Scene 1: The Name’s James - Cameron James

Lights up. The heist is already underway, though perhaps too dark to get a great idea of what is happening (don’t want to be too spoilery). LIZZY and CAMERON are in the dark somewhere out of the way.

LIZZY [narrating]: The doors slide open! Into the room they sneak, as silent as a mouse’s fart, and there it is! Sitting on the table, the thing they’ve come so far to find... Our young thief sneaks into the room, reaching out his hand... When all of a sudden...

The scene freezes.

CAMERON [interrupting]: Lizzy, don’t get me wrong. Love the enthusiasm and all. But, if I’m going to turn this into a movie I need you to start at the beginning.

Lights up on CAMERON JAMES and LIZZY. JAMES is wearing a large name tag on his shirt that says “HELLO, MY NAME IS JAMES—CAMERON JAMES”. LIZZY is a dry, sarcastic woman who is pretty much aware of CAMERON JAMES CAMERON’s deal, but she friggin never gets to tell this story to anyone so she humours him anyway. JAMES is a total dweeb. He is not a good actor. LIZZY teases JAMES to try to make him reveal himself, but not in a flirty way.
LIZZY [confused]: Movie? Don’t you mean article? Didn’t you say you worked for a newspaper?

JAMES: Uh, yes! That’s right. I’m a newspaper reporter! James. Cameron James. Like Bond, James Bond, but with James as the last name. I just like to introduce myself with my last name first, because that’s how we reporters do things. Haha?

LIZZY [knowing he is James Cameron]: You know, you look remarkably similar to James Cameron, the famous director who interviewed my grandmother before he made his famous movie, The Titanic.

JAMES: Ha HAAAAA hahaha HAHA ha haaaa nope, not even a close resemblance! I look nothing like that guy! WAS HE WEARING A HAT?

LIZZY: … Not at the time?

JAMES [putting on a hat, perhaps a fedora with a “PRESS” sign]: DID HE HAVE A MOUSTACHE?

LIZZY: … Not at the time?

JAMES [putting on a comical moustache]: WELL, THERE YOU GO. Now, you were talking about a heist? That sounds JUICY. In fact, it’d make a really great film!

LIZZY: Film?

JAMES [angry with himself]: (Dammit Jim!) I MEAN NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. Because as I explained to you previously, I am a reporter for a newspaper called... the Daily... Daily.

LIZZY [raising an eyebrow]: The Daily Daily? What kind of a name is-

JAMES: The name isn’t important, Lizzy!

LIZZY: Alright, alright! Well you’ve come to the right place if you want to know the REAL story of what happened on the Titanic, [teasing him] and not that crappy hokey love story from that crappy hokey James Cameron film.

JAMES: HOW DARE YOU! THAT - I WORKED MY FINGERS TO THE BONE WRITING... uh, reviews about that film. Which, by the way, was objectively excellent and I wouldn’t be surprised if acclaimed director James Cameron wanted to do a remake. Haha, not that I would know. So, the heist?

LIZZY: So, from the top. My grandmother Rose WAS just a young girl on a cruise with her fiancé, but Jack... Jack was nothing like in the movie.

JAMES: Intriguing! Take me through the scene. I MEAN STORY.
Article. For the newspaper. That I write for. (Keep it together, James!)

LIZZY: We begin in a dock in Queenstown, Ireland. April 10th, 1912...

Scene 1-2 Transition

The stage magically becomes a dock through the power of scenechange, and passengers begin milling about, coming through the doors from the front of house. As they come through and onto the stage, a PRESENTER at the front of stage announces the following in an old-timey 1910s radio announcement voice.

PRESENTER: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, esteemed passengers, welcome to the HMS Titanic, the most unsinkable and iceberg-proof cruise liner in all the world! And, of course, the opening location of tonight’s pantomime - welcome! Now, before we allow you to board, there are a few provisos. RULE NUMBER ONE: Turn off your mobile phones. They really mess up the navigational systems, and trust me, that will NOT be helpful what with all the icebergs and whatnot. RULE NUMBER TWO: If you see someone sneaking up behind someone, like that young lass down there who looks like she’s about to pick the pocket of that distinguished-looking chap [THIRD CLASS ANNIE is a deer in headlights], make sure you warn the unsuspecting party by shouting something like “He’s behind you!”. [SIR TAI TANNICK acts appropriately.] And RULE NUMBER THREE: Everybody remember to have fun, because you never know when you’re going to wind up onboard a sinking ship with no one around to save you. [Glancing at the PASSENGERS] Haha, joking!

OR IS HE?!
Scene 2: Who Lives in a Pineapple Under the Sea?

The Dock, Gangway B (same setting as transition). Crew members and dock workers are already bustling around, lifting luggage and doing all the things you’re supposed to do to make big ship go now. Passengers board, leaving their loved ones and families behind, little knowing the danger that’s in store for them on... okay the stage is just busy alright. SECURITY SALLY and SAFETY SIMON guard the gangway onto the ship. PRESENTER remains in the spotlight as he delivers his speech, continuing from above without a weird pause.

PRESENTER: On this auspicious day, the great and indestructible Titanic leaves port and heads west over the seas. Crowds gather at the docks to board the ship or to bid goodbye to their loved ones. The sun is high and hot, the water laps gently. Today, the ocean seems calm, but in a matter of hours a large frozen mass will-

THIRD CLASS ANNIE: Spoilers, guvnah!

PRESENTER: Oh! My apologies, young ruffian. Are you-

THIRD CLASS ELLIE: Hey mister, hold this!

ELLIE shoves a LOAF OF BREAD into PRESENTER’S hands before she and ANNIE hide behind some crates. The PRESENTER looks confused before SECURITY SALLY and SAFETY SIMON approach him from behind.

SECURITY SALLY: Wellity wellity wellity, what’s all this then?

SAFETY SIMON: Cor blimey, Sal, it’s a loaf o’ bread, innit?

PRESENTER: This isn’t mine, those kids-

As the PRESENTER is accosted by SALLY and SIMON, ANNIE and ELLIE sneak onboard, motioning to the audience to stay quiet.

SECURITY SALLY: Don’t you know the rules, buddy? No foreign foods allowed onboard!

SAFETY SIMON: Did you pack this bag yourself, sir?

PRESENTER: WHAT BAG?

SECURITY SALLY: We’ll let you off this time, but we’ll be watching you!

SAFETY SIMON: Like a hawk.

SECURITY SALLY: Like TWO hawks.

They back away goofy. PRESENTER composes himself and resumes his introductions. CONTIKI ADDISON and MADISON enter the stage.
PRESENTER: As well as hosting the rich and famous, the Titanic also appeals to those who seek adventure.

CONTIKI ADDISON: This is going to be the best contiki trip ever! Europe here we come!

CONTIKI MADISON: I’m so glad we spent all our life savings for this!

CONTIKI ADDISON: I knooooow, right? Let’s take a selfie! [They do. Ugh.]

CONTIKI MADISON: This is going to make up for every bad date, bad guy and bad sex we’ve ever had! [They board the ship].

PRESENTER [overhearing]: You’d almost think there was some connection... Ahem. One of the couples boarding the vessel on its maiden voyage are Rose Calvert and Cal Rosevert. Rose, a wonderful young lady, has yearned to take such a voyage all her life. Unfortunately for Rose, her fiancé Cal is a total-

ROSE [to CAL, horrified at what he just did]: Cal!

CAL [planting his foot on something elevated, maybe luggage (or a dock worker kneeling to do something work-related)]: Yes, Rose?

ROSE: You just pushed a man into the water!

CAL: Oh, did I? [He looks at her DRESS] You’re not wearing that on the ship are you?

ROSE: Excuse me?

CAL [moving towards ROSE]: Well, I’m just saying we don’t want the other first class passengers thinking you’ve emerged from the slums! [He pauses, having just walked past LITTLE TIMMY dragging a BALLOON on a STRING, pulls out some SCISSORS, turns back and cuts the STRING. Back to ROSE] Why don’t you go and change, I need to go and find out if they accept bitcoin in the casino.

ROSE looks at him in disbelief.

CAL [happily boarding the ship]: See you onboard darling!

ROSE leaves in the opposite direction. ORCA enters the scene from stage left. He is doing up his shirt, dressed as a crew member but missing a hat.

ORCA [smelling the shirt]: Ugh... smells like menial labour.
[Feeling his head for a hat] I just need one more thing...

ORCA looks around for a nearby crewmember he can steal a cap from. SECOND OFFICER STEVE enters at the back of the stage, going about his business, and ORCA quickly spots and accosts him.

ORCA: Officer! I'm afraid an emergency has arisen, the Captain has asked me to relieve you of your cap.

S.O.S: My cap? My hat? My lovely lady hat? What could you possibly-

ORCA: No time for explanations! Your cap, sir!

S.O.S: Who are you?! Cap'n Birdeyes will hear of this!

A scuffle breaks out between them towards the back of the stage. Is it large-scale and comedic (though nobody notices), and continues dramatically behind the entrance of SAM, DEAN and BARNEY, dressed as crew.

SAM: Hey, Dean, this is Gangway B, right? That's where the boss said to meet.

DEAN: Are you sure this is the right place, Sam? I don't see any sign of him.

BARNEY: Or Jack!

Jack promptly enters.

JACK [to the tune of the Spiderman theme, he is doing bad karate moves]: Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack sneak onto a massive ship. Maybe he'll, meet a girl, get some romance in his world, look out- here comes spiderpig. [Noticing the other crew] Oh! Greetings, comrades.

SAM: Oh, hey Jack. Was the boss with you?

JACK: Not with me. I was busy gambling to win this uniform.

DEAN: I really hope the authorities don't notice the four naked crewmembers before the ship launches.

JACK: So nobody knows where our fearless leader is?

"He's behind you!" At the back of the stage ORCA finally manages to defeat SECOND OFFICER STEVE in combat in some silly way. He takes the CAP as a victory token and emerges from the fight.

