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You lost me

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YOU LOST ME

by

Bonnie Metzgar

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the Master of
Fine Arts degree in Theatre Arts
in the Graduate College of
The University of Iowa

May 2013

Thesis Supervisor: Associate Professor Art Borreca

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2013

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Graduate College
The University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

MASTER'S THESIS

This is to certify that the Master's thesis of

Bonnie Metzgar

has been approved by the Examining Committee
for the thesis requirement for the Master of Fine Arts
degree in Theatre Arts at the May 2013 graduation.

Thesis Committee: _____
Art Borreca, Thesis Supervisor

_____
Sydne Mahone

_____
Dare Clubb

To My Father, Clarence Lance Metzgar III

Extinguish my eyes, I'll go on seeing you.
Seal my ears, I'll go on hearing you.
And without feet I can make my way to you,
without a mouth I can swear your name.

Break off my arms, I'll take hold of you
with my heart as with a hand.
Stop my heart, and my brain will start to beat.
And if you consume my brain with fire,
I'll feel you burn in every drop of my blood.

Rainer Maria Rilke
The Book of Hours

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOTES ON THE PLAY……vi

NOTES TO COLLABORATORS viii

CHARACTER LIST x

CHAPTER

I. INTRODUCTION.....1

The Queering of Time 1
The Queering of a Beautiful Death 3
The Queering of our Bastard Angles.....6

ACT ONE 10

ACT TWO 132

NOTES ON THE PLAY

Location

Welcome to the Shipwreck Inn, located in beautiful Isle aux Morts, on the southern coast of Newfoundland.

Host

The Harvey family has run the Shipwreck Inn for many generations, since the heroic "Shipwreck Ann" Harvey lived here in the early 1800s. Named after her famous great-great-great-great grandmother, current host Ann Harvey is eager to welcome you to this historic house on the bluffs overlooking the Southern coast.

Attractions

The Southern Coast is known for thousands of shipwrecks that mark its rocky shores. Travelers come from around the world to stay at the Shipwreck Inn and explore this exciting history and breathtaking landscape. Maps of shipwrecks are available.

Accommodations

In all the rooms, guests will be surrounded by nautical relics and books! Words are scrawled in a flowing cursive on the walls, to inspire guests to write at the writing desk or read in front of the fire.

A Tale of Two Blogs

Ann has started a new blog on the Shipwreck Inn website. Please visit the blog to browse last-minute offers and seasonal events, with a particular focus on the unique

regional cuisine that is the signature specialty at the Inn. You can email my nephew, JOE-L, with feedback and questions since he is my tech coordinator.

For those brave of heart (and more technologically adventurous) you can also click on the link to my nephew JOE-L's tumblr blog "shipwreckofthelost.tumblr.com". Opinions expressed on JOE-L's blog are not shared by the Inn – he's a teenager!

A Note on Time

Check-in at the Shipwreck Inn is the same for everyone. Check-out comes to each in his own time. And if we believe that memory has a future, then all time exists in this House.

NOTES TO COLLABORATORS

Set

The handwriting on the walls is in straight lines, like in a log, and all entries are made by the same hand over many years, with some words more faded than others. These are the names of the lost and of the survivors of shipwrecks along the Southern Coast, painstakingly recorded.

This writing on the walls can be painted or projected, in the tradition of a memorial list of names. This would be the articulation of Joe-L's visual style – somber, brooding. It could also be a DIY craft-y idea Ann might have gotten from etsy or Martha Stewart, a romantic ode to books and literature. If there's one thing she knows, guests at the Inn love books.

Voices of the Lost/Memory Palace

Inside the SHIPWRECK INN, there is a memory palace of all the souls lost at sea along the southern coast of Newfoundland. This is not a call for environmental staging in a house, rather a metaphor of experience. A memory palace is a mnemonic device for memorizing words or ideas that one would like to recall by placing each word in a precise location in an imaginary house, and plotting a course from word to word. Depending on the size of the memory, the palace built for these words can be elaborate, with many twisty old staircases and secret inner chambers. It is said that a memory palace was first used by Homer as a way for the blind poet to remind himself of all the soldiers that perished at TROY, the names of their homelands and all the verses they inspired. The names of the Lost are heard or seen as text as they float in and out, since our memory palace is underwater. Soundscraps of people, objects, memories lost along the Southern

Coast. And what of the survivors of these wrecks? You will find them here too. Survivors remember in their bodies and minds. The Ocean remembers in the sea.

CHARACTER LIST

Ann Harvey/White Rock Ann

Could be someone's mother. Instead, she has taken in her sister's son. In 2012, she runs the Inn which has been in the family for generations. Great-great-grandaughter of Shipwreck Ann, the original Ann Harvey. Also plays WHITE ROCK ANN, who is Shipwreck Ann late in life, 1860.

Shipwreck Ann/Edna/Sid the American

17-yr old Ann Harvey, known as SHIPWRECK ANN for heroically saving 161 Irish survivors from the wreck of the Despatch in 1828 off the coast of Newfoundland. Ten years later, she saved 36 lives from another wreck, the Rankin. She received a medal of honor from the King of England for her bravery. Also plays Joe-L's best friend EDNA and SID The American, present-day guest of the Inn.

Joe-L/Hughie the Irishman

ANN HARVEY's present-day nephew. A dark poet with a tumblr blog, a renegade, forever on the brink of graduating high school. He is obsessed with an indie band, and wears a hoodie with their logo. The band is obsessed with Rilke. Rilke is obsessed with the sea.

Mary McCauley/Reika the American

An Irish survivor of the Despatch who Shipwreck Ann nurses back to health in her home, 1828 and REIKA, a guest at the Inn.

Alexander McCauley/Pastor Paul/Man from Lloyd's, 1860

Irish Husband of Mary McCauley. Also plays an American tourist PASTOR PAUL.

CHAPTER 1: INTRODUCTION

The Queering of Time

> That there is no one time, that the question of what time this is, already divides us, has to do with which histories have turned out to be formative, how they intersect – or fail to intersect with other histories – and also with a question of then how temporality is organized along spatial lines.[1]

Time is a construct of convenience, a ladder that we all use since it is easy to climb. This ladder of time narrows the possibilities of movement. We climb up, all of us, hand over hand, rung by rung in one direction. Human beings fear big questions and that fear creates a craving for simple answers. Americans are human beings. We love keeping time, simple answers, craving and the future.

The measuring of time shores up the simple truth that all movement is in the forward direction toward the future. To satisfy this craving, we members of human society agree to split the day into 24 hours. Each hour is equal to the next. Each of the 60 minutes last exactly the same 60 seconds. This is how we measure time. It tells us when class begins, when the bus will come, when taxes are due, when the bank will close. We all agree, especially Americans, that these measured minutes, hours, and days move forward into the future, always forward, always in one direction. Our fear is relieved by this simple truth of time moving in lock step from the present to the future, one second after the next. Time gives relief to Americans who need to believe that tomorrow will be just like today.

---

[1] Butler, Judith, "Sexual Politics, Torture and Secular Time," The British Journal of Sociology 2008: Volume 59 Issue 1.

We drag our obsession with linear time along the floor, like a dressing gown we have just removed, as we walk toward the open door of our inevitable death. We can't take our eyes off the spill of our own mortality. This is the primary craving of life, to presage our own death, to imagine what it feels like to suck on our own bones. It is why we are drawn to tragedy, to satisfy if only briefly our cravings with surrogates for our own folly, terror and demise that is to come.

Theater disproves the existence of linear time. Our experience of time in the theater reveals that each minute does not feel the same. Each second, when measured by our own experience, is not created equal to the next. In the theater, time can stand still. A minute can feel like an hour, like a second, or can last forever. Time breaks into uneven pieces. Time moves in all directions. In one minute we can go back 20 years. In 30 minutes, we can live through 90 years in the life of one family. The theater stirs up our fears, upsets our simple truths, and revokes the human agreement of unwavering forward movement.

When we measure by experience, rather than the mechanical clock, we also find that humans do not agree about the passage of time. Our sense of time is unique to each of us. We are torn apart by time. The ladder is smashed. The storm rages. We reveal the rhythms of chaos that effect the ocean waters of our reality.

This loss of the unifying beat destabilizes other truths. Space. Language. Event. Movement. Object. Goodness. God. Identity. Body. Gender. Sex. Our understanding becomes unmoored from logic. We begin to sense. This reliance on our senses terrifies

humans, as it can overwhelm like the immense waves in our dreams, and yet we are drawn to the drowning. We become fluid.

Queerness washes over the other and the oneness, the whole and not whole, destabilizing all dualities and poles, questioning the north, the south, the east and west. Up, down. Sky, earth. Man, woman. Past, future. Queer bodies are all bodies all ways. Queer time is all time all the time.

The Queering of a Beautiful Death

> For beauty is nothing but the beginning of terror which we are barely able to endure, and it amazes us so, because it serenely disdains to destroy us. (-Rilke, Duino Elegies)[2]

As a queer American theater artist who came out in the 1980s, I experienced youth as death, lesions, poisoned blood, sex through condoms and screams that fled down hospital hallways deep in the throat of night. The health establishment would put all of our friends who were dying of HIV/AIDS on one floor, an organizing principle of which Dante would approve. This was an excellent living (by death) example of the agreement of form and content, what Kenneth Burke calls, "Container and the Thing Contained," a policy of anti-care, separate and not equal.

Now we know that no one actually dies of AIDS; the virus makes space for an AIDS-related illness to ravage the body. Our friends were dying of HIV/AIDS because no one died of "complications" yet, our language had not usurped its own diseased letters

---

[2] Rainer Maria Rilke: Duino Elegies, trans. David Young (W.W. Norton and Company, 1923) .

of abbreviation. We adapt our language because time has passed, and our knowledge of the disease has progressed. Our language reflects and infects our evolution.

Those of us queers living in NYC at the height of the AIDS crisis made theater out of the time we were living in. We wanted to make the rest of the American public feel our terror and our pain. The strategy that we employed, was to enact die-ins in the middle of marches or protest rallies. As our friends died in hospitals, we died for them, as them in the streets. Our role in this pageant was as body double for the corpses of our lovers or friends or queer family members. Our living bodies acted as surrogates for the dead ones.

> But again, Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but of events inspiring fear or pity. Such an effect is best produced when the events come on us by sunrise; and the effect is heightened when, at the same time, they follow as cause and effect. The tragic wonder will then be greater than if they happened of themselves or by accident; for even coincidences are most striking when they have an air of design.[3]

The die-in inspired tragic wonder to those who stood in witness to our protest. In action, the die-in took the childish form of a raucous game of Ring-around-the-rosie or musical chairs. As we marched, we pumped our firsts, yelled our slogans and blasted our music. Then in one sudden breath, all the protestors fell as double, to the ground and silent. We died en masse, as one

[3]Aristotle: Poetics, trans. S.H. Butcher (Hill and Wang, 1961)

death, as all deaths while the bystanders stood by. Our composition took the most basic pattern (AB,AB,AB,AB,AB,AB). Life, death, life, death, life, death. March, die-in, March die-in, March die-in. The repetition of the reversal, the peripeteia, functioned as a beautiful terrible refrain. This was not a ritual of mourning. It was death repeated in its tragic wonder as beautiful young queer people died in the thousands. Protest, surrender. Protest, surrender. Beauty, death. Beauty death. This composition changed through time, even though the pattern remained the same. As poets, we quickly felt the surrender transform into victory as the pathos grew in our audience. This pathos fueled action, and spread like a disease through the living bodies, queering the community, our body politic, our thinking, our taste, smell, sound, sense of the beautiful.

This death became all deaths, all bodies on all battlefields, Troy, Antietam, Auschwitz, Nagasaki, Srebenica, Darfur, Sand Creek, Cape Coast, Birmingham. In the reconstructed space made by Silence = Death, these genocides stood in for each body whoever died alone, unnoticed, without witness, without pathos, outside of time.

