

Sink the *Titanic!*

A screenplay by Steve Dunham

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Based on a true story¹

Fade in

Scene: The Holland & Werewolf² Shipyard in Belfast, Ireland, 1911.

Two shipyard workers, *Pat* and *Mike*,³ are at the end of their shift, standing on a partially constructed ship, high above the shipyard, gazing out over the city below them, listening for the steam whistle that will signal the end of their shift. In the background, *Sean*, another shipyard worker, climbs out of the double hull⁴ and stands on the edge of the ship's side, behind Pat and Mike. Their backs are to Sean.

Sean

Pat! Mike! Hi!

The steam whistle blows, signaling the end of the shift. It startles Sean, who loses his footing and falls back inside the double hull.

Pat and Mike look around, but Sean is nowhere to be seen.

Mike

Where did Sean go?

Pat

I'm sure I heard his voice.

Mike

Could Sean have had an accident?

Pat

An accident! Begorrah, no! This is a lucky ship! As lucky as a chim-i-ney sweep!

Pat and Mike stand staring in the direction of Sean's voice. They see Sean's head appear at the top of the hull as once again he climbs out. This time Sean is filthy with dust and dirt.

Pat

Sean! You should see yourself! You look like a chim-i-ney sweep!

Mike

[singing] Chim-chim-i-ney, chim-chim-i-ney, chim-chim, chereee!⁵

Pat

Well, at least Sean's all right. Shall we go off to the pub now?

¹ This is not meant seriously.

² The real shipyard was called Harland & Wolff.

³ Characters names are italicized at their first appearance.

⁴ *Titanic* did not really have a double hull, though it did have a double bottom.

⁵ From the film *Mary Poppins*.

Mike

I'm ready, Pat.

Pat and Mike turn their backs on Sean and walk away. Sean again loses his footing and plunges back into the double hull.

Pat and Mike descend ladders to the ground far below, watching their step, not looking behind them. On the ground, they walk toward the exit from the shipyard, forgetting all about Sean. Then Pat and Mike stop and turn around to look up at the ship under construction.

Pat

A lucky ship indeed. Unsinkable, too.

Mike

And sure she can't sink sitting on dry ground like that.

Pat

I mean when she puts to sea! She's the safest ship ever built.

Mike

What about her twin sister, the *Olympic*? Isn't she just as safe? You can't tell them apart.

Pat

Of course I can tell them apart. Just look at her stern.

On the stern, the ship's name is spelled out in giant letters: RMS TITANIC.

Pat

They have their names painted on them so you can tell them apart. I wish you weren't so ignorant, Mike!

Mike

Say, I wonder where Sean went. "RMS" must stand for "really mysterious ship."

Pat

Mike, you're so funny! A mystery ship! No, this is a ship of beauty. It should be SOB Titanic. "SOB" for "ship of beauty." Well, wait, maybe that wouldn't work so well.

Mike

Maybe it's a mystery ship and it's cursed.

Pat

Cursed? Where would you get that idea?

Mike

That sign.

Next to the spot where the *Titanic* is taking shape is a sign: "Hull no. 3909 04."

Pat

Well, what of it?

Mike

Backwards it spells, "NO POPE."⁶

Pat stares at the sign for a moment, straining his eyes, trying to picture the numbers backwards.

Pat

I don't think it says anything. And what would it mean anyway? Sure there's a pope.

Mike

It means the owners don't like the pope.

Pat

Why not?

Mike

Because he's different. Same as we don't get on with the people in the south of Ireland: because they're different.

Pat

Well, if backwards it means "no pope," then forwards it must mean "yes pope." How do you explain that?

Mike

Backwards, forwards, yes, no, I still don't like it. Putting a coded message about the pope there can't be a good omen.

Pat

Mike you are ignorant *and* superstitious. I, on the contrary, believe in luck, and the *Titanic* has it.

Mike and Pat head off to the pub.

The next day, Pat and Mike are back at work deep inside the *Titanic*. From the steel plating of the inner hull, they hear a tapping.

Pat

What's that tapping sound?

A moan comes from behind the steel inner hull.

Mike

Maybe it's Sean! Sean, is that you?

Another moan comes from behind the steel.

⁶ This is a real legend about the *Titanic*, but it's nonsense. The hull number was not 3909 04.

Pat

Sean! Oh, no! Laddy, you're done for! They've sealed up the hull. You're trapped! The only way you'll ever get out is if an iceberg rips open the bottom of the ship. But that will never happen. No, this is a lucky ship. Oh, poor Sean!

Scene: Cairo, Egypt, 1912.

Lady Guff-Gorgon,⁷ an American fashion designer, saunters down a busy, noisy market street accompanied by her maid, *Jane*.

Perspiration running down her face, Jane carries one of her mistress's parcels in her hand and another tucked under the same arm. With her other hand she holds a parasol over Lady Guff-Gorgon's head to shade her from the Egyptian sun.

Egyptian date vendor

[holding up bunches of fruit] Finest dates!

Lady Guff-Gorgon continues down the street without turning her head to look.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I'm not interested in dates. I'm quite satisfactorily married. Jane is not interested either. She is too busy with her duties to be entertaining thoughts of gentlemen.

Egyptian carpet vendor

Finest antique carpets! Made new by the best Egyptian craftsmen!

Lady Guff-Gorgon pauses in the street.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I *am* interested in antiques. Jane, inspect those carpets.

Jane starts toward the carpet vendor.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane! Where are you going? You must keep my head shaded!

Jane

But, Ma'am, the carpets ...

Lady Guff-Gorgon

If you can't do your duty and keep me comfortable while carrying out the other tasks I assign you, then you may have to yield your place to another, more competent girl.

Lady Guff-Gorgon continues sauntering down the street. Jane leaves the carpets behind and resumes holding the parasol over Lady Guff-Gorgon's head.

⁷ There was a Lady Duff-Gordon among the first-class passengers. The character Lady Guff-Gorgon was inspired by the fictional Bianca Castafiore in the Tintin books.

A short distance behind, furtively following them, dressed in khaki and a safari hat, is *Jersey Jones*.⁸ His unusual costume attracts curious stares from Egyptians on the street. Trying to blend in, he starts walking with his palms horizontal in front of and behind him, the way he imagines that Egyptians walk. This gait attracts even more stares.

His quarry—Lady Guff-Gorgon—and Jane are unaware that Jersey Jones is stalking them. Jersey Jones edges close enough to overhear Lady Guff-Gorgon’s words.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I simply must bring some Egyptian antiques back to New York!

Jane

Yes, Ma’am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Pay attention to the vendors and be on the watch for any more antiques.

Cheese vendor

Aged goat cheese!

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Never mind the goat cheese! I’m not interested in that sort of ancient artifact. I must have something that simply *reeks* of Egyptian antiquity.

Jane

[wrinkling her nose] That aged goat cheese reeks.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Sure it does, but I don’t think you want it either.

Jane

No, Ma’am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon pauses on the street and breathes in deeply. Jersey Jones steps into a shadow and pauses too.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

This Cairo atmosphere is so invigorating! It stimulates my creativity.

Jane

[again wrinkling her nose] Invigorating? Yes, Ma’am. If the odor of camels and their—uh—produce is invigorating. It does stimulate me after a fashion too.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Yes, fashion! I am so inspired by the native costumes that I can hardly wait to get back to New York and create a new line of clothing. But I must return with more than inspiration. Keep your eyes peeled for antiquities, Jane.

⁸ A parody of Indiana Jones, but named for a different state (New Jersey, sometimes locally pronounced Joizy). Jersey Jones pronounces his first name “Joizy.”

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane resume walking along the street. A little Egyptian man, *Igor*,⁹ in native clothing, steps out of the shadow of an awning. He falls in step behind Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane and gradually overtakes them. He does not notice Jersey Jones (despite Jones's strange way of walking) trailing them close enough to hear their conversation. Igor draws up alongside Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane.

Igor

Good day, Madam. Did Madam say New York?

Lady Guff-Gorgon turns to look at him.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh, how charming! I just love your costume!

Igor

It's not a costume, Madam. Just my ordinary clothes. And pardon me for not introducing myself. My name is Igor [*he pronounces it "Eeyore"*¹⁰]. But is Madam from New York?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Yes, New York, of course! All the great fashion comes from New York. I am so invigorated by the Cairo atmosphere that I must go back and create a new style based on the charming costumes I see here. But first I am shopping for some antiques to bring with me.

Igor

Oh, Madam, this is a happy day for you! I have an Egyptian antique that you will certainly want to possess. It will cause an uproar in New York.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

A sensational Egyptian antique? Yes, I do want to see it.

Igor

Very good, Madam. This way, please.

Igor leads Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane down the busy street, and Jersey Jones follows a short distance behind. Then Igor turns down an alleyway, and another, and then leads them down a back street until they are far from the main market. At last he stops in front of a rundown building. Jersey Jones stops too, steps into a shadow, and watches and listens.

Igor

The antiquity is in here. Please follow me.

Igor opens a door into a dimly lit building and leads Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane down into a dark cellar.

⁹ A pun on the fictional Igor of some Frankenstein movies.

¹⁰ Eeyore was a fictional donkey in the Winnie-the-Pooh books.

When the door closes behind them, Jersey Jones hurries into an alley next to the building and crouches in the shadows, where he can peer into a cellar window and overhear the conversation. He skulks there watching and listening, careful not to be observed.

Once their eyes adjust to the dim light, Jane and Lady Guff-Gorgon see that Igor is kneeling next to a sarcophagus, and they hear him murmuring. As they watch, he gently cracks the lid open. Inside is a *mummy*,¹¹ which opens its eyes but quickly closes them when it sees that Igor is not alone.

Jersey Jones covers his mouth to keep from gasping in astonishment.

Igor

Behold, Madam! A genuine mummy from the age of the pharaohs!

Jane

Phew! It stinks.

Igor

It is thousands of years old. I think it should be displayed in New York. It will cause a sensation, and you will be famous.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[snootily] I'm already famous. I am Lady Guff-Gorgon, the foremost fashion designer in the New World.

Igor

A thousand pardons, Madam! I confess that I did not recognize you at first.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Then I forgive you once. As for the other nine hundred and ninety-nine forgivenesses you crave, you will have to earn them. But first, business. What price is the mummy?

Igor

How much do you have?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I am rich beyond belief.

Igor

That is good to hear, but this will not consume all your wealth. Shall we say ten thousand dollars? A cheap but fair price for a genuine Egyptian antiquity.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I never pay full price. What do you say to nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine dollars?

¹¹ A legend of the *Titanic* is that a cursed mummy was brought aboard as cargo. Not true.

Igor

A fair deal, Madam. But there is one more thing. I must accompany the mummy. I must supervise its transportation and care, and I must do so in disguise. I must appear to be a member of the ship's crew so that I can visit the cargo hold without suspicion.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Your concern and devotion are touching.

Jane, give the good man ten thousand dollars to show that we are magnanimous and appreciate loyal servants.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Jane takes ten thousand dollars from her purse and hands it to Igor, who accepts the money and bows.

Igor

What transportation shall I arrange, Madam?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Bring the sarcophagus to Alexandria on Tuesday. We will be sailing for England on the *Egyptian Queen*. Then we will take passage on to New York. We will be sailing on the maiden voyage of the biggest, best, safest, most luxurious ocean liner in the world, the *Titanic*. Only the best for me. Do you understand?

Igor

Yes, Ma'am. You will not be disappointed in this purchase. And we will have a wonderful voyage together. Please remember that I must travel in disguise.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I shall not forget. I am not only a giant of the fashion world, I am also an expert at disguise. Recall that you did not recognize me at first.

Igor

Just so, Madam. I shall rely on you to conceal my presence on board the ships.

Igor walks carefully to the alley entrance and opens the door. A blinding beam of sunlight shines in.

Once again, Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane wait for their eyes to adjust. Then they leave the cellar via the open door and walk away down the alley. Jane opens the parasol and holds it above Lady Guff-Gorgon's head. Jersey Jones follows them discreetly and overhears them conversing.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane, this day is just full of inspiration! I now have plans for *two* lines of clothing! One based on those quaint clothes that Igor was wearing, and one based on the mummy's wrappings!

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I will be even more famous, if that were possible.

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane walk through the back streets of Cairo, returning to the market. Jersey Jones stops and waits in the shadows until they are gone.

Once they have disappeared around a corner, he sprints off in a different direction. Dodging camels and Egyptians, he runs down alleys and streets until he reaches the center of Cairo. There he stops for a moment, looking around. Seeing the place he was hunting for, he resumes running. Then, panting, he barges into a postal and telegraph office. He takes off his hat and uses his neckerchief to wipe away the sweat that is streaming down his face. The *telegraph clerk* looks up.

Telegraph clerk

An urgent message, sir?

Jersey Jones

I'll say! Send this to President Teddy Roosevelt, the White House,¹² Washington, DC:

"Teddy! Lady Guff-Gorgon is bringing an undead mummy to New York. J. Jones."

That's all. I'll wait here for a reply.

Jersey Jones gives the clerk a handful of Egyptian coins.

Telegraph clerk

Sir, that is enough to pay for a cup of coffee, not an international telegram. The price is eighty piastres.

Jersey Jones frowns, then takes more money from his coin purse and reluctantly counts out the money. He stands there waiting as the telegraph clerk places the money in the cash register. Meanwhile, a few *Egyptian customers* enter the postal and telegraph office and wait behind Jersey Jones.

The blades of a ceiling fan circle lazily. Jersey Jones lifts his face to catch the moving air.

Telegraph clerk

Very good. Perhaps you would care to wait outside and make room for other customers?

Jersey Jones looks longingly up at the rotating fan.

Jersey Jones

All right.

Jersey Jones walks to the door. He opens it, steps outside and into the street, and places his safari hat back on his head. Then he sits down on the pavement and leans against the wall of the postal and telegraph office. He pulls his hat down over his face to shield it from the hot Egyptian sun.

¹² Teddy Roosevelt was not really president in 1912, but he belongs in this adventure, which includes many other entertaining anachronisms, such as King Tut's tomb and the Bee Gees' music.

He drifts into slumber, and he dreams fitfully and feverishly of a mummy following him through the streets of Cairo. In his dream, his legs move slowly as the mummy overtakes him, trying to stop him from sending the telegram.

Then Jersey Jones wakes with a start. A camel's face is inches from his own, sniffing him.

Jersey Jones

Don't like the way I smell? Well, I don't like the way you smell either.

Jersey Jones pushes the camel's head away, struggles to his feet, and opens the door of the postal and telegraph office. There are no other customers waiting.

Jersey Jones

Any reply yet?

Telegraph clerk

No, sir.

Jersey Jones lifts his face long enough to catch a slight breath of air from the fan, then once again steps outside, slumps against the building, pulls his hat down over his face, and goes back to sleep.

Hours later, he opens his eyes to the sound of the door. The sun has set, and the daylight is waning. The telegraph clerk steps outside.

Telegraph clerk

Sir? The White House has replied. One word: "Bully."

Jersey Jones

"Bully"?

Telegraph clerk

We're closing now. Good night, sir.

Jersey Jones

No! Wait! Don't close yet. This is an emergency! Send this:

"Mister President, this is not bully. The mummy will wreak havoc in New York, and, what's worse, Lady Guff-Gorgon plans to design a line of clothing based on the mummy. This is a disaster, and they must be stopped! J. Jones."

Reluctantly the clerk steps back inside.

Telegraph clerk

Please repeat the message slowly.

Jersey Jones writes down the message and counts out eighty more piastres.

Telegraph clerk

Sir, that is not enough. The charge is double for sending a telegram after hours, and this one is three times as long. Four hundred more piastres, please.

With a sigh of frustration and stewing over the expense, Jersey Jones counts out the money and places it on the counter.

Telegraph clerk

“Bully.” Is that the word you Americans use to express approval? Bully!

Jersey Jones steps out of the office into the gloom of the Cairo evening.

[muttering to himself] No. This is not bully.

Scene: Alexandria, Egypt.

Jersey Jones is sitting in a dockside café, watching out the window, keeping an eye on everyone who approaches the docks. To keep his window seat, he keeps drinking Egyptian coffee.

Then a figure catches his eye: Igor, walking alongside a wagon drawn by a mule, which is driven by a *wagon master* and loaded with the sarcophagus of the undead mummy. Igor is wearing the same clothes he'd had on in Cairo.

Then two more figures grab Jersey Jones's attention: Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane are walking across a plaza toward the ocean liner *Egyptian Queen*. They stop in the middle of the plaza, looking around until Lady Guff-Gorgon spies Igor. She and Jane wait for Igor to reach them with the wagon.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Ah, there you are. I made a sailor suit for you.

Igor

[bowing] I am deeply grateful. And you can see that I have brought the Egyptian antique you purchased. I will be a devoted servant and see that it arrives in New York safely.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

How gratifying! I am inflated with American pride when inhabitants of the lesser nations recognize their role as servants. Now you must accept my efforts on your behalf.

Give him the sailor suit, Jane.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Jane reaches into her shoulder bag and draws out a folded-up sailor suit, which she hands to Igor.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Put it on right away.

Igor bows and turns away. Then he walks across the plaza straight toward the café where Jersey Jones is sitting.

Jersey Jones feels a flash of panic. He draws a deep breath and calms himself.

Igor walks into the café, passes right by the table where Jersey Jones is sitting, and walks up to the *café proprietor*. They quietly exchange words, and Igor hands some money to the proprietor, then vanishes into a back room.

Jersey Jones keeps shifting his glance: from the door of the back room, then to Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane, then to the wagon loaded with the sarcophagus. He tries to remain calm, but the Egyptian coffee is making him fidgety. As his eyes flit back and forth from the plaza to the inside of the café, he notices the door to the back room opening. He turns away, towards the window, and pulls the brim of his hat down to better cover his face. He hears Igor speak some words to the café proprietor, then hears the proprietor laughing. Then he hears the front door of the café open and shut. He continues watching out the window.

Jersey Jones watches Igor walk across the plaza wearing the sailor suit. It looks more like a sailor suit for a little boy than a real sailor's uniform. On the sleeve near the shoulder is the designer's name: LADY GUFF-GORGON.

Confident that he has remained unseen and unknown, Jersey Jones follows Igor from a distance and stands in the shadow of a building where he can keep an eye on Igor, the wagon with the mummy's sarcophagus, and Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane.

Igor walks up to Lady Guff-Gorgon, who is standing next to the wagon and her newly acquired antiquity.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[to Igor] You look splendid! Now I am planning a *third* line of clothing I've conceived on this voyage. It certainly has been a productive trip for me!

A bugle call catches the attention of everyone in the plaza.

First officer of the Egyptian Queen

Attention, all passengers! If you have any baggage to be kept in the *Egyptian Queen's* cargo hold during the voyage, please bring it to the dock now.

Igor's wagon master leads the mule and wagon over to the side of the ship. Presently the crew of the *Egyptian Queen* lowers a cargo net to the dock. The crew, the wagon master, and Igor place the sarcophagus into the cargo net, and Igor jumps in alongside it. As a derrick lifts the net, Igor rides with the sarcophagus up into the air, over the side, and down into the hold of the ship.

Jersey Jones, observing the scene, hastens to get into the line of boarding passengers, carrying his luggage with him. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane are already in line ahead of him. As the queue inches forward, he keeps glancing back and forth from them to the ship.

Scene: On board the *Egyptian Queen*

Following Lady Guff-Gorgon, Jane, and *other passengers* ahead of him, Jersey Jones ascends the gangway. Once he is on board the ship, an **Egyptian Queen steward** approaches Jersey Jones.

Egyptian Queen steward

May I take your baggage to your cabin, sir?

Jersey Jones

No, thank you. I want to remain on deck and watch for some friends.

The steward turns away, and Jersey Jones follows Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane, who are escorted by an **Egyptian Queen stewardess**, at a distance. The stewardess leads them to their cabin and enters ahead of them, leaving the door open. Near their cabin, leaning over the railing of the ship, Jersey Jones waits until he hears their cabin door shut and the stewardess's footsteps getting farther away along the deck; then he makes a mental note of the cabin number and heads for his own quarters.

Soon he hears a blast from the ship's whistle and can feel the vessel gently pull away from the dock, en route to England. He sits in his cabin pondering his next move.

Presently Jersey Jones hears the chimes rung by a steward to announce lunch. He waits in his cabin to give Lady Guff-Gorgon a chance to be seated first in the dining room. Then he strolls to lunch himself.

At the dining room entrance, he looks around for Lady Guff-Gorgon. Once he spots her, careful not to be seen by her, he leaves and walks to a dining-room entrance behind her. At a table where he can hear her but not be seen by her, he sits himself down with other passengers: A **British army officer** and the **British army officer's wife**.

British army officer

Hello, young chap. A countryman homeward bound?

Jersey Jones

Yes, but to a different country. I'm an American.

British army officer's wife

Oh, how jolly. Been on a holiday in Egypt?

Jersey Jones

Not exactly a holiday. I'm an archaeologist.

British army officer's wife

Oh, how charming. You must tell us all about it.

British army officer

Yes, old man. We've been in Egypt ourselves, but we never have any excitement there. Nothing happens in Cairo, you know. Please tell us all about your digs. What did you uncover? Gold? Mummies?

Jersey Jones tries to steer the talk in a different direction.

Jersey Jones

Actually, I've been digging for pottery fragments. We carefully unearth them with a horsehair brush, a few grains of grit at a time. Then we try to find any markings on them. We hardly ever find pieces that fit together.

British army officer's wife

Oh, how dreadfully dull!

Jersey Jones tries to hear what Lady Guff-Gorgon is saying.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Fashion ... famous ... rich ...

Jersey Jones notices that the British army officer and his wife are staring at him as if waiting for an answer to a question. He looks at them blankly.

British army officer

My dear man! I fear you've gotten too much sun. You look stupefied.

Jersey Jones

Stupefied ... oh, sorry. Maybe you're right. I think I should go to my cabin and lie down. Maybe we'll see each other later in the voyage.

British army officer

Good idea, old man. You go and rest up.

British army officer's wife

Yes, dearie. We'll talk when you're feeling better.

Jersey Jones stands up, nods to them, and leaves the dining room.

Down in the cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, Igor waits until he is alone with the sarcophagus amid the other cargo. Then he carefully lifts open the lid. The mummy opens its eyes.

Igor

Master, we are sailing for England!

Mummy

Do not fail to take me all the way to New York. I need to bring the Egyptian obelisk back to Egypt. It is mine!

Igor

Yes, Master! But why don't we just go to London and get Cleopatra's Needle and bring that back to Egypt?

Mummy

We will get that one on our return, and the one in Paris¹³ too!

Igor

Yes, Master! Lady Guff-Gorgon is taking us to New York. There we will carry out our mission!

Mummy

Do not fail me!

Igor

Yes, Master! I mean, no, Master!

¹³ There really are Egyptian obelisks in New York, London, and Paris.

The mummy closes its eyes, and Igor closes the lid of the sarcophagus.

Up on deck, Jersey Jones does not retire to his cabin. He walks along in a hurry. When he reaches the radio telegraph shack, he bursts through the door.

Jersey Jones

[loudly] Urgent message for Scotland Yard!

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

Yes, sir. Be with you directly, sir.

Jersey Jones steps back out onto the deck, leaving the door open behind him, then frets and paces while the telegraph operator finishes sending a message. Jersey Jones, watching through the open door, starts to step into the radio shack again, but the operator begins sending another message. Jersey Jones grows even more impatient and paces the deck even faster. Finally the telegraph operator pauses and looks up.

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

What is your message, sir?

Jersey Jones

Send this to Scotland Yard, top priority:

“Lady Guff-Gorgon en route England on Egyptian Queen with undead mummy. Jersey Jones.”

I’ll wait for the reply.

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

Very good, sir.

Again Jersey Jones paces and frets until the telegraph operator is agitated too.

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

Perhaps you would care to wait outside and make room for other customers?

