

YACHT CRUISE

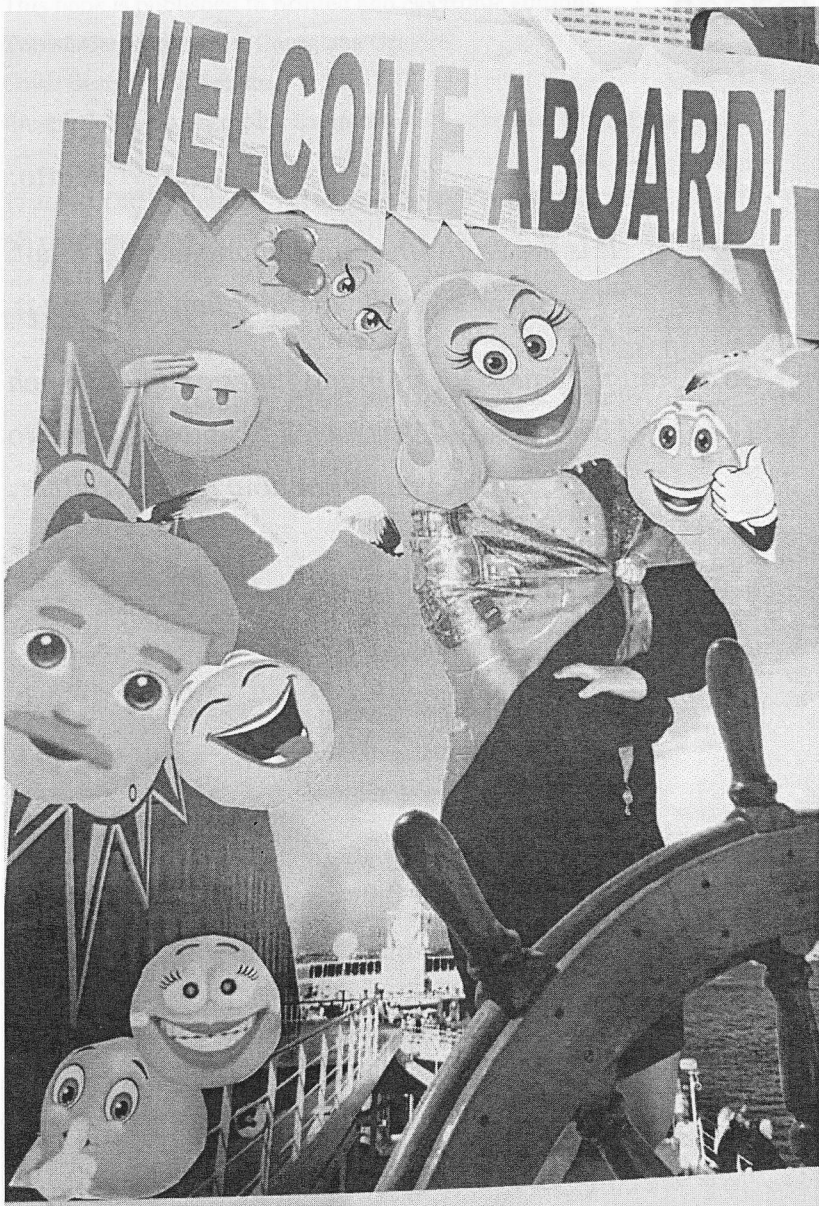
A Three-Act Comedy by Wilma

WILMA

YACHT CRUISE

A Three-Act Comedy

WWW.CORESI.NET



CONTENTS

8	PROLOGUE
11	THE CHARACTERS
	ACT I
17	SCENE 1
23	SCENE 2
28	SCENE 3
	ACT 2
33	SCENE 1
38	SCENE 2
45	SCENE 3
55	SCENE 4
62	SCENE 5
ACT 3	
73	SCENE 1
78	SCENE 2
83	SCENE 3