The Queering of our Bastard Angels

> There is a painting by Klee called Angelus Novus. An angel is depicted there who looks as though he were about to distance himself from something which he is staring at. His eyes are opened wide, his mouth stands open and his wings are outstretched. The Angel of History must look just so. His face is turned towards the past. Where *we* see the

> appearance of a chain of events, *he* sees one single catastrophe, which unceasingly piles rubble on top of rubble and hurls it before his feet. He would like to pause for a moment so fair [*verweilen*: a reference to Goethe's Faust], to awaken the dead and to piece together what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise, it has caught itself up in his wings and is so strong that the Angel can no longer close them. The storm drives him irresistibly into the future, to which his back is turned, while the rubble-heap before him grows sky-high. That which we call progress, is *this* storm. [4]
>
> (Walter Benjamin, Paragraph ix, On The Concept of History)

If measured time is a collusion, an automaton that we've dressed up with a wig and blush as if real, then what is it that happens in our lives, and also as a surrogate for life, in a theater? As measured time is a practical contract to enable the function of civilization, so psychological realism is a contract in the theater. An audience looking for the familiar to be restated, will be content in the knowledge of its role, the progression of time through consequential narrative, in the space it occupies, and the rules of play.

When an artist is interested in making time hold, as I am, a dimensional atmospheric truth, or for example in capturing Benjamin's angel of history in the midst of its storm, how do we render it? What other expressions of time and space are possible on the stage in this performative present moment?

---

[4] Walter Benjamin: On The Concept of History, trans. Dennis Redmond, 2005, http://www.marxists.org/reference/archive/benjamin/1940/history.htm

Tony Kushner was inspired by Walter Benjamin's angel when he wrote his play, *Angels in America.* As many queer artists of my generation, I write in conversation with Kushner, and his seminal play, as it relates to my history. Kushner and Benjamin identify as Marxists who advocate social change through the theater and its agency, or in this case, its angelcy.

In my current writing, I invite the chaos of the storm of progress and its churning ocean onto the stage as a container for all the lost history, the dead souls and the inheritors of the grief in the present who carry the residue of the drowned children and forbidden loves from all time. The stage contains these truths, and these times, and these bodies simultaneously, as a landscape holds all the archeology of the panorama, its dead things now transformed into beauty.

If I walk towards the edge of what I think is the land, I might find cliffs that drop down into the water, like at Hungry Hill in Ireland, or on the shipwreck coast of Newfoundland, two places I have never been, except in the imagination of my theater. The cliffs curve and form a rocky inlet. The Ann Harveys stands next to me, a strong woman from another time, and a strong woman from this one. Two women, two different time periods, same blood. They are both living and breathing on this cliff, with me and we shout and hear our voices echo off the cliff walls. This echo is what we hear in our theater, residue of other times, migrations, pains, dreams, family – all live in the promise we receive when we believe. All of us who allow ourselves to be transformed, to be broken in the theater summon these bastard angels. These divine beings fly backward into the future, and we claim them as our queer

family. We are the angels as she/he/they struggle to flap their gossamer wings in the hurricane. We angels are bastards since no one ever meant for us/them to be, yet here we/they are, and were, and we/they are welcome. Should the winds ever pause, there is a place for us/them at the theater's long table of timeless misery and joy.

ACT ONE

KITCHEN of THE SHIPWRECK INN.
Ann Harvey writes her first blog while
she prepares breakfast.

ANN HARVEY

(Reading from suggestion sheet of the tourism council)

"History
This is where you tell a brief history of your,…"
what the hell
ok ok

(writes)
They told me to do this
Start a blog
at the tourism council
So.
Okay. Our history.
Isle aux Morts is
Isle aux Morts, Newfoundland
First thing anybody hears is
About this place is
Shipwrecks

is

Ann Harvey

one day, a long time ago, Ann Harvey saved 166 people off a rock

This was where she

This used to be

Ann Harvey's home.

And it still is because.

my name is Ann Harvey.

We're family.

Except nothing I ever

I never

saved anyone.

My dad used to run the Inn,

He wanted the Inn to live as long as there are still Harveys, so

now it's me and my nephew, Joe-L.

come stay with us

here at the

welcome to the Shipwreck Inn.

VOICES OF THE LOST

Michael Sheils

James McGonagle and

Margaret, his sister

Edward McGowan

A young man enters in a hoodie. This is ANN HARVEY's nephew, JOE-L . JOE-L steps into his special spot, where he does all of his best thinking.

JOE-L/(Tumblr)
Lonely morning on the shipwreck of the lost

VOICES OF THE LOST

Joseph Smiley and his wife and child

Hamilton Parkhill and his wife, childand sister (brother lost)

John McPartridge, Mary his wife and
James, Archibald, John, Samuel and
Martha, their children.

Mary McManus (all of Donagheady)

JOE-L/(Tumblr)

Last night a storm ripped through this lame-ass town,

I kept praying for a huge wave filled with jelly fish and razor blades to
scratch it off the face of the earth like a scab
but no
this fucking island and all these shit-eating people are still here

Used to be there were real shipwrecks here

Morning after like this,
the carcass of a hull out on the rocks
was how we knew the screams the night before were real

We'd count the bodies washed up on the sand, 100 or more and put em
in a pile.
The beach would be covered -- crates, clothes, nets, wood, bolts of
linen, barrels of flour.

And There they'd be, the survivors, clawing through it all looking for any sign of the missing.

JOE-L plays a clip of audio from his favorite band.
JOE-L's best friend, EDNA, enters.

my hands're free
let me fish YOU alive out of the debris,
take YOU home, my survivor.
I can nurse him back
Teach him to pour gas on his open wounds
and burn down this town with me.

Black cloud last night wrecked his ship.
Blue sky today.
Together me and the survivor we know the sky lies.
The sky lies
The sky lies.

EDNA
HALT.

JOE-L
Hey.

EDNA

Hey.

JOE-L

And shut up.

EDNA

The sky lies

JOE-L

The sky definitely lies

EDNA

HALT

JOE-L

Halt what

That's like weird like like 1802

EDNA

Hungry Angry Lonely Tired HALT

JOE-L

Oh, no

Don't give me any of your your you know your your your

EDNA

Program of recovery

JOE-L

Yeah your rehab AA god shit

EDNA

Whats the big deal I don't drink?

JOE-L

It's weird youre like your'e, 17?

how you gonna do that?

Just stop

EDNA

I don't know

JOE-L

Its just it's just

weird its weird

its weird weird weird

EDNA

I just mean like if you feel a rage coming on it might be because you

didn't eat breakfast

JOE-L

Good advice

EDNA

Thanks

JOE-L

So lemme understand --

Next time you're thirsty for a puny fucking second and you're like

whats it mean you know

You're on this rock 100s of millions of miles from a half-decent rock

band you're gonna be like

EDNA

Like I'm cool, it's cool

JOE_L

You're gonna be like Give me a beer

EDNA

No I'm not

JOE-L

you? You're always like this place sucks, like "Where's the music in

this shitty life, joe-L"

EDNA

nowhere

JOE-L

Yeah, no music and no jobs and no one to talk to except for me who's not clean and steals shit and is a lunatic --

It's so fucking depressing youre thinking of throwing yourself into the slimy luminescent tendrils of a squid at the bottom of the harbor – are you really gonna check first to see if you're hungry angry

EDNA

Lonely or tired

JOE-L

Yeah – you're gonna check that?

EDNA

HALT

JOE-L

You're gonna check that

EDNA

I got lots of slogans now to help me when I feel like shit

First things first

One day at a time

Fake it til you make it

Kiss

JOE-L

Kiss

EDNA

Keep it simple stupid

JOE-L

That sounds like brainwashing

EDNA

Don’t you think your brain might need some washing?

JOE-L

I like it Dirty thanks

EDNA

Don’t you want to come check it out?

JOE-L

Stop saying that to me

EDNA

Doesn’t it sound like fun?

Its for drunks

JOE-L

Its for drunks who want to stop drinking

EDNA

Exactly

JOE-L

Why would I want to do that

EDNA

Because your life is on fire?

JOE-L

This town is a living hell.

Drinking is what saves me.

Don't you remember drinking?

Drinking with me?

We never would have ridden that bike down the highway with no helmet sparks firing in the dark screaming loud as we can FUUUUUUUUUCK YOU FUUUUUUUCK YOU BITCHES!!!!!!!!

That was like the best night of my life

EDNA

I remember coming out of a blackout on the back of that motorcycle you stole is that what you mean?

JOE-L

You promised

EDNA

I was wrong about that

JOE-L

We had a pact

EDNA

Yes

JOE-L

A blood pact

EDNA

I, I can't be held to it, I was I was drunk at the time

JOE-L

That we would live an extraordinary life

Or no life at all

EDNA

I hadn't eaten dinner either

JOE-L

I want to rip off your clothes again and pour champagne in all your holes

EDNA

Did we do that

JOE-L

Yeah

EDNA

Wow. Sounds great

JOE-L

It was. You were.

EDNA

I was?

JOE-L

Blown of the mind.

Out of this world.

Into some kind of cosmic unity of the senses.

EDNA

We can still have sex even if I'm sober

JOE-L

Why would anyone do that?

EDNA

Low blood sugar can make us say things we don't mean

That is all

JOE-L

Who are you? You sound like

EDNA

Your mother

JOE-L

Shut up.

EDNA

What

JOE-L

No. like Anne. Blood sugar? That does not sound like my mother.

EDNA exits. Music ends (?)

SHIPWRECK ANN enters, checking the pot. She is also cooking breakfast, 280 years ago.

JOE-L gets himself some breakfast, opens up his laptop, and writes at the table. He does not look up at SHIPWRECK ANN. SHIPWRECK ANN, ANN HARVEY and JOE-L live in different worlds.

A man lingers in the doorway. ALEXANDER MCCAULEY is dressed like an Irishman who just slept for the first night since being rescued from a shipwreck in 1828.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Dia dhuit ar maidin

(pronounce: deea ghuit err moddin)

SHIPWRECK ANN motions for him to sit. ALEXANDER MCCAULEY sits across from JOE-L.

SHIPWRECK ANN

When you last eat.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Soup

SHIPWRECK ANN

When

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Dunno. And bread. From your hand.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Can't keep count/

all you irish

SHIPWRECK ANN places a bowl in front of him. He eats quickly, like an animal. She pulls it away.

SHIPWRECK ANN

slow .

SHIPWRECK ANN gives him the food.

ALEXANDER doesn't eat

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Thank ye.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Waves pound on you two days

Out on that rock

Eat.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Let's bow our heads

Thank the Lord for this meal

JOE-L finishes his food, shuts his laptop, exits.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

In the name of the Father, the son and the holy ghost

Please bless the lass Ann Harvey

SHIPWRECK ANN

Don't pray for me I'm not a believer

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

And God bless Hairy Man, the hairiest dog ever to save a life.

SHIPWRECK ANN

He's worth yr blessin.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Your dog's a believer then

SHIPWRECK ANN

Swam for each a ya

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Your house's full of Irish

So now full a prayers, too

SHIPWRECK ANN

Enough

Make room

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Don't you believe in god

SHIPWRECK ANN

I believe in the ocean

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Guide me, oh Lord,

Keep my soul from the devil's fire

My anger boils

For the loss of so many good Irish men.

You spared my wife

and she is broken.

What glory this?

Bless me, oh father,

Fill this house with your spirit.

SHIPWRECK ANN

No more with the prayin

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Didn’t your mother teach ya to pray

SHIPWRECK ANN

No

Shes out under the tree

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

A soul needs two parents,

A man and a woman,

To prepare the way to heaven.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Not your care

my soul

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

You must marry a good man–

SHIPWRECK ANN

No husband for me

BEAT.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Come feed my wife

SHIPWRECK ANN

Eaters come to the kitchen

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Mary's in the shadow

She's a withered arm

the dead's in her blood now

A woman knows how to nurse the sick

SHIPWRECK ANN

Man, you help her

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

She hears me.