With a sigh, Jersey Jones leaves the radio shack once more, again leaving the door open, and returns to the deck. He leans on the rail of the ship, watching the sea streaming past, and he fumes. The telegraph operator gets up and closes the door.

At last, the radio shack door opens and the operator sticks his head out.

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

Here comes your message, sir.

Jersey Jones hears the telegraph clattering.

After a moment, the telegraph is silent.

Egyptian Queen radio telegraph operator

Your message, sir. “Jolly good show. Mummy will go splendidly with Cleopatra’s Needle. S. Yard.”

Jersey Jones

“Jolly good show”? No, no, no! Send this:

“Meet ship Southampton with whatever you need to lift mummy curse. Urgent you comply. J. Jones.”

Jersey Jones leaves the radio shack and closes the door behind him. He walks back to his cabin, irritated by everyone else’s failure to perceive the seriousness of the situation. Then he collapses into a chair and sulks.

Meanwhile, in the dim cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, the sarcophagus lid creaks open. The mummy looks around and, seeing that it is alone, climbs out. It glances around and spots a vertical ladder. Then it walks over to the ladder and begins climbing out of the hold.

Up on the deck of the *Egyptian Queen*, Lady Guff-Gorgon is taking the night air, leaning on the railing and looking out at the sea and the stars.

Then she looks along the deck and sees the mummy coming toward her. She stares for a moment, then turns and runs away screaming.

When she reaches her cabin, she rushes inside, then slams and locks the door. Jane, startled, stares at her.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

“Aiiieeeee! Aiiieeeee!”

Jane

Ma’am! What’s the matter?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh! Oh! It was horrible!

Jane

What, Ma’am? What’s wrong?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Somebody stole my idea for a line of clothing based on mummy wrappings! I saw someone coming down the deck in clothes that were stolen straight out of my imagination! How wicked! This isn’t just imitation. It’s theft!

Jane

How terrible, Ma’am. Imitating your idea would be a kind of flattery, but this is so underhanded!

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Someone must have been spying on us and sold my idea to a competing fashion designer. Maybe Igor did it. Just think: he’s wandering around the ship in a sailor suit, pretending to be a member of the ship’s crew, when he’s really an impostor. He’s no better than a spy. Not only is he taking advantage of the fashion I created for him, he’s certainly in the pay of another fashion designer and selling my ideas to her. The nerve!

Jane

Now, Ma'am, we haven't any proof.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Proof! How else could someone have created a competing design so quickly? He's certainly guilty!

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh! The horror of it!

Lady Guff-Gorgon spins around and faints onto her bunk. Jane stares at her, then goes to the cabin door and makes sure it is bolted securely.

Outside, on the deck of the *Egyptian Queen*, Jersey Jones is walking along, trying to shake the sense of despondency that weighs him down.

When Jersey Jones turns to walk back to his cabin, he spies the mummy walking on the deck, growing farther from him with every step. Jersey Jones races after the mummy and tackles it, but the mummy, with superhuman strength, takes Jersey Jones and throws him to the deck, knocking him unconscious. Then the mummy walks off, fading into the gloom of the night.

When Jersey Jones wakes up, he staggers to his feet. He groggily leans on the railing. Once his head clears, he heads for the ship's bridge at a run. He opens the door and bursts in. The **Egyptian Queen's captain**, the first officer, the **Egyptian Queen's quartermaster**, and the *first* and *second Egyptian Queen sailors* turn and stare at Jersey Jones.

Jersey Jones

Captain!

Captain of the *Egyptian Queen*

[firmly] Passengers are not allowed on the bridge.

Jersey Jones

Captain! There's an undead mummy stalking the ship. The crew, the passengers—everyone is in danger!

Captain of the *Egyptian Queen*

First officer, arrest this man!

The first officer beckons to two sailors. They each grab one of Jersey Jones's arms and force him off the bridge. The first officer and the sailors take Jersey Jones down a succession of stairways until they reach a storage room several decks below, where the first officer takes out a pair of handcuffs.

First officer of the *Egyptian Queen*

Put his arms around that pipe.

The two sailors each take one of Jersey Jones's arms and place them on either side of a drainpipe. The first officer locks the handcuffs on Jersey Jones's wrists. Then he leads the sailors out of the room, leaving Jersey Jones chained to the pipe.¹⁴

Jersey Jones

We are all in danger! You must stop that mummy from reaching England!

The officer and sailors pause in the corridor.

First officer of the *Egyptian Queen*

That's enough noise, now. You'll be staying here until you calm down and behave yourself. And we'll have no more nonsense about mummies.

First *Egyptian Queen* sailor

Aye. What would *your* mummy think of you if she could hear you now?

Second *Egyptian Queen* sailor

Maybe you'll sober up if you have enough time in here.

First *Egyptian Queen* sailor

That's right. Sober up. Don't make your mummy die of shame.

First officer of the *Egyptian Queen*

Come on, lads.

The first officer of the *Egyptian Queen* and the first and second *Egyptian Queen* sailors walk off down the corridor, leaving Jersey Jones chained in the storage room with the door open.

Jersey Jones

[moaning] Oh, no! We're doomed. The mummy will mesmerize everyone, just as it did to Igor. It will make slaves of us all, and we'll have to dress like it.

Jersey Jones slumps in despair, hanging from the pipe.

He opens his eyes when he hears footsteps in the corridor, and he sees Jane passing by.

Jersey Jones

[hissing] Jane!

Jane

Who are you? And how do you know my name?

Jersey Jones

I'm Jersey Jones, and I'm here to protect you. Lady Guff-Gorgon is in great danger.

Jane

What kind of danger?

¹⁴ This scene intentionally parodies one in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

Jersey Jones

The mummy.

Jane

What about the mummy?

Jersey Jones

First get me out of here. I'm chained to this pipe.

Jane

Get you out how?

Jersey Jones

Get that fire axe from the hallway.

Jane goes back out into the corridor and opens the emergency fire cabinet. She takes out the axe and reenters the cabin a moment later.

Jane

Do you want me to chop through the handcuffs?

Jersey Jones

No! You might hit my hands. Hit the pipe with the axe.

With both hands, Jane holds the axe over her shoulder and takes a wild swing at the pipe. It bounces off, narrowly missing Jersey Jones's head.

Jersey Jones

Try again, but be careful!

Jane takes another swing at the pipe, and again the axe bounces off.

Jersey Jones

Again!

Once again Jane swings the axe against the pipe, and this time it cracks and starts leaking liquid.

She swings again and strikes the pipe, and it breaks, gushing sewage onto Jersey Jones.

Jersey Jones

Ugh! It's a toilet drain! Let's get out of here.

Lifting the handcuffs off the broken pipe, he heads out into the corridor, with Jane following. He leads her down a stairway.

Jane

Phew! You stink like that mummy.

After descending another stairway, they reach the cargo hold. In the faint light, Jersey Jones spots the sarcophagus and creeps up to it. The lid is closed.

Jersey Jones

Open it. My hands are still cuffed.

Jane gingerly opens the lid. The mummy is lying perfectly still with its eyes closed inside the sarcophagus.

Jersey Jones motions to Jane to close the lid. She gently shuts the lid. Then Jersey Jones turns away and beckons to her to follow.

They leave the cargo hold and ascend stairways until again they are once on the passenger decks.

Jane

I don't see what you're so excited about.

Jersey Jones

That mummy isn't dead.

Jane

Not dead! Of course it's dead. It's thousands of years old.

Jersey Jones

It's undead, and it's cursed, and unless we stop it, we're all in trouble.

Jane

I can see why they locked you up.

Jersey Jones

It *is* why they locked me up, but we still have to stop that mummy.

Jane

That's enough of your stories. I'm going back to my cabin.

Jane leaves Jersey Jones standing alone on the deck.

Jersey Jones

[to himself] How can I get out of these handcuffs? I'm not going to ask Jane to chop them apart. The crew doesn't seem to have left a hacksaw lying around. To break them will need more strength than I have. Ah! That gives me an idea.

Jersey Jones hides behind a deck chair and under a steamer rug. Passengers stroll by but do not notice him, though a few notice the stench from the sewage on his clothes. They pause, then walk on.

Egyptian Queen passenger

It smells like a toilet backed up. I must mention it to the steward.

Jersey Jones hears footsteps. The mummy comes walking down the deck. Jersey Jones waits until the mummy has passed, then throws off the steamer rug, leaps out from behind the deck chair, and jumps onto the mummy's back and pulls the chain of the handcuffs against its throat. The mummy, startled, grabs Jersey Jones's wrists and yanks them apart, snapping the chain of the handcuffs. Jersey Jones kicks the mummy to the deck, then runs off in the other direction, eluding it.

Panting, he pauses and turns around. He stares into the darkness, then returns to his cabin and bolts the door. He fills the wash basin with soapy water. A few minutes later, dressed in clean clothes, he comes out of his cabin and looks both ways. He carries the clothes he has washed over to the railing and wrings out the water over the side of the ship.

Jersey Jones

[to himself] Rinse and repeat. I don't know where I've heard that before, but somehow it feels like a cliché.

Later that night, in the cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*, Igor in his sailor suit approaches the sarcophagus. He kneels beside it and quietly lifts the lid. The mummy sits up and snarls at Igor.

Mummy

Twice tonight someone attacked me on deck. He was dressed like a safari hunter. I should have thrown him overboard the first time he attacked me.

Igor

Oh, no, Master!

Mummy

Oh, yes! He must be destroyed. We will hunt him down.

Igor

But, Master—if people keep seeing you, we might not make it to England.

Mummy

He must not make it to England!

Igor

No, Master! I mean, yes, Master! But shouldn't you—uh—lie low?

Mummy

Move the sarcophagus to a new place in the hold where he won't see it. Then, together, we will get rid of this troublemaker.

Igor

Yes, Master!

The mummy climbs out of the sarcophagus and stands waiting angrily while Igor strains to shove it to a less conspicuous place in the hold. Then the mummy climbs back in and closes the lid.

Sitting in his cabin, Jersey Jones rings a bell to summon a steward. Soon there is a knock on the door.

Jersey Jones

Come in!

The door opens, and in walks *steward* “*Shifty*” *Schmidt*.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Sir?

Jersey Jones

I know it's late, but is it possible to get some dinner?

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

No trouble at all, sir. Anything is possible with the proper effort. The cooks have turned in, but I'm sure there's some steamship roast beef in the larder. With some salad and potatoes? And some wine? Will that do?

Jersey Jones

Excellent. I'm grateful, er ...

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Schmidt is my name, but people call me "Shifty." I'll be back soon with your dinner.

Jersey Jones

Very good, then, Shifty.

Jersey Jones leans back in a chair, still wearing handcuffs.

A short while later Steward "Shifty" Schmidt enters, carrying a tray loaded with dinner. He sets it down on the table.

Jersey Jones takes out his wallet and hands Shifty a generous tip. Then he pulls up a chair, but as he starts to sit down, he feels the steward's hand in his pocket, grasping his wallet.

Jersey Jones grabs the steward's wrist, forcing him to let go of the wallet, and he twists the steward's arm, forcing "Shifty" Schmidt to the floor.

Jersey Jones

So! You thought you could pull a fast one on me! I have you now!

Shifty notices the broken handcuffs dangling from Jersey Jones's wrists.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

[eyeing the handcuffs] Maybe I have you too. It seems that we have something in common.

Jersey Jones lets go of the steward and hastily puts his own hands behind his back.

Jersey Jones

There's no time to explain.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

There's no need to explain. Maybe we both overreached ourselves. But maybe we can help each other. Apparently you got caught. I got caught too, but I'm not in the hands of the law yet. I'd like to stay that way. Maybe you can use my talents.

Jersey Jones

What else can you do?

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Oh, lots of things. Forgery, safecracking ...

Jersey Jones

Well, I’ll have to think about those. But, all right, we have a deal. And I do have a job for you. I think you’ll find the keys to these handcuffs in the first officer’s pocket.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

[winking] Very good, sir.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt exits the room, and Jersey Jones sits down to his dinner. As he is finishing, he hears a knock.

Jersey Jones

Come in!

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt enters and places the handcuff keys on the dinner tray.

Jersey Jones

Very good! *[holding up his hands]* Would you mind?

“Shifty” picks up the key and unlocks the handcuffs.

Jersey Jones

Thank you.

Jersey Jones gives the handcuffs to the steward.

Jersey Jones

Would you please give these the deep six? Or sixty, or six hundred, or however many fathoms of water are under us right now?

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Closer to eight hundred, I believe, sir. Almost a mile to the bottom. And I’m happy to oblige.

Shifty opens the cabin door and pitches the handcuffs over the railing into the ocean.

Jersey Jones, carefully guarding his wallet, gives the steward another tip.

Jersey Jones

Now, before you go, I was thinking of one more thing you could do for me. You mentioned forgery ...

A short while later, Steward “Shifty” Schmidt steps onto the bridge, where the first officer and others are on duty.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Pardon me, sir ...

First officer of the *Egyptian Queen*

Yes, steward?

Shifty hands the first officer a calling card. It reads:

Mr. Wellington Niles¹⁵
Proprietor
London Near East Antiquities, Ltd.
22 Petticoat Lane
London

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Mister Niles, one of the first-class passengers, has a concern. He has some cargo in the hold, and he is a little unhappy with the way it is stowed. Now, I’m sure that the crew did it properly, but Mister Niles is a first-class passenger, and a cargo shipper too, so I thought I should mention it in case you think it’s proper to oblige him.

First officer of the *Egyptian Queen*

Bother! But you’re right, steward, we’d better keep him happy. Please escort Mister Niles to the hold so he can see that things are done to his satisfaction, but keep him out of the way. I’ll send down one of the *petty officers* with a few sailors.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Very good, sir.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt meets Jersey Jones at his cabin. Jersey Jones is wearing a fancy suit, pretending to be Wellington Niles. Shifty leads him down stairways until they reach the cargo hold of the *Egyptian Queen*. A petty officer and *four Egyptian Queen sailors* are standing by. Jersey Jones looks around and quickly spots the sarcophagus in its new location.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

[to the petty officer] This is Mister Niles. The first officer told me we should oblige him as to the stowage of his cargo.

Jersey Jones

Right. I’m just a bit nervous about a few things. First, that sarcophagus. It needs to be crated properly.

***Egyptian Queen* petty officer**

[to the four sailors] See to it.

The sailors walk off to the carpenter’s shop. A few minutes later they return carrying lumber and tools, and they begin building a crate around the sarcophagus. The petty officer, Steward “Shifty” Schmidt, and Jersey Jones watch patiently.

Jersey Jones

Make sure it’s a tight fit so that the lid can’t open accidentally.

¹⁵ “Niles” is intended to evoke Egypt. Petticoat Lane was a real market street in London. It was later renamed Middlesex Street.

***Egyptian Queen* petty officer**

[to the four sailors] Do as Mister Niles says.

The sailors carry on sawing and hammering until the sarcophagus is secure inside a stout wooden crate.

Jersey Jones

Splendid. Now one thing I don't want is to have that sarcophagus moving about if we meet with any heavy weather. Please stow it against that bulkhead and *[gesturing toward an assortment of other large, heavy crates]* place my other boxes around it and on top of it.

***Egyptian Queen* petty officer**

[to the four sailors] Go ahead and do as he asks.

The sailors place the crated sarcophagus against a bulkhead. Then they lift the other crates—so heavy that it takes all four to lift each crate—and stack them around and on top of it.

Jersey Jones

Very good. I know you did your best to begin with, but I just kept lying awake thinking about that sarcophagus and how it might start sliding around and getting damaged in a storm. Do you think it will stay put now?

***Egyptian Queen* petty officer**

Certainly, sir.

Jersey Jones

One more thing—a question actually. Is it all right to tip the sailors and you?

***Egyptian Queen* petty officer**

Unusual, but not against the rules. In fact, it's certainly welcome. Thank you, sir.

Jersey Jones takes out his wallet, careful to keep it out of reach of Shifty, and hands money to the petty officer and the sailors. Then he hands some to Steward "Shifty" Schmidt.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Thank you, sir.

Jersey Jones

You are all quite welcome. I appreciate your efforts. Now I feel confident that my antiques will reach London safely.

Jersey Jones and Steward "Shifty" Schmidt leave the hold, followed by the petty officer and sailors.

Once they have gone, Igor creeps out from behind some cargo and gets as close as he can to the crated sarcophagus, but there are many other crates in the way.

Igor

Master!

Igor hears a muffled growl.

Igor

Master! Is that you?

Igor hears another muffled growl.

Igor

Don't worry, Master! I'll let you out when we get to Southampton and change ships.

Igor hears another muffled growl.

The next morning, in his cabin, Jersey Jones hears a knock on the door.

Jersey Jones

Come in!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt enters carrying a tray of food for Jersey Jones's breakfast. Shifty sets it down in front of Jersey Jones.

Jersey Jones

Thank you, Shifty.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

You're very welcome, sir.

Keeping tight hold on his wallet, Jersey Jones gives Shifty a tip.

Jersey Jones

I have some more extra work for you, Shifty. In Southampton, I need to make a special shopping trip.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

I'm afraid I'll have very little time on shore, sir, but if I can't accompany you, I can surely give you directions on where to go for whatever you need.

Jersey Jones

Thank you, Shifty. That should fit the bill.

Scene: A dock in Southampton, England

The *Egyptian Queen* is tied up to a dock in Southampton. Derricks lift cargo out of the hold into the sky and down onto the dock. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane stand on the pier watching. Soon a cargo sling is lifted out of the hold bearing Igor and the crated sarcophagus. The derrick lowers its load onto the pier.

Stvedores take the crated sarcophagus and some of the other cargo across the pier, to where the Royal Mail Steamer *Titanic* is loading cargo and passengers. Igor stays with the sarcophagus as it is lifted in a cargo net up off the pier and then down into the *Titanic*'s hold. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane watch until the sarcophagus and Igor disappear from sight. Then they join the line of passengers boarding the *Titanic*.

Jersey Jones approaches the *Titanic*'s gangway with a suitcase in his left hand, another tucked under his left arm, a third bag tucked under his right arm, and the heaviest piece of all held in his right hand.

He struggles under the weight and, at the top of the gangway, sets the heaviest bag down with a thud.

Titanic steward 1

May I help you with that, sir?

The steward bends over and grips the handle of the bag but can't budge it. He reaches underneath it with both hands and lifts it, and inside he can feel a large, round, hard shape.

Titanic steward 1

Goodness, sir! What do you have in there? A bowling ball?

Jersey Jones

Exactly!

Titanic steward 1

Will you be needing it on the voyage?

Jersey Jones

Yes, right away.

Titanic steward 1

The ship has no bowling alley, sir.

Jersey Jones

I'll be using it for, uh, exercise. And be careful with it. I can't have it rolling about.

Titanic steward 1

Very good, sir.

Hoisting the bag with the heavy, hard sphere, the steward leads the way toward Jersey Jones's cabin. Jersey Jones follows, carrying his other three bags.

Titanic steward 1

[calling over his shoulder and gasping] You'll certainly get exercise with this, sir. Never mind tenpins, you could knock down the whole bowling alley with this ball.

Jersey Jones

You don't know how right you are.

Scene: A waterfront pub near the *Titanic's* pier in Southampton.

Three sailor men—Gus, George, and Ginger—sit around a table drinking stout. Playing poker with them is long-haired **Rose**, the darling of the docks. Around her neck is a string of large white spheres¹⁶—not huge pearls, but garlic.

Gus deals a new hand of cards with enthusiasm, pausing to swill some more stout.

¹⁶ This scene intentionally parodies one in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

Gus

I'm feeling lucky today!

George

[picking up his cards between gulps of the brew] So am I! The beginning of a lucky voyage on a lucky ship. And I plan to start it with a pocketful of cash.

Ginger

So do I!

Rose

Now, boys, you can't *all* win. Besides, I'm feeling lucky too. I think I'll be lucky all the way to New York: a lucky voyage for all of us. And isn't *Titanic* a beautiful ship? Just look at her!

The sailors turn around to look out the pub window, across the docks, to the liner. While their heads are turned, Rose brushes her hair away from her face, in the process slipping a card from her tresses and placing it on the table in front of her. It is the ace of hearts.

As the sailors place their cards on the table, Rose realizes that she has played five aces. To conceal her cheating, she does her best to distract the sailors again.

Rose

[pointing] Oh! Look! A black cat! Oh, no!

While the sailors again turn to look, she quickly takes another card—the queen of hearts—from her hair and lays it on the table in place of the ace of hearts.

Gus

That's just Jenny,¹⁷ the ship's cat. What's the matter, Rose? Are you afraid that a black cat is going to spoil your luck?

Rose

No, no. Not *my* luck.

George

That's right. Jenny is a lucky cat. She knows the ship is lucky too. She's bringing her litter of kittens on the trip.

Rose

Well, boys. Let's see what luck has dealt us.

The sailors swill some more stout and return their attention to the game.

Rose

Hmm. My hand isn't too bad.

¹⁷ Jenny was the real name of a cat on the *Titanic*.

Gus

Hmm. My hand isn't too bad either.

Ginger

I'm still feeling lucky.

George

I'll need to borrow Jenny and stroke her fur for a little extra luck.

The sailors begin discarding cards and drawing replacements, but Rose continually passes. She matches every bet while chiding the men.

Rose

What? Are you afraid to bet any higher? I thought you were all feeling lucky today. If you're unlucky, maybe I shouldn't play cards with you.

George

Oh, Rose You're the luckiest card player of all. How could playing with us ever be bad for you?

Rose

I was just teasing you. Are you lucky boys ready to show your hands?

George

Aye, Rose.

One at a time, the sailors lay their cards face up on the table. None of them has a particularly good hand. Finally Rose lays her cards down.

Ginger

Rose! Four aces and a queen! You win again!

Rose

Oh, my! I *am* lucky today. I hope some of my luck rubs off on you.

She scoops the pile of money from the center of the table and drags it to her side.

Rose

Still, you boys have been so nice, I'll share the winnings with you.

Bartender! Bring these boys another round of stout.

Gus

Thanks, Rose.

The bartender brings three more pints of stout.

Rose

How about another hand of poker, boys?

George

No, sorry, Rose.

Rose

Why, what's the matter? Are you afraid of a black cat?

George

No, Rose. Jenny's a lucky cat. But we need to get on board and get to work.

After finishing their stout, the three sailors get up and leave.

Scene: The docks in Southampton, England.

Outside the pub, Ginger, Gus, and George pass two more sailors who are walking by: Pat and Mike.

Mike

[thrusting out his hand to halt his companion] Begorrah, Pat! That black cat just went across the dock, and you and I nearly walked across the same spot!

Pat

Mike, you *are* a superstitious one! But this time you are right. Who knows what evil fate you saved us from? Instead of boarding the *Titanic*, we could have been walking straight into trouble.

Pat and Mike take a long detour down a side street, down an alley, and up another side street to avoid the place where Jenny the cat had trod.

Scene: In the waterfront pub near the *Titanic*'s pier in Southampton.

In the pub, alone at the table, Rose opens her handbag and takes out a windup musical pig.¹⁸ She kisses it.

Rose

My lucky pig! We did it again.

Scene: The docks in Southampton, England.

On the dock outside the pub, **Jack** appears, dressed in black, wearing a black cape, and followed by **three creepy-looking women** also dressed in black. Jack and the three women are vampires. Jack walks through the door of the pub, and the three women remain outside. They keep to the shade and leer at sailors passing by, the women's gaze concentrating on the men's throats. Sailors avoid them.

Scene: In the waterfront pub near the *Titanic*'s pier in Southampton.

Jack enters the pub just as Rose gets up from the table, and the ace of hearts falls from her hair.

Jack bends over and picks it up.

Jack

Excuse me, did you drop this?

¹⁸ A real *Titanic* passenger, Edith Russell, had a windup musical lucky pig.

Rose

I guess I did! Thank you.

As he hands her the card, Jack stares at her neck, wary of the necklace of garlic bulbs. He smiles even though he is alarmed, and his fangs show, but Rose doesn't notice.

