’s all.

SAM: About what?

CAPTAIN: The date that’s coming up. June 10.

SAM: June 10? What’s so bad about that? I can see getting worried about Friday the thirteenth or the Ides of March, but June 10? It’s just another day.

CAPTAIN: No, lassie, ’tis not. ’Tis worse than all of ’em combined! I’ve always made sure I was ashore in the past, but this year the schedule... she tricked me.

ISHMAEL’S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE as if coming over the public address system.*) Captain Creeg to engine room. Captain Creeg to engine room. And bring some duct tape.
CAPTAIN: Sam, you’re the purser. Go see to the passengers. They’ll be comin’ aboard quick as a whistle. I’ll get the duct tape. (EXITS LEFT. SAM EXITS RIGHT.)

AL: (ENTERS UP CENTER with JARVIS, who is carrying an overload of suitcases.) You can set the bags down here, Jarvis.

JARVIS: Very good, your highness.

AL: Shhhhh! I’m not your highness on this voyage, Jarvis. You know that.

JARVIS: I’m sorry, your highness.

AL: Jarvis!

JARVIS: Old habits die hard, your… (Stops himself.)

AL: That’s better. (SOUND EFFECT: CELL PHONE RINGS.)

JARVIS: (Takes cell phone from pocket and answers it.) His royal highness Prince Alexander de Goo. Jarvis speaking. (Listens. To AL.) It’s your father. (Hands phone to him.)

AL: (Into phone.) Daddy, dear! How’s everything in Pottslovia? (Pause.) Good! Glad to hear it. Yes, we’re on the ship. I just don’t see why I couldn’t sail on something a bit newer! (Pause.) I know, I know, I’ve got to focus. I’ve got to concentrate. (Pause.) No, Daddy, I haven’t met anyone. Give me a chance! We just got on board! (Pause.) Yes… yes… I won’t disappoint you. I’ll find somebody to be the princess. (Pause.) No, she won’t be just anybody. (Pause.) All right… all right. (Snaps phone shut. Returns it to JARVIS.) Yeeeeesh! If I’d known being a prince would be so hard, I’d have signed on as a pauper.

JARVIS: Your father took a bride at 20. His father before him took a bride at 19. Your great grandfather was wed at 18. You’re 22 and long overdue, your high— Sorry, but what am I supposed to call you?

AL: I’ll think of something!

JARVIS: It appears our room is on the starboard side… this way. (Picks up suitcases, leads AL OFF LEFT as MAX and BUBBA race on RIGHT.)

MAX: So far so good! Big Eddie ain’t gonna be lookin’ for us on this tub. (NOTE: When spoken by someone who thinks the character is male, it is pronounced “Eddie” with a short e initial sound. When the character is thought to be a woman, it is pronounced “Edie” with a long e initial sound.)

BUBBA: But what if he is?

MAX: He ain’t! ’Specially if we lay low. I mean real low.

BUBBA: (Nervous, insistent.) But you know Big Eddie! He can find a needle in a haystack.
MAX:  (Suspicious.) How come I get the feelin’ I oughta be worried, Bubba?
BUBBA: No reason, Max.
MAX: You mention to anybody we was goin’ on a singles cruise?
BUBBA: (Terrified.) Gosh, Max! Who’d I mention it to? ’Sides, we don’t even have tickets.
MAX: Pretty slick of us sneakin’ in with all the food.
BUBBA: Yeah… except next time you be the one who acts like a side of beef. It got real cold in that meat locker.
MAX: What are you complaining about? I had to swim in the olive oil!
BUBBA: So that’s why you smell like an antipasto.
MAX: Shhhhh! I hear somebody comin’! Let’s find a place to—
BUBBA/MAX: Lay low! (They race OFF LEFT.)
PRUDENCE: (ENTERS RIGHT with VIOLET.) I think they came in here.
VIOLET: Right, Big Eddie!
PRUDENCE: Edie! Edie! Big Edie! Big Edie Schultz!
VIOLET: Sorry—Edie! I just got so used to stupid Max talkin’ about Big Eddie all the time.
PRUDENCE: Yeah! That bum’s a real idiot! First he borrows money from my people and then he doesn’t pay it back! He doesn’t know who he’s dealing with!
VIOLET: That’s for sure. He thinks you’re a guy!
PRUDENCE: All the easier to catch him, Violet.
VIOLET: I hate that name!
PRUDENCE: On this trip, toots, you’re Violet! And who am I?
VIOLET: Prudence.
PRUDENCE: Prudence what?
VIOLET: Prudence de Milo from Poughkeepsie.
PRUDENCE: And don’t you forget it, Violet. Now let’s not lose the scent. One of ’em smells like raw meat and the other smells like a salami sandwich! (EXITS LEFT followed by VIOLET as HYACINTH and MS. PITTS, who is carrying a towel, ENTER RIGHT.)
HYACINTH: Oh, Pitts, isn’t this the absolute end?
MS. PITTS: The end of what?
HYACINTH: Everything! This is the most romantic ship I’ve ever been on.
MS. PITTS: You said this is the first ship you’ve ever been on.
HYACINTH: And it's soooooo romantic. I know it'll inspire me to write my greatest romance yet. I can see it now... my beloved Estella LaBella finding the man of her dreams on the S.S. Flounder.

MS. PITTS: You want me to start taking notes now, Miss Devine?

HYACINTH: Not yet. I need to soak up atmosphere. Every last drop. (Drifts OFF UP CENTER.)

MS. PITTS: I have a towel if you get too wet! (EXITS UP CENTER as FLORA, DORA and NORA [the LIBRARIANS] ENTER LEFT.)

FLORA: Gosh! This must be the lounge.

NORA: Kind of old-fashioned.

DORA: Real woody. Real masculine.

FLORA: If it's so masculine, where are the guys?

NORA: I don't know. Maybe they're back here. (Checks behind the bar.)

DORA: Or hiding in here? (Opens cabinet. There are books on an upper shelf.)

DORA: Oh, gosh! Books!

FLORA: I don't want to see a book, read a book or think about books for the next eight days.

NORA: You're absolutely right. We're on vacation from books.

DORA: Let's take a blood oath. I've got a knife. No books.

FLORA: Forget it. The sight of blood makes me sick.

NORA: Let's just make a vow.

FLORA/DORA/NORA: No books.

FLORA: And that's pretty hard for three librarians to say.

NORA: (Dreamy.) Three librarians finally on vacation.

FLORA: We couldn't have gotten much luckier than winning that lotto jackpot, could we?

DORA: I wonder what they're doing back at the library?

FLORA: Shelving.

NORA: Shelving.

DORA: And more shelving. (The LIBRARIANS laugh, but then become suddenly serious.)

FLORA: But where are the guys?

NORA: Yeah. This is a singles cruise.

DORA: If there aren't guys, I'm throwing myself overboard.

