

SHIP

Douglas Williams

Cast

Nell - Female, 20's

Caitlin - Female, late 20's early 30's

Jeremiah - Male, 20's

1.

Nell stands at center dressed in, what looks to be, a janky replica of a sailor's uniform from the mid 1800's.

She is in the cabin of a huge wooden whaling ship, giving us a tour.

NELL

Welcome aboard the Charles W. Morgan! The world's oldest surviving merchant vessel and the *only* surviving wooden whaling ship.

In the world.

She was constructed in 1841 at the Jethro something shipyard in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Construction and rigging on this beast cost over \$32,000!

In her 80 years of service, the Morgan made 37 voyages ranging from nine months to five years.

Yikes!

In total she brought home over 54,000 barrels of sperm and whale oil and over 150,000 pounds of whalebone! Cool!

Um.

Her crew

It took about 33 crewmen

Crew-people to

Steer the Morgan. On a voyage. These scallywags were not only Americans, but ranged in

But represented a bunch of races and nationalities. They also

They

...

Can I just start over? I'm gonna start over.

Nell turns and looks down at a small note card.

NELL

(to herself)

Come on

I didn't even laugh at the sperm part.

She pockets the note card and spins around.

NELL

Okay.

Welcome to the Mystic Seaport!

Welcome aboard the Charles W. Morgan!

Welcome...

You're very welcome here. Aboard.

Goddamn it!

Nell reaches to pull out her note cards again.

NELL

I can get it.

Caitlin, in modern clothing, appears from the shadows. She's been watching.

CAITLIN

I thought it was...fine.

NELL

That was shit. I did it perfect before you got here.

CAITLIN

Are you supposed to do some kind of accent?

NELL

An accent? No. Come on.

Wait. Should I?

CAITLIN

Like a sailor's accent?

NELL

What's a sailor's accent?

CAITLIN

You know. Like

(a hesitant cockney accent)

Welcome aboard...

Gov'na.

...

It might help.

CATTLIN

...

Can we just

NELL

You don't wanna

CATTLIN

No I'm done.

NELL

So the dock?

CATTLIN

Let's get fucked up.

NELL

Lights.

2.

Night. A foghorn blows in the distance.

A small, busted dock that sits on the Mystic River across from the Seaport and the Charles W. Morgan.

Nell and Caitlin sit on the dock in beach chairs, each sipping from a beer. A six pack sits nearby.

NELL

Tickets? I mean really.

What a waste. My talents are being wasted.

They have like a *golden* opportunity right in front of them and they don't even know it.

I would be the most bad ass tour guide the Seaport ever had. But I'm stuck tearing tickets.

And cleaning.

CAITLIN

How'd you get the keys to the ship?

NELL

I lock up too.

CAITILIN

Oh. So that's like *some* responsibility.

NELL

Yeah but I need to be in *front* of people. I need some cronie locking up for *me*. After I drop some fuckin' whaling ship, sperm oil knowledge on these people.

I'm destined for bigger and better things.

(looking across the river at the ship)

And that ship is the only non-shitty, halfway legit thing in this town.

It's basically my only option.

CAITLIN

Yeah.

NELL

You think anyone has fucked down there before?

CATLIN

What?

NELL

Sometimes when I'm locking up I'm like "How could anyone possibly fuck down here?"
Like are there special positions that are more agreeable to the high seas?

CATLIN

Probably. Humans are resilient and resourceful creatures.
Don't fuck anyone down there.

NELL

I didn't *say* I was gonna--

...

I can't promise that.

Nell finishes her beer.

She reaches down and grabs another one out of the six pack.

CATLIN

Nell.

NELL

What?

...

NELL

I've only had two.

...

NELL

I can have three beers. It's not like
Can you just chill out?

Nell opens the beer.

NELL

Plus it's Thursday. Like what am I *supposed* to do? Not drink? Pfff.

She snigs.

CAITLIN

So about mom.

NELL

Oh right.

CAITLIN

I think we should do something for her--

NELL

Just so you know I'm like broke right now, like

CAITLIN

I know.

NELL

I'm not totally in the position to *do* something

CAITLIN

It's not gonna

NELL

I'm not in the position to like *host a thing*.

CAITLIN

No one's gonna host a--
It's not gonna cost money.

NELL

Good because I am brooooooooooooooke

CAITLIN

I want us to put a list of songs together for her.

NELL

Oh. Okay. What like a playlist?

CATLIN

Yeah but

NELL

Okay.

CATLIN

Like curated.

NELL

Yeah yeah.

CATLIN

Maybe forty songs.

NELL

Forty. Okay.

...

NELL

Did she *ask* for this?

CATLIN

Yeah.

NELL

Okay.

CATLIN

In a way.

NELL

What did she say. Like what did she *literally*

CATTLIN

She asked me to put together a playlist for her.

NELL

She asked you to

CATTLIN

For her funeral.

NELL

For her *funeral*??

CATTLIN

Yes.

NELL

Oh my god.

CATTLIN

I know.

NELL

Is everything okay?

CATTLIN

Yeah. So far. Nothing has

NELL

What.

CATTLIN

Changed. With the treatment.

NELL

Okay.

CATTLIN

Yeah.

NELL

This is so intense.

CAITLIN

I know.

NELL

When did she ask for this?

CAITLIN

Last week.

NELL

She asked *you* for this playlist.

CAITLIN

It would mean a lot to me if we did this together.

NELL

Well she doesn't want us to do it together.

CAITLIN

Yes she does.

NELL

She asked *you*.

CAITLIN

Well what I need is for you to

NELL

No way. I would go crazy. She drives me so fucking crazy.

CAITLIN

If you just

NELL

She doesn't think I can make a playlist, that's fine.

CATLIN

That's not what she's

NELL

Yes it is.

I don't know what I have to do to prove I'm a normal person now.

CATLIN

Don't make this a

NELL

She clearly thinks I'm retarded or something.

CATLIN

Stop.

NELL

She does.

...

CATLIN

I thought we could each do twenty songs. And write something for each one. Like a reasons why we picked it. How it reminds us of her.

...

CATLIN

It would mean a lot to her.

NELL

How are you gonna package it?

CATLIN

I don't know yet.

NELL

Is this like a Spotify thing or a CD thing.

CATLIN

I don't know.

...

CATLIN

But maybe you could include some of your street art. Like a print or

NELL

I'm not doing street art anymore.

...

NELL

I have to think about it.

...

CATLIN

Oh you got something in the mail.

Caitlin reaches into her bag and pulls out a box from Amazon.

Nell takes the box.

NELL

Oh fuck yeah.

CATLIN

What is it.

Nell opens it. Shows it to Caitlin.

NELL

Guinness Book of World Records. New edition. Pre-ordered this bish.

She looks at it.