ORCA: Right here, Jack. An important lesson for you: never doubt me. Dr Ostracod and the Council of Atlantis chose me to lead this mission and I will not let them down. Have you got that, Agents?

SAM: Yes, sir!
DEAN: We’re right behind you, sir!

BARNEY: Well, not literally, of course, because that would be awkward, not to mention sexually inappropriate.

ORCA [ignoring BARNEY’S stupidity]: Right. Let’s make sure we’re clear on the onboard identities. I am posing as Oliver Orca, Second Officer.

SAM: Seaman Sam Salmon, crewmember.

DEAN: Dean Deepwater, culinary staff.

JACK: Jack Dorsal, third class passenger.

BARNACLE: Barney Binoculars, uh… boat guy?


BARNACLE [ashamed]: Barney Barnacle… [unsure] bubbleblower?

ORCA: I almost preferred “boat guy”.

ORCA [saluting]: Orca, Captain Birdeyes.

CAP’N [pretending he knew that already]: Yar, Orca, yar. Are ye prepared for the voyage ahead?

ORCA [clearly struggling to acknowledge CAP’N BIRDEYES as a serious leader]: Of course, Captain. I look forward to serving under your leadership.

CAP’N [pleased]: Well cleave him to the brisket, within the hour we’ll be on our way to pillage and plunder and find la Isla de Muerta!

Their discussions are interrupted by the entrance of CAP’N BIRDEYES. He has the mannerisms, affectations and wooden leg of a pirate, and perhaps a dead parrot on his shoulder.

CAP’N: Yar, Second Officer, uh…

CAP’N [awkward pause]: Arrr, I meant we’ll be on our maiden voyage across the seas, o’ course. Just baitin’ yer shark, yar. [Awkward pause] Anyway, don’t ye forget the Ball tomorrow night! We’ll be workin’ o’ course but who’s to notice a bit o’ grog passin’ around the crew? We’ll begin our voyage with a bang and a crash! Not that bad kind of crash, mind, this ship be totally crash-proof, yarr. Tonight we’ll parrrty harrd with our violins and ball gowns! Not that I, you know, ever wore a ball gown. [Another awkward pause] Yarr!

CAP’N departs, perhaps with a little confused drunken stagger.

ORCA: Imbecile. Alright, you all know the plan. We get onboard, we make sure the Heart of the Ocean is here, we destroy the
escape routes, we sink the ship, and we take the jewel for the glory of Atlantis! Am I understood?

ALL [mumbling]: Aye aye!

ORCA: I can’t hear you.

THE OTHERS [a bit louder]: { Aye aye.
BARNEY [much louder]: { AYE AYE CAPTAIN!

End scene to the tune of the Spongebob Squarepants song picking up where the lines end.

Scene 3: This Ship has Balls

ROSE and CAL are dancing stage left, neither of them appearing to be enjoying each other. Perhaps they are looking away from each other, stepping on toes etc. SIR TAI TANNICK (the ship’s designer) and his rich lady friends WANDA TAXCUT and LOTTA MONEYBAGS are standing centre-stage, chatting most verbosely about their grand achievements. WANDA TAXCUT is visibly drunk. There are various other passengers scattered about.

SIR TAI: And that’s how I figured out that if we simply didn’t install fire escapes in the third class passenger areas we could save on costs!

This draws haughty laughter from WANDA and LOTTA.

LOTTA: Brilliant! Brilliant! The rest of us can only dream of being so industrious and careless toward the underclasses!

SIR TAI [grabbing LOTTA around the neck affectionately but in a manner that she finds entirely uncomfortable]: In time, my girl, perhaps maybe one day you will. But for now, you must simply gaze upon my brilliance as I mash steel into steel to make things that go “vroom”!

ORCA, SAM, DEAN, and BARNEY enter the ballroom.

ORCA: Alright. Salmon, Deepwater, go talk to the ship’s designer
and extract information on how to sink it. Be subtle - they cannot know what we’re attempting. Barnacle... don’t do something I’ll regret.

*ORCA wanders through the guests to CAP’N BIRDEYES and basically shadows him in the background (mingling, etc.) during this scene.*

**DEAN** [sauntering over to SIR TAI with a platter of hors d’oeuvres]: Ah, Mister Tannick, is it? Food item?

**SIR TAI**: That’s sir to you! Sir Tai Tannick! These are my wealthy lady friends, Wanda Taxcut and Lotta Moneybags. [*SIR TAI, LOTTA and WANDA can take some food if they want.*]

**SAM** [very grudgingly playing a subservient role]: Of course, Sir, please excuse humble crewmembers such as ourselves for the blunder. My associate and I are fascinated by this ship you’ve built, sir, and were wondering if you might shed some of your infinite wisdom upon us, if you deem us worthy.

**WANDA** [drunkenly slurring]: This ship? THIS SHIP? This ship is the besht ship ever built! Fifty feet long! A hundred feet high! TWO THOUSAND MILES IN GIRTH!

**SIR TAI** [semi-ignoring WANDA]: Hmm... well, I must admit, you certainly know how to stroke a man the right way.

**DEAN**: We’re particularly interested in what keeps such a hefty ship - a work of art, even - afloat.

**BARNEY**: And more specifically, how we, er I mean, somebody sinister, could make it... [thinks] un-float.

**SAM and DEAN share a pained looked and shuffle in front of BARNEY, attempting to block him out of the conversation. DEAN mule kicks BARNEY, who crumples and exits in pain.**

**SIR TAI** [oblivious to all of this]: Ah! Well, that’s just the trick my boys! My baby - I like to call her the Titty - is totally, utterly, really unsinkable! Why, even the thinkingest thought is unthinkable!

**WANDA** [slurring drunkenly]: Let’s get more drinkable! Eyyyy? [*She finishes her RAINBOWTINI.*]

**LOTTA**: The idea it could sink is preposterous. It is too big to fail, like a big bank, but on the water!

**SAM** [slightly dejected]: Unsinkable? Even knowing what a skilled designer you are, there surely must be some weakness...

**SIR TAI**: Well there’s a small exhaust port about five metres wide.

**SAM**: Five metres! That’s impossible!
DEAN: It’s not impossible! I used to bulls-eye womp rats in my T-16 back home. They’re-

_The two continue bickering. Eventually SIR TAI coughs loudly, drawing their attention back to him._

SIR TAI: Unsinkable, I say! Oh, except for icebergs, of course. Better not let this baby hit an iceberg! It will literally disintegrate! Hahaha!

_SAM and DEAN look at each other in delight._

WANDA: Wait, disintegrate?

SIR TAI: Oh yeah, this thing rusts like no tomorrow! I said it was unsinkable, not rust-proof!

WANDA: Isn’t... isn’t that the same as sinking?

SIR TAI: Not in court!

DEAN: You’re saying, then, this “unsinkable” ship can be destroyed by an iceberg?

LOTTA [panicking]: But, but, I can’t swim! I’m too rich to pay for swimming lessons! And my boogie board won’t float, it’s full of illegal narcotics!

SIR TAI [reassuringly, leading WANDA and LOTTA off stage-right]: Aah my poor, not-so-fabulous-as-me wealthy lady friends, fear not! In that situation, I have established a contingency plan to form a life-raft out of dead poor people...

SAM: So all we need to do is get hold of an iceberg!

DEAN: Easier said than done. Although I do have an uncle who runs an iceberg farm a little north of here.

SAM: Your uncle is Big Jeff from Big Jeff’s Icy Icebergs?

_CAP’N BIRDEYES walks past nonchalantly on his way to go greet another guest. ORCA, who is shadowing him, stops by SAM and DEAN in the midst of their discussion._

ORCA: Progress, I hope?

DEAN: Get an iceberg and this ship will go down faster than a recent current event in which a thing has gone down, or a sex joke!

ORCA: Perfect! We just need to make sure the Heart of the Ocean is onboard, then hire an iceberg, sink the ship, and find the Heart somewhere among the corpses. Good work. Resume cover for now - we’ll convene again shortly.

_SAM and DEAN fade into the crowd. CAP’N BIRDEYES pulls ORCA into a conversation._
CAP’N: Orca, arrrrr-llow me to introduce ye to Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe. They’re the ones I was talking to ye about before.

ORCA: A pleasure. Forgive me, both of you, but the Captain tells me you’ve had many adventures on the seas. In your travels, have either of you ever come across a treasure called “The Heart of the Ocean”?

MR CRUSOE: What’s that?

ORCA: The Heart of the Ocean. Really? The One Jewel with the power to gain dominion over all aquatic life? Never heard of it?

MRS CRUSOE: Not to my knowledge. Although we have spent rather a lot of our “adventures” marooned on an island, so, y’know. Not a lot of seafaring experience, really.

CAP’N: But weren’t the two of ye tellin’ me about the time yer hand got attached to a bowling ball after you were struck by lightning and then the Professor’s cure turned ye invisible?

MR CRUSOE: I’m fairly sure that’s the plot of an episode of *Gilligan’s Island*, Captain.

CAP’N: Yar, maybe. I love that show.

MRS CRUSOE [clearly not a fan of CAP’N]: Excuse us, Captain.

CAP’N: Yar, why do ye ask everyone about that, Orca?

ORCA [disappointed]: Never mind. Forget I said anything.

*Focus shifts to ROSE and CAL (maybe they dance into the foreground/center).*

ROSE: You’re stepping on my toes, Cal!

CAL: Well if your toes weren’t so disproportionately large that wouldn’t be an issue!

ROSE: Well, I think your feet are too large!

CAL: You know what they say about big feet!

ROSE: That God is providing compensation to those lacking in other departments?

CAL [narrowed eyes]: If you’re referring to my you-know-what... touché.

*They continue dancing. JACK enters from stage left.*

JACK: Ugh. How are we meant to find the Heart of the Ocean in such a sea of... [*He notices THE HEART OF THE OCEAN around ROSE’s neck.*] Great Barrier Reef, that’s it! How convenient for the plot that we’ve located it so soon! Okay Jack, act cool, man. You’ve got this.