MADELINE: (ENTERS RIGHT and looks around.) Oh, well, hello there.
FLORA: Hi. You’re not a guy, are you?
MADELINE: Oh, no! I’m Madeline Marks, and these are my sons—
NORA: Sons?
DORA: They must be guys, right?
MADELINE: (Looks around for her sons.) I believe so. Marty! Murray! (Moves back to RIGHT ENTRANCE.) They’re just a bit shy. (Calls OFF RIGHT.) Come in here, boys! It’s all right. (MARTY and MURRAY ENTER RIGHT dressed as geekily as possible.) Here we are! This is Marty. And this is Murray. Say hello, boys.
MARTY/MURRAY: Hello, boys.
FLORA: I’m Flora.
NORA: I’m Nora.
DORA: I’m Dora. (The girls move to MARTY and MURRAY, but the boys take a step back.)
MADELINE: The boys have been really looking forward to this singles cruise, haven’t you, boys? (MARTY and MURRAY nod gleefully as SAM ENTERS RIGHT with DARCY.)
FLORA: What are you guys looking forward to on the trip? (MARTY and MURRAY look at one another, then turn and shrug.)
DORA: Dancing?
NORA: Long walks in the moonlight? (MARTY and MURRAY nod gleefully.)
MARTY: How about you?
DORA: (Nervous.) I think I’m going to read a lot.
NORA: (Nervous.) Me, too. (The LIBRARIANS race OFF RIGHT.)
MADELINE: Oh, dear! Go after them, boys! I’m sure you can think of something to talk about. (MARTY and MURRAY run OFF LEFT.) Not that way! Where are you going?
SAM: Need some help?
MADELINE: I’m afraid they’re beyond that. I wanted to be close to my boys, but this is ridiculous! Now they’re like scared puppies around girls. I thought maybe if we came on this singles cruise, I could nudge them in the right direction, but I’m afraid they’re hopeless.
DARCY: Mrs. Marks, this is a cruise into romance and adventure.
SAM: We can help your sons.
DARCY: All they need is a little time in our spa.
MADELINE: There’s a spa on board?
SAM: And we specialize in makeovers. Right, Darcy?
DARCY: Right!
SAM: Marty and Murray will be in good hands.
MARTY: (ENTERS LEFT with MURRAY. Sheepish.) They lost us.
MADELINE: Because you ran the other way! But don’t worry... these two ladies are going to take you to the spa and turn you into... tigers! (MARTY and MURRAY scream and run OFF LEFT.)
SAM: Don’t worry, Mrs. Marks!
DARCY: We’ll catch your pussycats! (SAM and DARCY race OFF LEFT.)
MADELINE: I wish somebody would. (EXITS LEFT.)
HESTER: (ENTERS RIGHT with ESTHER. They are very old, shuffling along using their canes. They wear shawls, longish dresses and granny glasses.) Thought I’d never get across that gangway.
ESTHER: I couldn’t look down. I might have fallen in if I did.
HESTER: But looky here. This must be the lounge.
ESTHER: Oh, my, pretty, isn’t it?
HESTER: And look at that fish!
ESTHER: Reminds me of my first husband.
HESTER: I don’t see any resemblance.
ESTHER: Sure! Those eyes and those lips. Don’t you remember how Mortimer looked so much like a fish? (Makes a fish face.)
HESTER: Now that you mention it, it does look like him. That was a long time ago.
ESTHER: Three husbands ago.
HESTER: And you outlived ’em all. That why we’re on this cruise, Esther? You looking for number four?
ESTHER: Gracious, no! I’m here for some R and R. (She and HESTER sit in lounge chairs RIGHT.)
HESTER: R and R?
ESTHER: Rest and relaxation.
HESTER: Oh, we always get plenty of that, sister, dear.
ESTHER: You never can get enough R and R.
HESTER: Oh, come on! You act like we could fall asleep at the drop of a hat. (She and ESTHER fall asleep immediately as JACKIE and SIMON ENTER UP CENTER.)
SIMON: I don’t think this is our cabin, darling.
JACKIE: Darling! Don’t you dare call me darling!
SIMON: I always call you darling!
JACKIE: But we’re not married.
SIMON: I have a little ring on my finger that says otherwise.
JACKIE: Get rid of it! In fact, give it to me.
SIMON: Why?
JACKIE: You know why! This is a singles cruise.
SIMON: (Moves to her.) So? We’ll show them all what it’s like to be happily married.
JACKIE: No way! I won’t get my story if anybody knows we’re married.
SIMON: Your story! Your story! That’s all I ever hear.
JACKIE: This could be my big break.
SIMON: What? A singles cruise on this tiny little rowboat?
JACKIE: Word on the street is there are some pretty big names manning the oars of this rowboat.
SIMON: Like who?
JACKIE: A prince, a couple of underworld thugs and a famous author, for starters.
SIMON: What famous author?
JACKIE: I’m not sure, but probably the Emily Bronte type.
SIMON: I’d put my money on the Stephen King type.
JACKIE: Not funny. Everybody isn’t going to be famous, but I guarantee, I’m going to get a fantastic story out of this.
SIMON: And meanwhile, I’m stuck in my own little cabin.
JACKIE: Next to mine.
SIMON: Absence makes the heart grow fonder, darling.
JACKIE: I was thinking more along the lines of “out of sight, out of mind”! (Struts RIGHT.)
SIMON: Jackie! Wait!
JACKIE: (Turns back to him.) Excuse me? Have we been introduced? (EXITS RIGHT. He follows her OFF.)
CAPTAIN: (ENTERS LEFT followed by ISHMAEL.) That oughta do it.
ISHMAEL: Yeah. My dad always said, “If duct tape can’t fix it, it can’t be fixed.”
NAOMI: (Runs ON RIGHT with NICOLE.) Oh, Captain!
NICOLE: Are we glad we found you!
CAPTAIN: What be wrong, lassies?
NAOMI: I saw one of the sides of beef get up and walk away!
NICOLE: And I saw the olive oil slither away!
ISHMAEL: Blimy! These two are seasick already, and we aren’t even moving.
NAOMI: It’s no laughing matter.
NICOLE: Something fishy in the kitchen.
CAPTAIN: We be havin’ halibut for lunch.
NAOMI: Oh! Don’t say we didn’t warn you! (EXITS LEFT with NICOLE.)
ISHMAEL: Ready to cast off, Captain?
CAPTAIN: Let’s get to it, Ishmael. The sooner we be headin’ out, the sooner we be headin’ back! Anchors aweigh!
ISHMAEL: Anchors aweigh! (He and CAPTAIN EXIT UP CENTER as MAX and BUBBA ENTER LEFT, slinking through the room. SOUND EFFECT: SHIP’S WHISTLE BLASTS. They dive behind bar and hide.)
HESTER: (After the first whistle.) Esther, answer the phone! (SOUND EFFECT: A SECOND WHISTLE.) Esther! I answered it last time! (SOUND EFFECT: A THIRD BLAST.) If you don’t answer the phone—
ESTHER: (After a beat, smiles.) Good. They stopped ringing. (They fall back to sleep as the CURTAIN FALLS.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: A corridor on the S.S. Flounder, played before the curtain. A short time later. The LIBRARIANS ENTER LEFT.
NORA: Did you see those two guys back there?
FLORA: You mean the two mama’s boys chasing us?
NORA: No… they were older, more distinguished, sitting by the swimming pool.
DORA: I didn’t even see a swimming pool!
FLORA: Yeah, it was that puddle of water back there on the Lido deck.
DORA: Oh, I thought that was a bird bath.
NORA: Why would birds need a bath on a ship when they got the whole ocean?
DORA: What about the guys? The guys!
FLORA: Yeah! I must have missed them.
NORA: Something’s wrong with your radar, Flora. They were right there sleeping on two deck chairs.
DORA: Nora, you were seeing things.
FLORA: Those were two old ladies.
NORA: Gosh... it must have been the glare of the sun or something.
    I’m sure they looked like Brad Pitt and Orlando Bloom (or other current stars).
DORA: You know something, Flora... I’ve heard that when people
    have been at sea for too long, out in the salty water and sun, they
    begin to hallucinate.
FLORA: We’ve only left port an hour ago.
DORA: Must be too long for some people!
NORA: I guess it was just wishful thinking.
FLORA: (Disappointed.) It’s okay. I thought I saw Johnny Depp (or other current star) sitting in the Café Grande.
DORA: (Disappointed.) And I’m sure I walked right past Will Smith (or other current star) on my way to our cabins.
NORA: We’re all daydreaming, ladies.
FLORA: Apparently that’s all we’ll be doing on this trip.
DORA: Yeah. And you can be sure I’d never have spent my share of
    the lottery winnings on this singles cruise if I thought I’d spend it
    single. I’d have bought that chihuahua I’ve been looking at in the
    pet shop window.
NORA: Well, maybe you’ll be able to hook up with a chihuahua on
    the cruise.
FLORA: Yeah. There are enough dogs around.
NORA: Girls, this is stupid. We’re acting like we tossed our money
    overboard.
DORA: Didn’t we?
NORA: Look, when life gives you lemons—
FLORA/DORA: (They’ve heard it before.) Make lemonade.
NORA: That’s right! There are guys on this ship. All we need to do is
    drop our line in the water and we’ll catch something.
FLORA: With my luck I’ll get a flat tire.
DORA: What are we going to use for bait?
NORA: The only thing we’ve got. Ourselves! C’mon! I’ve got a great
    idea. (The LIBRARIANS race OFF RIGHT as MAX and BUBBA
    race ON LEFT.)
MAX: (Hysterical.) You said you didn’t tell anybody we’d be on this
    tub, Bubba!
BUBBA: I told my mother. I didn’t want Mommy to worry.
MAX: Tellin’ your mother is like printing it on the front page of “The New York Times”!

BUBBA: I told her not to say a word.

MAX: Your mother was probably so busy blabbing away she didn’t hear that part.

BUBBA: But we don’t gotta worry, Max.

MAX: Oh, no. I just owe Big Eddie a hundred thousand clams and you tell me not to worry.

BUBBA: We only left an hour ago. We can get one of those blow-up rafts and jump overboard.

MAX: Jump overboard! Jump overboard! What are you, some kind of nut’?!

BUBBA: Sure! Tonight when it’s real dark, we open the little door right above the water line, toss the raft out, jump in, hop in the raft, then row back to land.

MAX: You’re crazy!

BUBBA: (Taunting.) What’s the matter? Chicken?

MAX: Absolutely! This is one chicken who can’t swim.

BUBBA: You can’t swim? You can’t swim?!

MAX: I hate water! I can’t even take a bath!

BUBBA: Is that why you always smell?

MAX: I take showers, you idiot! I just can’t stand being surrounded by water.

BUBBA: Yeeesh! You better not look out on deck.

MAX: Don’t worry. Thanks to you, we’re going to have to hide this entire trip.

BUBBA: We would anyway, Max. We’re stowaways, remember? Unless… unless…

MAX: What? Unless what?

BUBBA: We’re in disguise!

MAX: Why didn’t I think of that?

BUBBA: ’Cause I’m the brains, Max, and don’t forget it.

MAX: You’re the brains? You’re the brains? I’ll give you brains! (Starts whacking BUBBA on the head.)

BUBBA: (Points RIGHT.) Hey, Max, look! An open cabin! Maybe we can pick up a disguise in there.

MAX: (Moves RIGHT.) You’re the brains, huh? If you had so many brains, we wouldn’t be in this pickle.
BUDDA: (Follows.) I never told you to put the money down on Swayback in the tenth.

MAX: How was I to know the horse was over the hill?! (EXITS RIGHT with BUDDA as SAM ENTERS LEFT, holding MARTY'S hand. MURRAY follows, DARCY holding hands with him. SAM holds a copy of a men's fashion magazine.)

SAMY: There's nothing to be afraid of, Marty.

MARTY: What are you going to do with us?

SAM: We're just going to make you... you...

MURRAY: Make us what?

DARCY: Real cool!

MARTY: Are you going to put us in a refrigerator?

SAM: We're going to do a makeover.

MURRAY: A makeover!

MARTY: Ooolala!

MURRAY: I've never kissed a girl before!

DARCY: Never? Didn't you go to prom?

MURRAY: We went to an all-boys school.

SAM: Then I guess you didn't get out much.

MARTY: Where would we go?

SAM: Darcy, this could be harder than we thought.

DARCY: C'mon, Sam... you always like a challenge. Remember last year you trained that chimpanzee in class to whistle a happy tune?

SAM: We're going to make you look like... like this! (Opens page of magazine and points to a picture.)

MARTY: You can really do that?

MURRAY: Wow! We might get a date if we look like that! (CHRIS staggers ON RIGHT. She is clearly seasick.)

SAM: Chris, are you all right?

DARCY: Shuffleboard, anyone?

CHRIS: Don't say that! The shuffleboard lanes kept moving and making... making me...

SAM: Are you seasick?

CHRIS: I don't know. I only felt like this once before... when I was airsick.

DARCY: Gosh, and we're not in the air.

MARTY: Miss Cruise Director, would you go out with this guy? (Points to picture in magazine. CHRIS takes a look and races OFF LEFT.)
MURRAY: Maybe this isn’t such a good idea after all.
SAM: C’mon! No backing out now.
DARCY: In a couple of hours, you won’t even know yourselves. (She and SAM drag MARTY and MURRAY OFF RIGHT.)
AL: (ENTERS LEFT, followed by JARVIS. He now adopts the persona of a gangster, complete with a swagger, fedora and flower in his lapel.) How do I look, Jarvis?
JARVIS: Absurd, your highness.
AL: Listen! Women these days don’t fall for nice guys! They want
JARVIS: You appear rough all over, your highness.
AL: Stop calling me that! I’m Duke. Duke deMann, got it? And you are?
JARVIS: Your highness, I have never liked Halloween—
AL: Jarvis, if I don’t come home with a queen bee on my arm, Daddy’s going to be very mad. And you know who he’s going to be mad at.
JARVIS: If I may speak frankly, your highness, it isn’t my fault he spoiled you to the point where you couldn’t get a second date on “Blind Date” if you paid the poor girl!
AL: You know something, Jarvis, when I’m king I’m going to fire you!
JARVIS: Very good, your highness.
AL: But until then, you are…
JARVIS: (With disdain.) Squeaky.
AL: Squeaky McNeil. Now, c’mon! Let’s prowl, Squeaky!
HYACINTH: (ENTERS RIGHT, followed by MS. PITTS.) I think our cabin is down… (Notices AL and JARVIS.)
MS. PITTS: Watch out. Those guys look tough.
HYACINTH: Hmmmmmm… Get out your notebook. (Moves to pass AL and JARVIS. MS. PITTS takes out a notebook and pen.) Excuse me, gentlemen.
AL: (Tough, gangster style.) Watch it, lady! I’m packing a rod.
HYACINTH: Oh, sir, the fishing this far out at sea isn’t very good unless you’ve got a lot of bait. Come, Ms. Pitts. (MS. PITTS scurries past AL and JARVIS. HYACINTH moves LEFT, then turns back and waves cooly at AL. She and MS. PITTS EXIT LEFT.)
JARVIS: If I may say so, your highness, you looked like a fool.
AL: Shows what you know, Jarvis. She’s got the hots for me. C’mon. (EXITS RIGHT with JARVIS.)
VIOLET: *(ENTERS LEFT with PRUDENCE.)* How are you ever going to find Max, Big Edie?

PRUDENCE: Prudence! I’m Prudence, remember?

VIOLET: Yeah… Prudence de Milo.

VIOLET: So how are you going to find Max? You don’t even know what the guy looks like!

PRUDENCE: It’s simple! He looks like the gangster he is! Very old school. Suit, fedora, and he walks around saying things like “I’m packing a rod.”

VIOLET: And what are we gonna do when we find the creep?

PRUDENCE: He’s going deep-sea fishing without a boat! *(She and VIOLET laugh as the LIGHTS DIM.)*

End of Scene Two

Scene Three

LIGHTS UP: The lounge of the S.S. *Flounder*, after dinner that evening. HESTER and ESTHER still sleep in lounge chairs, covered with blankets. ISHMAEL stands behind the bar. CAPTAIN stands in front of it.

CAPTAIN: Well, Ishmael, anybody on board look like they could own the S.S. *Flounder*?

ISHMAEL: Wouldn’t put it past that fellow Duke.

