

# **The U.S.S. Platonic**

by

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Powell**

**and**

**Randy**

**Maris } two amorous spinsters looking for a man, in their mid 60s. Constantly after**  
**Lola        DEMETRIUS and STEPHEN.**

**Isabella } two young, beautiful twenty-somethings, who are liberated women**  
**Cassandra        of the nineties. They are pursued by DEMETRIUS and**  
**STEPHEN, and are put out by their unwelcome advances.**

**Stephen** *in his late twenties; a “Mr. GQ” who puts most of his time into his image-- clothes and body building. Very macho and has a big ego--a “tough guy.” Believes that women want him for his looks and that they will naturally swoon over his chiseled physique and that women will come running if he flexes his muscles. Somewhat narcissistic and thinks of himself as the statue of David.*

**Demetrius** *friends with STEPHEN; a very wealthy and successful record producer who has a lot of money--which he uses to impress women. Believes that the way to a woman’s heart is to “wine and dine” her, so to speak. Uses his status and money to attract women, and is often given to exaggeration about himself. Also has a macho attitude and is very full of himself.*

**Electra** *a dancer in Rock’s Wahiki Lounge act. In her mid twenties. Has some feelings for Rock, but won’t easily admit to them. Rather outspoken, but has people’s best interests at heart.*

**Rock Marcony** *a lounge singer in his late thirties. Has a corny sense of humor, smooth voice, but slightly tone deaf. His biggest dream is to someday perform in Vegas. Has feelings for Electra, but is too scared to do anything about it because of the age gap.*

**Edith** *an older woman in her mid fifties. On a second honeymoon with husband Biff. Wants to “rekindle the magic” in their marriage, and is feeling a bit of the empty nest syndrome since the kids left home.*

**Biff** *Edith’s husband; a retired dentist who loves to golf and fish. Would rather be at home in his hammock than on a cruise. Loves his wife, but can’t understand her need to have so much time alone all of a sudden. He did buy her a dog to cure her loneliness.*

**Ulysses** *Long winded captain of the U.S.S. Platonic. Takes great pride in “going down*

*with his ship” even though it was a minor accident that involved hitting a sandbar off the coast of Nova Scotia and was in the Harbor in 12 feet of*

*water.*

**Pip** *First Mate and Jack of all trades, sick of hearing the captain’s “near death stories.”*

**Voice; OTHERS**

## ACT I

### Scene 1

*Curtain closed. Characters walk across front of stage as they board the boat. We see LOLA and MARIS already aboard the ship, with a pair of binoculars, looking for men as they lean over the rail.*

**Mar:** I swear, Lola! If we don’t nab ourselves a man on *this* cruise, we might as well start buying cats.

**Lola:** Maris, how many cats does it take to replace a man anyway?  
[*enter STEPHEN and Demetrius*]

**Mar:** (*interrupts*) Yowza yowza! (*hand binoculars to Lola*) I haven’t seen a piece of man like that since Milton Berle!

**Lola:** The suit and the cell phone are all yours. (*notices STEPHEN*) let me at the strapping young stallion with the rippling pectorals! He looks like Fabio!

**Mar:** (*takes back binoculars*) I swear! If you don’t stop reading those romance novels... Hubba hubba hubba!

**Ste:** I’m telling you, Demetrius. It’s not the money that the babes swoon for. It’s *these*. (*flexes muscles*)

**Dem:** Perhaps, but in 10 years your sun god mystique will have shriveled you into a piece of dried out shoe leather, while I and my money will be wining and dining women whose sole purpose in life is to make men like me look good.

**Ste:** By then I think that you’ll also be a member of the hair club for men. (*grins*) I see you’re not quite as hairy up top as you used to be. I, on the other hand--

**Dem:** Yeah, yeah, yeah. May your six pack abs become a two liter water balloon.

*(they exit. Enter ROCK and ELECTRA from shore leave.)*

**Rock:** (*sings*) “The Looooove Boat, exciting and new....”

Ele:           *(cutting him off)* Save it for the lounge, Rock. I've heard enough of that in the last month to make me long for Michael Bolton. Besides--I listen to you every Tuesday and Thursday night in your "Tribute to Lounge Lovers" show.

Rock:           You'd better watch who you insult, Electra. You just wait! When I get my big break in Vegas, you'll be begging me to get you a job dancing in the show.

Ele:           Baby, you got just about as much a chance a gettin' into Vegas as I got bein' discovered by the Rockettes.

Rock:           Hey! They loved me at the Karaoke bar last night. You heard them clap and cheer. That one lady even swooned!

Ele:           They were happy because you were finished. And that one lady didn't swoon; she fell out of her chair because she was reaching for the napkin she dropped on the floor. C'mon. Let's get going.

*(They exit. Enter EDITH with a curiously large purse, and BIFF struggling with a ton of luggage.)*

Biff:           Lord, woman! What'd you pack in here? The dog? I seen Arabian princesses with less luggage than this! What do I look like? A pack mule?

Edith:           Not exactly; you're missing the floppy ears and the long tail. *(excitedly)* Can you believe we finally made it? Our second honeymoon!!! The U.S.S. Platonic. Six days and five nights all alone together. Doesn't that sound great?!

Biff:           What was wrong with going fishing? We already have a pontoon boat.

Edith:           But Biff, darling, that's just not romantic. Besides. The brochure says this is a "fun filled cruise." We haven't had fun together in a long time.

Biff:           Edith, I took you bowling last week...

*(they exit, deep in conversation)*

## **Scene 2**

*Fog horn sounds, signaling that the boat is leaving the dock.*

*Curtain opens, and ULYSSES and PIP survey the waters as others mill about the deck. CASSANDRA and ISABELLA lie in deck chairs, sunning themselves. DEMETRIUS and*

*STEPHEN are off to the side, checking out the women aboard the cruise ship.*

Uly: Once more we embark upon an incredible voyage, Pip. Have you ever stood upon so noble and fine a vessel as this? (*Inhales deeply*) The USS Platonic...she's a magnificent, swift fledged man-o-war, don't you think?

Pip: Indeed sir. Sailing on the Caribbean with a boat full of tourists presents a challenge that only someone of your stature would dare attempt.

Uly: Yes, Pip. Not since my days as a cabin boy aboard the R.M.S Peewee have I felt so alive.

Pip: Um, yes, Captain Ulysses.

Uly: Now there's a lad! Make sure that you have checked the lifeboats, secured the--

(*enter EDITH looking for her husband*)

Edith: Um, excuse me, Captain Ulysses. I was just wondering. Have you seen my husband anywhere? We're on our second honeymoon, you see, and we have not gone on a trip in.... Wait a minute! Aren't you that captain I saw in the paper last month?

Uly: Possibly--I am quite famous.

Edith: Oh! Weren't you the captain of that ship that went down off the coast of Nova Scotia? I can't quite remember the specifics of that article....

Pip: With all due respect, Ma'am. Please don't get him started. We'd like to reach our destination before next month.