ROSE: Your hair is greasy.
CAL: Your hands are fat.

ROSE: Your mouth is like an octopus.

CAL: Your ears are like giant cauliflowers, protruding from the great growth that is your head.

ROSE: Yeah well your pen-

JACK [tapping CAL on the shoulder]: Excuse me - may I have the next dance?

CAL [casually]: Sorry fishbreath, I prefer to dance with women. No offense, darling.

ROSE: Cal!

JACK [offended]: Excuse me? You wanna take this outside?

CAL: Well I’m certainly not dancing with you out there.

By now PEOPLE are starting to look. ORCA is making gestures at JACK to stop drawing attention but JACK isn’t looking at him.

ROSE: Cal, he meant me!

CAL [laughing at this absurdity]: Darling, I hardly think -

JACK: Actually, I did.

CAL [overdramatically, embarrassed at being contradicted publicly]: Oh. Well then. If two flatfoots want to hokeypokey through a waltz, who am I to stop them?

CAL stomps off, barging through a dancing couple as he exits and then stomps back and pops LITTLE TIMMY’s BALLOON and then stomps away again. JACK takes up CAL’S place as ROSE’S dance partner. He’s not so terrible.

ROSE: You’re not so terrible!

JACK: Oh, well, you’re not so fine yourself. I mean, uh, you’re quite fine yourself. You yourself are fine. You- I- uh, good. Good?

ROSE: Oh! You’re a cute one. I must apologise for my fiancé, I can’t stand him. In fact, I hate his guts. I’d like to shank him with a shiv, and then... sorry, I’m rambling. I’m Rose.

JACK: I’m Jack. Pleased to meet you.

ROSE: Well, Jack, you look dashing.

JACK: Oh, thank you... I’m nothing special, really. I love your necklace, though, it’s stunning.

ROSE: You like it? It’s called “The Heart of the Ocean”. It’s very precious to me.

JACK [looking at her FACE]: It’s certainly... captivating.
Fade to black. Scene change music that implies they dance and talk for the rest of the night but then she goes back to Cal (i.e., nothing implying they have sex).

Scene 4: There’s a Hole in My Lifeboat, Dear Liza

Lights dim. Four ROPES have been flown in on the downstage bar, representing ropes connected to lifeboats; each ATLANTEAN is assigned to their own ROPE for the purpose of cutting loose (on the dance floor). Each is working at the ROPE with a small HACKSAW, or otherwise untying a KNOT or something. Mumbling and banging in the darkness. Lights flicker up stage left to reveal SAM and DEAN. SAM is banging on the back of a TORCH, which flickers to life along with the lights. DEAN is sawing a ROPE.

SAM [quietly, shining TORCH directly into DEAN’s EYES]: Psst, hey! Dean! DEAN!

DEAN [also whispering, dropping SAW to shield EYES]: Sam? What is it? Why aren’t you sawing?

SAM [quietly]: Sorry. [Clumsily puts TORCH between TEETH for maximum sawing efficiency. Attempts to speak with TORCH in MOUTH.] Shah ha memmy ‘ifebaws aw deer ‘oo cu’ loosh?

DEAN: What?

SAM [struggling]: Sho ‘ow nanny wifeboas ah dere do cu’ loosh?

DEAN: What?
SAM stops, puts down TOOLS, takes TORCH out of MOUTH and shines it in DEAN’s FACE.

SAM: I said: how many lifeboats are there left to cut loose?

DEAN: Look, I don’t know. About half?

SAM: And how many are there in total?

DEAN: Twice as many as we have left to cut off?

SAM: Some help you are. Remind me why we’re doing this again?

DEAN: We have to cut the lifeboats adrift so nobody can escape with The Heart of the Ocean. Plus, dead men tell no tales, and the boss doesn’t want anyone wondering why five spies from the “Lost” City of Atlantis sank a cruise liner to obtain a necklace with the power to control all oceanic life, killing thousands of people in the process!

SAM: I’m sure it wouldn’t make the news! The surface-dwellers would probably just pretend it didn’t happen.

DEAN: You’re being ridiculous. There are thousands of passengers on the ship, and a door would hold like two people, tops. Now turn that torch off - we need to finish sawing before anyone notices us.

SAM: Sorry.

DEAN: Exactly.

SAM: Well, even if we do sink the ship, couldn’t the passengers just float to safety on bits of wood?

DEAN: Like what?

SAM: I don’t know, a door or something?

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DEAN: You’re being ridiculous. There are thousands of passengers on the ship, and a door would hold like two people, tops. Now turn that torch off - we need to finish sawing before anyone notices us.

SAM: Sorry.

DEAN: Exactly.

SAM: Well, even if we do sink the ship, couldn’t the passengers just float to safety on bits of wood?

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SAM: Sorry.
ORCA [sarcastically]: That’s a brilliant idea! Why are we wasting all this time cutting the lifeboats adrift when we could just be filling them with half a tonne of silly string!

BARNEY: That’s what I keep saying, boss.

ORCA [grabbing BARNEY by the ear and dragging him to the ROPEs]: Get back to cutting the ropes, moron. [There are noises off-stage.] Wait, quiet! Someone’s coming.

FREDERIC THE DRUNK stumbles onto the stage, singing.

DRUNK FRED [singing]: Just sit right back and you’ll hear a tale/a tale of a fateful trip/that started from this tropic port/aboard this tiny ship [stumbles] ... hic. Wash goin’ on eh?

ORCA and BARNEY hide the ROPEs behind their backs and act unsuspicious.

ORCA: Howdy sailor! Rough night on the high seas?

FRED: Oi fink I ‘ad ... a bit much do dink and the brawl - err, to drink at d’ ball.

ORCA: A touch of spoonerisms, eh?

BARNEY: Heheh, spoonerisms, that’s funny. Good one, boss.

FRED: Theresh ... anodder pardy, on the deck - wid’ more chicks.

BARNEY: Huh? More chicks on the deck?

FRED: Ah-huh ... I’b gonna [points offstage] check on the dicks [mumbles incoherently] decks om tha chicks.

Exuent FRED, staggering.

BARNEY: G’bye! Have a fun time on the dick!

ORCA [furiously hisses at BARNEY]: What are you doing!? You could have gotten us caught, moron. Go and check the flare guns are still working. Make sure you look right down the barrel, we wouldn’t want to take any chances.

ORCA pushes BARNEY towards offstage. Enter JACK, bumping into BARNEY who is being pushed offstage. JACK and BARNEY step in a pile of SILLY STRING and it is funny probably.

JACK [excitedly]: I’ve secured the location of the necklace! What’s the secret signal again?

BARNEY takes a GIANT CONCH SHELL and blows deafeningly into it, making JACK and ORCA cover their ears. SAM and DEAN enter.

SAM: Are we ready?

ORCA: Lock and load, people. Jack’s located the Heart of the Ocean, and now that we know it’s onboard it’s time to put this
tugboat on the seafloor.

SAM: {}
DEAN: { Alright!

DEAN: Deft con, Jack! [JACK and DEAN do a secret handshake.]

SAM: Yeah, nice one Jack. I like the cut of your jib. [SAM and JACK do a different secret handshake.]

BARNEY: Yeah, right-on Jack. Fully sick-sweet. YOLO swag. [BARNEY and JACK do a regular handshake. It is underwhelming.]

JACK: Yeeaaah... about that, I was thinking - do we really have to, I mean, sink the ship? I mean, sinking the ship and killing everyone is maybe a bit, I don't know, drastic? Like, I was sort of thinking, seeing as I know where the Heart of the Ocean is - and it's really in a very lovely spot - that maybe I could just, well, you know, steal it?

SAM [thinking]: Huh. Well I'll be.

DEAN [thinking]: You know - that actually could work.

ORCA: Not bad at all. It does save us the trouble of searching through thousands of corpses on the ocean floor for a tiny necklace.

JACK: I know, right?

ORCA: Then it's settled! Jack, you steal the Heart of the Ocean, and then we'll sink the ship.

JACK: But -

ORCA [grabbing JACK'S FACE]: Shhhhh. Killing people is very important. Besides, this is our lift home.

Voices can be heard offstage. ORCA is instantly alert to them.

ORCA: Someone's coming! Act natural!

Enter SAFETY SIMON and SECURITY SALLY, accompanied byFLASHLIGHT. They are chatting and not paying a lot of attention to the supposedly “natural” poses of the ATLANTEANS (they are in completely unnatural poses).

SAFETY SIMON [while entering]: So I told him, "Mate, if you stand up there pretending to be Christ the Redeemer on the bow of the Titanic, be my guest, but I won’t be responsible when you fall off the thing!"

SECURITY SALLY: Simon, hang on. I think there’s someone here.

Shenanigans ensue, it is probably BARNEY who eventually fails to hold his pose.
SAFETY SIMON [shining light]: Oi oi oi, what’s going on here?

ATLANTEANS try to act inconspicuous. It comes off very awkwardly.

SECURITY SALLY: Routine lifeboat maintenance, eh?

SAFETY SIMON: You need help sawing through these ropes, then?

ORCA: No - er, I think we’re alright, thanks.

SAFETY SIMON: Alright then, we’ll leave you to it. Keep up the good work, crewmen.

SECURITY SALLY: You keep well, folks. Maritime safety is a very important business.

Maybe as the lights go down the SSs talk to each other about how good it is to see people doing their jobs, etc. (Lights down.

Scene 5: Rose’s One Nightstand

ROSE is alone in her room. There is a lounge, for lounging as well as a NIGHTSTAND, a LAMP, and any other LOUNGEY PARAPHERNALIA. This whole scene feels like a smutty fanfic. ROSE is admiring THE HEART OF THE OCEAN and how it looks on her NECK, in a HANDHELD MIRROR.

JACK [from offshore]: Rose? Are you there?

JACK enters, planting an EASEL and FLIPCHART in the corner of the stage as he does. Stage lights come up, warm lighting. The FLIPCHART’s first page has a list of five items. ROSE is caught off guard, she quickly rushes to drop THE HEART OF THE OCEAN and fix her clothes. JACK gets the wrong idea and he quickly turns his back.

