

Tenders in the Fog  
(excerpt)

by  
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GHOSTS UNDER THE ICE

"DA" STANDS AT THE STERN OF THE BOAT  
LOOKING FORWARD OVER THE RAIL SPEAKING  
TO THE AUDIENCE AS IF TO THE SEA.

DA

I knew one day the sea would take me. I always expected it to be during the war. Three fathoms down. Past crush depth. A communal coffin like the Thresher. Or washed overboard in a squall. Or even something trivial like body surfing off the North Shore. I thought I'd get a burial at sea. Up and over the rail. The flag remaining dry above me and my body sliding into the wide open ocean. My voice silenced, forever. Just another name lost at sea. I was once under the polar icecap, out on patrol. We we're going to punch through the ice to take some readings. And the Sonar-man let me listen in on the passive sonar. If you've never heard it... the cracking up of the ice-pack sounds like... ghosts. Talking to each other. Under the ice. And I remember thinking at the time "that would be a hell of a way to go". Trapped under the ice and your "soul" if you want to call it that would just bounce around under there like an echo. Forever. And now I know. Those were just echo's of all the other souls lost at sea calling to each other over the vast distances... and what I was hearing was their voices... bouncing off the ice cap. Amplified somehow. And now I'm one of them aren't I? You took me down didn't you? When I least expected it. So, how come... I'm still here? On this boat. With them. In the fog. When will it end? When I fall asleep this time? Or when I wake will it start all over again? God, I hate the unknown.

FOG ROLLS IN OVER THE BOAT OBSCURING  
THE STERN AS THE SET SHIFTS AROUND.