

## VOYAGER SAMPLE

From Act I, scene 2: ELISSA and PETER are in the underwater habitat. It is the day they were supposed to be getting married there, but a storm raging overhead has forced the minister to cancel her arrival. PETER's mother, LILLI, along with her protégé, RICK, is nonetheless due to arrive any moment—if they've been able to make the crossing from Key West. It will be the first time LILLI and ELISSA will have met.

(ELISSA goes to PETER and  
gives him a hug.)

ELISSA

I'm sorry. I don't mean to bicker. You forget that where I come from, "superstition" is a science.

PETER

Not for you. You're evolved.

ELISSA

"Evolved"? Up from the slime?

PETER

I wouldn't put it *that way*.

ELISSA

The primeval ooze of "faith" and "feelings"? You sometimes have the sensitivity of a *stump!*

PETER

Stumps can be friendly. They invite you to sit and rest.

ELISSA  
(*genuinely*)

That's sweet!

PETER

I *am* sweet. Down deep. And that's where we are.

ELISSA

Speaking of sweetness, what do we do now with your sweet mother and Ricky?

(PETER goes to a weather read-  
out panel.)

PETER

Thirty... Gusting to 40. Four-foot swells. She and Ricky won't make it either. By noon it could be a near-hurricane.

(The light above the entry tube begins to blink, accompanied by a gentle chime.)

ELISSA

Oh, yes? Oh, no!

PETER

Oh, yes.

ELISSA

*Them?*

PETER

Anyone else invited?

ELISSA

Look at this place! Look at *me!*

(She takes off her bandanna and shakes out her hair.)

PETER

Clothes you can change.

ELISSA

Peter.

PETER

What?

ELISSA

No fighting, now. Hear?

PETER

It's not up to me.

ELISSA

Make peace.

PETER

Tell *her* that.

ELISSA

Peter, please. Try. A little common *humanity*.

Resentment *is* human.

PETER

So's letting bygones go by.

ELISSA

(The tube platform descends into view bearing LILLI and RICK-- both fully sou'westered and dripping.)

Showtime!

PETER

(As the platform comes to rest, LILLI knocks formally, but soundlessly, on the inside as though she had arrived at a traditional front door.

PETER presses a button. The tube hisses open.)

You're early, Mama.

PETER

LILLI

(LILLI looks around disapprovingly.)

"Timely," I think. They said it was now or never.

RICK

Jesus. I thought we were going to die. I *thought* we were going to *die*!

(LILLI and RICK shed their oilskins. LILLI gives hers offhandedly to ELISSA.)

Thank you.

LILLI

(to PETER)

Not only you think it's funny to get married in some wretched bubble at the bottom of the sea, you make us play Jonah and the whale to get here.

RICK

I mean, Peter, you got *any* idea what it's doing up there?

LILLI

(to ELISSA)

How do you do, I'm Doctor Tchelecheff's 's mother. Perhaps you could make us some tea, anything hot.

(to PETER)

And your "Elissa"? She was able to get here or not?

(There is a silence.)

RICKY

*You're* Elissa.

(ELISSA nods.)

LILLI

Ah.

RICKY  
(*delighted*)

Party's off to a great start!

(He shakes ELISSA's hand.)

Hi. I'm Ricky the musical eunuch.

LILLI

Hush!

PETER

(to LILLI)

I hope you feel dumb.

ELISSA

Peter! It's your fault as much as hers.

PETER

*Mine?*

ELISSA

Just because you and I think it's irrelevant....

PETER

It *is* irrelevant!

ELISSA

As in: "What could it possibly matter?" Right?

Right!

PETER

LILLI  
I am very sorry, Elissa. Peter, of course, told me nothing.

ELISSA  
How was she supposed to know?

LILLI  
My assumption was idiotic.

ELISSA  
True, how true.

PETER  
Outrageous and insensitive.

ELISSA  
Now don't *you* start coming on about sensitivity!