Don't obey my voice

She don't get better.

This angers me.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Patience

ALEXANDER

She must obey my voice or my hand

SHIPWRECK ANN

No wife is hit in my house

Husband, you hear?

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

My wife.

SHIPWRECK ANN

now out my kitchen.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY exits.

SHIPWRECK ANN continues to work in the kitchen, while JOE-L types on his laptop. ANN HARVEY re-enters on the phone

ANN HARVEY (on phone)

Let me check my calendar.

Oh, yes, October is beautiful here on the island.

Perfect for a wedding.

JOE-L looks pained.

Pain like someone just shot him with an arrow.

ANN HARVEY goes to hit him playfully while on the phone.

She looks for the calendar where she logs in her guests.

ANN HARVEY

Oh.

Oh.

Oooooh.

Yes. Sure, of course. Yes. Yes.

A surprise?

Okey-dokey.

I'm happy to help.

Yes we can.

One of us can do that sure.

Either me or my nephew, Joe-L.

JOE-L

No chance in hell

ANN HARVEY waves for him to shut his face.

ANN HARVEY

JOE-L is the best tour guide on the island.

He'd be happy to take you down to the beach.

JOE-L

No I will not

ANN HARVEY

Love to host your wedding at the inn, yes

JOE-L

worst decision in their fucking lives

ANN HARVEY

How many of you in the wedding party?

Oh.

Oh.

Ok.

Two.

JOE-L

All that

Only two people?

ANN HARVEY

It will be the most beautiful night of your life

Yes I'll send you menu ideas

"food is the key to a man's heart!"

Oh.

I see.

Oh. Oh. I see.

Of course we do.

This is Canada.

Where you coming from?

JOE-L

Freakin lame

ANN HARVEY

Ohhhhh.

The States?

JOE-L

Where

ANN HARVEY

New York?

JOE-L

Yes

ANN HARVEY

Driving down.

Well now.

Yes quite a trip

Enjoy.

Bye now.

ANN HARVEY hangs up.

JOE-L

No. and no.

ANN HARVEY

A wedding.

That will be different.

JOE-L

I will not participate in a patriarchal ritual of myopic gender-normative oppression.

ANN HARVEY

Ok. We'll talk about it another time.

When you are more pleasant.

I know I wont get anywhere when you're in that mood.

How bout I read you my blog for today.

JOE-L

No

ANN HARVEY

You don't have to be rude

Just like you don't have to live here if I don't want you to. So let's try it again. Wanna hear my blog post for today?

Come on, I think you are really going to like it

JOE-L

I don't LIKE anything

Nothing is FINE

I'm not OK

My day wasn't GOOD

My food isn't NICE

The dog isn't CUTE

Nothing's JUST RIGHT

None of that

Everything fucking sucks

ANN HARVEY

Just listen. Maybe it will cheer you up:

"Isle aux Morts is bright with yellow and orange trees tumbling down to the sea.

JOE-L

Oh God

ANN HARVEY

"Last weekend, our friends Steve and Marilyn came over from the Mainland, bringing us a delicious prize from hunting season – a half Moose! If you hurry, you can still make the last ferry tonight, and dine with us when I'll be preparing my awardwinning marinated Moose Stew in Partridgeberry wine.

This is my favorite part: "I can smell the pumpkin cream bread baking in the oven."

JOE-L

I don't smell anything

ANN HARVEY

Well?

Don't you like it?

I think people will really like it.

JOE-L

Don’t say like

ANN HARVEY

Why not

JOE-L

“like” is for old people who don’t remember they have arms and tongues and descriptive words that can express their personal experience of life.

ANN HARVEY

That’s what I’m trying to do – make people like the Inn

What do you do

JOE-L

I set fire to truth

ANN HARVEY

How does that get people here to the island

JOE-L

I blow people’s minds

ANN HARVEY

We just want people to come stay for the weekend.

JOE-L

I want to reach into people’s souls

ANN HARVEY

If we are going to keep the place going, we need to find some new customers

JOE-L

Then I'm our only chance

ANN HARVEY

I think if we just told people I was making my Moose stew they'd be really excited. How are you our only chance.

JOE-L

Only Canadians know about Moose stew.

ANN HARVEY

Who else is going to come here for the weekend

JOE-L

New Yorkers are already coming.

This is our moment.

We gotta think big.

This is tumblr

ANN HARVEY

Whats a tumbler?

JOE-L

Everyone around the world is on tumblr.

Chicago people too – they like the cold.

ANN HARVEY

Really, Joe-L, Americans are not going to flock to the Shipwreck Inn

JOE-L

DC, Boston, maybe even LA

ANN HARVEY

Nobody from LA is going to freeze their fancy new noses off here in the arctic.

JOE-L

Newfoundland is not the arctic

ANN HARVEY

To someone from Hollywood? It's cold and there are icebergs.

JOE-L

You better start reading up on Americans.

They are about to start coming here. In like 5 minutes. And we're gonna get stupid rich off them.

ANN HARVEY

That would be nice. For you.

JOE-L

Yeah.

ANN HARVEY

That way you could pay back all the money you owe me.

JOE-L

Oh that.

ANN HARVEY

Yeah. That.

JOE-L

I want a job.

ANN HARVEY

I know you do.

JOE-L

Everybody in this shit town wants a job

Why they going to give it to me

The kid whose mom OD-ed in the bathroom.

ANN HARVEY

I was missing another 40 dollars this week.

JOE-L

I didn't take anything.

out of your wallet.

ANN HARVEY

Yes. That is not where it is missing from. My kitchen fund.

JOE-L

What?

ANN HARVEY

You know what I'm talking about.

My kitchen fund.

In the oatmeal.

JOE-L

I didn't take money out of the oatmeal.

ANN HARVEY

In the old carton

JOE-L

I might've eaten it by accident.

ANN HARVEY

Do you know why I keep all of my money in the oatmeal? Because my father used to run the whole business out of that carton. That's your grandfather. He never trusted a bank, or the government, or the Queen of England to do anything for him. What came to him,

stayed in this house. And what we had to pay, came out of here too. Surprise guests, burst pipes, baby blankets, doctor bills, all in the oatmeal. If we wanted to go to the movies, we had to ask and he would check how much was in the oatmeal. Everything that happens has to pass through that carton. Some families have a bible, we got oatmeal.

JOE-L

Well I didn't take any money from the stupid oatmeal.

ANN HARVEY

Sometimes you are just like your mother.

JOE-L

Only not dead.

ANN HARVEY

She always stole whatever she wanted right out of my room.

Whenever she felt like it.

Wear it to school.

My best friend Brownie Brown would grab me in the hall, and say

"Your slutty sister's got your tight jeans on."

JOE-L

My mom was a slut in high school?

ANN HARVEY

Yes.

JOE-L

Cool.

ANN HARVEY

She was a little brat.

Who had a lot of sex.

JOE-L

Were you a slut too?

ANN HARVEY

No. I was busy.

You know, studying. Working.

I was going to go to college.

JOE-L

Did she have a car?

Did she have sex in the back?

ANN HARVEY

How'm I supposed to know?

JOE-L

What kind of car

ANN HARVEY

1979 red white and blue AMC PACER.

JOE-L

Whoa. A girl could get the job done in that fuh shiz

ANN HARVEY

I was the one with the job.

JOE_L

What'd you do.

ANN HARVEY

Here. This.

JOE-L

What

ANN HARVEY

I worked here with Dad, cooking for the guests.

JOE-L

What did my mom do?

ANN HARVEY

Nothing.

JOE-L

She didn't have a job.

ANN HARVEY

In high school? No.

JOE-L

She didn't work here?

ANN HARVEY

No. no she didn't.

JOE-L

Why not

ANN HARVEY

She wasn't interested

JOE-L

Why

ANN HARVEY

She was a brat, remember?

JOE-L

You always seem so nice to other people.

You weren't too nice to her, were ya?

ANN HARVEY

She hated the guests.

She hated having to share the house.

She hated hospitality

She hated warm baked bread

She hated wildflowers

She hated God on sundays

She hated this town

She hated me

She hated Dad

She hated life.

JOE-L

Maybe you just didn't know her

ANN HARVEY

She loved you.

And.

She loved to drive.

Fast.

And far.

JOE-L

What about you

ANN HARVEY

We aren't talking about me

We are talking about you stealing money

JOE-L exits. ANN looks out the window at the weather.

VOICES OF THE LOST

John Henderson (Castlederg)

John Scott (Ardstraw)

Robert Shaw and his wife and child

In the rolling hills of water

Let me know thy mercy

VOICES

Give me a sign, o lord

Shine your light upon it

John Nickson and Margaret his wife,

John Baxter, Martha Baxter, his mother and Thomas and

James his sons (two sons and two sisters lost)

Thomas and William, brothers of John Baxter, George his nephew Annie and Catharine, his sister (all of *Cappagh*

BEDROOM of the Shipwreck Inn -

MARY MCCAULEY sits on the bed, looking out the window.
SHIPWRECK ANN enters with a cup.

SHIPWRECK ANN
Brewis. Food.

SHIPWRECK ANN sits on the bed. MARY looks at her.
SHIPWRECK ANN spoons food into MARY's mouth.

Don't tell a
soul
You're fed
a
cup in here.

no word
4 days

like I'm waiting
on
the rain.

I've work
Ever fed a
house
of a hundred
mouths?

Never sat on a bed
long as this.
A woman's no time for words in Newfoundland.

If I sit and
talk,
Mary, you must stir

What can I tell you

about here?

Isle aux Morts

All who live here,
strive

Out the window you
see
the shore fields?
we call them
Tuckamoor

Does it
have
the look
Of your Ireland

That a
good place?

IF it were

why'd a woman of your grace

leave it so

Never seen eyes like yours, Mary

Is that

Ireland in there?

MARY

You're kind

of heart

MARY puts her head against SHIPWRECK ANN's shoulder.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Ah, there you are.

SHIPWRECK ANN sings her a lullabye (Suo Gan)

Sleep, my baby, on my bosom

Warm and cozy, it will prove,

Round thee mother's arms are folding,

In her heart a mother's love.

There shall no one come to harm thee,

Naught shall every break thy rest;

Sleep, my darling babe, in quiet,

Sleep on mother's gentle breast.

Sleep serenely, baby, slumber,

Lovely baby, gently sleep;

Tell me wherefore art thou smiling,

Smiling sweetly in thy sleep?

Do the angels smile in heaven

When thy happy smile they see?

Dost thou on them smile while slum'bring

On my bosom peacefully.

KITCHEN

ANN HARVEY makes a new dish with wild berries. She has is writing today's blog entry.

ANN HARVEY

An unusually warm day for fall.
People call it Indian summer.

It was so warm, that I went out to my secret spot along the river to see if I could find wild berries still on the bush.

I remember the last time I went picking I had felt a certain sadness. Already the ripening barberries grow red. Summer nearly done.

Today, as I followed the trail of ripe fruit to a higher spot on the river bank than I usually go, I stumbled upon a beautiful sight. – a stand of evergreen huckleberries. These are not native to Newfoundland. Must've blown in on a hurricane. Or maybe the Irish when they settled the coast. So much Irish woven into an ordinary day here, we don't know where Newfoundland ends and Ireland begins.

Like huckleberries, or bakeapples. Little orange fruits that grow in the bogs. The rest of the world call them cloudberries. But here, if you order bakeapple pie, you might be surprised what comes to the table.