NELL

Damn. These covers are so gaudy.

CATLIN

You say gaudy weird.

NELL

Here look.

(she holds it up)

Like what is this?

She moves the book back and forth. The image moves when she moves it.

NELL

Is that supposed to be some kinda janky hologram thing?

Do they think they're impressing us with this?

CATLIN

And that green is like

Blech.

NELL

It's like the worst green.

Show some respect for the people inside this thing.

Show some respect for the people who dedicate their lives to *real* achievement.

Because this is just, ugh.

CATLIN

Janky hologram.

NELL

I should design this.

They need to hire *me*.

CATLIN

Well...

Nell gives it another long look.

She puts it under her chair.

CATLIN

You can look through it if you want. I'll just sit here.

NELL

No it's fine. I'm gonna wait 'til I get home.
I have this whole process with new editions.

...

CATLIN

That kid who grew his fingernails crazy long moved back to town.

NELL

His name is Jeremiah. And yeah I know.
I went to his house.

CATLIN

You did?

NELL

Yeah.

CATLIN

I didn't know you knew him.

NELL

Yah. We went to highschool together.

CATLIN

Right right.

NELL

And he didn't just *decide* to grow his fingernails crazy long. He was born with an extremely rare condition that made his fingernails grow super fast. Triple the speed and triple the strength. It's like a gift.

CATLIN

Mutant fingernails.

NELL

And he would have broken the world record one day if it weren't for the accident.

CATLIN

Damn.

NELL

It's actually really sad.

Caitlin takes a swig of her beer.

NELL

And I don't like *know* him know him.

CATLIN

What?

NELL

I know *of* him. Like--

CATLIN

And you went to his house?

NELL

Yeah.

CATLIN

Did you freak him out?

NELL

What? No! I was just welcoming him back.

CATLIN

I bet you freaked him out. You know like all this stuff about him.

NELL

Everyone knows! He's basically famous.

CATLIN

No he's not. You're stalking him.

NELL

I was welcoming him back. He was fine. He was not freaked out.

CATLIN

What did he say?

NELL

He said that

...

He wouldn't see me actually.

CATLIN

Nell! Stalker!

NELL

Listen, you're making this weird and this isn't weird. It was a very normal visit.

I'm not a loser. I'm not a stalker so just

CATLIN

Okay, okay.

NELL

I think he's depressed or something.

His mom answered the door and she was really nice and she understood.

She seemed proud of him but also worried and so she appreciated that someone came to welcome him home.

It wasn't weird.

CATLIN

Okay.

NELL

So he wouldn't see me so I left a note for him.

CATTLIN

What did the note say?

NELL

It said something like:

Hey Jeremiah. It's me Nell. We went to highschool together. Welcome back.

I'm sorry about your car crash.

CATTLIN

Is that what happened?

NELL

Yeah. He was thrown from the car. All ten of his fingernails snapped right off.

And then I said some other stuff that I forget. But then I said:

Just so you know you're a real inspiration to a lot of us here in Mystic.

Especially me.

CATTLIN

He might think you're making fun of him.

NELL

I'm not. This town fucking blows and nothing good happens here, but he actually got out and did something. He's a legend. In my book he's a legend.

And then I said:

I'd love to grab a beer so I can welcome you back in person.

And then that was it. And then I said

Signed Nell.

CATTLIN

Baller.

NELL

I really wanna see those fingernails.

CATTLIN

Aren't they all smashed up?

NELL

Hm. I didn't actually
Shit.

CATLIN

Anyways, he's been coming to the library.

Nell coughs on her beer.

NELL

What?

CATLIN

I said he's been coming into the library.

NELL

You've seen him?

CATLIN

Yeah. Like a bunch of times. I checked his books out for him yesterday.

NELL

What the fuck? Why didn't you
How do you know it's him. You don't even know what he looks like.

CATLIN

He's got, like, things on his hands.

NELL

What things.

CATLIN

Like
Bandages.

NELL

Holy shit. Holy shit.

CATLIN

Yeah.

NELL

Jeremiah Cukor is checking books out at your library.

I'm coming.

I'm gonna come over yeah?

It's cool if I come over?

CATLIN

To the library?

NELL

Yeah. I'll stack books. I'll do whatever.

Be a person who gives away their labor for free.

CATLIN

A volunteer?

NELL

Yes! Exactly.

CATLIN

So you can meet the fingernail guy?

NELL

Jeremiah. Yes.

...

CATLIN

Okay that's sort of against the rules.

NELL

What is?

CATLIN

Like, you're supposed to want to stack books.

NELL

I do!

Also is that even true?
Are there rules about like volunteer motivation?

CATLIN

Yes!

...

CATLIN

Okay no, but in theory--
Listen I'm not just hiring some volunteer so they can stalk a parton of my library.

NELL

It's the *public's* library!
And this isn't stalking! We went to high school.
We were in the trenches together. We're buds.

CATLIN

You said you didn't / know him.

NELL

Also I'm not just some volunteer.
I can't believe you even said that. I'm your sister. Come on.

CATLIN

Right but still--

Nell grabs Guinness Book of World Records from under her chair.

NELL

Also, like, this.
Come on. I speak the language.
I speak this weirdo's language.
I'm begging to volunteer at your library right now.

CATLIN

Nell....

NELL

Fine. I'll do the stupid playlist.

CAITLIN

Thank you. That's all I ask.

NELL

So then I can

CAITLIN

Yes.

NELL

She's gonna be pissed when she realizes some of the songs are from me.

CAITLIN

No she's not. It's going to mean a lot to her.

NELL

Yeah.

CAITLIN

And you need to write something.

NELL

I thought you said I could do my street art.

CAITLIN

You need to write something really nice. For each song.

Nell sighs and leans back in her chair.

NELL

Funeral playlist.

CAITLIN

It's what she wants.

NELL

I'm gonna come by the library tomorrow if that's cool.

CAITLIN

Yeah that's fine.

Caitlin props her feet up.

Nell puts up the hood on her hoodie.

CAITLIN

(motioning to the book under Nell's chair)

Can I

Nell bends down and grabs it. Hands it to her.

Caitlin opens it and starts reading.

After a time:

CAITLIN

(re: whatever she is reading)

Oh my god...

NELL

Don't say anything please.

I want to be surprised.

Caitlin keeps reading.

The fog horn blows in the distance.

Nell takes a swig from her beer.

Lights.

3.

The fiction section of an old library.

Jeremiah, a young man with bandages on his fingers, looks through the stacks.

He gingerly holds a small stack of books.

Nell enters with a book cart, and tries to play it cool.

NELL

(edging closer to Jeremiah)

Ppsst.

...

NELL

Ppppsssssssssssstttttt Sharidar Chillal.

JEREMIAH

What?

