

ACT I

Scene 1 -- The Thames Embankment near Big Ben. We see the bow of a sailing ship, *HMS Baleen*, standing in a dry dock. On the embankment is a low platform with a podium bearing the Royal Crest, a bookseller with a pushcart with FOYLES written on it, souvenir booths, and vendors of every sort. A huge portrait of the queen -- a beautiful young woman dressed in white - - dominates the scene.

The year is 2020, early afternoon on a pleasant summer day. As Big Ben chimes the 3/4 hour, a group of TOURISTS with GUIDES appears. The tourists are dressed in very modern styles, whereas the British tour guides wear seedy, old fashioned garments. One guide announces that shortly Queen Virginia will arrive to christen the ship.

COMPANY

A CHRISTENING

A CHRIST'NING

A CHRIST'NING

HAIL VIRGINIA, QUEEN VIRGINIA

A CHRIST'NING, A CHRISTENING
THERE'S GOING TO BE A CHRISTENING
A CHRIST'NING, A CHRIST'NING
THE CHAMPAGNE WILL BE GLISTENING
ON HER ROYAL, ON HER ROYAL
ON HER ROYAL MAJESTY'S SHIP *BALEEN*

HAIL VIRGINIA, QUEEN VIRGINIA
MONARCH PURE AND GOOD
WE HAVE COME FROM FAR TO SEE
YOUR ROYAL BEAUTY, WOMANHOOD, AH
QUEEN VIRGINIA, LAUNCH THIS VESSEL
SEND HER ON HER WAY
SHE WILL RIDE THE OCEAN WAVES
AND BRING FAIR ENGLAND GLORY TODAY
A CHRIST'NING
A CHRISTENING
HAIL VIRGINIA, QUEEN VIRGINIA

MALE TOURIST

A Bar Mitzvah it ain't.

FEMALE TOURIST

Isn't England quaint? You'd really think yourself in the nineteenth century, instead of the year 2020. Look at this cashmere sweater. Oh, ninety-five pounds.

MALE TOURIST

That's a buck fifty.

FEMALE TOURIST

I'll take it!

MALE TOURIST

Don't be dumb. They're expecting another devaluation of the pound any minute.

TOURISTS

STUFF THEY SELL IS SO CHEAP HERE
TIME HAS FALLEN ASLEEP HERE
WOMEN STILL WEAR FULL LENGTH MAXIS
OIL AND GAS CAN'T BE HAD HERE
WALKING FAST IS THE FAD HERE
RICKSHAWS HAVE REPLACED THE TAXIS.

COMPANY

VIRGINIA'S CHRISTENING THIS VESSEL PROUD
SHE'LL BRING FAIR ENGLAND GLORY
SING IT ALOUD, SING IT ALOUD.

A CHRIST'NING, A CHRISTENING
THERE'S GOING TO BE A CHRISTENING
AND CHAMPAGNE WILL BE GLISTENING
ON HER ROYAL MAJESTY'S SHIP
STANDING PROUD IN THE SLIP

DRUNKEN PASSENGER

(BLIMEY, I'D LOVE JUST A NIP)

COMPANY

ON HER ROYAL, ON HER ROYAL,
ON HER ROYAL MAJESTY'S SHIP *BALEEN*.

A British sea captain, MARLOW, walking by answers the tourists' questions about the meaning of "baleen". He's the captain of the *Sally Forth*, a ship moored nearby. They ask him whether as foreigners they should bow or curtsy to the queen. He tells them that they may do as they like, but that he will, of course, bow to Her Majesty.

A group of unemployed British WORKERS arrive. They carry protest signs reading "JOBS NOW!" etc. They tell the tourists that they've come to protest massive unemployment.

TOURIST

You're protesting to the *queen*? Don't you have ministers who sets economic policy?

WORKER

Of course we do. But it's no good protestin' to ministers. We don't love ministers, and they don't love us. We love Virginia.

A QUEEN SETS AN EXAMPLE

WORKER 1

MINISTERS SET POLICY

WORKER 2

SUNS SET ON THE SEAS

PAINTER

PAYNT SETS ON A WALL

WORKERS ALL

BUT A QUEEN SETS MORE THAN THESE....

TOURIST

What's that?

WORKER

A QUEEN SETS AN EXAMPLE
SHE SHOWS US 'OW IT'S DONE
TO KEEP A STIFFER UPPER LIP
IN STEAMIN' TROPIC SUN.

WORKER

A QUEEN SETS 'ER EXAMPLE
ON SAND OR MUD OR GRASS
AND EVERY BRITON FOLLOWS IT
IN EVERY SOCIAL CLASS.

COMPANY

THEY FOLLOW IT, THEY FOLLOW IT
IN EVERY SOCIAL CLASS

WORKER 3

A QUEEN SETS AN EXAMPLE
SHE TEACHES US NOBLESSE
WITH SANDWICHES THAT CRUSTLESS ARE
AND FILLED WITH WATERCRESS

WORKER 4

BUT WHEN THE QUEEN'S A VIRGIN
THEEXAMPLE THAT WE'RE SHOWN

(sigh)

MAKES EVERY LOYAL ENGLISHMAN
NO BETTER THAN A DRONE.

COMPANY

THESE [WE] VERY LOYAL ENGLISHMEN
NO BETTER THAN A DRONE.

WORKER

In other words, since Virginia took the throne ten years ago, we ayn't, as you Yanks say, "*gettin*" any."

TOURIST

But what have your sex lives got to do with the sad state of the British economy?

WORKER

Let us explain.

WORKER 1

WE SUBJECTS FEEL A DUTY
TO KEEP OUR LUST RESTRAYNED
BUT IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
AYN'T SO VERY OFT ATTAYNED

WORKER 2

THE BABY BOOM WENT BUSTED
THE BUDGET WENT TO 'ELL
THE QUEEN SET 'ER EXAMPLE
BUT, WE FOLLOWED IT TOO WELL.

TOURISTS

THEY FOLLOWED HER EXAMPLE
BUT THEY FOLLOWED IT TOO WELL.

TOURIST

So, the queen really does have an influence on the behavior of the British populace.

FEMALE WORKER

An influence? Blimey! When Virginia ascended the throne, the sun set on the British sex life.

WORKERS ALL

A QUEEN SETS AN EXAMPLE
TO DO OR NOT TO DO
WE GET THE MESSAGE IN THE PRESS
AND ON THE TELLY TOO.
IF ONLY SHE WOULD MARRY
'ER TROTH TO SOMEONE PLIGHT
WE'D FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE ALL
THEIR BLOOMIN' WEDDIN' NIGHT.

A QUEEN SETS AN EXAMPLE
SHE SHOWS US 'OW IT'S DONE

IN AFRICA, ANTARCTICA
IN RAYN AND SLEET AND SUN.
WE SUBJECTS FEEL A DUTY
TO DO AS GOOD AS SHE, BUT
A QUEEN WHAT 'AS SIX CHILDREN
IS WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

COMPANY

A QUEEN WHAT 'AS SIX CHILDREN
IS WHAT WE [THEY] WOULD LIKE TO SEE
A QUEEN WHAT 'AS SIX CHILDREN
IS WHAT WE [THEY] WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The workers are afraid that if the queen knew her virginity was the cause of England's economic depression she wouldn't marry, she'd abdicate – but she's the last of the royal line so they wouldn't want that. They're having a silent protest to get her thinking: when she arrives they won't bow or curtsy. The tourists decide they won't bow or curtsy either.

