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PREVIEW: THE PASSAGE

By

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Cast of Characters

MEG
SEAN

Synopsis

Queenstown, Ireland April 1912. Meg and brother-in-law Sean discuss her passage as a stowaway to New York aboard the grandest ship ever created by mankind, RMS Titanic.

Note

The award-winning short film can be viewed here: YouTube/lake films/the passage

ACT I

SCENE ONE

TIME: Day

SCENE: A small carpenter’s shop.

AT RISE: Sean wears a sweater, trousers with suspenders and cap. He sandpapers a piece of wood.

MEG, enters excitedly wearing a shawl over an unappealing work dress. She holds an envelope.

MEG

Sean! Sean! I've received a post from Michael!

SEAN

Another, is it?

(Meg lovingly hugs the envelope.)

MEG

Aye, the third this month.

SEAN

Me own brother and he's written only once since arriving in New York.

MEG

You're not his wife, Sean.

SEAN

Aye, luckily so. What does he say then?

MEG

I'll read what is pertinent. Some words are privy, ya know.

SEAN

I no care to hear any gibberish affections from Michael any more than I wish to hear a sermon from that Parish windbag, Father O'Halloran.

(Meg reads the letter to herself.)

SEAN

(Annoyed.) Can you not locate a word for me, Meg?

MEG

... and please me lovely Gem ... Michael calls me his Gem, you know.

(Sean sighs shaking his head.)

MEG

And please, me lovely Gem, inform Sean arrangements have been made at this end ...

(Confused.) What in Heaven's name does he mean?

SEAN

Michael's arranged to have your crate unloaded as soon as the ship arrives.

MEG

Oh, 'tis a good thing for I fear waiting Donkey Years before standing again.

SEAN

It's the only way, Meg. All passage has been sold, only a few remain in second-class.

MEG

Second-class? Oh, it would be grand to mingle with my betters.

SEAN

Until they discover a soil-turner amongst their finery.

MEG

Still better than stuffed away like a sack of mail.

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SEAN

It will be grand, Meg. One day you'll proudly recount your passage on the grandest ship ever created by man.

(Meg holds the letter dreamingly.)

MEG

Aye, passage to join my love aboard the Titanic. Surely the Saints have smiled on me.

LIGHTS: Down.

FINAL CURTAIN.



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