NELL

Sharidar Chillal. The fingernail king. You woulda beat him one day. I know it.

JEREMIAH

Ummm

Nell turns to him.

NELL

Hold up, you've never heard of Sharidar Chillal? His fingernails were like whoooooa long.

JEREMIAH

(pronouncing the name correctly)

Sharidar.

NELL

That's what I said.

JEREMIAH

I know Sharidar. He's basically my mentor.
Was my mentor.

NELL

No shit! That is nuts!

(putting out her hand to shake)

Nell Shemely.

Oh. Bandages, right.

(she pats him on the shoulder instead)

I read about what happened. With the car accident. I'm sorry by the way.

JEREMIAH

Do you work here?

NELL

Nah. Well today I do, but I'm sorta over it.
You didn't get my note did you?

JEREMIAH

Your what?

NELL

I went to your house and left a note.
With your mom.

JEREMIAH

That was you?

NELL

Yeah.

JEREMIAH

Okay.
Yeah I got it.

NELL

So...

You wanna grab a drink or something?

JEREMIAH

Ummm.

NELL

You don't have to.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

But you should.

...

NELL

Also this is a platonic offer.

JEREMIAH

I sort of got that actually.

NELL

Cool.

I just wanna welcome you back to Mystic.

JEREMIAH

That's okay.

This is fine. As a welcome.

NELL

Oh.

...

JEREMIAH

Um. Do you know if you have any books by Diana Souhami in stock?

She holds her hands out for his book.

NELL

Yeah yeah, lemme check your stash here.

He looks at her, then hands over his small stack of books.

NELL

(looking through the titles)

Nice. Master and Commander?

Mutiny on the Bounty?

The Sea-Wolf?

How come I've never seen you at the Seaport?

JEREMIAH

I've never been.

NELL

What??

Jeremiah shrugs.

NELL

You grew up in Mystic and you've never been to the Seaport? We went on like a million field trips in middle school.

JEREMIAH

I didn't move here until I was 14.

And after I started growing my fingernails, I stopped going...everywhere. Besides school.

I didn't want anything to happen to them.

Jeremiah looks at his hands.

NELL

Oh man you gotta go. Now that you're, like

(motioning to his hands)

Mobile? You gotta go. There's this whole period seaside village thing that's straight out of a Melville novel.

JEREMIAH

Really?

NELL

Yeah bruh. We have a church, a tavern, a *blacksmith*. And that's just the village. Come see me at the harbor and you'll really flip.

JEREMIAH

What's in the harbor.

NELL

Just the world's last wooden whaling ship. Charles W. Morgan to be exact. I'm a tour guide.

JEREMIAH

No.

NELL

Yes.

The Morgan is like it's own vibe. Fully haunted. In a good way. You'll see. In the South Pacific the crew had to fight off *cannibals* one time. And you can actually go on this ship and like be a part of that. You can *feel* that energy.

JEREMIAH

Whoa.

NELL

It's awesome, like nothing else.
I can show you.

JEREMIAH

Um. Okay.

NELL

Really?

JEREMIAH

(looking down at his stack of books)

I've never actually been on a ship.

I'd like to see it.

NELL

Nice. When do you wanna go?

JEREMIAH

Well I'm free on

NELL

Wait wait wait, know what? We should go *tonight*.
So much better at night. No tourists, place to ourselves, it's awesome.

JEREMIAH

It's open at night?

NELL

No. But I can sneak us in. I have keys. I go at night to practice for when I become a tour guide.

JEREMIAH

I thought you *were* a tour guide.

NELL

No no not technically no. Basically I am though.
Plus I need people to practice on people so this'll be perfect.

JEREMIAH

(now besitant)

Oh. Yeah. Totally, totally.

NELL

Great.

JEREMIAH

Only
I don't think tonight is the most, um, conducive with my

NELL

Listen you can go home, crack open a book and have Jack London tell you about the sea.
Or we can get on an effing whaling ship *to-night* and see it for ourselves.

...

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

Nice. Let me grab my shit.

JEREMIAH

Right now?

NELL

Yeah. Let's grab a pint at Noah's to get the juices flowing and then head over.

JEREMIAH

You can just leave?

NELL

Hell yeah. I'm a volunteer.

"Let's shag ass."

(calling her quote)

Jack Nicholson. The Last Detail.

That's us right now. We're the sailors.

JEREMIAH

I don't think they were sailors. I think they just had the hats.

Lights.

4.

Jeremiah and Nell sit in the first mate's bunk in the lower deck of the Charles W. Morgan.

They're both half naked.

They've clearly just had sex.

However Nell is in full-on tour guide mode.

NELL

(big, performed)

...Over an eighty year whaling career the Morgan embarked on 37 voyages with most lasting three to five years! Three to five years of eating, washing and living here. Below deck.

The journeys were long and arduous. A sailor's meager diet consisted mostly of hardtack, also known as pilot bread

Shipbiscuit

Cabin bread

Hardtack is a simple cracker or biscuit, made from flour, water, and sometimes on special occasions: salt!

(breaking from her routine)

You think anyone has fucked down here before?

JEREMIAH

Um--

NELL

Like another tour guide? I mean this thing is old. There have been tour guides working here for, like, ever.

JEREMIAH

I'm not sure.

NELL

Oh! Or even like the sailors. Do you think they had sex with each other?

During their arduous journeys?

JEREMIAH

...Maybe.

NELL

But maybe *not*. We could be the first.
 We could be the first people to ever have sex aboard the Charles W. Morgan.
 That would be legit. I never get to be the first to do anything.
 You want me to keep doing the tour?

...

NELL

You okay?

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

How long are you staying in Stonington for?

JEREMIAH

Like, indefinitely.

NELL

Cool.

Jeremiah shrugs.

NELL

Are you gonna grow your fingernails out again?

JEREMIAH

No.

NELL

You should.

JEREMIAH

No. I don't
 I'm just gonna get a job and do that. My uncle owns the True Value so

NELL

What? True Value?

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

You're gonna work at True Value?

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

Noooo man. Do not do that. Do not do that.

JEREMIAH

Why not?

NELL

Because you're the guy who grew his fingernails crazy long! You're famous. You got out and actually *did* something.

You can't just fade into the background like everyone else. You can't turn into the guy who works at True Value selling paint.

JEREMIAH

I think I'd rather be the guy who sells paint.

NELL

Don't say that. I'm serious. You did something *so* real and now--

Do you still have your fingernails that broke off?

JEREMIAH

What?

NELL

Do you still have them?

JEREMIAH

No.

NELL

Nooooo! Ugh, man. That sucks. You could have done something with those. That could have been your new job. Like an exhibit.

JEREMIAH

I don't / think anyone--

NELL

Having sex with you sort of reminded me of this documentary I saw right before I dropped out of college.