Jack

I'm Jack. Are you going on board the *Titanic*?

Rose

I'm Rose. Yes, I am sailing to New York on the *Titanic*. And are you traveling on the *Titanic* too?

Jack

Yes. I hope to see you on board.

As they part, they look over their shoulders at each other.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*, at the pier in Southampton.

Down in the hold of the *Titanic*, Igor, dressed in his sailor suit, struggles with a crowbar, trying to open the crate that holds the sarcophagus. As he slowly manages to pry apart one corner of the crate, the nails screech. He hears a muffled voice coming from within the sarcophagus.

Mummy

Hurry up, you fool!

Igor

Yes, Master!

Igor continues prying at the wood. After several more minutes, he has pried away enough wood and extracted enough nails to open the top of the packing crate. Then he lifts the lid of the sarcophagus.

Mummy

I was cooped up in there for five days!

Igor

Yes, Master!

The mummy climbs out of the sarcophagus and stands on the deck of the cargo hold.

Mummy

[demandingly] Is this ship going to New York?

Igor

Yes, Master!

Mummy

Good!

The mummy suddenly turns and stalks away.

Igor

But, Master! It's daylight, and there are people about. You'll be seen!

The mummy ignores him and climbs up a ladder toward the passenger decks.

Igor

Master!

Igor remains in the hold.

At the top of a stairway, the mummy comes to a passageway, where Jenny the cat is walking. Jenny looks at the mummy, arches her back, hisses, and runs to the staircase. She trots down a flight of steps. On the next deck down, under the stairs, is a basket with her kittens in it. She grips the handle of the basket in her mouth, picks up the basket of kittens, and hurries away.

Igor leaves the cargo hold by way of another exit and tries to blend in with the ship's crew.

Approaching a gangway leading from the pier onto the *Titanic* are Pat and Mike.

Pat

Well, Mike. Luck is surely with us. We quit our shipyard jobs and immediately found dream jobs on the world's biggest, luckiest ship, sailing on her maiden voyage. What could be better than that?

Mike

Sure and we're the fortunate ones. I feel sorry for poor Sean, though. He must still be trapped in the double hull.

Pat

Begorrah, you're right! Poor Sean!

Mike

Now with his skeleton trapped in the hull of the *Titanic*, maybe the ship is haunted!

Pat

Mike, please, you're being superstitious, and it's giving me the creeps. We know for a fact that the ship is lucky. We helped build her. Haunted, indeed! More likely there are leprechauns on board ready to lead us to a pot of gold. You've brought a lucky shamrock with you from old Ireland, haven't you?

Mike

Aye, for sure. A pot of gold would be a nice little luxury on this luxury ship. We'd come back not as crewmen but as first-class passengers!

Pat

That's the spirit, Mike. Let's go on board for the voyage of a lifetime, and be on the lookout for leprechauns and rainbows.

Mike

Do they have rainbows at sea?

Pat

Sure and they must. The ocean has rain, and it has sunshine, so there must be rainbows. When we see one, we'll run right to the end of it.

Mike

Maybe we'll have to launch a boat or dive overboard to catch it.

Pat

Now, be sensible. Nobody's going overboard from this ship. We'll just have to wait for the ship to pass *through* a rainbow. Then we'll dash to the end of the rainbow while it's touching the ship.

Mike

And we'll scoop up our gold.

Pat

Now you're talking sense. Let's get started.

Pat grabs Mike by the arm, and they start up the gangway. Jenny the cat is coming the other way, running down off the ship with her basket full of kittens.¹⁹

Mike

Look at that, Pat! That looks like the same cat we saw on the dock, and she's leaving the ship with her kittens. Does she know something we don't?

Pat

Mike, do you think that a cat knows more than I do? Maybe it knows more than *you* do. I'll tell you what's going on, Mike. Black cats are unlucky. You should know that. Well, somebody saw her and told her to get off the ship. No unlucky animals allowed!

Mike

Pat, you are a man of the world. You certainly can size up a situation. I'm glad that you and me are shipmates.

Far below them, Jersey Jones enters the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, carrying his heavy suitcase. He is in a different part of the hold than the sarcophagus. He sets the suitcase down on the deck, opens it, and takes out a black spherical bomb.

Jersey Jones

Lady Guff-Gorgon thinks we're going to New York. No, we're going to Kingdom come!

¹⁹ Jenny the cat really did leave the *Titanic*, with her kittens, in Southampton.

Jersey Jones carefully places the bomb on the deck, up against the hull of the ship, and lights the fuze. Then he scrambles to take cover behind a stack of crates. He bends down, closes his eyes, and covers his ears with his hands.

Up on the deck of the *Titanic*, Mike and Pat are now at work as part of the crew, polishing brass, along with Igor, who is trying hard to be inconspicuous while posing as a member of the crew.

Nearby on deck, **Captain “Snuffy” Smith**²⁰ walks among the first-class passengers, among them Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[cheerfully] Welcome aboard! I’m so glad that you could join us for the ship’s maiden voyage. I promise you it will be unforgettable!

Male Titanic passenger 1

Will we see any icebergs? It’s the time of year for icebergs, isn’t it?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Ho, ho, ho! Icebergs? Sorry, not a chance. The only ice you’ll see is in your glass in the first-class lounge. The North Atlantic is not much for scenery, I’m afraid, but the voyage will be unforgettable in other ways. This ship is the epitome of luxury.

Mike

[speaking to Pat] “O pity me”? Why does he say that if the trip is going to be so much fun?

Pat

Mike, how can you be so ignorant? That’s what they call British understatement. When the captain says, “O pity me,” it really means he’s going to have a wonderful time.

Igor nods sagely.

As the three of them keep polishing brass, the captain moves on to another group of passengers who are gawking at the magnificent vessel.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

What a lovely ship! How inspiring! I must design some clothing based on it. The Titanic fashion for the, um, large woman.

At that moment, an explosion rocks the ship. The passengers, startled, reach for something to hold onto and steady themselves while looking all around. Smoke belches from open portholes, and the deck tips first to one side, then to the other.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[frantically] What was that?

²⁰ The captain of the real *Titanic* was named Smith.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Oh, I’m sure it was nothing, Ma’am. The *Titanic* is the safest ship afloat, not only unsinkable but lucky too. Maybe someone dropped a bowling ball.

Male *Titanic* passenger 1

Bowling? I didn’t know the ship had a bowling alley.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well, I haven’t been to every corner of the ship. It’s brand new, you know. But I’m sure it has everything.

Titanic steward 1, who had led Jersey Jones to his cabin, is passing by.

Titanic steward 1

Captain, I’m sure you’re right. One of the passengers boarding the ship today seemed to have a bowling ball in his luggage.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

There, you see? That boom was just a passenger being a bit careless with his luggage. Always let a crew member help you with your luggage. We wouldn’t want the woodwork scratched. The crew look after you and earn their tips.

The steward bows and smiles graciously.

Pat

[to Mike and Igor] We wouldn’t want the woodwork scratched, either. It would just make more work for us.

In the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. Jersey Jones peers out from behind a stack of crates. Looking through the dust and smoke created by the blast, he sees that the explosion of his bomb has made a hole in the ship’s inner hull.

Jersey Jones

[quietly, to himself] It must not have damaged the outer hull, because no water is coming in.

Jersey Jones stares. Something is moving in the hole made by the bomb.

A hand emerges from the hole, then another hand, then a foot. Sean, now a zombie, staggers out.

Jersey Jones

[again speaking quietly to himself] Oh, no. The ship is still afloat, and I seem to have injured that poor man.

Sean the zombie lurches across the deck. He reaches a door leading into a smokestack, opens the door, and staggers through it.²¹

²¹ One of the *Titanic*’s funnels (smokestacks) was a dummy, a fake smokestack to impress passengers who might think less of a ship that had only three funnels.

Jersey Jones watches, amazed at the sight, as he realizes that the creature who has emerged from the hole in the hull is a zombie.

On the deck of the *Titanic*, Lady Guff-Gorgon has calmed down.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

And I'll be even more famous and rich ...

[shrieking] Aiiieeee! Aiiieeee!

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Why, what's the matter, Ma'am?

Lady Guff-Gorgon is staring and pointing at the top of the smokestack, where Sean's head is visible above the rim.²²

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Death! Death is aboard this ship!

At the top of the smokestack, Sean the zombie loses his grip and falls back inside.

Captain Smith looks to where Lady Guff-Gorgon is pointing. He sees nothing out of the ordinary.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Death? No, no, Ma'am. We are perfectly safe, and lucky too.

Male *Titanic* passenger 1

Captain, is it being sensible to rely on luck when commanding a vessel like this with so many souls aboard?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

As Marie Antoinette said, or maybe it was Charles the First, better to be lucky than rich. Nothing to worry about, my good man. I would not want any of my passengers to lose their heads with worrying. Everything is in our favor. In fact, here comes Lady Luck herself.

Captain Smith gestures toward Rose, who is walking across the deck toward them.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Rose! I'm so glad you're on board. You've been delightful on my voyages on other ships.

Rose

Thank you, Captain. Your new ship is lovely. I seem to finish every voyage better off than when I started. I'm sure that this trip will be no different.

As Rose is speaking, Jersey Jones appears on deck, still baffled and frustrated by his experience in the cargo hold. As he looks around, he notices a man in clerical clothes, *Father Brown*,²³ taking photographs of the ship. To get out of the clergyman's way, Jersey Jones steps aside and leans on the ship's railing.

²² Another legend of the *Titanic* is that a man's head was seen at the top of the fourth funnel, presumably a bad omen.

Father Brown

Thank you, sir!

Jersey Jones

Glad to oblige.

Father Brown

I can tell by your safari clothes that you are not an ordinary passenger. Permit me to introduce myself: I'm Father Brown.

Jersey Jones

And I am Jersey Jones, archaeologist, adventurer, and man of action. I presume that you are the ship's chaplain?

Father Brown

No, no, just a humble traveler and photographer, not to mention solver of mysteries. Your clothes make *you* a bit mysterious. May I photograph you?

Jersey Jones

Glad to oblige.

Jersey Jones remains leaning against the railing while Father Brown takes a photograph of him.

Jersey Jones

And what will you be doing in New York? Taking more photographs and solving a mystery?

Father Brown

No, no, I'm not even going to New York. My uncle the bishop, a most generous man, long ago bought me my first camera and now has purchased a ticket for me to travel on the *Titanic* from Southampton to Queenstown. So I'm going only as far as Ireland, but I'm fortunate that I can taste the experience of travel on this ship, and I do wish that I could make the entire voyage to New York.

Jersey Jones

Well, padre, this ship has mysteries enough. Enjoy your time on board, but I may need to enlist your aid before you disembark. I think that a man acquainted with the supernatural may be just what I need.

Father Brown

I shall be happy to be of assistance.

A short distance away on the deck, Lady Guff-Gorgon, looking again at the top of the funnel, continues her previous train of thought.

²³ There was a Father Browne, traveling only from Southampton to Queenstown, taking photos on board the *Titanic*. The character Father Brown in this screenplay also has a touch of G. K. Chesterton's character Father Brown, who solved mysteries.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I know I saw something hideous up there!

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Now, now, Lady Guff-Gorgon. Once we put to sea, the salt air will have you feeling better. Meanwhile, maybe you should retire to your cabin and rest awhile. Rose, would you mind escorting Lady Guff-Gorgon to her cabin?

Rose

Not at all. Please come along, Lady Guff-Gorgon. The captain is right. You just need to rest for a spell. Maybe your corset is too tight.²⁴

Jersey Jones

[murmuring] A spell! A spell may be exactly what is afflicting this ship.

Jersey Jones turns to speak to Father Brown, but the priest has disappeared. Jersey Jones continues leaning on the railing and watches as the captain converses with other passengers.

First Officer Morlock²⁵ comes walking across the deck, followed by a Newfoundland dog. Officer Morlock strides across the deck to Captain Smith, halts, and salutes.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Mister Morlock! Are we ready to sail?

First Officer Morlock

Aye, sir. Fit as a fiddle from stem to stern! I heard a loud bang, but the ship is steady in the water, so I’m sure it was nothing.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Very good, Mister Morlock. What’s this dog you have with you?

First Officer Morlock

Not just a dog, Cap’n. This is Rigel the wonder dog.²⁶ He’s a trained rescue dog.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well, I hope he doesn’t get bored. He won’t have anything to do on the *Titanic*. And shouldn’t he have a cask of brandy around his neck?

First Officer Morlock

You may be thinking of Saint Bernards, sir. Still, a cask of brandy might be a pleasant accessory. Rigel could rescue us from boredom.

²⁴ An allusion to a scene in James Cameron’s film *Titanic*.

²⁵ The first officer on the real *Titanic* was named Murdock. Morlocks were subterranean creatures in H. G. Wells’s novel *The Time Machine*.

²⁶ Another *Titanic* legend, again not true: that Murdock had a Newfoundland named Rigel, called (after the disaster) Rigel the wonder dog because he supposedly saved people from the water.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

I always have good ideas, Mister Morlock. A cask of brandy—see to it.

First Officer Morlock

Aye, aye, sir.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*, during the maiden voyage

Captain “Snuffy” Smith and First Officer Morlock leave the deck and head to the bridge to oversee the *Titanic*’s departure. Sailors cast off the lines, and the ship’s whistle sounds. Jersey Jones looks over the railing and down at the small ocean liner *New Yorker* alongside the *Titanic*.

Tugboats nose the *Titanic* away from the pier and out into the channel; the enormous *Titanic* moves a lot of water with it, creating an artificial current that pulls the *New Yorker* away from its pier. One of the lines holding the *New Yorker* to the pier strains, and then snaps with a loud bang. The *New Yorker* begins sounding its whistle frantically as the small ship is pulled away from its pier by the *Titanic*.²⁷ The sound of the bursting hawser and the subsequent whistling grab Captain Smith’s attention.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

What’s all that noise?

First Officer Murdock, followed by Rigel the wonder dog and then by Captain Smith, strides out onto the bridge wing to see what all the racket is about. As they watch from above and as Jersey Jones watches from one of the first-class passenger decks, another bang echoes around the piers and the ships as one more of the *New Yorker*’s lines parts, then another, until there are no more lines securing the *New Yorker* to the pier. Pulled by the moving water, the *New Yorker*, its whistle still screaming, is dragged away from its berth and follows the *Titanic* into the channel.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Ho, ho, ho! That little boat is trying to ride our wake to New York! Your wonder dog may have some work to do after all, Mister Morlock. That boat will be in trouble if its captain doesn’t get it under control.

More tugboats move in, sidle up to the *New Yorker*, and return the little ship to its pier. The *Titanic* then moves out into the harbor and then the English Channel.

Also leaning on the railing of a first-class passenger deck watching the drama is Rose. As she watches the city of Southampton fall behind, Jack appears on deck, followed by the three female vampires. Rose turns and watches them approach. Jack pauses, turns, and speaks to the three female vampires.

Jack

Wait for me inside.

The trio vanishes through a doorway.

Jack

Hello, Rose.

²⁷ An incident like this actually happened with the *Titanic* and the liner *New York*.

Rose

Who were they?

Jack

My French girls.²⁸ They travel with me. I'm expecting a few more to join us in Cherbourg.

Rose

You must have quite a large entourage.

Jack

I am always, shall we say, thirsty for more.

Rose

I'm thirsty too. Shall we go to the lounge for refreshments? I want to build an entourage of my own. By the way, do you play cards?

Jack

You could say that I'm a gambler. Yes, let's go.

Rose takes Jack's arm, and they walk off.

As they go inside, Father Brown is coming on deck. He eyes Jack suspiciously as they pass. Then he notices Jersey Jones.

Father Brown

Hello again.

Jersey Jones

Hello, padre. As the captain promised, we're having an unforgettable trip so far.

Father Brown

A lot of whistling and banging, anyway. What was that all about?

Jersey Jones

The *Titanic* tried to drag another liner along for the ride.

Father Brown

How strange! I have a feeling that something is not right with this ship. Some of the passengers seem a bit odd, too.

Jersey Jones

Padre, if only you knew! Yet I doubt that you would believe me. The *Titanic* has supernatural problems. In fact, it seems to be under a curse.

²⁸ A reference to the French prostitutes Jack had drawn pictures of in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

Father Brown

Not believe in the supernatural! Why, my vocation is predicated on belief in the supernatural.

Jersey Jones

Then, padre, suppose I told you that the *Titanic* has an undead mummy on board, and a zombie too.

Father Brown

Then I should reply, as Hamlet said to Horatio, “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.” To your undead mummy and zombie you can probably add a vampire.

Jersey Jones

Well, then, Father Brown, I can see that you are not only a believer but also, I hope, my ally.

Father Brown

Again, Mister Jones, you are too limited in your thinking. Of course I am a believer in the supernatural, but as in the natural world there are both good and evil. And, yes, I am your ally. My first name is Francis, after the gentle preacher, but my middle name is Van Helsing, after the great opponent of Dracula himself. However, if I am to help you, I have only one night. I am leaving the ship tomorrow in Queenstown.

Jersey Jones

I have been battling the mummy since we left Egypt. With your help, maybe that battle will end tonight.

Father Brown

If we must fight a mummy, a zombie, and a vampire, then we should enlist even more help. I suspect that the captain and first officer would be too skeptical to come to our assistance, but not so my friend Officer Belltoller.²⁹ Let us find him.

Jersey Jones

Let’s go right now.

Jersey Jones and Father Brown walk off.

That night, at dinner, Jack, Rose, Lady Guff-Gorgon, and the ship’s owner, **Bruce Yamsi**,³⁰ sit at the captain’s table. Two stewards stand nearby: Titanic steward 1 and “Shifty” Schmidt. As Jack sits at the table, his eyes are fixed on Rose’s neck.

²⁹ The real *Titanic*’s second officer was named Lightoller. He bore no resemblance to Belltoller, whose name is supposed to suggest “for whom the bell tolls”: it tolls for Count Jackula—at least, that is Belltoller’s intention.

³⁰ The real director of the White Star Line, owner of the real *Titanic*, was Bruce Ismay. He sometimes signed telegrams “Yamsi” (Ismay backwards), which no doubt fooled everybody.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

And then there was the typhoon in the Pacific. A few of the passengers were under the weather, so to speak, but the ship came through without a scratch.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

How enchanting! I love sea stories.

Jack

I say, steward, could I have some ice for my drink?

Titanic steward 1

Certainly, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Speaking of ice, maybe you’ll get lucky and see some icebergs on this voyage. I hear that they’re coming farther south this year.

Titanic steward 1

Didn’t he say earlier that there was no chance of seeing ice?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[to the stewards] Belay that. No chatter in the dining room.

Titanic steward 1

Yes, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[to his dinner guests] I didn’t mean you, my guests. Please carry on. I enjoy conversation with my passengers.

Rose

Are you expecting a fast crossing?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Indeed. It will take a few days for the engines to warm up to maximum revolutions, but when we reach top speed it may get us into New York early.

Rose

Wouldn’t that mean arrival in the middle of the night?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

What a knowledgeable young lady you are! It certainly would. But before we put our first- and second-class passengers ashore in Manhattan, we have to drop the third-class passengers at quarantine. Even if we get to New York early, the sun will be shining by the time we tie up to the pier.³¹

³¹ This is really true.

Rose

Oh, good. I would not want the voyage to end too soon. I always find the trip so ... profitable.

Jack

I wouldn't mind arriving in New York in the dark. My friends call me a creature of the night.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Well, I hate to disappoint any of our passengers, especially when they have contradictory wishes, but I am confident that you will all enjoy a fast voyage and a timely arrival.

Rose

What if we *do* see icebergs? You will slow down for icebergs, won't you?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

[laughing and choking on his drink] Slow down? I should say not! It's great fun to watch them go whizzing by.

Rose

But what if we should hit one?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Hit one? Ha, ha! Why do you think they call me "Lucky" Smith?

Titanic steward 1

[whispering to Steward "Shifty" Schmidt] They don't call him "Lucky" Smith, they call him "Snuffy" Smith.

Bruce Yamsi

Don't forget, Captain, that I own this ship. Be careful with it. I'd rather be late into New York than early at the bottom of the Atlantic.³²

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Don't worry, Mister Yamsi! I haven't lost a ship yet!

Jack

Through all these adventures you've told us about, you've never lost a ship at sea?³³

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

No, never.

Titanic steward 1

[whispering to Steward "Shifty" Schmidt] He's never lost a ship at sea?

³² The real Bruce Ismay supposedly urged Captain Smith to make a fast passage and get the *Titanic* to New York early.

³³ This is borrowed from *H.M.S. Pinafore* by Gilbert and Sullivan. The captain of the *Pinafore* never lost a ship at sea—well, hardly ever.

Jack

Never?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Hardly ever!

Rose

I’m lucky too! Would you like to see my lucky pig?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Sorry, Rose. We don’t allow livestock in the dining room. Rigel the wonder dog maybe ... if I want a nip of brandy.

Rose

The pig isn’t alive, Captain. It’s mechanical.

Rose takes the windup musical pig out of her handbag and sets it on the table. She winds it up, and it plays “My Heart Will Go On.”

Lady Guff-Gorgon

How enchanting!

Jack

[still eyeing Rose’s neck] I like that tune. It’s cheery. I think it would lift my spirits even if I were clinging to a piece of wreckage in the freezing waters of the North Atlantic.

Captain Smith stares enviously at the pig.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well! Enough enchantment for now. I must see how things are going on the bridge. I wish you all a wonderful evening.

Captain Smith gets up from the table and leaves the dining room.

Jack

[to Rose] Would you care to go for a walk on deck?

Rose

Yes, Jack. I’d love to.

Father Brown and Jersey Jones, meanwhile, have sought out *Officer Belltoller*, who is about to go on duty.

Father Brown

[to Officer Belltoller] My friend, only you can help us. There are an undead mummy, a zombie, and a vampire aboard this ship.

Jersey Jones

I’m most concerned about the mummy. It must not reach New York.

Officer Belltoller

[ignoring Jersey Jones] A vampire? Lovely! I've been tracking a certain vampire and his three French female bloodsuckers for months, but I didn't realize that he had gotten aboard the *Titanic*. I last saw him on our sister ship, the *Olympic*. The clock is five minutes before midnight for that twilight-dwelling character, and not in a way he will like. Time has run out for the count!

Jersey Jones

What about the mummy?

Officer Belltoller

[still ignoring Jersey Jones] I'll be making the rounds of the ship as soon as I go on duty. I'll find the count and put a silver bullet through his heart.

Father Brown

Now, Mister Jones, maybe we can let Officer Belltoller take care of the vampire, and you and I can see to the zombie and the mummy. After all, what would your esteemed President Lincoln do? He would hunt the vampire.³⁴

Jersey Jones

Vampires *[emphasizing the plural]*. Don't forget, there are four of them.

Officer Belltoller

Without the count, the three females will be lost. As for the zombie and the mummy, we get all kinds of odd passengers now and then. They're not a grave danger. After all, they're dead.

Jersey Jones

Undead, both of them. And Lady Guff-Gordon, the famous fashion designer, is on board. Can you imagine what will happen in New York if she uses them for models?

Officer Belltoller

Lady Guff-Gordon? Why didn't you say so sooner? That is a serious threat. Still, I have to go on duty now. I'll be looking for the count, and you two can go after the vampire and mummy and try to stop them from influencing Lady Guff-Gordon's ideas of fashion. Mummy and vampire clothes? That would be a double disaster. Well, I must go now.

Out on the deck of the *Titanic*, the three French female vampires wait for Jack. When he and Rose come outside and begin to stroll along the deck, they follow.

Jack and Rose pause and lean on the railing, watching the water rush by. Jack spits over the side. To express camaraderie, Rose does too.³⁵

³⁴ A reference to the film *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*.

³⁵ This echoes a scene in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

Rose

It's just getting dark. Twilight³⁶ is my favorite time. Let's watch the stars come out.