CAPTAIN: And who be this Duke?

ISHMAEL: Looks like he fell out of a Humphrey Bogart movie. Calls himself Duke deMann.

CAPTAIN: What kind of gangster has a name like that?

ISHMAEL: You said it all, Captain!

NICOLE: *(ENTERS LEFT with NAOMI.)* Did we do okay at dinner, Captain?

NAOMI: We mean other than the time Nicole spilled the shrimp cocktail on that lady.

NICOLE: It was an accident!

NAOMI: But she acted like she was going to pull out a gun and shoot me!

CAPTAIN: Don’t worry, girls. Our passengers be the cream of the crop.
NAOMI: But you always get a couple of weeds in the field.
CAPTAIN: Did you tell her our dry cleaning service will take care of
the mess?
NICOLE: We told her, but she said she was taking us to the
 cleaners!
CAPTAIN: (Nervous.) Hmmm... you don’t think she could—
ISHMAEL: Own the Flounder? Doesn’t sound like a woman’s job.
NAOMI: Ishmael! That is, like, totally sexist!
NICOLE: Women can own boats! I mean, like, Cleopatra had a barge.
ISHMAEL: C’mon, ladies, I’ll help you clear the dining room. That’ll
prove I’m not sexist.
MADELINE: (ENTERS RIGHT, worried.) Captain! Oh, there you are.
CAPTAIN: Why, Mrs. Marks, you look worried.
MADELINE: I am. My boys missed dinner. They never miss dinner.
ISHMAEL: Maybe they’re in their cabin.
MADELINE: I just checked! They... they... couldn’t have...
NICOLE: Fallen overboard?
MADELINE: Oh, I couldn’t bring myself to say it.
CAPTAIN: I’m sure they didn’t fall overboard.
NAOMI: Not both of ’em, anyway. I mean, I could see one of ’em...
ISHMAEL: Besides, we would have heard them scream when the
sharks surrounded them! (MADELINE lets out a wail.)
CAPTAIN: Calm down, Mrs. Marks. We’ll find your boys. Crew, I want
you to look everywhere.
NICOLE: Don’t leave a life preserver unturned.
NAOMI: Or a deck chair either.
ISHMAEL: I’ll search below.
CAPTAIN: I’ll search the top decks.
NICOLE: And we’ll be in Scotland before ye. (CAPTAIN and ISHMAEL
EXIT UP CENTER. NICOLE and NAOMI EXIT RIGHT. CHRIS
stagger in LEFT.)
MADELINE: Oh, cruise director! Have you seen my boys, Marty
and Murray?
CHRIS: Oh, ma’am... everything’s spinning so bad, I don’t know what
I’ve seen!
MADELINE: Are you seasick? (CHRIS nods.) You poor dear! But I've got the perfect solution down in my cabin! Dr. Flibber told me exactly what to do about seasickness before we left. I mean, my boys have never been on a boat before, and I didn't want them to spend the whole trip looking like you.

CHRIS: Do I look that bad?

MADELINE: Not if green's your favorite color. Now come along with me. And I want you to think if you've seen Marty and Murray! (Moves CHRIS OFF RIGHT.)

HESTER: (Begins to wake up.) Esther! Esther! Wake up! Wake up, girl!

ESTHER: What is it, Hester?

HESTER: It's about nine o'clock!

ESTHER: But, dear, we usually sleep 'til ten.

HESTER: That's in the morning. But look! It's dark out.

ESTHER: Why, so it is. It's nine o'clock at night?

HESTER: It must be.

ESTHER: I wish you hadn't wakened me, then.

HESTER: Why?

ESTHER: I was dreaming about eating a steak. It was three inches thick and filled my plate.

HESTER: Esther, you know the last time you tried to eat a steak your teeth got stuck in the meat.

ESTHER: I said I was dreaming! And in my dream I still had all my teeth. And my baked potato was so big I needed a separate bowl for it, and I put a whole tub of butter in it and a quart of sour cream!

HESTER: Stop it, Esther.

ESTHER: Don't you want to hear about the asparagus tips?

HESTER: No! You're making me hungry.

ESTHER: Dinner! I must have been thinking about dinner.

HESTER: I wonder if there's anything left.

ESTHER: There's only one way to find out.

HESTER: We'll be ladies, of course, and ask.

ESTHER: And if that doesn't work, we'll raid the kitchen. (They hobble OFF UP CENTER as MAX and BUBBA ENTER RIGHT, now wearing old lady dresses, shawls and hats similar to the ones that HESTER and ESTHER have been wearing.)

BUBBA: I feel like an idiot.

MAX: You look like an idiot.
1 BUBBA: We won’t fool anybody.
MAX: Hunch over a bit. (BUBBA does so.) Now shuffle. (BUBBA shuffles.)
Now sound like the grandma in “Little Red Riding Hood.”
BUBBA: What did the grandma in “Little Red Riding Hood” sound like, for crying out loud?
MAX: (Affects an old lady’s voice.) She sounded like this, sonny.
BUBBA: That’s it. I’m outta here.
MAX: (Grabs BUBBA by the collar. In his own voice.) There ain’t no way outta here, numbskull. And if it hadn’t been for your big fat mouth we wouldn’t have to dress up like Lolly and Dolly!
BUBBA: (Affects an old lady’s voice.) You made your point, Lolly.
MAX: I’m Dolly. You’re Lolly!
BUBBA: (In his own voice.) Lolly what?
MAX: Lolly Pop, for crying out loud! Who cares?!
BUBBA: So what are we supposed to do? Mingle?
MAX: No! No mingling! Just sit. Sit under covers. Right here! (He and BUBBA now sit in the seats previously occupied by HESTER and ESTHER. They cover up with blankets and put on dark glasses.)
BUBBA: (After a beat.) This is boring.
MAX: Just think about Big Eddie. You want excitement like that?
AL: (ENTERS RIGHT followed by JARVIS.) Good dinner, eh, Squeaky? (MAX and BUBBA tense up as they hear AL’S tough-guy accent.)
JARVIS: Most enjoyable. (Pulls out a handkerchief and rubs AL’S lapel.)
AL: I wouldn’t mind another helpin’ of that gravy!
JARVIS: Here, you can have what you spilled on your lapel.
AL: Get your hands off me! Get me a Perrier.
JARVIS: Very good, your— (AL glares at JARVIS.) I mean Duke.
Duke deMann. (BUBBA squeaks in terror. JARVIS goes behind the bar and fetches a bottle of Perrier.)
AL: (Moves to MAX and BUBBA.) This seat taken, gals?
MAX: (Twitters.) It is now, you silly man.
AL: Kinda bundled up for a nice warm night like this, aren’t you?
BUBBA: Helps our circulation.
AL: So, you’re both still in circulation?
MAX: Of course, silly. We circulate real good.
AL: That so? The name’s Duke. Duke deMann.
MAX: I’m Dolly. She’s Lolly.
AL: Lolly and Dolly. Saw an act with two sisters in it one time. They were named Lolly and Dolly.

BUBBA: What sort of act was it?
AL: Magic act. They disappeared. (MAX and BUBBA react with terror.)

JARVIS: (Hands AL the bottle.) Your Perrier, yo—
AL: (Takes a drink, spits it out in disgust.) Squeaky! This is nothin’ but water! (Pulls out a toy gun, aiming it at JARVIS, who is unruffled. MAX and BUBBA scream.)

JARVIS: Perrier is water, Duke. Plain, old water.
AL: Then I want somethin’ stronger, see? Something real strong!

JARVIS: Crème soda?
AL: Yeah! Straight! (JARVIS goes to bar. AL attempts to put the gun in his inside pocket, but it slides down and falls to the floor.)

MAX: Do you always pack a piece?
AL: (Picks up the gun.) You got a problem with that, sister?
BUBBA: But we’re at sea. Why would you need a… a… horrible thing like that?
AL: You never know when you’re going to run across somebody who owes you money.

MAX: (Terrified.) So you lend people money?
AL: You need some quick cash?
BUBBA: Well, now that you bring it up—
MAX: Lolly, we don’t need any money!

AL: How come?
MAX: Lolly’s husband just died and left us a fortune.
AL: Sorry to hear that.
MAX: Oh, it was for the best. He was a bit eccentric and lived in a dumpster, and one morning the garbage truck came earlier than usual and well… (PRUDENCE and VIOLET ENTER LEFT.)

AL: You know, gals, I’d be glad to handle payback for that garbage truck driver.

JARVIS: (Returns with glass of crème soda.) Your pick-me-up, sir.
AL: Yeah, I’d make him see the error of his ways. (Downs the glass.) Just like that. (Burps.)

PRUDENCE: (Moves to AL.) Excuse me, but are you from Brooklyn?
AL: Who wants to know?
PRUDENCE: Prudence de Milo. And this is Violet.
VIOLET: Pleased to meet you, I’m sure.
AL: Yeah, I’m from Brooklyn. You know Flatbush?
PRUDENCE: I’m afraid not.
AL: *(Rises and moves to PRUDENCE.)* Well, I’ll have to show you around some time.
PRUDENCE: Anything there to see?
AL: Who cares, long as I can look at you.
PRUDENCE: Oh, why, you silly man, you. *(She and AL move up to bar. JARVIS and VIOLET roll their eyes.)*

HYACINTH: *(ENTERS LEFT with MS. PITTS, who is sneezing.)* What’s wrong, Ms. Pitts?
MS. PITTS: Nothing… nothing at all.
JARVIS: Perhaps it’s an allergy.
MS. PITTS: But I’m not all… all… all… *(Sneezes.)* …allergic to anything.
HYACINTH: Well, go down to your room before you infect everyone.
MS. PITTS: Who’ll take your notes?
HYACINTH: I’ll dictate later. *(MS. PITTS EXITS LEFT as CAPTAIN ENTERS UP CENTER.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Calls back behind him.)* I’ll look in here again, Mrs. Marks!
MADELINE’S VOICE: *(From OFF UP CENTER.)* I’m calling my lawyer!
HYACINTH: Oh, dear, is there a problem?
CAPTAIN: You haven’t seen the two Marks brothers, have you?
HYACINTH: Only in the movies.
CAPTAIN: *(Laughs.)* Only in— Aye, that be a good one! You’re Miss… Miss…
HYACINTH: Hyacinth Divine.
CAPTAIN: You be an actress? *(HYACINTH laughs.)*
VIOLET: She’s just the world’s best writer.
CAPTAIN: What do you write, Miss Divine?
HYACINTH: *(To CAPTAIN, coy.)* All I’m missing is “Love on a Cruise.”
CAPTAIN: Oh, so you’re here on business.
HYACINTH: Yes, I’m doing research.
CAPTAIN: That be interesting.

HYACINTH: Any chance you can help me out? I’m sure you’re familiar with shipboard romance.

CAPTAIN: Sorry, ma’am, but I haven’t had a love since June 10 of my senior year in high school.

HYACINTH: You poor man! What happened on June 10?

CAPTAIN: That was the day the only girl I ever loved moved away… all the way across country to Tacoma.

VIOLET: Tacoma?

CAPTAIN: I hate the very sound of that name! It gets me so mad I could spit!

HYACINTH: This girlfriend must have been something!

CAPTAIN: Oh, she was! Corky was a real corker.

HYACINTH: Her name was Corky?

CAPTAIN: That was my special name for her. Mine alone. And all these years I tried to get in touch with her, but everywhere I turned up a dead end. Now, if you’ll excuse me, just thinking about Corky makes me… makes me… want to cry! (EXITS UP CENTER.)

VIOLET: Man, that guy’s got a bad case!

HYACINTH: And I thought that happened only in my books!