JEREMIAH

Really? Uh, what documentary? Like a porn documentary?

NELL

What? No. What's a porn documentary?

JEREMIAH

I don't know.

NELL

It was about these guys who have sex with, like, dolls.

JEREMIAH

Oh.
What?

NELL

They have sex with these really expensive dolls. The dolls look life-like and these guys pick the hair they want and the eyes they want and like the *ethnicity* they want. And they're just obsessed with their dolls. Like they give them names and stuff?

JEREMIAH

Okay...

NELL

Yeah but the documentary isn't even really about them.

It's about this woman who repairs the dolls.
 She's got some speciality business that fixes sex dolls.
 And these guys ship their dolls to her, and it's like heartbreaking to watch.
 They put their dolls in this big wooden box that's like this coffin looking thing?
 They strap them in and like kiss them goodbye?
 And then ship 'em off to this woman.
 Anyways, she's like her own story. She's like this sex doll expert. She's the best.
 And there's this one part that I was just thinking of when we were having sex where she's like
 repairing this one doll's vagina.
 The walls of her vagina are like worn through.
 Like worn down.
 This guy has fucked his doll so many times that the rubber fake vagina liner had worn through.
 And this repair woman looks at it and goes "Yup. Seen this before."
 And I was like what!
 This is a whole other level I have just never experienced before.
 Like I know lonely. I am familiar.
 But this is something else. This guy has spent so much time alone
 Fucking a doll
 He's done that so often that he broke part of it.
 He broke the vagina.
 Like how is that a thing that happens in this world?
 He went beyond what a sex doll was manufactured to endure.
 Like...*that's* loneliness.

...

JEREMIAH

Sorry.

NELL

Why are you sorry?

JEREMIAH

It's obviously not good if I made you feel like a sex doll.

NELL

Oh.

No man.

You're the doll.

JEREMIAH

I am?

NELL

Yeah. You didn't get that?

JEREMIAH

No.

NELL

You just, like, laid there while I fucked you.

JEREMIAH

Right.

NELL

Clearly you're the doll.

JEREMIAH

Shit.

NELL

Nah man, own it. Be the doll.

JEREMIAH

I guess I'm a little out of practice. Because of my fingernails I sorta missed out on certain things.

NELL

Right, you said at the library.

JEREMIAH

My whole life was about protecting and maintaining these things. Anytime I traveled or attended an event, it was always about the fingernails.

And now...

I'm just trying to figure out how to be a normal person again.

NELL

Same same.

JEREMIAH

(looking around the cabin)

Thanks for taking me here Nell.

NELL

Yeah of course.

Here here. Listen.

They sit in silence and listen as the boat rocks back and forth in the water.

Jeremiah closes his eyes and feels the ship rock, he looks like he's in heaven.

NELL

So I wanna tell you some real quick that's not a big deal, but you're gonna find out about at some point because everyone fucking knows so I might as well just tell you.

JEREMIAH

Oh. Um. Sure.

NELL

It's really not a big deal though.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

Back in high school I was an idiot and was dating this shit stack of a guy and we did a lot of drugs.

JEREMIAH

Oh.

NELL

Okay?

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

But I'm not like some junkie alright?

JEREMIAH

Yeah. No. Of course.

NELL

It was like

It was nothing.

We'd sit in my mom's attic and we would do drugs.

JEREMIAH

Like...coke?

NELL

Yeah. Sometimes.

JEREMIAH

Um. Oxy?

NELL

Yeah.

...

JEREMIAH

Heroin?

NELL

Yes.

JEREMIAH

Whoa.

NELL

It was stupid.

We were bored.

JEREMIAH

In an *attic*?

NELL

Not like an attic attic. You didn't have to pull a thing-y down to get into it.
It's like a loft?

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

Yeah but then things got sorta bad and my mom kicked us out and we were basically sleeping on the soccer fields under the viaduct and then my sister had to sit me down for an intervention thing but my mom like *refused* to be there which was fucking horrible and started this whole, like

...

So Caitlin made me agree to do the rehab thing so I did the rehab thing and got better and now I'm back.

...

NELL

But this was all like 2 years ago and it's totally fine and I'm fine now.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

I just thought you should know.

But don't be weird about this. Don't be like everyone else in this fucking town.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

...

JEREMIAH

Did he shoot it between your toes or something?

NELL

What? No!

JEREMIAH

Sorry--

NELL

Gross!

JEREMIAH

I heard that somewhere.

NELL

What kind of question is that?

JEREMIAH

So stupid.

NELL

I would shoot it *myself*.

NELL

Right.

...

JEREMIAH

How many times?

NELL

This is pretty much my least favorite subject.

JEREMIAH

Right, sorry.

They sit in silence as the boat sways softly.

...

JEREMIAH

How did the movie end? The sex doll movie.

NELL

I dunno. I sorta forget. It was weird.

...

NELL

I think one of the guys like gave up his doll in this really dramatic way. Like his family was so pumped for him that he was giving up his doll. People were like...clapping.

JEREMIAH

Hm.

NELL

Yeah.

JEREMIAH

Sounds

NELL

I know.

...

Suddenly the bunk breaks under their weight.

They both crash to the floor.

Lights.

5.

Night.

Nell and Caitlin are both sitting on the dock.

A small portable speaker sits nearby. It's playing Ran Ran Ran by Pavo Pavo.

They drink beer and listen to the music.

...

NELL

I used to think about working my way up to blacksmith.
Post-tour guide.
It's by far the most popular attraction.

CAITLIN

Everyone loves the smitty.

NELL

Plus after your training you know how to like make stuff. Not just for the Seaport but for your everyday life. I could just build you something out of iron. You know?

Caitlin softly nods.

NELL

Like a...
I dunno. What's something they make out of iron?

CAITLIN

Bear traps.

NELL

Yeah but
Like rings? Rings made out of iron?

Caitlin shrugs.

NELL

Maybe I could make rings. Start my own business on the side.

CAITLIN

I don't think they make rings out of iron.

NELL

Not engagement rings. Like badass iron rings. For those steampunk kids that hang out under the drawbridge.

And for guys whose masculinity is too fragile to wear a gold wedding band. They need something made of iron! You know?

CAITLIN

Yeah.

NELL

And I would just be this fucking hot lady blacksmith -- which they've never even had before by the way.

CAITLIN

A hot lady blacksmith?

NELL

Yeah it's always been some old guy with a sooty beard.

CAITLIN

Boo.

NELL

But I'd be all toned and jacked from the blacksmithing.

And I would build the sweetest shit.

(she drinks)

Whatever. It wasn't going to happen anyway. Calvin probably won't ever retire.

That guy is gonna die a blacksmith.

...

NELL

I hated being on that stupid boat all day anyway. My talents were being wasted.

CATLIN

Yeah...