Jack

Sure. I like being out at night. It's when I feel fully myself.

They lean on the railing in silence for a while, watching the stars and waves. The three French female vampires stay nearby, watching from the shadows.

Rose

Would you like to come to my cabin?

Jack

That's an excellent idea. I'm getting thirsty.

Jack's fangs glisten in the twilight. Rose notices but still takes his hand and leads him to her cabin, leaving the three French female vampires behind. Jack's French girls turn and follow Jack and Rose but keep at a distance.

Stepping through the doorway, Rose turns on the cabin light. She sits down on a sofa, and Jack sits down beside her.

At first they say nothing, Rose fingering her necklace and Jack staring at her neck.

Rose

Jack, I want you to draw me wearing this.

Jack

I'm not that kind of artist. All I can draw is blood. By the way, where did you get such huge pearls?

Rose

They're not pearls, silly. They're garlic!

Jack

Rose, I hate garlic! Take it off.

Rose

But ... all right, if you insist. My mother told me to always wear it. She'll be along soon. She and my auntie and uncle, and ...

Jack

You have a lot of people staying in this cabin, don't you?

Rose

Oh, yes: my whole family. I'll introduce you to them.

³⁶ An allusion to the Twilight books and movies about vampires.

Jack

Why don't we look for a spot with a little more privacy?

Rose

But ... oh, well—if you want to.

Jack

And take off that necklace. Please!

Rose

All right.

Rose takes off the necklace and places it in a dresser drawer. Then she takes Jack's hand, and they walk back out onto the deck.

Jack leads Rose through a door and down a stairway, then down another and another until they reach the cargo hold. The three female vampires again follow at a distance, keeping out of sight.

Jack and Rose walk around the cargo hold hand in hand, Jack looking intently at the packing crates and between them and behind them.

Rose

What are you looking for?

Jack

I thought I'd find a motorcar down here.

Rose

Were you hoping to go for a drive?

Jack

More like go parking.

Igor, wearing his sailor suit, is sitting behind a packing crate, guarding the mummy's sarcophagus. When Jack and Rose come near, he steps out into view.

Igor

This is no place for young people. You two should go back up to your cabins.

Jack

I know what I'm doing. I'm looking for a motorcar. I saw one listed on the manifest of the ship's cargo.

Igor

[cackling] Ignorant young man! Do you think you'd find it parked at a meter? They transport motorcars disassembled.³⁷ It's in a crate somewhere.

³⁷ This is true. There was one motorcar on the real *Titanic*'s manifest, but motorcars were shipped disassembled when transported as cargo at sea.

Jack keeps hunting around the cargo. Then he hears something creaking.

The lid of the sarcophagus opens a crack. The mummy peers out at Jack and Rose, then shuts the lid with a thump.

Jack looks for the source of the sound, and he peers behind the crate where Igor had been skulking. The mummy's sarcophagus is there. After Jack turns away, the sarcophagus lid creaks open again.

Mummy

[hissing to Igor] Get rid of them!

Igor

[whispering] Yes, Master!

Jack turns around, but the sarcophagus is closed again.

Jack

[demanding a response from Igor] What was that?

Igor

I told you: this is no place for young people.

Jack

We can take care of ourselves, old timer. *[sarcastically, for Igor is not particularly old]* Why don't you go for a walk? Here's sixpence.

Jack hands a coin to Igor. Igor takes the coin and pockets it but does not leave.

Jack

Come on, Rose. Let's find a spot to ourselves.

Jack takes Rose's hand, and together they wander around the cargo hold until they find a secluded spot and a piled-up cargo net.

Jack

This looks cozy. Let's get more comfortable.

Rose sits down on the cargo net.

Rose

These ropes aren't soft. They're like a pile of wood.

Jack

Oh, you're just like Goldilocks! Do we have to try every quiet spot till you find one you like?

Jack sits beside Rose and puts his arms around her.

Jack

I'll make you forget all about the ropes.

He opens her collar and spreads it away from her neck. As she puts her lips up to be kissed, his fangs glisten.

Jack

Are you afraid?

Rose

No, Jack.

She opened her eyes, then screams. The mummy is behind Jack, watching them.

Rose

Aiieee! Mummy!

Jack

You want your mother?

Jack looks at Rose, then behind him, but the mummy has disappeared.

Rose scrambles to her feet and starts running.

Jack

Rose! Wait!

Rose

[yelling over her shoulder] I'm not staying here one more minute!

Igor watches them run past.

Rose dashes up stairways, one after another, followed by Jack, until at last they emerge on a deck.

Rose

This isn't the deck with my cabin.

Jack

No, it's not. We're near the very front of the ship. But we seem to have left that mummy behind. Let me show you something.

Rose

It's so dark.

Jack takes her hand and leads her toward the very tip of the *Titanic*, with the water rushing by below. Jack holds Rose.

Jack

Close your eyes, Rose.

Just then Officer Belltoller comes out on deck and strains his eyes to see. Then he spots Jack and Rose.

Officer Belltoller

[triumphantly but quietly] Count Jackula! I knew I'd find you here.

Officer Belltoller takes out his revolver and loads a silver bullet into a chamber. He raises the gun and fires, but as he pulls the trigger, Jack turns into a bat and flits about, evading the gunfire.

Rose

Jack! You're flying!

While she watches Jack, Officer Belltoller runs over to her. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

Officer Belltoller

Miss, go back to your cabin. You're in great danger. He's a vampire.

Rose

Oh, I know! Isn't he just darling?

At the same time, Jersey Jones is leading Father Brown down to the cargo hold.

Jersey Jones

I'll show you the mummy's resting place.

When they reach the cargo hold, no one is there, not even Igor. With Father Brown following him, Jersey Jones makes his way to the sarcophagus. The lid is open, and the sarcophagus is empty.

Jersey Jones

The mummy is at large. We have to find it.

Father Brown

When solving a mystery, I try to find out what benefit the evildoer gets from committing the crime. What is it the mummy wants? That will help us locate it.

Jersey Jones

I'm not sure the mummy wants anything on this ship. It earnestly wants to go to New York, so it must be that whatever crime the mummy plans will pay off after the ship is in the United States.

Father Brown

But it has some reason for walking around the ship right now.

Jersey Jones

True, but I have no idea ...

Sean

[in the distance] Brains!

Jersey Jones

The zombie! At least we know what the zombie is looking for. Follow that voice!

Jersey Jones and Father Brown hurry toward the sound. They look behind packing crates and other cargo, lift cargo nets, and stop frequently to listen. Suddenly Father Brown puts up his hand, then puts his finger to his lips.

Father Brown

[whispering] I heard footsteps on the stairway.

Father Brown motions to Jersey Jones to take up a position at the bottom of the stairs but out of sight, and Father Brown takes a spot on the other side.

Father Brown

[whispering] What do we do when we catch it?

Jersey Jones

[whispering] Tie it up in a cargo net and throw it overboard.

The footsteps come closer. A shape reaches the bottom of the stairway, and Jersey Jones and Father Brown pounce on it.

It is the mummy. Enraged, and with superhuman strength, it throws them both off. They land on the deck painfully and stagger to their feet.

Mummy

[looking at Jersey Jones] You!

The mummy reaches for Jersey Jones, who jumps back, eluding the mummy's grasp, but the mummy gets hold of Jersey Jones's safari hat, then tosses it away.

Father Brown jumps back too. He feels a hand on his shoulder, and he jumps again. It is Igor.

Father Brown

[to Igor, not realizing that Igor is the mummy's slave] Sailor, help us!

Igor grabs Father Brown and holds him for the mummy.

Jersey Jones grabs Igor's arms and breaks his grasp.

Jersey Jones

[to Father Brown] Run!

Jersey Jones throws Igor to the deck to block the mummy's path. Then Jersey Jones bends over to pick up his hat, and Jersey Jones and Father Brown run up the stairway.

Father Brown

[between deep breaths] Find Officer Belltoller.

Mummy

After them!

Igor runs up the stairway, followed by the mummy.

Five levels up, Jersey Jones and Father Brown reach a first-class passenger deck, where Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane are strolling.

Jersey Jones

[to Lady Guff-Gorgon] Your mummy almost killed me again!

Lady Guff-Gorgon, surprised, is silent for a moment.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Piffle!

Lady Guff-Gorgon ponders the situation for a moment.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

So jealousy rears its ugly head. In the dining room I overheard you criticizing my fashions. Ignorant young man!

Then Lady Guff-Gorgon sees Igor charging up the stairs.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Why, here comes proof of my fashion genius right now.

Igor stops, looks at Lady Guff-Gorgon, and then starts back down the stairs, colliding with the mummy.

Mummy

[snarling] You fool! After them!

Igor

But, Master. It's Lady Guff-Gorgon. If she sees you, it will upset all our plans. We'll never reach New York.

The mummy hesitates a moment, then turns and, growling, starts back down the stairway.

Lady Guff-Gorgon then notices Father Brown.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh, what an exquisite costume! It inspires my fashion sense. Please be my guest at dinner tomorrow evening.

Father Brown

I'm sorry, Madam, but I will not be aboard the *Titanic* tomorrow evening. I have a ticket only to Queenstown.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh, but I must draw inspiration from you for my next line of clothing. I'll pay for your ticket to New York and home again, only let me breathe the atmosphere of elegant design exuded by your garb. It's positively divine!

Father Brown

Thank you, Madam. Perhaps. But first I must consult my superiors.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Please telegraph them right away.

Father Brown

A fine idea.

Father Brown takes Jersey Jones by the sleeve.

Father Brown

[to Jersey Jones] I'll ask their permission to continue the voyage.

He leads Jersey Jones toward the radio shack, but once they are out of sight, he changes direction and heads for the bridge. When they reach the bridge, Officer Belltoller is there, along with Captain Smith and others of the ship's crew.

Father Brown

Officer Belltoller ...

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

[firmly] Passengers are not allowed on the bridge!

Father Brown

Please! Only a moment! I have an urgent matter to discuss with Officer Belltoller.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Not now. You two leave my bridge.

Officer Belltoller

[to Jersey Jones and Father Brown] Not now. Wait until I'm off duty. I can talk to you after eight bells.

Father Brown and Jersey Jones, disappointed, leave the bridge. Once again Father Brown takes Jersey Jones's sleeve and pulls him along, heading toward the radio shack.

Father Brown

The nerve and foolishness. Imagine making a fashion line out of my priest's black clothes. What rubbish!

Jersey Jones

You're right, of course, though I suppose that nerve and foolishness have made her rich. Yet you're going to ask permission to remain on the ship?

Father Brown

Yes, but not to serve as a dressmaker's dummy. It will give me more time to battle the supernatural forces of evil. With six of the devil's beings at large, not to mention that sailor, you're going to need more help than Officer Belltoller can give you even when he's off duty.

Father Brown and Jersey Jones have just reached the radio shack. Father Brown knocks at the door, and **Titanic radio operator 1** opens it.

Father Brown

Pardon me for calling on you so late in the evening, but is it possible for me to send a message?

Titanic radio operator 1

It's a bit late, sir, but I presume that a man of the cloth would have a good reason for sending a message.

Father Brown

Indeed I do. I'm supposed to leave the ship at Queenstown but want to travel to New York instead, to take care of a serious matter.

Titanic radio operator 1

Matters of the soul are always serious. Please do not give me any details. Just write down your message and where I should send it, and I'll take care of it. Consider it confidential, and you may return to your cabin. A steward will bring you any reply we receive. And there will be no charge.

Jersey Jones

Your kindness is appreciated, for Father Brown is truly dependent on others' generosity. But I will pay for it. I may be needing your services myself soon, and I don't want you to think I'm expecting free service the next time I show up.

Jersey Jones hands the radio operator payment and a generous tip.

Titanic radio operator 1

Thank you, sir.

Father Brown has just finished writing and addressing his message, and he hands it to the radio operator.

Father Brown

Thank you. I'll wait up in case there's a reply.

Father Brown and Jersey Jones leave the radio shack.

Father Brown

[to Jersey Jones] Will you wait up with me in my cabin?

Jersey Jones

Glad to oblige. The radio operator was considerate, but I doubt he realizes that your serious matter probably won't stay confidential for long. I suspect that our supernatural enemies will be making headlines once we reach the United States.

Father Brown

Ah, Matthew, chapter ten: what you have heard in locked rooms will be shouted from the housetops.

Jersey Jones

I confess that I'm not as familiar as I should be with the Bible, but that quotation does seem to describe the circumstances.

They arrive at Father Brown's cabin, and they step inside, light a lamp, and sit down in armchairs. They try to begin a conversation to help them stay awake, but both are tired and are soon dozing. More than an hour passes before a knock comes at the door. Father Brown gets up and opens it. Titanic steward 1 is there, and he notices the priest's clerical clothes.

Titanic steward 1

Father Brown? Telegram for you.

Titanic steward 1 hands the telegram to Father Brown, and Jersey Jones gets up and hands the steward a tip.

Titanic steward 1

Thank you, sir.

The steward leaves and closes the door behind him.

Jersey Jones

From your superiors?

Father Brown

Yes. *[reading the telegram out loud]* "Get off that ship!"³⁸

Jersey Jones stares open mouthed.

Father Brown

That's pretty unequivocal.

Jersey Jones

I'll say.

Jersey Jones and Father Brown stand looking at one another.

Father Brown

We both have much to do. We'd better get some rest. You will need a plan to overcome the mummy, and you will have to await your chance.

Jersey Jones

You're right, padre. Shall I see you at breakfast?

Father Brown

Yes. Good night.

³⁸ This is what the real Father Browne's superior said when Father Browne asked permission to stay aboard for the rest of the voyage after someone offered to pay for his ticket.

Jersey Jones

Good night.

Jersey Jones quietly shuts Father Brown's cabin door behind himself as he walks out onto the deck, then stands staring out at the ocean, then looks up and down the deck.

The next morning, Jersey Jones enters the dining room and sees Father Brown already sitting at a table. He sits down with him and orders breakfast. While waiting for his food to arrive, he watches Father Brown, who eats silently. At last Father Brown speaks.

Father Brown

Chance happeneth to them all.

Jersey Jones waits for Father Brown to say more, but no more words come. Eventually Father Brown speaks again.

Father Brown

It's in Ecclesiastes.

Jersey Jones

Chance? Are you telling me to trust to luck?

Father Brown

And in God. If chance and the good Lord are on your side, how can you lose?

Jersey Jones

[to himself] I wonder whether chance *or* the good Lord are on my side.

Father Brown

I must gather my things for departure.

Father Brown gets up from the table.

An hour later, Jersey Jones accompanies Father Brown to the gangway when the *Titanic* arrives at Queenstown.

Father Brown

I'm sorry to be leaving you. Orders are orders, however, so I must go. Holy orders are followed by mundane orders, and all are binding on me. I do pray that you will succeed against the forces of darkness haunting this ship.

Jersey Jones

Thank you, padre. At least I know that Officer Belltoller is after that vampire. Maybe he has already put paid to it.

Father Brown

I hope so. Farewell. God go with you.

Jersey Jones

Farewell.

Jersey Jones turns around almost bumps into Pat and Mike, who are polishing brass right behind him. They eye him curiously as he walks away.

Pat

Did you hear what the priest said? The ship is haunted!

Mike

If he weren't a priest, I wouldn't believe a word of it, And even so, he may be a bit fanciful, you know, seeing angels everywhere and things like that. Not a realist like you, Pat.

Later, in the first-class smoking room, Rose and several male first-class passengers sit around a table playing poker.

Male *Titanic* passenger 1

Rose, you won again! I've never met anybody so lucky!

Igor is passing by and watches as Rose takes her musical pig out of her handbag and kisses it.

Rose

You're right. It's luck. My pig brings me luck. You gentlemen are so skilled at cards. We must play again. Then you'll win because of your talent. That should trump luck. But sometimes it doesn't. Right, piggy?

She places the musical pig back into her handbag, and Igor moves on. One of the men at the table deals another hand of cards.

At lunchtime, Captain Smith hears a knock on his cabin door.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Come in!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt enters, carrying the captain's lunch on a tray.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Good afternoon, Captain.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt sets the tray on the table. Captain Smith walks to the table, and Steward Schmidt pulls out a chair for him and helps the captain seat himself.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Thank you, steward.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

My honor, sir.

Before heading toward the door, behind the captain's back, Steward Schmidt lifts an object from the captain's dresser, but the captain observes this in the mirror.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

One moment, there, steward!

Steward Schmidt hastily returns the object he has taken.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Yes, captain?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

A bit light-fingered this afternoon, aren't we?

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Oh, no, sir! I was just admiring this. From Egypt, isn't it? I was in Egypt only a few weeks ago with the *Egyptian Queen*.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Yes, it's from Egypt, and I'm no fool, steward. I could have you thrown overboard, keelhauled, hanged from the yardarm, and fed to the sharks. And that's just for starters!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Sir, I was just ...

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Silence, steward! You need some extra money? So maybe you are looking for additional work?

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

I'm quite busy, sir.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

You're not too busy to be marooned on a desert island, and that's what I'll do to you if you give me any more excuses!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Very good, sir.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

I have a job for a man like you.

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

As you wish, sir.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

That first-class passenger Rose, the card sharp, has a lucky pig. *I must have it!*

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Very good, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

And without her pig, Rose might get unlucky, if you get my drift.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Sir!

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

She might go flying overboard.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

No, sir! First, you couldn’t afford it, and, second, Mister Morlock’s dog would jump in and rescue her.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

You’re right, steward. I forgot about that pesky mutt. Never mind for now about helping Rose disappear. But bring me that lucky pig!

The next morning after breakfast, Rose returns alone to her cabin. The rest of her family have gone off to play shuffleboard on deck. Rose opens the door, looks around, runs back outside, and screams.

Rose

Aieee! Aieee! Help! Help!

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt is a short distance away on deck. He hurries to Rose.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

What’s wrong?

Rose

My lucky pig is missing! It’s gone! It’s stolen! Someone made off with it!

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

You had a pig in your cabin? Is it a pet? A baby pig?

Rose

No, it’s not a pig at all. I mean, it’s not a live animal. It’s a windup pig.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

When you wind it up, does it walk and go oink?

Rose

No, it plays music.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

I can tell the purser that the pig is missing. If someone finds it, you can have the purser lock it in the safe.

Rose

But I need it. It brings me luck. I can't have it locked up anyplace except in my cabin. And someone stole it!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

What about your cabin mates? Maybe one of them took it.

Rose

[shouting] How dare you accuse my family! We are the most honest, kindest, sweetest people in the world! None of them would steal a flea from a dog! No, it's stolen, and it surely was taken by someone mean, cruel, and vile. I must have it back. You must catch the criminal, and the criminal must be punished!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Now, miss. We understand that it's lost and you miss it. But you don't have any evidence of a crime. Who would steal a toy pig? It will turn up if it hasn't washed overboard.

Rose

Washed overboard! The sea has been calm. There haven't been any waves washing over the deck, much less into my cabin! And it's not a toy! It's my precious little darling lucky pig. My own personal lucky pig. I must have it back!

Steward "Shifty" Schmidt

Now there, miss. Calm down. If it's on the ship, someone will find it. Thank you for alerting me.

"Shifty" Schmidt walks away, and Rose sits down and fumes.

Soon after breakfast, Jersey Jones hurries along an upper deck until he reaches the radio shack. ***Titanic*** **radio operator 2** is on duty and looks up as the door bursts open and Jersey Jones rushes inside.

Jersey Jones pauses a moment to catch his breath.

Jersey Jones

I need to send an urgent warning!

The radio operator replies without turning around.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Shut up! I'm sending personal messages to Cape Race.³⁹

Jersey Jones

But the ship is in danger!

The radio operator turns around.

³⁹ A radio telegraph operator on the real *Titanic* dismissed an ice warning by saying, "Shut up. I am working Cape Race."

Titanic radio operator 2

You have to wait your turn and pay like everyone else.

Titanic radio operator 2 turns back to his desk and resumes sending personal telegraph messages.

Jersey Jones slumps into a chair. He waits as the radio operator transmits one message after another. Eventually the radio operator takes the last piece of paper from a pile and transmits it using the telegraph key. Noticing the sudden absence of telegraph buzzing, Jersey Jones looks up.

Titanic radio operator 2

Now, sir, what message did you wish to send?

Jersey Jones

At last! This is a secret message to the President of the United States.

Titanic radio operator 2

You can't send secret messages.

Jersey Jones

Why ever not?

Titanic radio operator 2

It's a radio telegraph. Anyone with a receiver on the right wavelength can hear the messages.

Jersey Jones

All right, then. I'll send it in code:

"To Teddy Roosevelt, President of the United States, the White House, Washington, D.C.:

"Endsay ubmarinesay. Inksay Itanictay."

That's all.

Titanic radio operator 2

Please write that down, It sounds rather complicated.

Titanic radio operator 2 waits while Jersey Jones carefully prints the entire message. Then Jersey Jones hands him payment and a tip.

Titanic radio operator 2

Very well, sir. Are you expecting an immediate reply?

Jersey Jones

I sure hope so.

Titanic radio operator 2

Well, you can't wait here. If there is a reply, shall I have a steward bring it to your cabin?

Jersey Jones

[forcing himself to be polite] Yes, that will do.

Jersey Jones leaves the radio shack and, once the door is shut, stands outside on the deck.

Jersey Jones

If there's a reply? New York is in danger. The whole world is in danger. The *fashion world* is in danger. And that seagoing radio ham thinks that Teddy might not care?

Jersey Jones walks back to his cabin, closes the door, and sits down to wait.

Jersey Jones

If there's a reply?

A short time later, Bruce Yamsi enters the radio shack.

Bruce Yamsi

Hello, Sparks.⁴⁰ I have a message to send.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Very good, Mister Yamsi.

Bruce Yamsi

Send this to the New York office:

“Roll out welcome mat for *Titanic*. Surprise Lady Guff-Gorgon with welcoming zombie march.

“Ismay.”

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

“Ismay”?

Bruce Yamsi

It's my name spelled backwards. New York will know who it is, but anyone else listening in won't have a clue.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Very good, Mister Yamsi.

Yamsi drops a few pennies onto the radio operator's desk.

Bruce Yamsi

There's something for you, my good man. Have a good time when you get to New York.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Thank you, sir.

⁴⁰ “Sparks” was a standard nickname for radio operators.

Bruce Yamsi leaves the radio shack.

Titanic radio operator 2

[muttering] Have a good time with a few pennies! Stingy old millionaire!

In the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, Igor makes sure no one is around, then slightly opens the lid of the sarcophagus.

Igor

Master!

Mummy

What is it?

Igor

A young woman on board the ship has a lucky pig. It makes her win at cards.

Mummy

We will take it back to Egypt and sacrifice it.

Igor

It's not a live pig, Master. It's a windup pig that plays music. But this woman still says it gives her powers of fortune.

Mummy

Then I must have it! Follow her and find out which cabin is hers.

Igor

Yes, Master!

Igor leaves the cargo hold to obey.

Later that day, Igor returns and creeps up to the sarcophagus.

Igor

[whispering] Master!

Mummy

What is it?

Igor

The woman with the lucky pig is in cabin B-99.⁴¹

Mummy

I will go there tonight and capture the pig!

That evening, the mummy opens the lid of the sarcophagus, clambers out, and climbs up a ladder out of the hold, heading for the first-class passenger decks.

⁴¹ This was a non-existent cabin number, as far as I can tell.

Rose is sitting at a desk in her cabin, counting up the money she has won. The rest of her family are away at a performance in the ship's theater. While Rose is sitting there, the mummy bursts in, and Rose screams. She backs away from the mummy and starts throwing things at it. An ashtray bounces off it, as do a wine bottle and a shoe, but it ignores her, ransacking the cabin, dumping drawers, pulling things out of the closet, and inspecting every corner.

When its back is turned, Rose rushes out of the cabin, screaming, and runs down the deck. Two sailors, Mike and Pat, hear her and come running.

Pat

What is it, miss?