RICK  
Hey, guys, I'm feeling left out!

PETER  
(to ELISSA)  
Whose side are you on here?

RICK  
(to ELISSA)  
Can I be on *your* side?

LILLI  
Forgive the, yes, insensitivity of an old fool.

ELISSA  
Forgiven, Mrs. Tchelecheff.

LILLI  
Thank you.

ELISSA  
Or...how should I call you?

LILLI  
"Madame" will do.

ELISSA  
“Madame”? Well, *excuuuse* me! How about we settle for... “Miz T”?

LILLI  
“*Miz T*”?  
(LILLI throws up her hands ,  
wincing suddenly as she does  
so.)

PETER  
What’s the matter?

LILLI  
Nothing.

RICK  
Much!

LILLI  
Stop fussing. I cracked a rib.

ELISSA  
On the way over?

RICK  
No. Something happened in Caracas.

PETER  
What?

LILLI  
I told you. I cracked a rib.

PETER  
(to RICK)  
What happened in Caracas?

RICK  
Got me.

PETER  
What happened in Caracas, Mama?

LILLI  
It’s too boring.

PETER

I want to know.

LILLI

I want, I want, I want. I want the moon, I want the stars.

PETER

I want a simple answer.

ELISSA

If your mother doesn't want to talk about it, Peter....

LILLI

I *don't* want to talk about it.

PETER

Why the great mystery?

LILLI

I tripped on the hotel carpet and fell down 43 steps, head over heels. Into the grand ballroom, landing, with my skirt over my head. And my head resting on the highly-polished jackboots of the president of Venezuela.

PETER

Oh come on.

LILLI

Very well then. The hugely obese hotel concierge was careless... and rolled over in bed.

PETER

Forget it.

(to ELISSA)

*That's* what you want me to make peace with?

LILLI

Is that what we're here for? To make peace? Make me tea instead!

ELISSA

Who? The black maid?

LILLI

Please. Elissa.

ELISSA

Yes.

LILLI

If it is not too much bother.

ELISSA

No bother, Miz T, no bother.

(She starts to exit.)

RICK

Can I come? I want to see the rest of this place.

ELISSA

Sure.

(ELISSA and RICK exit.)

PETER

Unforgivable.

LILLI

Now I understand why you have been hiding her from me.

PETER

Hiding her? Don't be silly, Mama.

LILLI

There was a reason you never brought her to see me.

PETER

To Europe? Asia? South America?

LILLI

Bah. I knew there was something *smootni* going on here. You had no right to put me in such a position. Nor your Elissa, for that matter.

PETER

You walked into that "position" all by yourself.

LILLI

You're doing it to spite me.

PETER

Oh sure!

LILLI

And now I know how you planned this wedding. You thought I would not come.  
Hah!



PETER

Nothing to do with you, either.

LILLI

You could just as well have waited.

PETER

As it turns out, we *are* waiting. The minister just canceled because of the storm.

LILLI

Aha! *Bozhenka nakazala!*

PETER

God's punished me for what?

LILLI

For being disrespectful to your mother. Not to mention for trying to evict *Him* from His own universe with your scientific idiocies.

PETER

Next week, same time, same station. Come again, won't you?

LILLI

Listen to me, Pyotr. You have my blessing to marry whomever you want....

PETER

Deeply grateful, I'm sure.

LILLI

...and you do it whenever and wherever you want. And the more bizarre your choice of wife, and the more inconvenient the time and place, the more certain I will be to attend. I am not one to miss a good hanging.

PETER

I never doubted you'd be there for me.

(ELISSA and RICK enter,  
ELISSA carrying a mug of tea  
with a tea bag.)

RICK

I'm impressed! *Very* impressed!

PETER

What a gratifying day this is turning out to be!

(The habitat shudders violently.  
The reflections from the surface  
sun diminish...and then wink out  
altogether, plunging the room into  
gloom.)

LILLI

Now what?

(PETER turns up the artificial  
lighting.)