Uly: (*flattered*) Ahhh! Yes, I believe the article to which you refer was the one in which I single handedly saved all of the souls entrusted to my gallant leadership. It was a dark, Treacherous night--

Pip: (*aside*) It was noon and partly sunny.

Uly: Icebergs surrounded us like jagged razors of death, ready to send us to a watery grave--

Pip: (*aside*) We were still in the harbor with tugboats on either side.

Uly: I took the helm, summoning all of the courage that best becomes a captain, but to no avail! We were struck repeatedly--

Pip:           *(aside)* By a clearly visible sandbar.

Uly:           Immediately, she started to list to starboard! I knew then that her fate was sealed and I decided then and there that it was my solemn duty to go down with my ship.

Pip:           *(salutes CAPTAIN ULYSSES)* A noble gesture in 12 feet of water, sir.

Edith:          That's a.....um...valiant effort, Captain Ulysses. Have you seen my husband, Biff?

Uly:           No, good woman. *(struck by an idea)* Say, would you like to come see the engine room?

Edith:          No thank you, sir....*(calls for her husband)* Biff!! Biiiiiiiff! Where are you?  
I just met the Captain!! Biff!

*(exit ULYSSES, PIP, and EDITH)*

*(enter MARIS and LOLA. They observe STEPHEN and DEMETRIUS, and are obviously very attracted to them throughout the scene, possibly trying to get the guys' attention.)*

Isa:           Cassandra, I really don't know what the point of tanning like this is. I thought we decided not to conform to the female beauty standards anymore.

Cass:           Isabella, we do it because it tortures those drooling, testosterone ridden cavemen  
who refuse to love us for our minds.

Isa:           Ahh, yes. Those disgusting and unrealistic standards of feminine beauty that pressure women into being young, beautiful, and skinny as a twig. It's enough to make you sick.

Cass:           Yes, it certainly is. Why men would rather date a super model than a Nobel prize winning physicist is beyond me. Why can't they just love us for our minds? I just don't feel like conforming to social norms.

Isa:           You go, girl! We should just sit here and work on our bodies so that men will drool and then not be able to have us. It's too bad that it has to be like this.

Cass:           Take heart, Isabella. Just think...with all of the new advances in genetics, pretty soon we won't need men at all anymore. Would you please hand me the Cocoa butter?

*(STEPHEN and DEMETRIUS play rock paper scissors to see who will try to get the girls' attention first, and STEPHEN wins. STEPHEN swaggers in front of the girls (he must pass MARIS and LOLA to do so) and stops and flexes his biceps. His first attempt has had an effect on*

*no one but LOLA and MARIS, which goes unseen by STEPHEN, but is not unnoticed by DEMETRIUS. STEPHEN, confused, makes a second pass for their attention which is also not successful. He returns and stands next to DEMETRIUS.)*

Dem:           Impressive display. Now let me show you what *really* turns a woman's head. *(walks past LOLA and MARIS, then to where ISABELLA and CASSANDRA are sunning.) (To STEPHEN as he stops and fiddles with his watch) --You'd think a Rolex would keep better time. (pauses for effect) Anyway, the mechanic said that the silver jag is in the shop for two weeks, so I guess I'll just have to drive the red one instead. (pauses. No reaction.)*

Ste:           You truly are a master! Would you show me how that works again?

Dem:           Shut up.

*(They exit.)*

Cass:           Wow. I was certainly swept off my feet. It's not every day that a man with a broken down car tries to impress you with a watch that doesn't work.

Isa:           *(Laughs)* If the first one would spend as much time developing the muscle in his head as he does on his arms, he might have something really impressive! I mean, imagine if Bicep Boy could flex his head like he flexes his arm muscles.

Cass:           But that's what just happened. His head did swell--or at least his ego did.

Mar:           *(Interrupting)* Sorry to interrupt you, honey. My friend Lola and I were wondering if you were at all attracted to those two nice, young men.

Cass:           *(Grins)* Why do you ask?

Lola:           Well, you know, we thought that if you two young ladies wouldn't mind, we'd like to get to know them a little better, *if* you catch my drift. We're aimin' to bag ourselves a catch on this cruise.

Mar:           But we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings--

Lola:           And we wouldn't want to cause any problems, dearie.

Isa:           Oh, hey! They are all yours. We wouldn't dream of interfering with your goal and deprive you of two of the finest paragons of the males species.

Cass: In fact, let us know if there's anything we can do to help the four of you become better acquainted! What are your names?

Lola: Oh bless you, dear! My name is Lola, and this is my friend Maris.

Isa: Well, ladies, it's nice to meet you. I'm Isabella, and this is Cassandra.

Cass: You know, Maris, I think that one guy has a silver jag. You know what they say about men with fast, expensive cars...

Mar: Wooo! A rich one!

Isa: And Lola, I think that the other one winked at you. Did you see the size of his muscles when he walked by? He was putting on that little display all for you. It seems now a days that men prefer older, more mature woman as opposed to fickle young things like us.

Lola: See, I told you Maris! I ain't lost it yet!

Isa: As a matter of fact, I think that they went that way. if you hurry, you can still catch them.

Lola: (*calls out loud*) Oh boys!! Wait up! Here come your dream dates!

Mar: Yee ha! C'mon Lola!

(*exit MARIS and LOLA*)

(*enter BIFF and EDITH*)

Edith: Biff, aren't you excited about what a wonderful cruise this is going to be? You know, it seems like since the kids left the house, we haven't really done anything special together, honey bunny.

Biff: The kids left home over ten years ago, Edith.

Edith: Just think! Six days and five nights of ballroom dancing, shuffleboard, and candlelight dinners! (*shoves travel brochure in BIFF'S face*) Look at this! It says here that there's a slide show on "Creatures of the Caribbean" at noon today in the Seashell Room, and a shuffleboard tournament at 2 p.m.!

Biff: Wonderful. When can I take a nap?

Edith: Nap?! We just got here! (*refers to brochure*) Oh look, snookums, at 4:00 there is a basket weaving class taught by a real island native!! Besides. This is our

second honeymoon, Biff.

Biff: Wasn't the first one enough?

Edith: Honey, that was 35 years ago. And we really haven't been spending much time together. You're always gone fishing or golfing and I hardly ever see you. I am feeling lonely.

Biff: I got you a dog, didn't I? Where did you leave that mutt anyway?

Edith: Biff, darling, Roberto is not a mutt. He is a purebred, AKC registered Yorkshire terrier.

Biff: And I bet that little dog feels like such a man since you had him fixed and put those little pink bows in his hair, poor guy.

Edith: *(momentarily annoyed until she looks at brochure)* Oh my! Look at this! it says here that there's a "Welcome to the Platonic" gourmet dinner and show tomorrow night at 7:00 p.m.! Look here--*(reads from the brochure)* "Are you in the mood for love? Romance and dazzling atmosphere abound every Tuesday and Thursday night at 7:00 when Rock Marcony sings his 'Tribute to Lounge Lovers' at the cozy, intimate Wahiki Lounge. A delightful performance accented by the fabulous dance moves of Electra. A definite must see!" Can you believe how much fun we're going to have?

Biff: *(aside)* I can hardly contain myself.