NELL

He wouldn't even let me try to fix the bed.
It only broke in like one place.
If I was a fucking blacksmith I could have fixed that thing.

CATLIN

Lauren is leaving the library in two weeks. She's moving to Denver.

NELL

Denver??

CATLIN

Um yeah?

NELL

Sorry I don't know why I said it like that. I've never been to Denver.

CATLIN

I know.
I can put a good word in for you with Sally if you wanted to interview. At the library.

NELL

Yeah maybe.
Thanks.

...

NELL

(re: the music)

Can we switch this?

CATLIN

You're not into it?

NELL

Meh.

CATILN

Meh???

NELL

Mom doesn't listen to this dream-wave shit.

CATILIN

Hey! I've played this for her.

NELL

And what'd she say?

CATILN

This is a good song

NELL

Did she say: Fuck yeah! Play this at my funeral!

CATILN

It's a good

NELL

Yeah but it's not something you'd

CATILIN

So you go.

NELL

I'm saying you don't play it at a *funeral*

CATILIN

Play one of yours.

NELL

I'll go after. Just switch to your next one.

CATILIN

No we should play something off your list.

NELL

I wasn't trying to shit on your songs Caitlin, I was just

CATILN

Yes you were.

But I want to hear some of your songs.

Nell sighs.

She takes out her phone.

NELL

Okay fine just lemme

She scrolls through her phone.

NELL

Ummm...

She keeps scrolling.

CATILIN

Any of your songs.

NELL

I just wanna find the right, uhhh

Oh hereherehere.

Nell stands and plugs her phone into the small speaker sitting on the dock.

She plays 'Redbone' by Childish Gambino. It's like a funk slow jam.

NELL

Eh?

CATILIN

This is

NELL

Legit right? I fuckin' love this song.

CAITLIN

She doesn't know this either Nell.

NELL

I know but this is *so* mom. Like young mom?
Like young mom walking somewhere?

Nell sways with the song.

NELL

(to the beat)

Uh.....uh.....

This is her. This is mom.

CAITLIN

Play another one.

NELL

What?

CAITLIN

Play another of your songs.

NELL

C'mon I'm still

Caitlin stares at Nell.

NELL

Uggh. Fine.

Nell grabs her phone and scrolls.

NELL

Uhhh

CATTILN

Can you just take this seriously please?!

NELL

I am! What are you talking about

CATTILN

You're just scrolling through Spotify.

NELL

No I'm not

CATTILN

You haven't prepared any

NELL

Yes I have! I have a playlist. I have a whole thing.

CATTILN

How many songs?

NELL

Like

Like all twenty. Almost.

CATTILN

Have you written anything?

NELL

Written any what.

CATTILN

I told you we have to write something for each

NELL

Oh oh oh. I thought you meant

Yes.

So you have?

CATTLIN

Yes.

NELL

You've written something for this song.

CATTLIN

Yeah.

NELL

Can I hear it?

CATTLIN

...

You said I could do my street art.

NELL

Ugh this is so

CATTLIN

Cait

NELL

This is so typical.

CATTLIN

I have a playlist...

NELL

I asked you to do this so that we could

CATTLIN

I know what you

NELL

CATLIN

Well this is important to me and it will be important to mom

NELL

It's important to me too

CATILN

I just want to give her something from both of us before

NELL

So do I

CATILN

Then prove it.

Show us. Show us you can finish something. For once.

...

CATLIN

Nell?

Lights.

6.

The supply room in back of True Value. Jeremiah is in his True Value uniform.

He holds up some hardware supplies for Nell. Wood, a hammer, etc.

JEREMIAH

I can provide supplies to fix the bed. I get a deal on them.

NELL

Well--

JEREMIAH

And the scraps are free. I can come by and help rebuild it. After hours.

NELL

Yeah thanks but I already thought of that and asked if I could fix the bed. And they said no.

JEREMIAH

Oh.

NELL

And then I got fired.

Jeremiah puts the supplies down.

JEREMIAH

Shit.

NELL

Yeah so

JEREMIAH

Shit. I'm so sorry.

NELL

This is all you wanted to show me?

JEREMIAH

I feel like this is sorta all my
Shit.

NELL

You could have told me about this over the phone.

JEREMIAH

Well I also

NELL

Or like texted or

JEREMIAH

I know. But I actually have something else I wanted to
As a
Like as an apology.

NELL

Oh.

Jeremiah takes a deep breath. Prepares himself.

Then he moves over to a shelf.

He reaches down in back somewhere and pulls out a big long box.

He puts it on the bench.

NELL

Oh no fucking way.

He opens it.

It's the fingernails.

NELL

I thought they were destroyed.

JEREMIAH
No.

NELL
Can I

JEREMIAH
What.

NELL
...

JEREMIAH
(moved)
You want to touch them?

She nods.

JEREMIAH
Go ahead.

She reaches and touches one.

NELL
Whoa.
These are amazing.
Can I pick 'em up.

JEREMIAH
Sure.

NELL
I'll be super careful.

JEREMIAH
I don't care.

Nell softly picks one up. She looks at it.

She looks at her own fingernails.

She puts his old fingernails on top of her fingernails and sort of walks around.

Jeremiah also seems hypnotized by the fingernails. But on his face he wears a look of disgust.

Nell looks up and sees this.

NELL

What?

JEREMIAH

Nothing.

This is the first time I've seen them since the accident.

NELL

No way.

JEREMIAH

They're different than I remember.

NELL

How come yours grew so fast?

JEREMIAH

They didn't really know exactly.

Something to do with my Keratin proteins.

NELL

Suped-up Keratin proteins?

JEREMIAH

Something like that.

NELL

Lucky...

Jeremiah looks down at his fingernails. Then starts to gather the wooden scraps to put them away.

JEREMIAH

I cut them every day now.

NELL

Dude. It's not something to be ashamed of.
Actually. Know what we should do?

JEREMIAH

What.

Nell walks over to Jeremiah and takes some of the scraps from him.

NELL

We should use this stuff to build a case.

JEREMIAH

For what.

NELL

For these nails! A display case for the exhibit, like I was saying on the ship.

JEREMIAH

Oh, ehhhh

NELL

Remember?

JEREMIAH

Yeah I do but--

NELL

(looking more closely at the supplies)

This is perfect actually! It wouldn't even be that hard. We build a case, stain the sides.

JEREMIAH

I don't know if

NELL

Get some plexiglass for the top like a real museum

Boom. Exhibit.

JEREMIAH

People don't wanna see an exhibit about some guy's failed world record.

NELL

Right but we don't say like: oh he *failed*.

We say: here are some humongous fingernails that are fucking *amazing!*

JEREMIAH

Right.

NELL

You know what I'm saying?

JEREMIAH

Yeah yeah. I get it, but

That just sounds like the most depressing thing I've ever heard.