VOICES OF THE LOST

Charles Cochran (*Strabane*), died on board the Tyne
John Willamson
William Moor
William McMonagle and C. McMonagle, his mother
Robert Gorman
Margaret Gordon (her husband lost)
Catherine Brayn (all of *Leckpatrick*)

Hugh Harper

Alexander Kyle and
Eliza his wife
(Termonamongan)
George Boyle and James Monaghan
(Kirskiddy)
Edward Sheils and James Armstrong
(Drumra)
Anne Duncan

John McCulloch, his wife and child (one son lost)

BEDROOM – Shipwreck Inn

JOE-L and EDNA. JOE-L reads from the band's tumblr

JOE-L

Listen to this. Listen to this.

EDNA

I'm horny

JOE-L

"If you are still here, if in this darkness

there is still a place where your sensitive spirit

resonates on the shallow waves

of a voice, isolated in the night,

vibrating in the high room's current:

then hear me: help me.."

I'm totally reposting that

VOICES OF THE LOST

Margaret Thompson

EDNA

Do you have any lotion

I'm allergic to coconut oil so watch out!

JOE-L

"Hear me; help me"

that's the chorus

"Hear me; help me"

JOE-L/ EDNA (they sing)

Hear me; help me

JOE-L

That's where the song comes from – this dude Rilke's poem.

The band is obsessed with this dude's poetry.

We gotta learn these poems

EDNA

Don't poems seem kinda dead

JOE-L

Poetry is a way of life.

We gotta live this shit.

EDNA

Way of life? My program is my way of life.

Noble Kilgrace and his wife Urney

JOE-L

Rilke's my ticket out of here.

I'm gonna ride it through the bullet hole in the back of his head, out his skull and into the mouth of the band.

EDNA

Oh. Is Rilke dead too? I thought it was just his poems

JOE-L

He's from like a hundred years ago

You know how he died? Pricked his finger on a thorny rose.

EDNA

Weird

JOE-L

Weird because the band has a song called

EDNA/JOE-L

The bloody rose

JOE-L

That concert's gonna save my life.

Hear me; help me

I gotta get to that concert.

EDNA

Can I take my clothes off

JOE-L

My aunt's downstairs

EDNA

OK

EDNA takes her clothes off

EDNA

I'm burning up with Rilky. Hear me; Help me.

JOE-L

Rilke

You gotta say it right. Rilke. We gotta be experts.

EDNA

Hear me; Help me.

JOE-L

Save me. Rilke

EDNA

Hear me; Help me.

JOE-L

Save me.

EDNA/JOE-L

Hear me; Help me Save us, Rilke, rilke, rilke rilke!!!

JOE-L

We gotta get to the concert on Friday

EDNA

I can't I'm working

JOE-L

You have to come with me

EDNA

No.

JOE-L

Yes you do

EDNA

We're not gonna have sex, are we

EDNA puts her clothes back on

JOE-L

You have the car

EDNA

Plus I ‘ve already committed to make coffee at my home group Friday night after work

JOE-L

Do you know how stupid you sound

EDNA

I’m just keeping it simple

JOE-L

Ill find a fucking way myself

EDNA

look – we can catch them this summer

JOE-L

This summer? I can’t wait til summer

I need to feel that shit in my body now, Edna

I’m on empty, why cant you give me your car

EDNA

You’re going to get totally wasted

JOE-L

Fill me up

EDNA

You cant go alone 7 hours?

JOE-L

Alone? I spend entire weeks alone, Edna. I'm used to the sound of my own brainwaves. But You, with your AA meetings and your coffee and your commitments and your FRIENDS – that must really scare you.

EDNA

Youre crazy

JOE-L

You used to be crazy too

Now I've lost you

EDNA

You're not going in my car you're not you're not you're not

JOE-L

Go into yourself and see how deep the place is from which your life flows, Edna

KITCHEN- Dinner

Two women cook.

SHIPWRECK ANN and ANN HARVEY peel potatoes.

They are blue

They hold them up to the light.

They both prepare the dish.

ANN HARVEY

Seal is a rich, dark meat, high in Vitamin D. It is sold in tins at most grocery stores or you can get it fresh from the harper seal hunt in spring. Seal can be cooked in various ways such as stews, pot roasts, etc but Seal Flipper Pie seems to be the most popular choice here in the southern coast.

SEAL FLIPPER PIE Recipe

Clean flippers, cut away all fat and slag, wash thoroughly in hot water, dry and sprinkle with lemon juice. Lay strips of salt pork in bottom of roasting pan, add flippers, season with salt and pepper and lay couple of strips of pork and slices of two onions on top. Add 1 cup water. Cover and bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Then top with basic pastry recipe, bake, uncovered until pastry is a golden brown.

Transfer pie to platter, make gravy and serve with potatoes, turnip and cabbage.

ANN HARVEY exits.

ALEXANDER McCAULEY appears in the door.

VOICES OF THE LOST

Hugh McLaughlin (*Dunnamore*)

Mary McBeth (*Donoughmore*)

Thomas McClean

Dennis Dougan and Ann and Grace, his two daughters

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

I must speak to you immediately.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Is it Mary? Is she all right?

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

I have arranged it, with God's help.

There is a man, Hugh McLaughlin, who has a piece of land to farm and am in need of a strong lady.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Mr McCauley, Now is not the hour for marriage. I'm occupied.

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

No matter presses like marriage upon the honor of a young woman.

Especially one whose faith in God has waned.

Matthew Fulton (*Tullaghabegley*)

SHIPWRECK ANN

Mr. McCAULEY, I thank you for your concern.

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

Madame, perchance your questions about marriage hold you from it.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Yes, Mr. McLaughlin. You are quite right. Thank you. I do have a question. Answer me this: Of the three great reckonings -- death, amputation and marriage -- which costs most heavily upon the soul? I understand the loss of life, the loss of limbs – one loses these things not by choice but by necessity. But marriage? What is lost then? One must use reason to make such a choice. How does one measure it? Justice uses a scale, time a clock. How does one measure freedom of a woman from a man?

Alexander Algeo

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

You are of good health. Blessed with beauty and intelligence. Can cook, clean, mend. You will make a good wife.

SHIPWRECK ANN

And I can pull half-dead men out of the roaring sea.

David Hamilton, Martha his sister and Robert his brother…….(father, mother and two sisters lost) of *Tullybeg*

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Yes, you lifted me from the water.

SHIPWRECK ANN

And who drowns the others?

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

This is all of God's design. The saved and the damned.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Why do I bleed according to the moon?

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

You are of child-bearing years.

SHIPWRECK ANN

But I do not bleed according to man, or the church. I bleed to the tides.

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

Here is a man. He will not enslave you, this is what you were made to be.

John Brown and Isabella is wife

(one son lost)

SHIPWRECK ANN

You have a young wife, Mr. McCAULEY.

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

I thank you the attention paid her.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Then, where are your children?

ALEXANDER McCAULEY

Where

SHIPWRECK ANN

Yes Where

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Madame. Leave good alone.

SHIPWRECK ANN

God has not delivered?

ALEXANDER

Mary held the babe in her coat.

Last I saw him.

Hamish.

Must've been a wave. She won't say.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Mary.

ALEXANDER

My son is lost at sea

SHIPWRECK ANN

How you pray to this cold God

that strips a child

out a mothers hands

ALEXANDER

I do not blame god when a woman is weak.

Alexander McCauley and Mary his wife

(one son lost) of *Ray Letterkenny*

ALEXANDER exits.

SHIPWRECK ANN becomes EDNA.

JOE-L enters.

JOE-L

I need your car

EDNA

I already said no

Borrow Anne's car

JOE-L

I need it now, Edna

EDNA

Show me your drivers license

Oh, that's right

JOE-L

No one will know it's me driving

EDNA

They took your license the 2nd time you got DWI!

JOE-L

I will die if I don't go

EDNA

Better you die than me lose my job

JOE-L

Edna,

EDNA

Joe-L

JOE-L

It's a simple request. Will you loan me your car to drive to this concert tonight.

EDNA

No, it's 7 hours from here

JOE-L

I don't think you are listening.

EDNA

Oh. Sorry. try again.

JOE-L

I need to go to the hospital. Can I borrow your car.

EDNA

Where's it hurt

JOE-L

My head. The neck part of my head.

EDNA

That must be where somebody sucked your brain out with a straw

JOE-L

There is nothing to do here

EDNA

Don't I know that?

JOE-L

We are the Vikings

EDNA

Oh. Weird?

JOE-L

You and me

We show everyone in Isle aux Morts how to live

EDNA

Spearing fish?

JOE-L

Screaming, red beards, eating the heads off wild animals with our bare teeth, purses made of permafrost. Everyone is looking to us for what is the next move. And the next move is going to this concert – the greatest band ever to play music on a guitar. And we're going to be there. Nothing can keep the Vikings from making history.

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

Vikings would like ride up in their boats and kill people for fun

JOE-L

carve a blood eagle in their backs

EDNA

ouch

JOE-L

While the guy is still alive, you cut open the back, rip the rib cage apart, pull out the lungs

EDNA

Where's the god in that

JOE-L

Stop it with the God

Edna

EDNA

Did I tell you I had a near-death drowning experience?

JOE-L

No.

EDNA

Yeah.

It happened every day of my crappy life.

JOE-L

Look around here

There is no God

EDNA

Really

I mean do you see me?

I'm not stealing

JOE-L

How else are we supposed to get money

EDNA

I'm not lying to every single person I talk to

JOE-L

Lying is a communication tool to combat the injustice of everyday life

EDNA

I don't wake up with the walls spinning

JOE-L

Hangovers suck – but if you drink a lot of water

EDNA

I'm not puking my Christmas lights out my mouth my nose and my ass

JOE-L

You could never handle tequila

EDNA

I don't hate myself

JOE-L

I freaking love you

How can you hate yourself

EDNA

every second of every day

I got voices in my head that say

You aren't worth the tiniest piece of crap, Edna

JOE-L

Don't give into these people in power

They're trying to kill our spirit

EDNA

It's not about them, Joe-L

It's me

JOE-L

No, it's them

EDNA

I drink with you

JOE-L

And we have an INSANE time

EDNA

So I can drown out everything

JOE-L

So you can survive

EDNA

So I can feel nothing

JOE-L

No, no, it's real

It's so real we are flying

EDNA

Flying

Most days I was so empty I just wanted to die

JOE-L

That's because we're poets

We see the world for what it is

EDNA

You are a poet

I think you might even be a great one, Joe-L.

But you're a drunk

JOE-L

Poetry has a price

EDNA

For the first time ever

I wake up and I have this strange feeling

It kinda lurks just under the surface

JOE-L

What is it

EDNA

It's like a small like milky green light

And it swims around my body

JOE-L

Weird?

EDNA

I guess

it's like hope?

JOE-L

Where did it come from

EDNA

Comes from going to the rooms.

JOE-L

Sounds like the Loch Ness monster

EDNA

I don't care what you call it

I call it an effing miracle

JOE-L

If there is a God

He does not care about anyone like you or me

EDNA

I want you to come

JOE-L

Why

EDNA

Come tonight.

JOE-L

What do you do

EDNA

We sit around a table and talk about how we're all the same

We're drunks, you know?

JOE-L

Yeah but that's what we are

Give me your car

I gotta get out of here

EDNA

My shift starts in 20 minutes.

Sorry. I really want to grow a red beard with you.

WHITE ROCK ANN and MAN FROM LLOYD's, 1860 (Part One). ANN is older, and not well.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Let me see, I've got it here in my ledger.

WHITE ROCK ANN

You British like to write things down.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Michael Sheils,

James M'Gonagle and Margaret his sister

Edward McGowan

Joseph Smiley and his wife and child,

Hamilton Parkhill and his wife, chid and sister (brother lost)

WHITE ROCK ANN

Whats tha?

MAN FROM LLOYD's

A list of names.

WHITE ROCK ANN

Names.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Survivors. Can you confirm?

WHITE ROCK ANN

Twenty years gone.

I keep no list.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

May 29, the Despatch departs Derry, Ireland, with 211 souls aboard.