Edith: Just think! We'll be together 24 hours a day for a whole week! How can we ever repay the kids for sending on this wonderful cruise?

Biff: *(aside)* A whack with my 9 iron comes to mind.

Edith: Oh my! Look at the time! Come on, darling! We have to hurry if we're going to make the slide show on time. We have just enough time to go look at souvenirs and buy a couple T shirts *(as she exits without BIFF)* and then we'll need to go register for that ballroom dance class....

Biff: Right behind you, Edith. *(walks back to deck chairs near CASSANDRA and ISABELLA and sits down to nap.)*

## ACT II

### *In the lounge*

*Later the same day, before the big evening's show. As the curtain opens, people are readying the lounge--fixing lights, sound checks, setting tables, etc. to prepare for the performance. ROCK is*

*on stage, practicing part of his act. this may be ad lib.*

*[enter ELECTRA]*

Ele:           *(to ROCK)* Hey, Rock. You ready for the show?

Rock:           Am I ever *not* ready? You know I live for the thrill of a live audience. The lights, music, applause, all of those gorgeous, single ladies out there in the audience wishing I was singing to them--

Ele:           Yeah, baby. Keep dreamin'. Hey. I heard a great joke today. You wanna hear it?

Rock:           Okay, sure.

Ele:           What's the difference between a dead opera singer in the road and a dead lounge singer in the road?

Rock:           I give up. What?

Ele:           There's skid marks in front of the opera singer.

Rock:           Ha ha, Electra. Very funny.

Ele:           Wait. Here's another one. You're lost in the forest and you run into a good lounge singer, a terrible lounge singer, and a leprechaun. Whom do you ask for directions?

Rock:           *(not amused)* You know, even though I care less, I'm sure you're going to tell me.

Ele:           The terrible lounge singer. The other two don't exist. *(laughs in spite of herself)* Wanna hear another one?

Rock:           You know, when I get to Vegas, I'll be sure to tell that one to Wayne Newton.

Ele:           I hear Wayne Newton's always looking for a good Elvis impersonator to open his show...with your previous experience, you're a shue-in. *(swivels her hips and tries to impersonate Elvis)*  
Let me see yuh swivel those hips, yuh hunka-hunka-burnin' love...

Rock:           *(frustrated and defensive)* That's NOT funny! Everyone has to pay the bills somehow. Need I remind you, Ms. Peanut Princess of Buckdale County 1993 **and** 1994, we *all* have done a few demeaning things to earn a buck.

Ele: Hey! That was hitting below the belt--

Rock: Woah! Looks like Ms. Congeniality can't take a taste of her own peanut butter.

Ele: Yeah, well at least I look good. You know, they make stuff that fixes those crow's feet. Stage lights add about ten years--

Rock: And ten pounds.

Ele: Are you calling me fat?!

Rock: Are you calling me old?

Ele: If the shoe fits—

Rock: I'm not sure it does anymore.

Ele: Arrgh! Rock Marcony! You--you washed up, Elvis impersonating, Vegas bound has been! How *dare* you insinuate that I am fat! I hope you choke! (*Begins to storm off to her dressing room.*)

Rock: No! Wait! Electra! I am sorry!!!! I was just kidding. Don't be mad. You know I think you're a knock out.

Ele: Okay. Sorry I called you old. Thirty-seven isn't old. Mentally, you're like twelve.

Rock: Oh, gee. Thanks a lot.

Ele: C'mon, Elvis. You need to make this up to me. Get over here and help me with this necklace.

*ELECTRA hands the necklace to ROCK, who moves in front of her to fasten it about her neck. There is a noticeable chemistry between them as ROCK takes an unnecessarily long time to clasp the necklace. Though there is a bit of tension, they appear to somewhat enjoy the moment.*

Ele: Are you done yet?

Rock: You're going to have to move closer...I can't quite see...Here. Move your hair-- (*moves ELECTRA'S hair; obviously having an unintended effect on her. She puts her arms around him.*)

Rock: Electra...

Ele: What?

Rock: Your necklace is on.

Ele: (*flustered and out of breath*) Um, thanks. I....have to go find my hair.

Rock: (*amused*) Your hair?

Ele: I mean....my *tights*.

Rock: You're wearing them.

Ele: Yeah. Well...my hair's not done yet. And I need to put on my make up.  
(*quickly recovering her "wit"*) Rock, you better keep working on that song.  
People are *paying* to hear you *sing*.

Rock: Thanks so much for the reminder, oh great princess of peanuts.

[*exit ELECTRA to her dressing room, leaving ROCK alone in the lounge. Audience sees ELECTRA in her dressing room at the same time as they are watching ROCK in the lounge.*]

Rock: (*to himself*) Stupid, *stupid*, STUPID!! (*smacks himself in the head*) First, I insult her, then I try to kiss her!

Ele: (*alone in dressing room*) Get hold of yourself, Electra. (*looking at herself in the mirror*) You just couldn't be a *woman*, could you?! You just couldn't stay mad! No! The minute he gets close to you and touches you, *you* get all weak in the knees!

Rock: If she's so *capable* of doing everything by herself, why doesn't she just put on her own stupid necklace? I don't know *why* I even bother! She's obnoxious, stubborn, willful--

Ele: 'Help me with my necklace, Rock!' What were you thinking? He is *so* not my type--he's twelve years older than me, incredibly arrogant, sings stupid lounge songs, and his biggest ambition in life is to go to Vegas!

Rock & Ele: (*unison*) S/he drives me crazy!

Rock: (*pauses and sighs*) --and yet, I am hopelessly in love with her. Well, I suppose it's like they say. Better to have loved and lost--

Ele: --than never to have loved at all.

## Scene 2

*There is an immediate switch of scene. The lounge undergoes a sweeping transformation to about 15 minutes before the show.*

*[Enter STEPHEN and DEMETRIUS, in the middle of a conversation]*

Ste:           *Smooth* move, Don Juan! I cannot wait for those two chicks to show up. They will practically be begging to sit at our table. It'll be rough, but we'll just have to let them tell us how studly we are all night long.

Dem:           Yes, I know, Stephen. Sending flowers to those two hotties was a stroke of genius, if I do say so myself.

Ste:           Chicks *always* dig roses.

*[enter CASSANDRA and ISABELLA]*

Dem:           Ah, yes. Here they are now. You just watch how perfectly this all works out.

*The GIRLS enter. The guys pull out two chairs for them as they go by, yet the girls seem not to notice.*

Cass:           *(to ISABELLA)* Oh, Isabella! Don't you think it was a positively *lovely* gesture of our two friends to send us such a *large* bouquet of roses?

Isa:           Indeed! It was quite massive. I was in awe at the sheer *size* of it. I must say. I am always impressed any time a man destroys a perfectly good rose bush in order to express his affections.

Cass:           Fortunately, we found a good use for those poor, murdered flowers.

*[They sit at the table as MARIS and LOLA enter, roses in hand, sneaking up behind the guys]*

Mar & Lola:           *(unison, to the guys)* YOOOOOOOU-HOOOOOOOOO!!! *(guys turn around in horror as old ladies wave)* We got your flowers!