PROLOGUE

Life at sea is not an easy one. Everyone has their own world with particular games and rules, radically different from the life you know when you are grounded, physically speaking. Connection with nature and the universe is essential. It is then that you realize that beneath your feet, right there, in the water, another life system exists, where all kinds of life forms dwell, varied creatures and plants having different ranges of beauty and colour. Superstition and belief, both become laws. Many sea travelers imagine themselves assailors, and being a sailor is practically the same with being a hero. Does it sound far-fetched to you? Well, then let's count and take a look at them together:

1. Long trips on water mean sky, water... water and sky again.

2. A sailor knows what should be done in extreme situations.

3. How do we deal with feeling homesick? Missing our loved ones?

4. Under these circumstances, it is very clear that sailors have a superior inner force.

5. On any ship, friendships to last a lifetime are born and maybe that's why ordinary people like me and you feel magnetized when it comes to cruises.

Do you want to go on with the list? Fine, but let's see first what's going on in "*Cruise ON a Yacht.*"

First of all, you must be warned that the action takes place in 2019 on Ojo Marron—a classical yacht with sails, stretched on huge masts, because what can provide a greater feeling of freedom than sailing with sails—the embodiment of freedom? Ojo Marron sets sails for a seven-days-voyage from Comeback Port, somewhere from Fortaleza (Brazil) to Havana (Cuba) with 12 passengers: two bored couples, an indecisive man, a boataholic tourist, two nervous widows, two young lovers travelling before getting married, that is supposed to be helping them decide whether they could spend their whole life together, another irritated and gluttonous passenger and a nagging pensioner.

The passengers are nagged by the photographer that keeps surprising them in different states and are served by a crew of sailors whose number is unknown, lead by captain Glut and his helmsman, however, among these, whenever a cocktail or *help* is needed, Jack, the valet and others suddenly become visible:

Wishing you a lovely reading and for those with vivid imagination, enjoy yourselves!

The author

THE CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN GLUT—the boat skipper¹, a man with authority, wears a white uniform

SASSY—a 50 year old Lady, femme au foyer

PERT—Sassy's husband

GAUDY—a boataholic tourist, grey- haired, always wears nautical style clothing

FLIPA—just like Sassy, as if they were sisters

ODD—Flipa's husband

MRS. NIFFY DABCOG—widow, just turned 60

MRS. KICKY HOOFF—Mrs. Niffy's friend, a little older.

She too, a widow, a Pisces

PIGGO—a lazy pensioner

¹Regardless of the name, he is the only one taking decisions on a yacht and having civil and criminal liability of both its integrity and crew. Although not necessarily the owner of the ship, he is the one in command of the vessel at a certain point. A qualified person, in possession of all sorts of certificates and patents, all of them necessary to lead the yacht safely.

WOLFISH RAW—an irritated doctor and on top of that, gluttonous

MEEK PAMBY—an IT programmer who is not quite certain whether he prefers drifting at sea or just being on a yacht, imagining Jack is for him to keep;

JACK is a valet, suffering from mental and verbal coprolalia²

OTHERS: two young lovers that no one ever sees, the helmsman, the crew of sailors (on a yacht the crew normally outnumbers the passengers.)

²An urge to use obscene, scatological (trivial, improper) or even sexual terms.



SCENE 1

ALL THE CHARACTERS, EXCEPT FOR THE SHIP MECHANICS

*Before the scenes, one can hear the song **La vida es un carnaval**³, which keeps playing during the check-in process, in lower tonality, though. The action takes place at midday, time is irrelevant, on deck, decorated with helms, life buoys and a pannel where you could see **WELCOME***

³One can always hear this song on cruise ships. Usually, you can hear it at the end of the trip, and its rhythm at the check-in is meant to make the passengers more attentive. And for the ones interested, *La vida es un carnaval* was released in 1998, performed by the Cuban singer, Celia Cruz and ever since then has been receiving countless awards and has been sung freely, because of the immensely and intense appreciation of the lyrics. A few lyrics:

ABOARD written in different colours. The characters get on the yacht and in turn, follow the check-in procedures, a sort of their own show during which, in a corner, the captain grumbles his dissatisfaction to the helmsman regarding the passengers' late arrival for boarding.