JACK: Oh my! Son of a seahorse, I am so sorry! I didn’t know you were, oh umm, busy... with, uh... yourself.

JACK winces as he realised what he has just said, but ROSE is a classy lady and doesn’t react.

ROSE: Don’t be sorry, I was just fiddling with my jewels. No one else touches them these days.

JACK [absently]: I know if I could I would caress them every day.
JACK is expressing his want of THE HEART OF THE OCEAN, but ROSE interprets this as him hitting on her and is simultaneously overcome with desire and loneliness.

ROSE [breathlessly as she moves towards him, they embrace]: Jack, I... I had no idea you could be so forward. It has been such a long time since anybody has said anything like that to me. Such a long long long... long time. [ROSE spins overdramatically away from JACK and starts sobbing on the floor.] Oh Jack, I'm so sorry it's just... my fiancé. Cal. He's just been so dreadful to me lately! This morning during breakfast, he was completely ignoring me! He just sat there... reading!

JACK [unsure of how to react, blindly mimics ROSE's emotions]: No!

ROSE: Yes! And when I finally got his attention, oh, it was horrible! Do you know what he said?

JACK: What?

ROSE: What!

JACK:... What?

ROSE: That's all he said! He never listens to me! It's like he doesn't even care what my half-cousin Agapanthus said about the dismissive representations of relationship issues as experienced by women in today's media.

JACK: What did she say?

ROSE: Oh it's not important, she was just being emotional. And earlier, when I was getting ready, he... he... [She wails a little.]

JACK [genuinely concerned]: What did he do to you?

ROSE: I asked him if this dress [sob] made my butt [sob] look big [sob] and he said...

JACK runs to her and embraces her on the floor.

ROSE: ... he said yes!

She sobs uncontrollably into JACK's manly, sexy, probably hairless CHEST. This goes on a little until JACK lightly tilts ROSE's FACE back towards him.

JACK: No.

ROSE: Jack?

JACK [romantically - I want sparkling eyes]: No Rose, this dress makes your butt look tiny. Smaller than the smallest krill, tinier than the tiniest itsy bitsy zooplankton.

ROSE: Really?
JACK: Yes Rose, in fact, if you hadn’t mentioned it I would have sworn on all seven seas that you didn’t have a butt at all.

ROSE has been thoroughly romanced. JACK reaches forward to hold THE HEART OF THE OCEAN in his hand. ROSE pulls it back and looks hesitant. She doesn’t like other people touching her necklace.

JACK [bringing the smoulder to move beyond this obstacle]: This necklace is beautiful... like you, Rose. But next to your face, this jewel is just a distraction. Any object can be beautiful, it can be crafted and perfected, formulated and precise. But you Rose, to be so perfect out of pure chance, you are a miracle.

ROSE: Jack...

ROSE swoons and looks away. JACK uses the moment to rush over to the FLIPCHART and tick off the first item on the list, “1: SEDUCE HER”. The next item is “2: MAKE HER REMOVE NECKLACE - DRAW HER?”.

JACK: Shhhhh... [He smooshes ROSE’s FACE a little.] Can I ask you something Rose?

ROSE: Anything.

JACK: Can I draw you, Rose? I want to capture your miracle... without this [gesturing to THE HEART OF THE OCEAN]. You’re the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I never want to look at anything else.

ROSE: Oh Jack, is that all?

JACK and ROSE move to the couch where JACK hesitantly removes THE HEART OF THE OCEAN. ROSE lets him.

JACK: Where did you want me to put your necklace?

ROSE [seemingly ignoring him]: I should have a one-night stand.

JACK [panicking]: Sorry, what?

ROSE: I said I should have one nightstand, put it on that.

JACK places THE HEART OF THE OCEAN on the NIGHTSTAND and starts to arrange ROSE into position for the portrait.

ROSE: Don’t you have one nightstand, where you’re from?

JACK [missing the brilliant advances of ROSE]: Where I come from the wood would just warp, it’s so damp there it’s practically underwater.

ROSE is mildly annoyed that her flirtations are being missed. JACK brings the EASEL to center stage and flips the FLIPCHART over to a new blank page for drawing. The EASEL,
which faces the audience, can only be seen by them and JACK (and not ROSE). There should be lots of space here for the audience to request (at JACK’s invitation) crudely-drawn pictures of whatever they want. JACK can also draw ROSE as a stick figure or in certain styles of art as requested by the audience. ROSE could ask him to draw her like one of his French girls and he can draw a beret or whatever. Eventually ROSE continues with the dialogue.

ROSE [sensually]: Such a shame about the one nightstand deal. Even just having one nightstand is great. But I’m sure it’s lovely where you come from, I’d love to see it myself.

JACK [getting the hint now]: Well maybe I could show you sometime. There’s plenty of sea. I MEAN, TO see. TO see.

ROSE [sensualier]: I always thought you would be from somewhere wet... and hot... that’s the impression that you leave on me. Are you almost done?

JACK: I’m getting close. [He then realises that he will have to show her his picture. He scrunches it up and writes “I love you” on a new page instead.]

JACK: There, finished. [He shows ROSE his NOTE.]

ROSE gets off the LOUNGE and goes to embrace JACK.

ROSE: Oh Jack! Come with me, there’s something I want to show you.

JACK [excited and a little afraid]: But Rose, I’m scared.

ROSE [gingerly caressing JACK’s face]: Oh baby, don’t be.

ROSE leads JACK offstage to bang.

The Mission: Impossible theme song plays as the stage lights go down, leaving the set silhouetted. SLENDER SAM is lowered from the roof to steal THE HEART OF THE OCEAN. It is clear that it is a dummy. As it is lowered behind the furniture, the actual SAM rises up and sneakily sneaks over to the HEART OF THE OCEAN. He gleefully takes it and returns to his original position. SLENDER SAM is raised again, now with a replica of the HEART OF THE OCEAN around its neck. After a brief moment of quiet, SLENDER SAM is hastily lowered once more and SAM emerges again, rushing over to the flipchart and ticking off the remaining three items on JACK’s list: “3: SAM STEALS THE NECKLACE”, “4: ???”,” and “5: PROFIT!!!”. He quickly runs behind the couch once more and SLENDER SAM is raised again, with the final light in the scene showing the one empty nightstand where THE HEART OF THE OCEAN once lay. End Scene.
Scene 6: The Importance of Killing Ernest (and Everyone Else Onboard)

It is night on the ship’s deck. ORCA is center stage with a WALKIE TALKIE in hand. When JEFF talks it is in a voiceover (or else he is off to the side, onstage but separate). He is a huge redneck.

ORCA: Orca to Iceberg, Orca to Iceberg, over. Do you read?

JEFF: I can’t hear you, you have to use the secret codenames! Over.

ORCA [impatient]: Ugh. [He hesitates.] Goldilocks to Papa Bear. Do you read?

JEFF: I read you loud and clear. Over.

ORCA: Are you close to your final position?

JEFF: Hey, Goldilocks, how’s my little nephew? Is he there?

ORCA [into the WALKIE TALKIE]: Iceberg, you’d better be in position when I give the signal or the Council will send another global warming surge your way. Have I made myself clear?

JEFF [sighing]: Copy. Over and out.

ORCA: Do we have the Heart?

SAM: Right here, boss.

ORCA: Excellent. Now all we need is Jack.

JACK enters, tucking in his shirt, flattening his hair, etc. He is uncomfortable because he doesn’t want the plan to go ahead.

ORCA: You’re a little late, Jack. You do remember why we’re here, don’t you?

JACK: Well, yes, but I’ve been thinking. It’s about Rose -
SAM: You’re in love with the girl! I knew it!

DEAN: Jack, how could you betray us like this?!

BARNEY tuts and shakes his head. Everyone looks at him like, as if you even know what we are talking about.

ORCA: Rookie mistake, Jack. You should know the cardinal rule of being a spy.

JACK: Two fruit and five vegetables? Nothing good happens after 2am? If in doubt, whip it out?

ORCA [facepalming]: Barnacle, tell him the cardinal rule.

BARNEY: Uhh… potato?

ORCA: Ugh, why did I bother. Salmon? Deepwater?

SAM: {}

DEAN: {} Never fall in love!

JACK: Well, that rule is stupid. Who can tell the heart what it wants? No one. That’s who. Anyway, the point is that we have the Heart of the Ocean now, and that’s what we came here for. No one knows we have it except for Rose and she’ll probably just think she lost it. Surely we don’t need to send the Titanic to the bottom of the ocean?

ORCA: Are you suggesting we abandon the plan? Our orders from the Council were clear: sink the ship, find the heart and return to Atlantis. The sequence of events may have changed but the orders have not. Or are you betraying us altogether?

The body language of the team is dividing them into sides - JACK and BARNEY should slowly become distinct from ORCA, SAM and DEAN.

BARNEY [stepping between JACK and ORCA]: I… I think Jack has a good point.

ORCA: What was that?

BARNEY: I don’t think we should sink the boat and kill everyone if we already have the necklace.

ORCA: You disgust me. Shut up and wait in the engine room until you hear the sound of running water and doors closing.

SAM and DEAN make faces at BARNEY from behind ORCA. BARNEY sadly leaves.

SAM: Is that it then, Jack? Are you really going to throw away what we have for a surface girl?

JACK: Well I’m not really sure we “have” anything. I only met you when we were told this mission was happening.
DEAN: All the memories, Jack! You remember Budapest?

JACK: That’s a reference to *The Avengers*. It’s not even a thing that happened. You don’t even know where Budapest is on a map. And neither do I!

ORCA: Let me sell it to you this way, Jack. I will offer you one last chance to abandon your foolish notions of sympathy toward the passengers and return to Atlantis with us. If you remain here with the girl you will be abandoning your mission and we will have to consider you an enemy of Atlantis. I think you know what that means. What is your response?