Ste:           Moron!! What did you do?

Dem:           I simply left the roses outside their door. I have no idea how these two got--

Mar:           *(interrupting, to DEMETRIUS)* Hello there, stud muffin. You are even better

looking up close.

Lola: (to STEPHEN) Anyone ever tell you that you look like Arnold Schwarzenegger?

Ste: Waiter!!

Mar: Ooh! He's going to order dinner for us! Looks like there's only two chairs, Lola. Guess both of us are going to have to share our seats. (*sits down and grabs DEMETRIUS around the waist, trying to get him to sit on her lap*) Just park it right here, handsome.

Dem: WAITER!!!! (*Struggles wildly to get up*)

Lola: (*also tries to pull STEPHEN onto lap, he falls, and she drags him by the ankle, he claws at the ground with his hands.*) Hey, honey. I'm a lot stronger than I look. I read in *Knitting Today* that young men like their women to be strong and independent.

Ste: Hey! Let me up! (*struggles, unsuccessfully*)

Lola: Wahoo! Boy! You sure are feisty.

Ste & Dem: WAITER!!!!

[*enter PIP*]

Pip: Yes, sir? Is there a problem with your table?

Dem: Would you please tell these two that we reserved this table?

Pip: This table is reserved, ladies. I will have to ask you to put the gentleman down, ma'am. The show will be starting and it is very distracting to the performers if people are not paying full attention to the show. (*LOLA releases STEPHEN's ankle, MARIS lets DEMETRIUS up from her lap.*)

Mar: Well, boys, we'll be right over there (*motions to table*) watching you.

*Enter EDITH and BIFF, following PIP to their table. EDITH is chattering excitedly to BIFF, dragging him to the table by his arm.*

Edith: Hurry up, Biff! The show is going to start in ten minutes! I am so excited! I've never seen a real lounge singer up close before!

Pip: Here are your menus. What can I get you to drink?

Biff:           *(opens menu)* OH MY GOSH!!! The cost of the lobster would finance our pontoon boat for the next two years! *(to PIP)* What are you trying to do with these prices?

Pip:           *(not phased; monotone as though he's done this 100 times before)* I'm just the help sir. Perhaps the lady would like a glass of wine. May I recommend--

Biff:           *(interrupting)* She'll have water.

Edith:          Biff! This is our second honeymoon!

Biff:           *(to PIP)* Okay, fine. She'll have a slice of lemon in it.

Edith:          *(to PIP)* Aren't you the first mate? Why are you working as a waiter?

Pip:            I am the first mate. I am also the wait staff, the navigator, the galley boy, the bartender, the janitor, and the deck swab.

Edith:          Oh, how lovely! This is my husband Biff. We're on our second honeymoon and--

Pip:            Splendid. Do you want water with bubbles or without bubbles?

Biff:            From the tap, please.

Pip:            Excellent choice, sir. *(exit)*

Edith:          *(to BIFF, who is reading the menu)* Biff, honey. I was reading in the brochure that there is a ballroom dancing class tomorrow.

Biff:            Uh huh.

Edith:          Well, I was thinking that it would be nice if we learned to tango. They say it is the dance of lovers. Wouldn't it be lovely to learn to tango, Biff? Just think. You could put a rose in your teeth and wear those tight pants like those dancers in the ballroom dancing competitions do and then you could look deep into my eyes. How romantic! Can't you picture it? *(feeling a bit romantic toward BIFF)* How do you think I would look in a flashy, red dress with a flower in my hair, pooky?

Biff:            *(Looking up from menu)* There's no cheeseburgers on this menu.

*PIP returns to table with two glasses of water. EDITH is noticeably upset. Attention shifts now to ROCK and ELECTRA, standing off to the side of the curtain, checking out the crowd, getting ready to go on.*

Rock: How's the crowd look?

Ele: Looks great, (*notices EDITH and motions to her*) except for that one couple over there. Poor wife...looks a little upset with her husband.

Rock: Oh boy, another one of those "I'd rather be bowling" husbands.

Ele: Time to rekindle the romance. (*aside, then mocking Rock's "speech", and mimicking his gestures*)

Rock: Ah yes! I'll use the time honored classic--the "jealousy" routine. It never fails. I croon, she swoons, he sees red, and that, as they say, is all she wrote. No man can stand to watch me woo his wife.

Ele: You certainly do have a way with women, Rock. (*Sarcasm, exits behind the curtain*)

Rock: (*to himself*) Not with the only one that matters, though. (*sighs*)

*Enter ULYSSES as Announcer*

Uly: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the Wahiki Lounge. I am Captain Ulysses and will be your host for the evening. I would like to take the time to thank you for sailing on the U.S.S. Platonic. You know, I haven't seen a friendlier or warmer crowd since the time I was greeted at port by a cheering throng upon my return from single handedly saving the Tenth Fleet from disaster in the North Sea...

Ele: (*peeking out from behind the curtain*) We're ready, Captain.

Uly: Very well, then! (*music begins and spotlight*) For your enjoyment this evening, The U.S.S Platonic proudly presents to you Rock Marcony's "Tribute to Lounge Lovers," starring Electra and the Dancing Mermaids. Sit Back and enjoy the Show.

*Curtain opens. First is Electra's number, followed by Rock's lounge act.*

Ele: (*following her dance number*) Thank you very much. Now, the Wahiki Lounge is proud to present, Rock Marconi! (*everyone claps*)

[*Enter ROCK*]

Rock: Thank you, Thank you, you're a great audience. (*in typical corny lounge singer style*) Please, don't stop clapping, there's a fly in here and one of you is bound to hit it...(polite applause, some laughter)

Rock: (to STEPHEN) Where are you guys from?

Ste: Michigan! (insert name of state play is being performed in, whooping it up)

Rock: Hey, that's great, let's hear it for good ol' MI (or other state) (to Maris)  
How about you ladies?

Mar: (grabs microphone) I'd just like to say that these two guys are really hot,  
I...

Rock: (grabs back microphone, ELECTRA helps get MARIS back in her seat)  
OK, that's enough....but seriously folks, it's good to see so many couples here tonight  
(glances to ELECTRA, she nods, moves over to EDITH who is enthralled, BIFF  
is bored) How long have you two kids been married?

Edith: thirty-five wonderful years, right honey?

Biff: (not paying attention) yeah, uh huh.

Rock: That's amazing; this first song is for all those who hope for what these two  
have found, a love that stands the test of time...

[Music begins, Everybody Needs Somebody, by Dean Martin]

Rock: (singing, loudly, slightly off-key, really making "moves" on EDITH to  
make BIFF jealous, BIFF doesn't even notice, ROCK looks to ELECTRA with a ??? look  
on his face, continues to sign to EDITH. Meanwhile, ISABELLA, CASSANDRA,  
STEPHEN, and DEMETRIUS, show they don't care for the music, gestures, snorts, etc.)