As they talk, Marlow stands listening. Suddenly Her Majesty's arrival is announced. Virginia enters, dressed in a magnificent white gown. Instantly everyone present sweeps into a deep bow or curtsy – except Marlow. Against all expectations he remains motionless, standing erect before the queen. They gaze at each other over the backs of the bent people. The lights fade out on the crowd, remaining bright on Marlow and the queen. In this moment out of time, they fall in love.

Virginia questions Marlow and is shocked to learn he's about to sail off to Burma and won't return for a year or two.

A SAILOR enters with a checklist for Marlow. As Marlow turns his attention to it, the queen sings of her love.

QUEEN

I LOVE A MAN WHO CANNOT BEND TO ME
I LOVE A MAN WHO CANNOT BEND TO ME
TALL AS A MAST, STRONG AS A SHIP IS HE
ALL OF MY LIFE IN THESE WHITE SAILS I'LL GO
HOPING TO FIND THE CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I WOULD LIKE TO SAIL AWAY
BUT I MUST STAY, I MUST STAY
AND LISTEN TO THE WIND THAT SOFTLY CALLS TO ME
AND TO IT SAY, AND TO IT SAY:

I LOVE A MAN WHO CANNOT BEND TO ME
WARM AS THE SUN, PROUD AS MY DESTINY
WIND, WAVE AND SAIL WILL BE MY MARRIAGE BED
OR I WILL NEVER, OR I WILL NEVER WED.

Taking her place behind the podium the queen tells everyone to rise. She asks her subjects if they have any complaints to make to her, but they assure her they have none. The jobless workers say nothing of their protest. Everyone shouts "God Save the Queen."

The queen christens the ship while Marlow stands in a daze. Suddenly his name is called by a voice offstage, and he calls back that he'll be right there.

MARLOW

THE TIDE IS EBBING FAST

THE TIDE IS EBBING FAST
THE THAMES IS SILVER IN THE AFTERNOON
AND WITH THE SETTING SUN
WE'LL CHART OUR COMPASS COURSE FOR FAR RANGOON.

THE OCEAN IS A WORLD
WHERE CARES ARE BLOWN AWAY IN SUMMER GALES
AND FOR YOUR COMPANY
JUST SEAGULLS AND SOMETIMES WHALES

A HAPPY LIFE IT IS
AWAY FROM LOVERS AND ENCIRCLING ARMS
THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU THERE
YOU'RE SAFE FROM THEIR HOLLOW CHARMS.

(looking lovingly at the QUEEN)

AND SHOULD THEY EVER ASK
WHY SAILORS LOVE THE SEA AND SHUN THE LAND
I'LL ANSWER THEM MY DEAR
IN WORDS THAT SURELY MOST WOULD UNDERSTAND:

THE HEART WILL LEAD YOU ONLY
TO WHIRLPOOL, SHOAL AND REEF
AND LOVE WILL LEAVE YOU STRANDED
WITH YOUR SPECIAL GRIEF
FOR EVERY MAN A GRIEF HAS
THAT NO ONE KNOWS BUT HE
AND IF HE IS A BRAVE MAN
NO ONE WILL EVER SEE.

THE WIND IS BLOWING FAIR
THE SEA REACH WAITING IN THE EVENING LIGHT
AND SHOULD THE GODS ALLOW
WE'LL RIDE INTO THE OPEN SEA TONIGHT
WE'LL RIDE INTO THE OPEN SEA TONIGHT.

With one sad look after the departed queen, MARLOW seems to straighten with determination, turns and walks off in the direction of his ship.

INTERLUDE

In front of the curtain appear two SAILORS and the ship's COOK from the *Sally Forth*. They sing and dance, imbibing liberally from a bottle of rum.

SAILORS

A SAILING SHIP'S A WOMAN
A MOTHER AND A WIFE
SHE'LL SUCCOR AND SUSTAIN YOU
AND RUN YOUR BLOODY LIFE

SHE'S SWEETER THAN A MISTRESS
MORE FICKLE THAN A WHORE
AND IF YOUR STRENGTH STARTS FLAGGIN'
SHE'LL LEAVE YOU ON THE SHORE

I'VE NEVER LOVED A WOMAN
SINCE SHE WHO GAVE ME LIFE
BUT FOR ME A DOZEN SAILING SHIPS
WERE MOTHER, WHORE AND WIFE.

Scene 2 - The deck of the *Sally Forth*, anchored in the Thames estuary. One year later. Evening. While secretly drinking from the rum bottle, the crew goes about its tasks, the cook fishing over the railing, two sailors splicing lines, etc. Marlow is seated front stage right, with his back to what is going on, weaving at a hand loom with a shuttle. A full moon hangs in the sky. Wash hangs on a line, including a red nightshirt. Rising to his feet, MARLOW goes to the railing and stands looking at the moon

MARLOW

(no music written yet)

WHAT A MOON THERE IS TONIGHT, LADS,
SHINING SILVER HIGH ABOVE
AND THE LINE TWIST SKY AND WATER
JOINS THEM, LUMINOUS, IN LOVE.

(sighing, MARLOW returns to his loom and continues weaving.)

SAILOR 1

FINE FOR 'IM TO SPEAK O' LOVERS
WI' HIS OWN DEAR BRIDE ABOARD

SAILOR 2

OUT O' SIXTY MILLION BRITONS
'E'S THE ONLY ONE WHAT'S SCORED

COOK

WE BEEN ANCHORED 'ERE TWO MONTHS NOW
WI' A EMPTY CARGO HOLD
RUMOURS SAY THEY'RE SELLIN' *SALLY*
SELLIN' *SALLY* CAUSE SHE'S OLD.

CREW

BITCHIN'S ALL THE PLEASURE LEFT US
THAT AN' DRINKIN' PLANTER'S RUM
WHEN THE OWNERS SELL OLD *SALLY*
WHERE'S THE NEXT DRINK COMIN' FROM?

SAILOR 1

CAP'N'S STRICT, BUT EVEN-HANDED
'ES A GOOD 'UN CAP'N IS
SCRIMPS AND SAVES TO PAY OUR WAGES
WEAVIN' ON THAT SAIL OF 'IS.

SAILOR 2

THAT'S A SAIL 'E'S WEAVING ON THERE?

SAILOR 1

WHA' THE DEVIL 'AD YA GUESSED?

SAILOR 2

KEPT IMAGININ' A SHROUD! DAMN!
MUS' BE JUST A MITE DEPRESSED.

CREW

BITCHIN'S ALL THE PLEASURE LEFT US
THAT AN' DRINKIN' PLANTER'S RUM
WHEN THE BASTARDS SELL OUR *SALLY*
WHERE'S THE NEXT DRINK COMIN' FROM?

SAILOR 1

(climbs drunkenly on a box)

FOR OUR FATE I BLAME 'ER 'IGHNESS
NEVER WED NOR RIGHTLY WOODED
LONG AS SHE REMAINS A MAIDEN
ENGLAND WILL BE ROYALLY SCREWED!