On the evening of July 10, after 43 days at sea, they strike ground ½ mile off thie coast, on a rock. You saved 166 people. Is this to your recollection?

WHITE ROCK ANN

No. I recall that many die

MAN FROM LLOYDS

I've traveled from London to record your account of the rescue.

When I wrote, you agreed. Saving people comes with some responsibility.

I'm speaking legally, of course.

WHITE ROCK

I care not for the laws of the King.

Or your ledger but I will stand in witness to their memory.

July 12, 1828.

my father and I were fishing in the inlet and I spot a crate and planks in the waves. We knew theres a wreck so we set out.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Who is in the rescue party with you?

WHITE ROCK ANN

My father, George Harvey, my little brother Tom and my dog, hairy man.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Why a little boy and a dog

WHITE ROCK ANN

Not your typical british dog, a newfoundland.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

I'll make a notation

WHITE ROCK ANN

the morning of the 13th, we rowed the 4 miles from our house to the rock.

It was raining and the sea was nasty still. During a lull, hairy man swam out to the rock with a rope tied to a stick. One-by-one my brother and I pulled them off the rock into our boat while hairy man swam beside them. After we pulled them in, my father shuttled them to the shore in the longboat.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

A 17 yr old girl and an 11 year old boy pulled survivors hand-over-hand on a rope from 100 feet away.

WHITE ROCK ANN

We lost four that day. A man in blue. A woman who slipped the rope. Two children. One we don't know - starved maybe. The other, drowned while sleeping on his brother's back.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

How many did you rescue?

WHITE ROCK ANN

166 lived. 45 lost.

Fed them best I could in our house for a week.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Must be an incredible feeling to save all those people.

WHITE ROCK ANN

You don't live by the ocean, do you, sir

MAN FROM LLOYD's

London. We've got the Thames.

WHITE ROCK ANN

Why you come after all these years?

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Even though it has been 25 years, there are survivors who are pursuing this as a legal matter. The company has to defend its interests. Do you remember if any belongings were taken from the wreck?

WHITE ROCK ANN

Well, yes. I remember one very clearly. There was a woman, Mrs. Arnott. She wrapped her most precious item in a shawl and held it in her teeth as she swam in the freezing water to the boat. When we pulled her in, she gently handed up her shawl and we saw it was her 5 month old daughter.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

I was speaking of assets – tools, money, crates of goods

WHITE ROCK ANN

No sir No assets

BEDROOM of THE SHIPWRECK INN.

MARY and SHIPWRECK ANN.

SHIPWRECK ANN examines MARY's hands.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Can you feel when I squeeze this hand?

MARY

Yes

SHIPWRECK ANN

Can you feel when I squeeze the other?

MARY says nothing

SHIPWRECK ANN

feel this?

MARY

I would say yes if it were my husband.

I cannot lie to you. I feel nothing.

SHIPWRECK ANN traces her finger along the strange scar, up her forearm, to her elbow to her upper arm.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Where?

Stops ANN's hand on the place where she can feel.

MARY

There.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Were you born thus with a withered arm

MARY

No

VOICES OF THE LOST

John Armstrong

David O'Hara, John O'Hara and Mary his wife

JOE-L enters, sits on the bed with his laptop.

They don't see him.

MARY

The banshee took it

The banshee, she was on the rock with me.

Didn't you see her? Long hair, thin, wrapped in a gray sheet. All around her feet, blood in the water. Arms and heads and legs of the dead. She was washing them in water in the blood . And she howled in the waves in the heads in water in the blood. I got too close and she grabbed my arm.

SHIPWRECK ANN

banshee took your son.

MARY

Yes. Yes. You believe me.

SHIPWRECK ANN

course I believe you.

MARY

It's the part of me died, m'arm, when she took my babe.

SHIPWRECK ANN

When you got

here,

found a bandage

tied to it so hard bit the skin.

MARY

The banshee made me a ribbon from the remains of him.

She nearly killed me. You saw the bandage.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Yes.

You tied the babe t' y' arm so you'd not lose 'm.

Gave up yr arm

for im.

MARY

You believe me then

You don't think I'm

My husband has no faith in spirits, only in God.

He thinks my hands grew cold and I let go of him.

SHIPWRECK ANN

The sea took your boy.

MARY

I was his servant

He made me pregnant with child, and married me.

Now that I have lost my son, and lost my arm, my place is unsure.

What need hath my husband of me?

SHIPWRECK ANN

Tell your husband to go.

Tell him you want to stay here

MARY

My son died out that window.

SHIPWRECK ANN

You were saved.

MARY

Why are you askin me to stay

SHIPWRECK ANN

This house's far

Nearest farm's half a day's walk.

I've never a girl known

Never a friend before ya

Your husband don want ya

Arm or no arm I could use you here.

MARY

You are a good friend even if you know none.

You've fed me, nursed me back.

Now you wake me.

I have not tread the path of the new day before me

Will you take me down to the beach?

SHIPWRECK ANN

Yes.

MARY

Don't know what it's made of.

Let me walk this earth and meet its spirits

And see if I could stay in this place

Joseph Hart and Mary his wife and Thomas, Margaret and Eliza, their children (two sons lost)

Jaffles Smyth (Ostragh)

Samuel Spence (Tullaghaghness)

KITCHEN

PASTOR PAUL and ANN HARVEY.

PASTOR PAUL has just arrived at the Inn.

PASTOR PAUL

Hello.

ANN HARVEY

May I help you?

PASTOR PAUL

I hope so! I'm Pastor Paul.

ANN HARVEY.

Oh my.

PASTOR PAUL

Yes, down from Witless Bay as planned!

ANN HARVEY

As planned? You're a day early.

PASTOR PAUL

Oh, yes, but you know. Travelling!

ANN HARVEY

I suppose.

PASTOR PAUL

One has to embrace the impulse!

Do you have a room?

ANN HARVEY

I do – you'll be the only guest tonight. The rest will arrive tomorrow for the weekend.

PASTOR PAUL

I'll have you all to myself then.

ANN HARVEY

I'm sad to say I'm quite busy making the preparations.

How was your trip down from Witless Bay?

PASTOR PAUL

Did you know that Puffin poop is orange?

ANN HARVEY

No, I don't think I ever knew that

PASTOR PAUL

There's so much to learn at Witless Bay

ANN HARVEY

So glad to hear

PASTOR PAUL

And they sure are meat-eaters at Witless Bay. Whoa.

ANN HARVEY

Are they notable in the meats in some way?

PASTOR PAUL

No, no

ANN HARVEY

I specialize myself in certain cuts.

PASTOR PAUL

No. As a vegetarian, I am painfully aware of the eating of meat.

ANN HARVEY

A vegetarian

PASTOR PAUL

A pescatarian, actually. If you want to get specific.

ANN HARVEY

A pescatarian. I see.

PASTOR PAUL

A fish-eater. I don't see fish as animals, really.

So I'm happy eating fish, which I eat quite a bit of at home.

ANN HARVEY

Where did you say you are from, Pastor?

PASTOR PAUL

New Jersey.

ANN HARVEY

My great great great great grandfather, George Harvey was from Jersey. The real Jersey.

The islands in the English channel.

PASTOR PAUL

Oh, yes

Lots of pirates there in the English Channel, once upon a time, and Victor Hugo, in exile after the hunchback

Fascinating history

I took a group tour there

You know, Americans can be terrible to travel with sometimes, eh?

ANN HARVEY

You're from New Jersey,

That's America

PASTOR PAUL

Look at all these books.

When I'm not traveling, I like to wrap myself in a room full of books.

Well?

ANN HARVEY

Am I supposed to say something?

PASTOR PAUL

I envy you your life.

Have you ever read Shakespeare?

ANN HARVEY

Can't say that I have, although I did see one of his plays on the high school lawn. Is he popular in New Jersey?

PASTOR PAUL

Not as popular as other things.

ANN HARVEY

Same goes here.

PASTOR PAUL

Your home reminds me of Shakespeare. There's one about a shipwreck.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate and call upon my soul within the house.

Twelfth night.

ANN HARVEY

That wasn't the one I saw. It was about a king with a bump. Didn't follow, but my nephew plotted all the sword fights.

PASTOR PAUL

I'm sure you were very proud.

ANN HARVEY

I told him it looked like a lot of hitting sticks to me.

PASTOR PAUL

I understand those fights are quite complicated in order to make sure no one gets hurt.

ANN HARVEY

Not this one. My nephew wanted to offend the audience.

To wake them up from the pain and numbness of daily life

The music was so loud it nearly broke my ear drums.

PASTOR PAUL

Sounds intense.

And interesting

ANN HARVEY

I'm afraid I wasn't very interested at the time.

PASTOR PAUL

Twelfth Night is a comedy.

ANN HARVEY

is that about the halcyon days?

PASTOR PAUL

I don't think so – halcyon days of what?

ANN HARVEY

It's a calm in the midst of the winter storms.

We celebrate it up north.

PASTOR PAUL

We don't have that in New Jersey.

ANN HARVEY

So how does a pescatarian from New Jersey hear of us at the Shipwreck Inn?

PASTOR PAUL

I searched the tags "Newfoundland" and "shipwreck" and your tumblr blog popped right up. "Shipwreck of the lost"

ANN HARVEY

That's Joe-L's blog.

PASTOR PAUL

"Love means being alone"

passionate, romantic, intoxicating

ANN HARVEY

Dark. Unforgiving.

PASTOR PAUL

Dark and obsessed with Rilke.

ANN HARVEY

What's Rilke

PASTOR PAUL

You don't read your nephew's blog?

ANN HARVEY

Yes I do

But I only go when I am strong

PASTOR PAUL

Rilke, he's a poet

A German

I love poetry

Do you love poetry like your nephew?

ANN HARVEY

I don't believe my nephew likes anything

PASTOR PAUL

He loves it with all his heart

ANN HARVEY

And you thought "I want to go there"!

PASTOR PAUL

Exactly. If I was going to go to the shipwreck coast, I wanted to stay right in the spot where all those people were saved. And that's here, eh? Right where I'm standing now.

ANN HARVEY

Yes. Yes. That's my great great great grandmother. I was named after her. Ann Harvey. She's quite a hero in these parts.

PASTOR PAUL

Yes, yes she is.

Something has happened between them.

The cooking timer goes off on the stove.

ANN HARVEY

Excuse me.

ANN HARVEY goes to the kitchen.

PASTOR PAUL looks at the books on the shelves.

JOE-L steps into his light

JOE-L

A hunger drives us.

We want to contain it all in our naked hands,

our brimming senses, our speechless hearts.

We want to become it, or offer it—but to whom?

We could hold it forever—but, after all,

what can we keep? Not the beholding,

so slow to learn. Not anything that has happened here.

Nothing. There are the hurts. And, always, the hardships.

And there's the long knowing of love—all of it

unsayable. Later, amidst the stars, we will see:

these are better unsaid.

VOICES OF THE LOST

County of Donegal, James Gallagher (*Rathmullan*)

James Dougherty (*Turboil*)

Mary Mahaffy and her two nephews, James and John King (her father, mother and sister lost)

Mary McMonagle and her son James (one child lost) of *Taughboyne St Johnston*

ANN HARVEY returns from the stove.

PASTOR PAUL

That smells out of this world.

ANN HARVEY

When you googled, did you read about my special Moose stew?

PASTOR PAUL

Moose? No, no.

ANN HARVEY

Might be worth coming over to the dark side.

PASTOR PAUL

I ‘ve grown quite fond of your nephew through his tumblr. I think he may be a budding theologian. Can I buy him a beer?

ANN HARVEY

Oh, I’m afraid not.

He’s underage.

PASTOR PAUL

Maybe you’d like to take a walk down the shipwreck path?

Or I’m fine alone.

ANN HARVEY

It is easy for one to get lost.

Wait. Are you gonna try to save me?

PASTOR PAUL

I like to start with Do you believe the world is good?