Everybody loves somebody sometime  
Everybody falls in love somehow  
Something in your kiss just told me  
That sometime is now

Everybody finds somebody somewhere  
There's no telling where love may appear  
Something in my heart keeps saying  
My someplace is here

Edith: (stands up, shouting at BIFF) WINSTON BARTHOLOMEW BUCKLEY!! I  
have

never, in my entire life, felt so unwanted, unappreciated, and embarrassed!  
We're supposed to be on our second honeymoon, dang it!

Biff: (clenched teeth, quietly) Sit down, Edith; you're making a scene--

Edith: I will NOT sit down! All you've done since we've been here is take naps and watched television. I want everyone here to know that I had to go to basket weaving class all by myself! *(to others)* All he wants to do is to go bowling! And I am lonely! And do you know what he did to help me feel better? He bought me a dog!! Is that all I am worth to you? A little, yippy dog named Roberto who is scared of bugs?

Biff: I thought that you liked the dog--

Edith: I'm not finished yet! I haven't been dancing in ages, and I feel like you're happier polishing your bowling ball than spending time with your wife! You should be ashamed of yourself!

Cass: You go, girlfriend!

Isa: Sing it, sister!

Edith: And furthermore, the only man who has paid any attention to me since we've been here is this second rate, tone deaf lounge singer!

Ele: Ouch!

Edith: Mother was right! I never should have married a dentist! You'll be sleeping in the bathtub tonight!

*EDITH storms off. There is a general commotion, while ROCK and ELECTRA stare dumbfounded at what has just transpired.*

Rock: *(in disbelief)* I can't understand it...it never fails.

Ele: *(offering comfort)* C'mon. I have an idea that just might work. *(as they exit)* Do you know how to dance?

Uly: *(takes the stage and attempts to restore order)* All right. That's enough, everyone. Calm down. I'll not have this sort of thing on *my* ship. It's practically mutiny....which reminds me of the time I spent aboard the H.M.S. Pip-squeak. The seas were rough that day, my friends. *(People begin to sneak out as ULYSSES talks, beginning with PIP. Curtain slowly begins to close on him.)* Lightning streaked across the sky like an omen of death. We would have all gone down if it were not for my heroic.....

### ACT III

#### Scene 1

*Curtain opens and we are back in the lounge. PIP is now acting as the bartender, cleaning the countertop, as STEPHEN and DEMETRUIS are at the bar, drinks in hand, musing what they should do about the two girls.*

Ste: Ya know, Demetrius, we're getting nowhere fast with these chicks. What are we supposed to do now? I am starting to think that they might not like us. I really don't know why. I'm buffed and beautiful, and you're rich. What's not to like?

Dem: I really don't know.

Ste: Do you think maybe we should try a new angle on this whole thing?

Dem: You know, that's not an entirely bad suggestion. It's like they say--fortune favors the bold.

Ste: My thought exactly! The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

Dem: No, no, no! We are not after a couple of *cows*, muscle head! Think of it like this--Faint hearts never won fair ladies.

Ste: Oh! I get it! It's like that one Elvis song says: "Wise men say only fools rush in."

Dem: (*irritated*) What rock did you crawl out from under? The more beautiful the woman, the more expensive the gift.

Ste: Like a snowmobile?

Dem: (*aside*) I can't believe I'm having this discussion. (*to STEPHEN*) I am talking about the three C's that cause every woman to go weak in the knees--candlelight, champagne, and caviar.

Ste: Oh c'mon! That's not going to work. You know, I watch *Oprah* everyday and I know for a fact that women are really into guys who listen to them and are not afraid to cry.

Dem: Listen? Cry? Next thing you'll say is that I should wear a skirt. That's just downright obscene.

Ste: Really? Okay, then. Let's get the expert opinion here. (*to PIP*) Bartender! You've seen hundreds of women come on the cruises.

Pip: Yes, I have. Would you like some pretzels with that?

Ste: No. I need a solution to a woman problem.

Pip: What do I look like? A therapist? Why is it that every time you men have woman troubles, you assume that the bartender has the answer?

Ste: We just want to know the magic charm that will bag us these babes. What is it? Caviar or crying?

Pip: Okay. I'll tell you, but you have to buy some pretzels first.

Ste: *(gives PIP money and receives a basket of pretzels and eats some, spitting them out immediately.)* YUCK!!!! You call these pretzels?! These are stale and nasty!

Pip: I know. They have been sitting out for a few months.

Ste: I want my \$3.00 back.

Pip: I thought you wanted to know the magic charm.

Ste: I do!

Pip: Well, you just ate it. Sorry, no refunds.

Dem: You mean to tell me that the "magic charm" is month old pretzels? Where *that* going to get us?

Pip: Well, nowhere, which is exactly where you're headed if you keep trying to buy them presents or weep like a willow. What women really want is...*(looks around as if imparting a secret)*

*[Enter ULYSSES, interrupts PIP]*

Uly: What women truly desire, my good men, is the same thing a ship needs from her captain. A steady hand the helm.

Ste: What on earth does that mean?

Uly: The meaning is simply this: if every wave or gust of wind pushes you off course, you'll end up dashed against the rocks.

Ste: *(to PIP)* You wanna explain that to a couple of land-lubbers?

Pip: What my captain means to tell you is that swaying back and forth from one

pretense to another will no sooner win you the heart of a maiden fair than it will guide a ship to port.

Dem: (*to ULYSSES*) So you're saying we should be ourselves and not try to impress women with outward displays of money and muscles?

Uly:           Precisely.

[*Enter MARIS and LOLA, spotting DEMETRIUS and STEPHEN*]

Maris:           WOOO!! Look 'it! (*waving*) Hi, boys!!

Lola:           Oh my! That one should be bronzed! Heya, sweetie!

Uly:           (*to DEMETRIUS and STEPHEN*) If you gentlemen will excuse me, I will demonstrate what honesty can do for you. (*to MARIS and LOLA*) Ladies, I was about to take a stroll up on the deck to enjoy the sunset. No matter how many times I see the sun set over the ocean, I still marvel at its beauty. Would you care to join me?

Maris:           (*to LOLA*) Oooh! Sunset! An older man! I can't believe it!

Lola:           Whaddaya say we dump these two and bag ourselves this one?

Maris:           He's got a captain's hat!

Lola:           And look at that beard! He is so distinguished--

Maris:           --and brave!

Lola:           Exactly what we need, Maris. (*to Ulysses*) We are all yours. Anyone ever tell you that you look like Poseidon?

Maris:           Tootaloo, boys! We found ourselves a sea god!!!

[*Exit MARIS and LOLA, arm in arm with ULYSSES*]

Dem:           Well. I'll be; the old guy didn't do half bad.

Ste:           Plus, he managed to get those two off our backs. What do you think? Should we try the honest approach?

Dem:           Well, it's not like we've managed to get anywhere trying to impress them. I suppose we should give it a try. (*Exit STEPHEN and DEMETRIUS*)

Pip:           (*To audience*) Well, I would say their chance of success has improved dramatically. Formerly, hopeless. Now, I'd say somewhere between "don't

bet on it” and “better luck next time.”

## Scene 2

*Enter ROCK and ELECTRA.*

Ele: Okay. He’s going to be here any moment. You think you got it?