(falls off box laughing)

Marlow reprimands the sailors over their disrespect for the queen and they apologize. But their attention is taken by the cook who's trying to reel in a large fish he's hooked. Suddenly there is a loud splash as the line breaks and the pole snaps upward. The cook stares into the water, incredulous. He tells them something large and white has just snapped their supper off the line. Marlow and his wife will be dining on hardtack and limeade again.

Enter an angry MRS. MARLOW. She tells Marlow she's not eating tack and limeade again, in fact she's leaving the ship. Marlow tries to calm her, but she won't be pacified.

MRS. MARLOW

I'm fed up. Fed up, do you hear?

I'M FED UP

I'M FED UP WITH HARDTACK AND LIMEADE
WITH LIVING THIS STUPID LIFE AT SEA
BUT MOST OF ALL, DEAR CAPTAIN MARLOW
I'M FED UP WITH VIRGINITY.

MARLOW

But Peaches, before we married you were so *proud* of
being a virgin.

MRS MARLOW

Yes. But who knew you expected your wife ever to *remain* one?

YOU TOLD ME YOU NEVER WOULD MARRY
A WOMAN WHO'D SLEPT WITH OTHER MEN
WELL, LET ME SAY, DEAR CAPTAIN MARLOW
I'D DONE SO AGAIN AND AGAIN.

MRS MARLOW

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF LYING IN MY HAMMOCK ALL THE NIGHT
WITH NO ONE THERE TO HONOR ME,
NO ARMS TO HOLD ME TIGHT
THE ONLY SOUND TO FILL MY EARS THE CREAKING OF THE SHIP
THE SNORING OF THE CREW, THE FLUSHING OF THE BLOODY LOO

I'M FED UP PROMOTING A HYMEN
THAT NEVER DID COME ABOARD THIS SHIP
BUT MOST OF ALL, DEAR HUSBAND MARLOW
I'M FED UP WITH YOUR EGO TRIP.

MARLOW

Dearest, the crew....

MRS MARLOW

I WANT YOUR CREW TO KNOW IT'S NOT THEIR CAPTAIN THAT I
BLAME
FOR LONELY NIGHTS THAT TORTURE ME AND FILL MY HEART
WITH SHAME
THE ONE RESPONSIBLE IS SHE WHO DRESSES ALL IN WHITE --
YOU KNOW JUST WHO I MEAN: HER MAJESTY,
THE VIRGIN QUEEN.
I'M LEAVING FOR LONDON THIS MINUTE

MY LAWYER WILL SHORTLY RING YOUR BELL
HE'LL HELP ME FIND SOME WAY TO SCREW *YOU*
TILL, CAPTAIN, *YOU'RE* FED UP AS WELL!

MARLOW

Calm yourself, my dear. I'll row you to shore in the morning, if you feel you must go.

MRS MARLOW

I'll row myself -- Lord knows I could use some exercise!

Mrs. Marlow steps through the railing and disappears out of sight down a ladder. The others resume their activities. Suddenly from O.S. a faint scream and splash. The cook, sneaking a swig of rum, stares over the railing, his face a mask of horror. Marlow thinks he heard a cry. Cook tries to reassure Marlow that it was nothing but a seagull. His legs rubber, cook flings the rum bottle overboard and goes off to make supper. Marlow starts to philosophize aloud regarding what just happened with his wife.

MARLOW

You see, lads, this loom can be said to represent Life.
The weft is Destiny, and this shuttle that I throw
through the weft is Necessity. Uh...wait a minute. I
think I've got it wrong.

SAILOR 1

With all respect, sir, my first wife did a bit o'
weavin' and she always called those fixed thread the
warp. The others were the woof.

MARLOW

The woof? Then which is the weft?

SAILOR 1

The woof is the weft, sir. That which you were calling
the weft is the warp.

MARLOW

I see. Then tell me: if the woof is the weft, and the
weft is the warp, which is Free Will?

SAILOR 1

I'd hazard, sir, that the woof is Free Will. Woof 'as
a certain free ring to it, as in runnin', jumpin', and'
woofin'.

Marlow feels he's going mad. He tells the crew that the fault for England's woes is not the queen, but he himself. He's to blame that the queen is still a maid. The crew is amazed at his words. Taking the shuttle in both hands he shakes it.

MARLOW

Ye Gods! If only I were as strong and quick as this shuttle,
I would see to it my queen was properly served. Do you see
this shuttle, sirs? It is not Free Will. It is not Fate, not Necessity.
It is....

(MARLOW thrusts the shuttle through the
web, misses the catch, and it clatters
across the deck and through the railing)

...overboard!

(They listen for the splash, but hear
only a thump)

Peering overboard they see a large white shape, pull it onto the deck, and discover that it's a white whale. Its hump indicates it's a sperm whale, an extinct species. The sailors EXIT and Marlow recalls a white sperm that lived back in his great, great grandfather's time nearly two centuries ago. The whale begins to come to and Marlow helps it up. He steps back and the magnificent whale stands upright.

MARLOW

My God! Who *are* you?

MOBY

Call me Moby.

BLACKOUT

Scene 2 – On the deck of the *Sally Forth* moments later. Marlow applies wet compresses to Moby's hump. The whale introduces himself to Marlow.

MOBY

Moby's my name. I'm an albino sperm whale
of the phylum chordata, sub-phylum vertebrate,
class mammalia, order cetacea, sub-order Odontoceti,
from the family Physeteridae.

Moby assures Marlow he needn't remember all that since "most of the bastards are extinct anyway." He tells him that he's the greatest grandson of Moby Dick. When Moby asks Marlow's name, and learns it's Marlow, Moby is amazed.

MOBY

Don't tell me you're related to that same Marlow who was
a friend of Lord Jim and visited the Heart of Darkness!

MARLOW

He was my great, great...I'm his greatest grandson.

MOBY

Incredible. Your greatest granddaddy is an oceanic legend, man. (MOBY shuffles a few steps) Mistah Kurtz, he dead.

MARLOW

(Theatrically) The horror! The horror!
(Delighted, MARLOW and MOBY slap palms against fins)
Oh, Moby, meeting you is like meeting family. I can't believe I just pulled you from the sea.

MOBY

Like your greatest uncle pulled that fellow Leggatt.

MARLOW

My God! You know the story of Leggatt?

MOBY

My Aunt Edith, blubbermouth of the deep, not only saw the naked murderer pulled from the water, she heard the rest of the story through the ship's hull.

MARLOW

Not the part about the pajamas!

MOBY

Yes, and how when the escaped killer put on your uncle's pajamas, the two men looked identical.

MARLOW

I love that bit.

MOBY

Actually, that's the one part I never understood. Marlow, how can wearing another man's pajamas cause them to become doubles?

MARLOW

Ah, Moby, such a phenomenon might easily puzzle a whale. My own guess is that the two men shared a symbolic likeness, a secret, subconscious identity.

MOBY

Subconscious?

MARLOW

The subconscious is a hidden part of the mind...like the sea is hidden from the world of air.

MOBY

So, in other words, I live down in the subconscious, while you live up in the conscious?

MARLOW

I suppose one could say that. But enough reminiscing. Tell me, what the devil is a sperm whale doing in the Thames estuary?