NELL

Nooo! Come on! This is redemption right here. This is fingernail redemption!

JEREMIAH

I just wanna sell / paint--

NELL

Once we build the display case, then we flesh out the rest of your story on these like *other* displays. Your life story. And also, like, the thing you were saying about the proteins? That's another display. And we set them all up leading up to this. A maze of displays giving them context and then the fingernails are like the finale.

JEREMIAH

Nell. I don't--

NELL

I can get my sister to let us do it at her library! The lobby!

JEREMIAH

No one wants to see these. They're disgusting.

NELL

No. They're not.

People would come! *So* many people. Listen, we need to do /this!

JEREMIAH

NO!

...

JEREMIAH

I'm sorry. No.

I'm not--

I don't want people looking at these things.

I don't want anyone to see them.

I don't think *I* even wanna--

I used to be so proud of these.

Now it hurts to even look at them.

All I see is time wasted. For something ugly and stupid.

NELL

Jeremiah, these *aren't*--

He looks at her sadly. Nell softens.

She approaches the fingernails. She looks at them.

NELL

I wish you could see what I see when I look at these.

I see a kid who discovered he had a gift.

A really really, um, *odd* gift. One that maybe if other people discovered they had, maybe they might keep it hidden or be, like, ashamed of it.

But you were like: Fuck. That. I'm doing this. This is something my body can do and yeah it's different, but I'm gonna embrace it.

And that takes guts.

And dedication.

When I look at these I see that story. Your story.

JEREMIAH

I don't know....

NELL

You should still feel proud. And I think taking these out of this box and letting them be seen might help you feel that again.

JEREMIAH

It's just...embarrassing.

NELL

Well let me try.

I'm never going to break a world record, and I can't even make a playlist without--

But *this* is something I can do.

I know how to tell this story.

...

NELL

I'll produce the entire thing. I'll pay for it, I'll build it, and I'll be the tour guide.

If you don't like the direction I'm going in, I'll adjust.

If you don't like the finished product, we scrap it.

But just let me try.

Let me turn this into something you can be proud of again.

...

JEREMIAH

Okay.

Lights.

7.

Lights up on Nell.

She examines wooden scraps sitting on a small work bench.

She takes out a tape measure and measures a piece of wood.

She takes a pencil from behind her ear and makes a mark. Then she starts to saw.

It is a pleasing, almost rhythmic sound.

In another space, lights up on Jeremiah. He is in his True Value uniform.

Before him is a small can of paint. He prys it open with a screwdriver and stirs it.

Nell's sawing and the clink of Jeremiah's stirring create a sort of song.

After a time Nell starts to hammer two pieces of wood together.

Jeremiah softly hammers the paint can shut. This too, joins with Nell's action to make music.

Their dance, and the music they are unknowingly creating, swells as they continue their work.

In another space, lights up on Caitlin.

She sits in front of a computer and considers songs for her playlist.

She plays snippets of songs that fit perfectly with the music Nell and Jeremiah are creating.

She pauses and types on the computer, adding another sound to this symphony.

This montage of creation and the sounds they generate continues for a time as Nell's display case takes shape.

Nell rights her display case and gently puts a piece of plexiglass on top of it.

Caitlin and Jeremiah both separately begin to wind down their action.

Nell stands back and looks at her creation. It actually looks pretty great.

Lights down on Caitlin and Jeremiah.

Nell smiles.

Lights.

8.

Nell sits on the dock alone, she has a phone to her ear and is reading from a small notepad.

In another space, Jeremiah sits in front of a small computer, also with a phone.

They are talking to each other.

NELL

And then the next picture is of the pillows I want.

JEREMIAH

Okay hold on.

He clicks on the computer.

NELL

See 'em?

JEREMIAH

Purple?

NELL

Nice, eh? Found 'em Emporium. They're holding them for me now -- they look okay?

JEREMIAH

These are for...

NELL

The display case. The fingernails need regal, awesome pillows to rest on. Purple is regal as fuck, right?

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

If you're good with them I'm gonna buy 'em.

JEREMIAH

Sure.

NELL

Awesome.

Nell makes a note to herself on the notepad.

NELL

Also I still haven't heard back from Sharidar about getting a quote so I thought we might have better luck if you reach out? If you wouldn't mind.

JEREMIAH

Oh. Okay. I could try. We haven't talked for a while.

NELL

It would be a huge help.

I'm hoping to get the press release out by Friday so it would be a huge huge help.

JEREMIAH

I'll try. Who is the, um, press release, like, going to?

NELL

All the local rags: New London Day, Mystic River Press, but also The Hartford Courant, Providence Journal, the Times--

JEREMIAH

The *New York Times*?

NELL

I did some digging and got an email. They probably won't come but maybe they will.

JEREMIAH

Whoa.

NELL

I know! Wouldn't that be *so* fucking legit?

JEREMIAH

Yeah. I guess.

NELL

So I'll send more updates when I get the pillows in the case.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

It's coming together, right?

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

Awesome.

(skimming her notepad)

Annnnd I know there was something else I wanted to--

JEREMIAH

Who *is* coming? Besides the
Like is there an invite list or

NELL

Oh tons of people. Like a shit ton of people.
My sister. Um.
I set up a whole Facebook invite. You didn't get that?

JEREMIAH

I don't know.

NELL

(writing herself a note)

That's my bad. I'll make sure you see it.
Response has been great so far. Very encouraging. Social media response has been *very* encouraging.

JEREMIAH

Okay.

NELL

Oh! Also, my fucking old *boss* might come. Is that alright?

JEREMIAH

From the Seaport?

NELL

Yeah, isn't that nuts?

I sent her this email on a whim like glamming this whole exhibit up big time but seriously thought there was no way she was gonna even respond.

Only then she emailed me back and was like: Sound good, I'll try.

JEREMIAH

That's great.

NELL

Yeah so it's like

Not that I'm *banking* on this or anything

But it's like, what if I she came and was like super impressed and I ended up getting my *job* back. Or like a *better* job.

JEREMIAH

That would be amazing.

NELL

But I'm not banking on it. It would just be a nice surprise.

JEREMIAH

I really hope that happens.

NELL

Yeah but I mean if this takes off

Our exhibit

Then like *this* could be my job. And I can just tell the Seaport to suck my dick.

JEREMIAH

Right, but

NELL

I know, I know. I'm just saying. It's an option.

JEREMIAH

Is your mom coming?

...

JEREMIAH

Sorry, I just thought--

NELL

Yeah. Most likely.

I haven't officially like invited her yet but

JEREMIAH

Yeah no--

NELL

Been busy.

And I'm waiting for the right time.

JEREMIAH

Sure. And I know you said that the two of you were--

NELL

(cutting him off)

Yeah.