The crucial moment. JACK looks to the audience for support/advice/encouragement to do what the script says he’ll do anyway. Eventually, after they cheer him on, he lunges for the WALKIE TALKIE and manages to get out a few words.

JACK: Jack to Jazzy Jeff’s Icebergs! Abandon the plan! I repeat-

SAM and DEAN lift JACK to his feet but he breaks free momentarily. He appears briefly able to handle himself in combat against the duo but his resistance is swiftly and brutally put down in a choreographed fight by a knee to the back or something harsh from ORCA which probably knocks JACK out.

SAM: Ouch.

SAM and DEAN depart the stage with JACK dragged behind them.

ORCA [as they leave]: No time to waste. I have a ship to captain and a captain to ship... to hell.

(Shark) Fin.

ORCA pulls the WALKIE TALKIE away and SAM and DEAN help throw JACK to the floor. They restrain him.

JEFF [still voiceover]: What’s that? You like my flan?

ORCA [sighing loudly and thinking, this is too hard to explain]: ... yes. Over and out. [To SAM and DEAN] Take him somewhere and lock him up.
Scene 7: The Sinkening

Bridge of the ship. CAP’N BIRDEYES is at centre-stage with the WHEEL. ORCA enters, looking rough and tough. (He’s behind you!)

CAP’N: Yar, Second Officer Orca. What’re ye doin’ sneakin’ around at this time o’ night?

ORCA: Good evening, Captain. I’m here to sink the ship.

CAP’N: Yarrrr! Surely yer weighin’ me anchor, bucko! I’ll hang from the crow’s nest before I see me vessel harmed!

ORCA: Oh but it’s already too late, Captain. I’ve disconnected your wheel and you’ll have to go down to the engine rooms to fix it.


CAP’N: What? How’d ye do that, ye mangey -

ORCA: I won’t be letting you go, Captain. You’ll remain in here and watch as your ship steams head-on into a well-placed iceberg.

CAP’N: Yar, why’d me ship do that?

ORCA: It’s an ice heist, baby. I’ve stolen the Heart of the Ocean, one of the most powerful jewels... in the world.

CAP’N: If ye’ve already nabbed it, surely ye don’t need to scuttle me ship to boot!

ORCA: I suppose I could let you all live... but what great quest ever started with an act of mercy?

ORCA pulls out a WALKIE TALKIE.

ORCA: Iceberg, Operation Big Ship Sink Now is a go.

BIG JEFF [voiceover, or off to the side]: Are we still not sold on the whole Goldilocks/Papa Bear thing? I really feel like there’s-

ORCA removes the batteries from the WALKIE TALKIE. There is a tremendous and terrible crashing/scraping sound and ORCA and CAP’N BIRDEYES wobble around. Passengers begin pouring out of every orifice in the theatre. It is panic stations. SAM and DEAN rush onstage to ORCA’s side.

CAP’N: What have ye done?!

SAM [pulling out THE HEART OF THE OCEAN]: I’ve got the jewel.

DEAN: Jack’s taken care of.
ORCA [snatching THE HEART OF THE OCEAN]: Let’s bounce.

SAM, DEAN and ORCA put on their SNORKELS and leave. CAP’N gets to his WHEEL and uses a RADIO to talk to the passengers.

CAP’N [sadly]: Ahoy. This be Cap’n Birdeyes talkin’. Yar. Got some awkward news. All passengers, abandon ship. Do not bother battelin’ down the hatches. Turns out the Titanic ain’t as unsinkable as we may’ve made it out to be. Womenfolk and wee lads and lasses first. Politicians last. Yar.

CAP’N takes up a final dramatic last pose at the wheel as the lights go down on him. The rest of the stage is semi-organized chaos, with people everywhere. In this section as groups come forward they should say their lines on the way to the lifeboat queue. CONTIKI ADDISON and MADISON make their way forward.

ADDISON: This is the worst contiki tour EVER!

MADISON: Well, if we’re gonna die, we should definitely take a selfie!

They pose and take a picture with their IPHONES.

ADDISON: Hashtag sinking, hashtag worst vacation ever, hashtag drown and out.

MADISON: Good luck beating that in the selfie olympics!

They join the lifeboat queue. SIR TAI TANNICK, LOTTA MONEYBAGS and WANDA TAXCUT replace them at the front.

LOTTA: Did you hear that announcement? Women and children first? That’s terrible!

WANDA: So typical of today’s patriarchy. Of course they’d send the women and children to die first!

SIR TAI: Ladies, ladies. Don’t be silly. I’m sure he meant female children, not females AND children! Come along, I assume the lifeboat operators take bribes.

LOTTA, WANDA and SIR TAI join the queue. MR and MRS CRUSOE take their place.

MRS CRUSOE: You chose this ship deliberately didn’t you? I knew you missed being marooned on an island!

MR CRUSOE [trying to hide his happiness]: Honey, look on the bright side, we already know how to tame wild animals and make houses out of driftwood! And you’ve always enjoyed the cold!

MRS CRUSOE: I hope you get eaten by a polar bear.

The CRUSOES join the queue. ROSE and CAL make their way forward.
ROSE: No, you can't hang a towel off it! And now is hardly the time for a demonstration!

CAL: I so can! Even if it's just a little hand towel...

ROSE: The ship is sinking, you idiot! I'm getting off this boat, with or without you!

CAL: Not before me you're not!

**CAL pushes rudely through the queue of passengers, knocking almost all of them over or out of the way or into the water. As he gets to the front he finds LITTLE TIMMY and his BALLOON are in his way. As he reaches out to cut the string LITTLE TIMMY catches him in the act. CAL shrugs like he doesn't care. LITTLE TIMMY kicks him in the shin and blows a raspberry at him.**

LITTLE TIMMY: I hope you die in a fire.

**CAL exits in pain.**

ROSE: Ugh. Jackass. **[To self]** It's alright Rose, one day he'll die and I will not shed a single tear. And on that day I shall make one single comment in my diary: “Dear Diary: Hah!”

*Shouts of despair come from the start of the queue.*

THIRD CLASS ANNIE: All of the lifeboats... they've been sabotaged, ain't they! All filled up with silly string!

ROSE [remembering]: Jack! I can't leave without him!

**ROSE leaves stage left.**

THIRD CLASS ELLIE [hysterically]: We're done for! Only intermission can save us now!

*End scene. Curtains down. End act.*

**INTERMISSION**

Any passengers/crew who aren’t needed immediately in the green room could maybe hang around in the foyer, where they escaped to?
Scene 8: Genius is One Percent Inspiration and Seven Tenths Below the Water

Lights up. The curtain is still closed. JAMES is lying on his stomach with his feet in the air doing chin-hands, eagerly awaiting the next part of LIZZY's story. Maybe she is doing the same.

JAMES: So wait, take me through the part where it actually HITS the iceberg.

LIZZY: The actual reports of the damage and sinking are historically accurate, you know, apart from that the iceberg was being driven. Why do you need me to tell you?

JAMES: You know what? You're right. I should tell it!

He closes his eyes to think, and MINI-TITANIC comes on from stage left. It's basically a tiny version of the ship being worn as a costume by someone. It's cute as hell. JAMES gestures, and BIG JEFF comes on from stage right, driving the iceberg. He waves happily to the audience. He's also cute as hell. During the sequence JAMES wildly gestures, as if envisioning a masterpiece.

JAMES: Perfect! Now, add a bit of script to get it going. Maybe some music.

BIG JEFF: We'll be sinking the Titanic when she comes! I'll be sinking theahsfhafj asjefojewfij...

BIG JEFF trails off into nonsense, vaguely humming the song.

JAMES: BRILLIANT! And then it's about to hit, oh my god, this is gonna be so freakin' epic. Wait. It needs... it needs something else.

He looks thoughtful, and then has a brainwave, whistling and motioning someone onto the scene. PM TONES enters the stage.

PM TONES: We uh, we will NOT, we WILL not, allow these boats through to our waters, they will, uh, be stopped, with force if, uh, if requi-

MINI-TITANIC runs over PM TONES, who immediately falls to the ground, really super dead (hooray).

MINI-TITANIC: Choo choo, motherfucker. [Not really.]

JAMES cackles to himself gleefully. LIZZY looks like she is done with this shit.

JAMES: No! You know what? We need to somehow base it on a video game, EVERYONE loves films based on video games!

This time JAMES motions on STAGE NINJAS who move MINIATURE ICEBERGS which the MINI-TITANIC has to
navigate through in a Flappy-Bird style sequence. Maybe there is a giant cardboard iPhone or something and James plays it as the Mini-Titanic moves. Eventually Lizzy interrupts.

Lizzy: I think your turn is over.

James: Fine.

The stage clears.

Lizzy: So, as I was saying, Jack and Rose were trapped in the sinking Titanic...


Scene 9: Rising Damp

Jack is handcuffed to a pipe, trapping him in a room that is void of water - for now. He struggles with the handcuffs. There are noises as the ship strains and nearby areas fill with water. Rose enters via the trapdoor.

Rose: Jack! There you are!

Jack: Rose! I'm handcuffed to this pipe! [He rattles it.]

Rose goes up to him and slides the handcuffs off the end of the pipe (like “haha bet you thought you were supposed to imagine that set-piece didn’t literally just end in the air like that”). They both shrug and then embrace passionately. Water starts rising in through the trapdoor - stage ninjas enter carrying objects and bobbing them around to represent the water level (low at first, with them still in the hole, but it slowly rises and they climb out). As the water level rises Jack and Rose mime walking through the appropriate level of water as they move around, and make “swoosh, swoosh” noises, etc.

Rose [pulling Jack away]: We have to get out of here! The ship is sinking, in case you didn’t notice.

Jack [letting go of Rose and turning back]: Uh, yeah, about that...
ROSE [more concerned about the water, which JACK isn't fazed by]: What? What is it?

JACK: Well Rose, it's just that sometimes, when a man appears to like a person, in fact a woman, a specific woman to be more precise, sometimes even though he does like the specific woman, he might have been a little bit of a secret agent from an underwater city.