Rose

A mummy! It burglarized my cabin!

Pat

Begorrah! A mummy that's a burglar?

Rose

[shouting] Yes, a mummy! Yes, a burglar! Come stop it!

Rose turns and leads them toward her cabin.

Mike

Pat, we're sailors, not policemen. Who does she think we are, the Thompson Twins?⁴²

Pat

Sure and you're right. Walk slowly, and maybe the criminal will be gone by the time we get there.

It is only a short distance, but by the time Rose returns to her cabin with Pat and Mike, the mummy has gone.

The angry mummy returns to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. Igor sees the mummy coming and cowers out of reach.

Mummy

[angrily] The pig idol wasn't in the cabin.

Igor

Maybe she had the purser lock it in the safe. If the pig is as powerful as she says, it is very valuable.

Mummy

Even if it is locked in the purser's safe, she will take it with her when she plays cards. Follow her and find out where she keeps it.

⁴² The Thompson Twins are bumbling detectives in the Tintin books (the band called the Thompson Twins was named for them).

Igor

Yes, Master!

Igor goes up to first-class deck B and passes by Rose's cabin. The door is shut and the lights are on. Igor wanders through all the first-class passenger spaces where a card game might be in progress: the smoking room, the lounge, the veranda cafes, and the palm courts. He even looks in on the reading and writing room, which should be quiet and is.

Rose, is in her cabin, pigless and despondent, shaken by her encounter with the mummy, telling her story to her *family*.

Rose

[crying] And it threw my belongings all over the room and then left!

Rose's aunt

Oh, you poor little thing!

[whispering to the other family members] Maybe Rose has been drinking again.

Igor returns to the cargo hold quietly so as not to draw any more scolding from his master. He makes sure that the lid of the sarcophagus is closed, then looks around until he finds a place nearby to sleep.

The next morning, a *petty officer* enters the cargo hold of the *Titanic*. He walks around, looking at the packing crates and other freight, then stands still examining some papers. He appears satisfied, and looking up from the papers he sees Igor passing by.

Titanic petty officer

You! Sailor! Take these papers to the captain.

Igor

Aye, aye, sir.

Igor accepts the papers, salutes, and heads for a stairway leading up out of the cargo hold.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith is sitting at the desk in his cabin, and soon Igor appears in the open doorway.

Igor

Excuse me, captain.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

What is it, sailor?

Igor

The officer in the cargo hold said to bring you these papers.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Thank you, sailor.

Igor salutes and turns to leave.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

One minute, sailor.

Igor

Yes, sir?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Just wait while I sign these papers and then you can return them to the officer in the hold.

Igor

Aye, aye, sir.

While standing there waiting, Igor looks around the captain’s cabin and spots Rose’s lucky pig sitting on top of the captain’s dresser. The he notices the master’s license (to command a ship) framed on the wall.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

All right, sailor. Take these back to the hold.

Igor

Yes, Master!

When Igor returns to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*, the petty officer is still there, and Igor hands him the papers.

***Titanic* petty officer**

Very good. Carry on.

A bell rings eight times, but Igor remains standing nearby. The petty officer notices him.

***Titanic* petty officer**

Didn’t you hear the bells? Isn’t it time for you to go off duty?

Igor

I’d rather stay here, sir.

***Titanic* petty officer**

You should get some fresh air and some sleep while you can. And get a meal while you’re off duty.

Igor

I’d rather stay here, sir.

The petty officer stares at Igor for a moment while Igor squirms under the officer’s gaze.

***Titanic* petty officer**

You pay a visit to the ship’s doctor. That’s an order.

Igor

Aye, aye, sir.

The petty officer leaves the hold, and Igor walks to the sarcophagus and opens the lid.

Igor

[whispering] Master!

Mummy

[hissing] What is it?

Igor

I saw the pig. It's in the captain's cabin!

Mummy

I must have it! I will get it myself.

What time is it?

Igor

Eight bells.

Mummy

What does that mean?

Igor

I don't know. The officer told me to eat and sleep and get some fresh air and see the doctor. But it's daytime, I know that.

Mummy

I will wait till evening. Let me know when it's dark outside, and I will go up to the captain's cabin and get that pig!

That night, the mummy leaves its sarcophagus and goes up the stairways to the deck where the captain's cabin is located, near the bridge and the radio shack. When the mummy reaches the captain's cabin, it tries to open the door, but the door is locked. The mummy forces the door open and enters. The captain is not inside. The mummy looks around and spots the windup pig on top of the captain's dresser. The mummy grabs the pig and leaves, shutting the broken cabin door. Moments later, Captain Smith comes along heading toward the bridge and passes the mummy; he notices it but pays it no special attention and, in the dim light, does not observe that the mummy is carrying the windup pig.

Before the captain reaches his cabin, Jersey Jones comes by in his usual safari clothes.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

What are you hunting?

Jersey Jones

A mummy!

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[pointing] It went that way.

Jersey Jones turns and goes off after the mummy.

Captain Smith continues walking toward the bridge.

Then Sean the zombie comes lurching down the passageway. Captain Smith steps aside and gapes as Sean the zombie passes by. Captain Smith stands there staring, and shortly Jack comes along wearing his Count Jackula cape.

Jack

Have you seen Rose? I’m thirsty.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

No, young man, I have not seen her.

Jack goes past him and continues on his way.

A minute later, Captain Smith enters the bridge of the *Titanic*. First Officer Morlock and other crew members are present.

First Officer Morlock

Good evening, Captain.

Officer Morlock and the other crew members who are present stand to attention and salute, except for the quartermaster, who maintains his grip on the steering wheel.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Is the costume party tonight, Mister Morlock?

First Officer Morlock

It must be. A lot of odd-looking characters are out.

Outside on the deck, Jersey Jones looks for the mummy. He stops and turns around and sees Sean the zombie lurching toward him.

Sean

Brains!

Jersey Jones

You’re in the wrong place. There are no brains around here! Just go on back to Deck Z⁴³ or wherever you came from.

Sean the zombie passes him by and continues into the night.

On the bridge, to Captain Smith, everything appears under control.

⁴³ *Deck Z* is a novel in which the *Titanic* is infested with zombies from Deck Z.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

You have the conn, Mister Morlock. It’s a clear night.⁴⁴ Nothing can go wrong. Call me at once if you see anything unusual.

First Officer Morlock

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain Smith leaves the bridge.

Upon reaching his cabin, Captain Smith places his hand on the doorknob, and the door falls open on its own.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Great sea serpents!

Then he notices that part of the door frame is splintered. He goes to the speaking tube.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[urgently] Bridge! This is the captain. Sent the carpenter to my cabin at once. This is an emergency.

Captain Smith alternates between staring at the damaged door and pacing back and forth.

At last the *carpenter* arrives, still groggy from being awakened.

Carpenter

Reporting for duty, captain.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Look at my door, carpenter! It’s been smashed. Repair it at once. Who could have done this?

The carpenter begins withdrawing tools from his bag.

Carpenter

Well, sir, maybe it weren’t nobody. Maybe it was a rogue wave.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

A wave indeed! We’re sailing on a sea of glass. Not to mention that the cabin is dry. Just attend to your work and spare me your bone-headed ideas.

Carpenter

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain Smith resumes pacing but halts in front of his dresser when he notices that the windup pig is missing.

⁴⁴ The real *Titanic* was wrecked on a clear night.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Thundering waterspouts! I’ve been robbed!

Captain Smith returns to the speaking tube.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

The captain here. My cabin has been robbed by a burglar. Send the sergeant-at-arms here at once.

First Officer Morlock

Sir, this is the navy. We don’t have sergeants.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

This is *not* the navy. And if we don’t have a sergeant-at-arms, send the master-at-arms or whoever is in charge of law enforcement on this ship.

First Officer Morlock

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain Smith resumes pacing, stopping every few steps to stare at his door and then at his dresser. His anger increases with every step.

At length the *master-at-arms* appears outside the cabin, looking just as groggy as the carpenter. He is holding a loaded revolver and not being careful about where it is pointing.

Master-at-arms

Captain, you sent for me?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Yes. Come in. Watch where you’re pointing that gun

[to the carpenter] Make way for the master-at-arms.

The carpenter steps aside so that the master-at-arms can enter, then jumps backwards when he sees the loaded revolver pointing at him.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[to the master-at-arms] Put away that gun!

Master-at-arms

But, sir. The criminal ...

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

That’s not the criminal!

Captain Smith looks suspiciously at the carpenter as if maybe the carpenter *should* be the main suspect after all. The master-at-arms places the revolver in its holster.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[to the master-at-arms] Look at my cabin door! Look at my dresser!

Master-at-arms

I can see that your door has been damaged, but the dresser looks all right.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Someone broke into my cabin!

Master-at-arms

A burglar? On the *Titanic*? Maybe it was a rogue wave.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

What idiots has the Dark Star Line⁴⁵ given me for a crew? Someone broke down my door. Now look at my dresser.

For the second time, the master-at-arms studies the captain’s dresser.

Master-at-arms

It still looks shipshape to me.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

What isn’t there that should be there?

Master-at-arms

I don’t know, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

My pig isn’t there!

Master-at-arms

You keep a pig on your dresser, sir? I didn’t know you had a pet pig. Is it large?

The master-at-arms places his hand on the revolver and looks around.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[spluttering] It’s not a pet!

Master-at-arms

You are raising it for food? Maybe we should look in the ship’s garbage. Hogs are fond of garbage.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

It’s not an animal at all! It’s a windup pig.

Master-at-arms

Oh, a *toy*. You wound it up and it walked away. It can’t have got far, you know. We only need to ...

⁴⁵ The real *Titanic* was operated by the White Star Line.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

It doesn't walk. It plays music. What's more, it's a lucky pig. That's why someone stole it.

Master-at-arms

Oh, I see, a *totem* [*proudly, for knowing such a big word*].

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Yes, a totem, if you will. Someone broke into my cabin and stole it.

Master-at-arms

Who knew it was here?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Everyone, I suppose. Everyone except you and the carpenter. [*a pause*] Though I'm not too sure about the carpenter.

Master-at-arms

And how long had you owned it?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Oh, all my life, I suppose.

The carpenter stands up and gestures toward the door frame.

Carpenter

Right as rain.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Very good.

The carpenter leaves.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[*to the master-at-arms, gesturing toward the carpenter*] Keep an eye on him.

Master-at-arms

Surely you don't think the carpenter has taken it. He doesn't seem to have gotten lucky —called out of bed late at night to repair a door.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

He's only doing his duty. And he may not have kept it. He may have sold the pig.

Master-at-arms

All in one evening?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Very possibly. Or he may have been *paid* to steal it. In that case he would have handed it on quickly. Anyway, find my pig!

Master-at-arms

I'll try, sir.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

No "try." Do.⁴⁶

Master-at-arms

Aye, aye, sir.

The master-at-arms salutes and hesitates before stepping out of the cabin. He places his hand on his revolver again and looks both ways in case a pig—wild, windup, or otherwise—should be approaching.

After the master-at-arms has left and the door is locked, Captain Smith sits down at his desk. A knock comes on the door. He gets up, unbolts the door, opens it a crack, and sees *Titanic* radio operator 2 standing there.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Captain!

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Oh, it's you, Sparks. What is it?

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Sir, I know it's late, but I thought I should bring this to your attention right away.
That safari hunter...

Captain Smith opens the door all the way.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Come in, Sparks. Please sit down.

Captain Smith gestures toward the table and chairs, then closes and bolts the door. Then the captain sits down at the table, facing the radio operator.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Sir, that safari hunter Jersey Jones sent a coded radio message this morning. I just realized what it said. *[pause]*

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Well?

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

It was addressed to President Teddy Roosevelt at the White House, and it read, "Endsay ubmarinesay. Inksay Itanictay."

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

What in the world could it mean?

⁴⁶ This is something Yoda says to Luke Skywalker in *The Empire Strikes Back*.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Indeed, sir. Jones is a sly one. It was a clever code, but I finally broke it. It means “Send submarine. Sink *Titanic*.”

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Great sea serpents! How do you get “Sink Titanic” out of that? Anyway, the ship is unsinkable.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

It’s an American code called Pig Latin.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Pig Latin? Do you suppose ... Well, never mind that. Excellent work, Sparks. But do you think the United States would do that? It would mean war!

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Just as you say, sir. The White House did not reply. But if the President took the advice of this Jones character, the attack might be carried out anonymously. The United States might attack the *Titanic* and blame, say, Germany.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Goodness, Sparks, you’re right. Find Officer Morlock and send him to my cabin.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Aye, aye, sir.

Once the radio operator has gone, Captain Smith again sits down at his table.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Sink the *Titanic*! What a ludicrous idea.

A short while later, Captain Smith is sitting at his table with First Officer Morlock.

First Officer Morlock

What can we do, sir? Change course? Maybe to the south? That would take us away from the ice, too.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

No, Mister Morlock, we have to make a fast passage, so no detours, and I practically promised a few of the first-class passengers that they would get to see some icebergs.

First Officer Morlock

What, then, sir? We have a fast ship, sir, but a submarine might just sneak up and put a couple of torpedoes into the *Titanic* before we knew what was happening.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Frankly, Mister Morlock, I don’t believe there’s anything to it. I should have told Sparks to keep it to himself. Still, he’s discreet.

First Officer Morlock

Yes, he is, sir, but Jones's message was broadcast via radio. Someone else might be as smart as Sparks and figure out what it means. And if Mister Yamsi—forgive me, sir, but he's a busybody and spends entirely too much time in the radio shack—if Mister Yamsi learns of Jones's message, even if he can't tumble to the code on his own, he's sure to pump Sparks for information.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Just so, Mister Morlock. And Yamsi is frustratingly cautious. He *would* insist on changing course to the south. He'd even put the passengers ashore at Bermuda if he thought it would avoid a risk.

First Officer Morlock

Well, sir, if you want to satisfy Mister Yamsi's cautious nature but still make a fast passage direct to New York, what shall we do?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

This is what we'll do, Mister Morlock: We'll disguise the ship. Not that I think there's anything to this submarine story, you understand. But as you said, we must look at it from Mister Yamsi's point of view. Here's what Mister Yamsi is no doubt thinking: the *Titanic* is underinsured,⁴⁷ so we can't afford to lose her. On the other hand, our sister ship, *Olympic*, has been around for a while. She's partly depreciated and better insured. Not only should our disguise fool any troublesome submarine captain, but if we do get sunk, there will be a better insurance payout. That's how Mister Yamsi will see it, anyway.

First Officer Morlock

Brilliant, captain!

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

I always have good ideas, Mister Morlock. Now see to it.

The next day, Igor is strapped into a bosun's chair and lowered over the side near the bow, dangling over the water while holding a large paintbrush and a can of white paint. He clumsily uses the paint to cross out the letters *TITAN* and add the letters *OLYMP* above them. Then Igor is hauled back on board and assigned the same job to do on the other side.

Soon afterwards, on deck at the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones watches as sailors handle a large sheet-metal sign reading *OLYMPIC*. It has chains attached to the top corners, and the sailors hang the sign over the stern so that it covers up the name *TITANIC*.

⁴⁷ Another legend is that because the *Titanic* was underinsured, the White Star Line switched the identities of the *Titanic* and her sister ship, *Olympic*.

Scene: The submarine USS *Stingbat*⁴⁸ is cruising on the surface in the North Atlantic.

Captain John “Jolly”⁴⁹ Rogers is standing in the conning tower, with a *lookout* next to him watching the sea.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[muttering to himself] A disappointing the voyage so far. I’ve kept the crew busy, but it’s all artificial, however necessary—drills, practice, imaginary emergencies. We could use some real excitement to liven things up,

The *Stingbat’s radio operator* climbs up the ladder inside the conning tower and emerges from the hatch. He salutes and stands next to the captain.

Stingbat’s radio operator

Captain!

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Yes, what is it?

Stingbat’s radio operator

A message from the White House, sir!

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

The White House! Then it jolly well must be important. What does it say?

Stingbat’s radio operator

Sir, it says, “Sink the *Titanic*”!

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Sink the *Titanic*! No war warning? Just sink the biggest ocean liner in the world on her maiden voyage? Did you verify this?

Stingbat’s radio operator

Yes, sir. The White House repeated the instructions.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Very well. Send this: “Will carry out President’s orders. Rogers. *Stingbat*.” And send Mister Silver⁵⁰ up here.

Stingbat’s radio operator

Aye, aye, sir.

The radio operator disappears down the ladder to call up Washington again.

⁴⁸ Real U.S. submarines at the time were named for sea creatures. There is no such thing as a stingbat. The name is a combination of “stingray” and “dingbat.”

⁴⁹ His nickname comes from his use of the word *jolly* and his later use of a pirate flag.

⁵⁰ A descendant of the fictional Long John Silver of *Treasure Island*.

A couple of minutes later, *Executive Officer “Long” John Silver* comes up out of the conning tower hatch and stands beside Captain Rogers.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Sir, you sent for me?

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Yes, Mister Silver. Plot a course to intercept the *Titanic*. Make it at dusk if you can. Then we can carry out our orders and disappear into the darkness.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Aye, aye, sir.

Officer Silver salutes, turns, and disappears down the conning tower hatch.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Lookout, stand down and go below.

Lookout

Aye, aye, sir.

The lookout also disappears down the conning tower hatch.

Captain Rogers stands alone in the conning tower, pondering his orders.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Sink an unsinkable ship. Why does the Navy give me impossible assignments? Still, orders are orders. Maybe we can do the impossible

Captain Rogers turns and follows the others below, closing the conning tower hatch behind him.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

Igor approaches the office of the *Titanic’s doctor*. Igor hesitates, then knocks on the door.

Titanic’s doctor

Come in.

Igor steps inside, and the ship’s doctor looks up from the paperwork he has on his desk.

Titanic’s doctor

Well? What is it?

Igor

An officer told me to see you.

Titanic’s doctor

Very well. Close the door behind you, will you?

Igor closes the door and stands there in front of the doctor.

Titanic's doctor

What's wrong? A bit of seasickness?

Igor

There's nothing wrong with me.

Titanic's doctor

No? Then why are you here?

Igor

I like to stay in the cargo hold.

Titanic's doctor

Oh! A Freudian⁵¹ thing! Back to the womb and all that.

As the doctor is speaking, Igor notices a framed certificate hanging on the doctor's wall. It reads, "Master of Psychology."

Titanic's doctor

Everybody feels that way sometimes. Do you want to talk about it?

Igor

No, Master.

Titanic's doctor

"Master"?

The doctor sees Igor staring and turns to look behind himself and sees the certificate.

Titanic's doctor

Oh, that. Well, I'm a master of psychology, not master of you. Anyway, as far as I can tell, you're fit for duty, so off you go. Just tell that officer I said it's normal to stay in the cargo hold.

Igor

Yes, Master.

Igor leaves the cabin of the ship's doctor and shuts the door behind him.

On the deck at the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones is leaning on the railing, looking out at the ocean. As the *Titanic* races after the setting sun, Jersey Jones watches as twilight overtakes the ship from the east.

Also leaning on the railing, some distance away, is Rose. She too watches the sea in the fading daylight. She spits over the side.⁵² Then she sees, flitting through the air above the ship, a bat. She smiles, then blows a kiss to Count Jackula. Then she spits over the side again.

⁵¹ An allusion to some dialogue in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

⁵² This scene intentionally parodies one in James Cameron's *Titanic* film.

Rose

That one's for Jack.

Scene: A few miles ahead of the *Titanic*, on the *Stingbat*.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers picks up a microphone to address the crew.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Attention, all hands! This is Captain Rogers. In a few minutes, we will be going to battle stations. This is not a drill. We've received a secret mission from the White House, so it's jolly well important. We will be using live torpedoes, and, because it's a secret mission, we won't be flying the American flag. The quartermaster will break out our pirate flag.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

[muttering] What does Jolly Rogers have up his sleeve this time?

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Mister Silver, load the forward and aft tubes with live torpedoes.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Aye, aye, sir.

[to the torpedo officer] Load the forward and aft tubes with live torpedoes. Lively there!

The *crew* wrestles the live torpedoes into the tubes and prepares them for firing. The USS *Stingbat* silently motors closer to the point where she will intercept the *Titanic*.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

We will attack on the surface, Mister Silver. Prepare to surface.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Prepare to surface, aye.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Sound battle stations!

Executive Officer Silver takes a few steps, then reaches out and activates the klaxon. The battle stations alarm sounds throughout the submarine. Sailors not already in position rush to their battle stations.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Take the boat up, Mister Silver.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Aye, aye, sir.

[calling out to the crew] Full up angle on the diving planes! Blow the main ballast tanks!

The *Stingbat*'s bow rises, and within moments the submarine breaks the surface.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[shouting] Man the conning tower and the deck gun.

A lookout hurries up the ladder and opens the hatch, then climbs through it. As soon as the water has stopped spilling in, Captain Rogers follows the lookout up the ladder and outside.

Captain Rogers looks around at the ocean. Scattered icebergs are visible in the fading daylight. Sailors emerge from a hatch on the forward deck and uncover a cannon mounted there. They load it with a round of ammunition. Another sailor remains halfway out of the hatch, ready to pass additional shells from the magazine to the gun crew on deck.

The *quartermaster* emerges from the conning tower hatch, followed by another sailor; together they hoist the Jolly Roger, the pirate flag. Then they return below.

Executive Officer Silver comes out of the hatch and salutes.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Captain, we are astride the *Titanic*’s course. She should be appearing over the horizon soon.

The lookout notices a smudge of smoke on the horizon. He raises his binoculars and looks intently at the smoke.

Lookout

A ship bearing ninety degrees, Captain.

Captain Rogers raises his own binoculars and studies the smoke.

Lookout

A four-stacker, and coming this way fast.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

That can be only one ship.

[to the lookout] Here, sailor. I promised a silver dollar to the first sailor to sight the target.

Lookout

Thank you very much, sir.

The lookout accepts the silver dollar and places it in his pocket. Then he again raises his binoculars and trains them on the *Titanic*.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Mister Silver, I’ve changed my mind. We will attack submerged. Have the men prepare the boat to dive. And have them unload that deck gun and cover it again. And strike the pirate flag.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Aye, aye, sir.

Executive Officer Silver picks up a microphone.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Prepare to dive. Belay the deck gun. Quartermaster, return to the conning tower to lower the colors.

The sailors on the forward deck unload the cannon and cover it again with the tarpaulin. They hand the shell to the sailor in the hatch, then follow him below, the last one shutting the hatch behind him.

The quartermaster and a sailor return to the conning tower, lower the pirate flag, and fold it up, then take it below. Captain Rogers follows them. The lookout follows Captain Rogers goes through the conning tower hatch and shuts it.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[to Executive Officer Silver] Sound the diving alarm.

Officer Silver reaches out and activates the diving alarm. “AHOOGAH! AHOOGAH! AHOOGAH!” echoes throughout the submarine.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[speaking into a microphone] Dive, dive, dive!

The USS *Stingbat* dives beneath the waves.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Hold the boat at periscope depth.

The *Stingbat* settles in, steady and level, a few feet below the surface.

Captain Rogers grasps the periscope handles and turns the scope until it is pointing at the *Titanic*. He studies the liner.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[muttering] That’s jolly strange!

[speaking aloud] Mister Silver, have a look and tell me what you see.

Executive Officer Silver takes the periscope from Captain Rogers and looks through it.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

It’s not the *Titanic*, it’s the *Olympic*! It’s a shabby paint job, but certainly the *Olympic*.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

So it seems, Mister Silver. As I said, jolly strange. Keep the men at battle stations. Let’s keep that ship in view.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

And tell the lookout to give me back my silver dollar.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Yes, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[muttering] Imagine! Mistaking the *Olympic* for the *Titanic*! Why can’t the Navy round up a competent crew for me?

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

As the *Titanic* approaches the vicinity of the USS *Stingbat*, Captain “Snuffy” Smith, First Officer Morlock, a quartermaster who is at the steering wheel, and others are manning the bridge of the *Titanic*.