SIMON: (ENTERS LEFT with JACKIE as others talk and move about.) Jackie! I can’t just disappear.

JACKIE: Stop following me! I’m working.

SIMON: And what am I supposed to do?

JACKIE: Sit down and knit.

SIMON: I don’t know how to knit. (JACKIE breaks away from SIMON, who sits at table LEFT. JACKIE moves to AL and PRUDENCE at the bar.)

JACKIE: Nice night.

AL: If you got a thing for stars.

JACKIE: I heard there are a few stars on board the Flounder.

AL: That so?

JACKIE: Yeah… a prince, for one thing.

AL: Who you been talkin’ to, lady?

PRUDENCE: A prince? You mean like the singer?

JACKIE: I mean the guy’s got a kingdom in Europe.

AL: What would a prince be doin’ on a tub like this?

JACKIE: Word on the street is he’s looking for a wife.

PRUDENCE: This boat isn’t exactly crawling with royalty.
AL: What else you heard, toots?
JACKIE: Just that a couple of well-known thugs are on board.
AL: What kind of thugs?
JACKIE: The kind who shoot first and ask questions later.
PRUDENCE: Where’d you get that piece of info, sister?
JACKIE: Why... why... I just heard someone say something just outside my cabin door.
PRUDENCE: And just which cabin door might that be? (She, AL and JACKIE continue to talk among themselves. HYACINTH has moved to SIMON and sits. SIMON folds a napkin repeatedly in his anxiety.)
HYACINTH: You look terribly alone. May I join you?
SIMON: It’s a free world.
HYACINTH: That’s a cynical attitude.
SIMON: You’d have a cynical attitude, too, if—
HYACINTH: If what?
SIMON: Just if.
HYACINTH: Maybe I can be of some help.
SIMON: I don’t think so.
HYACINTH: I specialize in *les affaires du coeur*.
SIMON: It’s okay... I don’t need a chef.
HYACINTH: That means affairs of the heart. And the fact that you keep folding that napkin smaller and smaller lets me know you’re being torn up inside.
SIMON: Well, you would be too, if—
HYACINTH: If. You seem to get stuck on that word.
SIMON: Yeah, well if—
HYACINTH: You can tell Hyacinth. You can tell me anything.
SIMON: Oh, what’s the use?! (EXITS LEFT angry as MADELINE ENTERS RIGHT.)
MADELINE: There’s no sign of them anywhere, Captain! Captain? Where is that man?
JACKIE: Somebody’s missing?
MADELINE: My two babies!
HYACINTH: Babies! This is a singles cruise!
MADELINE: My sons, Marty and Murray! They’re gone! They weren’t even at dinner.
AL: Maybe they were dinner.
MADELINE: How dare you say something like that.
AL: Just a joke, lady.
JARVIS: In very bad taste, your—
MADELINE: Hasn’t anybody seen my boys? (SAM and DARCY
ENTER RIGHT followed by MARTY and MURRAY, who now look
completely different. Their clothes are stylish, their hair is neatly
styled, their glasses are either gone or stylish, and they exude the
image of cool.)
SAM: Here we are!
DARCY: Took us a while, but don’t they look great?
MADELINE: Where are my boys?!
MARTY: Hi, Ma.
MURRAY: We’ve been in the spaaaaaaaa.
MADELINE: The spa? What for?
SAM: We gave Marty and Murray a makeover.
MADELINE: (Suddenly worried,) Who said you could do that?
MARTY: Seemed like a good idea at the time.
PRUDENCE: Seems like a good idea any time.
VIOLET: I say these guys look pretty good.
HYACINTH: Girls will be drooling over you two.
MADELINE: Drooling? That’s... that’s disgusting.
MARTY: Oh, Ma!
MADELINE: You go put yourselves back the way you were.
MURRAY: C’mon, Ma, we want to live a little.
MARTY: Hey, I wanna live a lot. (CHRIS stagers in RIGHT, still
seasick, followed by NICOLE and NAOMI.)
NICOLE: Gosh, we couldn’t find the Marks brothers anywhere.
NAOMI: Maybe they did fall overboard.
MARTY: But they can’t swim.
NICOLE: Oh, gosh! That’s horrible!
SAM: Not to worry. They’re right here.
NAOMI: Where?
MURRAY: I’m Murray.
MARTY: I’m Marty.
NAOMI: Well, hello, there, handsome! (Moves in on MARTY, but
MADELINE steps in her way.)
MADELINE: This is not a boy toy!
1 CHRIS: *(Weak.)* Evening, everybody! We’re going to have a bit of entertainment tonight…

SAM: Chris, are you all right?

CHRIS: I would be if we’d just stop rocking and rolling… rocking and rolling…

MADELINE: Aren’t you wearing one of those things on your wrist I gave you to keep you from getting seasick? Dr. Slipslop swears by them.

CHRIS: I’ve got one on both wrists and both ankles. I’d even tie one around my neck if it’d do any good.

SAM: Well, maybe the entertainment will make you feel better.

CHRIS: Sure, why not? All right, everybody… we’re going to do a passenger quiz. And for every correct answer, you’ll get a coupon for a latte at the Café Café! *(SAM leads the group in clapping.)*

Chris… I gotta… I gotta...

NAOMI: Aren’t you wearing one of those things on your wrist I gave you to keep you from getting seasick? Dr. Slipslop swears by them.

CHRIS: Oh, and you can’t answer a question about yourself, okay? That wouldn’t be fair. So… here goes. Our first question is… which passenger writes romance novels?

VIOLET: I know! I know! Hyacinth Divine! And her books are divine!

CHRIS: That’s… that’s… really good! Here you go! *(Hands VIOLET a coupon.)* Our second question is which passenger is from the kingdom of Pottslovia?

AL: *(Grabs JARVIS.)* This guy is! Right here!

CHRIS: Mr. Jarvis—

AL: Squeaky! We call him Squeaky!

CHRIS: *(Hands JARVIS a coupon.* And how about this question. Which pair of ladies knitted a thousand scarves for our servicemen overseas?

PRUDENCE: Why, these two right here… Hester and Esther! *(Looks at MAX and BUBBA.)*

CHRIS: That’s right! And Hester and Esther, why don’t you stand up and we’ll give you a nice, big hand for all your patriotic handiwork!

HESTER: *(ENTERS UP CENTER with ESTHER.)* Why, thank you! Thank you very much!

SAM: *(To MAX and BUBBA.)* If you’re not Hester and Esther, who are you?

MAX: *(Affects an old lady’s voice.)* Lolly and Dolly, and oops! It’s time to take our evening constitutional! Ready, Lolly?

BUDDA: *(Affects an old lady’s voice.)* I can’t wait to constitute! *(Races OFF RIGHT with MAX.)*

NICOLE: Hey! There’s something fishy about those ladies!
NAOMI: Yeah! I don’t think they can knit at all.
SAM: Well, we’ll straighten that out soon.
CHRIS: Sam… I gotta… I gotta… (Races OFF UP CENTER.)
SAM: Well! I guess that ends the contest… and I’m not sure if we’ve
got anything else on the schedule for tonight.
FLORA: (ENTERS RIGHT with DORA and NORA. They are dressed
like cheerleaders.) I’m Flora!
DORA: I’m Dora!
NORA: I’m Nora!
FLORA: And we’re the Goosebay Gander Cheerleaders here to
entertain you! (PRUDEENCE grabs VIOLET, and they slip OUT
RIGHT during the cheer.)
FLORA/DORA/NORA: Two, four, six, eight! Who do we
appreciate? Goosebay, Goosebay all the way! Goosebay
Ganders are A-okay!
MARTY: (Awestruck.) Gosh, I didn’t know cheerleaders were on the
boat.
MURRAY: And you’re much prettier in person than on ESPN.
FLORA: You’re no slouch yourself, handsome.
MARTY: Who, me?
SAM: How about a little dancing? Nothing like a romantic dance on
deck in the moonlight. (Quickly EXITS LEFT, turns SLOW DANCE
MUSIC on and immediately RE-ENTERS.)
DORA: (To MARTY,) Say, you wanna dance?
MARTY: Gosh. I’m not very good.
DORA: I’ll bet you tell all the girls that.
MADELINE: (Pulls MARTY away.) Come along, Marty. It’s time
for bed.
NORA: But the night is still young.
MURRAY: And so are we.
MADELINE: That’s what I’m afraid of! (SOUND EFFECT: A BANG
OFF RIGHT.)
SAM: What was that?
NICOLE: Sounded like a firecracker!
AL: Or a gunshot! (ALL scream and run OFF in various directions. A
moment later, CAPTAIN and ISHMAEL ENTER UP CENTER.)
CAPTAIN: Now there be nothin’ to get the woolies about, ladies and
gentlemen… (Notices everyone is gone.) Ladies and gentlemen?
ISHMAEL: They’re all gone!
End of ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One

CURTAIN UP: The lounge of the Flounder, later that night. We hear THUNDER and see LIGHTNING flash through the portholes upstage. After a moment, CAPTAIN ENTERS UP CENTER. He has a chart with him and staggers to the table where he unfolds the chart. During this scene the THUNDER is periodic, as is the LIGHTNING. The actors should have some difficulty walking to project the image of the ship being in stormy seas.

ISHMAEL: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Latest weather report, Captain!

CAPTAIN: I don’t suppose it be callin’ for sun and fun at sea.

ISHMAEL: Cold and blow is more like it—at least ’til dawn.

CAPTAIN: Tell First Mate Nate to keep it steady.

ISHMAEL: Aye, aye, Captain! (EXITS RIGHT as CHRIS ENTERS RIGHT.)

CAPTAIN: Ah, Chris... are you keeping all the passengers busy? (CHRIS, too sick to answer, slumps into chair.) Too busy to talk, eh? I know how it is. I remember my first storm at sea. I was just a seaman first class and my legs were wobbly as the wheels on a broken golf cart. And when the sea began to rock and roll and rock and roll and rock... (CHRIS races OFF LEFT, almost knocking over SAM, who ENTERS LEFT.)

SAM: (Calls OFF after her.) Chris? You feeling any better?

CAPTAIN: Still gettin’ her sea legs, I’m afraid. The passengers all in their cabins?

SAM: I think so, Uncle Charlie. All except the stowaways.
1 **CAPTAIN:** Lolly and Dolly? A couple of dizzy old dames, so I've heard tell.
   **SAM:** Maybe. Maybe not.
   **CAPTAIN:** What're you sayin', Sam?
2 **SAM:** I think we've got some pretty suspicious characters on this cruise.
   **CAPTAIN:** Suspicious? In what way?
   **SAM:** I just don't get the feeling that any of them are who they say they are.
3 **CAPTAIN:** ’Course they are! We took a look at their picture IDs, didn’t we?
   **SAM:** But how can we trust their picture IDs?
   **CAPTAIN:** Blimey! And here it be June 10!
   **SAM:** Oh, Uncle Charlie, you can’t chalk up the storm and all these wacko passengers to superstition.
4 **CAPTAIN:** It’s not superstition… ’tis a curse. *(NICOLE and NAOMI ENTER RIGHT with DARCY following.)*
   **SAM:** Any luck, ladies?
   **NICOLE:** We didn’t find anything, Sam.
5 **NAOMI:** Not so much as a fire hose out of place.
   **CAPTAIN:** *(Horrified.)* Fire? Did you say fire?
   **SAM:** She said fire hose, Uncle Charlie. Relax.
   **CAPTAIN:** Well, this bein’ June 10, that’s mighty hard to do. And what be you three lookin’ for out there, anyway?
6 **DARCY:** Oh, just before the storm hit we were sure we heard—
   **SAM:** *(Covering, quick.)* A dog barking.
   **NICOLE:** Huh? I thought it sounded like a—
   **SAM:** St. Bernard, but it turned out to be a—
   **DARCY:** Pekingese!
7 **SAM:** You know, it barked like this—yip! yip! yip!
   **CAPTAIN:** But you didn’t find the pup?
   **NAOMI:** Not even its wagging tail.
   **CAPTAIN:** You find anything even close to looking like a dog, report to me at once, girls. Carry on. *(EXITS UP CENTER.)*
8 **DARCY:** Sorry, Sam. I guess he doesn’t know about the— *(CAPTAIN returns as SAM covers DARCY’S mouth.)*
   **CAPTAIN:** The good news, if there is any good news, is that the storm should be gone by morning. *(EXITS UP CENTER. SAM goes to the porthole to make sure he is gone.)*
NAOMI: Gosh, he really ought to know somebody might have a gun.
NICOLE: Yeah! They could, like, shoot a hole in the boat and it’ll sink.
NAOMI: And I don’t look good in a life vest.