ROSE [watching the water rise]: What is that supposed to mean?

JACK: And sometimes, when a man is a secret agent, he has to seduce a woman, in fact the specific woman I just mentioned, and even though it starts off for those reasons sometimes he actually does come to like the specific woman.

ROSE [shaking her head and splashing over to him]: I have no idea what you're saying. We need to leave. [Pulling JACK away, she goes to clutch THE HEART OF THE OCEAN around her neck but it isn't there! She realises incorrectly that it is still in her room.] Oh god... Jack, I left the Heart of the Ocean in my room...!

JACK [letting go of ROSE and turning back]: Uh, yeah, about that...

BARNEY swims in through the trapdoor, wearing a snorkel.

BARNEY [surfacing]: Hi Jack! Oh, is this the lady you stole the necklace off? She's hot! [JACK is horrified at BARNEY's dialogue and BARNEY notices.] I mean... she isn't hot?

ROSE [horrified at JACK]: Jack! How could you? The dancing, the drawing... it was all just an act?

JACK: In my defense, it was a very good act? And it became real!

ROSE mimes splashing JACK with water. BARNEY pretends he is also splashed. JACK is soaked, although he was waist-deep in water already.

ROSE: After all I told you! I trusted you! I... I LOVED you! And you were just after the necklace... you have no idea what that means to me! I don't think I can ever trust you again!

JACK: No, Rose, it started with the necklace but then it was about saving your life! I don't even have the necklace, the others took it! I can make it up to you, I swear! There's this great pizza place in Chicago-

ROSE glares at him.

JACK: Just tell me what I can do to prove I love you!

ROSE is silent for a moment, thinking.

ROSE: Steal it back.
JACK: What?

ROSE: Help me steal back the Heart of the Ocean. If you can do that, I'll believe that you love me and that this isn't about the necklace.

JACK [after thinking for a second and realising there is only one answer]: I... I'll do it. Of course. Anything.

Meanwhile the water is getting high (on LIFE).

BARNEY: Look, I hate to interrupt and all, but I'm guessing this ship is going to hit the ocean floor any second. Jack, do you still have your snorkel?

JACK pulls out his SNORKEL.

BARNEY [pulling out a second SNORKEL and giving it to ROSE]: Take this.

ROSE: What- ? Why do you have snorkels?

BARNEY: To breathe underwater. Duh.

JACK: Let's get out of this room - when this thing hits we want to get to Atlantis as quickly as possible.

ROSE: Atlantis?

JACK: We'll explain on the way.

BARNEY: Oh, Rose... wait till you see Atlantis! Me and Jack go way back, we already know this stuff.

JACK: Barney, I met you just before we boarded the Titanic.

BARNEY: Feels just like it was yesterday.

JACK: It was.

They swim away (maybe start going down the trapdoor but then lights go down and they can help scene change instead). End scene.
Scene 10: Baby, Won’t You Drive My Car Metaphor

The Council meeting room in Atlantis. The COUNCIL MEMBERS and ORCA are seated around a large, ornate wooden table. Maybe there is a gap in the lights somewhere out of the way and DR OSTRACOD is sitting with them and they ask her to fix it so she goes into the stairs or something.

ULYSSES: I’m glad to see you made it back in one piece, Agent One. Shame about the rogue agent and all that business.

NAUTILUS: Ahem! Welcome, all, to the 610th Atlantic Council. Now, before we begin, I believe Councillor Argo has some notices from our last meeting?

ARGO: Indeed. Now, following up on the case of a missing fish, I can report that we found Nemo... [COUNCILLORS pleased] dead. [COUNCILLORS no longer pleased.]

DUTCHMAN: Oh my.

ARGO: Oh my indeed, Councillor Dutchman. He had been mostly eaten by a shark, but fortunately we identified the remains with reference to dental records. Councillor Ulysses, please minute our condolences to his father. We must ask ourselves: what is the solution to this shark problem?

BISMARCK: Well, despite having no public backing or logical evidence to prove this plan could work, may I suggest we cull the sharks?

NAUTILUS: A fine suggestion, Councillor Bismarck. All in favour?

ALL: Aye!

NAUTILUS: All opposed?

PANTO SEAHORSE FRONT [appearing from the wings]: NEIGH!

The COUNCILLORS look at the PANTO SEAHORSE all like “Panto Seahorse u r dum”. For the record, the PANTO SEAHORSE is saying nay, they do not oppose.

PANTO SEAHORSE FRONT: Oh wait, right, seahorse. Pantomime seahorse. I mean, uh, seahorse sounds. [To PANTO SEAHORSE BACK] What sound does a seahorse even make?

PANTO SEAHORSE BACK: How the heck would I know?! You’re talking to the butt of a seahorse! [The PANTO SEAHORSE exits.]

NAUTILUS: On with business, then. Our first item on the agenda is to congratulate Agent One and his team of Atlantean spies on successfully sinking the Titanic and retrieving the Heart of the Ocean!
The COUNCILLORS applaud.

ARGO: A fine job indeed, Agent One! Finally the tyranny of Aquaman is reaching its end. No longer will his devilish powers hold sway over the creatures of the sea.

ULYSSES: With the Heart of the Ocean in our hands we can begin peaceful treaties with Aquaman and his subordinates...

ARGO: Of course.

ULYSSES: And then hypnotise them all into tearing their own faces off and eating each other's intestines!


NAUTILUS: I would now like to invite Agent One to speak.

The COUNCILLORS politely applaud. ORCA stands to deliver his speech.

ORCA: Thank you, Councillor Nautilus. Esteemed members of the Atlantean Council, six months ago it was decided that Atlantis could no longer be a backseat driver in the car of oceanic history. It was time to take the wheel. And with the Heart of the Ocean in our hands, we have finally put on our driving gloves. Thanks to my brilliant steering, we not only achieved the primary goal of acquiring the Heart of the Ocean but also succeeded in blowing two rogue agents through the exhaust pipe.

DUTCHMAN: Bravo!

BISMARCK: Pray tell, Agent One, what does the Heart actually do?

ORCA: Now that's the best part. My subordinates are waiting outside - if you will permit them to enter I can demonstrate how the Heart of the Ocean will return this city to its former glory.

NAUTILUS: Of course! I'll buzz them in now.

NAUTILUS presses a BUTTON on his desk. A SIGN is lowered from the rafters which reads “Farewell Janet!”, also some BALLOONS fall at the same time.

NAUTILUS: Damn it! Wrong button. Stupid new-fangled technology...

NAUTILUS presses the BUTTON again. This time two STAGE NINJAS come out maybe from weird parts of the theatre. They are disappointed at having no one to fight, and leave dejectedly.

NAUTILUS: Sorry, sorry...

Third time's the charm, right? Wrong. A third press of the BUTTON brings out a ONE MAN BAND who is making a lot of terrible noise.
DUTCHMAN [*shouting to be heard*]: Oh my word, what a racket!

ARGO [*standing up and motioning at the ONE MAN BAND to stop*]: EXCUSE ME! What are you doing?

ONE MAN BAND: Hey, don’t look at me. You lot are the ones who pressed for a Code 9.

NAUTILUS: Our apologies. It was an accident.

ONE MAN BAND [*mumbling angrily*]: It’s never Code 9.

During this exchange ORCA (who is getting real tired of this shit) gets SAM and DEAN to enter with minimal fuss and button-pushing.

ULYSSES [*escalating in evilness*]: Agents Nineteen and… Nineteen B? [*The other COUNCILLORS shrug.*] Congratulations on your successful mission! Thanks to your hard work, the sea will soon know the true power of Atlantis!

SAM and DEAN are all like “aww shucks you guys”. While they are being all embarrassed ORCA removes THE HEART OF THE OCEAN from underneath his jacket and holds it directly in front of SAM and DEAN.

ORCA: Obey.

SAM and DEAN blink fast for a second or two before matching each others’ body language.

BISMARCK: Bravo! C’est magnifique! [*The rest of the COUNCILLORS nod in admiration.*]

ORCA: Thank you, Agents. That will be all for now.

SAM and DEAN leave, matching each other’s steps. The COUNCILLORS look confused.

ARGO: Hang on Agent One. Aren’t you going to reverse the hypnosis? They’re no good to us like that.

ORCA: Correct, they are indeed useless to you. But they are a great asset - as is this necklace - to me.

A STAGE NINJA comes out holding a big CARDBOARD COIN and sloooowly lowers it to the ground. Written on it is “PENNY”. When it hits the floor all five COUNCILLORS breathe in sharply.

DUTCHMAN: Oh my...

ULYSSES: This is mutiny, Agent One! Your orders were clear-

ORCA: Quite clear, yes. Sink the ship, find the Heart, return to Atlantis. Not a single mention of “hand it over to a board of incompetent fools”.

NAUTILUS: Hey! We are NOT incompetent!
He presses the BUTTON again. Maybe What Does the Fox Say plays or a watermelon rolls across the stage or something hilariously nonsensical.

ORCA: Ugh. Atlantis has done well as a Volvo but it has been far too long since we were a Ferrari. The council is outdated and useless. As of this moment I am disbanding the Council of Atlantis and taking control for myself. Are there any questions?

COUNCILLOR BISMARCK raises his hand. ORCA rolls his eyes and raises the HEART OF THE OCEAN in front of the COUNCILLORS.

ORCA: Sleep.

The COUNCILLORS collapse onto the floor, sleeping.

ORCA [in a badass action hero voice]: Class dismissed. [Realising everyone is asleep] That would have been SO cool if anyone had heard it.

ORCA exits, letting sleeping COUNCILLORS lie. After a few moments DR OSTRACOD reveals herself again with a look of shock on her face.

DR OSTRACOD: May Poseidon have mercy on us all...

Lights down.

Scene 11: Ocean’s Eleven Minus Five

The streets of Atlantis. There are propaganda posters and flags, saying things like “Orca is love, Orca is life”, “Long live the Emperor!”, etc. JACK, ROSE and BARNEY enter, apprehensive. INDOCTRINATED IRIS and BRAINWASHED BILL are there putting up POSTERS.