MOBY

I'm swimming to London to see Virginia, your virgin monarch.

MARLOW

Whales know of her?

MOBY

Of course. Her fame has reached the farthest outposts of the ocean. I was dallying around Baja California with little to do, when the idea hit me to swim the Atlantic and make my way up the Thames to Buckingham Palace to feast my eyes on that which one can't see in America.

MARLOW

A queen?

MOBY

(drily) No, a *virgin*. But Marlow. You look distressed. Have I said something wrong?

MARLOW

That word "virgin" reminded me of my wife. She stormed off the ship in anger a few minutes before you came aboard.

MOBY

(Looking guilty, alarmed)

She did? A few...minutes ago?

MARLOW

Perhaps you saw her. She took a dinghy.

MOBY

(Too quickly) I? See her? In a dinghy? Not I. (Burps aside)
Why did she storm off?

MARLOW

Well, you see, Moby, I have a problem with...the fair sex.

MOBY

A problem with cows?

MARLOW

The truth is, I can't get it up for virgins. Nor can I make love
to any woman who's had a man before me.

MOBY

But, Marlow, the kind of woman you want must be rarer
than white whales. For whales there's nothing more wonderful
than eating, fighting and making love. I can picture it now,
blue light, undulating algae, the rustle of squid and shrimp...

(A line of female whales joins him as a chorus.)

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS
COUPLING OFF THE SHORE
FINS AND FLUKES ROTATE
IN PASSIONATE AMOUR

CHORUS OF WHALES

LOVE ME FAIR CETACEA
LET MY FINS EMBRACE YA
RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

Ah, I remember little Margarita. Only forty feet
long, but what a hump! Before she said "yes" I
followed her through seven degrees longitude and twelve
degrees latitude, until finally, in the Indian Ocean,
she surrendered.

WHALES IN PLEASURE TWINING
SINGING AS THEY BREACH
TIDAL WAVES UNROLLING
TOWARD THE DISTANT BEACH

CHORUS

BARNACLES BECOME YA
COME AND LET ME PLUMB YA
RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

And then there was Rosamunda. Sixty years older than
I, but at thirty fathoms, who could tell? I must
admit, *she* did *me* the favor, but I rose to the occasion.

STEAMY SPOUTS CONDENSING
RAINBOWS FILL THE AIR
WATERFALLS CASCADING
ON THE LOVING PAIR

CHORUS

WHALES INSEMINATING
LEVIATHAN IS MATING
RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

WOULD THAT I WERE THERE.

LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, MARGARITA
BE THE LOVER OF ME, MARGARITA
BARNACLES BECOME YOU DARLING
COME AND LET ME PLUMB YOU DARLING

CHORUS

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

KISS ME, KISS ME, KISS ME ROSAMUNDA
WHEN AWAY OH MISS ME ROSAMUNDA
LET MY LOVING FINS EMBRACE YA
BE MY VERY OWN CETACEA

CHORUS

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

ROLLING IN THE WAVES WITH MARGARITA
DIVING IN THE SEA WITH MY PEPITA
FIFTY TONS OF LOVING BLUBBER
ROLL HER OVER, STROKE HER, RUB HER

CHORUS

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

WHALES WHALES WHALES WHALES
RUTTING IN THE SEA, OH
WHALES WHALES WHALES WHALES
SAVE A BIT FOR ME
KISS ME. KISS ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME

CHORUS

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

MOBY

ROLL AROUND ME AND ABOVE ME

CHORUS

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

WHALES WHALES WHALES WHALES

MOBY

LOVE ME, LOVE ME, KISS ME, KISS ME

EATING, MATING, FORNICATING

LOTS OF LITTLE WHALES CREATING

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

CHORUS

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

MOBY

RUTTING IN THE TROPICS

CHORUS AND MOBY

WOULD THAT I WERE THERE.

Moby is sure that he can solve Marlow's sexual hangup and suggests that he accompany him to London where he's going to see the Queen. But Marlow says he can't go because the *Queen* might see *him*. He explains to Moby that year ago he and the queen saw each other and it was love at first sight. Since then he's been avoiding her because with his hang-up about getting getting it on with virgins he could never give her heirs. It would be the end of the royal line. Marlow explains that two months ago he even married a woman, who just walked out on him. Who could blame her? Still, Marlow has to go to London on ship's business and for another matter.

MARLOW

You see, in spite of my long career at sea, one thing has been lacking -- I've never known fear.

MOBY

Nothing wrong with that. You're a brave man.

MARLOW

No. I've just never found myself in a dangerous situation. As a result, I've never had my courage tested.

MOBY

But how could that be? Surely life at sea is full of danger -- storms, rocky coastlines in the fog...*whales*.

MARLOW

Oh, I've managed to avoid such perils through my perfect navigation, sixth sense about weather, etc. But Moby, if faced by the Terrible, I don't know whether I'd react as a coward or a brave man. Recently a machine has been invented that will test a man's courage for a shilling. It's in London. I'd like to go there and try my luck.

MOBY

Then it's settled. We'll leave in the morning.

MARLOW

But Moby, you're a whale. London isn't a body of water. How will you survive?

MOBY

No problem. Being a mammal I breathe air, the same as you. All I need is a twice-daily soaking.

MARLOW

And food? You must have...forgive me...a whale of an appetite.

MOBY

Not to worry. Whales are used to looking after themselves.

MARLOW

Then there's the problem of your...ahem...nakedness. If we're to travel together, you'll have to appear less conspicuous.

MOBY

How so?

MARLOW

You'll have to wear clothes. Now, our conversation earlier has given me an idea. The roomiest thing to wear are pajamas. I have a nightshirt to offer you.

(Taking the red nightshirt off
the line, he helps MOBY into it.)

Here. Try this on. How does it feel?

MOBY

Not bad. I suppose we now look identical!

(To the audience, they still look like man and whale.)

MARLOW

You know, seeing you dressed in my nightshirt...I feel there does exist a certain...resemblance.

MOBY

(Chuckling) You mean we really have become doubles, like Leggatt and your uncle?

MARLOW

I'm not joking. The similarity is amazing. Here. Look in this mirror.

(They peer into it together)

MOBY

There is a certain likeness.

MARLOW

Admit it. We're bloody identical.

MOBY

You're right. We are.

MARLOW

Isn't it extraordinary? Who would have supposed? A sea captain and a whale -- identical!

MOBY

Maybe we're just imagining it. Do you think anyone else would notice?

MARLOW

I have no idea. Oh, oh. Here comes my supper. Wait. I'll hide behind the loom and we'll see what happens. (Marlow hides)

A crewman appears with a supper tray, exchanges some words with Moby, obviously taking him for Captain Marlow, and exits. Marlow reappears. He and Moby stare at each other wordlessly, in complete astonishment.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene 1 - A park bench, early afternoon the next day. Marlow has put on a **false moustache** so he and Moby won't be confused for each other. Marlow sits, looking grim, while Moby stands, eating fish and chips out of a folded newspaper. Wadding up the paper he tosses it into a trash basket. It's his 22nd fish and chips meal, and he's still hungry.

MARLOW

I warned you this would be a problem.

MOBY

You said nothing about not eating policemen. If I'd known there were all sorts of rules, I'd have made arrangements before coming.