...

JEREMIAH

You're just working your ass off so she should definitely like
See that. Like your boss coming would be great too, but

NELL

No I know.

She's gonna come.

...

NELL

But also her schedule is usually like all fucked up because of her treatment so I just need to find the right time to ask.

JEREMIAH

Her treatment?

NELL

For her cancer.

JEREMIAH

Oh.

NELL

I didn't tell you that?

JEREMIAH

No.

NELL

Yeah. She's got cancer.

JEREMIAH

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

NELL

Thanks.

JEREMIAH

Is she okay?

NELL

Ummmm

Yeah. She's

I mean she has breast cancer so not really.

JEREMIAH

Of course of course.
But she's

NELL

I still don't see her a ton so I get most of the details from Caitlin.

JEREMIAH

I'm sorry.

...

JEREMIAH

So

So you probably know this but in the 70's there was this lady whose name was

...

Whose name I don't remember but this lady got struck by lightning three times

And people couldn't believe that she survived

But like years later she got struck by lightning *again*

And this time was like the worst time I think

It was like really bad and it didn't look like she was gonna make it...but somehow she did.

And when it happened, like when she got hit, she was wearing this baseball hat

And she donated this hat to this Guinness World Record museum in New York.

And people would come from all around to see it.

Because the hat had these *lightning* holes in it.

...

They just couldn't believe that the human body could survive that kind of trauma

But this woman did.

And the hat was proof.

NELL

That's amazing.

JEREMIAH

The museum closed in 1995, so I never got to go.

But I've seen pictures.

...

NELL

Thanks for letting me do this Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

Yeah.

NELL

I think you're gonna be really proud.

JEREMIAH

Yeah. Me too.

NELL

Right so

I'm gonna call my

I have a phone call to make so

JEREMIAH

Bye Nell.

Lights down on Jeremiah.

Nell moves to center.

She dials her phone.

She holds it to her ear. It rings and rings.

Someone picks up on the other end.

MOM

Hello--

Nell hangs up the phone.

She looks down at her phone then puts it back in her pocket.

Lights.

9.

The lobby of the library.

Caitlin and Nell both enter, both dressed for the special occasion.

They are moving the display case into place. It has a sheet over it.

NELL

And move your end to the right a smidge?

Caitlin adjusts.

Nell checks her watch.

NELL

Okay okay.

CATLIN

Like that?

Nell examines the placement of the case.

NELL

That's good.

She removes the sheet. The display case holds the velvet pillows but no fingernails.

CATLIN

Where are the fingernails?

NELL

Jeremiah's bringing them.

CATLIN

(looking at her own watch)

Well I hope he's on his way.

NELL

He's got time.

Nell starts searching high and low rather frantically.

CAITLIN

Parking is gonna be a mess.

NELL

I saved a spot for him out front. Put an orange cone over by the, the--

CAITLIN

You should put one out for mom too.

NELL

Do you have like a

Like a

One those uh

Nell tries to mime it, but it's not making sense.

CAITLIN

A wha?

NELL

Like a

A spray?

(motions to the display case)

To clean?

CAITLIN

Windex?

NELL

Yeah.

CAITLIN

I'll take care of it.

Caitlin moves and finds some Windex.

Over the following she cleans the top of the display case.

Nell starts replacing trash bags.

CATLIN

There's another cone in the supply closet.

NELL

A cone?

CATLIN

For mom. I said you should put another one out to save her a spot too.

NELL

Mom's not coming.

CATLIN

What?

NELL

We need more trash bags.

CATLIN

She didn't want to come?

NELL

(searching for them)

Where are the fucking trash bags?

CATLIN

Nell.

Nell stops.

NELL

I didn't tell her.

CATILN

Why not?

NELL

Because I don't need the--

If she came tonight I'd be going fucking crazy. She makes me so fucking crazy.

Plus I wouldn't even be able to say hi which would make her like so pissed.

I have too many hands to kiss and babies to shake.

CATILN

You should tell her.

NELL

I'm gonna. After tonight. After we get the press in here and everything goes smoothly.

Cait, trash bags?

Caitlin moves and finds one. She replaces it herself.

NELL

(looking to do something else)

And then--

Caitlin moves to her sister. She puts her hands on her shoulders.

Nells stops and breathes.

They sit down on a nearby bench together.

CATILN

Okay?

NELL

Yeah I'm fine. I'm just--

CATILN

It's great. It looks great.

NELL

(she checks her watch)

Okay. I guess we're good.

Caitlin rubs her back. Nell looks around the room.

CATLIN

Any word from Jeremiah?

NELL

He'll be here.

Oh. Fuck. I forgot I have something to

(she looks at her watch again)

We don't have enough time.

CATLIN

What is it.

NELL

It's--

Here.

She pulls out her phone. She fumbles with it. Hits a few buttons and waits.

NELL

It's not fucking loading.

CATLIN

What.

NELL

Whatever. It's my playlist. Or one song at least. But like

Also a video.

I got a bunch of old pictures of mom and did this thing on iMovie.

CATLIN

What thing?

NELL

If my fucking phone would work I could show you.

It's like a montage. Of these pictures of mom when she's real young.

Set to one of my songs. I just did one so I could show you.

If you were into it I was gonna do the rest of my playlist.

CATTILN

Oh.

NELL

It's basically a Ken Burns rip off. I dunno. I'll show you later. It's sorta crappy honestly.

CATTILN

That sounds... / amazing.

NELL

(re: her phone)

Oh here we go!

They both look at Nell's phone.

Lights fade.

A projection of Nell's iMovie montage.

Old photos of a teenage girl in Mystic cross fade as I'll Be Your Mirror by The Velvet Underground and Nico plays.

10.

Night. The dock.

Caitlin sits in her chair.

Nell lays flat on the dock face down. She's drunk.

NELL

I should have updated the Facebook event more.
I should have put up pictures or like polls or something.
I think you can do polls now.
...
Fuck.

CATILIN

It's okay.

NELL

Pass me another beer, yeah?

CATILIN

I think you've had
Let's just take a break for a sec.

NELL

Mm k.
Was this whole thing like so embarrassing?

CATILIN

No.

NELL

Should I just fucking kill myself?

CATILIN

Stop. It was totally fine.
I thought your tour was great.

NELL

Holy shit do *not* remind me.

CATLIN

Really.

NELL

There was only one person!

CATLIN

I was there too.

NELL

And the display case was empty!

I was giving a tour about some doucher who grew five foot long fingernails and there were no fucking fingernails!

CATLIN

Yeah but you were *so* funny.

NELL

Kill me.

CATLIN

Plus I think that lady was from the Mystic River Press.

NELL

No that was my old boss Kathy. She hated it.
I'm gonna die.

CATLIN

I thought you really held it together.
Considering.