Three bells ring—a signal that a **lookout** in the crow’s nest has spotted something. First Officer Morlock picks up a phone.

First Officer Morlock

What did you see?

***Titanic* lookout**

Periscope right ahead!

First Officer Morlock

Thank you.

[to Captain Smith] A lookout saw a periscope!

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

A periscope! So Roosevelt did it! He went and sent a submarine after us!

First Officer Morlock

But, sir. There may be more than one submarine out here. We don’t know that this one is hostile.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Mister Morlock, there is only one reason a submarine could be lying in our path and watching us through a periscope right now.

First Officer Morlock

I suppose you’re right ...

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

We may be unsinkable, but that submarine is not. Stand by to ram! Close the watertight doors.

First Officer Morlock shifts the lever that automatically closes the watertight doors and sounds an alarm throughout the ship.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Hard a-port!

Quartermaster

Hard a-port, aye!

The quartermaster spins the steering wheel.

On board the submarine USS *Stingbat*, Captain Rogers watches through the periscope.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

That ship is turning toward us! Take the boat down!

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Sound the diving alarm! Take her down!

The diving alarm sounds, and the crew steady themselves as the USS *Stingbat* drops farther below the surface.

Captain Rogers turns to a *sailor wearing headphones*, listening to the sounds made by the *Titanic*.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

You on the hydrophones! Let me know as soon as that ship passes over us.

Sailor wearing headphones

Aye, aye, sir!

Scene: On board the ocean liner *California Girl*.

Five miles ahead of the *Titanic*, the ocean liner SS *California Girl*⁵³ is stopped surrounded by ice. *Captain O. Lawd*,⁵⁴ *First Officer Stoned*,⁵⁵ the *quartermaster*, and several *sailors* are on the bridge. As they stare out into the icy dusk, they see the lights of a fast ship come up over the horizon.

Captain O. Lawd

What is that ship on the horizon making speed toward us?

First Officer Stoned

Captain, I think it must be the *Titanic* on her maiden voyage.

Captain O. Lawd

Well, Mister Stoned, send her a radio message and tell her to slow down. Let her know we're surrounded by ice. If that ship hits the ice, we'll have to rescue everybody on board.

First Officer Stoned

Aye, aye, sir.

⁵³ One ship that warned the *Titanic* about ice was the *Californian*. It allegedly was in view of the sinking.

⁵⁴ The *Californian*'s captain was named Lord.

⁵⁵ The *Californian*'s first officer was named Stone.

First Officer Stoned goes off to wake the **California Girl's radio operator**. Officer Stoned enters the radio operator's cabin without knocking.

First Officer Stoned

[loudly] Wake up, Sparks! The old man wants you to send a message.

California Girl's radio operator

At this hour? Whatever for? And why are we stopped?

First Officer Stoned

Yes, at this hour, to warn another ship about the ice pack we're in the middle of, which is the reason we're stopped. There's a fast liner heading right toward us, and therefore toward the ice, and the captain wants to warn the fools on that speeding ship to slow down or stop. Otherwise, that ship will rip her hull open and sink, and we'll spend the rest of the night and all of tomorrow pulling people out of the water—if we're lucky.

California Girl's radio operator

And if we're unlucky?

First Officer Stoned

Then Captain Lawd will read us some shipwreck poetry too.⁵⁶ Have you heard "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" enough times?

California Girl's radio operator

Oh, yes, sir, quite enough!

First Officer Stoned

Then raise that ship on the radio and try to make somebody there listen to sense. This isn't a transatlantic race, and the *Titanic*, if the ship is what I think it is, seems to be engaged in a race to the bottom.

California Girl's radio operator

Aye, aye, sir.

The radio operator puts on his headphones, warms up the set, and starts transmitting.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

Moments later, in the *Titanic*'s radio shack, *Titanic* radio operator 1 takes down the message from the *California Girl*.

***Titanic* radio operator 1**

[to Titanic radio operator 2] We're getting a message from the *California Girl*: "Ice everywhere. Slow down, old man!" *[handing the written message to Titanic radio operator 2]* Take this to the bridge.

Titanic radio operator 2 hurries off to the bridge, carrying the message. When he reaches the bridge, he rushes in, holding out a piece of paper with the message from the *California Girl*.

⁵⁶ An allusion to a scene in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Captain! An ice warning from the liner *California Girl*.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Steady on, Sparks. Tell them not to bother us now. We’re fighting a submarine.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

[after a moment’s hesitation] A submarine? ...

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Don’t make me say things twice.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Aye, aye, sir.

Titanic radio operator 2 hurries back to the radio shack.

On the stern deck of the *Titanic*. Jersey Jones leans on the railing and watches the ocean in the gathering darkness. Other passengers, among them Rose, Jane, and Lady Guff-Gorgon, are there, watching the stars come out. As Jersey Jones watches the sea, he sees a periscope break the surface in the *Titanic*’s wake.

Jersey Jones

A periscope! Teddy came through!... But that sign on the stern ... they’ll think we’re the *Olympic*!

Jersey Jones runs to a locker of firefighting equipment on the deck, throws open the lid, and grabs an axe. He trots with it back to the railing and starts hacking at one of the chains holding up the “Olympic” sign that dangles over the *Titanic*’s stern.

Rose runs over to him.

Rose

Let me have that. I’m handy with an axe.

She spits into her hands, grabs the axe away from Jersey Jones, and begins energetically hacking at the chain.

Jane notices the action, and in a fit of envy and jealousy, runs over and grabs hold of the axe handle and tries to pull it away from Rose.

Jane

Let me do it! I’m better with an axe than you are. Isn’t that right, Jersey?

She finally wrestles the axe away from Rose and starts hacking at the chain, continuing until it breaks.

The “Olympic” sign, now hanging by only one chain, swings down to reveal the name “Titanic” painted on the ship’s stern. Jane beams with pride and looks to Jersey Jones, hoping for a glance of approval, but his eyes are fixed on the periscope. Rose, annoyed at being outdone by Jane, walks over to the railing and spits into the sea.

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers is watching through the submarine’s periscope.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

It is the Titanic! It was in disguise! Fire tubes one and two!

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, First Officer Morlock has the conn. He hears three bells. He picks up the phone that connects the bridge to the crow’s nest.

First Officer Morlock

What did you see?⁵⁷

Titanic lookout

Iceberg right ahead!

First Officer Morlock

Thank you.

[to the quartermaster] Hard a-starboard!⁵⁸

Quartermaster

Hard a-starboard, aye!

Being a long, large ship, the *Titanic* takes time to respond to her rudder and begin the turn.

At the stern of the *Titanic*, Jane and Rose stare as the foaming tracks of two torpedoes follow the *Titanic*. They don’t realize what they are seeing.

Jersey Jones, however, watches with anticipation, hoping for two direct hits.

At that moment, Bruce Yamsi walks out onto the deck and stands behind Jersey Jones.

Jersey Jones

[in a low but still audible voice] On’t-day issmay!

Bruce Yamsi

[to himself] How does he know my code name?

Rose

What? Are those torpedoes? *[her voice rising]* Is somebody trying to sink us?

Jersey Jones

Yes, indeed! To save New York.

⁵⁷ The lookout’s warning and Morlock’s response are quoted from *A Night to Remember*, a true story of the *Titanic* disaster.

⁵⁸ This is the order that was given on the *Titanic* to avoid the iceberg.

Bruce Yamsi

Sink us? But that's impossible!

The *Titanic* is responding to First Officer Morlock's "Hard a-starboard" order and begins visibly turning.

Jersey Jones watches in anguish as the ship turns while the torpedoes go straight.

Jersey Jones

Maybe this ship really is unsinkable after all—or incredibly lucky.

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers watches through the periscope.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

The torpedoes missed! The *Titanic* turned! Sailor on the hydrophones! Keep giving us that ship's bearing.

Sailor wearing headphones

Aye, aye, sir!

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

We'll never catch her, captain. She's too fast.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Never say never, Mister Silver. There's ice all around. She may have to slow down or even stop, and then we'll get another chance. We may have been given an impossible assignment, but we jolly well still have our orders to carry out. Reload the forward torpedo tubes.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Yes, sir.

Sailor wearing headphones

The ship is bearing two-seven-eight, range increasing.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Mister Silver, steer course two-seven-eight.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Course two-seven-eight, aye.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

At the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones stares out to sea in anguish.

Jersey Jones

Chance happeneth to them all. But all the luck seems to be in favor of the mummy, the zombie, and the vampire.

The evening gloom envelops the *Titanic* as it moves farther and farther ahead of the USS *Stingbat*.

The next morning, Igor appears on deck and walks up to the railing and leans on it. As he gazes out to sea, he sees scattered ice floes and a few fishing schooners. Then he leaves the deck and descends to the cargo hold. After making sure that no one else is around, he approaches the sarcophagus and opens the lid.

Igor

Master, we are traveling fast, and I saw some fishing boats, so we can't have far to go. Soon we will be in New York.

Mummy

Fishing boats?

Igor

Yes, Master. Wouldn't it be great if we ran one down?⁵⁹

Jersey Jones appears on deck too and walks up to the railing. Leaning on it, he looks out at the ocean morosely. Then a spark of imagination and determination lights up his face.

Jersey Jones

It's time for drastic action.

Jersey Jones turns and walks forward on the ship until he is near the officers' quarters. He sees Officer Belltoller walking by and follows him. When Officer Belltoller enters his cabin, Jersey Jones leans on the railing nearby, looking out at the ocean and pretending to be focused on it.

Soon Officer Belltoller comes back out of his cabin and shuts the door behind him but does not lock it.

After Officer Belltoller has gone, Jersey Jones enters the cabin and shuts the door. Soon he leaves the cabin dressed in one of Officer Belltoller's uniforms and carrying his own clothes under his arm. He goes into his own cabin, puts his clothes away, then reemerges and walks along the deck until he sees four sailors, Mike and Pat among them.

Jersey Jones

You men there! Come with me.

Pat and Mike

Aye, aye, sir.

Jersey Jones walks along the deck, and the sailors follow. He leads them down a succession of stairways to the cargo hold of the *Titanic*.

Igor hears them coming, so he quickly closes the lid of the sarcophagus and hides behind some crates.

Jersey Jones

[*pointing to the sarcophagus*] Pick up that thing and bring it to the poop deck.

⁵⁹ This is what the brat Harvey Cheyne says while on a steamship in Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous*.

Pat and Mike

Aye, aye, sir.

The sailors lift the sarcophagus to their shoulders and carry it away. Jersey Jones accompanies them, and Igor follows at a distance. After much effort carrying the sarcophagus up the stairways, the sailors emerge on deck and carry their load to the stern of the ship, where they set it down. Igor is still watching from a distance, and Officer Morlock is on deck with his wonder dog, Rigel. Officer Morlock and Rigel watch curiously.

Jersey Jones

Don't leave it sitting there. Pick it up.

The sailors obey.

Jersey Jones

Heave that thing overboard!

Pat and Mike

Aye, aye, sir.

The sailors lift the sarcophagus and heave it over the rail into the waves far below.

Igor, shocked into action, runs to the railing and leaps overboard after the sarcophagus.

Igor

Master! I'm flying!

Igor hits the water with a splash and starts swimming toward the floating sarcophagus.

Rigel the wonder dog runs after Igor and leaps overboard too, trying to save Igor.

Igor, with Rigel swimming behind him, swims until he reaches the floating sarcophagus. Igor and the dog climb on top of it. As it bobs in the water, First Officer Morlock leans over the railing on the poop deck.

First Officer Morlock

Good dog! Now bring them back.

But it is too late to rescue the man and mummy who have gone overboard. They are continually getting farther astern, and the *Titanic* steams away.

First Officer Morlock

Man overboard!

Other *sailors* take up the cry, and the word passes along the *Titanic* until it reaches the bridge.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Man overboard? Are you certain? Who? Where? When?

***Titanic* sailor 1**

I don't know, sir. Other sailors were shouting, so I passed the word.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well, don’t just stand there. Find out who is overboard, if anybody, and when it happened, and where on the ship.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Aye, aye, sir.

Titanic sailor 1 leaves the bridge and calls out an abbreviated version of the captain’s message.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Where away?

By this time Officer Morlock has reached the boat deck and is ready to order the sailors to launch a boat as soon as the ship stops. He responds to *Titanic* sailor 1’s inquiry.

First Officer Morlock

Good gravy! We lost a sailor and some cargo off the stern, to say nothing of the dog.⁶⁰
We’ve traveled over a mile from them already!

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Very well, sir. [*shouting*] A man and cargo went over the stern.

First Officer Morlock

Never mind passing the message now.

Officer Morlock runs toward the bridge. When he enters it, he pauses a moment to catch his breath.

First Officer Morlock

Captain! We lost a man and cargo over the stern, and my dog too.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Very well, then. But why did you wait so long to tell me? We must be miles away by now.

[*to the crew on the bridge*] All stop.

Mister Morlock, lay aft with a telescope and see whether you can spot the sailor and the cargo. If you can see them, launch a boat and go after them.

First Officer Morlock

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Great sea serpents! This will delay us by hours.

Officer Morlock walks down the boat deck and addresses the boat crew he had assembled.

First Officer Morlock

You men stand by. If the castaways are in sight, we’ll launch a boat and go after them.

⁶⁰ From the title of Jerome K. Jerome’s book *Three Men in a Boat, to Say Nothing of the Dog*.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

And if they're not in sight?

First Officer Morlock

I would hate to leave them, since my dog, Rigel, is with them, but there are plenty of fishing boats in the area. There's a good chance of rescue.

Officer Morlock walks to the stern of the ship. He searches the horizon with his naked eyes, then raises his telescope. The sarcophagus, Igor, and Rigel are out of sight.

First Officer Morlock

Tell the captain ... Never mind.

First Officer Morlock trots off in the direction of the bridge.

Looking over the railing on the stern of the *Titanic*, Jersey Jones lets out a deep breath.

Jersey Jones

Well, I've finally seen the last of them. Chance happeneth, all right, and fortune favors the bold. Too bad about the dog, though.

Scene: In the ocean, miles behind the *Titanic*.

Igor and Rigel the wonder dog float on top of the sarcophagus. The mummy starts to open the lid.

Igor

No, Master! You'll knock me and Rigel into the sea!

With one arm, the mummy holds the lid open a crack so it can be heard. With its other arm, the mummy clutches the windup pig.

Mummy

[in a demanding tone] Who is Rigel? And what are we doing in the water?

Igor

Some sailors threw the sarcophagus into the ocean. I jumped in after you. So did Rigel. I think Rigel is a rescue dog.

Mummy

Then why doesn't the rescue dog bring us back to the ship?

Igor

His owner told him to, Master, but I don't think he can. The ship is steaming away.

Mummy

A bad rescue dog. That is why cats were sacred in ancient Egypt. Cats rule and dogs drool.⁶¹

⁶¹ A line spoken by a cat in the film *Homeward Bound*.

Igor

[to Rigel] Bad doggy!

The dog whimpers and puts its head between its paws.

Igor

[to the mummy] Could a cat save us? I'll watch for a cat, or at least a catfish.

Mummy

No, cats are sacred. They don't do any work. *[after a pause]* I must think of a plan to get us to New York.

Rigel barks.

Igor

What is it, Rigel?

Igor scans the horizon, and in the distance, he spots one of the fishing boats he had seen earlier from the deck of the *Titanic*. He and Rigel watch it for a while, and then the dog barks again. The boat appears to be heading toward them, its sails bright in the sunshine.

As they continue watching it, Rigel barks again. Igor stands up, takes off his shirt, and waves it.

Igor

Master! We're saved!

Mummy

Did the dog do something?

Igor

Yes, Master. He spotted a boat, and it's coming toward us.

As the fishing boat draws near, Igor hears a song playing, the Bee Gees' "You Should Be Dancing":

Watcha doin' in your bed?

Watcha doin' in your bed?

It is coming from a windup record player on the fishing schooner *Nobody's Home*⁶² of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Igor

Master, what *are* you doing in your bed?

Mummy

I'm staying alive!⁶³

⁶² In *Captains Courageous*, Harvey Cheyne, after falling overboard, is picked up by the Gloucester fishing schooner *We're Here*.

⁶³ "Stayin' Alive" is another Bee Gees disco song.

Soon the fishing boat is close enough for those on board to see the floating sarcophagus, Igor, and Rigel the wonder dog.

Scene: On board the fishing schooner *Nobody's Home*.

Captain Disco⁶⁴ eyes the floating sarcophagus with Igor and Rigel on top of it.

Captain Disco

Well, what have we here?

[to the sailor at the wheel] Helmsman, steer for that flotsam over there. *[pointing at the sarcophagus]*

The schooner approaches the floating sarcophagus,

Captain Disco

Matey, take the way off the boat and bring her alongside that shipwrecked sailor.

Nobody's Home slows and drifts near the floating sarcophagus. Rigel the wonder dog leaps onto the boat, and the **fishermen** hoist Igor and the sarcophagus on board.

Captain Disco

What up, dog?

Rigel barks.

Captain Disco

And what be this? An Irish water spaniel? *[to Igor]* And who be ye? Ishmael?

Igor

No, I'm Igor. And that dog climbed on board the sarcophagus with me.

Captain Disco

Laddy, I'm speaking of Moby Dick. Have ye never read it? The hunt for the white whale?

Igor

No ...

Captain Disco

The ship sank, and only Ishmael survived, floating on Queequeg's coffin. Is that not what happened to you?

Igor

No, we fell overboard. And you must take us to New York right away.⁶⁵

⁶⁴ In *Captains Courageous*, the captain of *We're Here* is named Disko Troop.

⁶⁵ In *Captains Courageous*, Harvey Cheyne demands to be taken to New York immediately and says that his rich father will reward Captain Disko Troop.

Captain Disco

[bellowing] Captain Disco gives the orders here! We're heading for home: Gloucester. We'll no be going to New York.

Igor

But my master will reward you richly.

Captain Disco

Laddy, ye must have hit your head when ye fell. Ye rest up a bit, and have some vittles, and then ye can get to work.

Igor

Work?

Captain Disco

Aye, laddy. I'm the master of this vessel, and I'll see that ye arrive in Gloucester safe and sound, but this is no luxury liner. Every man-jack aboard must do his share of work.

Igor

Now, see here! You take me and my cargo *[pointing to the sarcophagus]* to New York right away.

Captain Disco punches Igor, knocking him to the deck.

Captain Disco

Now ye see here, laddy. I'm the master here, and I'll no be taking orders from a sorry-looking fish we hauled out of the water. Would ye rather I throw ye back?

Igor

No, Master.

Captain Disco

So it 'ppears I knocked a bit o' sense into ye. That's all for the good.

Igor

Yes, Master. Master, are you the Captain Disko of *Captains Courageous*?

Captain Disco

No, laddy, but we're related.

Captain Disco gazes around him at the scattered ice. He turns to the *first mate* of the boat.

Captain Disco

Matey, set sail for home. But the ice is getting thicker. We'll take a southerly course around it.

First mate

Aye, cap'n.

The *Nobody's Home* turns south, away from Gloucester and away from New York.

Later, Igor is standing on the deck of *Nobody's Home*, peeling potatoes. Captain Disco winds up the record player and places another record on it.

Igor

[singing along] Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother, you're stayin' alive.

When the song is over, Igor addresses Captain Disco.

Igor

Master?

Captain Disco

That's better. I see ye've learned to address me respectful-like. What is it, laddy?

Igor

What's that music?

Captain Disco

That's me favorite music, laddy. Disco! It'll be awfully popular one day, I warrant ye that!

Igor

It sounds British.

Captain Disco

It *is* British, laddy. The Brothers Gibb, from Manchester.

Igor

Then why are they singing, "Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother"? Don't the British say *mummy*, not *mother*?

Captain Disco

I don't rightly know, laddy. It's hard to stump Captain Disco, but ye have done it this time. But you keep peeling those potatoes, and I'll play another tune for ye.

That night, on the deck of *Nobody's Home*, all the crew are asleep except for one sailor on watch.

Igor is also on deck, singing quietly.

Igor

Whether you're a buddy or whether you're a mummy, you're stayin' alive ...

He creeps over to the sarcophagus and quietly opens the lid part way. He has a leather package in his hand.

[whispering] Master! Look what I got from the ship before we landed in the ocean.

Igor opens the package and takes out a dressmaker's pattern. He holds it up for the mummy to see.

Igor

It's Lady Guff-Gorgon's pattern for clothes based on mummy wrappings.

The mummy brushes it aside with his hand, but Igor holds onto it, folds it up, and places it neatly back in the leather package.

Mummy

[in a demanding tone] Where are we?

Igor

On a fishing boat called *Nobody's Home*. Captain Disco and his crew rescued us. They'll take us to Gloucester, Massachusetts. It's where they live.

Mummy

You fool! Didn't you tell them to take us to New York right away? I will reward them with gold from the Pharaoh's tomb!

Igor

Of course, Master! But Captain Disco said we are going to Gloucester and not New York. He was quite emphatic about it.

Mummy

Get out of my way, you fool!

The mummy throws the lid of the sarcophagus wide open, climbs out, and sneaks up behind the sailor on watch. The mummy covers the man's mouth, knocks him out with a powerful punch, then ties him up and gags him.

The noise from this assault wakes another sailor, who comes up on deck. He screams when he sees the mummy.

The mummy quickly overpowers him and ties him up too and gags him, and does the same to the handful of remaining crew members as they come on deck, except for Captain Disco.

The next morning, *Nobody's Home* is towing one of its dories. In it are the crew except for Captain Disco, who is at the wheel of *Nobody's Home*. The mummy and Igor are standing behind him.

Mummy

And now we are going to New York!

Igor

Yes, Master!

The mummy watches Captain Disco carefully to make sure he keeps on a course for New York.

While the mummy and Igor are watching Captain Disco, a fisherman in the dory starts hauling on the tow rope, pulling the dory toward *Nobody's Home*. Before the dory gets close to the fishing schooner, the mummy looks around and sees the sailor pulling on the rope.

Mummy

Let go of that rope or I'll cut you adrift.

The fisherman drops the tow rope, and the dory falls farther behind *Nobody's Home*.

First mate

[quietly] Don't worry We'll get our chance. We'll rescue the captain and take *Nobody's Home* back to Gloucester.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On board the *Titanic*, in one of the public rooms, Rose, Jack, Jane, and Lady Guff-Gorgon sit around a table playing cards.

Jack stares fixedly at Rose's neck and doesn't notice when she slips spare cards out of her hair. She catches him staring at her neck, though, and points to her face,

Rose

[curtly] My eyes are up here.

Jack returns some of his attention to the game and triumphantly plays two aces. Rose, however, plays three and sweeps up the stack of poker chips. Neither Jack nor Lady Guff-Gorgon notice that five aces have been played.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Someone isn't playing fairly. When I play cards, I always win.

Jane

It's not my fault, Ma'am. I always let you win.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Nonsense, Jane. I win because I'm lucky.

Jane

[meekly] Yes, Ma'am.

Sean the zombie wanders into the far end of the room.

Sean

Brains!

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Be quiet, you impudent thing! I meant I always win because I use my brains.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Rose is always lucky. A little too lucky.

Rose ignores the criticism but decides it is time to call it a night.

Rose

Well, it's getting a little stuffy in here. I think we've spent enough time inside. Jack, would you like to go out on deck?

Jack

I sure would. I'm getting thirsty.

Jack and Rose get up from the table and walk out onto the deck. As they emerge from the public room, they do not notice Officer Belltoller waiting in the shadows, holding a long-handled net. Jack and Rose turn and walk down the deck away from him.

Officer Belltoller

I have you now!

Jack and Rose spin around. Jack turns into a bat and flits out of reach. Officer Belltoller runs after Jack, pursuing him around the deck. Rose stands against the railing, watching. As Officer Belltoller runs past her swinging the net, he almost catches Jack, but Rose runs up behind Officer Belltoller and starts hitting him. Off balance, Officer Belltoller misses Jack. While Officer Belltoller is still off balance, Rose shoves him to the deck. Then, Jack flying and Rose running disappear into the darkness.

