

SS Titanic

Subject:

Different responses to the gospel. (Evangelistic Drama)

As the poor cabin boy tries desperately to convince passengers that the great Titanic is sinking, each person he encounters offers a different excuse for ignoring the offer of help. In the same way, people can ignore the Jesus' gift of eternal life for sometimes strange reasons...

SS Titanic

Characters:

Captain	<i>Stiff upper lip British Seaman</i>
Smith	<i>Seaman second class (a woman)</i>
Partygirl	<i>Out for a good time</i>
Happychap	<i>Wants proof before he'll commit to anything</i>
Hopeless	<i>Pessimistic about everything</i>

Scene:

Smith is sweeping or scrubbing the deck. The Captain enters.

Captain: Smith!

Smith jumps to attention, gives a snappy salute.

Smith: Yes, captain!

Captain: At ease, sailor. I have an important job for you.

Smith: Sir! (*Stands at ease*)

Captain: Now Smith, I warn you this news I have to give you is not pleasant. Not pleasant at all. But you must be strong, and above all, you must not panic.

Smith: (*Puzzled*) Sir?

Captain: Smith, we're in a spot of bother. Ship just hit an iceberg, man. There's only a few hours left before the whole lot goes belly up. Poor form, eh what?

Smith: (*looking panicked*) But Sir...

Captain: Yes, yes, I know. The unsinkable Titanic and all that. Still, nothing we can do now, except make the best of it. So. Just get everyone into the lifeboats so they can get away safely. Can you do that?

Smith: (*Snapping to attention*) Yes sir!

Captain: Good man. Well, I have to tell Perkins and the rest of the men. Best of luck, my dear boy.

The Captain salutes Smith, and leaves. Smith paces, looking more and more panicked.

Smith: (*Muttering to self*) The ship is sinking. Unsinkable? Pah! We're sinking!

Hopeless enters.

Smith: Ah. Madam, I don't wish to alarm you, but you need to move to the top deck. I'm afraid we've hit an iceberg, and the ship will sink in a couple of hours.

Hopeless: Oh, great. We're all going to die. Fantastic.

Smith: You're not going to die. There's plenty of time to get to the lifeboat.

Hopeless: But what's the point? The lifeboat's just another boat. We're totally surrounded by water. We're all going to die. *(Sighs)*

Smith: Um. That's a bit morbid, isn't it?

Hopeless: I'm just being realistic. What's to say the lifeboat won't hit another iceberg? And without the sophisticated navigation equipment that this ship has, we've got Buckley's chance of surviving.

Smith: The lifeboats are not going to sink.

Hopeless: That's what they said about this thing.

Smith: Madam, if you would just get to a lifeboat. They are our best chance of survival at this point.

Hopeless: I'm sorry. This ship is much bigger, and frankly, I'd prefer to sink on something more comfortable than a tiny, overcrowded lifeboat. At least there are lounges here.

Smith: So you're not going to leave?

Hopeless: There's no point. I'm going to my room. I need some of the comforts of home, I think... *(begins to exit)* If we're going down, I might as well make the most of them.

Smith: Well, if you change your mind, you know where the lifeboats are!

Hopeless exits. Happychap enters.

Smith: Sir, I'm sorry to upset you, but the boat is sinking. We all need to -

Happychap: Sinking? How do you know it's sinking?

Smith: The captain has informed me that -

Happychap: We're still moving forward, aren't we? No water on the decks or anything. Why isn't the boat tipping up, hm?

Smith: Well, they may not be now, but in a few hours - Look: you've got to believe me. You need to get to a lifeboat now!

Happychap: Lifeboats, eh? What's to say they're not just a figment of your imagination? You might have just thought them up to make you feel better in this imaginary sinking situation.

Smith: Sir, please. This is a matter of life and death!

Happychap: Life and death? Life and death????? I've only got your word for it, haven't I? I'm afraid I'm going to need some concrete proof before I believe anything. Until I see visible signs of sinking, I'm not going to bother heading for any imaginary lifeboats.

Smith: *(under her breath)* You could just look for that dirty great iceberg of to the starboard bow...

Happychap: Look, if you think the boat is sinking, that's fine for you. You can believe that. Just don't try to impose your delusions on me, right?

Smith: But sir -

Happychap: I'm sorry. I don't believe in fairy tales. The Titanic sinking?! Humph! *(Exits)*

Smith: Is everyone completely mad?

While Smith paces, Partygirl enters with a drink in hand, wearing a party hat & covered in streamers. She's singing a pop song about parties, and getting the words mixed up.

Partygirl: *(stops and speaks to herself)* No, that's not right. *(she sees Smith)* Oh! Hey! You - you with the sad face. I've lost my way to the third ballroom. Can you tell me where it is?

Smith: That doesn't matter right now. Do you know where the lifeboats are?

Partygirl: Aren't they those dangly thingies hanging off the edge of the top deck? Yeah, I think so. But why do you want to know where they are? They're not the third ballroom. Woo!

Smith: I'm afraid we're ... ah ... we're sinking.

Partygirl: *(laughing)* Yeah, right. And I'm your uncle Bruce.

Smith: No, it's true. The ship's hit an iceberg and we'll all be under water in a few hours. But don't worry because there's a rescue plan. If you just -

Partygirl: Oh, I get it! This is a big joke, right? My friends have paid you to play a joke on me. Yeah, that's it. We're not sinking at all. *(looks around for her friends)* Hey guys, you can come out now. That was a great joke! You're so funny!

Smith: No, really. The boat is sinking.

Partygirl: Yeah. Funny. Huh. My friends must be back at the party still. Look, just tell me where the third ballroom is. I need to get back to the part-ay.

Smith: But the iceberg and the water -

Partygirl: You know, you're really starting to bring me down, you know that? I don't want much. All I want is Ballroom Number 3. Where the action is. Are you going to tell me, or not?

Smith: *(sighs)* It's the fourth door on your left.

Partygirl: There. That wasn't so hard, was it? *(Notices the worry on Smith's face)* You look a bit stressed. You should have more fun. Hey - I've got an idea. Why don't you just come down to the ballroom with me? You really need to live a little!

Partygirl leaves. Smith is left stunned.

Smith: Live a little?! I'm off to find a lifeboat!

Smith exits.

END.