Rock: Of course. I have a great teacher. Maybe we could put this in the show tonight.  
*(Demonstrates newfound knowledge of dance steps with ELECTRA)*

Ele: *(Stopping ROCK)* Woah! The point of this is not to perform it. We’re trying to help Biff and Edith, okay? This is going to be quite a--[*Enter BIFF*] Hey there! Glad you could make it!

Biff: *(nervously)* Um, I’m really glad you could help me out. I really messed up.

Rock: Yeah, you did! Women need to be loved and appreciated! Pontoon boats and bowling? My goodness! Give me a break! I can’t believe that you had the nerve to try and buy her off with a dog! What ever possessed you to--

Ele: *(interrupting and elbowing ROCK in the ribs)* You’ll have to pardon him. He gets a bit carried away now and then.

Biff: I just can’t believe she got so upset! I didn’t realize that this cruise was such a big deal to her. I mean, I took her bowling last month and she seemed so happy, and then I got her Roberto--

Ele: *(in unison)* Roberto?!

Rock: *(in unison)* Roberto?!

Biff: Yeah. Our little dog. He’s so cute. You want to see a picture? *(shows picture to ROCK)* The hair bows were her idea. Poor guy. She even made me get him neutered.

Rock: *(looking at picture)* Yikes--

Biff: He’s still bitter.

Rock: Poor little guy. What’s *that*?

Biff: Rhinestone collar. Her idea. That was his birthday present.

Rock: That's just *wrong*! How can he possibly feel like a man? Doesn't he feel bad enough being such a little dog anyway and then he has--

Ele: (*cuts them off*) Okay, OKAY!!! Enough! Look. The dance is tonight and we need to get started. We don't have much time.

Biff: Okay. What should I do?

Ele: Well, let me see you dance.

[*BIFF dances wildly and badly*]

Rock: Impressive...(*ELECTRA smacks him*) Ow!

Biff: Really?

Ele: Um, I think we know where we need to start. (*Tosses a bag to ROCK*) Here. put these on. (*to BIFF*) Okay. First thing. You need to start by understanding that it's all in the--

Rock: (*holds up a skirt and a wig*) What is this?!

Ele: It's a wig and a skirt.

Rock: I know *that*. Are you implying that I wear them?

Ele: Look. Do you want to help or not?

Rock: This was not part of the deal!

Ele: Someone has to be the woman.

Rock: How about you? Why can't *you* do it?

Ele: I'm the teacher. Look. Just pretend you're a woman and put the wig and the skirt on. No one's looking. ( *ROCK looks at ELECTRA, BIFF, and the outfit.*)

Voice: (*from off stage*) Hey, Rock! I hear that blondes always have more fun! Nice skirt! Blue really is your color.

Rock: Shut up! (*drops wig and skirt on the floor defiantly.*) I am *not* wearing this.

Ele: (*laughs*) Okay. Whatever. (*yells off stage*) You got the music ready?

Voice: Yep. Just say when.

Ele:           Okay. *(to BIFF)* Like I was saying. It's all in the approach. You need to start out with something spectacular. Okay. *(to ROCK)* Go stand over there. *(to BIFF)* Now pretend he's your wife and go ask him to dance.

Biff:           *(to ROCK)* Hi, Edith. Wanna dance?

Rock:           "Wanna dance?" What is that?!

Biff:           What?!

Rock:           Was that your best shot? Why not just ask her if she wants to play Parcheesi? Look.

if you want this to work, you need to be smooth. Confident. Debonair.  
Okay. Watch this. *(takes a rose from the vase on a nearby table and approaches ELECTRA)* Please accept this as a small token of my sincerest affection. I know that its delicate, crimson petals fade in the presence of such perfect, stunning beauty. *(delivered VERY smoothly)*

Ele:           Oh, Rock--

Rock:           I would consider it a distinct pleasure if you would do me the honor of this one dance. *(pauses to gauge effect before returning to BIFF)* Now you see? THAT is the way to impress a lady.

Biff:           Woah! That was good! I don't think I can do that!

Rock:           Sure you can! Just tell her something about how good she looks and give her a flower. Okay, you try. Pretend I'm Edith.

Biff:           Here goes. Edith, you look really pretty. Your eyes are as blue as--as--windshield wiper fluid and your dress is purple like, well--*(frustrated)* I'm just not good at this!

Ele:           You can work on the speech part later. Let's work on your dancing. You know, Biff, the dance floor is the one last place a man can be a *man*--

Rock:           *(takes ELECTRA and spins her into a dance position, leaning her over backward)*--and really make a woman look *spectacular*. Isn't that right, Electra? Electra?

Ele:           *(momentarily distracted)* Huh? Oh--yeah. Biff, you're going to learn some great moves that will help you win her over.

Biff:           I don't know, guys. She was pretty upset. All of my blankets and pillows are in the bathtub. *(to ELECTRA)* She won't even speak to me.

Ele: Tell you what. I'll go work on Edith. We'll make it a girls' day out. We'll go to the gallery shops, pick out a new dress, get our hair and nails done, and have some girl talk. Don't worry. Rock will teach you everything. You just be ready to go at 9 p.m. sharp. And get yourself a tux! *(exit)*

Biff: Wow. She's quite a gal, Rock. I can't believe she's going through all of this trouble for Edith and me.

Rock: Biff, she lives for stuff like this. She may have a sassy attitude, but at heart, she's a hopeless romantic. She sure is something. You know, it's funny. I'm just crazy about her, but I don't think I am going to bother. She's too young for me.

Biff: Aw, c'mon. Why not just tell her? She seems to like you.

Rock: Yeah, sure. Like she likes making a living as a dancer in a cruise ship lounge show. If I told her, she'd probably just laugh at me and tell me I'm robbing the cradle. You know she's 12 years younger than me?

Biff: Big deal. So you're a little older. Besides. the way that you gave her that flower was really good; she just melted in your arms. There's something there. She reminds me a lot of Edith when we first got married. She has a lot of spunk and nice legs.

Rock: Yeah.

Biff: I mean, look at the way she acts around you. There is enough electricity between the two of you to put the New York City power plant out of business. There are a few things even *I* notice.

Rock: Really?

Biff: I *know* love when I see it.

Rock: *(laughs, changing subject)* Are you ready to learn how to sweep a woman off her feet?

Biff: All right! So what are we going to learn?

Rock: The Tango. It has a provocative pulse and never fails to impress. Here's what you do. First, you need to assume the dance position. *(demonstrates, holding up arms)*

Biff: Like this?

Rock: Great! Now put the feet with it. (*demonstrates basic Tango steps*)

Biff: (*excitedly*) Wow! Look at me! I feel like Fred Astaire! YEEE-HA!

Rock: See? you're a natural. Now, you need to know that the next important thing that you need to know is how to lead a woman. You must be gentle, but confident. Silent, but strong. When you're leading, you "should always remember that you are dancing with a lady."

Biff: Okay, so where are we going to get a lady?

Rock: (*as a woman*) Right here, big boy! Show me what you got. C'mon over here and impress me!