Moby reminds Marlow he's there to help him with his love life.

MARLOW

I know, Moby. I know. And I appreciate it. You're a whale, but a white one.

Suddenly Marlow realizes that in a few minutes he has an appointment to have his courage tested. He grabs Moby by a fin and they race off to find a rickshaw.

Scene 2 -- Marlow and Moby stand in front of a shabby storefront where a HAG tries to entice them into her place of business.

HAG

COURAGE-TESTING MACHINE (no music written)

OH, IT DON'T RUN ON COMPUTERS
NOR ON BATT'RIES, NOR WITH PLUGS
IT'S A NEW KIND OF INVENTION YOU'VE NOT SEEN
IT WILL TELL IF YOU'RE BRAVE OR A YELLOW-BELLIED KNAVE
IT'S A REAL, LIVE, COURAGE-TESTING MACHINE.

FOR A SHILLING, IF YOU'RE WILLING
IT WILL TELL YOU, GOOD OR BAD,
ALL THE SECRETS OF YOUR PSYCHE AND YOUR SPLEEN
DO YOU WANT TO BE TOLD IF YOU'RE COWARDLY OR BOLD?
TRY OUR REAL LIVE COURAGE-TESTING MACHINE.

IN THE JUNGLES THERE ARE MONSTERS
IN THE TREETOPS AND THE VINES
IN THE OCEANS THERE ARE 'ORRORS THAT FLOAT IN THE SHOALS
ARE YOU READY NOW TO COME WITH ME

AND LOOK INTO YOUR FEARS?
ARE YOU READY NOW TO LOOK INTO YOUR SOULS?
WORST OF ALL, DEARS, ARE THE LADIES
WHO WILL HAUNT YOU NIGHT AND DAY
THEY WILL DRAIN YOU DRY AND PICK YOUR BODY CLEAN
SHOULD YOU RUN? SHOULD YOU STAY?
CAN YOU EVER GET AWAY?
ASK OUR REAL, LIVE, COURAGE-TESTING MACHINE.

MARLOW

I can save myself a shilling, Moby. She's already scared
the devil out of me.

MOBY

Come on, Marlow. Be brave.

MARLOW

That's easy for a toothed whale to say.

HAG

'Ere you go, Maytes. Step right through 'ere.

Scene 3 - A room containing a large cubicle with two curtained doors. A sign reads "Courage-Testing Machine." Wild psychedelic colors, music, etc. The hag asks Marlow for a shilling, then pulls a lever. The curtains open revealing inside one curtain a horrible MONSTER, in the other, a scantily-clad WOMAN. Both beckon to Marlow, who makes no move. Moby urges him on, but he replies that he has no argument with the monster and no desire for the woman. The hag informs him his courage level is zero. She closes the curtains, but Moby pleads with Marlow to give her a shilling so he can test *his* courage. Marlow hands the hag a coin

Not waiting for the curtains to open, Moby enters with the MONSTER. We hear blows, bellows, then a loud belch. Moby reappears, picking his teeth. He enters the WOMAN's door. Screams, then coy laughter. The two come out, the WOMAN gives MOBY a peck on the cheek, then strolls offstage. The hag tells Moby his score is one hundred. Marlow asks if his friend gets a prize.

HAG

'E ate the monster and 'ad the woman. What d'you want
for a shillin'?

Scene 4 – Back on the street again they plan their afternoon.

MARLOW

I'll put you in a rickshaw to the Serpentine in Hyde
Park. I have some ship's business to attend to, and I
must contact my wife's solicitor about the annulment of
our marriage.

MOBY

(Aside) Too late!

MARLOW

What did you say?

MOBY

Nothing. Then I'll meet you at the Serpentine?

MARLOW

Yes. And in the meantime, be careful not to eat anyone or wreak any havoc. They'll arrest you and put you in prison and you'll starve there, believe me.

MOBY

No fear. I'm good for another twelve hours. All I want now is a nice soak.

They EXIT running for a rickshaw.

Scene 5 -- By the Serpentine a short time later. Tossed on a bench is Moby's red nightshirt. Nearby is a poster announcing a SAVE THE WHALES rally. Moby is in the pond bathing; and singing RUTTING IN THE TROPICS. Soap bubbles rise.

Two ELDERLY WOMEN enter. As soon as they begin to speak, there is silence from the pond and signs of action cease. They have come for the Save the Whales rally. Pushing Moby's "horrid" shirt off the bench, they sit and discuss the delicious potted shrimp they just ate at lunch. Moby's curious face emerges behind them. He is obviously intrigued by what he hears.

One woman tells the other of her visit to the oceanarium in Orlando, Florida where one could hold out a bit of fish and a whale would come right out of the water and take it from your hand.

WOMAN 1

And the dears had another little trick. So affectionate they were. Look. I'll show you.

(As she gets to her feet, Moby sinks out of sight.)

You see? One simply went to the edge of the pool and held out one's arms, so....

(Leaning out over the water, she holds out her arms in a circular embrace)

...and a darling whale would come right up out of the water into your arms and....

(As she says this, Moby rises right out of the water into her arms. Looking pleased with himself, he kisses her on the cheek.)

Eeek. A whale! A whale. Run, Agatha! Help! Help!

They EXIT. Hearing a police whistle, Moby ducks out of sight. The same Bobby as before runs in and looks around for the whale. From the other side, Marlow ENTERS, still wearing the moustache.)

BOBBY

I knew it'd be a mistake lettin' 'em 'old that whale
rally 'ere. This place'll be crawlin' wi' 'em blighters.

Moby gets out of the water. Marlow tells him that the *Sally Forth* hasn't been sold yet, so he's still her captain. Also, his wife's dingy was found empty with her purse in it, and she was presumed dead. Moby denies knowing about this, but Marlow is suspicious because her hand was still holding her purse. Moby changes the subject to potted shrimp.

Marlow explains that to satisfy Moby in potted shrimp would require a queen's ransom. Moby then proposes that they kidnap the queen and ransom her. That way they'd both get their hearts' desire.

MARLOW

What nonsense. Oh, Moby, you and I must have something
in common, but it escapes me what this could be.

YOU HAVE NO INHIBITIONS (no music written)

YOU HAVE NO INHIBITIONS

I'M SURE YOU SOMETIMES LIE

WE REALLY HAVE SUCH DIFF'RENT INTELLECTS

YOU'RE MACHO AND AGGRESSIVE

AND I OFTEN WONDER WHY

WE LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE IN ALL RESPECTS.

MOBY

PERHAPS BENEATH THE SURFACE

IN THE OCEAN OF OUR MINDS

THAT PLACE YOU CALL "SUBCONSCIOUS", I BELIEVE,

WE SHARE A CERTAIN LIKENESS, THOUGH

I CAN'T SAY WHAT IT IS...

MARLOW

PERHAPS WE ARE WHAT SOME WOULD CALL "NAIVE."

FOR YOU BELIEVE ALL PROBLEMS CAN EVENTUALLY BE SOLVED

MOBY

AND YOU, THAT LOVE CAN SOMEHOW BE DENIED

BOTH

HOW WONDERFUL A WORLD IS WHERE NAIVITE LIKE OURS

CAN PUSH ALL OF THE DIFF'RENCES ASIDE.