SAM: We can’t tell Uncle Charlie about that now. He’s so worried about it being June 10 there’s no telling what he’ll do if we have any more bad luck!
DARCY: What’s so special about June 10?
SAM: I don’t know… but it makes Friday the thirteenth look like Christmas! (HESTER and ESTHER hobble ON LEFT.)

DARCY: Why, ladies. You shouldn’t be out of your cabin. This storm’s a lulu.

HESTER: What storm?
ESTHER: We just took a bit of a stroll on deck and want to relax in our favorite chairs. (She and HESTER move to their chairs.)

SAM: But you’ll be much more comfortable in bed.
HESTER: Oh, dear, but it’s only 10:30.
ESTHER: We never go to bed this early.
HESTER: We like to watch “The Late Show.”

ESTHER: And then “The Late, Late, Show.”
HESTER: And what comes after that, Esther?
NICOLE: I know! “The Late, Late, Late Show”!

ESTHER: Oh, no! Then it’s “Good Morning, America”!

ISHMAEL: (ENTERS RIGHT carrying the dresses, hats and shawls MAX and BUBBA were wearing.) Say! Look what I found in the stairwell by the boat deck. Right next to an overturned trash can somebody ran into. (Holds up the dresses.)

NAOMI: Gosh, Ishmael, they really aren’t you.
ISHMAEL: Very funny!

HESTER: Why, Esther, those clothes look familiar!
ESTHER: They should. They’re ours. This is my best dress from JCPenney!

HESTER: And my Sunday-go-to-meeting dress!
ISHMAEL: Why’d you leave them in the stairwell?

ESTHER: Young man! We always hang our clothes up!
HESTER: Someone stole these!
ISHMAEL: You gotta be kidding.
SAM: It was Lolly and Dolly!
Darcy: That’s right! They were wearing them, and they sat right there!

Hester: *(Takes her dress.)* And look, Esther... there’s a hole in my dress.

Sam: A hole?

Esther: *(Looks at the hole.)* I’d say a .38 caliber hole.

Ishmael: Oh, that wasn’t a gunshot earlier. It was just the trash can hitting the metal railing.

Esther: *(Disappointed.)* Oh, you’re right. Now that you mention it this does just look like a boring regular old rip.

Sam: *(Quick, bright.)* Don’t worry, ladies, we’ll... we’ll... get your dress fixed. Darcy sews really well!

Darcy: *(Sotto voce.)* I can’t even staple a button on.

Sam: Now, let’s get you ladies to your cabin where you’ll be more comfortable.

Nicole: And there’s a TV in there.

Esther: Really? Where is it?

Naomi: In the cabinet above your beds. C’mon. We’ll show you.

Hester: Is there anything good on?

Darcy: “Titanic.” *(THUNDER and LIGHTNING as NAOMI and NICOLE lead HESTER and ESTHER OFF LEFT.)*

Sam: Ishmael, you’ve got to show us exactly where you found the dresses!

Ishmael: Why? I don’t think they’d look good on you, Sam.

Sam: This is serious. We’ve got two stowaways on board—

Darcy: And somebody with an awfully loud trash can. *(ISHMAEL leads SAM and DARCY OFF RIGHT. A moment later, MS. PITTS and HYACINTH back ON LEFT as JACKIE follows, jabbing her finger at HYACINTH. MS. PITTS carries a book, which she sets on the table.)*

Jackie: And that’s the last time I want to see you putting the moves on Simon!

Hyacinth: Putting the moves on? Is that what you think I was doing?

Jackie: You two looked as cozy as two bugs in a rug.

Hyacinth: Didn’t anyone ever tell you to avoid clichés?

Jackie: The only thing I want to avoid from now on is you.

Hyacinth: Look, my dear…

Jackie: I’m not your dear!
HYACINTH: Oh, that’s right, Simon is.

JACKIE: Why, you—! (Chases HYACINTH around the room.)

MS. PITTS: Please, Miss Divine! She’s crazy! She’s insane! There’s no telling what she’s capable of!

HYACINTH: (Grabs MS. PITTS and uses her as a shield.) That’s right! But she wouldn’t hurt an innocent bystander!

JACKIE: She’s no innocent bystander!

HYACINTH: She’s not?

MS. PITTS: I’m not?

JACKIE: No! She helps you write those lurid love stories!

MS. PITTS: I just type. That’s all I do! I never think about what I’m typing!

HYACINTH: You know, this is really very silly. This is a singles cruise.

JACKIE: And you’d better stay single!

HYACINTH: As an expert in love, I can tell you that this early in the cruise it’s impossible for any two people to have already hooked up, as they say in the vernacular.

JACKIE: Haven’t you ever heard of love at first sight?

HYACINTH: Surely you don’t believe that kind of nonsense.

MS. PITTS: Oh, it’s not nonsense, Miss Divine.

HYACINTH: What would you know about it?

MS. PITTS: I was in love once. A long time ago.

JACKIE: You were? Gosh! I guess it can happen to anyone, then.

(During the following speech by MS. PITTS, JACKIE and HYACINTH break down and begin to cry.)

MS. PITTS: I was a senior in high school, and I loved him with all my heart. We would walk home from school hand in hand, and he’d carry my books because he was so strong. We’d go for picnics on the warm summer weekends and watch the clouds drift across the sky. And we spent hours planning our future. We knew we wanted a house with a white picket fence, marigolds instead of a lawn and six little ones running around in the yard. It was going to be so wonderful! But then… I had to move away, and we somehow lost touch. But I never lost him from my heart. There isn’t a day that goes by that I don’t think of him, and I’ve never lost hope that one day… one wonderful day… (By this point, JACKIE and HYACINTH are in each other’s arms, crying.)

JACKIE: That is true love.

HYACINTH: Oh, look at us! A couple of lovesick schoolgirls!
JACKIE: We are acting rather foolish.
MS. PITTS: You aren’t going to tear each other’s hair out?
HYACINTH: Not when there’s no beauty parlor on board.
MS. PITTS: Then I’m going to type chapter six.
HYACINTH: “Love in a Lifeboat.” (MS. PITTS EXITS LEFT.)
JACKIE: Just make sure you stay away from Simon or you’ll be in a lifeboat!
HYACINTH: Finders keepers, losers weepers!
JACKIE: Why, you—! (Before they can start fighting again, AL ENTERS RIGHT followed by JARVIS.)
AL: Say, Squeaky, we ain’t the only ones sneakin’ out of our cabin on such a nasty night.
JARVIS: There are other fools in the world.
JACKIE: Hey! Who’re you calling a fool?
HYACINTH: Why, aren’t you Duke deMann?
AL: And you’re the queen of love!
HYACINTH: Have you read me?
AL: Not yet. Jarvis, go get my glasses!
HYACINTH: (Giggles.) Oh, you funny man!
AL: Squeaky, get back out there and... and... look for thugs.
JARVIS: Thugs, your—?
AL: Am-scray, Squeaky. Get lost. (JARVIS EXITS RIGHT.)
JACKIE: (To AL.) Thugs, huh? (Tests his reaction.) You wouldn’t happen to be looking for... Big Edie, would you?
AL: You know Big Edie?
JACKIE: I’ve heard the name tossed around.
AL: Who was tossin’ it?
JACKIE: Who wants to know?
HYACINTH: His name is Duke deMann.
JACKIE: (Suspicious.) What business are you in, Duke deMann?
AL: Baby food.
JACKIE: What kind?
AL: The kind that’s all smooshed up and stuffed in a jar.
HYACINTH: You didn’t pose for the picture on the label, did you?
AL: Yeah. Yeah, that’s me.
JACKIE: I wonder why I could never trust that kid. So can I trust you now?
DARCY
CAPTAIN
PRUDENCE

FLORA:
PRUDENCE:

The only shark around here is on this boat!

MAX
JACKIE
SIMON

JACKIE:

Sounds like a stalker to me.

JACKIE:

Devil’s food? I haven’t touched that stuff in years.

AL
JACKIE
AL

JACKIE:

And you know how tough you gotta be to be into those.

JACKIE:

And she’s on this tub?

AL:

So my people tell me.

HYACINTH:

What a new layer of excitement!

AL:

Speaking of layers of excitement, Miss Divine, they’re serving a nice devil’s food cake in the Café Café.

HYACINTH:

Devil’s food? I haven’t touched that stuff in years.

AL:

Maybe it’s time you gave it another whirl.

HYACINTH:

Maybe it is!

SIMON:

(ENTERS LEFT.) Jackie! Here you are.

JACKIE:

Why, Mr. Doyle, you haven’t been looking for me, have you?

SIMON:

Only everywhere.

JACKIE:

Sounds like a stalker to me.

SIMON:

Jackie, you know that’s ridiculous.

JACKIE:

Look, I don’t even know you, so what’s all this fuss?

SIMON:

You’re really saying that?

JACKIE:

Excuse me, but I’ve got to see a man about Big Edie. (Pushes past SIMON and EXITS LEFT.)

SIMON:

What’s she talking about?

HYACINTH:

Oh, Simon, forget about her.

SIMON:

But we’re... we’re...

HYACINTH:

Hush! I know you want to say we’re in love... we’re head over heels for each other... we’re just this side of married...

SIMON:

That side, actually.

HYACINTH:

Forget it! She’s married to her job, whatever it is. She’s just not that into you.

SIMON:

What?! Did she tell you that?
HYACINTH: Any woman can see it in her eyes, but fortunately for you, there are plenty of other fish in the sea.

SIMON: I don’t want another fish. I want Jackie!

HYACINTH: Oh, come, come. You’re too much man for her. (She has moved in close to SIMON, ready to embrace him. As she is about to, AL slips between HYACINTH and SIMON, takes HYACINTH in his arms and kisses her, ending with her in a dip.)

SIMON: I say!

HYACINTH: (Coming up after the dip.) You’re not from around here, are you?

AL: What do you mean?

HYACINTH: That was no domestic kiss. It was imported!

AL: Shall we?

HYACINTH: Shall we what, Duke?

AL: Devil’s food cake?

HYACINTH: You little devil, you! (Exits up center with AL. SIMON EXITS LEFT.)

NORA: (Races on left with FLORA, DORA, MARTY and MURRAY.) Good! She’s not here!

DORA: But she might circle around and find us.

MARTY: Let her. We can handle Mother.

MADELINE’S VOICE: (From off right.) Marty! Murray! When I find you, you’ll regret it!

FLORA: Hide behind the bar.

MURRAY: She’ll look back there!

NORA: Act like a block of ice! (MARTY and MURRAY race behind the bar just as MADELINE ENTERS RIGHT. The LIBRARIANS get into cheerleading positions.) All right, girls, hit it!