Biff: Do you wanna dance?

Rock: I don't know. Let me think about it...

Biff: (*catching on*) What I mean to say was if I could please have this dance.

Rock: Well, okay, but don't step on my feet.

Biff: Yes, ma'am.

[*They dance.*]

Rock: Oh my! You are such a good dancer!

Biff: You're pretty good yourself. Well, ya know, a good lead *always* remembers he's dancing with a lady.

Rock: Oh, Biff--you say the most romantic things.

Biff: I know.

[*enter ELECTRA*]

Ele: I forgot my--what are you *doing?* (*ammused and shocked*)

Rock: (*spins over to ELECTRA and dances with her*) Dancing. Biff is quite a lead.

Ele: I'm sure he is. A teacher is only as good as his student. Everything is ready to go. (*to BIFF*) Edith will be waiting for you.

Biff: I'm a lean, mean, dancing machine! She won't even know what hit her! Thanks a ton! (*yells off stage*) Watch out, Edith! Here I come! (*exit*)

Ele: Woah! Look at the time! We gotta go, Rock. Keep your fingers crossed!

Rock: Don't worry. You're about to witness the greatest romancer since, well, since me.

[*They exit separately*]

## CURTAIN

### Scene 3

*ISABELLA and CASSANDRA enter, across the front of the closed curtain in formal attire, headed to the dance.*

Isa: I can't believe we're actually doing this. Why are we going to this dance? You know the entire thing is just so--so *gouache*.

Cass: Perhaps, but far be it from us to forego another opportunity to make an exquisite impression on those two Neanderthals.

Isa: I cannot *wait* to watch them drool all over their hairy knuckles when they see us in these dresses.

Cass: You know, those two are moderately cute when they are unintelligible.

Isa: I agree. they're not *that* bad. The rosebush *was* a nice gesture. I might consider dating one of them if they would stop being so shallow and just drop the "I have big muscles--look at me" show.

Cass: Unfortunately, the honest, caring sensitive male seems unfashionable these days. *Such* a pity; I might consider allowing them the pleasure of my company if I thought they would value me for my mind and not my body.

Isa: (*sighs*) Alas; we're going to be late. Let's get going.

## ACT IV

*Curtain opens to reveal the lounge--now a dance floor. There is music playing and people*

*socializing and dancing. DEMETRIUS, STEPHEN, and PIP are already present, and CASSANDRA and ISABELLA enter soon after the curtain opens. They are stopped by DEMETRIUS and STEPHEN.*

## Scene 1

Ste: Hello, ladies. My friend Demetrius and I could not help but notice how stunning you look this evening.

Cass: (*somewhat annoyed*) Yes, I'm sure you did.

Dem: Look, we're terribly sorry about our earlier actions. They were grossly inappropriate and incredibly shallow. Especially where gorgeous ladies like you are concerned.

Isa: (*coyly*) Oh really? Does that mean your car is out of the shop? Or perhaps you got your watch fixed?

Dem: We had that coming. Stephen and I offer our sincerest apologies. (*bows graciously*)

Ste: Yeah; we're sorry we used such cheap tricks to try to get you to notice us. It's kind of dumb to assume that two chicks like you would be impressed by big muscles and washboards abs.

Cass: Excuse me?

Dem: What he's *trying* to say is that we've finally seen the error of our ways. We realize now that an aggrandized, ostentatious display of monetary bravado is simply not the proper way to gain the interests of such beautiful, intelligent women as yourselves.

(*Music plays*)

Isa: (*shyly; coquettishly*) Flattery will get you nowhere.

Dem: How awful; it would be such a shame to allow this dance to be wasted.

Ste: May I have the honor of this dance? (*to Cassandra*)

[*CASSANDRA and ISABELLA aside*]

Cass: (*excitedly*) Well?! He's so hot! I want the one with the muscles.

Isa: Cassandra! I thought we agreed--we said that we were going to do this whole

anti-guy thing since we were sick of being wanted for our looks.  
You know--tan, wear irresponsible swim wear to make them drool just  
so that we could prove to those primeval primates that they couldn't have  
us--

Cass: Fine. Suit yourself. I'm going to go get cozy with Apollo the sun god. You  
get the rich one with the nice car and expensive watch. He's not half bad.

Isa: No way! You can't have him that easily. We'll let fate decide.

[*ISABELLA and CASSANDRA play "Rock, paper, scissors" for the right to choose. ISABELLA chooses rock; CASSANDRA chooses paper.*]

Cass: HA! Paper covers rock.

Isa: Darn. I guess I'm stuck with the intelligent one. (*aside*)

Cass: (*to STEPHEN*) Well, okay. I suppose. (*offers her hand*)

Dem: (*to ISABELLA*) You look particularly stunning this evening. (*ISABELLA is visibly affected by this, they dance as well.*)

## Scene 2

***ROCK and ELECTRA enter stage right, engaged in a conversation, as the music plays. ULYSSES enters stage left with MARIS and LOLA on his arm.***

Maris: Oooo! Captain! You have such a *nice* boat!

Lola: (*giggles*) Did you *really* go down with that huge ship off the coast of Nova Scotia?

Maris: You are so brave. You should get a purple heart!

Lola: (*shivers and sighs*) Would you please tell us that whole story again? And make sure you don't skip *any* details. How many sharks did you say tried to attack you while you single handedly saved all of those people?

Uly: (*puffed ego; smiles broadly at PIP, who shakes his head.*) Ahem. The sea was angry that day--cold and harsh. The icebergs were a vast minefield. Any false step would be fatal.

[*enter EDITH stage left. She spots ELECTRA and meets her.*]

Lola: (*gasps*) Oh my!

Uly: Alas! My valiant efforts were to no avail! The ship could not be saved. We

were going down.

Maris:           *(grabs his arm)* My goodness! Is that how your muscles got so big?

*[ULYSSES' story begins to trail off as they proceed to their table]*

Uly:           Much to the crew's dismay, the water was infested with sharks. I, however, was unafraid, and by sheer courage I alone managed to ward *(trailing off)*  
*off their attacks...*

*[EDITH crosses the stage toward her table with ELECTRA, picking up the thread of conversation]*

Ele:           ...This is going to be an amazing evening. These formal dances are always so much fun. I mean, the ladies always wear such elegant dresses, and all the men show up looking so snazzy in their tuxes.

Edith:          I can't believe Biff actually said he wanted to come to this! This is so unlike him! You know it's like pulling his teeth to get him to wear a tie? I can't believe that he--wait! Are you sure he said he was coming?

Ele:           Relax! He said, and I quote, "Make sure Edith wears the red dress and shows up early. I have a huge surprise for her."

Edith:          *(panicked)* Oh my land! Does my hair look okay? This dress doesn't make me look  
fat, does it? Oh no! What if I get so nervous that my leg catches on the table and I get a run in my panty hose? Oh dear--

Rock:          Is everything set?

Edith:          I think I painted my nails the wrong color! Oh...no...I--I think I'm going to pass out.....

Ele:           Edith.