MARLOW

AS SKELETONS WE'RE SIM'LAR

FOR IN THE FINS OF WHALES

ARE VESTIGES OF ARM AND WRIST AND HAND

IT'S PROOF, THEY TELL US, THAT IN AGES

LONG AGO GONE BY,
THE WHALES WERE HABITATING ON THE LAND.

WHILE MEN, THEY SAY, IN UTERO,
SOME MONTHS BEFORE THEIR BIRTH
HAVE GILLS BECAUSE THEIR FOREBEARS SWAM IN SCHOOLS

MOBY
SO, EACH OF US AN ANCIENT BOND
WITH ONE ANOTHER SHARES?

MARLOW
YES, BOTH DESCEND FROM PROTEIN MOLECULES.
AND YOU BELIEVE ALL PROBLEMS CAN EVENTUALLY BE SOLVED

MOBY
AND YOU, THAT LOVE CAN SOMEHOW BE DENIED

BOTH
HOW WONDERFUL A WORLD IS WHERE NAIVITE LIKE OURS
RESULTS IN SUCH A SENSE OF FAM'LY PRIDE.

Marlow and Moby look up to see two of the QUEEN'S LADIES walking by. Moby vibrates one fin rapidly in front of his crotch as he watches them pass. The ladies EXIT

Marlow points out that the one thing they *don't* have in common: Moby can have his way with the fair sex and he not. He decides to return to his ship without seeing the queen, but when they hear a crowd arriving he hands Moby his nightshirt to put back on. But before he can, the CROWD arrives with Save the Whale placards. The bobby is also there. A young woman SPEAKER leaps onto a bench.

The woman praises sperm whales and said it is the shame of their civilization that they are extinct. Moby jumps up to object, tells them that he's the greatest grandson of Moby Dick, and demands to speak.

SPEAKER
Take the bench, you beautiful, beautiful whale.

Moby tells them that the problem for whales is the food supply. There's only enough food in the sea for six cows and one male. However there are three males, of which only one is white, so two others must be slaughtered. The crowd is angered, calling Moby a racist and egoist. He then goes on to say that undesirable humans, such as constables, should be put off ships out at sea so that the white sperm whale and his cows...

At this the crowd is so angry they advance on Moby, flailing at him with their signs. Moby is amazed – he thought they loved whales. Should he kill them all? While Marlow looks around for help his pocket is picked. He spies the Bobby standing with arms folded and begs him to save the whale.

BOBBY
Save 'im? Why? So's 'e can 'ave all ua constables walkin'
planks at sea?

MARLOW

He didn't mean it. He's just a whale. It's his nature.

BOBBY

Well, I'll save 'im, 'cause it's my nature and my duty.
But I'll arrest 'im too. 'Ere. Get away from 'im. Let
the whale alone.

The Bobby arrests Moby for starting a riot and indecent exposure. Moby threatens to eat the constable, and the rioters, but Marlow warns him not to. The crowd screams for the fascist whale to be killed.

Scene 6 -- A police station with a barred cell at one side. A SERGEANT sits behind the desk. A MAGISTRATE is also there. Arrested PERSONS lounge around, including a TRANSVESTITE. Moby is brought in by the constable, followed by Marlow.

BOBBY

White male whale. Arrested for disturbing the peace,
inciting a riot, and indecent exposure.

TRANSVESTITE

I love it.

Marlow tries to speak, but the SERGEANT questions Moby and books him. They fin print him, then send him for a body search.

MOBY

Marlow! What are they going to do?

MARLOW

Moby, whatever happens, don't resist!

TRANSVESTITE

(To Moby) You'll love it. (To Marlow) He'll love it.

MOBY

But what will you search? I'm all right here. (He pivots)

TRANSVESTITE

Loverly!

They pull Moby behind a screen. We hear sounds of a struggle.

MOBY (OS)

(Shouting, as through a stuffed nose)
Get your fat finger out of there! (In delight) Ooooooooooh!

TRANSVESTITE

I told you he'd like it.

The BOBBY staggers out from behind the screen, looking at his finger in disgust.

BOBBY

The horror! The horror!

Another OFFICER has found a dead carp under Moby's fin and believes it was stolen.

SERGEANT

I'll add that to the list of offenses: Resisting an officer, unauthorized bathing in city parks, telling whoppers, blubbering and carping.

MOBY

(Turning angrily toward the audience, which has laughed)

Hey, you there. What's so funny?

NO ONE EVER LAUGHED AT MOBY DICK (no music written)

NO ONE EVER LAUGHED AT MOBY DICK

THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE SEA HE COULDN'T LICK

HE WAS DIFFERENT, THEY ALL SAY

HE WAS WHITE, THE OTHERS GREY

YET NO ONE EVER LAUGHED AT MOBY DICK

NOBODY HAD BETTER LAUGH AT ME

I'M A WHALE AND I'M A WHITE ONE AS YOU SEE

BUT NO MATTER HOW UNIQUE

I AM NO MAN'S BLOOMIN' FREAK

SO NO ONE HAD BETTER LAUGH AT ME.

AHAB, AHAB, RISE AGAIN

TELL THEM PLEASE FOR ME

THREE TIMES YOU MET MY ANCESTOR

ON THE BLOODY SEA

AHAB, AHAB, FROM YOUR GRAVE

IN THE OCEAN DEEP

SOUND THE KNELL OF BUOY AND BELL

IN YOUR ETERNAL SLEEP.

MOBY lunges, as if to attack a member of the audience, but is physically restrained by the others.

(Shaking loose, but self-restrained)

NO ONE EVER LAUGHED AT MOBY DICK

HE WAS RULER OF THE DEEP AND MADE IT STICK

BY THE WHITENESS OF MY HIDE

I'M A WHALE, AND FULL OF PRIDE

AND I'LL EAT WHOEVER SMILES -- AND BLOODY QUICK!

(MOBY leans out threateningly)
YES, EVEN JUST ONE GRIN WILL DO YOU IN,
SO DO NOT LAUGH AT ME OR MOBY DICK, YOU PRICK!

They propel Moby to the Magistrate who fines him 50 pounds. Marlow discovers his wallet is missing but it's late Friday, Saturday the banks are closed and Monday is a bank holiday. He's afraid Moby will dry out in jail and die. The magistrate tells him the only thing he can do is petition the queen for the bail money. She holds a public audience every Saturday afternoon. But Marlow refuses to sink that low and they lock Moby up. Moby begs Marlow to not let false pride stand in his way of getting the bail money. But Marlow says he'll never get on his knee before the queen.

MOBY

Please Marlow. Bail me out.

MARLOW

I will, Moby, I will. Let me think.

BAIL THE WHALE OUT OF JAIL

I'VE GOT TO BAIL THE WHALE OUT OF JAIL
HOW SORDID HAS BECOME THIS TALE
IN THE PARK THEY MADE A CLAMOR
WHEN THE WHALE BEGAN TO YAMMER
NOW I'VE GOT TO BAIL THAT BLOKE,
BAIL THAT JOKE, FROM THE SLAMMER

COMPANY

HE'S GOT TO BAIL THE BRUTE OUT OF STIR
OR TRAGEDY WILL SOON OCCUR
HE NEEDS FOOD AND LOTS OF SPONGIN'
OR A LAKE TO SWIM AND PLUNGE IN

MARLOW

OH, I'VE GOT TO GET HIS SPOUT
AND HIM OUT OF THIS DUNGEON.