Officer Belltoller struggles to his feet. He looks around but sees no one.

Officer Belltoller

We're not done yet, Count Jackula!

Just then the *Titanic* reaches the ice field that the *California Girl* had warned about and keeps going full speed ahead into it.

On the bridge, First Officer Morlock turns to Captain "Snuffy" Smith.

First Officer Morlock

Captain, the ice is getting thicker. Shouldn't we slow down?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Slow down? Whatever for?

First Officer Morlock

Isn't it dangerous to go full speed ahead into an ice field?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Dangerous? Not for us. The ship is unsinkable. And why do you think they call me "Lucky" Smith?

First Officer Morlock

I don't know, sir.

The *Titanic* plows into the field of packed ice, which stretches to the horizon. The ship screeches against the ice, gradually slowing until it comes to a stop wedged into the ice.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[spluttering] Drat! [after a moment] Dear me! I almost said a big, big D.⁶⁶

First Officer Morlock

We’re stuck!

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

We might be stuck, but I still have my luck.

First Officer Morlock

Please, sir, no rhyming!⁶⁷

First Officer Morlock walks out onto the bridge wing and looks around. In the clear night, there is ice as far as he can see, except for a trail of water where the *Titanic* has just plowed through the ice. That open water, however, is littered with small ice floes and is rapidly freezing solid. Captain Smith walks out onto the bridge wing and stands beside Officer Morlock, looking out at the frozen sea.

First Officer Morlock

What are we going to do, sir?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Just give me a little time, and I will think of something. I always have good ideas.

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*, underwater.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers listens to the sounds of the ocean.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

You, sailor, on the hydrophones! What is that strange echo I’m hearing?

Sailor wearing headphones

Ice, sir! We’re underneath an ice pack.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Can you still hear the *Titanic*?

Sailor wearing headphones

Not any more, sir. The propeller noise has stopped. But before that I could hear the ship’s hull screeching against the ice. It might be trapped.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

All right, then, sailor. Listen for a thin spot in the ice. We need to surface and have a look around.

Sailor wearing headphones

Aye, aye, sir.

⁶⁶ The captain of HMS *Pinafore* “never says a big, big D”—well, “hardly ever.”

⁶⁷ In *The Princess Bride*, two characters annoy another by talking in rhyme.

The USS *Stingbat* cruises slowly, silently under the ice.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On the bridge, Captain Smith and First Officer Morlock are still staring at the ice.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

I know what we need to do. We need to rock the ship to try to free her from the ice. Have the passengers all move to port, then send them to starboard, then back again. Make it seem like a game.

First Officer Morlock

I don’t know ...

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well, I *do* know, Mister Morlock. That’s why I’m the captain. Now hop to it!

First Officer Morlock

Yes, sir.

As First Officer Morlock is leaving the bridge, Captain Smith calls after him

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Mister Morlock! I said “hop.”

First Officer Morlock

Yes, sir.

First Officer Morlock begins to hop down the deck.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

That’s what not I meant. I meant that saying “hop” gave me another excellent idea. Have the passengers do the Bunny Hop. And the Hokey Pokey. Lead them from the starboard side to port, and then to starboard again, back and forth until the ship rocks nicely.

First Officer Morlock

Yes, sir.

First Officer Morlock resumes his trip down the deck without hopping.

Jack is walking on deck with Rose on the starboard side of the ship. Walking behind them are Jane and Lady Guff-Gorgon. They all come in sight of a crowd of passengers whom First Officer Morlock is trying to organize. The ship’s band is with him, unhappy at being summoned out into the chilly night air.

First Officer Morlock

[shouting] It’s time for this evening’s entertainment. Everyone please follow me and do what I do. It’s a dance called the Bunny Hop, and I’ll lead you.

First Officer Morlock signals to the band, which starts playing the tune, and then Morlock begins bunny-hopping across the deck toward the port side, and some of the passengers follow, bunny-hopping.

Rose

Come on, Jack. Let's dance with the others.

Jack

No, it's dumb.

Rose

Then I'll have fun without you.

Jack leans against the rail and watches Rose hop after the other passengers. Sean the zombie comes shuffling along the deck and joins the crowd, trying to hop.

Soon Jack sees First Officer Morlock return to the starboard side leading the crowd.

First Officer Morlock

[loudly] Now we're going to go across the ship and back again, but this time we're going to do the Hokey-Pokey.

Officer Morlock signals to the band, which begins playing the tune. Officer Morlock, doing the Hokey-Pokey, leads the passengers across the deck.

First Officer Morlock

[singing] You put the lifeboats in, you take the lifeboats out, you put the lifeboats in and you flounder all about ...

Sean the zombie does the Hokey-Pokey pretty well.

The parade of passengers returns to the starboard side. Jack has disappeared. Rose turns to Lady Guff-Gorgon.

Rose

That was fun!

Jane

Yes, it was.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

It was undignified. But it did give me an idea for a line of clothing.

First Officer Morlock peers over the side of the ship, and the passengers drift away. Morlock returns to the bridge with bad news for Captain Smith.

First Officer Morlock

Sir, we haven't moved an inch.

Captain "Snuffy Smith

Drat!

As the captain looks out the bridge window brooding, *Titanic* radio operator 2 comes in

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Captain, we have a message from the *California Girl*.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

What is it, Sparks?

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

“Ice all around. We are stuck fast.”

Captain “Snuffy Smith

“Stuck fast”? What in the seven seas does that mean? We aren’t even stuck slow. We’re stuck and not moving at all.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

I don’t know, sir.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Very well, Sparks. That will be all.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Shouldn’t I send a reply?

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Reply to such nonsense? Just tell them to shut up. Tell them anything you like. Tell them you are sending private telegraph messages to Cape Race and that we don’t want the *California Girl* cluttering up the airwaves with cryptic messages. *[after a pause]* Cryptic? Hmm.... Sparks, do you suppose that gibberish about being stuck fast could be some kind of code?

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

I really don’t know, sir.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Very well, then. You helped me figure out what that character Jones was saying in code, so if you have any ideas about what the *California Girl* might mean by “stuck fast,” let me know.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Aye, aye, sir. Will that be all, sir?

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Yes, that will be all.

The radio telegraph operator salutes and leaves.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

We’re stuck and out of luck.

First Officer Morlock

[cringing at the captain's rhyming observation] Yes, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith and First Officer Morlock stand looking out the bridge windows.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Mister Morlock, if the light comes on and you can make sense out of “stuck fast,” let me know what you think, even if it’s only a hunch.

First Officer Morlock

Yes, sir.

A few minutes later, Titanic radio operator 2 returns.

Titanic radio operator 2

Captain, another message from the *California Girl*.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

[impatiently] What is it this time, Sparks? Is that ship sending us another mysterious puzzle for a message?

Titanic radio operator 2

No, this message was sent in plain English. The *California Girl* asked, “Do you require assistance?”

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Not unless they can melt this ice. Did the *California Girl* bring any beach weather with her?

Titanic radio operator 2

Apparently not, sir.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

All right, then, Sparks. Tell the *California Girl* not to ask any more dumb questions.

Titanic radio operator 2

Aye, aye, sir.

First Officer Morlock

I think the *California Girl* just likes to chatter. She keeps sending messages when she really doesn’t have anything to say.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

No, it’s all right, Mister Morlock. She’s just trying to help. That’s sweet of her. I wish they all could be California girls.⁶⁸

Captain Smith walks out onto the bridge wing and again looks around at the ice.

⁶⁸ This is a refrain from a Beach Boys song.

Captain “Snuffy Smith

Drat! A sailboat could get to New York faster than this.

Scene: On board *Nobody’s Home*.

The schooner sails through the night, the crew asleep in the dory. Igor’s voice carries across the water.

Igor

[singing] Whether you’re a buddy or whether you’re a mummy, you’re stayin’ alive ...

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

In the morning, the submarine pokes its conning tower up through the ice pack. Captain John “Jolly” Rogers and a lookout climb up through the conning tower hatch and look around. Captain Rogers calls down the hatch.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Mister Silver, what is our position? Besides in the middle of ice?

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

[answering from inside the submarine] Forty-five twenty-four north, fifty ninety-nine west. We’re on the Grand Banks, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Banks? Nonsense, Mister Silver. I don’t see any banks. Come see for yourself.

A few moments later, Executive Officer Silver emerges from the conning tower hatch.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

A good officer doesn’t rely on math alone. He jolly well uses his eyes too.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

I checked my dead reckoning, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

I reckon you’ll be dead if you aren’t more careful. Look around you. Ice everywhere. Go brush up on your navigation.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Yes, sir.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver goes back down the hatch.

A minute later, Captain Rogers calls down the hatch again.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Radio operator!

***Stingbat’s* radio operator**

[answering from inside the submarine] Yes, sir?

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Send a message to President Teddy Roosevelt, the White House: “USS *Stingbat* is the first submarine to reach the North Pole.”

***Stingbat’s* radio operator**

Very well, sir.

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

Captain!

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Yes, lookout?

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

[pointing] See that smudge of smoke on the horizon?

Captain Rogers raises his binoculars to his eyes.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Yes, I do!

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

I think it’s the *Titanic*.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

The *Titanic*! What’s she doing here, at the North Pole?

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

Maybe it’s not ...

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Not the *Titanic*?

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

No, sir. I meant maybe it’s not the North Pole.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Not the North Pole! Sailor, how did you get to be a lookout? Can’t you see the ice all around?

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

Yes, sir.

On board the *Titanic*, in their cabin, Jane is sitting in an armchair, reading a book, while Lady Guff-Gorgon stands before a mirror trying on jewelry to see what flatters her the most. She rummages through her valuables.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[squealing] Eeek! Jane!

Jane

What is it, Ma'am?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

My pattern for the mummy fashion! It's gone! First someone stole my idea, and now someone has stolen the pattern! This ship is a den of thieves!"

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Jane tries to return to her reading.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Whatever shall I do?

Jane

Maybe the pattern isn't stolen, Ma'am. Maybe you just misplaced it.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Oh, Jane! I'm a victim of theft and you're trying to cover for the criminals!

Jane

No, Ma'am. It was just a thought. You could ask the purser whether someone turned in a lost pouch with the pattern. It was in a leather pouch, wasn't it?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane, as you say, maybe it was not stolen but lost. However remote that possibility, just to cover the impossible, I suppose I should ask the purser. If he hasn't received it, then I will have to report it stolen.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am. But couldn't you recreate the pattern? Surely it wasn't just a fleeting inspiration?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

I do not have fleeting inspirations, Jane. They come in a steady flow. But that's not the problem. Even after I redraw the pattern, the original is in the thief's hands. Suppose that robber rushes off the ship in New York and gets the mummy clothes into production while we're still claiming our baggage?

Jane

I suppose that's a possibility, Ma'am. But New York is still a long way off. In fact, the ship seems to be stopped.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Mercy, Jane, you're right! It's like the *Orient Express*, stopped with the murderer on board and nowhere to go. We're trapped!

Jane

Now, Ma'am, if there's a thief on board, the thief is trapped too. After you talk to the purser, why don't you start on a new pattern? Weren't you thinking of something to do with hopping bunnies?

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane, that's the first sensible suggestion you've made since this emergency began.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Scene: a street corner in New York City.

A *newsboy* lifts high a newspaper and calls out to people walking by.

Newsboy

Read all about it! Submarine *Stingbat* reaches North Pole!

Passersby stop to buy newspapers as the newsboy continues shouting out the news.

Passerby 1

[turning to another passerby] A wonderful day for America. Teddy has done it again!

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On the bridge, Captain "Snuffy" Smith writes a note on a piece of paper, saying the words out loud as he writes them.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Titanic trapped in ice.

He turns to *Titanic* sailor 1 and hands him the note.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Take this to the radio shack and have Sparks send it to the office in New York.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Aye, aye, sir.

Titanic sailor 1 takes the paper, salutes, and leaves the bridge.

First Officer Morlock

Are you sending that message because you don't want the passengers' families to worry about our delayed arrival?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Well, it may comfort the families, but mostly I'm worried about the publicity.
[gesturing toward the horizon] You see that ship about five miles away?

First Officer Morlock

Yes, sir. The *California Girl*, isn't it?

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

That's right. Stuck in the ice, just as we are. We don't want them grabbing the headlines. Everybody would be feeling sorry for the poor *California Girl*, trapped in the ice. Every day, people would be asking, "Is the poor *California Girl* free yet or still trapped in the ice?" *Titanic* would be just a footnote if the *California Girl* gets into the news first.

First Officer Morlock

I see, sir. The fastest, biggest, safest, luckiest, most luxurious ship in the world on her maiden voyage would not even get a headline of her own. We could be sitting on the bottom of the ocean as far as the newspapers are concerned, while the world wrings its hands over the poor *California Girl* suffering a little delay because of a bit of frozen water. I admire your foresight, sir.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

I knew you'd see sense if I explained it to you, Mister Morlock. Publicity brings passengers, and passengers pay our salary. Let's keep the *Titanic* in the headlines.

First Officer Morlock

Yes, indeed, captain!

Scene: a street corner in New York City.

The newsboy holds up a newspaper and shouts at passersby.

Newsboy

Read all about it! *Titanic* trapped in ice on maiden voyage!

Passerby 2 buys a newspaper and turns to a stranger.

Passerby 2

I didn't know that ice could stop the *Titanic*. I wonder whether this delay will keep her from setting a transatlantic speed record.

Passerby 3

I'd put my money on the *Titanic* any day. That ship is so big and strong, I wouldn't be surprised to see her steam up the Hudson River dragging icebergs behind her.

Passerby 2

I guess you're right. The *Titanic* is the biggest, strongest, and fastest ship, and "Lucky" is her middle name.

Passerby 2

I thought "Tan" was her middle name.

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

On the conning tower of the submarine. Captain John “Jolly” Rogers and Executive Officer Silver silently look across the ice. Stingbat’s radio operator comes out of the hatch.

Stingbat’s radio operator

Captain, we intercepted a message from the *Titanic*. She’s trapped in the ice.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[pointing at a smudge of smoke on the horizon] So that’s the *Titanic* all right.

[pointing to a fainter smudge of smoke, farther away] Any word about that other ship?

Stingbat’s radio operator

No, sir. She hasn’t sent any messages that I’ve been able to pick up. But I’ve picked up some news from New York, and it didn’t mention any other ships out here.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

How strange. Three vessels at the North Pole, two of them stuck in the ice, and the news doesn’t mention either of them. *[turning spoke to Executive Officer Silver]* There’s something sinister going on here, Mister Silver.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

[after hesitating] Sir, I don’t think this is the North Pole.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Don’t be ridiculous, Mister Silver. Did you brush up on your navigation as I told you to do?

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Yes, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

[turning to the Stingbat’s radio operator] Let me know right away if you hear any news about two ships trapped in the ice at the North Pole.

Stingbat’s radio operator

Aye, aye, sir.

The *Stingbat*’s radio operator salutes and then goes back down the conning tower hatch.

Scene: On board the SS *California Girl*.

On the bridge of the liner, Captain O. Lawd stands with First Officer Stoned, staring at the ice and watching their ship go nowhere.

A **California Girl sailor** enters the bridge.

California Girl sailor

Captain, the quartermaster reports that the ocean temperature is rising.

Captain O. Lawd

Thank you, sailor. Tell the quartermaster to give me regular reports.

***California Girl* sailor**

Aye, aye, sir.

The *California Girl* sailor salutes and leaves the bridge.

First Officer Stoned

Looks like the *California Girl* will enjoy some beach weather at last.

Captain O. Lawd

Right, Mister Stoned. Make sure that all officers standing watch on the bridge pay attention to the quartermaster's reports on the ocean temperature. We'll want to get under way—slowly—as soon as the ice begins to break up.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On the bridge, First Officer Morlock, Captain “Snuffy” Smith, Bruce Yamsi, and several sailors have little to do. *Titanic* sailor 1 enters the bridge.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Captain, the quartermaster reports that the water temperature is rising.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Thank you, sailor. *[to First Officer Morlock]* Mister Morlock, maybe the *California Girl* brought us some beach weather at last. As soon as the ice starts to break up, it's full speed ahead for us!

Bruce Yamsi

Now, Captain, let's not have any hasty judgments.⁶⁹ We're behind schedule, and it would be nice to make up time, but let's do so safely.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

I'm tired of standing still. We've been stuck in the ice for three days. I feel like Jonah in the belly of the whale.

Scene: On board *Nobody's Home*.

On deck Igor and the mummy stand behind Captain Disco, who is at the steering wheel. The boat sails along through ice-free waters.

Igor

Captain Disco?

Captain Disco

What is it?

⁶⁹ In *Captains Courageous*, Captain Disko Troop often warned against hasty judgments.

Igor

Was Moby Dick the whale that swallowed Jonah?

Captain Disco

Arggh!

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, Captain Smith writes on a piece of paper.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[reading aloud as he writes] “*Titanic* proceeding to Halifax. All safe.”⁷⁰

Captain Smith hands the paper to *Titanic* sailor 1.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Take that to Sparks and have him send it to the Dark Star Line office in New York.

***Titanic* sailor 1**

Aye, aye, sir.

First Officer Morlock

Halifax! You’re taking us to Halifax, sir?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

No, Mister Morlock. Use your brains.

Sean

[in the distance] Brains!

First Officer Morlock

Brains, sir?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Yes, Mister Morlock. Sometimes a ship’s officer has to use his brains. This is one of those times. Have you forgotten that submarine? I’m sure it’s still out there someplace. Do you want to dodge torpedoes all the way to New York? We send the message, that submarine hears it, the submarine heads toward Halifax, and we sail to New York.

First Officer Morlock

Brilliant, sir.

Sean

[in the distance] Brains!

Captain Smith walks out onto the bridge wing and looks for the creature that was saying, “Brains!” Nobody is in sight, but Captain Smith notices some gaps in the ice. He goes back inside.

⁷⁰ Somebody did send such a message. Who sent it remains a mystery.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

[to First Officer Morlock] Full speed ahead!

First Officer Morlock

Full speed ahead, aye.

The *Titanic* begins pushing ahead, breaking through the ice and slowly increasing her speed.

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

On the conning tower of the submarine, the lookout turns to Captain John “Jolly” Rogers and Executive Officer Silver while pointing to the horizon.

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

Smoke! That ship is making more smoke, sir. I think she’s getting under way.

Captain Rogers and Executive Officer Silver look across the ice toward the distant ship.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Thank you, lookout, but leave the thinking to me.

***Stingbat’s* lookout**

Yes, sir.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Mister Silver, I think that ship is getting under way. Do you notice how it’s making more smoke?

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Yes, sir. I think you’re right.

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Leave the thinking to me.

Stingbat’s radio operator emerges from the conning tower hatch.

***Stingbat’s* radio operator**

Captain, we intercepted a message from the *Titanic*: “Proceeding to Halifax.”

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

Halifax! They think they’ll escape that way? We jolly well have them now!

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Shall I plot a course for Halifax, sir?

Captain John “Jolly” Rogers

No need for that, Mister Silver. Just turn the boat south. Everything is south from the North Pole. Go brush up on your navigation some more.

Executive Officer “Long” John Silver

Yes, sir.

Scene: New York.

Late in the afternoon, *Nobody’s Home* sails into the harbor, towing the dory with the crew, while the mummy and Igor stand behind Captain Disco, who is still standing at the wheel.

Igor

Look, Master! The Statue of Liberty!

Mummy

We must bring it back to Egypt! But first, the Egyptian obelisk.

Igor

Master, the obelisk must weigh tons. How are we going to move it?

Mummy

The same way we built the pyramids: with slaves.

Igor

Where are we going to get slaves, Master?

Mummy

I will mesmerize as many people as we need.

Night is falling as Captain Disco steers *Nobody’s Home* up to a pier at the Fulton Fish Market. As soon as the boat touches the dock, the mummy (carrying the windup pig) and Igor leap ashore and disappear into the gloom of the evening, followed by Rigel the wonder dog.

Igor

Where to now, Master?

Mummy

To Central Park. I know which way to go. The obelisk is calling me.

As they walk up a dark street, a *pickpocket* brushes against Igor and picks the leather folder from his pocket. The pickpocket steps into the shadows of a storefront, Madame Medusa’s Fashions, which has just closed for the night. The lights are off, but *Madame Medusa* is still inside, preparing to go home. The pickpocket waits until Igor and the mummy have walked farther up the street. He opens the leather folder, removes the contents, and looks at them.

Pickpocket

Clothing patterns? Bah!

The pickpocket throws the folder to the ground and walks away.

Madame Medusa watches the pickpocket curiously from inside the shop. Once he has gone, she comes outside and sees him walking away down the street. She looks in the other direction and sees Igor, the

mummy, and Rigel disappearing into the gloom. After they are out of sight, she notices Igor's leather folder lying on the sidewalk. She bends over, picks it up, and opens it.

Madame Medusa

What's this? Patterns for mummy wrappings? "LGG"? Lady Guff-Gorgon! So, Lady Guff-Gorgon, you thought you were ahead of me with the next fashion craze! But fortune has smiled on me tonight.

From the pattern, Madame Medusa tears off the corner with Lady Guff-Gorgon's initials. She writes her own initials in another corner.

On the corner, the newsboy holds a newspaper up.

Newsboy

Read all about it! *Titanic* changes course for New York! Arriving in two days!

Madame Medusa

Two days! Lady Guff-Gorgon is traveling on the *Titanic*. I must work quickly.

Madame Medusa is back inside her shop and on the telephone.

Madame Medusa

Don't leave yet! You must wait until I get there.

Madame Medusa leaves the shop and hurries across town to the garment district. She stops in front of First Fashions.

Madame Medusa

[looking up at the sign] Yes, we've got to be first. Being second in the fashion world is the same as coming in last.

She enters and goes up the stairs to the manager's office, where a *secretary* sitting at a desk recognizes her immediately.

First Fashions secretary

Good evening, Madame Medusa. *Mister Furst* is waiting for you. Go on in.

Madame Medusa

Thank you, young lady.

Madame Medusa bursts into the office of the manager, Henry Furst.

Madame Medusa

Henry! I had the most brilliant inspiration, and it just couldn't wait. It must be in production tomorrow. Only you could have it in my shop for sale tomorrow afternoon.

Just look at this. Ancient Egypt is the talk of society. Since those explorers opened King Tut's tomb, all anyone talks about or thinks about is mummies. People will simply adore this fashion. We will have it on sale tomorrow and it will sweep the city by the day after that.

Henry Furst

Madame Medusa, this is a work of genius! You are destined to replace Lady Guff-Gorgon as the foremost fashion designer in the New World!

Madame Medusa

Whatever do you mean?

Henry Furst

I beg your pardon. I meant that you have already displaced Lady Guff-Gorgon as the foremost fashion designer in the *whole* world!

Madame Medusa

I was sure you misspoke. Although I must point out yet another error: Lady Guff-Gorgon never was the foremost fashion designer in the *whole* world. She merely had some minor influence in a small portion of America.

Henry Furst

Of course you are right.

Madame Medusa

That goes without saying. Make no more mistakes. Have the first mummy clothes at my shop by noon tomorrow.

Henry Furst

Certainly, Madame.

The next morning, dawn breaks over Central Park. Igor is sleeping curled up at the foot of the Egyptian obelisk with Rigel the wonder dog beside him. The mummy is standing guard, still holding the windup pig.

Soon, a *man walking in the park* heads randomly toward them, but takes one look at the mummy and hurries off in another direction.

Mummy

[harshly, to Igor] Wake up!

Igor stirs and opens his eyes. He blinks at the mummy but does not move. Rigel the wonder dog opens his eyes and stretches, then closes his eyes again.

Mummy

We must create an army of slaves.

Slowly, Igor struggles to his feet.