Edith          WHAT?! *(pauses)* I'm sorry. Yes?

Ele:           Breath. Everything will be fine.

Rock:          *(to EDITH)* Guess who I just saw enter the room with a dozen long stemmed roses....

*[Enter BIFF in a grand entrance. Lights dim and spotlight on him. He approaches EDITH and offers her the roses, which she accepts, shocked. ROCK and ELECTRA move to the side so that*

*BIFF and EDITH are the center of attention.]*

Edith:            BIFF!! You came!

Biff:            My dear, you are a vision, and I am in awe. *(pauses)* May I have this dance?  
*(offers hand)*

Edith:            Oh, Biff! I don't know what to say!

Biff:            *(assumes ballroom dance position)* Then, my darling, *don't* say anything.  
*(They dance. At its conclusion, EDITH is visibly overwhelmed and at a loss for words, and BIFF holds her close.)* Edith, you've stood beside me for many years. Please forgive me for failing to show you how much you mean to me. I love you. I've always loved you, and I always *will* love you.

Edith:            Oh Biff, I love you too. You've made me feel like Cinderella at the ball. I am so happy. I just can't tell you how happy you've made me. Gosh--it seems like a dream. I hope I never wake up.

Biff:            Dream or no dream--you deserve the utmost happiness. *(They embrace and BIFF kisses EDITH passionately. After a long pause, they proceed to take a seat at their table.)*

*[Attention now shifts to ROCK and ELECTRA as they watch BIFF and EDITH.]*

Ele:            Wow! I never thought he'd actually pull it off. After that whole "Your eyes are as blue as windshield wiper fluid" bit, I was a little worried. Yet that was pretty smooth, he's not Robert Redford, but hey, it worked.

Rock:           I see what this is all about. You didn't think I could pull it off, did you?

Ele:            Rock, what are you talking about?

Rock:           Don't play coy with me, missy. You obviously want me – you are in denial.

Ele:            *(incredulous)* Denial? Oh PLEASE. So now you think you're Sigmund Freud. I can't wait to hear the explanation for this...it ought to be *really* good. Would you please enlighten me? *(sarcasm)*

Rock:           C'mon, Electra. Admit it. My expertise with women is one of those legendary thing to which few mortals can aspire. Making me Biff's teacher was a stroke of genius on your part. You obviously were aware of the fact that by putting me in

charge of Charm and Romance 101 (*with playful arrogance*), Edith didn't stand a chance. I mean, please, I just *ooze* boyish charm.

Ele: Uh huh – that's not the only thing you're oozing. I imagine you're pretty proud of yourself, hey Rock?

Rock: You know you were impressed with my natural sense of rhythm. Kind of makes you proud to say that *you* taught me to tango, doesn't it. Next thing I know, you'll be asking *me* for lessons.

Ele: (*very melodramatically*) Oh Rock!...you are *so* right! I was so impressed! You're my hero! I only hope that I, a lowly and unworthy cruise ship dancer, can live up to the high standards of tango dancing that you, a ***lounge*** singer, have created! I am simply tingling all over. Oh, Rock, I was so jealous when I saw Biff dancing with you. Please hold me – (*"throws" herself into his arms*)

Rock: (*jokingly pushing her away*) Okay, Okay, Ms. Melodrama everyone ( *as if introducing her to audience, she bows in mock gratitude*). Point taken. You were pretty decent too. At any rate, thing worked out quite well. Your idea to help those two was brilliant. (*struck by an idea, tries a new approach, casually*) How about I take you out to dinner at our next port to celebrate?

Ele: Dinner? (*curious and cautious*)

Rock: I mean dinner and dancing. You know, a night on the town. (*quickly, demonstrating dance moves*)

Ele: That sounds an awful lot like a date to me. (*coyly*) I suppose you'd bring me flowers, wouldn't you? (*messing with ROCK*)

Rock: Um, yeah...sure.

Ele: And I suppose you'd spend the whole night worrying whether you'd get a good night kiss, wouldn't you?

Rock: (*at first embarrassed, then getting an idea, confidently*) Well, then I guess we had better take care of that right now (*takes her hand and pulls her close*)

Ele: (*stunned, looking at ROCK's expression*) Rock! What are you doing? I...I...(they kiss, long and passionately, then taking a breath) I only have one question.

Rock: Yes?

Ele: Why did you wait so long? (*they continue to embrace*)

## CURTAIN

### ACT V *the epilogue*

*Curtain stays closed as PIP enters and speaks.*

Pip:           So, our story has come to a close, but not an ending. You are probably wondering how this whole thing ended up when we finally came to port. So, like everything else I do on this boat, it's also my job to tell you what happened to everyone aboard the USS Platonic.

Our beloved Captain Ulysses finally found someone--well, two someones in fact--to listen to his, shall we say, "colorful" accounts of the sea.

*[Enter ULYSSES, MARIS, and LOLA, one woman on each arm]*

Uly:           ...if not for my heroic intervention we all most certainly would have perished. Waves crashed over the deck; the ship listed to port; the bulkheads groaned under the pressure. The situation was utterly hopeless.

Maris:          Oh my! How incredibly *verbose* you are!

Lola:          And he has such an extensive vocabulary, too! *(they exit.)*

Pip:           *(shakes his head)* I'd say that the situation wasn't the only thing that was utterly hopeless. Anyway, getting back to my story, despite their initial resistance, Cassandra and Isabella did give Stephen and Demetrius a chance, and finally settled on who went with whom...

*[Enter DEMETRIUS, runs screaming across the stage. Exits either stage right, or chased through the crowd and out the doors]*

Dem:          Get me out of here! This is sick and WRONG!! I can't believe this--just because I am rich.--

*[Enter ISABELLA, chasing after DEMETRIUS]*

Isa:           Get over here!

*[Enter STEPHEN, terrified, running across stage]*

Ste:           NO!!! I am more than just a body! I have feelings!!

*[Enter CASSANDRA, excited, chasing after STEPHEN]*

Cass:           C'mere, Hercules! You are one hot piece of work!  
How 'bout some fries to go with that shake? ()

Pip:           So now, ladies and gents, you all can understand why it is so important to value people for their minds, not just what's on the surface. As for Biff and Edith, well, the last three days of the cruise found them happy and in love. They spent every waking moment together. Biff even went to basket weaving class--

*[Enter BIFF, carrying a large basket, and EDITH]*

Biff:           Honey, look what I made!

Edith:          What a nice laundry basket!

Biff:           No. It's a little bed for Roberto. Look! I even figured out how to weave a little spot where you can put his doggie cookies! They didn't teach that in class, you know.

Edith:          Oh snookums! I am so proud of you! *(exit)*

Pip:           They were so happy and in love that they started a basket weaving empire out of their garage. Which brings us to Rock and Electra. Shortly after the cruise ended, Rock finally made it to Vegas, though not as a lounge singer, rather as a groom. He and Electra were married and opened a theme restaurant, which they called the Wahiki Lounge, and all of the waiters were Wayne Newton impersonators and Elvis look alikes. It was a big hit. They lived happily ever after.

*[Exit PIP]*