I'VE BAILED OUT A SHIP, I'VE BAILED OUT A BOAT
BAILED OUT EVERY LAST BLOODY THING THAT CAN FLOAT
BUT SURE AS A FISH HAS A TALE
I'VE NEVER BAILED A WHALE

COMPANY

HE'S NEVER BAILED A WHALE

MARLOW

I'VE NEVER BAILED A WHALE OUT OF JAIL

COMPANY

HE'S GOT TO BAIL THE WHALE FROM THE CLINK
DECAYING HERE T'WOULD CAUSE A STINK

MARLOW

UP THROUGH ALL THE RANKS I'VE RISEN
EVERY SEA HAS SEEN MY MIZZEN
NOW I'VE ONLY GOT ONE WISH
TO GET THAT FISH OUT OF PRISON

TRANSVESTITE

THAT WHALE IS LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD
AS INNOCENT AS OSCAR WILDE
IT'S A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE
AND CAN'T HELP BUT JUST DISGUST US
WHEN FOR ANY LITTLE THING, JUST A FLING
THEY WILL BUST US!

COMPANY

HE'S BAILED OUT A SHIP, HE'S BAILED OUT A BOAT
BAILED OUT EVERY LAST SILLY THING THAT CAN FLOAT
BUT SURE AS A BARK HAS A SAIL

MARLOW

I'VE NEVER BAILED A WHALE

COMPANY

HE'S NEVER BAILED A WHALE

MARLOW

I'VE NEVER BAILED A WHALE OUT OF JAIL

MARLOW AND COMPANY

NEVER!

I'VE [HE'S] NEVER BAILED A WHALE
I'VE [HE'S] NEVER BAILED A WHALE
I'VE [HE'S] NEVER BAILED A WHALE OUT OF JAIL

NEVER!

A GUARD arrives with a fat PRISONER whom he thrusts into Moby's cell. Moby eyes him, licking his lips and tells Marlow not to hurry to get him out.

MARLOW

I'm on my way. Tomorrow you'll be out of here...unless
you do something foolish.

MOBY

Thank you, Marlow. Good luck with the queen. And if you
don't have any luck, bring some catsup.

Marlow EXITS.

CURTAIN

Scene 7 - The throne room at Buckingham Palace., the next morning. The queen, on her throne, receives her poor, petitioning subjects and gives them money to help them out. One of her ladies, BARBARA, is very depressed over the possibility of the queen abdicating, but Virginia assures her she'll have a good time living in America as a commoner, or perhaps she'll take a long sea voyage to raise her spirits. Barbara points out that a great person like her couldn't book passage on an ordinary ship.

QUEEN

Then perhaps I will buy one. I saw a ship advertised in the newspaper the other day. Her name is the *Sally Forth*.

The queen's eyes fill with tears. Just then a GUARD enters with five sacks of mail containing marriage proposals, and five more begging her not to abdicate. Barbara sees the queen is not pleased and dares to ask if her majesty doesn't already have some certain husband in mind.

QUEEN

Some certain husband? Perhaps. Perhaps.
I HAD OFTEN WONDERED
I HAD OFTEN WONDERED
WHETHER I WOULD KNOW HIM
MY DESIRE SHOW HIM
IF OUR GLANCES CHANCED TO MEET,
AND SUDDENLY IT HAPPENED
THERE HE STOOD BEFORE ME
WANTING TO ADORE ME
AND MY HEART SAID I AM YOURS, AND

As the queen sings, Marlow is ushered into an adjoining room where he hears the singing and joins in, not knowing it is the queen.)

MARLOW

I HAD OFTEN WONDERED
WHETHER LOVE WOULD FIND ME
OR WAS IT BEHIND ME
HAD I PASSED IT LONG AGO
WHEN SUDDENLY IT HAPPENED
BY THE SILVER WATER
WHERE MY HEART HAD SOUGHT HER
ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

BOTH

NEVER HAD I KNOWN MY LOVE
TILL I SAW HIM (HER) THERE
BUT I KNEW HIM (HER) RIGHT AWAY
AND I BREATHED A PRAYER, FOR

I HAD OFTEN WONDERED
WHETHER LOVE WOULD FIND ME

OR WAS IT BEHIND ME
HAD I PASSED IT LONG AGO
WHEN SUDDENLY IT HAPPENED
BY THE SILVER WATER
WHERE MY HEART HAD SOUGHT HER (HIM)
ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

A GUARD enters, announcing Captain Marlow of the *Sally Forth*. The queen indicates that he may enter. Marlow enters and steps forward to greet her majesty, unbending.

BLACKOUT

Scene 8 – The throne room a short while later. The queen and her ladies sit listening to Marlow who stands with his cap in his hand.

MARLOW

So now, Your Majesty, you've heard the whole sad tale.

QUEEN

And quite a *tail* it was. What happened to your friend might even be called a "fluke."

(The ladies giggle)

MARLOW

Do not be cruel, my queen. It is no small problem being one of the world's largest mammals. The worst is that one becomes a target for all kinds of barbs.

QUEEN

Even so, lampoons are less deadly than harpoons.

MARLOW

Not when aimed so adroitly from your bow-shaped lips. Poor Moby, sitting in jail, is already suffering from cupid's arrows.

QUEEN

You're quite sure you're speaking of your friend?

MARLOW

Why, Moby has swum thousands of miles to set eyes upon you. The sea is full of your devoted subjects. The surface is only a doorway to your second realm.

QUEEN

(To her ladies)

We must tell the Exchequer about this. Think of the taxes he could net!

Marlow tells Virginia that he's only a humble captain whose fortunes are at low ebb and whose ship is about to be sold from under him. He mentions his wife who has recently died at sea. His only friend is Moby and he languishes in prison.

The queen gives her purse to Barbara and tells her to go with Captain Marlow and bail his friend out of jail and get him something to eat. Then she should accompany the captain to their garden party that afternoon. But Marlow says he must return to his ship before nightfall. The queen says she'll give him the royal skiff to take him back to his ship before dark, but Marlow is still silent about coming to the garden party. The queen is intrigued by this "mystery man."

BLACKOUT

Scene 9 - Outside the jail later that morning. Moby eats from a newspaper from which an enormous fish tail protrudes. Some of the queen's ladies hang around. Marlow tells Moby that the police found his wallet and he's already written a check to repay the queen. He suggests that Moby head as fast as possible for the tropics. But Moby refuses to jump bail. He wants to stick around and see how things work out between Marlow and Virginia. Marlow tells him that that it's finished between the queen and him. She invited him to her garden party that afternoon but he's not going. He's going to weigh anchor and head downstream. As he won't be needing his moustache any more, Marlow removes it.

Moby is shocked that Marlow thanks the queen for the bail money this way. Marlow tells Moby to go to the party in his stead, puts the moustache on his friends face to make him look more dapper, and Moby goes happily off with the queen's ladies who call him Captain Marlow.

MARLOW

Captain Marlow? But he isn't.... Good Lord, what have I done? Ladies! Come back. Moby isn't me. Come back. Moby!