JACK: This is bizarre... it’s like a ghost town.

BARNEY: All hail Orca, Emperor of Atlantis.

ROSE: Excuse me?

BARNEY: Huh?

JACK: He’s reading the posters... Orca is trying to make himself Emperor of Atlantis.

ROSE: He can’t do that! Right?

JACK: It’s the Heart of the Ocean. He must have used it to brainwash the Council, and I’d guess he’s starting with the rest of Atlantis before moving on to the ocean at large.

JACK and BARNEY look at ROSE but she isn’t surprised about THE HEART OF THE OCEAN being magical.

JACK: The whole “magic necklace” thing didn’t shock you?
ROSE: Not really? I used it sometimes to make Cal take out the trash. I don’t think he ever noticed.

JACK approaches BILL and IRIS.

JACK: Hey, hi there. Look, we’ve just returned after a short holiday, and the place we were staying had a worse wireless signal than Unifi, so, you know, we’re not really keeping up with the news. What is this whole “Emperor” business?

BRAINWASHED BILL: Why, we have been saved! Aquaman is dead, and we are free for the first time!

JACK: But how did we get an Emperor? What happened to the Council?

INDOCTRINATED IRIS: We have been freed in every way imaginable. Thanks to Emperor Orca - may he reign forever - we are free from the burden of democracy. Praise be to the Emperor!

BRAINWASHED BILL: The Emperor offers us freedom and joy and the forgiveness of sins.

INDOCTRINATED IRIS: We must continue on to the palace where we will sing songs of praise for our immortal saviour.

BRAINWASHED BILL and INDOCTRINATED IRIS leave singing something silly that is supposed to be a song of praise (I don’t know, some nursery rhyme about fish or something). MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE peek out from behind something that is behind JACK, ROSE and BARNEY (“They’re behind you!”), who are alarmed but it’s okay.

DR OSTRACOD [peeking out from behind something that isn’t behind them]: You know about the Heart of the Ocean, and its devastating power, correct?

ROSE: Who are you?

DR OSTRACOD [looking around and stepping out into full view]: I am Dr Ostracod. These are my associates, Monkeywrench and Flangehandle. [MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE step into full view.] I know who you are, Agents Sixteen and Seventy Eight - or should I say, Jack Dorsal and Barney Barnacle. You are former colleagues of Agent One, now known as Emperor Orca. [To ROSE] However, I do not believe we’ve met?

ROSE: Rose.

MONKEYWRENCH: You’re not an Atlantean.
ROSE: How can you tell?

FLANGEHANDLE: You’re wearing your snorkel wrong.

JACK notices and helps her adjust it so it matches the others.

ROSE: Oh. Thanks.

DR OSTRACOD: I must confess I have ulterior motives in finding you today. [She looks around to verify that nobody is nearby dropping eaves.] I need to ask for your help in stealing the Heart of the Ocean from Orca’s palace. [She glances at ROSE and realises she must be its previous owner. Pointing at her] Ah. I see now. You are its previous owner. That makes it a win-win situation. We free Atlantis from the control of an evil dictator, and you get the jewel back. What say you?

BARNEY: Okay team! Huddle up!

BARNEY brings JACK and ROSE into a huddle, whispering “whisper whisper whisper”. After a few seconds JACK interrupts.

JACK: That’s it? All you said was “whisper whisper whisper”.

BARNEY: It’s a great plan, I know.

JACK [to OSTRACOD]: You can get us into Orca’s palace?

DR OSTRACOD: Worked there for fifteen years doing the electrics. I know my way around [much quieter, leaning forward knowingly] the electrics.

ROSE: How do we know this isn’t a trap?

MONKEYWRENCH: This isn’t a trap, young Miss.

FLANGEHANDLE: Dr Ostracod’s the honestest Atlantean we know.

DR OSTRACOD: If I wanted to ensnare you, Miss Rose, I probably would have done so already. With electrics, I imagine.

JACK [after a moment of thought]: Alright, Doctor. You get us into the palace, and we’ll steal the necklace, but this had better go flawlessly. This is my last job as an Agent. I’m done with heists and secrets. I want to be on the surface with Rose.

ROSE smiles.

DR OSTRACOD: Excellent. Now, this might be a long shot, but you don’t happen to have five unindoctrinated friends nearby, do you?

JACK: Not at hand. Why?

DR OSTRACOD: Well, it’s just that if we had five more members then we could have made an Ocean’s Eleven joke. No matter! Meet us in the abandoned library in five minutes.
DR OSTRACOD and MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE sneak back behind things. BARNEY, ROSE and JACK count on their fingers. There is an awkward pause. JACK and ROSE aren’t sure how to feel about what BARNEY is about to realise.

BARNEY: Wait, eleven... YES! [Singing] I got included, I’m part of a conspiracy!

End scene.

Scene 12: Dr. Ostracod, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Heist Scene

In this scene, there is a heist. It is acted out as DR OSTRACOD narrates exactly what is happening on the stage. OSTRACOD, JACK, ROSE, MONKEYWRENCH, FLANGEHANDLE and BARNEY are forward stage left around a table with PLANS laid out on it.

DR OSTRACOD: Alright. We’ve got it all scoped out. The plan is brilliant in its simplicity.

BARNEY: Ahhh, the old bomb the entire palace technique. Love it.

DR OSTRACOD: Not quite THAT simple. Now, our surveillance shows Orca taking a shower at exactly 6:15pm every single evening and when he does, he removes the necklace and puts it on a pedestal in the exact center of the room.

BARNEY: Oh, I see. Pressure plates in the floor surrounding it, so we’ll have to drop in from the roof on a wire. Love it.

DR OSTRACOD: No, he just... puts it on the pedestal.

BARNEY: He certainly does! Wink.

Everyone stares at BARNEY. He continues to look all “yeah she
did”.

DR OSTRACOD: … Soooo basically we just have to get into the bathroom and g-

BARNEY: Pour flesh-eating acid into the water supply. Love it.

DR OSTRACOD snaps.

DR OSTRACOD: Okay Da Vinci, any more genius ideas from you and I’m going to send you in as bait to draw fire from the real entrance team. I’ve got this all figured out, so SIT DOWN, [she gets all up in BARNEY’s grill] and listen up.

BARNEY is sad and leaves, muttering about the roof (I guess instead of sitting and listening he is going to sulk). DR OSTRACOD now narrates her plans to the audience.

DR OSTRACOD: So we’re splitting into teams to secure the necklace. Now, security on this place is tighter than (improvise something funny like “Gina Rinehart’s belt”, except funnier but not super offensive.) Monkeywrench, Flangehandle, that’s where you come in.

As he talks, MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE exit stage and run on further back, doing the things that DR OSTRACOD is describing.

FLANGEHANDLE enters the passwords and it does the unsuccessful UWA cardswipe sound effect.

FLANGEHANDLE: Nope.

MONKEYWRENCH: Okay, three passwords... try “password”, “123456” and “b zero zero”.

FLANGEHANDLE does so. Successful UWA cardswipe sound effect.

FLANGEHANDLE: Thank goodness for boobs.

FLANGEHANDLE and MONKEYWRENCH walk in the spot as GUARD JIMMY and GUARD TIMMY appear onstage, looking bored (as guards usually do). They are holding tridents. TIMMY’S trident has a balloon on top instead of a spike.

DR OSTRACOD: I need the two of you to do two things. The first is to get us into the rear entrance of the building. The door is protected by three passwords, so you’ll need to know each one.

MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE approach the rear door with a PASSWORD PAPER in hand. (Ideally it is legible to the audience.)

MONKEYWRENCH: Okay, three passwords... try “password”, “123456” and “b zero zero”.

FLANGEHANDLE: Nope.

FLANGEHANDLE: Thank goodness for boobs.
DR OSTRACOD: Secondly, the rooftops are watched by two guards. You'll need to distract them long enough for me to get up on the roof and access the laser security system. And be careful, these guys are elite. Don’t underestimate them.

GUARD JIMMY notices the intruders.

GUARD JIMMY: Oi oi oi, what’s going on here?

FLANGEHANDLE: Uh...We were just...

GUARD JIMMY: … Routine security system maintenance, eh?

GUARD TIMMY: You need help deactivating the rooftop security cameras, then?

MONKEYWRENCH: No - er, I think we’re alright, thanks.

GUARD JIMMY: Would you like to tie us up, to test our ability to overcome adversity?

MONKEYWRENCH and FLANGEHANDLE exchange looks, shrug, and proceed to tie up the GUARDS. They leave, as the GUARDS happily struggle with their bonds. MONKEYWRENCH quickly appears back onstage to pop TIMMY’s balloon. TIMMY silently breaks down, and the GUARDS are shuffled offstage.

DR OSTRACOD: The corridor to Orca’s room is filled with a maze of lasers. Once those two take out the guards, I’ll get onto the roof and deactivate them. Now, there’s a failsafe that sets off the alarm if the lasers are deactivated for more than twenty seconds. If I time it just right, the lasers should shut off as you enter the corridor, and come back on just after you leave.

The lasers are represented by RED STRING held by stage NINJAS. They switch off just as JACK and ROSE enter the corridor. They run down it, but JACK spots a PENNY on the ground and stops to pick it up. ROSE reaches the exit, and just as JACK picks up the penny and looks thoroughly pleased with himself, the lasers switch back on. JACK is trapped in a room full of lasers! Oh no! He takes a deep breath, and launches into a beautiful ballet routine, weaving through the lasers a la Catherine Zeta-Jones in the 1999 smash-hit film Entrapment (with a little help from NINJAS). A lot of the dance is just him wiggling his butt at the audience. He makes it through the lasers unscathed.

DR OSTRACOD: Okay guys. After this, you’re on your own. If everything goes according to plan, you should enter the room just as he gets in the shower.