NELL

I'm gonna fucking kill that fucking asshole Jeremiah, and then I'm gonna go die.
Can I please just have another beer?

Behind them, Jeremiah enters slowly.

JEREMIAH

Um. Hi.

Nell springs up and rushes Jeremiah.

NELL

Where the fuck *were* you?!

JEREMIAH

I want to apologize.

Nell begins to push Jeremiah.

NELL

You just fucking left me there!

JEREMIAH

I know--

NELL

I busted my fucking ass building an entire exhibit for *your* fingernails and you fucking ghosted me!

JEREMIAH

I have--

Here.

Jeremiah hands her a box.

NELL

What the fuck is this.

JEREMIAH

It's the fingernails. You can have them.

NELL

I don't fucking want your fingernails! I needed them two hours ago! What the fuck am I supposed to do with these now?!

JEREMIAH

I thought you could still--
I'm sorry...I--

NELL

What.

JEREMIAH

...
I wasn't in a car crash.

CATLIN

What?

JEREMIAH

I hate these things. I hate everything about them.
I hate that these came out of my body.

NELL

How'd they break off?

JEREMIAH

I did it.

CATLIN

(skeeved out)

Eeeeeeeeeehhhh. Oh my god that makes my teeth hurt.

JEREMIAH

Sorry.

NELL

Why would you do that.

JEREMIAH

Sometimes I think about that woman who got struck by lightning.
She has something inside her that makes her...strong.
People hear her story and go look at her hat because it's proof of her, like, *power*.

And I want to be like that.

(looking down at the case)

But this isn't it.

When I would look down at these I didn't feel powerful at all.

I felt brittle.

He hands the case to Nell. She takes it.

JEREMIAH

If you want to put them in that case

You can.

But I don't want to ever see them again.

And I don't think I can come see your exhibit.

NELL

You could have told me this yesterday. Or even, like, a few hours ago.

JEREMIAH

I know. I tried to come.

I sat in the car with these things in the back seat and I just...couldn't.

I'm sorry.

...

NELL

Come 'ere.

Nell leads Jeremiah out to the end of the dock.

She stands there, and then hands the case back to Jeremiah.

NELL

Go ahead.

JEREMIAH

You sure?

NELL

Yeah.

Jeremiah bends down and places the case in the water.

They watch together as the case floats away.

JEREMIAH

Feels good.

NELL

Yeah. I know the feeling.

Lights.

11.

The Charles W. Morgan. Below deck.

Nell is in the same old fashion sailor outfit she was wearing in the first scene.

Caitlin stands nearby.

NELL

(going through all this rather quickly, a review)

And then I pass out pieces of hardtack for everyone to try.

(miming)

Here ya go here ya go here ya go.

And then I say:

Jump ahead to 1924 and the Morgan was nearly destroyed when a steamer caught fire and drifted into this port quarter.

Luckily she was saved at the last second when Mystic firemen came to the rescue just in the nick of time.

CATILIN

Whoa.

NELL

Then I come over here and go:

The Morgan underwent restoration by Captain George Fred Tilton in blah blah blah. Boring part I'm gonna skip for right now.

And then it's:

Now follow me to the stern of the ship where our journey continues.

And then I'm done in here and we go up to the deck.

CATILIN

And then what.

NELL

There's a spot up there where people can get their picture taken but we're not gonna do that tonight. I'll just finish in here and be done.

CATILIN

Nice.

NELL

Yeah?

CATLIN

Yeah. It was great. You'll be great.

NELL

Thanks. My official test isn't until next week so it's good that we're

CATLIN

Also what the hell is the *cannibal* thing?

NELL

I know right? Isn't that fucking *nuts*?

CATLIN

That actually happened?

NELL

One hundred percent. Fucking *cannibals*.

(sitting down)

Kathy said I could go back to ticket tearing if I didn't pass my first time out.

CATLIN

You'll pass. You got it.

NELL

Thanks. If I nail this dress run later tonight I'll feel better.

CATLIN

Just act like we're not here.

NELL

No I need to work on my eye contact. Kathy says private tours can say more about your tour demeanor than a group of 50.

CATLIN

Oooo *private* tour--

Caitlin's phone chimes.

She takes it out of her pocket and looks at it.

CAITLIN

She's parking.

NELL

Okay.

CAITLIN

Another five minutes or so.

NELL

You think anyone has fucked down here?

CAITLIN

You know you've already asked me this.

NELL

So what do you think.

CAITLIN

Did *you* have sex down here?

NELL

You think I'm the first?

CAITLIN

Damn, *really?*

NELL

Badass, eh? In a *ship?* That's pretty badass. I could be the first.

CAITLIN

Yeah that's pretty good.

NELL

What's your best spot.

CAITLIN

I dunno.

NELL

Come on! Best spot. First one you think of.

CAITLIN

I don't know! The beach?

NELL

Nice.

CAITLIN

No that sucks. I have a better one. Ummm

...

Oh! Okay this sounds kind of weird but in a tree one time?

NELL

What? With who?

CAITLIN

Roger Blanchard.

NELL

NO. FUCKING. WAY.

CAITLIN

I know, right?

NELL

You fucked Roger Blanchard? In a *tree*?

CAITLIN

Twice.

NELL

How'd you even *do* that?

CATLIN

It was sort of a huge tree. With a big arm thingy like this.

NELL

Amazing.

We hear some soft creaking from the upper deck.

They listen. Footsteps.

NELL

That's her.

CATLIN

You ready?

NELL

Yeah. Stand over here.

Nell begins leading her to a spot.

We hear more footsteps. Nell listens.

NELL

Wait. Where the fuck is she going.

CATLIN

Does she know how to get down here?

NELL

Fucking shit.

Can you go up there?

CATLIN

Yeah yeah.

NELL

But like

You gotta give me some time.

I wanna be in character when she walks in. I want the world to be like *set*.

CAITLIN

Okay.

NELL

So count like twenty.

No count to fifty and then both of you come down.

CAITLIN

Okay.

NELL

My costume looks good?

The footsteps begin again, heading in a different direction.

NELL

God what is she *doing* up there?

CAITLIN

You look great. It's gonna be great.

NELL

Thanks. Fifty.

CAITLIN

I got it.

Caitlin exits, we hear her walk up to the upper deck.

Nell looks around the space and begins quietly counting to herself.

NELL

1...2...3...4...

She adjusts a few things then stands back. Then she remembers something. Moves to one side.

She dims the lights very low. The ship becomes alive somehow in this low light.

NELL

23...24...25...

Nell looks around and smiles.

Nell finds her light and freezes in position.

NELL

32...33...34...

Nell's counting trails off. She stands there in silence.

The ship softly creaks and sways with the tides.

She stands there for a very long time frozen in position.

Black out.

END OF PLAY.