(Marlow EXITS running)

BLACKOUT

Scene 10 - The queen's garden party. Virginia and Moby arrive hand in hand and begin to dance. As they pass behind a pillar, they turn into a female and male ballet dancer, both dressed in white. The woman dances to the queen's theme music, then the man to Marlow's theme, then sensuously together to Moby's theme, *Rutting in the Tropics*. As they dance they seem to mate. Then the lady rocks an imaginary child in her arms to the music *A Christening*. The two disappear behind the pillar and reappear as the queen and Moby, to take a bow before the guests.

Scene 11 -- Three weeks later, the deck of the *Sally Forth*. Marlow is weaving on his sail as a SAILOR approaches with a stack of newspapers. He tells Marlow that it just came over the wireless that *Sally* has been sold and the new owner is expected aboard shortly. Marlow tells him to tell the crew to pack their gear and await further orders.

The unhappy sailor hands Marlow the London papers which just arrived, and exits. Marlow works his way through the stack reading the headlines and becoming first amused, then more and more agitated.

MARLOW

"SEA CAPTAIN TOAST OF LONDON SOCIETY." What's this?
"Captain Marlow of the schooner *Sally Forth* was invited
to be guest of honour at the home of the Ashley-
Bentleys." Good grief! They still haven't cracked
Moby's disguise. What a clever fellow. Oh, no! "SEX
SYMBOL SENTENCED TO SIXTY DAYS." Sixty days! He'll
never survive. I'd better get back up there and....
What's this? "WHALE SEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE." At the
Palace? "ROYAL PARDON FOR ROYAL FAVORITE." "RUMOURS OF
ROYAL ROMANCE SPARK ECONOMIC RECOVER." I can't believe
it. "MAJOR OILFIELD DISCOVERED OFF ISLE OF WIGHT. WILL
SHE OR WON'T SHE?" (to audience) Will she or won't she
what? "HAVE THEY OR HAVEN'T THEY?" They better *not*
have! "ARE THEY OR AREN'T THEY" Dammit, I'll kill the
bloody impostor. Prepare the dinghy! When's the next
launch for London. Damn!

He hurls the shuttle overboard. There's a thud and a cry.

MOBY

(OS) Ouch!

MARLOW

Moby?

A moment later Marlow helps a slightly stunned whale aboard. Moby's nightshirt is frayed to the waist and his moustache is on crooked. He's very tipsy.

MOBY

(Fixing his moustache)

That's where it sticks on best, though these...hic...
whiskers have been dallying in fairer fields.

MARLOW

Spare me the details, perfidious whale. And kindly explain these.

(Holding up headlines)

MOBY

True, true, every lurid word true. Marlow, for three weeks I've done nothing but drink champagne and eat potted shrimp, not one of which was as potted as I. Now I'm off to the tropics. The mating season is just getting underway. My cows await. Hic!

MARLOW

In other words, you were just dallying with Virginia -- getting your act ready for the road, so to speak.

MOBY

And how! (shuffles) Miz Virginia, she pregnant.

MARLOW

Oh, the horror! The horror!

MOBY

Don't worry, Marlow. The gestation time for whale calves is 12 months. You'll adjust to the situation by then. Anyway, duty calls me southwards.

MARLOW

Duty! You speak of something you know not of, venal whale. What about your duty to the queen? How can you run out on her at a time like this?

MOBY

Come off it Marlow. You told me you couldn't get it up for virgins. So, you needed the ice broken. Well, I didn't just break the ice, I gave you the *spring thaw!* Now it's up to you.

MARLOW

I also told you I couldn't make love to a woman who'd been with another before me.

MOBY

No. You said, and I quote, "who'd been with a *man* before me." Marlow, I am *not* a man.

Marlow stands speechless, not seeing Virginia board the ship behind him. The queen is dressed in white but wears a brilliant red sash. Moby hastily sticks the moustache on Marlow's lip, embraces him and bids him goodbye. Then he climbs out of Marlow's sight over the rail, where the audience can still see him partly concealed. The queen approaches Marlow.

QUEEN

Ah, Captain. How long this day has seemed without you.

MARLOW

This...uh...*day*?

QUEEN

When you left our bed, I thought you intended to return shortly, but you have come here, to prepare the ship.

MARLOW

Oh...er...yes.

He fingers the moustache and begins to understand the mistaken identity.

Well. Yes. Here we are. On the ship. How do you like her?

QUEEN

Had I not been sure I'd like her, I'd not have bought her.

MARLOW

Bought her? Bought *Sally*? Of course. Bought *Sally*. Quite right.

(aside)

So now, my beloved queen, you possess everything of mine: my heart, my command -- even my friend's calf is inside you.

QUEEN

I'm wondering what to christen her. My ship must have a name befitting a royal honeymoon vessel.

MARLOW

Honeymoon?

QUEEN

All I need is a captain to sail her...and a man to wed me.

MARLOW

Would that I could be both captain and consort. But alas, a consort must be more than a mere mercantile captain, and I am no more than that.

QUEEN

Titles can be arranged. I have heard great things of your seamanship. Kneel, Captain Marlow, and with this sword I will dub you Admiral of the Royal Navy.

MARLOW

My queen, do not tire your fair arm with so heavy and useless a chore. An admiral must have courage, and a husband must have even more courage than an admiral. I lack this particular quality.

QUEEN

Do you? I wonder. Tell me. Captain, if the need arose, would you make sacrifices for queen and country?

MARLOW

If called upon, I would lay down my life without hesitation.

QUEEN

Then I think the problem is not that you lack courage, but that you have lacked a cause. Kneel, Captain Marlow.

(Marlow kneels and she lays the sword first on one shoulder, then the other.)

Arise Lord Marlow, Admiral of the Fleet. But wait. While you're down there, have you any questions?

MARLOW

Only one. Virginia, will you marry me?

QUEEN

Yes.

(She extends her hand and Marlow rises, touching it with his lips)

Well, now that *that* is settled, *I* have a question.

MARLOW

Ask me anything...uh...within reason.

QUEEN

At some future date we will undoubtedly give an heir to the English throne. I was wondering what our baby might be like.

MARLOW

Our baby? Oh...uh...well...

(He holds his hands a foot apart)

It might be that long.

QUEEN

(Holding her hands three feet apart)

Or even *that* long.

COMPANY

(Holding their hands wide apart)

Or *that* long.

Their arms apart, Marlow and Virginia come together and embrace.

MARLOW

One thing is sure: Our firstborn son will be...

COMPANY

The Prince of Whales!

The SAILORS have unwound Marlow's sail from the loom and pulled it up unfurled. An enormous image of Moby and the words HMS MOBY tower over the stage. Moby has disappeared from view, but as the COMPANY sings a variation on GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, masses of bubbles blow from OS. It is MOBY'S spouting, and as the song ends, everyone waves goodbye to him as Marlow's theme rises.

COMPANY

THE WIND IS BLOWING FAIR
THE SEA REACH WAITING IN THE EVENING LIGHT
AND SHOULD THE GODS ALLOW
WE'LL RIDE INTO THE OPEN SEA TONIGHT
WE'LL RIDE INTO THE OPEN SEA TONIGHT

FINAL CURTAIN