Igor

Yes, Master! But what about breakfast?

The mummy looks around the park and spies a *pretzel vendor* a long way off.

Mummy

Go buy yourself a pretzel.

Igor

I don't have any money, Master.

Mummy

Then *steal* a pretzel, you fool!

Igor

Yes, Master.

Igor walks across the park to the pretzel vendor. He stops and stands there staring at the pretzels. The pretzel vendor eyes him warily but says nothing.

Igor

[pointing behind the vendor] Look at the pigeons!

The pretzel vendor keeps watching Igor.

Pretzel vendor

Are you from out of town, pal? You're excited by pigeons?

Igor

Yes, I'm from out of town. I never saw that many pigeons before.

[pointing behind the pretzel vendor] And look at that dog walking on its hind legs!

The pretzel vendor keeps watching Igor.

Pretzel vendor

This is New York, buddy. You can see anything here. Where are you from? Joizy?

Igor

No ... Hey! *[pointing behind the pretzel vendor]* Is that guy trying to steal a pretzel?

The pretzel vendor turns and looks behind him. While the vendor's back is turned, Igor snatches a pretzel and runs away. The pretzel vendor turns around, sees Igor running, and runs after him.

Pretzel vendor

Hey! You! Stop!

The vendor chases Igor across the park, but when Igor gets near the Egyptian obelisk and the mummy, the pretzel vendor sees the mummy and stops, then hastily turns around and hurries back to his cart.

Igor stops and sits down near the obelisk, then begins eating his pretzel.

Mummy

Are you satisfied now? You have your breakfast.

Igor

Well, Master ... Uh, yes, Master.

Rigel the wonder dog looks at Igor with pleading eyes. Igor breaks off a piece of the pretzel and gives it to the dog.

Once Igor and Rigel have finished eating, the mummy, Igor, and Rigel stand alone next to the Egyptian obelisk.

Mummy

We must create an army of slaves.

Igor

Yes, Master.

Another man walking through the park, slowly gets closer to the obelisk.

Mummy

Ah! Another prospective slave! I will mesmerize him.

When the man gets closer, he takes one look at the mummy and hurries off in the opposite direction.

Igor

Maybe they don't want to be your slaves.

Mummy

Quiet, you fool! It doesn't matter what they want.

The mummy spies *a couple* walking in the distance, headed toward the Egyptian obelisk.

Mummy

Here come two recruits for my army!

When the couple see the mummy, they too hurry away.

Mummy

We need something to attract people and draw them closer. Come with me.

The mummy, still holding the windup pig, walks off toward the pretzel vendor. Igor and Rigel follow.

When the pretzel vendor sees the mummy coming, he starts pushing his cart as fast as he can toward an exit from the park.

The mummy, Igor, and Rigel start running and begin catching up to the pretzel vendor. When the vendor looks over his shoulder and sees how close they are, he abandons his cart and runs out of the park through the gates.

The mummy, Igor, and Rigel stop running and walk up to the cart.

Mummy

[pointing at the pretzel cart] Take this and push it back to the obelisk.

Igor

Yes, Master.

Igor takes the handles of the cart and pushes it toward the Egyptian obelisk, with Rigel following him.

More people are gathered around the obelisk, looking at it, but they hurry off when they see the mummy coming.

Mummy

Offer them pretzels.

Igor

Yes, Master. *[shouting]* Pretzels! Pretzels!

Mummy

Free pretzels.

Igor

[shouting] *Free* pretzels! *Free* pretzels!"

The people hesitate, look around, and stop, staring at the mummy. Then they hurry away.

In the distance, *still more people* approach.

Igor

[shouting] *Free* pretzels! *Free* pretzels!

These people turn to look, then see the mummy and turn away.

Hours later, the sun is setting over Central Park.

Igor

It's no use, Master. They must not be hungry.

Mummy

Why not? *You* are hungry, aren't you?

Igor

Yes, Master!

Mummy

[pointing toward the pretzels] Then enjoy your dinner.

Igor

Yes, Master.

Igor takes a pretzel from the cart and shares it with the dog.

As darkness falls, Igor and Rigel curl up on the ground next to the Egyptian obelisk while the mummy stands guard, still holding the windup pig.

When dawn again breaks over Central Park, Igor and Rigel are asleep on the ground. When the sun touches his face, Igor stirs, then groggily sits up. He takes a pretzel from the cart and begins eating it. He looks around the park, and something catches his eye. Igor stares. The mummy stares too. Rigel barks. A *person dressed in mummy wrappings* is approaching.

Igor stands up and takes another pretzel from the cart.

Igor

[shouting] Free pretzels! Free pretzels!

The person dressed in mummy wrappings walks up to Igor and the mummy.

Person dressed in mummy wrappings

I'll take one.

Igor hands the person a pretzel, and the person takes a bite.

Person dressed in mummy wrappings

Ugh! This is stale. No wonder they're free.

The mummy walks up and stands face to face with the person.

Mummy

Look at me!

Both Igor and the person in mummy wrappings look at the mummy.

Mummy

You will be my slave.

Person dressed in mummy wrappings

Yes, Master!

Soon a *2nd person dressed in mummy wrappings* comes by.

Igor

[shouting] Free pretzels! Free pretzels!

On a street corner nearby, the newsboy holds a newspaper over his head.

Read all about it! Mummy fashion craze sweeps New York!

People passing by keep stopping to purchase newspapers until all the papers are gone.

In Central Park, at the Egyptian obelisk, the mummy, and Igor are now surrounded by people in mummy wrappings who have become the mummy's slaves.

Mummy

Igor, I need more slaves.

Igor

Master, I'm out of pretzels.

The mummy turns to its crowd of slaves.

[loudly] Bring me more pretzels!

Mummy's slaves

Yes, Master!

The mummy's slaves disperse throughout Central Park.

A short while later, the mummy's slaves return to the Egyptian obelisk, each pushing a stolen pretzel cart.

Mummy's slaves

Free pretzels! Free pretzels!

Scene: On board the USS *Stingbat*.

Meanwhile, the USS *Stingbat* is cruising at top speed on the surface in the open ocean. Captain John "Jolly" Rogers and Executive Officer Silver are in the conning tower, accompanied by a lookout.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Shouldn't we change course, Captain? All I see is empty ocean.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

No, Mister Silver. Just keep heading south till we come to Halifax. As Columbus said, one more day and I will give you a new world.

Scene: New York.

It is still morning as the *Titanic* sails through the Narrows and enters New York harbor.

On a street corner, the newsboy holds a newspaper high.

Newsboy

[shouting] Read all about it! Zombie march to welcome *Titanic*!

Passersby stop to buy papers. In another corner of Central Park, other people wearing costumes and makeup are assembling for the zombie march.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

In her cabin, Rose is counting up her winnings.

Rose

Who on board could be so low as to steal a toy pig from a helpless woman?

In their own cabin, Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane are packing their belongings, getting ready to go ashore.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Who on this ship could be such a reprobate as to steal my brilliant creation?

Jane

I don't know, Ma'am. Maybe it wasn't stolen, Ma'am. Maybe it was simply lost. Maybe a rogue wave ...

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Don't annoy me with that piffle, Jane. It was a rogue all right, but not a wave. Since the security on this ship is so poor, and the crew on this ship cannot even prevent a criminal from stealing my work that I labored so hard to create, I will have to contact the police, the harbormaster, the army ...

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*, a pilot guides the ship into the harbor while Captain Smith stands by scowling.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Why can't the sergeant-at-arms keep a criminal from stealing a toy pig from the captain's cabin?

First Officer Morlock

I think you mean the master-at-arms. We don't have sergeants in the navy.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

This is not the navy, and don't tell me what I mean. Summon the master-at-arms.

A short while later the, master-at-arms appears on the bridge.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

How can a burglar roam about this ship, up and down, from stem to stern, and even steal from the captain's cabin without being caught?

Master-at-arms

I don't know how it's possible, sir. Are you sure there was a burglary? It *is* mysterious. The purser told me that a passengers also inquired about a missing pig. There seem to be a lot of them going missing.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

[angrily] There's only one. The passengers are surely mistaken. The pig is mine, and it's gone. I order you to catch the criminal and return the pig to me! Make sure they do not leave the ship!

Master-at-arms

Yes, sir.

The master-at-arms salutes and leaves.

As the ship is made fast to the pier, passengers crowd around the top of the gangway, where Officer Belltoller stands guard.

Officer Belltoller

[muttering] Do you know for whom the bell tolls, Count Jackula? It tolls for you! You won't get away from me this time.

The crew extends the gangway to the pier. Officer Belltoller scrutinizes the waiting passengers, searching their faces.

Jersey Jones approaches the gangway in a hurry, pushes past Officer Belltoller and the other passengers, and dashes down onto the pier. Then he runs off in the direction of Central Park.

Amid the debarking passengers, Sean the zombie stumbles to the gangway, ignored by Officer Belltoller. Sean makes his way down the gangway and onto the pier, then shuffles off into New York, following Jersey Jones toward Central Park.

Among the passengers still on the deck of the *Titanic* are Rose and Jack, embracing. Rose is reluctant to let go of Jack.

Jack

Rose, you must go ashore without me. Live your life! Go to Coney Island! Go to Central Park and eat a pretzel!

Rose

[sadly] Oh, Jack! I pictured us in a romantic future, shipwrecked and freezing in the North Atlantic. Now I suppose that you and your French girls will be sucking the blood out of New York while I am all alone. You may fly away, but my heart will go on.

Jack lets go of Rose and disappears into the crowd. Rose remains on deck, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Scene: Central Park.

The mummy's slaves have placed ropes around the Egyptian obelisk. Some of the slaves are hauling on the ropes, while others push against the obelisk.

Mummy

Give it all your strength, you fools!

Igor

Knock it over and everybody gets a free pretzel!

The obelisk starts to tilt, then gains momentum and tips all the way over, hitting the ground with an earth-shaking boom, audible on the *Titanic*.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith, First Officer Morlock, and Bruce Yamsi are on the bridge, watching the passengers disembark.

First Officer Morlock

What was that boom?

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Oh, it was probably nothing.

Scene: New York.

The mummy’s horde of slaves are hauling on the ropes, dragging the Egyptian obelisk across the park. Soon they are on the streets of New York City, pulling the obelisk toward the pier where the *Titanic* is berthed. The mummy, Igor, and Rigel walk ahead of them, leading the way. The mummy has left the windup pig behind sitting on a pretzel cart.

Elsewhere in Central Park, the zombie marchers form a horde of their own, then begin shuffling off toward the pier where the *Titanic* is docked.

Walking through Manhattan, suddenly the mummy turns to Igor.

Mummy

[snarling] Where is my lucky pig? Go back and get my lucky pig!

Igor

Yes, Master.

Igor turns around and runs back into Central Park.

People walking to work stop to look at the mummy’s slaves dragging the obelisk, led by the mummy and Rigel the wonder dog.

1st man on his way to work

Is that some kind of parade?

2nd man on his way to work

It must be. There’s a zombie march this morning to welcome the *Titanic*. This must be part of the celebration.

Soon Igor catches up to the mummy again.

Igor

Master! The pig was gone!

Mummy

It’s just as I heard. New York is a city of thieves.

Jersey Jones enters Central Park at a run. He dodges people strolling in the park as he dashes toward where the Egyptian obelisk should be. He realizes it is gone. He runs across the park, back toward the Hudson River. As he reaches a gate leading out of the park, he stops short next to the pretzel vendor, staring at the mummy’s horde of slaves visible in the street far away, almost to the pier where the *Titanic* is docked.

Jersey Jones

I'm too late!

Pretzel vendor

What's the matter, buddy? You looking for breakfast? I got plenty of pretzels left.

Jersey Jones

No, look!

Pretzel vendor

I'm not looking. You ain't gonna steal my pretzels like that sailor did.

Jersey Jones

[pointing] Mummies! Hundreds of them!

Pretzel vendor

This is New York, buddy. You can see anything here. Where are you from? Joizy?

Jersey Jones

Yes, but ...

Jersey Jones continues staring, then dashes away, heading back toward the *Titanic*.

At the gangway of the *Titanic*, Officer Belltoller is still standing guard at the rail as passengers continue to disembark. Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane approach him and are about to start down the gangway when Lady Guff-Gorgon notices something in the sky.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[pointing] Ugh! Look at that bat flying around.

Officer Belltoller

A bat in the daytime? Count Jackula! We're not finished yet. I'll find your belfry and toll your bells!

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane turn away and descend the gangway to the pier. Rose is next, followed by Jack's three female vampires. Officer Belltoller eyes them suspiciously but does not stop them.

On the pier next to the *Titanic*, Lady Guff-Gorgon, Jane, and other passengers wait for their cargo to be unloaded from the ship. The quartermaster approaches Lady Guff-Gorgon.

Quartermaster

Ma'am, I'm sorry, but your cargo seems to be missing. We can't find that crated sarcophagus anywhere. We've no idea what happened to it.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Eek! I've been robbed!

Quartermaster

Ma'am, there's no proof that it was stolen.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

No. Not that. Look! [*pointing and squealing*] My mummy fashion design! Somebody stole it! Somebody got to New York with it ahead of me! Jane, go have those people arrested.

Jane

But, Ma'am ...

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Just do as I say, Jane.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am ...

Lady Guff-Gorgon

[*to the quartermaster*] You! Have those fashion thieves arrested and throw them into the brig! Have them keelhauled! Hang them from the yardarm! Feed them to the sharks!

The quartermaster starts to protest, but then stares helplessly as the mummy and his horde halt on the dock.

Mummy

[*shouting*] Board the ship! Rig a sling and load the obelisk into the ship's hold!

Slaves in mummy costumes swarm up the gangway and onto the deck of the *Titanic*. They climb onto the derricks and lower ropes onto the pier, while other slaves sling the ropes around the obelisk. With the ropes rigged, they hoist the obelisk on board the *Titanic*.

Captain Smith watches from the bridge of the *Titanic*.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

Looks like we have some cargo for the return trip. A lot of passengers too.

First Officer Morlock

And there's Rigel!

First Officer Morlock walks out onto the bridge wing and calls to his dog down on the pier.

First Officer Morlock

Rigel, where have you been?

Rigel barks.

On the deck of the *Titanic*, Pat and Mike lean on the railing, watching as the mummy's slaves hoist the Egyptian obelisk onto the ship.

Pat

Mike, will you look at that crowd of passengers! This must be the most popular ship in the world.

Mike

Right you are, Pat. I thought the first leg of the voyage was lucky, but things just keep getting better and better.

As they watch, the mummy's slaves lower the obelisk through a hatch into a cargo hold. Then the mummy, standing on the pier, calls out to his slaves.

Mummy

Return to the city! I am finished with you.

Mummy's slaves

Aw!

Most of the slaves wander back into the streets of New York City, but a few remain on the pier.

Pat and Mike continue watching the goings-on.

Pat

[shouting and pointing] Look! There's Sean!

A crowd of people dressed as zombies march up a street toward the pier. At the head of the parade is Sean the zombie, clutching the lucky pig. The parade follows Sean onto the pier and to the bottom of the *Titanic's* gangway; Sean shuffles up the gangway, while the crowd dressed as zombies remain on the pier.

On the bridge of the *Titanic*. Captain Smith, First Officer Morlock, and Bruce Yamsi are still watching the activities on the pier and on the ship. Captain Smith sees Sean the zombie coming up the gangway.

Captain "Snuffy" Smith

My lucky pig!

Rose is on the pier watching the zombie march. When she gets a close look at Sean, she cries out.

Rose

My lucky pig!

The mummy notices Sean the zombie coming up the gangway.

Mummy

[growling] My lucky pig!

On the dock, Lady Guff-Gorgon is having a conniption.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane, I can't stand the heartache of staying in New York and seeing my stolen creation paraded around the city. We are going straight back to England.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Passengers with luggage follow Sean the zombie up the gangway. One of them addresses Sean.

Passenger with luggage

Will you hurry up, please!

Sean

Brains!

Passenger with luggage

Don't talk that way to me, you foolish thing!

The passenger spies the mummy standing on deck, points at the mummy, and turns to another passenger behind him.

Passenger with luggage

And there's another fool wearing a mummy costume! What ruffraff we're getting on this voyage!

Scene: The USS *Stingbat*, sitting on the surface of the ocean.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers, executive officer Silver, and a sailor on lookout duty are standing in the conning tower. They stare at an island with palm trees in the distance.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

We'll wait here for the *Titanic*.

Executive Officer "Long" John Silver

Captain, I don't think this is Halifax.

Captain John "Jolly" Rogers

Don't let appearances deceive you, Mister Silver. We went straight south from the North Pole. Of course this is Halifax. What else could it be?

Scene: The *Titanic*.

The last passengers board the *Titanic*.

Officer Belltoller

All ashore that's going ashore.

The crew removes the gangway and removes the lines holding the *Titanic* to the pier.

With a blast of the whistle, nudged by tugboats, the ship moves backwards out into the channel of the Hudson River. A few of the mummy's slaves and the zombie marchers wave goodbye from the pier.

The *Titanic* turns to head south toward New York Bay. As the ship passes the Statue of Liberty, the mummy and Igor watch it from the deck.

Mummy

I'll be back.

Scene: A street corner in New York.

People in sailor suits pass by as the newsboy holds a newspaper above his head.

Newsboy

[shouting] Read all about it! Sailor suit fashion craze sweeps New York!

People stop and crowd around him, buying newspapers.

Scene: On board the *Titanic*.

Rose sits at a table playing cards with Bruce Yamsi and Jersey Jones. Steward “Shifty” Schmidt stands nearby, looking on. Rose looks up in surprise when Jack and his French girls walk in.

Rose

Jack! You said you had to leave me and live in New York.

Jack

My French girls and I did not find it to our liking. And I need a coffin of soil from my native land. Do you know where I might find a coffin or, say, a sarcophagus?

Rose

No, Jack.

Jack

Then I must go home. Since we’ll be sharing the voyage back, do you mind if we join you at cards?

Rose

Not at all. You will make the game more interesting.

Jack and his three French girls sit down at the table and toss some money into the center of the table, and Rose deals hands of cards to them.

Rose

[pointing] Oh! There’s the Statue of Liberty!

Jack, his French girls, Bruce Yamsi, and Jersey Jones turn to look. While they are distracted, Rose takes an ace of hearts from her hand and places it with her cards on the table.

Rose

Oh! Look! I win again!

Rose scoops all the poker chips towards her.

Jack

Rose, you always win!

Rose

I guess I’m just lucky—a lucky woman on a lucky ship.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith and First Officer Morlock enter the room, trailed by Rigel the wonder dog.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

A lucky ship indeed, and unsinkable too—just like you, Rose. I think you bring us luck.

[whispering to Steward “Shifty” Schmidt] Why is she winning? She didn’t get the pig back, did she?

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

I haven’t seen her with it, sir.

Captain “Snuffy” Smith

Well, find it and get it for me. If I don’t get it, we’ll be S.O.L., if you get me.

Steward “Shifty” Schmidt

Indeed, sir.

Officer Belltoller passes by in the corridor. When he glances in and sees Jack, Officer Belltoller rushes in, drawing his revolver.

Officer Belltoller

Count Jackula! We meet again!

When they see Officer Belltoller’s drawn revolver, everyone at the table ducks except for Jack, who turns into a bat and flies out on deck.

Rose

[quietly, to herself] You’d think Belltoller would have anticipated that.

Officer Belltoller charges out onto the deck, turns, and fires his revolver.

Officer Belltoller

Curses! I missed again.

Officer Belltoller runs down the deck. Rose runs out after him, but Belltoller is already far down the deck, and in the air, high above the ship, she sees a bat flying around, avoiding Belltoller’s bullets.

The card game apparently over, Jersey Jones walks out of the room and strides to the radio shack. When he enters, Titanic radio operator 2 looks up with irritation.

***Titanic* radio operator 2**

Don’t tell me you have another urgent message for the White House.

Jersey Jones

As a matter of fact, I do. Please send this:

“Teddy: Mission a total failure. Mummy won. Plus zombie still undead and four vampires at large, all on board Titanic with me. Egyptian obelisk stolen from New York but out of reach on this British ship. As for worst news (fashion disaster), have you read papers? J. Jones. P.S. Thank you for sending sub. It failed too.

Titanic radio operator 2

Are you expecting a reply?

Jersey Jones

Confirmation at least. And if I'm not all washed up, maybe another assignment. I'll wait outside.

Jersey Jones goes out on deck and looks out on the ocean.

Jersey Jones

Whatever did become of that submarine?

Titanic radio operator 2 comes out on deck.

Titanic radio operator 2

Sir? The White House has replied already. Here's the message.

Titanic radio operator 2 hands Jersey Jones a sheet of paper.

Jersey Jones

[reading aloud] Sailor clothes are bully. Big navy fan, me. You must retrieve obelisk. Report when done. Off to Panama to work on canal. Teddy.

[muttering] Bully fashion. Retrieve obelisk.

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane come walking along the deck. Jane is wearing a sailor suit.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Jane, it is gratifying that the world recognized my genius and swarmed to my sailor suit fashion, but I still cannot get over the heartbreak of having my mummy fashion stolen. If not for my sailor suit fashion, I would be impoverished! Ruined!

Jane

Yes, Ma'am, but you still haven't created the Father Brown fashion or the line of clothes based on Igor's native costume when we first met him.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Thank you for pointing out my unflagging genius, Jane. In fact, I still have Igor's previous clothes, ready to trace onto paper. But not on board ship! My pattern would be stolen before we ever reached Europe. I will wait until we disembark before committing anything to paper. But once we reach London, I will shepherd my brain children, my little lambs, into production, and then I will be the foremost fashion designer in the Old World too.

Jane

Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon

Since you have been so appreciative of my talent, you may have ten minutes of leisure after I retire for the night.

Jane

Thank you, Ma'am.

Lady Guff-Gorgon and Jane enter their cabin and shut the door. An hour later, the light goes out and Jane reemerges on deck, still wearing her sailor suit. She wanders the deck alone and then spies Jersey Jones, still leaning on the railing and staring out at the sea.

Jane

Oh, Jersey.

Jersey Jones cringes.

Jane

You were such a hero fighting the mummy and staring down that submarine.

Jersey Jones cringes again, but answers politely.

Jersey Jones

You saved my life when I was chained to that pipe.

Jane

Oh, I was glad to help. I'm handy with an axe.

Jersey Jones

Indeed you are.

Jane

Lady Guff-Gorgon has gone to sleep. I have ten minutes to myself. But I'm thinking of extending that indefinitely. With this sailor suit, I could blend in with the crew.

Jersey Jones

I suppose you might.

Jane

I know where to get a sailor suit for you too.

Jersey Jones

I guess you do.

Jane

Then we could both blend in with the crew and go on adventures together!

Jersey Jones only half cringes this time

Jersey Jones

[to himself] I have an impossible assignment to retrieve the obelisk for Teddy, who thinks the sailor suit fashion is bully.

[out loud to Jane] Maybe that's not such a bad idea.

Jane

I'll be right back with a sailor suit for you!

Jane darts off toward the cabin. Then she stops and looks back.

Jane

But keep your safari hat. I have a feeling you'll be needing it. I'll have to get one too.

Jersey Jones

[to himself] Maybe my adventures are not over, if my—our—luck holds out.

Scene: the stern deck of the *Titanic*.

Pat and Mike, off duty, lean on the railing, gazing back toward North America. Behind them, Sean the zombie passes by, carrying the windup musical pig.

Pat

Can you believe it, Mike? No more RMS. The *Titanic* is no longer a royal mail steamer! The government took away the mail contract.

Mike

And for what? Just because we have a mummy on board?

Pat

And a few vampires. And a zombie. Poor old Sean.

Mike

Well, Pat, they can take away the mail, but to me, the *Titanic* is still the ship o' luck.

The camera pulls back to show the stern of the ship. The letters "RMS" have been crossed out and the letters "SOL" painted in their place.

Fade out