FLORA/DORA/NORA: Sock it to ’em, sock it to ’em Siss boom bah! Sock it to ’em, sock it to ’em Rah! Rah! Rah! Go team, go! Follow the plan! Kill team, kill! Kick ’em in the can! (They cheer wildly.)

MADELINE: Are you done yet?

NORA: We were just practicing.

MADELINE: You aren’t cheerleaders.

DORA: What are you talking about?

FLORA: We cheer for the Goosebay Ganders!
MADELINE: There’s no such team as the Goosebay Ganders!
NORA: They play professional…
MADELINE: Yes?
DORA: Curling!
MADELINE: Curling?
FLORA: Yeah… you know… with brooms?
MADELINE: Now I know you’re lying! There’s no such thing as curling. And brooms. What do you take me for?
NORA: Well, now…
MADELINE: Don’t answer that. It’s clear you’re nice girls, but you don’t know the first thing about cheerleading.
DORA: How do you know?
MADELINE: I was a cheerleader! Potwatomie University, 1977. I cheered my heart out for good old P.U.
FLORA: Gosh, old cheerleaders never die. They just turn into old cheerleaders.
MADELINE: But cheerleading is like riding a bike. Once you learn, you don’t forget! I remember all the moves. (Gears up for a routine.) Look at the bugs on the court!
Look at how they’re fat and short!
Look at how they look like ants!
C’mon, team, kick ’em in the pants! (As MADELINE kicks, she pulls a muscle and screams in pain.)
NORA: Are you all right?
MADELINE: Takes more than a pulled muscle to ground a cheerleader at P.U. C’mon, girls! I’m going to show you how it’s really done! (Charges LEFT.)
DORA: What about the boys?
MADELINE: What boys? (EXITS LEFT as MARTY and MURRAY rise from behind the bar, smiling.)
FLORA: See you later, tiger! (MARTY growls as FLORA and NORA EXIT LEFT.)
DORA: After a while, crocodile! (MURRAY barks like a dog as DORA EXITS.)
MARTY: Murray! A crocodile doesn’t bark!
MURRAY: Sorry! I’ve never met a crocodile before!
MARTY: Shhhhh! Somebody’s coming! (He and MURRAY duck behind the bar.)
MAX: (Runs ON RIGHT with BUBBA.) Any sign of Big Eddie?
1 **BUBBA**: Max, I think you got that name all wrong! I think it’s Big Edie!
**MAX**: What are you talkin’ about?
**BUBBA**: ’Cause it’s a dame following us.
**MAX**: Maybe she just wants to get acquainted.

5 **BUBBA**: I think she’s packing a thirty-eight! (He and MAX scream and dive behind the bar. MARTY and MURRAY scream, jump up, and race OFF LEFT just as PRUDENCE and VIOLET ENTER RIGHT.)

**PRUDENCE**: All right, Max. Your number’s up.

10 **VIOLET**: They’re gone.
**PRUDENCE**: But not far. Look! They went out that door!
**VIOLET**: How do you know?

**PRUDENCE**: Just look at that trail of sweat and tears. (Calls LEFT.) Don’t bother running, you idiots. You can’t get away from Big—

(CAPTAIN ENTERS UP CENTER. Quickly covers.) Waves! Boy, are those waves out there big!

**VIOLET**: I say they are, Prudence! Big as all outdoors.
**CAPTAIN**: Everything all right? I thought I heard shouting.


15 **CAPTAIN**: You’d better get to your cabins, then! We haven’t seen the last of this storm.

**PRUDENCE**: We are on our way, aren’t we, Violet?
**VIOLET**: Just a hop, skip and a jump away. (Runs OFF LEFT with PRUDENCE.)

(Calls LEFT.) June 10. How can I face the day again? (MAX and BUBBA sneak out from behind bar and EXIT UP CENTER.) Maybe a hot toddy will cheer me up. (Rises and moves behind the bar. He picks up a spoon and drops it. MS. PITTS ENTERS LEFT, retrieves book from table and EXITS LEFT. Rises from behind bar and sets the spoon down. He sighs.) There’s just no cure for a broken heart. (CURTAIN.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: A hallways of the S.S. *Flounder*, played before the curtain. A short time later. MARTY and MURRAY race ON LEFT.

**MARTY**: Gosh! Who was that big mama?

**MURRAY**: She must like our makeover!

**MARTY**: Way too much! Maybe we ought to go back to our own selves!
MURRAY: I dunno, Marty. I kind of like the way those cheerleaders were looking at us!

MARTY: But is it worth our lives?

MARTY/MURRAY: (A beat, then.) Yes!

PRUDENCE’S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Where are you two? I got a couple of bullets with your names on them! (MARTY and MURRAY run OFF RIGHT as PRUDENCE and VIOLET storm ON LEFT. PRUDENCE carries a cap gun.)

VIOLET: You know, you shouldn’t have fired that stupid gun!

PRUDENCE: Why not? It scared ’em but good!

VIOLET: It’s a cap pistol!

PRUDENCE: Shhhhh! I don’t want anybody to know this is a toy! At least it looks more real than the water pistol.

VIOLET: They’re gonna figure it out, Big Edie.

PRUDENCE: Not until after they hand over the cash!

VIOLET: Look, this running around in circles is getting us no place.

PRUDENCE: What do you mean? We’re hot on their trail.

VIOLET: No, we’re not. The sweat and tears dried up.

PRUDENCE: (Looks, sighs.) So they did.

VIOLET: Maybe we oughta let ’em come to us.

PRUDENCE: (Sarcastic.) Yeah… we’ll send ’em an invitation.

VIOLET: Hold on! Hold on! (Holds the sides of her head.)

PRUDENCE: What’s wrong? You’re getting a migraine. We need to get you someplace where it’s dark and cool and you can lie down.

I know—the engine room.

VIOLET: I don’t have a migraine, Big Edie.

PRUDENCE: Allergies?

VIOLET: I have an idea.

PRUDENCE: It must be a humdinger to hurt that much.

VIOLET: It doesn’t hurt and it’s guaranteed to flush those rats out of the toilet. Now, the first time we saw Max and Bubba, they were dressed like old ladies, right?

PRUDENCE: Not that they’d fool anybody.

VIOLET: Well, when it all goes down, we’ll just be on the lookout for two old ladies ’cause they’re just dumb enough to grab the same disguises as before!

PRUDENCE: When what goes down?

VIOLET: My stroke of perspiration. C’mon!

PRUDENCE: Where are we going?
VIOLET: To find this tub’s steering wheel! *(EXITS RIGHT with PRUDENCE.)*

MAX: *(ENTERS LEFT with BUBBA.)* I’m thinkin’ you’re right, Bubba.

BUBBA: I’m always right, Boss.

MAX: *(Grabs BUBBA by the collar.)* Who’s always right?

BUBBA: You are! You are, Boss.

MAX: And don’t forget it. But this time I congratulate you on your astute observation.

BUBBA: What observation is that?

MAX: Big Eddie’s dressed up like a woman!

BUBBA: That’s ’cause she is a woman.

MAX: No dame could be that mean.

BUBBA: You never met my Aunt Bertha. Whoooooeee! That woman could scare the teeth out of a wolf’s head!

MAX: Sounds like Big Eddie’s gonna try to do just that.

BUBBA: But they can’t flush us out.

MAX: Why not?

BUBBA: We never got flushed in.

MAX: You got a point there, Bubba. They think we look like old ladies. They don’t know where we are. All we gotta do is lay low. Real low.

BUBBA: Engine room low?

MAX: Engine room low. *(EXITS RIGHT with BUBBA. SIMON ENTERS LEFT.)*

JACKIE’S VOICE: *(From OFF LEFT.)* Simon! Simon! *(SIMON stops in his tracks.)*

JACKIE: *(ENTERS LEFT.)* Oh, there you are.

SIMON: Got your story yet?

JACKIE: *(Excited.)* Well, it’s shaping up! I think Duke deMann is really a guy named Big Eddie and he’s chased a pair of hoods onto the ship and they’re now stowaways.

SIMON: *(Bored.)* How exciting.

JACKIE: And I’m beginning to think that those two who got the makeovers are really princes.

SIMON: I thought there was only one.

JACKIE: That was probably to throw me off the track.

SIMON: And what about the story of the reporter who’s a bit too jealous for her own good?
JACKIE: I don’t have anything about that… (Realizes.) Oh, oh, you mean… (Points to herself and SIMON.)

SIMON: Exactly.

JACKIE: I guess I was acting kind of silly.

SIMON: You don’t have anything to be jealous about!

HESTER: (ENTERS LEFT with ESTHER.) Oh, young man!

SIMON: Me?

ESTHER: Yes! You look so big and strong.

JACKIE: He isn’t really. He’s very undernourished and weak.

HESTER: Nonsense! Would you be able to give us a hand?

ESTHER: We’ve got a job in our cabin that only a real man can do.

SIMON: Oh? Ah, Jackie?

JACKIE: (Furious.) Oh, go ahead! You’re a real man! (Storms OFF RIGHT.)

HESTER: You know? I’d stay away from that kind of young lady.

ESTHER: Good advice, Hester. She’s the jealous type.

HESTER: Now, right this way, young man. Our TV conked out right before the end of the movie.

ESTHER: We gotta find out what happens at the end.

SIMON: What are you watching?

HESTER/ESTHER: “Titanic.” (They lead SIMON OFF LEFT. BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Two

Scene Three

LIGHTS UP: The lounge of the Flounder, early the next morning. HESTER and ESTHER are sitting in their chairs. CAPTAIN ENTERS LEFT, ISHMAEL ENTERS UP CENTER.

ISHMAEL: There you are, Captain! Good news!

CAPTAIN: There can’t be good news. ’Tis June 10!

ISHMAEL: The storm’s drifted off to the north. Smooth sailing till we reach our first port of call.

CAPTAIN: Eight this morning, correct?

ISHMAEL: Eight-thirty due to the storm.

CAPTAIN: Good. Then we can get these folks off the ship.

CHRIS: (ENTERS UP CENTER.) Did somebody say we’re getting off the ship?

ISHMAEL: Eight-thirty, when we dock.
CHRIS: Oh, to be on land again!
CAPTAIN: Did the passengers sign up for activities while we’re in port?
CHRIS: Gosh! I’d better take care of that.
ISHMAEL: You must be feeling a lot better.
CHRIS: I am.
CAPTAIN: Take those pills I gave you?
CHRIS: Every last one!
CAPTAIN: No wonder. Those were supposed to last the whole trip.

(ISHMAEL and CHRIS EXIT LEFT.)

HESTER: Captain?
CAPTAIN: Oh, why, ladies! I didn’t think anybody was in here.
ESTHER: It’s so comfortable in these chairs.
HESTER: What time is breakfast?
CAPTAIN: In about 20 minutes, ma’am.
ESTHER: The storm must be over.
CAPTAIN: ’Tis, ma’am. Weathered it just fine.
HESTER: See, Esther, I told you this boat wouldn’t sink.
CAPTAIN: If you’ll excuse me, I need to be gettin’ things ready for docking.

ESTHER: You just run along. (CAPTAIN EXITS UP CENTER.)
HESTER: Our first port of call. What fun!
ESTHER: I’m going to buy— (MS. PITTS ENTERS LEFT, crying. She carries pad and pen.)

HESTER: Oh, my dear, what’s wrong?
MS. PITTS: It’s June 10!
ESTHER: Is it your birthday? (MS. PITTS shakes her head.)
HESTER: It can’t be a birthday. Birthdays are happy days.
ESTHER: Not when you get to be our age, dear.