Then I thought you could tell me about headless sailors floating through the harbor or something

ANN HARVEY

Let me put on my shoes

PASTOR PAUL and ANN HARVEY walk down to the beach.

Patrick Callaghan and his wife Lydia (Conwell)

Robert Moore, his wife Margaret and child Sarah (Ramelton)

William Ayers

Mary Graham (her husband lost)

Rose Gallagher (all of Raphoe)

James Williams, and Mary, his wife (Burt)

JOE-L

What a perfect night.

I got to the club with plenty of time to get a beer.

The band killed it and the place was packed with freaks.

I found a girl nearby with a pierced lip.

Stole twenty bucks out of her pocket

Bought a hoodie.

Three encores.

Perfect.

PASTOR PAUL

What a perfect night

ANN HARVEY

It's a little cold

I don't usually come out here at night

And it's starting to rain

PASTOR PAUL

I know, isn't it romantic?

(PASTOR PAUL puts his arm around ANN HARVEY to keep her warm)

The sound of the rain.

The windshield wipers.

Cranked the radio all the way, 7 hours.

PASTOR PAUL

I try to live the perfect day

Every day

I wake up and I think what would make today perfect

And then I do that thing

ANN HARVEY

That must be a nice way to live

PASTOR PAUL

You must try it

ANN

Does it really work?

JOE-L

The sound of the rain

The windshield wipers

PASTOR PAUL

It's glorious

I make each choice in pursuit of perfection

And then it's always the things that are chosen for me

That are perfect

ANN HARVEY

Like the rain

PASTOR PAUL

Like this

Like you

ANN HARVEY

Oh

PASTOR PAUL

Who could've planned meeting you?

A beautiful woman

In the moonlight?

Perfect.

JOE-L

The sound of the rain

The windshield wipers

Blew a speaker.

Pictured EDNA's face when she realized I took her ride.

Fucking perfect.

PASTOR PAUL

Is this where they came ashore?

ANN HARVEY

It's hard to know.

200 years ago.

The sands change.

PASTOR

But the house is built upon a rock

The rock is eternal

The sound of the rain

The windshield wipers

ANN HARVEY

Can you believe that house still stands?

PASTOR PAUL

It's a miracle

ANN HARVEY

I guess it is

The sound of the rain

The windshield wipers

Now I'm almost home.

(sings) "Hear me/Help me!!"

This car is flying in the rain and the fog and the

Oh weird the harbor lights?

Wait

"hear me!"

I missed the

What what

wipers

Nooooooooooo

PASTOR PAUL

Look! The fog!

JOE-L

I'm in the water now

I'm sinking

I'm sinking

PASTOR PAUL

Look!

ANN HARVEY

What am I looking at?

PASTOR PAUL

It looks like a ghost ship

JOE-L

I look up and see the lights

milky green

In the harbor above

PASTOR PAUL

Don't worry –

I 'll fight to the death for you

If the pirates come ashore

ANN HARVEY

I've never met anyone like you, Pastor

And I'm on the bottom now

In the car

In the water

ANN HARVEY

Your lips are blue

PASTOR PAUL

Funny I'm not cold

ANN HARVEY

Let's go inside

I feel like a glass of wine

PASTOR PAUL

Oh that sounds like the perfect end

ANN HARVEY

Is it

ANN HARVEY and PASTOR PAUL walk back to the house.

JOE-L

I'm the ocean now

I'm swimming

The water's perfect.

JOE-L turns up the music.

Man, I love this song.

The music and the ocean swells and swells.

END ACT 1

ACT TWO

VOICES OF THE LOST

Charles Porter

James Roulston (*Langfield*)

KITCHEN

The table is set for dinner.

ANN HARVEY prepares the seaweed.

In the bedroom, MARY sews.

ANN HARVEY

Many of our traditional foods come from the Celtic motherland. One is dulse. That's right. Seaweed.

It's like the tongue of a dragon. Red. Salty.

Rinse. Dry it in the sun. Toast. Make sure you brush off any snail bits before you eat.

PASTOR PAUL appears in the door.

PASTOR PAUL

Seaweed

ANN HARVEY

It's a vegetable.

My heart's not into it

the blog

PASTOR PAUL

That's to be expected

ANN HARVEY

You're back

PASTOR PAUL

I like shipwrecks

ANN HARVEY

I remember

PASTOR PAUL

What else

ANN HARVEY

I don't know.

PASTOR PAUL

You

ANN HARVEY.

Seems years ago.

PASTOR PAUL

A couple of months only.

ANN HARVEY

That Joe-L died

Beat.

ANN HARVEY

Grateful you were here the next morning.

And that you stayed for the funeral.

PASTOR PAUL

It was an honor.

ANN HARVEY

Yes, I can never repay you the kindness you showed me.

when Joe-L

PASTOR PAUL

Of course.

ANN HARVEY

But I don't know why you've come back.

They speak at the same time.

PASTOR PAUL

It was enchanted

The beach that night.

ANN HARVEY

Because I am not now

Nor have I ever been

Interested in

PASTOR PAUL

Well let me remind you

ANN HARVEY

Ok.

Except maybe that one night

I thought for a second

About it

PASTOR PAUL

A second? Really because I thought we talked about ETERNITY

ANN HARVEY

No that was about God

Not you and I

ANN HARVEY

Are you getting yourself confused with GOD, now, Pastor?

PASTOR PAUL

I often get myself confused with God.

Because God is everywhere.

ANN HARVEY

That's not an answer that's a poem.

PASTOR PAU

I don't have an answer

ANN HARVEY

God did a shit job that night.

So did I

PASTOR PAUL

Ann

ANN HARVEY

Don't

PASTOR PAUL

This is me, right here.

This is me, backing away.

This is me, a paying guest at the Shipwreck Inn going upstairs and unpacking my bag.

He exits.

ANN HARVEY

When you gather your dulse off the rocks, don't just pull or you'll break the holdfast. Cut it just above, leaving a little bit of the stalk and blade. Then it will grow back. It grows about twice as big as your hand and dangles down in the darkness between the rocks.

VOICES OF THE LOST

SAILOR

wait a goddamn minute

FIRST MATE

Dear God forgive us

SAILOR

I speak as I like

FIRST MATE

LIke a madman

SAILOR

a madman to a murderer

FIRST MATE

I almost died

saving those people

SAILOR

saving them oh!

FIRST MATE

I was on that rock. Helping them off one by one

SAILOR

Saw you run your hands over all the coins in the captain's box. Like crabs

FIRST MATE

You believe I took money? As the ship howled and broke in pieces?

SAILOR

And what about the Captain?

How'd he get caught up in the rigging?

FIRST MATE

He told me help the women first

SAILOR

He drowned launching the big slag.

FIRST MATE

I told him to wait

SAILOR

Your job to lower the boats

FIRST MATE

I told him

SAILOR

Your job to give the instructions

FIRST MATE

I said Stop, Captain

SAILOR

Your job

FIRST MATE

I couldn’t save him

BEDROOM

ANN HARVEY and EDNA enter.

ANN HARVEY begins to make the bed.

EDNA

Sorry to barge in – I didn't know where else to go

ANN HARVEY

I have an open bed

It is not a problem

EDNA

Thanks

I can do that

EDNA goes to help.

ANN stops her.

ANN HARVEY

I don't understand exactly why you are here

The circumstances under which you find yourself

Without a place to stay

EDNA

I had a fight with my father

You never liked my dad much

ANN HARVEY

Joe-l used to hate when I'd say I liked someone

EDNA

Yeah

ANN HARVEY

We don't see eye-to-eye. Your dad and me.

he sees a dark sinister world and I see a beautiful, happy one.

EDNA

You're the saddest loneliest happy lady I know then

No offense

ANN HARVEY

Plus Your father makes strange gruff noises in the back of his throat and it scares me

EDNA

That's him laughing

ANN HARVEY

No it cant be

EDNA

Yep

like this right?

She growls

EDNA

He laughs like that

I know

sounds the opposite

ANN HARVEY

Like maybe he's going to bite the head off a fish

EDNA

They got a fish-eating contest in Port Aux Basques.

Don't even cook the fish or nothing.

It's pretty funny.

And you win all the beer you can drink

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY enters. MARY has a difficult time trying to sew.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Good for you, wife, making work with your hands.

(MARY stops sewing.)

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

I had faith you could hear me.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Speak to me, Mary

(MARY does not speak.)

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

Mary

EDNA

I thought that maybe if I hung out in his room, I might see him.

ANN HARVEY

That's not rational

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

ANN HARVEY

It's all those drugs you shot in your arm or snorted or or

EDNA

AND Smoked

ANN HARVEY

Okay ~~shot, snorted,~~ smoked

EDNA

And drank

ALEXANDER MACAULEY

You cannot speak.

Or you will not speak.

O m'anam istigh thu

EDNA

I'm sober now

ANN HARVEY

good

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

I mean I'm working on it

I'm real different

ANN HARVEY

well we'll see

ALEXANDER MACAULEY

Pray with me

Why the Lord took my son, the hope of my proud family

If God spared ye, which he did, it's to bear me a son.

Why else would you live and so many other good men perish.

We turn to the Lord in our suffering.

Hard to change

That's what I find

EDNA

Yeah I'm lucky so far

With changing and all

ANN HARVEY

Something's not right with you

What are you doing at my door in the middle of the night, Edna

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

May the Strength of God pilot us.

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

Lit my sister's prom dress on fire

It had a big pink flower

Had my period

Tried to give my dad's cb radio

To my algebra teacher and

she flunked me anyway

Locked my door and hosted a wicked

Random weird African drum circle

Went on a silent retreat at breakfast

May the Power of God preserve us.

May the Wisdom of God instruct us.

May the Hand of God

protect us

May the Way of God direct us.

May the Shield of God

defend us.

May the Host of God guard us.

Against patriarchy and poverty Against the snares of the evil ones.

Against the freezing rain Against temptations of the world

falling

May Christ be with us

This day and evermore, amen

ANN HARVEY

Something's not right with you

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

I stopped

school

Stopped work

Stopped my AA

Just stopped

ANN HARVEY

You can't stop

EDNA

Can I stay here?

Like for a while?

ANN HARVEY

you

EDNA

I need to be near JOE-L

ANN HARVEY

He's not here anymore, Edna

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY

I need a wife, Mary.

One who speaks and walks and sews.

Work, girl. Heal thyself.

ALEXANDER MCCAULEY exits. MARY sews.

EDNA

I think he might come see me if I stayed

in his room

ANN HARVEY

You were there when they pulled the car out the next morning

EDNA

I know

ANN HARVEY

I wasn't there

EDNA

Right

I said I was sorry bout that

ANN HARVEY

Why didn't you let me know

EDNA

he took my car so they called me

ANN HARVEY

he's not here

EDNA

I know he's not here but

ANN HARVEY

It was illegal for him to drive

EDNA

If you didn't always lecture him about it

ANN HARVEY

And you weren't such a criminal

EDNA

He stole my keys

ANN HARVEY

He never stole my keys

He drove your car into the harbor

EDNA

Where's his body?

Where is he?

ANN HARVEY

The ocean's full of the dead.

EDNA

You don't see Joe-L in your room at night?

ANN HARVEY

I live alone

But I have guests and they move about.

Tonight you'll see.

Everything can be explained.

EDNA

Look

He loved their music

He drove all night to see them play live in a shitty bar

He got totally loaded

It was probably the best night of his life

ANN HARVEY

He ended it underwater

EDNA

He loved the ocean most of all

More than me

More than you

ANN HARVEY

Breakfast's from 7:30-9

ANN HARVEY pulls down the sheets into a perfect "v" and exits.

MARY sews.

EDNA feels something in the room with her.

Charles Smullen and his wife and child and William Cassidy, his step-son (Tullaghabegly)

Eleanor Johnston (Templecarn)

Two American guests enter, SID THE AMERICAN and REIKA THE AMERICAN.