CAPTAIN GLUT

(He has a spyglass hanging on his neck, to check the surroundings on a regular basis, like a twitch.)

"If these twats would have arrived later, we were a day late and sparrows could build a nest. While they're calling the roll and still on it, bring me another glass... the same as this one..."

THE HELMSMAN

"Aye, aye sir!"

To All thinking that life is unfair, / Needs to know that's not the case, / That life is beautiful, you must live it. / To All thinking he's alone and that that's bad / Needs to know that's not the case, / That in life no one is alone, there is always someone and there is a God // Oh, there's no need to cry, because life is a carnival, / It's more beautiful to live singing. / Oh, there's no need to cry, / For life is a carnival / And your pains go away by singing. // To All thinking that life is cruel, / Needs to know that's not the case, / That there are just bad times, and it will pass. / Anyone thinking that things will never change, / Needs to know that's not the case, / Smile to the hard times, and they will pass. // Ay, there's no need to cry, because life is a carnival, / It's more beautiful to live singing. / Carnival!!!

TWO SAILORS

(on both sides of the end of embarking stairs)

"Welcome aboard!"

"Please show your embarking passes and your ID. Thank you."

ANOTHER SAILOR

(Professional photographer, addresses each guest, luring them to get their pictures taken to remember the thrilling moment of embarking.)

"A picture next to the helm? Sir?"

Almost all are getting their pictures taken and stay put in the spot the sailor-photographer indicates to them. Some even ask for pictures in their own positions (with the mast or with the other sailors on the deck etc.). Meanwhile, the passengers get on board in a sluggish rhythm. Some cannot find their papers, others, older, don't seem to have any reasons to hurry. Chic ladies, a bit air-headed, and even more light-headed gentlemen. They all seem a bit puzzled as most haven't been at sea before and the ones who have, never had the chance to cross an ocean. Everyone packed too much luggage, which, according to cruise regulations are supposed to be left at the boarding gate in order to be

brought by the crew in front of the guests' cabins. Therefore, besides the ones getting on board, sailors of the Ojo Marron are swarming all around, all loaded with luggage.

THE HELMSMAN

(runs to the captain, the glass is full, captain Glut gulps it down like it's a shot and bursts)

"Just look at them! It's like we're the Union Pacific Railroad...."

THE HELMSMAN

(bursts into laughter)

"It's like your former mother-in-laws are coming to visit...."

CAPTAIN GLUT

"Gadfly!!! (humble-bee) come here!!"

THE HELMSMAN

"Sir, yes sir!"

CAPTAIN GLUT

"Come here, I said!!"

The helmsman lets himself be taken by his shoulders towards the yacht's bow and they both face the water.

CAPTAIN GLUT

(grabs two heaving lines⁴—that were in a pile of stuff behind the helm—while walking and comes up with an idea)

"Listen, dear ol' chap, time flies when talking. Do you know any sailor games or are you a Chuckle-head?"

THE HELMSMAN

"Sir, yes sir!"

CAPTAIN GLUT

"Can you see that floating leaf?"

THE HELMSMAN

"Which one? The one near the plastic bottle or?..."

CAPTAIN GLUT

(interrupts him)

"No! This one over here, Gadfly (humble-bee)! If you throw the heaving line further away from it, you have a day off in this journey. You'll go wherever you want and do whatever you want."

⁴**The heaving line** is a line, generally about half an inch in diameter and from 5 to 10 fathoms long, with a heavy knot on the end light enough for a seaman to throw to a dock or another vessel. The bitter end of the heaving line is secured to the end of a heavier dockline or towing line so that it can then be hauled over. Also, it can be used in different nautical games.