ESTHER: They are if you consider the alternative.

ESTHER: Did something awful happen on June 10? (MS. PITTS nods as HYACINTH ENTERS LEFT.)
HYACINTH: Are you still crying, Pitts? (MS. PITTS nods.) Well, we’ve got work to do, and I don’t want tears smearing my notes!

MS. PITTS: (Sniffs.) Yes, Miss Divine.
HYACINTH: Are you ready? (MS. PITTS nods. She now scribbles HYACINTH’S words as the author recites them with great drama.)
“It was all Cally could do to hold herself together. She knew the anniversary of her loss was approaching, but somehow had to keep a brave face. Had it been only a year since she had last seen Gregory? No… Greg. No, Nigel! Yes! Had it been only a year since she’d last seen Nigel, standing before her so tall and ruggedly handsome that she almost melted under his spell? Could it already be a year since he was eaten… no, torn to shreds… no… devoured by that lion… no, tiger… no, bear!” (MS. PITTS bursts into tears as MADELINE ENTERS LEFT.)

MADELINE: Marty! Murray! Are you here?

HYACINTH: Those two are harder to keep track of than a pair of baby kangaroos.

MADELINE: I tried to keep those cheerleaders occupied, but I fell asleep and wouldn’t you know, now they’re all gone!

HYACINTH: Maybe they’re in the cheerleaders’ cabin.

MADELINE: Over my dead body! (Charges OFF RIGHT shouting.) Marty! Murray! Get out of their rooms right now! (She’s OFF.)

HYACINTH: There’s nothing like young love. (MS. PITTS, still in tears, races OFF LEFT, almost knocking over SIMON, who ENTERS LEFT.)

SIMON: (Angry.) Sorry! Sorry, ma’am! (To HYACINTH.) She ought to watch where she’s going.

HYACINTH: The course of true love is seldom straight and narrow.

SIMON: You can say that again!

JACKIE: (ENTERS RIGHT, sheepish.) Simon? Simon? Can we talk?

SIMON: I don’t have anything to say.

HYACINTH: At least hear her out.

JACKIE: Why should he listen to you?

HYACINTH: I’m on your side.

JACKIE: Oh, sure! The way you were looking at him last night is not being on my side.

HYACINTH: (Sly.) I didn’t know he’s taken. Is he?

SIMON: Am I?

AL: (ENTERS RIGHT, followed by JARVIS. During the next sequence of dialogue, SIMON and JACKIE sit at opposite ends of the room, but constantly look at one another. Terrified.) I gotta find someplace to hide.

JARVIS: Really, your—

AL: Tut, tut, Squeaky!

JARVIS: If you persist in this charade—
AL: I just wish I could find somebody. Anybody who’d appreciate me for who I am.

HYACINTH: (Reads from the notebook MS. PITTS left behind.) “He knew he had much to offer, but somehow the trappings of his station in life blinded all the women he’d ever met. They only saw the glitz, the glamour, never his kind heart or keen mind.”

AL: Wow! You sure hit the nail on my head!

HYACINTH: You want to hear more?

JARVIS: I’m afraid, Duke, those other two are in pursuit…

AL: Yeah… let’s go to the library. I don’t think either of them can read. So read on, lady. Read on.

HYACINTH: (Reads as she follows AL and JARVIS toward EXIT LEFT.) “His father was anxious for him to marry in order to carry on the family name, but there seemed to be no chance until he walked into the tent in the middle of the desert and there she stood.” (HYACINTH, AL, and JARVIS EXIT LEFT as MADELINE ENTERS dragging the LIBRARIANS IN RIGHT.)

NORA: We don’t know where the boys are.

DORA: Honest!

MADELINE: There’s not an honest bone in your body.

FLORA: Hey! My teeth are all mine, lady!

NORA: All right! We’re not cheerleaders.

MADELINE: I knew it! You’re nothing but gold diggers.

NORA: We are not!

FLORA: We’re librarians.

MADELINE: You just wanted to get your clutches into my two boys.

DORA: Not exactly.

MADELINE: Then what exactly?

DORA: We just wanted to get our clutches into anybody.

MADELINE: My boys aren’t just anybody.

NORA: No, they aren’t! And you should be glad.

FLORA: They’re very kind and funny.

DORA: Right away we thought they’d be fun to hang around with on this trip.

MADELINE: And then what? Drop them like hot potatoes? Leave me to pick up the pieces?

NORA: Gosh, lady, we’re not into breaking hearts.

FLORA: Besides, there are three of us and only two of them.
MADELINE: Well, it doesn’t make any difference. You three scared my boys right off this ship.

FLORA: What?!
DORA: We didn’t scare them at all.

NORA: (To MADELINE.) You did. (SOUND EFFECT: ALARM RINGS.)

HESTER: Oh, dear! What’s that?
ESTHER: An alarm!

JACKIE: (Moves toward SIMON.) Simon!

SAM: Oh, so now you’re crawling back, are you?
DARCY: (ENTERS UP CENTER with DARCY.) Morning, everyone.

VIOLET’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE, comes over P.A.) Attention! Attention all crew and passengers! Iceberg dead ahead! Iceberg dead ahead! (Screams of fear from ALL ONSTAGE.)

SAM: That’s crazy!
DARCY: This is the Carribean!
MADELINE: But big chunks of ice have been breaking off Antarctica!
NORA: And floating north!
DORA: They’re the size of Rhode Island!
FLORA: It’s global warming!

MARTY: (Races ON RIGHT with MURRAY.) I don’t care if they find us!

MURRAY: But she’s got a gun!

MADELINE: Oh, my babies! (MARTY and MURRAY run into the arms of NORA and DORA.)

SAM: Who has a gun?

MARTY: Some crazy lady!
MADELINE: Crazier than these three?

MURRAY: She thinks we owe her money.

DARCY: Where have you been all night?

MARTY: In a lifeboat!

JACKIE: Looks like we’ll be needing those lifeboats!

MADELINE: Come here, boys! You’re staying with Mama!

MARTY: If we’re gonna go down with the ship…

MURRAY: We want to go down with you girls!
DORA: Awwwww! Isn’t that sweet!

HESTER: Just like “Titanic”! (MADELINE faints into a lounge chair.)
SAM: Mrs. Marks? Mrs. Marks?!
DARCY: I'll get the smelling salts!
MARTY: No, let her sleep.
MURRAY: She needs her rest.
PRUDENCE: (ENTERS UP CENTER with VIOLET. She has her squirt gun drawn.) All right, everybody! Hold it right there!
SAM: Ms. de Milo! There's no need for a gun! There's plenty of room in the lifeboats!
PRUDENCE: Shut up!
VIOLET: You tell 'im, Big Edie!
JACKIE: Big Edie?
PRUDENCE: That's my name, don't wear it out.
JACKIE: You're the queen of the North Side, South Side, East Side!
PRUDENCE: Don't forget the West Side, sister! (To HESTER and ESTHER.) And you two owe me some bucks.
HESTER: Oh, my dear, there must be a mistake.
ESTHER: We pay all our bills on the fifteenth of every month.
PRUDENCE: Fork it over or I'll turn you into Swiss cheese.
HESTER: That would be very difficult with a squirt gun.
DARCY: Squirt gun?!
ESTHER: Yes, it's leaking all over.
PRUDENCE: (Grabs HESTER.) You owe me ten grand. Give it to me.
HESTER: You're sure you want it?
VIOLET: Yeah! Give it to her. (HESTER pulls out her purse and whops PRUDENCE on the head.) Hey! You can't do that.
ESTHER: Why not?! (Whops VIOLET over the head. HESTER and ESTHER begin hitting PRUDENCE and VIOLET with their purses as PRUDENCE and VIOLET run RIGHT.)
PRUDENCE: (As she moves to EXIT RIGHT.) Max! Bubba! Wait 'til we get our hands on you! (EXITS RIGHT followed by VIOLET, with HESTER and ESTHER in hot pursuit.)
SAM: Hester! Esther! Let the crew handle this!
DARCY: How?
SAM: I dunno, but we gotta keep 'em from falling overboard! (She and DARCY run OFF RIGHT.)
JACKIE: It's the story of the year! (Runs OFF RIGHT.)
SIMON: Jackie! Get back here! You might get hurt! (Chases her OFF.)
MARTY: C’mon, girls!

MURRAY: Let’s get into a lifeboat! (MARTY, MURRAY and the LIBRARIANS run OFF RIGHT as ISHMAEL and CAPTAIN ENTER UP CENTER.)

ISHMAEL: (Rubs his head.) I dunno! Somebody came up behind me and knocked me out!

CAPTAIN: An iceberg! That’s the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard!

NICOLE: (ENTERS LEFT with NAOMI and CHRIS.) Captain! You’ve got to come see this!

NAOMI: It’s an iceberg!

CHRIS: Right off the port side! (CAPTAIN, NAOMI, NICOLE, CHRIS and ISHMAEL run OFF LEFT as MADELINE wakes up. She looks around.)

MADELINE: Marty! Murray! Where is everybody?

PRUDENCE: (Runs ON RIGHT with VIOLET. Still has her gun drawn.) We gotta hide.

VIOLET: That gal’s got rocks in her purse.

MADELINE: Is that a— (PRUDENCE points the gun at MADELINE, who faints.)

VIOLET: You know, for a squirt gun, that really keeps ’em wet.

PRUDENCE: Let’s hide in here. (Opens the cabinet. MAX and BUBBA stand there, terrified.)

MAX: Hello, Big Eddie.

PRUDENCE: Well, look who we’ve got here.

BUBBA: See, Max, I told you. It’s Big Edie!

MAX: You’re nuts, Bubba. This is just a wig. (Grabs PRUDENCE’S hair. ALL scream. MAX and BUBBA jump out of cabinet, race around the room. MAX and BUBBA back RIGHT as if to EXIT as HESTER and ESTHER ENTER RIGHT.)

HESTER: Oh, now where do you think you’re going?

ESTHER: You need to fix that hole in my dress. (MAX and BUBBA scream, run OFF LEFT. PRUDENCE and VIOLET chase them.)

PRUDENCE: (Runs toward EXIT LEFT.) I want my ten grand, Max! (EXITS LEFT.)

VIOLET: (Follows PRUDENCE toward EXIT LEFT.) Get back here, you no-good bums! (EXITS LEFT as HESTER and ESTHER hobble to their chairs.)

HESTER: We’ll catch them later. That certainly worked up an appetite.
ESTHER: I need a bit of a rest before we go down to the dining room, though.

HESTER: A girl after my own heart!

ESTHER: But what if we hit that iceberg out there?

HESTER: I guess breakfast will be a bit late. *(She and ESTHER sit in their lounge chairs.)*

CAPTAIN'S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE, comes over the P.A.)* Attention, all passengers and crew! Attention! What you be seein' off the port side of the *Flounder* isn’t an iceberg. I repeat, it’s no iceberg! ’Tis the Carnival cruise ship *Funtime*! Wave as they go by.

MAX: *(ENTERS LEFT holding JACKIE. BUBBA follows).* You want a story! We’ll give you a story!

JACKIE: *(Frightened.)* I don’t think I want it that bad!

BUBBA: But with you for protection, Big Edie won’t hurt us!

MAX: It’s Eddie! Big Eddie! *(They have moved to CENTER. SIMON ENTERS UP CENTER, grabs two bottles from the bar and sneaks up behind MAX and BUBBA.)*

JACKIE: Let me go! Let me go!

MAX: No! Our story has to be told. We’re the victims of injustice, intolerance—

BUBBA: And our own stupidity.