They sit around the table with PASTOR PAUL.

SID THE AMERICAN wears a crushed cowboy hat.

SID THE AMERICAN

There is no place like Canada today.

And I can say that eventhough I've never been here

REIKA THE AMERICAN

It's the truth.

SID THE AMERICAN

At least for lesbians.

And my father

REIKA THE AMERICAN

He's no lesbian

SID THE AMERICAN

No he's not

REIKA THE AMERICAN

And he loves Canada

ANN HARVEY delivers food to the table.

SID THE AMERICAN

Ann, can I tell you why Americans love Canada?

ANN HARVEY

Yes, I'd like to hear

SID THE AMERICAN

Canada represents the better America,

REIKA THE AMERICAN

our better self

SID THE AMERICAN

Whenever anything evil happens, like they pass a hateful law, we all say, "let's move to Canada". It's the promised land for the gays.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

LGBT please. Or I prefer Queer.

SID THE AMERICAN

She hates when I say "the gays". It excludes some of the spectrum.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Queer people from the States are threatening to move here every day. It's a shining city of hope.

ANN HARVEY

It's actually a country.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

We feel no matter how expensive it gets in New York, we are safe. Because at the end of the day, there's always Canada.

ANN HARVEY

I had no idea.

SID THE AMERICAN

Gay weddings – everybody wants one.

ANN HARVEY

You are giving me a great idea for a special package on the website.

SID THE AMERICAN

It's a good idea because everyone wants to get married these days.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Not everyone.

SID THE AMERICAN

I know you want to marry me.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Weddings are irritating.

ANN HARVEY

Sid, can't you share your mutual love without getting married?

ANN exits to get another dish.

SID THE AMERICAN

She only says that to keep up her radical progressive street cred.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Your father loves weddings

SID THE AMERICAN

And Christina Aguilera

REIKA THE AMERICAN

He loves her

SID THE AMERICAN

She was on the Mickey Mouse club -

She's not a Canadian

PASTOR PAUL

No I don't think so

SID THE AMERICAN

He loves Canada ever since Vietnam

When he knew if things got really bad, he could escape to Canada if he needed to dodge the draft

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I like to keep some things to myself

But not her dad

He likes to share

SID THE AMERICAN

He'll tell you anything

Like that he's got hemorrhoids

And his butt hole's itching

REIKA THE AMERICAN

And that he loves Christina Aguilera

SID THE AMERICAN

It's like the X-games of intimacy

You think that's personal? He'll say,

I had oral sex with my grandma's Llasa Apso

PASTOR PAUL

I think that's a crime

SID THE AMERICAN

Well, actually, it's quite interesting

Some bestiality laws mistakenly outlaw all sexual activity.

Like in Florida. They pushed through some ultra-conservative over-the-top Jeb Bush yaya bestiality legislation and now any sex act is illegal.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

It's so nice to get out of the city.

SID THE AMERICAN

It sure is.

Long pause.

ANN HARVEY delivers a hot covered dish to the table.

PASTOR PAUL

You missed a long discussion on bestiality.

ANN HARVEY

I heard.

We don't have that here.

Moose stew?

SID THE AMERICAN

Yes, please

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I can’t eat a moose.

SID THE AMERICAN

You look freaking beautiful, look at her!

PASTOR PAUL

She’s definitely beautiful

SID THE AMERICAN

See, you’re beautiful -- Marry me

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Is it dark yet

ANN HARVEY

Yes quite

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Sun is down.

ANN HARVEY

Yes, just a little glow left in the sky.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

It’s time.

PASTOR PAUL

Time for what

REIKA THE AMERICAN

the exact time of the shipwreck

right after sunset.

SID THE AMERICAN

Oh it sure is

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Let's bow our heads, hold hands and say the sailor's prayer

They all hold hands and bow their heads.

Dear God.

Be good to me

Thy sea is so vast and my boat is so small.

Amen

PASTOR PAUL

Ooh, I like that one.

Out on the path.

MARY and SHIPWRECK ANN

MARY eats.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Remember back

When ya na swallow a piece of food

Now look't you

MARY

I walk

SHIPWRECK ANN

Yes, down the path and back again

MARY

All the steps to the kitchen garden

SHIPWRECK ANN

The blueberry thicket

MARY

Blackberries and blue

SHIPWRECK ANN

you eat like a wolf now

MARY

Right here this spot a ground

Strange

SHIPWRECK ANN

this grass here

MARY

Must be Fear Gortha

SHIPWRECK ANN

What fear

MARY

Fear Gortha in my tongue means 'hungry grass'. A patch of grass where someone died. When you pass over it, you're strickn with hunger.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Here's bread,

if you're hungry

MARY

What of the grass.?

It could kill you unless you feed it.

We Irish always sprinkle leftover crumbs from our table onto the land to protect from Fear Gortha.

MARY breaks the bread and shares it with the grass.

SHIPWRECK ANN

You feed the grass.

We don't do tha here.

MARY

This grass here, near your house, the Fear Gortha. Bewitched.

Fairies givin you a warning.

SHiPWRECK ANN

Warn me of what

MARY

Back home, County Cork, there's a place, Hungry Hill. Like a mother watching over the waters of Bear Haven and Bantry Bay. Waterfall leaps out of the mountain 800 feet above the sea.

SHIPWRECK ANN

That's a beauty then

MARY

Yes.

Danger wears the mask of beauty.

You must be careful.

Many patches of Fear Gortha on Hungry Hill.

SHIPWRECK

Fear Gurtha.

MARY

Or it could be him

SHIPWRECK ANN

Who

MARY

Fear Gurtha

SHIPWRECK ANN

Fear Gurtha is the hungry grass

MARY

Ah. Fear is the word for grass and the word for man in Gaelic.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Fear means fear here.

MARY

Fear Gurtha is the Hungry Man. Fear Gortha is the hungry grass.

SHIPWRECK ANN

How's one ear to hear

The difference

MARY

Have you seen a traveler wears rags begging come to your door?

SHIPWRECK ANN

Plenty Irish in rags here

MARY

In Ireland, if you pass the hungry man in the street, and don't give no alms, you spend the rest of your life in longing. If you feed him, your days're full of light, even on the worst days of war or famine. I doubt you have ever passed a hungry man without an act of kindness, Ann Harvey

SHIPWRECK ANN

I learn from you the Irish ways.

I'll feed the grass. And the beggar man

And you, Mary. Even if its bog apples.

MARY

When I am strong, I will feed you.

SHIPWRECK ANN

When yr arm grows better

MARY

Yes

SHIPWRECK ANN

If you fancy we might walk again later

MARY

Can we go back down to the beach now

SHIPWRECK

You are a wonder

go slow

If need, you might lean on me

KITCHEN

ANN HARVEY and REIKA at the table.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I can't believe we are sitting here after all the months of dreaming about it

Is this the actual table they all sat at together?

REIKA puts her ear down on the table, listening.

ANN HARVEY

Yes, this is the same one.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

She sat here in this very chair, staring at these walls.

ANN HARVEY

I suppose.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

After my mother died, we were looking through the family bible. Found out I'm related to one of the survivors of the Despatch. Which is weird because I've always had dreams about huge waves crashing on a black rock in the middle of a storm.

ANN HARVEY

I have corresponded with people from around the world who have tracked relatives to the wreck of the Despatch, but I've never met anyone in person.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Here I am.

ANN HARVEY

You don't look very Irish.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

My father's Indian.

ANN HARVEY

That's it then.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

My mother's side is Irish.

ANN HARVEY

What's the name of the survivor

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Mary McCauley.

ANN HARVEY

Mary McCauley. Mary McCauley.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

She was on the Despatch.

And you pulled her out of the water.

ANN HARVEY

The other Ann

REIKA THE AMERICAN

The other Ann I mean.

And now you're sitting right next to me.

I'm here

And, there, in the flesh, is Ann Harvey

Different time. Different women. Same blood.

May I touch you?

ANN HARVEY

All right.

REIKA reaches across the table, touches ANN's hand.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I knew I had to come here. You're the only one left.

ANN HARVEY

Only what

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Both my parents are dead now. I don't have any siblings.

ANN HARVEY

You think we're family.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Your ancestor pulled my ancestor out of the black water.

Of course we're family

ANN HARVEY

Family isn't like that

REIKA THE AMERICAN

You saved me.

If it hadn't been for you, I would have never lived.

ANN HARVEY

My family line died with my nephew.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

One kind of family shares physiogomy, cells, noses, fortitude.

ANN HARVEY

Blood.

REIKA

We are related by blood, too.

By tragedy that inspired epic poetry for centuries.

Our relation is unfinished, unbroken, undone.

ANN HARVEY

That doesn't make us family

REIKA THE AMERICAN

You are a hero when I am present at the table.

Here I am, a survivor on your shore.

Isn't that what it is

when any two family members come together?

ANN HARVEY

It's a new way of thinking of it

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Will you walk me down the path to the beach.

ANN HARVEY

Now? too dark.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

right now.

ANN HARVEY

No you will fall

REIKA THE AMERICAN

It's the time

I want to follow in their footsteps

How did they get up to the house on the night of the wreck.

ANN HARVEY

Some of them wandered off the path

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I am here to relive their resurrection

ANN HARVEY

people still die every night along the coast.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

Take me, please.

ANN HARVEY

Tell you what. I'll open the window and you can listen to the surf.

And in the morning, when the sun rises, I'll take you to the rock.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

It won't be the same.

ANN HARVEY

No, it won't

It was 200 years ago.

REIKA THE AMERICAN

How am I going to feel it.

ANN HARVEY

You feel it over time

REIKA THE AMERICAN

I might need to stay

You're the only family I have

ANN HARVEY opens the window.

The sound of the waves.

ANN HARVEY and REIKA lean out the window.

BEDROOM.

EDNA prays.

EDNA

Dear. God.

Thank you for

yeah I don't know

JOE-L enters.

JOE-L

Is that God?

EDNA

Ann said you didn't come around here anymore

JOE-L

I don't

Help me write this

EDNA

What

JOE-L

My next post

EDNA

Dead post

JOE-L

It's my three days grace

EDNA

What

JOE-L

On earth before I rise again

EDNA

Like Christ really ok

JOE-L

Forget it

Where's my laptop

EDNA

Yeah I don't know

JOE-L

Check under the pillow

EDNA

She just made the bed

JOE-L

Check

EDNA checks. Pulls out the laptop.

JOE-L opens it.

JOE-L

Type this

EDNA

You type it

JOE-L

I am an apparition.

These are not real fingers.

EDNA

Whatevs

EDNA types.

JOE-L

What are you typing.

EDNA

What you are about to say

JOE-L

Do you feel life

EDNA

Life hurts

JOE-L

It seems to me that almost all our sadnesses are moments of tension, which we feel as paralysis because we no longer hear our astonished emotions living. Because we are alone with the unfamiliar presence that has entered us; because everything we trust and are used to is for a moment taken away from us; because we stand in the midst of a transition where we cannot remain standing. That is why the sadness passes: the new presence inside us, the presence that has been added, has entered our heart, has gone into its innermost chamber and is no longer even there, - is already in our bloodstream. And we don't know what it was. We could easily be made to believe that nothing happened, and yet we have changed, as a house that a guest has entered changes. We can't say who has come, perhaps we will never know, but many signs indicate that the future enters us in this way in order to be transformed in us, long before it happens.

EDNA keeps typing.

EDNA

Can you fly

Because I don't know if you're real

JOE-L

It sucked

EDNA

What

JOE-L

Sobertown sucked all the wild juice out of you

EDNA

It did, didn't it

JOE-L

clearly

EDNA

yeah

JOE-L

All right.

EDNA

What

JOE-L

I lied.

EDNA

About what

JOE-L

Why I stopped having sex with you

EDNA

Did you stop having sex with me

JOE-L

Yeah

EDNA

Why

JOE-L

I couldn't feel my fingers

EDNA

I'm confused. Now?