JACK and ROSE walk on the spot as a SHOWER is rolled onstage, along with the PEDESTAL and ORCA. ORCA removes his ROBE to reveal as skimpy a BATHING SUIT as the actor is comfortable in. He climbs into the SHOWER and turns the water on. The SHOWER is lit from the back so his silhouette can be seen. Various visual gags can be made from this. If someone in the
audience is like “lol why are they showering underwater?” an Atlantean can be offended and say something about “oh just because we live underwater we are unhygienic barbarians?”

DR OSTRACOD: Now, you’re going to have to be reeeeeeeal quiet in this part, because if there’s one thing we know about Orca, it’s that he’d never let his guard down, even in the showe-

He is interrupted as ORCA starts singing. As JACK and ROSE sneak into the room he begins switching through a series of songs where basically the whole point is that he is straight up telling them that he can see what they’re doing. Like “Can’t Take My Eyes Off You” and “I Got My Eye On You” and “I See You” or whatever. But in any case, JACK and ROSE exchange looks and sneak over to THE HEART OF THE OCEAN. As ROSE picks it up and they exchange lovey dovey/victorious looks, ORCA comes out with a towel on his head (but otherwise as revealing as before) and double finger points at Jack and Rose, who freeze. BUSTED.

ORCA: Seriously though, I can see what you guys are doing. Give me the jewel.

JACK: Never!

ORCA: Simon Says give me the jewel.

ROSE throws the HEART OF THE OCEAN to ORCA and immediately regrets it. JACK is appalled.

JACK: Rose!

ROSE: I’m sorry! He said “Simon says”!

ORCA [pleased]: This is the worst heist ever. There’s no way out of this room, you must have known that. I’ve hit the lockdown button, and now the door only opens from the inside with my handprint. Did you even plan a way to get out?

DR OSTRACOD, who was still at the front of the stage narrating/watching, looks sheepish and slinks off. Maybe she whistles like people do when they do the thing.

ORCA: I see. Well, I’m afraid I’m not going to be able to just let you leave...

BARNEY: OH YES YOU AREN’T!

Everyone looks up. SLENDER-BARNEY comes whizzing down from the roof, Mission: Impossible style. He falls quickly, and hits the ground behind some conveniently located OBJECT, where BARNEY has been hiding since he slunk off earlier in the scene. He gets up and looks around, disoriented. He spies ORCA and walks over to him angrily.

BARNEY: I am SO SICK of you being such a JERK all the time, Dad. You NEVER loved me! You’ve always treated me like a stain on the bottom of your shoe. Never like a son. Never like an equal.
So maybe I’m not the sharpest lightbulb in the deck. Maybe I am a few knives short of a casserole. But I know one thing. If Mum could see the way you’re acting now, she’d be ashamed. You’re not the man she married. You’re not the father I deserved. And you’re not the hero that this city needs, OR deserves, or deserves to need, or needs desserts. So just let it go, Dad. Let the desserts go. Let’s just walk away from all this, and talk. That’s all I ever wanted, Dad. I just wanted you to talk to me.

There is a palpable silence. It is able to be palpated.

ORCA: ... What?

BARNEY screams and headbutts ORCA. As ORCA staggers in pain ROSE steals the HEART OF THE OCEAN back from him. Audience cheer. Much success, very jewel, all too many happy ending. ORCA, still in pain, looks up at ROSE.

ORCA: Give me… give me the Heart!

ROSE [super badassedly]: Simon didn’t say.

ROSE puts on a pair of sunglasses CSI: Miami style and then holds the HEART OF THE OCEAN up to ORCA.

ROSE: Obey.

ORCA blinks rapidly for a moment and then stands up straight.

ROSE: Now, be a darling, would you kindly open the door?

ORCA obliges (not that he has much choice). ROSE, JACK and BARNEY all head to the doorway and go to leave, but ROSE turns around first.

ROSE: Now sit. [ORCA sits.] Stay. [ORCA stays.] Good boy.

Satisfied, ROSE leads JACK and BARNEY out. BARNEY briefly re-enters.

BARNEY [lovingly]: I love you Dad.

He hugs ORCA (who doesn’t move) and then exits. Ultimately ORCA’s punishment is having BARNEY for a son? Or does he? I dunno man, it’s kind of ambiguous, maybe you’ll have to decide for yourself. Maybe Orca is somehow Barney’s dad. Maybe Barney is just real stoopid. In any case, the scene is over. Turn the page to continue your adventure.
Scene 13: Much Adoor About Floating

Lights up. JACK and ROSE walk onstage holding hands, etc., casually leaving Atlantis to find a way back to the surface. BARNEY strides up behind JACK and ROSE and throws his arms over their shoulders, interrupting their closeness. The chump.

BARNEY: Job well done, folks - the day is saved! Barney, Jack and Rose, saviours of the universe! Out on the town with B, J and Rose. Rose and BJ, the perfect night out! We should go out somewhere for drinks.

ROSE and JACK extricate themselves from BARNEY’s vice-like grip, such that the three of them end up standing in a line holding hands. We can’t all have the perfect movie relationship.

ROSE [taking both of BARNEY’s hands, but more desperate for him to leave than sincere]: Look, Barney, I’m sorry. Truly I am, but... we need to get home. Besides, the whole world probably thinks I’m dead.

JACK: Look, this door might be buoyant enough for us to get to the surface. We should be able to get it out from under this rock easily enough.

JACK steps up onto the door, then helps ROSE step up in front of him. They do the “king of the world” pose (i.e., arms out, JACK behind ROSE). BARNEY steps up behind JACK and puts his hands on JACK’s shoulders.

JACK: Barney, what are you doing?

BARNEY: I’m coming with you, right?

ROSE [a little awkwardly]: Oh, I’m sorry, Barney... but there’s only enough room on the door for two people. It’s just not buoyant enough! You’re gonna have to let go!

JACK: But we promise to you, we will go on, no matter how hopeless!

BARNEY: But - but we’re inseparable! We’re like the perfect trio! We’re a more perfect team than the chart-topping three-fish band Krillex.

ROSE [sceptically]: Krillex?

JACK: Yeah, Krillex. They used to be a quartet until they... [wait for it] dropped the bass [as in the fish - bdumtish].

ROSE: Wh- never mind that, Barney, the point is there’s no room on the door. We’re so sorry!

BARNEY [fighting tears]: Was it... was it something I said?

JACK: It’s not you, buddy, it’s us.
ROSE: There are plenty of fish in the sea. From what I’ve seen, anyway.

JACK [giggling]: It’s probably best if we SEA other people.

ROSE: Jack!

JACK: Sorry.

*Final goodbyes. JACK smooches ROSE on the cheek, affectionately. Then ROSE smooches BARNEY on the cheek, conciliatory. Then BARNEY smooches JACK on the cheek, in a pattern-completing and nonplussed-ness-inducing fashion. JACK and ROSE mount the DOOR, holding hands. JACK kicks the ROCK off the DOOR and ROSE and JACK throw their arms in the air and shout “WHOOSH”. When nothing happens, they pick up the DOOR and rush up the STAIRS together (or just offstage), holding the DOOR. They shout “WHOOSH” again on the way up (or just out). BARNEY stands alone on stage, looking sadly up into the audience. DR OSTRACOD walks on and comforts Barney.*

DR OSTRACOD: Come on, Barney. Let’s go home.

BARNEY: Thanks, mum.

DR OSTRACOD [exasperated]: Don’t start that shit with me.

*They leave. End scene.*

**Scene 14: An Unsurprising Revelation to Conclude the Performance**

Spotlight on CAMERON JAMES and LIZZY. JAMES is lying on his front with his chin perched in his hands like an eager child, LIZZY is sitting with her legs crossed.

JAMES: So then what happened?!

LIZZY: Well, they floated to the surface, used the power of the necklace to summon some sea turtles, then lashed them together to make a raft and rode it back to civilization. I guess you could say they lived happily ever after.

JAMES: Hmmmm... That won’t do. That won’t do at all!

JAMES gets to his feet, suddenly dramatic.

JAMES: One of them has to sacrifice themselves heroically to ensure the other lives! Romance! Drama! Tragedy! That’s what the viewers want!

LIZZY: Of course, when you say viewers you mean readers, right?

JAMES begins cackling maniacally at her stupidity.

JAMES: You fool! There ARE no readers! I’m not even a reporter!
LIZZY [not at all shocked, raising an eyebrow lazily, deadpan]: Oh my gosh. You mean to tell me that the Daily Daily isn’t a real newspaper. I am surpriiiiiiiised.

JAMES: AHAHAHA! Of COURSE it isn’t! I had you so thoroughly hoodwinked that you failed to realise that I am, in fact...

JAMES tears off his reporter disguise, along with his jacket and button up shirt to reveal a t-shirt with a Na’vi version of himself on it, along with a stupid cape because he’s stupid. He smears war paint on his face and does other eccentric Avatar-related things.

JAMES:... JAMES CAMERON, FAMOUS DIRECTOR!

LIZZY [deadpan]: Oh no. I don’t believe it.

JAMES: And now that I’ve extracted your story from you, I’m going to make it into the greatest film the world has ever seen! Three hours long! No, four! In 4D! No, FIVE! And Jack is going to die to save Rose again! [He pulls out a RECORDING DEVICE to save these ideas.] Except this time, he’ll be a robot from the future who is sent to assimilate with the blue natives of Atlantis! And instead of a necklace the prize will be the ACTUAL heart of the ocean, an actual beating heart that has the power to grant wishes! And Rose travels back in time to relive her memories as an ex-KGB agent who has to save her kidnapped daughter from Liam Neeson! Who will be wearing a wig!

He trails off and looks at LIZZY. She gives him some stinkeye. He decides to flee. He swishes his cape and does a power pose.

JAMES: JAMES CAMERON, AWAY!

He flees! LIZZY watches him go and rolls her eyes.

Lizzy: Nerd.

Everyone comes onstage behind her and we bow in a sensible, pre-arranged order. PLAY OVER, GO HOME.