MAX: Bubba? Shut up! *(SIMON knocks both of them on the head with bottles. They fall to the floor.)*

JACKIE: Simon! Thank goodness you came in when you did!

SIMON: Jackie! I wouldn’t let anything happen to you.

JACKIE: I know. I’m such an idiot. Let’s get out of here.

SIMON: Together?

JACKIE: I don’t care about the story right now. I just care about us.

SIMON: Scout’s honor?

JACKIE: Scout’s honor! *(Runs OFF RIGHT with SIMON.)*

HESTER: I told you, Esther, they’re married.

ESTHER: For once I think you’re right, Hester.

MAX: *(He and BUBBA wake up.)* What happened?

BUBBA: You told me to shut up and then I saw stars and little birds flying around!

MAX: Speaking of flying, we better get out of here.

BUBBA: But where?

MAX: *(Peels off life preservers from the wall.)* Here. Take this.
It says there are lots of clubs
FLORA/DORA/NORA: Library!
MARTY: Let’s do it all!
DORA
NORA: And some great shopping areas.
PRUDENCE: Why… those two bums!
VIOLET: They gave us the slip! (CAPTAIN, ISHMAEL, SAM and DARCY ENTER UP CENTER. CAPTAIN and ISHMAEL hold handcuffs.)
PRUDENCE: But we’ll get ’em!
VIOLET: Just wait ’til we get our hands on ’em! (PRUDENCE and VIOLET raise their hands as CAPTAIN and ISHMAEL each handcuff one.)
PRUDENCE: Hey! What’s this?!
VIOLET: We got tickets!
PRUDENCE: Yeah! We paid good money for this cruise.
CAPTAIN: But whose money is the question.
VIOLET: You can’t pin anything on us.
SAM: I think there are authorities on the island who’d like to have a little talk with you.
PRUDENCE: What island?
DARCY: We’re docking at Ishtipapoo.
VIOLET: Ishtipapoo? Big Edie… isn’t that where you—
PRUDENCE: I want a lawyer! I wanna see my lawyer! (CAPTAIN and ISHMAEL lead PRUDENCE and VIOLET OFF UP CENTER as MARTY and MURRAY and the LIBRARIANS ENTER RIGHT, wearing typical tourist trappings.)
FLORA: (Reads from guidebook.) It says there are lots of clubs on Ishtipapoo.
NORA: And some great shopping areas.
DORA: And we can even take a romantic carriage ride.
MARTY: Let’s do it all!
MURRAY: Yeah! And when we get back, we’ll tell Mama we spent the whole time in the—
FLORA/DORA/NORA: Library!
NORA: Researching!
FLORA: You can’t imagine how much fun the Dewey decimal system is!
DORA: And that card catalog!
MARTY: What are we waiting for?!
SAM: Have fun, guys!
DARCY: Remember. Be back on the ship by six o’clock! (MARTY, MURRAY and the LIBRARIANS EXIT RIGHT. MADELINE sits bolt upright.)
SAM: Why, Mrs. Marks, you missed all the excitement.
MADELINE: You’re wrong. I don’t miss a thing. Card catalog indeed.
(Pulls out opera glasses and sneaks OFF RIGHT as HYACINTH, MS. PITTS, AL and JARVIS ENTER LEFT.)
HYACINTH: I really don’t believe you, Duke.
AL: I am a prince! I am! Prince Alexander De Goo!
HYACINTH: He’s joking, isn’t he?
JARVIS: Absolutely, Miss Divine!
AL: Jarvis, you’re fired!
JARVIS: Thank you, your—I mean, Duke!
AL: There! You see? Force of habit! He was going to say your highness!
HYACINTH: Well, it doesn’t really matter to me, Duke. When lightning strikes, you’d better make the most of it! (Pulls AL into a dip kiss as JARVIS’S phone rings.)
JARVIS: (Steps DOWNSTAGE so as not to be heard.) Yes? Why, hello, your majesty. (Pause.) Yes, yes... things are going swimmingly. (Pause.) I do believe he has, your highness. (Pause) Oh, yes, she’s perfectly divine. I’ll keep you informed. (Hangs up.)
DARCY: Gosh! I didn’t realize how these single cruises really heat up.
HYACINTH: Especially when you’re not single anymore. (Walks arm in arm with AL OFF RIGHT.)
SAM: Is he really a prince?
JARVIS: What else could he do for a living?
SAM: I don’t mean to be, er, rude, but isn’t Miss Divine a little, um...
DARCY: ...old for the prince?
JARVIS: Oh, no. It’s normal in Pottslovia to choose an older bride. The king is going to be delighted with the prince’s pick. She’s even famous and independently wealthy. What more could you ask for? And now, if you’ll excuse me, I must attend to my charge. (EXITS RIGHT.)
SAM: Well, Ms. Pitts, will you still work for Miss Divine when she gets married?
MS. PITTS: I suppose. (CAPTAIN ENTERS UP CENTER as MS. PITTS sits at table, her back to CAPTAIN.) I should get used to the fact that I'll never have anyone... because there's only one person I ever wanted. Except for my terrier Freddy, of course. But I got to take Freddy with me when we moved. I had to leave poor Charlie behind.

SAM: Charlie?

MS. PITTS: We were seniors in high school and had our whole future planned out. Our house with the white picket fence, the cherry tree in front—

CAPTAIN: Corky?

MS. PITTS: (Realizes.) Corky? Only one person ever called me that! (Turns around to face him.)

CAPTAIN: Can it be? After all these years! My darling little Corky?

MS. PITTS: (Stands, approaches him.) Yes! And Charlie! Oh, Charlie, you haven't changed a bit! Your eyes are still as blue as the sky. (They take each other's hands and gaze into each other's eyes.)

CAPTAIN: You never forgot me?

MS. PITTS: Perish the thought! It's always been you, Charlie.

CAPTAIN: Corky, my little peanut butter cup, there's never been anyone else for me. And do you know what day it is?

MS. PITTS: June 10!

CAPTAIN: This day has been like a curse for me every year since you were taken from me.

MS. PITTS: For me, too. But now that's all over, and from now on we'll celebrate this anniversary as the happiest day of our lives.

CAPTAIN: It's as if you've never left!

MS. PITTS: Oh, Charlie... I never have. (She and CAPTAIN EXIT UP CENTER as NICOLE, CHRIS, NAOMI and ISHMAEL ENTER LEFT.)

SAM: That was just like a scene from one of Hyacinth Divine's novels.

DARCY: It was so romantic. I could cry!

NAOMI: And we missed it?

SAM: I have a feeling you'll get chapter two on the rest of the voyage.

NICOLE: Are we going to be able to go ashore?

CHRIS: I need some more seasickness pills.

ISHMAEL: And I hear there's a fantastic hamburger place.

SAM: Look, guys, I think we forgot about something.
DARCY: What?
SAM: The owners are on board the Flounder. And if we all go off to shore, it wouldn’t look too good.
NICOLE: Especially after everything that’s happened.
NAOMI: Yeah… the gangsters, the storm, the iceberg.
ISHMAEL: My head!
CHRIS: Maybe I can ask one of the passengers to get me my pills.
SAM: Our first duty is to the Flounder. Agreed?
DARCY: Of course we’re agreed.

HESTER: (She and ESTHER rise from their chairs.) Now you kids run along and have fun.
SAM: Thanks, but we really need to get back to work.
ESTHER: Nonsense! We’re in port ’til six. It’s 8:30 now, so you take four hours to have fun. Be back on board at 1:00. That’ll give you five hours to prepare for departure.
ISHMAEL: Gosh, I wish you were our bosses.
HESTER: We are.
NAOMI: You two?
NICOLE: But you’re old ladies!
SAM: Nicole! Oh, my gosh.
ESTHER: We are old ladies. But that doesn’t mean we can’t own a ship or two or three.
CHRIS: You own the Flounder?
HESTER: And her sister ships, the Sunfish and the Barracuda.
ESTHER: But I don’t like the Barracuda… it goes too fast!
SAM: Gosh, you must hate this trip so far.
HESTER: Nonsense! We haven’t had so much fun in years.
ESTHER: I know. It’s going to be a hard act to follow.
CHRIS: Well, we’ve got all kinds of exciting things planned for the rest of the cruise!
HESTER: Leave us out of it, dears. We just want to sit in our chairs and relax.
ESTHER: Now run along! Hurry up or you’ll miss the last tender.
SAM: Thank you for being so understanding.

ISHMAEL: What are we waiting for? (He, SAM, DARCY, CHRIS, NICOLE and NAOMI run OFF RIGHT, chattering excitedly. HESTER follows over to RIGHT, looking out porthole.)
ESTHER: They’re going?
HESTER: As fast as they can move!
ESTHER: Good. Let’s go get our things!
HESTER: I can’t wait!

ESTHER: Six karaoke clubs! Shall we do them all?
HESTER: You only live once! *(She and ESTHER hobble OFF LEFT as CURTAIN FALLS.)*

END OF PLAY
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES
ONSTAGE: Large cabinet or closet big enough for two people to hide inside with books on top shelf; bar with bottle of Perrier water, glass of crème soda, spoon, two plastic bottles behind it; three comfortable lounge chairs with some blankets piled on the floor next to them; table with paper napkins on it and three chairs; two or three life preservers on wall; cardboard or papier-mâché flounder on wall; optional nautical decorations such as “portholes” and pictures of ships at sea on walls.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene One:  
Wallet containing a photo (ISHMAEL)  
Whistle, paper (CAPTAIN)  
Suitcases, cell phone (JARVIS)  
Towel (MS. PITTS)

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Two:  
Men’s fashion magazine (SAM)  
Notepad, pen (MS. PITTS)

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Three:  
Dark glasses (MAX, BUBBA)  
Handkerchief (JARVIS)  
Toy gun (AL)  
Coupons (CHRIS)

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene One  
Chart (CAPTAIN)  
Dresses, hats, shawls (ISHMAEL)  
Book (MS. PITTS)

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Two  
Cap pistol (PRUDENCE)

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Three  
Notepad, pen (MS.PITTS)  
Squirt gun (PRUDENCE)  
Purses (HESTER, ESTHER)  
Handcuffs (CAPTAIN, ISHMAEL)  
Cameras, sunglasses, other touristy gear (MARTY, MURRAY, FLORA, DORA, NORA)  
Guidebook (FLORA)  
Opera glasses (MADELINE)  
Cell phone (JARVIS)
SOUND EFFECTS
Public address system set up OFFSTAGE, cell phone ringing, ship’s whistle, slow dance music (from CD player set up OFFSTAGE), bang (like a hammer hitting a pipe), thunder, alarm, splash.

SPECIAL EFFECTS
Lights can be set up UPSTAGE behind the portholes to create the effect of lightning flashes.

COSTUMES
Costumes are basically modern day cruise wear. However, some special items are required:
The CAPTAIN should wear a sea captain’s jacket and hat, preferably an old-fashioned style.
CREW MEMBERS ideally should dress alike, perhaps in knit polo shirts and shorts or long pants. A flounder logo stitched onto the shirt would be great.
CHRIS wears bracelets on her wrists and ankles once she develops seasickness.
HESTER and ESTHER need old-fashioned (but not long) dresses, shawls, canes and granny glasses to create the look of classic old ladies.
FLORA, DORA and NORA need cheerleading outfits. They could carry pompoms for added effect.
MAX and BUBBA need to have dresses, shawls and hats similar to those HESTER and ESTHER wear.
AL wears a suit and later adds a fedora and lapel flower to it.
MARTY and MURRAY start out geeky with glasses, and later wear stylish clothing and perhaps trendy glasses.
SIMON wears a wedding ring.
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