JOE-L

You're an idiot.

EDNA

You are

JOE-L

Cold.

EDNA

I’m glad you’re back

JOE-L

I’m in the ocean, Edna

EDNA

No

JOE-L

come visit me

EDNA

You’re here

JOE-L

In the rooms

EDNA

Where

JOE-L

halt

EDNA

I’ll wait

JOE-L

Or maybe I'm an idiot.

EDNA

Am I really posting this?

EDNA posts it.

WHITE ROCK ANN Part 2

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Did the vessel sink prior to your arrival.

WHITE ROCK ANN

Broke in two. Half gone.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Could you see into the hold

Was there access

WHITE ROCK ANN

if someone wanted to get inside?

You asking me about wreckers?

MAN FROM LLOYD's

It's my job to eliminate the possibility

WHITE ROCK ANN

Lured that ship onto the rocks?

MAN FROM LLOYD'S

There is a rumor in the crew, that

The first mate grounded the ship for a payoff

Working with someone in town

WHITE ROCK ANN

I don't judge a man or

A woman for salvaging a wreck

But there's no one could convince me any sailor from around here'd ever

play a storm off the coast of Isle aux Morts

MAN FROM LLOYD's

I'm sent by London to also determine whether to authorize the expense of retrieval in this case.

WHITE ROCK

We got thousands of wrecks on this coast.

It all belongs to the sea now.

MAN FROM LLOYD's

Property of the crown

WHITE ROCK ANN

I love my home, Isle aux Morts.

My heart almost died there

How many souls perished under my watch?

Then I was seventeen.

Now, I have eight children.

They needed a mother with light in her eyes.

The light of hope, not of storms.

I couldn’t spend my days searching for shipwrecks out my window anymore

The reason I moved to White Rock

is so I could live near the only lighthouse for a hundred miles.

Ships are safe.

At the end of the night,

we have each other’s arms.

SID is alone at the table.

SID picks up the oatmeal container, looks at it.

SID shakes it.

SID opens it, smells.

SID looks in.

SID pulls out crumpled money.

A lot of money.

Puts it in her pocket.

PASTOR PAUL enters

SID THE AMERICANS

You know what I was just doing here by myself in the kitchen

PASTOR PAUL

tell me

SID THE AMERICANS

I was thinking

This is a perfect place for a wedding

Shipwrecks are so romantic

PASTOR PAUL

You know what else are romantic? Puffins

I was just at the Witless Bay bird refuge, and there were a hundred thousand pairs of nesting puffins waiting for their little babies to waddle to the water and dive in.

SID THE AMERICAN

Have you ever done a wedding?

PASTOR PAUl

Have I ever!

SID THE AMERICAN

What about a lesbian wedding?

PASTOR PAUL

Are you getting married? Here at the Shipwreck Inn?

SID THE AMERICAN

It's a secret

SID shows PASTOR PAUL the ring.

PASTOR PAUL

Nice. I think she's going to like it.

SID THE AMERICAN

Would you do the honors?

PASTOR PAUL

I'm only staying til tomorrow

SID THE AMERICAN

No time like the present

PASTOR PAUL

You’re going to propose and get married in the same night?

SID THE AMERICAN

Yep

That’s the plan

PASTOR PAUL

She doesn’t seem like she wants to get married

SID THE AMERICAN

She won’t be able to say no

Not here

PASTOR PAUL

Marriage is a big step

And people have to really want to do it

And she she

SID THE AMERICAN

Look, no disrespect

But all the old rules about marriage

That come from the church

Or tradition

Or the movies

That's got nothing to do with us

We are making it all new

PASTOR PAUL

Who's we

SID THE AMERICAN

Queer folks.

Young folks.

We're going to change everything about it.

PASTOR PAUL

Well, it's still going to be forever, right?

SID THE AMERICAN

TIl death do us part.

PASTOR PAUL

So you are asking her to pledge all her days to loving one other person?

SID THE AMERICAN

Yeah. But you can't put it like that or it doesn't sound very good.

PASTOR PAUL

That's what it is. Forever.

SID THE AMERICAN

Forever. Yeah I know.

I love forever. But Reika is not a believer. She doesn't think eternity exists.

PASTOR PAUL

Marriage is not a philosophical argument.

SID THE AMERICAN

Do you have any advice for me?

PASTOR PAUL

Yes. Pole, pole.

SID THE AMERICAN

What's that

PASTOR PAUL

All over Kenya, you see signs

That say Pole, pole

It's Swahili for go slow, go slow

Don't run over the baby baboons on the highway

SID THE AMERICAN

Slow down?

It's the perfect time

And she's going to say yes

I got Ann Harvey on my side

ANN HARVEY comes back to the table.

ANN HARVEY

On your side of what

SID THE AMERICAN

A glass or two more of wine

How can she say no

PASTOR PAUL

We are discussing the pros and cons of marriage

ANN HARVEY

Why would anyone want to go and do that

SID THE AMERICAN

Love.

ANN HARVEY

That's ridiculous

SID THE AMERICAN

Marking our love.

This is it. This one's mine.

ANN HARVEY

That's not a reason to get married.

That's like trapping a raccoon.

SID THE AMERICAN

I love her.

And I don't care what you or anyone thinks.

SID exits.

PASTOR PAUL

Did I tell you how much I enjoyed the seaweed

ANN HARVEY

I picked it off the rocks myself

PASTOR PAUL

I wish I didn't have to go tomorrow

ANN HARVEY

Yes. Another perfect day

SID becomes SHIPWRECK ANN.

MARY enters.

SHIPWRECK ANN

There you are

MARY

Out on the path to the beach

SHIPWRECK ANN

Alone?

MARY

I did well enough

SHIPWRECK ANN

You gain a bit back each day

MARY

God be praised

A handkerchief of bog apples I picked for you

SHIPWRECK ANN touches MARY's scar on her arm.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Use yr arm, to pick em, Mary?

MARY

Yes

There's you to thank for that

SHIPWRECK ANN

That's the sea air

mingling with the hours

you have to thank

They stand close.

MARY

I have never known a woman like you, Ann Harvey

SHIPWRECK ANN

Look at this one grown funny

Always one different from the rest

MARY

A thank you before goodbye

SHIPWRECK ANN

Goodbye?

MARY

God has spoken to alexander

SHIPWRECK ANN

Mary

MARY

and I follow

SHIPWRECK ANN

You lose breath

on every stair

MARY

My heart's strong

You said so

SHIPWRECK ANN

like a bird flown into the glass

You need time yet to recover

MARY

only ever the time we're given

to mend

before the sweet hands of tomorrow beckon

SHIPWRECK ANN

You are at peace

MARY

Yes I am

SHIPWRECK ANN

Your face shows it

MARY

My husband wants to a family.

With me

My arm's still good, he says

It gives him hope.

SHIPWRECK ANN

When are you off

MARY

we depart today

SHIPWRECK ANN

To what port?

MARY

I know not where.

I am married.

My husband decides.

SHIPWRECK ANN

Will you stay here in Newfoundland

MARY

We will settle a farm inland.

Away from this coast.

How can you stay here?

SHIPWRECK ANN

I could never leave this place

MARY

In the foam of each wave, the drifting bones of the lost

SHIPWRECK ANN

Hour upon hour, I keep an eye

MARY

Day upon day, storm upon storm, for eternity

You are a wondrous thing

SHIPWRECK ANN

My mother was called Mary

She taught me

A woman waits.

A woman who lives by the sea.

The bell of the buoy rings

And in the silence that passes between two waves,

A woman waits.

In the anguish of the night,

We hope for the safe return.

MARY

It is in our suffering we are perfect.

SHIPWRECK ANN becomes SID.

MARY becomes REIKA

SID THE AMERICAN

You promised us a shipwreck

On the website

It said shipwreck

REIKA

Sid. What are you doing

PAUL

It's all right, Sid

SID THE AMERICAN

Where's the shipwreck

Where's the shipwreck

REIKA

Sid

PASTOR PAUL

Calm down

SID THE AMERICAN

Why don't you take me down to the beach

My wife wants to go down to the beach

REIKA

Your wife

PASTOR PAUL

Sid it's ok

ANN HARVEY

You can slip and fall at night

SID THE AMERICAN

Yes, Reika, you're going to be my wife.

I'm going to ask you to marry me tonight

And you'll say yes

I told Ann I was proposing to you

And she told me that I was stupid

Am I stupid

REIKA

I'm sure she didn't say stupid

SID THE AMERICAN

Am I stupid, Reika?

Am I

Am I stupid

REIKA

I’m not going to marry you

JOE-L and ANN HARVEY enters.

They speak the following at the same time.

JOE-L

Storm door half open

weird whatever

throw my bag down

Mom mom

Mom

water running upstairs

cool

inhaled like 100 oreos in my face

I fucking used to love oreos

No

Not now

Keep them the fuck away from me

ANN HARVEY

Yeah.

After that

Um

I took off my shoes

Phone rings

Mom mom

Ran up the stairs

what

Mom mom

Phone

mom

phone stops

mom

I push on the door

Wait what oh god

She's lying there

In the tub

Mom

Ran over grabbed her

Half pulled her out

Yes.

Glass all over the floor

Must've been a bottle

Feet all cut up

Yes. My sister.

that's whats left in my memory

my bloody feet adn

her lying there

all blue

well grey

ok yes where is he

oh yeah
I didn't want to say this but
before I went upstairs
I heard the siren
So I thought cool oh, god
sneak a butt
cool cool
can I talk to
him
let's sneak a butt
where's my Kodiak ice
put the phone up
that's what I was doing to his ear please

it's you know it's the
tin for my chewing tobacco
where I hide my butts
I hid it next to the door Joe-L?
Pull out my stash smoke up
That's what I was doing
when she was up there
It's Ann
Smoking
I was nine
I'm coming for you
No
I quit when I moved in here ok?

Ann said you smoke you're gone

So I stopped

I gotta drive

All night

Ann's a hardass

Wasn't anybody else though

She's my only living relative

I'm coming

guess she saved me

KITCHEN

ANN HARVEY and JOE-L

ANN HARVEY

I'm not used to having a kid around here

JOE-L

I'm not a kid

ANN HARVEY

You're a kid to me

JOE-L

Is the water polluted or can I swim in it?

ANN HARVEY

You can swim in it.

But there are icebergs so

JOE-L

That sucks

ANN HARVEY

I'm sorry about your mom

JOE-L

Yeah

ANN HARVEY

I'm going to go down and see her every month.

You can come along if you want.

JOE-L

What. Some dumb cemetery? No.

ANN HARVEY

Ok.

JOE-L

And I don't wanna take meds

No meds

I won't take em

It's my choice

I'm captain of my own ship and I won't

I won't

I don't care what you say

I don't care what anybody says.

I don't care

ANN HARVEY

Do you know we have shipwrecks here.

JOE-L

That's lame

What about xbox

ANN HARVEY

I don't have any boxes

But the school told me you needed a computer so

She hands him a laptop

JOE-L

Is this mine?

ANN HARVEY

It's yours. On one condition.

JOE-L

What's that.

ANN HARVEY

You gotta help me with the website.

JOE-L

You gonna pay me.

ANN HARVEY

This is a family business. And you're family.

KITCHEN

EDNA, PASTOR PAUL and ANN HARVEY

sit at the table.

PASTOR PAUL

Shall we say grace

PASTOR PAUL join ANN at the table. JOE-L stands, and

EDNA sits in his place.

ANN HARVEY reaches.

PASTOR PAUL reaches.

EDNA takes their hands.

They freeze.

JOE-L

Dear God.

Be good to me

Thy sea is so vast and my boat is so small.

Amen.

JOE-L steps away from the table to watch his family pass

food and eat.

ANN HARVEY

Anybody want to take a walk on the beach after dinner?

END OF PLAY